THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday By The News Publishing Company, Inc.

W. C. Dowd Jr., President and General Manager — Burke Davis, Editor — Mrs. Dowd Jones, Secretary

Lieut. J. E. Dowd, USNR, Vice-President and Editor, on leave for the duration

● W. C. Dowd, 1866-1927 ●

The daily edition of The Charlotte News was established 1888. The Evening Chronicle (established 1902) was purchased by and consolidated with The Charlotte News May 3, 1914.

The News desires to be notified promptly of errors in any of its reports that proper correction may be made at once.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS AND AP FEATURES

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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Charlotte, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier: 30 cents a week; one month, 87 cents. By mail: One month, $1.50; three months, $2.60; six months, $5.20; one year, $10.40.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1943

Not For Us

Tom Dewey Wants Alliance Of A Kind We Can't See

Tom Dewey, the sly Republican candidate, hides a smile behind that mustache. In session of the Post-war Advisory Council of the party, he calmly sets off a bomb. Tom Dewey wants a strong and permanent alliance with Great Britain. Casually and indefinitely, he proposed a "military" alliance. In the excited talk following, it developed that the Republicans wanted to make an alliance binding in every field; military and economic, especially. For a great many citizens of the nation, that won't do.

Essentially, so far as Americans are concerned, the war is being fought for freedom. That, so the theory runs, is exactly why thousands of young men have been dying early in life; they have sacrificed golden years in behalf of mankind. Young men who have died since 1939, all over the world, have died because freedom and aggression cannot be linked together in one small world. Those who are still to die will meet death for the same principle. And there are, in the spreading British empire, countless millions of people for whom Allied victory will not mean freedom.

It is not, perhaps, American business as to what policies Britain shall follow within its own empire. It would be resented if Britain were to dictate Philippine policy, for instance. But it is American business to see that the freedom of tomorrow applies to all peoples, and not just to Britons, Frenchmen, Americans, Poles and so on. And the policy of centuries in the British Empire has not been consistent with American ideas of what freedom (even limited freedom) should mean.

There is the pat answer that not all the people of the world are ready for freedom. Indeed not; they have been deliberately oppressed, and have been unable to prepare. But, as in the Philippines, there is a way of making a road for freedom. Britain has not even begun that road, in most of her dominions. What is the reason, Tom Dewey, for American alliance with a policy like this?

Apple Pie

Its Kingdom Is Now Invaded By A Host of Pale Usurpers

In a local restaurant the other day, confronted with a choice of apple, butterscotch or lemon, a pie-eating customer committed the perfect outrage: "Zat all you got? Gimme lemon." at that moment, we knew the world had changed for the worse, and that things weren't as they were in the old days. Apple pie was losing its grip on the appetite of America. In the face of the grand old tradition of home-cooked pastry, the casual customer was defiant; he preferred some thick, synthetic slush to the delight that is apple pie. That man pulled a world down around our ears.

Oh, who remembers the times when there was scarce a pie; except apple? The days when the query, "What kinda pie for dinner?" meant what kind of apple pie? Who can recall the days when, instead of allowing just any kind of pomes to stew in her flaky crust, Ma insisted on making her pies of *cooking* apples—no eating apples for her?

Who is left, in this uncaring world, to recall the biting days of Fall, when the first firm Magna Bonums were in, and the pies began to roll as if from an endless belt. Mass production was only barely underway when the Limbertwigs began to come in. That was the time when sweet smells of the tree of temptation simply wreathed the earth. The June apples and white horse apples were gone; they had served their time, and would do heavy duty throughout the Winter, having been dried on a shingle roof, browning for the future on clean cotton cloths.

Who is there who will tell the grandchildren of the glorious adventures of the gourmet in the apple pie days that are gone? Who knows, these days of thick pies of other descriptions, the delight of browned pastry enclosing the spiced riches of the great apples: Ben Davis, Baldwin, Northern Spy, McIntosh, Grimes Golden, Rhode Island Greening, Oldenburg, Winesap, Jonathan.

Who sits him down to eat of the fruits of the land, these days, knowing that he will top it off with that greatest of dishes, home-cooked apple pie? Who knows the indescribable glories of the pastry, when deep in a dish that remains with every bite the faint scent of Mother's kitchen, the mellow aura of fruit in storage, the sharp, tangy pertness of an apple meant for cooking alone, and not intended for eating in the raw? Who remembers? There are fewer of us, year by year. The world goes to the dogs, to the eaters of synthetic pies. Our future cannot be bright.

