THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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W. C. Dowd, 1866-1927

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 3, 1943

New York Riot

The Race Problem Begins Spreading Out

Now that New York, in the ghastly light of restored sanity, looks on its own dead, Negroes, we may have some hope that the New Yorkers who have so freely lampooned Southern affairs of the kind may develop a fellow feeling for Savannah—which cannot be proud of what happened the same night there, either. Eventually the white people of this country will come to know that the Negro problem is not only a Southern problem, to be remedied by continued exploitation of the Southern way, but by all white people assuming the white man's part of the burden.

A first requisite is a genuine attempt at understanding. Riots like that in New York Sunday night are a terrible price to pay for understanding, but we can think of no other good that could come of it. We are quite anxious to see Life on the subject, after the magazine's all-too-simple handling of the Detroit affair.

Bright Promise

Myers Park Baptists Set High Goal

In extending a call to Dr. George D. Heaton, distinguished pastor of the First Baptist Church in Lynchburg, Va., the new Myers Park Baptist congregation in Charlotte makes an impressive move pointing to its own promising future. The pulpit committee, itself, sets the key in recommending him: ". . . the ideal minister for, and leader of a great church — our church — the Lord's church," and all that was done, and said, in tune to that bright prospect.

Dr. Heaton is well remembered here as one of exceptional gifts by those who heard him in a series of sermons at St. John's Baptist Church some years ago. He returns to Charlotte even greater in stature and national recognition. He has had a wide experience in Virginia and Kentucky in pastoral work and in his special activities he has become known country-wide in his work among university students, among American religious leaders, among soldiers in the camps. No wonder the Myers Park Baptist congregation looks forward eagerly for his coming. So does Charlotte.

A revelation that there still are hundreds of cows in the New York City area occasions no surprise. They live in cinemas, and climb over one in the middle of gripping scenes.

Guessing Game

Does Gayda Live or Not, Or Does It Matter at All?

Now, in the time of crisis, we aim to take a census of sorts. The subject is Virginio Gayda, blithe mouthpiece of Fascism, and his death, capture or suicide. Until we know, for certain, what has happened to valiant Virginio in these past days of bloody confusion in Italy, we are still free to guess, even to play games.

Who, for instance, favors the report that he died from the guns of the mobs in Italian streets? Who leans to the view that he is still alive, and cringing as a captive, behind bars, waiting the end as a craven soul? Or who subscribes to the theory that the brave editor has taken his own life, thrown himself as a woebegone volunteer on the altar of a dying government.

We care not for Gayda's life, ourselves, and that springs from no contempt of human life. For this Gayda, this blatant evangelist of the evil which has swept Italy and Europe for almost a generation, is as guilty as his overlord, the paunchy Duce. This Gayda has contributed as many little Italian innocents, and brow-beaten as many Italian tenorants as any strong man on a balcony.

This editor was a part of the glittering show of Fascism, of killing off the weak that the rulers might be strong. He sang the song while the blood flowed, and the lives of the people became bare and unlovely. While the soldiers crowned off to Ethiopia, Gayda was crowing; when June 10, 1940, came upon France, Gayda welcomed an apparent victory as the golden climax of Italian history. Gayda knew the whole story of national horror; and he ranted in praise as it unfolded.

This Gayda, only by circumstance perhaps, is more guilty than Americans at home who praised Mussolini, saying that despite his methods, he gained efficiency. Gayda knew it all, the cost and the aims and the ugly methods. He served this master willingly. However meanly he dies, he cannot have paid all.

Dog Dangers

County Board Grabs Bear By the Tail

Owners of dogs in Mecklenburg County stand charged by their Board of County Commissioners in the following particulars:

Whereas . . . more dogs are running at large in Mecklenburg County than ever before . . . without tags . . . owners . . . many of them killing and eating chickens . . . and other livestock and destroying property . . . attacking and biting people and other dogs, and many of our citizens having been required to take the painful and expensive treatment against rabies . . ." *Therefore*—

The charge is clear. It is true or not true. If it is not true, then by all means the owners of dogs should come forward quickly and refute it. If it is true, then for the sake of hundreds of good dogs as well as for the sake of human beings, the owners of dogs ought to take the lead in wiping out the conditions, not only obeying the law themselves but in urging their neighbors to do so. The County Commissioners are so impressed with the gravity of the matter that they have ordered the dog control laws into full effect. Owing to the peculiarities of the situation this takes courage. The Board is entitled to and should have the support of all citizens, dog owners or not.

