THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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Roosevelt

FDR Speaks A Line Without Drama

The Roosevelt genius for the dramatic failed him yesterday. He was given neither time and place nor the circumstances. We've a notion that he would have enjoyed greatly the opportunity to have emitted an unexpected Coolidgian "I do not choose to run," and to have seen the resultant moil of the people. The man does love that, and no question. But the times being what they are, and America what it is, and the Democratic Party circumstances existing as at present, the Rooseveltian acceptance was as natural as a rising tide. He is but a player on a great stage and his cue had come and he spoke his lines. Though he said a thing which 30 years ago might have thrown the United States into revolution his announcement yesterday bore no surprise. It made the headlines only by grace of undramatic implications. It barely was news.

Desertion

Hitler Does Not Plead With Workers

The subject of desertions on the fighting fronts and on the home fronts this week has been up for consideration by the High Commands of both the United States and Germany — and so differently. Said the German High Command:

Withdrawal from the present positions is punishable by death. I empower all leaders of every grade to shoot on sight anyone who leaves his post . . . The hour is serious.

The flavor of all that this Nation is fighting for comes in the difference in the way that our General Marshall approaches the same question:

There is still a tough fight ahead of us . . . Desertions on the home front would tend to . . . protract the war and reduce our prospects of victory. The war is not yet won; it will be won the sooner if everybody in war work sticks to his job till complete victory has been attained.

Such an appeal should be stronger than any Hitler threat when we remember, as is now historically established, that it was the German intention, long before now, to have walked over a prostrate England and blitzed our unprepared land into subjection. Our farmers would be tilling the soil under German masters and our mechanics would be laboring at the production lines under German guns. That was the plan. It didn't work. But as long as the threat remains no war worker can give up his job with a good conscience.

Curbed Gold

Our Majestic Metal Thinks It Over

Sometimes we wonder if our American hoard of gold safely in the bowels of the Earth at Fort Knox glitters as brightly as it once did. It lies there, a symbol of our collective wealth, and we like to think of it as the Gibraltar of our well being. It is our Maginot Line against national want. We have concentrated the essence of our labor and thought and increase there and have set a standard upon our idea of its value. It just lies there, majestic and mighty.

Yet, we know that our gold isn't really wealth. Any one of us could live a long life without ever seeing gold and still do very well, other elements being favorable. Our gold is a symbol of our sense of values and despite our insistence upon its being sound and solid and indestructible it is as ephemeral as our thought. And not only our thought. As we come to our transition into that of being a collaborating world state, the thought and purposes and necessities of our fellow people must inevitably be an influence upon our sense of values. For every new liberty which we achieve in a freer world must go some measure of our traditional independence. It was ever thus in any sort of a fair trade. Our own sense of values must adjust in some degree to a world sense of values. As Lord Keynes expresses it, our gold may cease to be an absolute monarch but a constitutional monarch. The more you think of it the more it comes home to you.

Democrats

We Have A Sense Of Humor, Or Should

It is a fine thing that Southern Democrats have such a keen sense of humor—if they have. Otherwise they might froth at the mouth—if they don't—at the political frustration which bedevils them. Observe: Who in America is more conservative in thought and purpose? And how do they get in office? Why, by the simple expedient of harnessing themselves to all the politically unorthodox groups that vote. They've done it before and they're doing it now.

This time the Lords of the Party have as their allies against the Republicans an amazing conglomeration of contending forces who are as ready to be at each other's throat as they are at the Republican goozle. There is Labor, there is the Farmer, there is the Negro, there is the untempered foreign element, each eager for the payoff and as eager to take it from his political buddy as from the GOP—Southern Democrats not excluded.

How the thing has held together for twelve years is one of the political wonders of the centuries. Some inkling of intra-party statesmanship will come next week at the National Convention. If the Southern Democrats feel that they are strong enough they will name a vice presidential nominee to their liking (not even Governor Broughton, perhaps), but if they feel that they are endangering their solidarity with Labor, the Negro, the Farmer, etc, etc, then, because they like to win elections instead of lose them, they will take someone else — even Vice President Wallace. This Southern Democratic sense of humor, if there is such a thing, ought to fetch a belly laugh at that.

No Increase

A Great New Duty Devolves Upon Dixie

One post-war plan which the tired old men are getting powerfully excited about is the down-turn in the baby-production chart. All over the world it is the same. Those who insist on pointing with alarm point to the declining birth rate throughout civilization and some countries have gone so far as to present the parents with a cash bonus for every baby in the hope that money will overcome the deterring influences. That's funny, for money — too much or too little—almost always is the cause of a declining birth rate.