Iberian Cheek

Spain, An Axis Appendage, Dares Assume Monitor's Role

So the ancient and sovereign state of Spain is all set to preside over the making of the peace between all nations. As a true friend of democracy, and an understanding sympathizer with Nazism and Fascism, Spain will guarantee to bring peace acceptable to all sides. There is but one exception. All hands must war against Communism. The best settlement possible, in fact, is that the Allies make peace with Germany—and then turn on Russia to help the Third Reich win its big victory. That's the gist of Spain's proposal.

Listen, Spain. We want no more from you, either pro or con, on any subject, under any circumstance. You are known to us, Spaniards, to be the thin ghosts of Fascism; you are known to be at peace only because the beasts of Berlin have decided you were too weak to join them in the war. We know full well to what camp you belong. The peace, so long as Britons and Americans are left to fight, will not be handled by your dirty, bloody hands.

The responsibility of writing the peace is not that of a craven weathervane nation, built on rotten foundations, destined to fall are long. It is not for Spain even to make mention of this peace, Franco the butcher, drooling so recently over the prospect of seizing Gibraltar for himself and expanding in North Africa, cannot even approach our table of peace. The forces for which he stands, and with whom he has collaborated, will be wiped out by the arms of free men. And that will be dangerous for you, Spain.

Just now, it is best that you keep a strict silence, and begin to prepare for the day of embarrassment. For, at the writing of the honest peace, there will be no more captive peoples in Europe, and Fascism will have gone out of style. You, Spain, will need your composure then. You will not be forgotten. That Franco had best cut his connections with Berlin. Translating for Der Fuehrer, he makes an unpleasant sound.

Royal Bluish

U. S. & Britain Determined To Play Ball With Royalty

The future of the little people of Italy becomes more and more mysterious. Some weeks ago, the Office of War Information spoke for the Italians, and against their "moronic little king". But OWI was strongly rebuked. That was too much of a good thing. American officialdom couldn't afford to be too intensely anti-Fascist. One would have thought, on that occasion, that the United States Government was determined to do some monkey business with Victor Emmanuel. Now, that grim prospect has become a virtual certainty.

From London, the historian H. G. Wells has complained that his pleas for Italian freedom have been suppressed by his Government. Freedom of speech, when it concerns freedom for the people of liberated countries, is not permissible—either in America or Britain.

Things have come to a pretty pass. There can be no democracy for the Italians, because the officials of the two most powerful Allied nations have fallen in love with the *status quo*. One may expect only that the king and Victor Badoglio will be considered the rulers of Italy, when the time of settlement comes.

There would be denials, in a deep basso, from both capitals, if such a charge were made. The good, gray men who fear to step out of the ruts of conservatism would deny that the little people of the world would be made to suffer, after victory. But, all the same, the plan is to continue the abortive rule of the weak House of Savoy in Italy. It is to be seen in the downcast and shifting eyes of officialdom.

The House of Savoy, 82 years in power, is actually in the position of an interloper in Italy. It deposed older, more distinguished houses at the creation of a united Italy, after generations of miserable failure in attempting to raise Piedmont and Sardina to positions of power. Conquering nations, like Britain and America, have no legitimate business with people of this type. Who knows why the official silence?

The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON

EXCEPT for two brief and faltering steps from 1918 to 1920 under Woodrow Wilson and from 1930 to 1932 under Henry L. Stimson, the United States has never attempted to take any world leadership for peace.

After Wilson's attempt failed, Secretary of State Stimson picked up the Kellogg pact, tried to give it teeth, and used it to the best of his ability to check the first Japanese rampage and the World War which he felt was sure to follow. Both of these attempts were blocked, partly by inertia at home, partly by old-fashioned European diplomacy in which British balance-of-power politics played its role, and partly by lack of preparation by our own diplomats to play a major role in world affairs.

The game was too new to us. Our State Department had been rutted too long in the comfortable grooves of traditional American isolation. Our diplomats had had dinned into them, with their first ABC's that the U.S.A. would keep its fleet in the Pacific, rely on the powerful British fleet in the Atlantic and Mediterranean. Never in their wildest dreams did they conceive the day when a badly crippled British fleet would reply on the U. S. Navy in European waters and that an American Army would be fighting in the Mediterranean.