A western safety prize winner, having driven a truck for years without mishap, ascribes it to sufficient sleep. But not at the same hours.

The Ravens

When Dictators Near End, They Don't Hesitate

There is precedent for the surrender of dictators, and it is considerably older than the case of Benito Mussolini. It is as old as dictators themselves—for they always come to defeat—and is in its own way as inevitable as death, or the morrow.

There comes a moment in the life of a military dictator when the generals of the army step into his office, and courteously but firmly announce that the jig is up. And, always, soon or late, there comes such a time. They may sneer, these generals, but they will always be ready with the suggestion that the dictator prepare for abdication.

And when events reach that stage, then there is nothing left but to abdicate, and to leave the power to someone whose presence will not so infuriate the enemy and the civilian populace. Oh, it has forever happened thus, from the days of the Old Testament. Napoleon looked upon this scene twice; he twice swallowed his bitter fate. The pawn Maximilian, forlorn in Mexico, knew the day. Kaiser Wilhelm passed this way. Now, it is Mussolini. Soon, it will be Adolph Hitler.

When the time comes that Germany is exposed to bombing from all sides, when the factories lie in ruins and the armies are all but shattered, the generals will knock on Hitler's door, ready with their grim little speech. Then, there will be nothing for the little butcher but to bow his head and comply. He may seek relief in death, but he will on that day give up leadership of the Third Reich. It will be too late, then, for him to take up the reins again, and show the world a military genius powered by intuition. He will be looking at the fearful end.

And that end is brought nearer by the departure of Mussolini. Within a few weeks, perhaps, the Italian incident will be closed and soon forgotten. Then, the world will pant for the coming of the day when a low knock will resound at the door of the inner chamber, and Adolph Hitler will prepare for the final scene.

The British High Commissioner to Canada announces that we now has a U-boast for breakfast every morning. Kippered, we presume.

No more is heard of the old troubleshooter, Von Papen, since he went hunting in the Carpathians. Maybe the trouble his shot fired.

On The Record

Where Is The Voice?

By Dorothy Thompson

THERE are two fronts in this war.

The first is the material front, expressed in terms of fighting and working men, defined as "Manpower," units of fighting and producing energy, together wit hthe whole strategy of organizing, producing, training, moving and fighting.

The other is the spiritual front, composed of men, not as units of energy, but as sentiment creatures, moved by a purpose to which their energies, organization, production and arms, are dedicated. This, the political front, alone gives sense and meaning to the material front, which is its instrument.

The material front cannot live without material, in all its forms. If the material fails, the war is lost. But the political front cannot live without ideas. If they are lacking war is meaningless.

Now there has come a climactic moment, for which thinking, feeling men have been yearning. The first Fascist government in history has abdicated. The Fascist Party has been dissolved. Political events are thrown into the greatest fluidity, affecting the military events, on the material front. The material and political crisis have converged.

One waits in breathless anticipation for a voice. This is what we have been waiting for. How shall we receive it? What shall we do with it—this, our first great political victory, our first great victory on the moral and spiritual front?

Everyone in the United States has waited for an answer to that question, and the President has spoken.

But we got coffee and sugar instead of light.

As our leaders do not clarify the situation, we must try to see for ourselves.

We see a drama of Shakespearean proportions.

Ceasar is overthrown by his own friends. The role of Brutus is played by Badoglio.

Badoglio was never a Fascist. He was the child of an imperialistic era and the personification of its achievements. His career is symbolized by five wars for loot. He was a young lieutenant in the first Ethiopian war of 1896; he was on the General Staff in the war of 1911 that conquered Lybia from the Turks; he was a leading general in the First World War which Italy entered on the winning side, solely for imperialistic profits. As she did not get her full price, the postwar period was characterized by resentment and new imperialist thrusts.

