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A Reserve Surplus Fund for City A Postwar Necessity

We are given to understand that City officials are not yet ready to take any definite steps toward the creation of a reserve fund—or yet to pass up such a fund in favor of tax reduction. It is well, we think, that the problem be approached thoughtfully and deliberately.

But the first thought is that a reserve fund would be extremely desirable for the City. There will be great needs in the post war era, and in the present regime of controlled municipal governments, it will be impossible to suddenly appropriate public money for newly-arisen needs.

All over the country, towns and cities of all sizes are looking to the future and aiding their planning bodies by setting up reserve funds. A recent report of the International City Managers' Association, embracing 37 cities, shows that virtually all cities investigated have made such provisions for future operation.

There are a few cities whose administrations are bound by tax limitations, and unable to set up such funds. There are many ways, however, of setting aside funds for future capital improvements, for meeting tax-related needs. It is certain that Charlotte, if funds are available, will be able to secure Federal grants for improvements in the post war period.

Rather than attempt to set aside a great deal of money for the use of the City Planning Board, a move which would have to be approved in Raleigh far in advance, it might be well to consider the course of many another American city, and clear the way for the establishment of a fund which will empower many of the problems of tomorrow.

Talked About Ewen Congress Gets A Word Of Praise From Churchill

It things continue at the present rate, and the trend can be held in the road, the United States may shortly enjoy a favorable reputation in Great Britain. We're thinking more of the Impressions Winston Churchill took back with him this week than of the great flow of men, supplies and weapons from North America to England.

And, because his people are presently in a mood to accept virtually any Churchill comment at face value, we have hopes that the "great man" are in for a rising market in Britain. There were some truths in the Churchill report; there was a surprise or so, too.

We were prepared, for instance, to hear the United States called "the most powerful community in the world" even in an address to the House of Commons. The throbbing of industry unsurpassed and the building of the world's greatest fighting force laid a hold upon the Prime Minister's attention. He could not resist this time than ever. He could, in truth, depict a rough, tough America as a sort of Skunk Hollow among nations, a land peopled by fighting men and women fierce by far than the ordinary inhabitants of the Dogpatches of the world.

And there was reason enough for stamping Franklin Roosevelt as "illustrious" and for praise of our astute General George Marshall. But the line was a grin, so far as we're concerned, was the one of praise for Congress as "an august body." We don't know how Commons took it, but for us, it's too soon after the United States and the narrative of the reciprocal trade agreements for talk like that. We appreciate the Prime Minister's spreading the American gospel for us, but there's such a thing as going too far.

Disagreement Nazi See Invasion Coming, But Don't Think It'll Work

After the long weeks of tension the world may have grown weary of waiting for the invasion of Europe, and the launching of the devices which will signal the downfall of Adolph Hitler's dynasty of evil. Almost every newspaper column, one way or another, is touched by that threat in these days.

coming of invasion. The looming action, to become the most momentous military movements in the history of war, is the most compelling fact of our times, and a constant source of excitement, here and abroad.

Though the talk is and has been commonplace, and the signs have not been hidden, there is still disagreement on almost every point of these coming invasions. There are many schools of thought. We find two, given expression yesterday in front-page type, as the most interesting views of all.

One was the thoughtful General Daniel Noce, the American expert on land-sea operations whose hand will guide American units one day soon when the beaches are stormed. It was his opinion that the movements could result only in success. He issued a full guarantee that the great amount of material required would be on hand as needed, when and where. He marshaled the facts in favor of the Allies: air superiority, a background of experience, a sufficient number of men and weapons.

There was another view from Berlin, from a Dr. Kurt Peissler, a Nazi military expert. He laid his hopes upon the U-Boat fleet to stop Allied shipping. He stressed the fact that the invaders could operate with surprise only for a short while. He outlined, even, the fashion in which the attacks would unfold, forecast the points to be struck. But the Doctor did not think the invasion would be successful, or so he said. It is certain that Hitler is wrong, and that General Noce is right, and that the proof is coming soon.

At this writing it was believed the Indians could buy Manhattan Island back for twenty-four potatoes.

