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And Evening Chronicle

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Solidarity

State Democrats Hail Term Four, But . . . Er

North Carolina Democrats, meeting in harmony and optimistic enthusiasm, behaved just as they were expected to. Acting in unison, they left the impression that the revolt against Roosevelt in the State amounted to nothing; they rocked the rafters with cheering the President and Governor Broughton. They passed out praise on all sides, pausing only to damn the Republicans. And they had every reason for praise. They found the State government in excellent condition, enjoying services vastly expanded under the Broughton regime.

The platform emerged about as originally drawn, and spoke for a continuance of a conservative fiscal policy in order that progressive service might be rendered in the future. The platform was, in fact, pretty close to that advanced by Mayor Gregg Cherry; the recommendation for retiring debts and providing adequate reserves followed that candidate's line. There was no mention of tax revision through sales tax elimination, for example.

But when the convention turned to back Governor Broughton for Vice President, enthusiasm reached its peak. He was properly acclaimed for his previous leadership, which could be clearly shown by the record. And when he was hailed as "acceptable to Democrats everywhere", the convention was on certain ground. Much as we like him as a progressive political leader, and as much as he has grown in stature through his addresses in governors' conferences, there is considerable doubt that the nation would take to his support.

The answer to the Governor's candidacy was given in part by Reporter John H. Kerr, when he said:

"There has been entirely too much disposition on the part of some of our national party-leaders to take the South for granted . . . they should recognize the historic place that Southern democracy has played in the affairs of the party and the nation."

The chances are, however, that those leaders and other nations are no more likely to similarly pay recognition to South now than in the past. For that reason it is extremely likely that the 30 North Carolina delegates will have to give their support of our Governor in the early stages of the Chicago convention.

Aside from that, it is of interest to note that, though the party gave unqualified endorsement to the 12 years of the Roosevelt Administration, its speakers threw out hints of dissent:

"North Carolina wants no dictatorship government; it does not propose to become a test tube for the trying out of Communistic schemes.

"The legislative department of our government is the keystone of our democracy. Attempts on the part of various groups in the nation to destroy the people's confidence in it have become alarming. Let it be remembered that the history of all dictatorships reveals that . . . the legislative branch was first destroyed."

But Tar Heel 30 will invade Chicago with one high-hopeless [illegible]. They will sing praises of Roosevelt reign, and stick by the Chief's banner. Understandably, they will hold their resolutions. In the face of making war and writing peace, we are united. After, we'll see some changes made.

The Vote

Methodists Support War Just That Margin

The Methodist Church, by a vote margin which recalls, show, the lone stand of Jeanette Rankin who voted lonely nay against declaration of war on Japan, has voted to active support of the cause. It was a close squeeze, though lay delegates voted 203 to 131 for the resolution; the ministerial votes were 170 to 169.

The issue here before the great Church was not whether the war should be fought, understand. It was a question of giving a blessing, of declaring that God had a stake in our struggle. It is interesting to note that Methodist clergymen are equally divided on the issue. The final decision was that the Church was inside the Christian position in supporting a war in which aggression aimed to destroy our rights, Christian and otherwise.

And a New Jersey college president saw the new stand as a victory over the false values of pacifism as practiced in the United States between wars — a defeat, as he put it, for "the lads who believe that if you smile long enough you'll get a smile back." It was also a defeat for the score of ministers who signed a protest against Allied bombing in New York. He held the view that our young people have been confused in their efforts toward peace, and that the action of the Church might help them to see the error of their ways.

The action is welcome, and though it is not likely to have a great effect on the progress of our war, it surely makes for solidarity, for unity which is precious to lay members of the Church. This step was not taken in patriotic fervor, as so many similar ones were taken during the last war, but after due deliberation and against considerable opposition. It was taken, we believe, on the basis of high principle and in wisdom.

"Babe Ruth at his best could read the title on a revolving phonograph record." On one of his good days the Babe might look at our Italian policy.

Our Arms

The World's Best, They Must Be Backed By Will

There is now, on the eve of great events, the reassuring word that our fighting men will carry the world's finest weapons into the invasion of Europe. Insofar as superiority of equipment can protect the lives of warriors, American ingenuity has done its utmost. These weapons may be called, if we like, secret weapons, which give us a definite advantage over the enemy. This thought, certainly, gives assurance of a sort. But there is more to be said.