Since the British fleet dominated the Old World, the cardinal policy of the State Department was to follow British diplomacy not only in Europe but the Near East, the Middle East and to a considerable extent the Far East. Only in Latin America did U. S. diplomats exert any degree of independence. This is cited here now not as a criticism, but to indicate how dependent our diplomacy was in these relatively simple days, and how much our diplomacy has to learn if we are now to write a permanent peace.

This is something in which the entire nation is vitally interested. The boys on the front are not doing any name-calling now. They are not even doing much talking. But if, when they come home, they find the peace they have won, run into the ground, then they may hurl some ugly epithets at Roosevelitian words at those responsible. The boys who are doing the dying are glad to do it, as long as the kids they left behind won't have to do it all over again. But they didn't give anyone a blank check to follow old-fashioned diplomacy which will sign away the lives of their sons twenty years from now.

They have seen what a streamlined War Department can do with new, lightning methods which have revolutionized warfare. They have seen the Navy perform miracles with armor plate, radar, and listening devices. They know that American genius and American efficiency are equal to anything. They expect that genius and that efficiency to be applied to winning the peace just as effectively as they have applied it to winning the war.

Some of the President's best friends, including many inside his Cabinet and his Administration, feel that putting American foreign policy, and the State Department which administers it, on the same streamlined basis as the War Department, is the most important and neglected task facing him. When Thomas Jefferson, the first Secretary of State, moved into his headquarters in Philadelphia, he had a staff of four clerks, one French interpreter, three Ministers and sixteen Consuls. His letters to Ministers were laboriously copied in the American letter book, required four to six weeks to reach their destination by Clipper ship, and sometimes were written in invisible ink with a notation on the outside: "To be sunk in case of danger from the enemy."

Pearson Gets It First

HOW uncanny Drew Pearson's newsbeats and forecasts have been is indicated by a review of his column during recent weeks.

Perhaps the most sensational was his insight regarding Bulgaria, published Aug. 25, in which Pearson said: "King Boris is reported so worried about internal conditions that he has packed his bags and is ready to flee at the first sign of uprising. . . . The Bulgarian underground, always strong, has almost come out into the open and is 'executing' more and more pro-Nazi Bulgarians." It was two days later, Aug. 27, that the world learned that King Boris had been executed.

Another amazing beat which Pearson scored right in the White House front yard was regarding the crackdown on both Jesse Jones and Vice-President Wallace. On July 12, he reported: "The President has been looking forward to the next 60 days with the Congress out of the picture to do some weed pulling in his own garden. . . . Even Jesse Jones and Henry Wallace may be subjected to a certain degree of weed-pulling."

It was two days later that the President announced the bombshell "pulling" Economic Warfare duties away from both Jones and Wallace.

On May 11, Pearson wrote: "Ambassador Litvinoff's mission to Moscow may be final." During the climax of the Quebec conference, Stalin announced the Litvinoff recall.

Apropos of the resignation of Sumner Welles with its ensuing reverberations, it is interesting to recall the advance tip on this given by Drew Pearson as early as Oct. 14, 1939, when he said: "It is no secret that the old gentleman (Hull) sometimes chafes at the rapid fire decisions of his subordinate. Nearest break between them occurred over a dog."

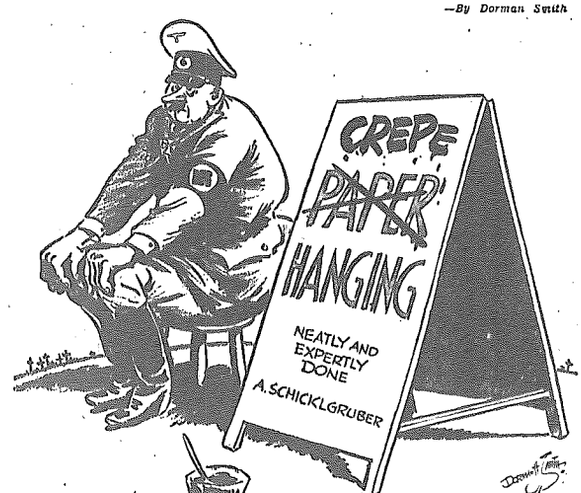
When Pearson told the story of how Mr. and Mrs. Welles and Mr. and Mrs. Hull, returning from the Buenos Aires conference, occupied a part of the ship behind the bridge and how Welles' pet dog, Toby, had "deposited" the deck of the ship, Mr. Hull stepped in the desecration, whereupon, according to Pearson, the Secretary of State "called a ship's officer and lapsed into choice Tennessee mountaineer language in describing that 'damned Welles dog.' Then he summoned his Undersecretary and told him off." During the remainder of the trip, the Wellesses and the Hulls scarcely spoke.