Please be patient if this little Summer-time piece for the paper seems to head nowhere at all and offers no solution. Frankly, we aren't much interested. If our fellow human beings throughout the earth have been so lax as to get themselves into that fix then it will serve them right to have to get to work and get themselves out. Being very industrious and always mindful of the danger of a declining birth rate, we in the South have no such problem. Every million Southern parents leave a population increase of 150,000 before they die — and just don't die until they do — whereas New Englanders, for instance, leave 200,000 to the million fewer to walk the Earth and have dominion. The same condition in a lesser degree obtains in all other sections of the United States, except, of course, the South. Indeed, it looks as though eventually we Southerners will have to take over the whole country, else let it grow up in grass.

Capehart, candidate for the Senate, hits a homer with the bases loaded at an Indiana picnic, and seems set for a bright Washington career. Bluege can use this fellow in right field.

The Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT is not the easiest person to give advice to, but some of those around him are trying to figure out ways and means of telling him to keep his political enemies out of choice spots inside his own White House.

One man they have in mind is Fred Searls Jr., who recently contributed $2,000 to the Dewey campaign, but who has an office inside the White House as the right-hand man of Justice Jimmy Byrnes and Will Clayton. He is No. 1 aide in the disposal of vital surplus war property for which all the big companies are scrambling.

Last week, Senator Scrugham of Nevada and his subcommittee on small mining business issued a scathing blast against Fred Searls, charging him with holding up the production of U. S. minerals for the benefit of big foreign mining firms. Searls is a heavy investor in mines in Africa and Canada which compete with American mines, and the committee's inference was that Searls was helping his own foreign companies.

Searls is the mainspring of the Newmont Mining Company, considered a J. P. Morgan concern, which controls 28 large mines in Africa, South America and the Orient. He is also a director of a half dozen other African, Canadian and Oriental mines.

Searls' Influence

Before coming over to the White House, Searls was with the WPB facilities bureau, where he could grant, or deny facilities to mining firms. The Senate committee, in criticizing him, quoted from a letter written soon after Pearl Harbor in which, as a WPB official, Searls opposed any increase in U. S. production of copper, zinc and other scarce metals.

"This," according to the Senate committee, "was certainly placing the cart before the horse with a vengeance." Unfortunately, this Searls policy, which could only have been based on a short-war viewpoint, was adopted by and steadily influenced many of the War Production Board mineral divisions . . . . He committees and its successors to date.

"As production adviser to office of War Mobilization Director Byrnes," continued the Senate report, "it is not to be expected that Searls' influence has been less than it was in his previous inferior position."

Actually, Searls, simultaneously with being one of the ten largest contributors to Dewey, has been promoted. He is now right-hand man to Will Clayton in disposing of surplus properties. Working closely with him is another J. P. Morgan man and an official in the Newmont Mining Company, Franz Schneider.

Acting with Clayton, former head of the world's largest cotton firm, these two have virtual final word over what is to become of U. S. Government war plants that have cost the taxpayers millions.

Courting Willkie

Backstage maneuvering to involgle Wendell Willkie into the Dewey camp without actually committing Dewey himself to any principles Willkie stands for, has reached ludicrous dimensions. All sorts of people are acting as alleged go-betweens for Dewey and Willkie—or trying to.

Latest was a weird story that Clare Boothe Luce, comely Congresswoman from Connecticut, had sessioned with Willkie. The story actually got into print—apparently inspired by Albany. But it wasn't true. Here is the real inside on what did happen:

Willkie was week-ending with friends in Connecticut when Mrs. Luce phoned, asking if he could come to her nearby home for a talk. Willkie happened to have other engagements. But even if he hadn't had them, Connecticut political friends got the impression that he was not anxious to talk Dewey politics, even with the beautiful Clare.

Anyway, he didn't. But out of Albany ten hours later, came a story that he had seen Mrs. Luce and that she was vamping him into the Dewey corner. The fact that the story came from Albany is considered significant. Obviously, the Dewey camp knew of Mrs. Luce's plan, perhaps inspired it. All of which appears to bear out the opinion of political prognosticators that Willkie can swing about ten per cent of the vote whichever way he wants it.