In 1935, General Badoglio conquered Ethiopia. And in 1940, when Italy started the fifth imperialist adventure in one generation, Badoglio was Chief of Staff.

Badoglio never liked Mussolini, or the "rabbledom" of Fascism. But, like the King, he saw in Fascism an instrument of imperialism and accepted it. When Fascism lost the Empire he had built, he rejected it.

No one can more fittingly surrender the armies of Italy.

But on what terms? Badoglio has cards in his hands—Hitler's threat and the chance of delaying the Allied time-table.

But we also have cards: our armies. But the Germans have armies, too. But we have also what we chose to describe in our own press as the "mob," but which is, in reality, the revolution.

The "Mob" is not mere lawless turbulence. There is a mind in it. It has presented a program, in five points. It wants honorable peace, immediate evacuation of German troops, imprisonment of Fascist leaders, spreading of democratic principles, and release of all political prisoners.

Is not that what we want?

Then why don't we accept it, and proclaim an alliance for identical purposes?

There are two difficulties. We have uttered the phrase, "Unconditional Surrender." The phrase has meaning in the material, military world, but is totally meaningless in the political. Men can surrender their arms but not their minds. Men, nor Manpower, have to know not only what they are fighting for, but what they are surrendering for. There is no such thing as non-intervention between Badoglio and the rising of the people. Nor will promises of some vague but golden future answer the five point manifesto. The revolution will be for us or against us according to what we do now.

What we should say to Badoglio is: "Accept the terms of your own people! We accept them." In that moment we have the revolutionary people as our allies, and Badoglio is on a spot. He must then either also accept the terms of the people or reveal himself clearly politically.

But that is just what he does not want to do. For that prejudices his own cards, and his hope of "negotiations," and delay. He wants secrecy; the people want candor. And we give Badoglio what he wants, not what the people want.

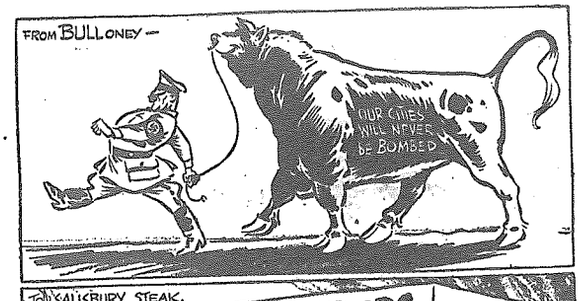
In this equivocal situation two things can happen. The revolution can be crushed—whether by Badoglio or by Hitler. Then there will live in the Italian people the memory that they rose, and asked for moral aid, and no voice answered them.

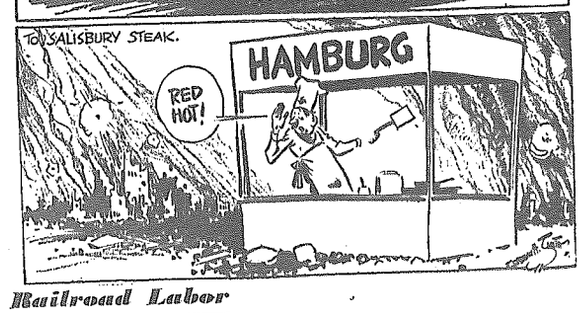
Or the revolution can take a different turn. With or without Badoglio, it can turn against the whole world, regarding it as only another and more hypocritical manifestation of warring imperialism.

It is necessary to think, and think logically and morally. It is necessary to act, in the political world, not keep on mouthing Unconditional Surrender, because we cannot think of anything better to say.

Transition

—*By Dorman Smith*





Railroad Labor

The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON

THOUGH it hasn't got all the publicity of the coal mine strike, one of the toughest labor problems FDR faces is the threatened strike of 1,100,000 non-operating railroad workers.

What the President is up against is overriding one of his top and ablest administrators, Judge Fred Vinson, new Economic Stabilizer, or facing a possible strike of RR clerks, machinists, telegraphers and shop-workers.

What happened was that a special emergency panel appointed by the President recommended a blanket wage increase for the non-operating railway workers. But Economic Stabilizer Vinson turned the recommendation down as inflationary and contrary to the War Labor Board's "Little Steel" wage ceiling formula.

