

# England's Plymouth

By Dorothy Thompson

PLYMOUTH, England (By Wireless)—

It seems a shame to interrupt your dancing here in the open air when the sea for the night is passing and soon the blackout will come and we must all disperse. It seems a shame to interrupt your dancing here in the open air when the sea for the night is passing and soon the blackout will come and we must all disperse. It seems a shame to interrupt your dancing here in the open air when the sea for the night is passing and soon the blackout will come and we must all disperse.

When I have gone away and think back on this day I will think of the city where when it was leveled to the ground the people—young and old—came out upon the lovely hot sands for the night. What host—Editors, The News—were looking the harbor and each day as dusk listened to music and danced together.

When I had walked where the streets once were and stood where homes once were and had seen the tangled, rusted heaps of steel where factories and shops once were—when I saw St. Andrew's violated walls, I asked whether anything still stood untouched in Plymouth. I was brought here to see the Mayflower steps and the Mayflower monument, which destruction did not touch.

EMBARKEED THE PILGRIMS THE SPOT WHEWCE

From these steps 300 years ago a band of Pilgrims set out for the New World. You have commemorated their going with a modest monument and bronze inscription. And over there across the ocean is another Plymouth with another inscription upon a rock. That inscription says something like this: This rock marks the first landing place of the Pilgrims of the Mayflower. In hunger and cold, battling Indians and the wilderness and burying their dead in common graves lest the Indians should know how many had perished, they here laid the foundations of a state in which through centuries ages men should have liberty and freedom in their worship of God.

The rock admonishes all who pass to remember the Pilgrims and not rest until liberty is established throughout the earth.

THE NEW BATTLE AGAINST SAVAGERY

New you, too, have battled savagery and in the wilderness of rock and rubble that your city has become, you, too, have battled uncounted dead. But you, too, are building a new world in which through countless ages men shall have liberty.

Between the Mayflower steps and Plymouth Rock there was once a sea that only the adventuring and daring of a few men crossed. Plymouth is a few hours separates the steps from the rock, and behind the rock lies a continent, and the Pilgrim band has grown into 130,000,000 people who live in liberty.

The wilderness did not stifle the Pilgrims, and the grass that grew over their graves did not blot out their memory. In the generations that passed men came to join them from all the nations of Europe and from all the nations of Europe came to join you.

Daily French fishermen, jealous for liberty, slide into your ports under German guns to join the fighting forces of a land of free boats that can stand and carry not only guns and food, but Dutchmen, Poles, Norwegians and Czechs who are the Pilgrim Fathers of today. They come to fight from here for states in which through countless ages men shall know liberty.

THE STRONGEST REASON WHY NEITHER PLANES NOR SHIPS

After all God has a plan for humanity and as God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble, therefore still we not fear, though the earth be removed, and though the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea.—Psalm 46:1, 2.

TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT

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# 'Too Much' Sacrifice?

By Hugh S. Johnson

THERE is a fan letter: "I hate to say this but I feel that you have let us down in not insisting that draftees be discharged after one year's service. Many of your friends feel the same way. I don't see daily papers and some of them I am not in a place where you are published."

"I know that you boosted the selective draft from late beginning. But we were told that it was to be for one year's training. I had several reasons for claiming that. I had a good job in what is now called a defense industry. My boss promised he would wait for me to get myself ready for whatever might happen. Both of us believed that a year was not too much to sacrifice."

"But nobody told us that this willingness was to put us in a special class where, because of it, I would have to serve indefinitely when other men who didn't feel the same way would have no objection whatever."

"NOBODY TOLD US WE FEEL FOULED"

The press did not tell us. Our representatives in Congress didn't tell us. Even you didn't tell us. We feel fouled."

There is no space to quote this letter in full. It is replete in one way or another in scores of letters. I had a close one because in its criticism it is so well-reasoned, temperate and sincere that it would bring tears to the eyes of a brass band.

First let me register an all-but over and over again this column cannot do justice to the letter. I am not going to tell you that in all the service bills to the effect that, if Congress should declare the "traditional interests to be imperilled," all classes—National Guard, reserves and selectees—could be called to active duty. It was not during the debate on the selective service act and after it was passed.

Yes, sir, Bob, old boy, old boy, you've been working too hard. What you need is a nice, long rest—and plenty of relaxation. Take a month off. Take a year off. In fact, take off all the time between now and 1946.

Blue Division

The Deluded Youth of Spain Goes To Die for Adolf Hitler

Those 20,000 unfortunate Spanish youths who have cast their pitiful lot with Adolf Hitler against Russia call themselves the Blue Division. We learn this from an article entitled "The Spanish Crusade" in the current issue of a despicable slick-paper magazine, Spain, published in this country by the Spanish Library of Information. The writer, whom we presume is paid from pesos extracted in devious ways from the stricken populace of Spain, continues:

"Now that Communism is at bay in its lair, they will be in at the death; the Blue Division is bound for Russia."