Disillusion Young Nazi Soldiers See Hitler Is Only a Myth

It was gratifying to see the report of Drew Middleton, writing for The New York Times, on the nature of young German prisoners taken in Tunisia. Unlike most other Nazi prisoners, these thousands of youngsters grew more silent and morose by the day; they entered their cages singing and happy, content that their trials had passed. But, perhaps because they continued to see new evidence of the British-American power in Africa, they were struck by new realizations of the fact that Germany could not possibly win.

A great many of them, pressed by questioners, professed no faith in Hitler at all; some of them said that the war would end in a negotiated peace, after the fall of Russia. But those who were veterans of the Russian front made no such remarks. In most of the young men, all hope and all faith were dead. These are the kids of the New Order, the 16, 17 and 18-year-olds who grew up in Hitler's "Youth movements." They were too young to cheer the early German victories over ancient enemies. They did not understand the war, and their movement left them unimpressed. They are members of the first generation to which Hitler could devote his entire attention; these came to him unblinded and fresh. It is significant that he failed to win their undying loyalty—or even to make them understand his war.

That is an unmistakable sign that this war is really being fought in the hearts of the German people; all that remains is the fierce and bloody fighting out of the last phase. The Germans may as well have surrendered, because the young men carry no faith in Fuhrer or in their arms. Too many of them have seen the real power of the enemy face, and there are no illusions. They have seen the end, and they consent to the inevitable. Unlike their older brethren, they see no sense in the continuation of the war; that licks Hitler, before the great drives.

There seems to be nothing in our copy of Freud on what it means to dream of a double sister.

It was finally realized that names will never hurt the Fuehrer. Very much better are the results obtained with sticks and stones, blockbusters and such.

Who remembers when the new father, on being told it was triplets, promptly fainted instead of rushing forth for the new arrivals?

For The Prime Minister

The Peak Of A Career

By Raymond Clapper

LONDON THIS is perhaps the crowning week in Winston Churchill's long public career, for he has returned home with the offensive definitely in Allied hands after three years of refusal to accept defeat or even compromise, during the darkest days from Dunkirk on. Seldom, I suppose, has a people been able so clearly to trace its survival to the unbreakable courage of one man.

Churchill returned from America in January of last year to greet a nation depressed over the loss of Malaya and Singapore. There were deep stirrings of trouble in Commons, but he survived. And while he was in America last Summer Tobruk fell. For a few days there was a breathless fear that the Axis might crash through Sicily and join hands with Japan, coming in from the east, and that all hopes of victory might be extinguished for years to come.

Now Churchill returns from his latest Washington conference with triumphs for the Allied cause—not achieved, it is true, but now certain. Africa has been cleared of the Axis. The knocking of Italy out of the war has begun. The pulverizing of Germany from the air is going on. The French are reunited. Stalin has come into closer collaboration with Roosevelt and Churchill than ever before, closing the last door of hope in Germany that defeat might be escaped through making a separate peace with Russia.

Churchill's return is in effect his victory parade, because while the end of the war is probably many months away, preparations for Germany's defeat have made that event inevitable. We are now in the process of celebrating a psychological victory, in the sense of ending the fear once felt by many that the Allies might have to accept a stalemate.

Such is the progress in the three years from Dunkirk, when Churchill stood with no army and no weapons but only his own courage, and called Britain to fight it out. He sent his fully armed tank force to the Middle East, and stood Hitler off with nothing but sheer nerve.

It was nerve only that enabled the British coolly to hold back a small force of fighter planes for a desperate defense. It was nerve that enabled Churchill, by his personal force, to muster the latent reserves of the British people. Hitler had prepared for everything except the courage of Churchill. By all the rules of logic the Nazis should be celebrating their third anniversary in London now. Efficiency was not enough. Historians are bound to ponder this thrilling demonstration of the force of one man over the course of the world.

London newspapers for several days have been full of reminiscence, and had poetry, and historical articles, about Dunkirk and the battle of Britain—reliving the experience of those high days when the death of the nation was so close at hand.

Gratitude toward Churchill is heightened by the man's own physical stamina, recently demonstrated. At his age men do not always recover from pneumonia. Churchill not only didn't even give up his long alabaster cigars, but he was able to knock around on a trans-Atlantic mission that would exhaust men many years younger.