Other valuable weapons will be carried on to the beaches, too. The overall morale of our attacking force, the expression of our fighting ideal—or the principles for which we fight—will be a vital factor in our success in the vast impending battles. It cannot be said that the German will to win is weak, for the enemy has taken punishment as grievous as that given any nation, and still fights, fiercely and with courage. But our own will backed by superior weapons, must be equally as strong as that of the enemy. In combination, they will bring victory.

It has not always been that Americans have gone into battle with superior equipment: the ragged Continentals of Washington gave away tremendous advantages; for us, The War of 1812 seemed hopeless; Confederate troops almost always faced Federal armies in numbers and equipment. In every case, courage of conviction was a priceless asset on the battlefield. In the bloody days ahead, magnificently armed with weapons and will, our armies will meet one of the crucial tests of our history.

If a Mountbatten can't hold the enemy, why not call in the idle experts? Its great work accomplished, the stop Willkie movement has nothing but time on its hands.

There is no confirmation of reports that Hitler is rushing substitute generals to the east. Numbers on the uniforms (front and back) would help with the identifications.

The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON.

ADMIRAL KING'S recent report on two years of U. S. naval warfare contains an interesting reference to the sinking of the airplane carrier Hornet. He tells how U. S. planes from the carrier Enterprise, going to attack the Jap fleet, actually passed Jap dive bombers going the other way to attack the Hornet.

But those who actually lived through that battle know that Admiral King leaves out a lot of the story. One minor but unique fact was that, when the U. S. and Jap planes passed each other, en route to their separate bombing missions, they tipped their wings as if in salute.

They could not stop and give battle, first because they were under orders to attack certain objectives, secondly because dive bombers are not designed to attack each other. Finally, both the Jap and U. S. planes flew at about the same speed, and by the time the U. S. planes could have turned round and given chase, it would have been impossible to catch up with the Japs. So the American dive bombers tipped their wings and flew on to bomb the Jap fleet, while the Jap planes flew on to sink the Hornet.

This, however, is only one unique part of the story which Admiral King omitted. The part of the story which still has young naval officers sizzling mad at the Annapolis Brass Hats is the manner in which they were not permitted to bomb the Japs until too late.

Here is the real story of what happened. The Hornet and Enterprise had been running together not far from the U. S. naval base on Espiritu Santo Island, south of Guadalcanal. On Oct. 25, 1942, the day before the Hornet was sunk, the Enterprise lost eleven planes. The loss of fliers was pure bad luck. A plane landing on the carrier's deck struck its wheels on a barrier and bounced into four planes on the bow. All five were destroyed. The other loss resulted from bad planning when six planes, out on a scouting mission, ran short of gas and fell into the water before they could land on the carrier.

Slow Communication

About midnight that night, the seaplane tender Curtiss sent out four PBY5's, or Catalina flying boats, which sighted the enemy but were so slow that three of them were shot down. (The Catalinas fly so slowly that Navy pilots grimly jest that, when they sight the enemy, they can only report: "Have contacted Jap fleet. Please notify next of kin.")

At 1 A. M., the Hornet and Enterprise got word from the Curtiss that a new contact had been made. Immediately, every pilot aboard the carriers began getting his plane in shape for a take-off. Finally, at 6 A. M., sixteen scouts were launched from the Hornet. This was too many scouts, and everybody aboard knew it. At 8:15 A. M., just after the scouts had left, came a message from the Curtiss. The enemy had been contacted again.

The tragic fact was that the Curtiss had made this contact at 3:30 A. M., but the Enterprise and Hornet didn't get the message until two and a half hours later—illustrating one of the worst inefficiencies of the Navy at that time, the slowness of coding and communication. By the time the message reached the Hornet, the sixteen scouts had taken off, and they could not be recalled.

However, the bomber pilots climbed into their planes, expecting at any minute the command to take off. It was daylight, and they wanted to hit the enemy before the enemy discovered them. But nothing happened.

Finally, at 8 A. M., came the take-off order. By that time, the Japs had already sighted us, and U. S. dive bombers passed Jap dive bombers in the air. We lost the Hornet. The Japs suffered some damage but no ships sunk. Younger officers were convinced we could have wiped out the Japs, had our pilots got a chance at them two hours earlier.

The Navy, in summarizing this defeat, was much more severe than Admiral King. It reported that the defeat resulted from inexperience, lack of imagination, hesitance to take decisive action, slowness of naval communications and bad luck.

"Watch Mom and Pop's faces when I tell Mrs. Jones the reason we came to call on them is we're out of ration points!"