On Aug. 7, Pearson scooped Washington with his revealing picture of the backstage row between Admiral Vickery of the Maritime Commission and William Gibbs, pinch Navy, over Liberty and Victory ships. This became front page news in many papers when the row finally was settled on Aug. 13.

On July 16, Pearson told the inside story of the Pennsylvania Railroad's proposed bond issue through Kuhn, Loeb, telling how investment companies managed by directors of the railroad would profit. On July 28, the ICC stayed its previous order which had authorized issuance of the bonds, and subsequently Kuhn, Loeb offered a higher price for them, thus netting about half a million dollars to the railroad's stockholders.

All Set For A Rush of Business

—By Dorman Smith



New Deal & The Press

By Dorothy Thompson

WASHINGTON

FOR some time there has been a more or less open though vague hostility emanating from White House and State Department against those commentators who have been critical of our foreign policy. The President and Mr. Cordell Hull have used the case of Drew Pearson to put all political commentators in an uncomfortable position. For, although the behavior and formulations of Mr. Pearson were, to my mind, indefensible, there are many of us who share some of his opinions.

It is an old trick of politics to attack a general tendency through its weakest representative, at a moment when his foot slips. If, instead of nailing down Mr. Pearson when he had made himself extremely vulnerable, a reaction perhaps not wholly worthy of the head of this great nation, the President had used the opportunity to clarify our policy, his words won't have been welcomed by all the editors and writers of the country.

Mr. Pearson's extravagant statement would have had not importance whatsoever had these not been so many unanswered questions and unexplained actions which led him to make his aggressive deduction. It is not in an aggressive spirit, but rather with serious concern that one must observe the deterioration of relations between White House, State Department, and press. That the press and its writers are fallible, and that in some quarters there is positive ill will toward the Administration, does not justify the manner in which the Administration deals with the press.

The Administration repeatedly uses certain of its members in a way that we journalists consider unethical. In case after case privileged information has been granted to certain writers, including actual state papers, which they alone have been given the opportunity of publishing at great economic benefit to themselves. Thus the Administration, many months ago turned over to two able journalists the material of what amounted to an official White Paper on the diplomatic prelude to the war, and more recently a special writer for a weekly magazine was given access to confidential diplomatic files on the North African situation.

This is a means of publishing official material without taking official responsibility. It is also a means of rewarding the "useful" and punishing the critical—and even perhaps of turning the critical into the useful. The procedure raises the question of just what the Administration considers to be the function of the press, and of free speech in general.

Apparently the Administration thinks the function of the loyal press is to popularize and explain the Administration to the widest audience, to be, as it were, a public relations counsel between the Administration and the public. But this is not the function of a vital free press in a democracy. Its function is through intelligence, independence, and intellectual integrity to throw light upon current events; to report them and to interpret them, as the servant of the people as a whole, and not of any group, class, or party.

It is impossible for a government to be the judge and critic of its own policies. The judge is the people. But how can the people deliberate without access to facts, and without an independent forum of debate? The object of free speech is to influence policy. It is not a pyrotechnic that exists for itself; it is a political vehicle.

The equivalent of the Hippocratic oath; for the responsible journalist, is his pledge to himself to try to learn the truth, interpret events accurately, criticize objectively, and recommend wisely. He must be ready at all times to correct misstatements of fact. But he cannot be asked to correct misstatements of opinion, for opinion can rarely be answered with yes or no, true or untrue.

Side Glances

"We're so glad you came for dinner—as I told John, having the boss in isn't really wasting ration stamps!"

Everyday Counselor

Your Legacy

By Rev. Herbert Spaugh

WHAT are you going to hand down to those left behind when you close up your career on this earth? Money? Our law courts are filled with wills which are being contested by children who will never feel the same towards one another.

Are you going to leave property and goods? They too have a way of disintegrating and passing into other hands.

A good name, a family tradition of honor, a family skill? For years the Swiss have had a reputation for being the finest watch and clock makers in the world. I am told that fathers pass their trade and skill on to sons who in turn pass it on to their children. There is a family pride and tradition which they strive to uphold.