Churchill flew back here from Africa, arriving about 5 A. M. after an all-night flight. He met with the War Cabinet in a forenoon session after waving to the crowds around 10 Downing St. and showing a fresh victory smile for the news cameras.

The epic of Winston Churchill is first of all individual, but around his sturdy shoulders rest all the hopes of the British, who, when he took over in the Summer of 1940, definitely faced extinction, at the worst, and at the best the breakup of their empire and the imposition on England of such a life as exists in a Nazi colony like Denmark.

What Churchill's further historical mission will be remains to be unfolded, but it is already down in the books that he prevented, in his own phrase, the liquidation of the British Empire. That is what the outburst of gratitude toward Churchill here this week means.

Yeh, But—?

—By Dorman Smith



For The First Time Germans Ponder Defeat

By BERT WYLER Copyright, Overseas News Agency

DURING the first two years of war, "defeat" was a term unknown to the German vocabulary. Stalingrad and Tunisia have changed things. The question now dominating German minds is: "What will happen to us if we lose?"

Nazi propagandists have been compelled to take part in the discussion. Articles and speeches painting the consequences of defeat in the German word for it is "Niederlage" in darkest possible colors for its intended audience. The propaganda is so full of gloom and foreboding that it has created an atmosphere which his more and more getting out of control of the Nazi authorities.

The vision of a defeated Germany which propaganda conjures up is apocalyptic. Indeed, and often reads medieval horror stories. Terms like hell, the devil and the inferno make up the best part of descriptions dealing with a defeated Germany. Stalin is represented as "the reincarnation of Satan." Churchill is called "the devil's disciple," while Roosevelt gets away with "lord of the underworld."

Reading the German provincial press, one realizes that the ordinary folk don't see the war from the level of straight facts, but from a mythical, fantastical viewpoint. The war is described as a fight of the Nordic blond super-race against the powers of evil.

On one side there is Siegfried, legendary Teutonic hero, on the other, the grimest of the hell-brood, driven into battle by a gigantic wolf carried by Bolshevik and capitalist Jews. Naturally, the mass-minimalist of articles and hundreds of mass meetings hammers into German minds the impression that these forces of destruction are about to bring the most terrible mass murder history has ever known upon the German people.

The enemy is said to possess the Inhuman, fantastic machinery trying to transform the German Garden of Eden into a desert where only gulleons can grow. The latest mass meeting in Nazi

Prussia was held under the slogan, "Germany is threatened with mass graves."

While official propaganda doesn't make any distinction between defeat and occupation brought upon Germany by Anglo-American forces, and defeat and occupation by the Russians, the people themselves do differentiate. Part of the German public believes that the Russians are capable of revenging themselves in a horrible way. As to the British and Americans, official propaganda is not trusted.

There are plenty of memories of the British and American occupying forces after the last war. Their correct conduct is very well remembered. Nor is it forgotten how they helped the starving and shivering German population by distributing canned milk, corned beef and chocolate. Such widespread memories play an especially important role in the Western German district, where the people experienced Anglo-American help.

Even Russia is not generally believed to be the monstrous engine of destruction the official Nazi propaganda makes her out to be. German soldiers on leave from Russia often compare the actual state of affairs in Germany to what they saw in Russia, explaining: "This is just like in Russia."

Gaebler, therefore, has a hard time trying to frighten the Germans with the Russian standard of living, because it is by no means better in Germany. The sentiment that "it can't get worse in Germany," has driven the German population of terror to the invention of ever more vile visions of hell, which, in fact, are so fantastic that they cannot be believed by normal human beings.

Therefore, private discussions dealing with a possible German defeat are not exclusively possessed by fear, but also by hope of something better to come, since it simply isn't possible to live in a constant state of terror. The radio and letters from relatives in occupied countries furnish the Germans with plenty of scare material, but the hope grows in them that even the enemies—at any rate, the Anglo-Americans—will make peace on a cultural basis common to most European nations.

Side Glances



Placing A Bet The Argentine

The Argentine

By Samuel Grafton

THE NEW Argentine Government is not a revolutionary Government. It is the jailer of the Argentine revolution, sitting on the Argentine revolution to keep it from happening. This is a private revolution which was made in a hurry to head off a public revolution.