Washington Roundup

By Associated Press

WASHINGTON—A request for another $8,450,570,000 in lend-lease money went up to Congress today a few hours after Senator Ellender, Democrat, Louisiana, had called for a fixed policy on lend-lease settlements.

In asking about $8,450,570,000 appropriation, President Roosevelt also requested that Congress make available for spending during the next fiscal year the unexpended balances of previous lend-lease appropriations. That would make $7,188,899,000 vailable for the unusual pool.

Ellender said he thought Congress ought to lay down a lend-lease settlement policy immediately.

"Unless we do establish a national policy immediately," said Senator Ellender, Louisiana Democrat, "we may find ourselves owing our Allies at the end of the war instead of their owing us."

Ellender said he was "concerned" about a Senate Appropriations Committee report showing this country had put out $21,784,237,819 in goods and services to United Nations Allies while receiving only $2,129,151,000 in so-called "reverse Lend-Lease" up to March 16 of this year.

Great Britain, he said the Appropriations Committee report showed, had accounted for slightly more than $9,000,000,000 of the "reverse" payments, and Russia for about $1,000,000 of the reciprocal funds. Ellender added:

"I don't want to be critical of Russia, because she has had her hands full, and I have faith that Russia will come through and compensate us to some extent, possibly through her huge oil reserves. But with Great Britain it is different."

Ellender said he had learned that Britain had charged up to "reverse" Lend-Lease the cost of conditioning old mansions used to house American troops. He remarked that such things should be placed on a "rental basis," if "they want to charge us at all." He claimed that occupants of the "old castles" were in England "to fight the Battle of Britain."

Ellender indicated he wanted a quick showdown in Congress on the whole Lend-Lease program. He isn't opposed to the plan, he emphasized, but he objects because the Congress and the people aren't told what's going on.

AROUND THE TOWN

The Senate and House both recessed until noon Monday . . . which means a House committee to investigate the Government seizure of Montgomery Ward Co. in Chicago can't be named until Monday . . . Faced with opposition from educational organizations and groups, the House prepared for a new states' rights fight on the Veterans' Benefits Bill . . . There were signs that the Senate might get a chance to vote on a measure revising the Federal Communication Commission's powers, with the big radio networks and FCC Chairman James L. Fly opposed.

"Well, That's Nice Country, Too!"

—By Dorman Smith

Everyday Counselor

By Rev. Herbert Spaugh

HOW much can be learned by faithful and persistent application even in the face of seemingly impossible handicaps! Age and physical handicaps need not be impossible obstacles. The other day I was in a second-hand furniture store. Suddenly, I heard someone playing sweetly on a piano there. My attention was immediately attracted, because I also play the piano. I was amazed when I saw the performer, a little middle-aged man, a hunchback. Seated before the piano, still wearing his hat, he was utterly oblivious of his surroundings as he caressingly played. As I watched him I was even more amazed, yes shocked, to discover that he had no fingers on his right hand, just a flat sort of a stump, which resembled a hand with all the fingers removed. Yet he moved that stump over the piano with ease and dexterity, playing the melody, while with his left hand, which was normal, he played an easy accompaniment.

I inquired about him from the proprietor of the store, who told me that he knew the man, that he was born a cripple, just as I saw him, with a hunchback, and no fingers on his right hand. He also told me that this man played the violin as well as the piano, and made his living by this means.

How often we see those physically handicapped accomplish things which shame those of us with normal physical and mental equipment. Realizing their handicaps, these, whom we consider unfortunate, by persistent application, accomplish things which amaze us.

How I would like the opportunity to talk with the parents of this crippled musician, who was born into their home as a deformed baby. Perhaps they, realizing his helplessness, devoted themselves to him with the greatest earnestness. If so it ought to be a challenging reminder to parents of normal children of the possibilities which these children may have developed in them through their patient and persistent cooperation. For instance, how many children are started out to study music, and then allowed to drop it, although they have talent, simply because parents are not willing to take the time to encourage, assist and insist.

I can imagine the mother of this cripple teaching him as a baby to use his left hand instead of his right. Whether she taught him anything in music, I don't know, but you can be sure that he wasn't left alone to his own devices as so many modern children today.