"Foreign service is no longer a Spanish. The strong right arms of the youth of Spain carried the Cross and the sword to the length of the Americas from Colorado to Tierra del Fuego, to the Philippines and Florida. . . . Every glorious cause has enlisted the aid of Spain."

Glorious cause indeed! It is difficult for us to imagine anything more ridiculous than the bloody, unprincipled, altogether vile struggle between the legions of Stalin and Hitler. It is a battle between Mammon and Beelzebub. That any human being should imagine that it is glorious to die for Hitler and lie in blasted and mangled mud is an indication of insanity.

Not that we hold any brief for Joseph Stalin and his gang of cutthroats. He is no better than the man who assaulted him. But his army is the only force remaining in Europe that is capable of dealing with an even more dangerous enemy of mankind.

The hapless, misled youth of Spain must add its drops of blood to the torrent rising on the Eastern Front, criminally ignorant that they are merely dupes, sold down the river for propaganda purposes. What are 20,000 Legionnaires in a struggle involving millions of soldiers on both sides?

The ghosts of Conquistadores—Cortez, Pizarro and all the rest—they could tell the truth. But mortal Spaniards may not. To tell the truth in Spain is a crime against the State and the Nazi Gestapo.

Refugees settling in New York are urged by a famed sociologist to get out and see something of America. After crossing thru Hudson, one gets quickly into the native quarter.

"Who remembers an older, simpler age, when the foreigner didn't pause while pulling turnips to remark, 'we can't sell these. We haven't elected a nut-bag queen.'"

The democracies are much relieved to note that Pal Joey is pitching to the Fieber—so well he might. A dozen times into the native quarter.

The Queen City's Hope Chest

No. 1—An Uptown Theater-Auditorium  
No. 2—A Separate Court District  
No. 3—An Uptown Rest Room  
No. 4—Street-Widening

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# Bringing Back the Ukraine Harvest

By Serblock



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# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1941

# Political Fate

Armstrong's Record Overcome By His Background

It was by politics, plus a bang-up record as Collector of Revenue, that Jim Armstrong worked his way up to City Manager in the Douglas Administration. He found matters in apple-pie order, the City organization functioning efficiently, its finances in A-1 shape. All this was a heritage from the former City Manager, Jim Marshall, but it may be said to the credit of Mr. Armstrong that he maintained this excellence.

Still, he was by instinct and training a politician. Come elections and the City Manager would virtually double as campaign manager. If he had reached politics and concentrated his initiative upon city management, he might have outlasted the faction with which he was allied.

That, instead, he has been removed to no reflection upon his character or his services. It is simply the inevitable in-and-out of politics, and a reversal of the mistake of the previous administration in ennobling a politician in the City Manager's chair.

As to the wisdom of the Citizens Group Councilmen in discharging him now rather than waiting until his successor had been found, that can be argued either way. It is embarrassing to have an employee around while you are openly looking for someone to take his place. It is equally embarrassing to have to give him his slip before you have found a better man.

But as to the essential necessity of changing city managers, we think there can be no dispute. To take a great consequence, that Mr. Armstrong had worked against the Citizens Group in the last municipal election. What eliminated him from consideration was the fact that he had worked in the last municipal election. The bountiful obligation of the Citizens Group, indeed, in all it stands for, was to divorce the city management altogether from politics. It has taken the first step.

Metamorphosis

Bob Reynolds Enters His Third (And, We Hope, Final) Stage

There are a number of tempting angles to Senator Bob Reynolds' latest romance that one is apt to be confused by the very wealth of editorial subjects contained therein. News that Bob, brothered, Evelyn McLean, will receive the fabulous and ill-earned Hope diamond as her wedding present might well give pause to those skeptics who scoff at the legend that the great stone brings misfortune upon those who possess it.

Or you might hark back to that not-so-distant evening when the late Oatton B. Means persuaded Evelyn's mother to give him \$150,000 to "ransom" the kidnapped son of Charles A. Underberg.

But any of these subjects would indicate that the editorialist who used them was taking unfair advantage of Our Bob. Despite the Senator's political career, over which we have shed as many tears as the next one, we are inclined to take a rather sympathetic attitude toward this 57-year-old groom as he waits at the altar for his 20-year-old bride.

Indeed, we see a tiny ray of political hope for the Senatorially misrepresented people of North Carolina in the forthcoming nuptials. For it appears to us that Our Bob, in his political metamorphosis, is now emerging into the third (and, we hope, final) stage of his development.

The political career of Robert Reynolds might be scientifically catalogued as follows:

1. The leather-limbed showman and the buffoon. The campaign against Cam Morrison. The poor mountain boy in the rattle-trap telegraph. The distributer of North Carolina in the forth-coming nuptials. For it appears to us that Our Bob, in his political metamorphosis, is now emerging into the third (and, we hope, final) stage of his development.

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