A friend of mine, a lover of firearms, recently told me of a nationally known gunsmith by the name of Pachmyer, who makes a complete gun in his shop, of the most beautiful and artistic workmanship. He follows the trade handed down to him by his father before him.

There are other families in this country who still have a keen sense of the honor of the family name. There are families which have produced generation after generation of ministers, doctors, lawyers. As long as they retain a high sense of honor, devotion to duty to profession before devotion to money, the tradition continues. But let personal selfishness creep in, one member of the family becomes divided from another, disintegration is bound to follow.

The policy of the Axis powers has been DIVIDE AND DESTROY. How well they have been able to use that policy is to be seen in the deplorable condition of Europe. We in America have tried desperately to be on guard against such danger. We have tried to maintain a national unity and have succeeded to the extent that the material results of our war efforts are already turning the tide of battle in our favor.

How we need to adopt the same methods down in the smaller confines of the family circles. It's true these are trying times when many of us have "war nerves." But this is no reason why we should turn our backs upon our own flesh and blood; criticize those who are nearest and dearest to us to acquaintances who only ridicule us for it behind our backs.

As I have written many times before in this column, those of our family circle deserve our best in courtesy, appreciation, consideration, love. These are the ties that give us a real family unity, and permit us to leave this old world bequeathing to those behind a name of roughtеousness and honor.

A Confusion

Brother Kelland

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

MR. CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND, of the Republican National Committee, has said good-by to isolation. But he has not said good-by to Col. McCormick, nor hello to Wendell Willkie.

It is admittedly important that Mr. Kelland has changed his mind. But it will be ever so much more important when he also changes his habits, his way of work, his operational method. A man sits down in his chair as an isolationist, thinks for an hour, and then ceases, he says, to be an isolationist.

A change of some kind has certainly taken place. But can a man, by taking thought alone, alter his stature? He must live the new life, as well as admire it. Mr. Kelland has worked out a five-point plan for a new foreign policy. I say that, on balance, it would be a far greater deed if Mr. Kelland would make a single telephone call to Col. McCormick when the latter next takes a crack at our Chinese or Russian allies, and would say to him: "Bertie, I think that's wrong."

Of making many plans there is no end, but that one telephone call would be life, the future, and the hope of man, surging over the wire. And for only a nickel.

Mr. Kelland's plan calls for an alliance of America, England, Russia and China to save the peace, then a second alliance, of America and England, to sort of reinsure the first alliance, and then a strong new Monroe Doctrine to reinsure the second alliance, and, finally, the seizure of naval and air bases and the biggest dara navy you ever heard of. Just in case it hails in Summer after all, Mr. Kelland is wearing a sweater, a vest, a raincoat and an overcoat; he has a Panama hat under one arm and a parka under the other, and both belt and suspenders beneath all.

I wonder how much work he can get done, under all that equipment. He might accomplish more in just a pair of old pants and sneakers, by arguing a couple of editors I could name out of their unreasoning opposition to letting a hundred Chinese a year enter the country.

That would be anti-isolationism on the operational level, and that is a honey of a level. There are letters to write, as well telephone calls to make. A prominent Republican anti-isolationist could work in a short speech, calling for a speedy conference, soon, of all the leading United Nations. Life is gay and active on the operational level; there is much to do, and it is good, clean work.

It is not enough merely to come out against isolation, merely to utter those blessed words. This is no business to be settled in the moonlight with a whisper. I give great credit to Mr. Kelland for groping for an answer. But as one who has been against isolation somewhat longer than he has been, and is therefore an older hand at the game, I might be allowed to offer a helpful word.

Anti-isolationism is a way of life, not a state of mind. One little deed, such as the display of a real agitation, in public, when an ally is abused, will tell us more about a man's principles than the longest possible explanation of those principles. It takes so many columns of fine print to describe what goes on in an armchair.

Quote, Unquote

NO other countries have such advantages as climate, no other nations can provide the practice in actual bombing that we do on huge bombing ranges in the West. I don't think any air crews are so well trained as ours when they go into actual combat.—Undersecretary of War Robert P. Patterson.

There are tons and tons of good products that simply will not be harvested this Fall unless additional manpower is provided.—Gov. Hampton P. Fulmer of South Carolina.

There is no place for dignity at 25,000 feet with a battle in progress.—Brig. Gen. Frank A. Armstrong.

Bible Thought

If a path leads to the desired destination it is a good path. *A long man will do his will* Ps. 106:13 *of the desiring*—John 7:17.