How many of us close down a promising future because of the word, "can't." How familiar the phrase, "I can't do that." If the truth is told, the real reason is usually lack of persistent desire. We are reminded of the words of St. Paul when he says, "For all things are yours; whether Paul, or Apollos or Cephas or the world or life or death or things present or things to come; all are yours; and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's. . . . I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

Music Without Words

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

SEVERAL politicians are trying out a new ballad on the American people, and it runs like this: "We must learn to speak out for America! We must be just as hard-headed as realists as the Russians! We must stand up for our rights and convictions, etc." Those afflicted with cunning even start out by saying: "It is time we began . . . to speak out for America," which carries the implication that until now we have been speaking out for Venezuela, or something.

Let us speak out for America, by all means. Any American President who did not speak out for America ought to be impeached. But after this has been established, conceded, etc., we are still entitled to ask of any candidate: "What do you propose to say, while speaking out for America? What do you propose to speak out, you big speak out fellow, you?"

Up to now they have given us the music, but not the lyrics. They are telling us all about their proposed manner, but not about their proposed matter. Yet it is matter we are mostly interested in. The fact that a Presidential aspirant expects to speak in a loud voice, in foreign affairs, that he intends to make in any decibles, that he proposes to be "tough;" all this is of little weight until he tells us what issues he plans to be loud and tough about.

We must be on warning against men who merely show us their muscles in public. It is a pleasant sight, perhaps, to see a big patriotic biceps rippling under the pallid skin which marks most candidates. For the paper fellows do not seem to get enough sun. But what work will the muscle be put to? What evil does the candidate propose to strike, in behalf of America? Whom is he going to holler at on behalf of that America for which he promises to roar like a lion? After all, we will not be electing him just to make a racket.

Since all of them, also, pledge themselves to coo like doves in bringing about a more co-operative world, a rather strange effect is created. The standard speech on foreign policy has become a performance in two movements, in the first of which the hero gets down on his knees and sings Mammy to the universe, and in the second of which he shows, by shadow-boxing, how he intends to pin its ears back.

The latter part of this dual entertainment makes a strong appeal to the valid emotion of patriotism. But patriotism is a kind of ideological basket; you have to put something into it. The issue isn't only whether a man is going to speak out for America. It is whether he is going to speak sense or nonsense in speaking out for America. Just speaking out is not enough. Nobody has spoken out for Germany more than Adolph Hitler, and look at it, and him, now.

Well, they don't go into that. They are going to speak out, and that's that. This display of mind is quite mysterious. Whom do they propose to speak out against? They can't mean our enemies, for that is no issue. They must mean our Allies. But they don't specify. They are doing an act with a chip on their shoulder, and they will tell you what the chip means later on, if elected. They want us to sign a blank chip, so to speak.

Sewell Avery & "Socialism"

By Marquis Childs

WASHINGTON

THE men who fought on the Government side in the battle of Montgomery Ward & Co. have a healthy respect for Sewell Avery, their adversary. They recognize that he is 100 per cent sincere.

The beliefs of this $100,000 a year corporation executive are more than sincere. They are fanatical. Sewell Avery believes passionately that the Roosevelt Administration has brought the nation to Socialist dictatorship. In spite of all the evidence to the contrary — the substantial war profits, the real influence business exerts, the right of business men to damn the Government up and down — he believes just that. Consequently he regards himself as a martyr and a hero.

It makes it all the harder, of course, to work out anything like a reasonable truce so this little private war can be suspended at least long enough to get the bigger war across the Atlantic ended. Three years ago Chairman William H. Davis of the War Labor Board wanted to sit down with Avery and talk the whole thing out. That was at the beginning of Avery's private war. The trouble then was not in Montgomery Ward but in the United States Gypsum Co., of which he is also the head.

Avery refused to meet Davis either in Washington or in Chicago. Thereupon Davis persuaded his personal friend, Owen D. Young, to go as a kind of unofficial mediator and to try with all the weight of his national and international prestige to iron out the difficulties. Young had lunch with Avery in Chicago. They talked all afternoon. They talked until 9 o'clock in the evening. Young really thought he was getting somewhere. Finally Avery said:

"You know you've made the best presentation of an indefensible case I've heard yet."

I must say the basic contention of the War Labor Board seems to me sound. You can't unscramble war from non-war when it's on the scale of Montgomery Ward. To compare a concern with 70,000 employees, including complicated manufacturing industries, with a corner grocery isn't logical or fair.

Davis and the members of his board know that the balance they've been able to hold between peace and chaos on the labor front is as delicate as a watch spring. To allow a big strike to go on in Chicago would have been to risk a prairie fire of strikes spreading across the country. Just this week, James C. Petrillo, czar of the Musicians' Union, came before the Labor Board to argue that radio broadcasting wasn't a war industry and that therefore his musicians weren't bound by the no-strike pledge. That's the practical situation confronting the board. By unanimous decision Petrillo was turned down.

