

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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The Tracks

Let The Nazis Clean Them Up For Europe

Over the face of battered Europe, from the Channel beaches to the Russian plains, from the Black Sea to the Arabian dunes—and along their bloody trail through North Africa—the Germans have left unnumbered thousands of seeds of hate and destruction behind them. The favorite Nazi weapon of war, since the tide turned against the empire of evil, has been the diabolical land mine, the silent, waiting death which is the soldier's most feared and hated enemy.

Allied armies have, perforce, used them of their own account, and many of those will be left behind as well. And at the end of hostilities will not remove them—nor the peril they hold for men, women and children to come. For perhaps a generation, these hidden dragon seeds will bring death to innocents. It is not unlikely that many a man unborn when this war began will die in his mature years, for stumbling upon a mine in some field, wood, or bypath. For these plastic and metal containers of death will remain effective weapons for an indefinite period.

Already, in lands where the Nazi tide has ebbed, farmers fear to till their soil, men far behind the lines continually meet death by exploding unmarked mines. And these have been sown everywhere. In many sections they lie hidden, as thick as grain. There they will remain, a dread menace for years on end.

Who but the sowers should rightly reap this crop of death? It is to state that the once-conquered lands where the enemy road should be cleared by him of mines. They must turn the remaining manpower of the war-torn Supermen to this task as a part of the peace settlement. And this, of course, would be as much to the benefit of the future Germany as to the peoples who have suffered.

For as long as the toll of life taken in Europe, as it will take every mine explosion, scores of the Germans will be left behind as well. And at the end of hostilities will not remove them—nor the peril they hold for men, women and children to come.

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No Skimping

Time Lost By Strikes Not To Be Closed Over

The fact is, said the President, to the thousands in his speech Saturday night in the White House, that the time lost by strikes is not to be closed over. One-tenth of one per cent of man-hours have been lost by strikes. This is, on the face of it, a record which testifies eloquently to the self-discipline and patriotism of the great body of American working men and women. But put it a different way and you get a record which is not so hot.

One-tenth of one per cent of a dozen apples or \$900 would be a skimping. However, apply it to a figure running into the multiplied billions and you get a lot of time lost by strikes. A rough estimate of the man-hours worked during 1943 would be 150 billion.

One-tenth of one per cent of 150 billion hours would be 15 million hours. Call it 6,000,000 man-days.

It shouldn't be overlooked, either, that this time has been lost by strikes despite no-strike pledges of the leaders of organized labor, excepting John L. Lewis, and despite the fact that a principal cause of strikes—wage scales—was largely eliminated by payment of the highest wage scales in history. When did it become a sacrifice for Americans to work for boom wages?

Not all strikes, of course, are to be laid at labor's door, and no fair man would attempt to judge them there. But the findings of the National Labor Relations Board, and the fact that when strikes were inexcusable and largely unnecessary, there has been a plague of lost production. Organized labor's record is decidedly spotty.

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Humpty Dumpty's Last Stand

—By Dorman Smith

WASHINGTON
THIS columnist recently quoted from 1939 speech of Dewey's presumed Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, to the effect that he had defended and apologized for the dictators just a few days after Hitler had taken all Czechoslovakia and at a time when European newsmen were saying war was inevitable. This drew sparks from GOP Chairman Brownell and others who claimed that the Dulles quotations were misleading and did not really represent his views.

Sinner then, a deluge of letters have poured in, some defending, some condemning, but nearly all wanting more information about Mr. Dulles, with the result that this columnist has spent recent weeks in an exhaustive and, he hopes, objective research into the life and background of John Foster Dulles.

Some editors may not be enthusiastic about printing the results. But since winning the peace after this war is the most important object of the war, it is not a bad idea to scrutinize thoroughly any man who is asked to cooperate with Secretary Hull for future peace as the representative of several million Republicans, and who will be the next Secretary of State.

Certainly few men in America are better qualified, as far as family background is concerned, to be Secretary of State. John Foster Dulles is the late Robert Lansing, Secretary of State under Wil-

son, a Democrat. His grandfather was John W. Foster, Secretary of State under Benjamin Harrison, a Republican.

John W. Foster was a truly great statesman. He handled many delicate diplomatic negotiations both before and after leaving the American embassy in Japan and China, straightened out the Alaskan boundary, arbitrated problems with Russia in the Bering Sea. Originally, he was an Indiana politician, who served as postmaster of his community, was Republican state chairman, and, somewhat like Cordell Hull, came up the political ladder the hard way.

His grandson, John Dulles, after studying at Princeton and in Paris, jumped immediately into the most prosperous law firm in Wall Street, Sullivan and Cromwell. He has been there ever since—and is now its most important and prominent partner.

Dulles' Record
Almost any lawyer, especially one connected with so large a firm, has to take all kinds of cases, representing all views and walks of life. However, aside from the big utilities, which will be discussed later, many international cases, some connected with the dictator countries, seemed to gravitate toward John Dulles.

Thus the record shows him as arguing personally for Dictator Franco of Spain; having legal relations with Count Rens-

Yanks Die With Blood On Every Bayonet

By BARBARA WACE
(Substituting For Hal Boyle)

POURNEUR, Brittany, Sept. 6—Delayed—Of—Standing on the battlefield fourteen hours, and a whole platoon, save one survivor, has been wiped out, you feel something of the gallantry of the boys from the farms, cities and small towns of America who made the name of Pournour the watchword of this division.

The strong German defenses on high ground included foxholes, tunnels, pillboxes, trenches, and camouflaged gun emplacements. It was holding up the advance of two battalions.

By proving that one infantry platoon could crash their almost impenetrable position, a crushing blow was dealt to German morale and the way of resistance was broken in one sector of the battle line.

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Everyday Counselor

By Herbert Spangh, D. D.

HAPPINESS and contentment call for action which must be God-inspired and cast down upon us from above. It is not a matter of chance. It is a matter of choice. It is a matter of faith. It is a matter of hope. It is a matter of love. It is a matter of peace. It is a matter of joy. It is a matter of life. It is a matter of death. It is a matter of resurrection. It is a matter of glory. It is a matter of honor. It is a matter of power. It is a matter of wisdom. It is a matter of knowledge. It is a matter of understanding. It is a matter of insight. It is a matter of intuition. It is a matter of instinct. It is a matter of feeling. It is a matter of thought. It is a matter of action. It is a matter of result. It is a matter of success. It is a matter of failure. It is a matter of triumph. It is a matter of defeat. It is a matter of victory. It is a matter of loss. It is a matter of gain. It is a matter of increase. It is a matter of decrease. It is a matter of abundance. 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