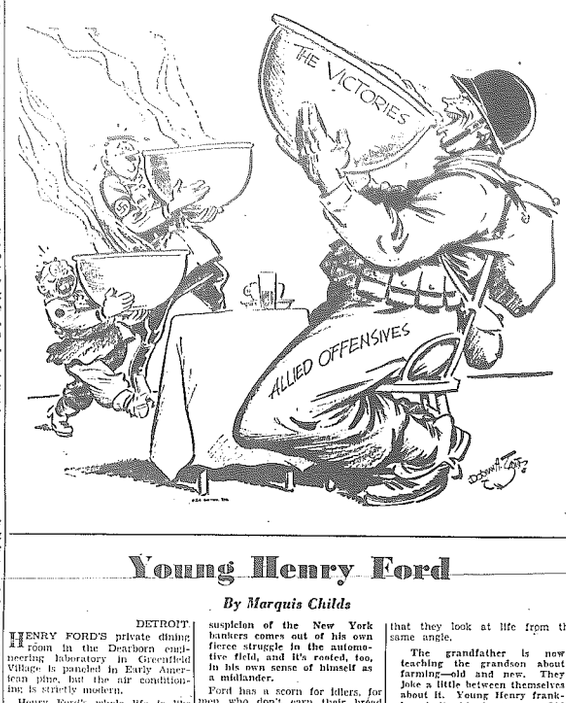
NOTE—Willkie has made it absolutely clear to close friends that he is interested in just one thing—a peace written with such statesmanship that there will never be another war. His political weight will be thrown on the side which offers the greatest promise of that goal.

Merry-Go-Round

War Manpower officials say they are getting much better co-operation from employers than from employers in working out the new hiring program. Although the plan was originated to aid employers, a lot of them don't seem to realize that they have to contact their local U. S. Employment Service if they want to get its benefits. Until the local USES director knows what a company's labor needs are, he can't help solve them. . . . GOP officials in Chicago asked entertainer Harry Richman to sing at the Republican convention. He replied: "I'll be glad to if the Republican party withdraws its anti-semitic candidates for Congress from Illinois." . . . The War Department is getting requests that Southwestern Army camps be turned over, after the war, to asthma, hay fever, and tuberculosis victims.

The Man Who Came To Dinner

—By Dorman Smith



Young Henry Ford

By Marquis Childs

DETROIT

HENRY FORD'S private dining room in the Dearborn engineering laboratory in Greenfield Village is paneled in Early American pine, but the air conditioning is strictly modern.

Henry Ford, whole life is like that— a strange blending of old and new, of what is past and what is still on the way. That may be, in fact, an explanation of the genius that has done so much to change the habits of mankind.

Today at 81—he'll soon be 82—Henry Ford looks as well-preserved as ever, as shrewd, as he did twenty years ago. The flicker of his genius, his aliveness, is in his eyes which move quickly, piercingly, when they are not veiled in contemplation.

You realize, talking with him, that his mind runs in much the same channels it did when he was in mid-career. He never ceases being thankful for the fact he is not responsible to stockholders. Except for a small fraction, the stock of the billion dollar Ford Company is held by old Henry and the members of his family.

Ford is acutely conscious that his company is the last big enterprise which is not controlled by Eastern capital. His suspicion of the New York bankers comes out of his own fierce struggle in the automotive field, and it's rooted, too, in his own sense of himself as a midlander.

Ford has a scorn for idlers, for men who don't earn their bread by the sweat of their brow. That's one thing he finds wrong with the system of stockholding—it produces dividends which encourage people to live in idleness.

On the young man seated on his right all Henry Ford's hopes center. Henry Ford II, 26 years old, tall, broadshouldered, is learning the business. At the death of Edsel Ford, his father, Henry II was retired to inactive duty from the Navy to help run the Ford Company's vast war industry. Young Henry's two brothers, Benson and William, are in the armed services.

One thing that struck me most forcibly was that in spite of the nearly 60 years that separate them and all that has happened in those 60 years, the thinking of young Henry and old Henry seems to follow pretty well along the same line. Allowing for differences of background and education—young Henry went to Yale although he did not graduate—I should guess that they look at life from the same angle.

The grandfather is now teaching the grandson about farming—old and new. They joke a little between themselves about it. Young Henry frankly admits his ignorance. Old Henry talks in his dry, muted voice about the difference between a scythe and a now obsolete implement called a crate, which in the past was used in haying.

He talks, too, about soy beans and early Ford experiments with this crop. Soy bean milk, made by crushing the bean, is going to drive away with the cow. The cow has hardly ten years to go. To prove how good soy bean milk is, he sends out to the kitchen for a glass of it for me to drink. It isn't bad, but I think the cow has a chance.

About the future, Henry I is emphatically optimistic. He'll make even cheaper cars if the Government doesn't stiffle competition, and he'll be in production within a few weeks of the war's end. Henry I and Henry II are working hard to cement a family partnership; to keep a family business in the family no matter what tumultuous changes the postwar era may bring.