People ask why John L. Lewis, when he directed the coal strike of a year ago, didn't get the same treatment as Avery. Why wasn't he carried out by the soldiers? The answer seem fairly obvious. John L. wasn't sitting down in a coal mile. He was sitting down in his union office and for the Government to have taken over that office wouldn't have helped the war effort one single bit.

Congress is going into this dispute, but I wonder if they'll really get to the root of it. There is an attitude of contempt toward the Government in both the Lewis and the Avery cases.

Listen, Pegler!

By Dorothy Thompson

WASHINGTON

MY dear Westbrook Pegler:

In your column on Tuesday I seemed to discern in you an apprehension that some people were talking too recklessly about their fellow citizens. There were, for instance, the Democrats who were "flippant, arrogant and threatening in their language and fighting among each other in a most unseemly way."

You were perturbed about the "violent expressions of hatred flying between . . . brother John L. Lewis and Brother Will Green and Brother Phil Murray." And you thought it "would be well for the country if everyone would put anger, resentment and apprehension out of the campaign." But you doubted whether it would be possible, because of "the left-wing publications," who are unlike "the standard press, which with few exceptions observes most of the normal restraints and even in the Montgomery Ward case employs dignified words still."

A paper of the left, you say, has been so unseemly as to call a Southern Senator a "jug-eared little rat." I regret having to quote so many of your words but the people who may read me have a right to know why I am addressing you.

I don't hold with calling nasty names, such as "jug-eared little rat"—I don't know of whom by whom — but as a reader of your columns, Mr. Pegler, I have had the impression — correct me if I am wrong — that part of the habit of discussion by inverective can certainly be traced to your door.

I have yet to see you write in sensitive pain at bitter words hurled at labor union leaders, nor have I read of your fainting with horror at the invectives of the "Christian Front" or at anti-Semitic tirades, or the baiting of American workers.

Nor have I heard of your swooning at the typewriter over words that have boiled from it under FAIR ENOUGH about a lady, whose name is Eleanor Roosevelt. Let's say you don't like Mrs. Roosevelt. Some don't. Let's agree that you are against her politics and that of the President of the United States, her husband.

But let us agree that she is a lady — a lady, for instance, who has never indulged in unseemly speech. Let us agree that she is a decorous lady—not, for instance, a Vivian Kellem or an Elizabeth Dilling, or a Lois Washburn. Let us agree that she is indubitably a native-born American, of a family that has played some not unworthy role for several hundred years in the development of these United States.

All I want to ask is: Do you think what you have written about her is in the tone of a Christian gentleman?

For instance about her trips to the front — to some of the most desolate islands and jungles? For instance about the manner of her travel — somewhat protected, it seems. For instance about the taxpayers' money that is cost to transport to these far places the lady whom we call, with old-fashioned respect for the position she graces "the First Lady of the Land."

The lady we are speaking of is a grandmother. She has four sons in the services. I saw her the other day, for the first time in many months, and she looked a little worn. Do you honestly think, Mr. Pegler, that it was fun for her to travel under war conditions to the ends of the earth? I heard her speak to a small audience of women. She used no unseemly words and she did not refer to the Montgomery Ward case or any other partisan issue. She talked about what letters mean to boys idling for two years on treeless, empty sultry islands.

She seemed, Mr. Pegler, to care about them. I had the impression that she cared as much, let's say, as all the motion picture stars and radio artists who have also been transported here and there with the taxpayers' money.

Maybe those lads thought it unseemly that the First Lady of the Land had come to visit them. Maybe, but I would guess just the opposite. Of course, I don't know; I wasn't there. But neither were you, Mr. Pegler.

Do you know that in one camp in America for German prisoners of war the young Nazis call the dogs about the place "Franklin D" and "Eleanor"? How do you like that, Westbrook Pegler? What would a fine upstanding fellow like you do if any Nazi acted so in your presence? But what makes them think they can do so by saith that, Mr. Pegler? Do you think what you have written might have helped?

Oh, shucks! You go home and say your prayers, Mr. Pegler, and start the reform you are advocating at your own typewriter. You are a good church-going Christian and must know the admonition about the mote and the beam. "Pull out the mote of thine eye," brother. That's the scriptural injunction.

"But I simply must have cocktails for my guests tonight!—Haven't you ANYTHING that can be swallowed without injury?"