Vinson has compiled a careful study of wages and prices, contends that prices actually have been rolled back more than labor realizes; also that labor's total "take," figuring in over-time rather than just the hourly wage rate, slightly than the price rise.

So he "held the line" against the special panel's recommendation.

Whereupon William Leiserson, chairman of the Mediation Board, and George Harrison, head of the Railway Clerks, went to the White House and held a long session endeavoring to overrule Judge Vinson. They came away confident that they had succeeded. The President seemed sympathetic, and Harrison reported back to his union that he was on their side.

Actually, however, the President sent a note to Judge Vinson asking him to check regarding the situation, and it doesn't look as if he would overrule his Economic Stabilizer.

If he stands pat, the President and the nation face the danger of a serious railway strike. However, White House advisers are confident that rail workers will be more patriotic than John L. Lewis; also are shrewd enough to see the terrific national reaction against labor which resulted from the coal miners strike.

Milo Perkins' Future

One of the really top men in the war picture, whose advice is generally heeded, telephoned Leo Crowley the other day regarding Milo Perkins. He urged that Crowley, now administering the Economic Warfare duties of both Jesse Jones and Henry Wallace, should retain Milo Perkins, former executive director of BEW under Wallace.

Crowley listened sympathetically to his friend's advice but replied:

"Milo's done a tremendous job against terrific obstacles. And he's had a very unlucky break as a reward for it. I would like to keep him on because I know he would be of great value to me. But I have virtual orders to get rid of him."

The orders, naturally, could have come from only one place—the White House.

"Father" Baruch

Gaunt, grey Bernie Baruch, whose relentless prodding of the war effort has saved more lives than anyone can estimate, is worried over a lot of things besides tanks, airplanes and machine guns. Among other things he is worried over the human problem of readjusting the lives of people who have flooded the cities, who have ben thrown out of joint by the war.

Sitting on his park bench in Lafayette Park, where he holds "office" conferences, Bernie sees the stream of girls, thousands of them from all over the USA, dumped into Government offices, into crowded boarding houses, and wonders what will happen to them when the war is over.

Baruch won't tell you—but his friends will—about how he handled this problem after the last war.

He had employed several thousand clerks and stenographers in his War Industries Board, and after the Armistice he began to worry about whether these girls were going back to their homes or would remain in the exciting cities.

So he sent each girl a letter thanking her for the time and loyal work she had given her country. And as a hint that she should go back to her mother he suggested: "Anyone who will apply at my office can receive a railroad ticket back home."

Baruch also attached to each letter a $10 bill.

The railroad tickets were paid for out of his own pocket, since the Government does not pay for personal transportation, and it cost Baruch many thousands of dollars. He was a little fearful that some of the girls might have taken the tickets, then turned them in to the railroad. However, he hoped that he might have helped to get at least a fair proportion out of the city and back home.

Side Glances

"Yes, you'll be thinking of him when you're out there fighting the Japs—but think of me, too, back here changing his pants!"

Everyday Counselor

Of Prayer

By Rev. Herbert Spaugh

WHAT limit does Almighty God place on answering prayer? A troubled correspondent feels that he is not "good enough" for the Lord to hear his prayers. Well, none of us are personally good enough to deserve any attention from the Almighty. Yet even a casual reading of the Bible shows that God answered the prayers of some whose conduct was not always exemplary, such as Jacob and David.

An interesting case of a man who was so nervous, overwrought, discouraged, that he lost faith and prayed wildly is that of Elijah. At the height of his career, after his victorious experience on Mount Carmel, his nerves snapped at the empty threat of a woman, the Queen. He ran away into the wilderness, sat down under a juniper tree, and prayed that he might die. The Lord heard this foolish prayer but gave a different answer, what Elijah needed, and not what he asked for. He asked to die; instead the Lord gave his strength to live.

St. James writing in his epistle makes pointed observations on prayer. "The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." He points out that even righteous men have human frailties, but these do not prevent their prayers being heard. "Elijah was a man subject to like passions such as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth for the space of three years and six months. And he prayed again and the heavens gave rain and the earth brought forth her fruit."