Quote, Unquote

WE'VE developed the game to where strategy has taken the place of muscle and condition and mass—we've lost something in the process. "Let's get these boys in shape and maybe at the same time we can teach them that it's hard work and discipline that makes a winner.

—Clarence W. Spears, U. of Maryland football coach.

"The United States stood at the besides when Finland was born—we gave her life as an independent nation. She is now committing suicide.

—Senator Tom Connally of Tex., Foreign Relations Chairman.

The one thing that can unite men of all races is the gospel of peace, the only genuine relationship between human beings that can keep them human.

—The Rev. Paul Sherer, New York pastor.

If it is to our interest to see that the four freedoms gain general currency we would better begin by learning how to apply such lessons to ourselves.

—Dr. Everett Case, president Colgate University.

Tugge is no road back to a restricted economy leading to widespread unemployment. It is therefore not merely as a patriotic gesture toward our fighting men that full employment has become a major concern to all thinking Americans.

—Dr. Elizabeth Wisner, dean of Tulane School of Social Work.

There is still a tough fight ahead of us. The war is not yet won: it will be won the sooner if everybody in war work sticks to his job till complete victory has been attained.

—General Marshall, Admiral King, General Arnold.

SIDE GLANCES *By Galbraith*

"Ha! Are you saving those bananas for yourself, Mr. Jones!"

Everyday Counselor

By Herbert Spaugh, D. D.

THIS war in which we are engaged is a crusade for freedom and righteousness. We must catch the spirit of the great crusades of the past. Invasion Day was a memorable one in the history of this country and of the present war. This Nation turned to God as never before since the great Prayer Day of May 30, 1918. But prayer must be continued and unceasing if we are to have a righteous victory and a righteous peace.

President Roosevelt led the Nation in prayer on D-Day. He said, "Many people have urged that I call the Nation into a single day of special prayer. But because the road is long and the desire is great, I ask that our people devote themselves to a continuance of prayer. As we rise to each new day, and again when each day is spent, let words of prayer be on our tips, invoking Thy help to our efforts."

King George VI called upon his subjects to offer up "earnest, continuous and widespread prayer throughout the present crisis of the liberation of Europe." Prayer, he said, would fortify the "determination of our sailors, soldiers and airmen who go forth to set captives free."

"At this historic moment surely not one of us is too busy, too young, or too old to play his part in the Nationwide, perchance world-wide vigil of prayer as the great crusade sets forth," the King said in a BBC broadcast.

"After nearly five years of toil and suffering, we must renew that crusading impulse on which we entered the war and met its darkest hour. We and our Allies are sure that our fight is against evil and for a world in which goodness and honor may be the foundation of life of men in every land. "That we may be worthily matched with this new summons of destiny, I desire solemnly to call my people to prayer and dedication.

We are not unmindful of our shortcomings of the past and present. We shall not ask that God may do our will, but that we may be enabled to do the will of God; and we dare to believe that God has used our nation and empire as an instrument for fulfilling his high purpose."

A greater than Kings and Presidents, the Lord Himself, said, "Men ought always to pray and not to faint."

Throughout the land church bells sound the call to prayer during the day, reminding us that we should not only open and close the day with prayer, but also speak earnestly to our Lord during the day. Let us "not be weary in well-doing." Let us keep faith with our boys.

Miles For Hours

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

THE Germans are said to be trading on their "capital of space." Commentators point out that the Nazis are swapping land for time. There is a comparison with the manner in which the Russians yielded territory over long periods, gaining so many months per hundred miles.

The comparison is inept. The Germans may be trading "space for time." But time for what? Empty time is no advantage; blank time is no help.

In the case of the Russians, they yielded almost a thousand miles of territory, at the point of deepest Nazi penetration, and they gained a year and a half by doing so.

But this was a year and a half in which Allied unity was developing, a year and a half in which American war production was going into high gear. These great developments justified the Russian policy of selling space for time.

But in the case of the Germans, what processes are going on during the time they buy by slowly yielding territory in the east and west of Europe?

There must be some process of importance going on during the time which is bought at so high cost, for this military strategy to have serious meaning. There must, also, be some sort of secure rear toward which armies can retreat, if they are to make proper defensive use of their "capital of space." But the two-front war insures that Germany's retreating armies can only retreat toward another battlefield. The Germans are not losing space; they are losing the war.

Their only hope would be to use the time they are buying either to organize a new offensive, or to gain new allies. In both fields, it happens, the Germans have no real hopes. But they do have shadow hopes, which are probably insubstantial, but which account for whatever confidence remains to them. The rocket bomb is the German substitute for an offensive. It kills. That is all it does. It cannot win territory, it cannot destroy armies, it is a kind of shield, at once brutal and weak, substitute for a serious military offensive. It is, in military terms, a kind of pinpoint parody of the offensive which the Russians prepared during their long period of selling territory for time.