General Arturo Rawson, who led the revolution, is an old-time Argentinean nationalist. He did not decide that the democracies had the right idea; he merely decided that we looked pretty good in Africa. But even so, he seems to have been somewhat too pro-democratic, for he has already been replaced as leader by General Ramirez, who was previously Minister of War for Castillo. The Argentines would resent any implication that Ramirez is a man of pro-democratic sympathies. In fact he would, probably resent it himself.

This is the most official kind of revolution which has ever been seen. In fact, it is not a revolution against the Castillo Government at all. It is a mere convulsion within the Castillo Government. This revolution against the pro-Fascist, Castillo, set Castillo free at once when he surrendered. But it dethroned the Argentine Congress, which has also been dissolved. This particular revolution against Castillo is much fonder of Castillo's friends, than of his opponents.

What has happened is that a small, top Argentinean circle, of intense reactionary and pro-Fascist coloration, has decided that our side is going to win. So it has, in a sense, come over, carrying its fascism with it, like its baggage. It is trying, in a bedraggled way, to do what Darian tried to do in North Africa; to join the democratic side without changing it.

It is a tribute to us, in a way. Those cold, chilly and remote men, who forever watch out for the main chance, have been watching us. They are impressed. Their eyes have flickered, once. That is about the measure of what has happened in the Argentine world. But if these are the Darlans of the Argentine, so what? They are the de Gaulles? Those must be the plain people, who ran hopelessly through the streets of Buenos Aires last Friday afternoon, shouting "Death to all Fascists" and "Long live democracy!"

But these plain people have now been told, in the firmest possible way, that they have no place in the revolution. Their chief forum, the Congress, has been disbanded. They are allowed only entering the revolution as though a chink in the armor of the members, now, for how long, and with what vehemence. General de Gaulle was kept out of North Africa, and made the mere spectator of the events he had generated.

These ornamental Argentine revolutionaries want to be on the people's side in the world struggle, for it seems to be winning, but they also want to keep the people out of it. This is an unresolvable contradiction, but you can't see anti-democratic forces, an upsurge of popular sentiment is about to sweep the Axis from the earth. So these men, many of whom were pro-Axis only yesterday, have decided to join that upsurge, while checking it.

Platform Of The People

Father To Son

Editors, The News: I'm sending you a letter my baby received from his Daddy this week. His Dad, Staff Sergeant E. M. Williams, has been overseas sixteen months. He was in the coal mining business in West Virginia before entering the Air Corps in 1940. The Little Frankie was born Dec. 20, thirteen days after Pearl Harbor. Perhaps you'd like to publish his letter so that others might see how the fathers overseas feel about their loved ones at home.

MRS. THOMAS E. WELTY, Huntersville, N. C.

(Somewhere in New Guinea) My Dear Son: That letter may not mean much to you now. But there is something I want to say to you, and I'm proud of you and understand. You are seventeen months old now, but I have never seen you. I'll send you my mother's love and am all that I have to know you. They help me to live up to my duty as a man, needs something to make him satisfied and keep him contented.

Son, you mean a lot to me and I want to help you in all the ways I can. If I can make this a better world for you by entering in the jungle, I will do it gladly. If I can give you true freedom, freedom that will let you live as you want, I'll be glad to do that. You are a great help to me now. I'm proud of you and I want you to know it. Maybe this little note to you will sound like a sentimental letter, but it is. But later on, you will come to understand.

Your Father.

What's Wrong Back Home? May I express an opinion of mine? I'm only a sailor in the greatest Navy in the world, but I still think I have a right to my own opinion. All I hear, all I read, is about the strikes in the rubber, the strikes in the rubber plants and the strikes in our

What's Wrong Back Home? MAY I EXPRESS AN OPINION OF MINE? I'M ONLY A SAILOR IN THE GREATEST NAVY IN THE WORLD, BUT I STILL THINK I HAVE A RIGHT TO MY OWN OPINION.

IN DIFFICULT DAYS THERE ALWAYS IS A RAY OF HOPE. I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVES, AND THAT HE STANDS AT THE LATTER DAY UPON THE CROSS.

Bible Thought