Recall the Rickenbacker experience. Others come in from battlefronts. It all adds up to this: An urgent and desperate need which calls forth a sincere and heartfelt prayer is heard of God and receives reply. He does this for His own righteousness' sake. Remember one of the names by which God is known is Saviour. He came to save men from sin, or distress, or trouble.

Of Hearst

Funny Business

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

SOME funny business is going on, and I think you should know about it. The Hearst press, with some help from Mr. Arthur Krock of the New York Times, has begun an all-out campaign to prove that the Office of War Information is Communist. As evidence, the Hearst papers cite the fact that O.W.I. quoted a broadcast in which I referred to Victor Emmanuel as a "moronic little King."

It is hard to see why calling Victor Emmanuel names should be proof of Communist tendencies. But the Hearst line goes something like this: "The Communists want to discredit Victor Emmanuel in order to keep us from making peace. Thus Italy will "stew." After she stews long enough, she will disintegrate. After she disintegrates sufficiently, she will go Communist. The O.W.I. is insulting the King of Italy in order to further this plan."

The only thing that is wrong with this argument is that the official Communist line calls for making peace at once with Victor Emmanuel and Badoglio. I quote from the Daily Worker of last Friday: "The Communist position is that the first task facing both the Italian people and ourselves is to break Italy from the Axis, make peace with her, and drive the Germans beyond the Brenner. If Badoglio comes along with this, we accept his help."

The Communist line is not to discredit Victor Emmanuel and Badoglio at all. It is to deal with them if they will deal. In other words, the Communist line, on the narrow question of immediate dealings with Italy, is exactly the same as the "line" of the Hearst press, Arthur Krock, Secretary of State Hull, Mark Sullivan, Prime Minister Churchill and President Roosevelt.

What, then, is the meaning of the attack on the O.W.I. as "Communist?" The meaning is clear. The attackers are not after the Communists at all. They are after the O.W.I., among other things. They see a chance to smash another Roosevelt agency, and they are using it. In pursuit of this enterprise, they invent a Communist line which is the exact opposite of the formal, stated, printed and published Communist line.

It is really liberalism they are after, and, to make an argument, they credit the Communists with having taken leadership in the fight against Darlan, and with taking it, now, in the fight against Italian Fascists still in power. As a matter of fact, the Communists were relatively uninterested in the fight against Darlan, and are not interested at all in the fight against Badoglio. Some American liberals, like Mr. Willkie, have been interested in these struggles, but not the Communists.

And so I have been called a Communist by the Hearst press because of an unflattering reference to the King of Italy. The funny thing is that if I had deliberately set out to follow the Communist line, I would not have been called a Communist, at all.

What a whopper this situation is! I have long been struck by how really uninterested in Communism the loudest opponents of Communism are. They are mainly interested in fighting down some of the New Deal agencies, and laws, etc., and in killing off some of the Willkie-type of ideas on a liberal and democratic pence. And this is not the first time that they have not even bothered to find out what the Communist line is before affixing the Communist label, a lapse which is, to say the least, inferior reporting. And so Krock, et al., are in a fighting tizzy on a question of foreign policy against Communists who are in full agreement with them.

The Hearst press has even dug up out of Mr. Dies's files the fact that I was once a member of a "front" organization, the League of American Writers. So I was. And I led the non-Communist members out of it, in New York City, in the Spring of 1946, after many hot debates, because it would not support the war against Hitler. I think Mr. Dies ought to add that fact to his files.

If he checks further, he will find that the League's official attitude toward the war, at that time, was isolationist, and isn't it wonderful? not very different from Hearst's.

And this whole great big thing started because I called the King of Italy a moron.

Quote, Unquote

It is believed that the equipment of the American Army is superior to that of other armies. This is particularly true of American transportation, which has continued to stand up under almost inconceivable conditions.—Lt. Gen. Omar N. Bradley, Second Army commander in Tunisia.

No satisfactory all-synthetic truck tires have been built as yet by anyone. No satisfactory all-synthetic tubes have been built as yet by anyone.—Rubber Director Jeffers, on synthetic tires.