We now come to the question of what allies the Germans may hope to gain during whatever time they can buy, at so many hours per mile. Since the world is now pretty well divided between our side and theirs, the only area in which the Germans can hope to find new allies is among us.

Suddenly it comes clear that the only remaining alliance the Germans can make is with discontent and disaffection on our side. A sharp new light is beamed upon those who make too big an issue of wartime controls and restrictions; upon those who make too great a display of their agitation over the national debt; upon those who seek to make political capital of military casualties. These are precisely the processes which Germany, at heavy cost, is buying time to reopen.

This does not mean that the few discontented among us are pro-German. Germany does not expect anything so crazy as that. It means merely that they are discontented; that more time may produce more discontent. That hope is, from the Nazi point of view, worth buying time for.

This conception puts every American in the front lines. He can defeat German strategy right at home, with a good word to his neighbor, a note to his son, a letter to his newspaper. Every grumble at home encourages the German lines to stiffen, so that more American boys can be killed, to provide time for more grumbles. We catch of us can be, if sufficiently thoughtless, a launcher of rocket bombs. We are in the war. In the most practical possible sense, an unworthy political argument, uttered here at home, can kill American boys.

Hal Boyle Looks For Kid; Finds His Grave

By HAL BOYLE

ST. LAURENT-SUR-MER, France, July 5—(Delayed)—(AP)—I finally caught up with John Norbert Murphy after searching the war zones for more than a year.

Almost seven years ago my older brother, Ed, married John's sister, Monica, in Kansas City. John wasn't even in high school then.

BOYLE

When I was back home last Spring Monica asked if I had ever come across her "kid brother".

"He is in the Navy and landed with a Navy beach party during the invasion of Sicily last July," she said. "He talked to some other correspondents and learned you had landed with Gen. Patton on the same stretch of beach, but wasn't able to get in touch with you."

When I went to England in May I still couldn't find him. Today I found him, over here.

He was lying in plot B, row 5, grave 84, of the first American cemetery in France in World War II.

Into the mound of earth was stuck a stake to which was wired his identifying "dogtag". And a withered Normandy rose left there by French peasants who have put a flower over each of 2,000 American graves in the cemetery.

The cemetery overlooks the stretch of beach on which John died on D-Day. A few hundred yards away is a ruined 88-mm gun which could have fired the shell that killed him.

Walking in a heavy rain across a rutted beach I found a young radioman who told me about it.

"Murph landed an hour after H-hour," he said. "He was carrying a tommygun. He was a radioman second class and in charge of communications for his platoon. He soon had the ship-to-shore radio working so the officers could direct the movement of troops and materials ashore.

UNDER HOTTEST FIRE

"He had to keep moving because he was on the hottest section of the beach. It was almost covered with German 88 shells, mortars and machinegun fire.

"About 7 o'clock that night Murph and his buddy, Radioman 3/c Lawrence Meredith, from Oklahoma City, and two other men were in a foxhole. An 88 shell landed right in the foxhole. Murph and Meredith were killed instantly. One of the other fellows was wounded but the fourth man wasn't even hurt."

Company Commander Lt. George Clyburn, Conroe, Texas, recalled that John's platoon had been hardest hit on D-day. "We were badly mauled that day," he said.

In a one time German concrete bunker, I met Signalman 2/c George Lythgoe, Lowesville, Ind., and Radioman 2/c James Fanto, 22, Lowellville, Ohio. They told me more of John's last hours.

Lythgoe said he was with Murph on the Sicily show. "I saw him just before he came ashore here. He wasn't worried. He never talked much except about his girl, Dolly, back in Kansas City, and his dad.

"Things were so tough for a while—on that beach that they were passing word along that us fellows in the Navy beach battalion might have to move up and backstop infantry troops," said Fanto. Murphy, just a Yank fighting man, wasn't scared.

"Murphy fired his tommygun once to be sure it was in good working condition," said Lythgoe. "Then he said, 'Well, I'll be ready.' He was laughing."

The Federal Government, through the offices of the Public Buildings Administration, has opened classes once to be sure it was in good working condition," said Lythgoe. "Then he said, 'Well, I'll be ready.' He was laughing."

The Federal Government, through the offices of the Public Buildings Administration, has opened classes for women in the proper technique of washing windows.

GRIN AND BEAR IT *By Lichty*

"That letter is rather urgent, Miss Truffle—better use 2 fingers!"