THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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Fading Italy

The War Is Shortened Considerably as Fascism Dies

This war is running out its time in Europe. It cannot much longer burden the weary world. The fierce campaigns to be fought in the months ahead will come to sudden and startling conclusions. Already, weakened by months of battles of attrition, and bleeding internally, the enemy totters. This is not guesswork. The events of the past few months may be reviewed in proof of the fact that Germany is now totally helpless, save for fighting a sharp defensive action, when the floods lap around her outer defense works.

When Montgomery began his drive at El Alamein, Summer of 1942 was fading. Everywhere, the Allied armies (such as they were) were content, and fortunate, to hold. The *Luftwaffe* dominated the skies wherever it chose. Things went badly in Russia. But, within two months, the Eighth Army had marched into immortality, and North Africa swarmed with Americans. The rout in Tunisia followed, and six months saw the first great Allied conquest. The Axis myth of invincibility was gone, and Italy trembled, the next target.

In two months, Pantelleria had been pounded into submission, and the conquerers strode across the sea into Sicily. Within a fortnight, Mussolini, his Eternal City bombed and his cause surely lost, had stepped down, forced out of the control of a restless nation by popular sentiment. Italy was close to rebellion. And that came only from the bombs, and from the sound of the advancing armies. As yet, no Allied soldier had trod the Italian mainland. Mussolini's demise, and Italy's choice of the way out was the first in a series of "resignations."

Franklin Roosevelt and Winston Churchill, with their armies so quickly and gloriously triumphant, had thus opened the way to the easiest possible defeat of the Axis. There was still nothing for any enemy but unconditional surrender, but if any Axis partner wanted to depose its Fascist bosses, put down arms and talk peace, they were welcome to do so. After many anxious years, the inexorable will of the Democracies was making itself felt as an irresistible force. The news that one must surrender or die is spreading through the lands of the enemy. Once that thought becomes accepted by the peoples in those lands, then the war is done. Hitler and his henchmen in Europe, and Tojo and his kindred fiends in the East, will one day follow Mussolini's suit.

So this war, as was the case in 1918, may wend its way to an explosive end. In the instance of Italy, history has a precedent: On Nov. 9, 1918, the Kaiser abdicated. Two days later, Germany surrendered. It is logical to expect some such action from Italy.

And, in thinking of the length of the war, in the light of these new developments, it may be well to reflect upon the reported capture of the fat Benito, allegedly attempting to escape into Germany, where, supposedly, he could cringe at the feet of Hitler until the final act of the great tragedy. But he was captured by officers empowered by martial law. That may be of significance. Surely, in the eyes of Churchill and Roosevelt, Italy could make a better case if she had *Il Duce* to offer up as a sort of memento of her black days.

It may be that the plotters of Allied policy have let it be known in Italy that they would not like Mussolini to escape to the land of the Nazis, and that a beaten Italy might better treat for food and fuel . . . the peace to come soon, if the great body of the little dictator could be brought forth as a peace offering. Yes, the passing of Italy will shorten the war by precious months.

Back To Church

Americans Turn To God In Great Numbers in War

Since 1941, American churches have made their largest gains in membership in all history. A gain of almost 3,000,000 members is recorded by *The Yearbook of American Churches*, an authoritative journal. Well over 76 million Americans are now church members, more than half the total population of the nation. In the times of stress, the church in America, as in other nations, makes its greatest gains, and its greatest contributions to the troubled life of the world.

It is well to note, at a moment of stress in a great war fought for freedom, that there are 256 religious sects, societies and bodies listed in America—proving that freedom of worship is an accomplished fact.

Because America's stake in this war is seldom considered by laymen to involve religion in any of its forms, we think it well that this great growth of the American church be noted, and that its marshaled strength be viewed at its very peak. The war has brought the American people back to God and his Church; before the war came, there was a drifting away, a decline of membership.

Today there are 38,502,067 American Protestants, 22,945,247 Catholics, and 4,641,184 Jews, all belonging to institutions of faith as free as any ever known to mankind. It will be one of America's most sacred tasks, when the war is over, to see that this national interest in the Church is continued, and is not allowed to lag, as it was in the early Twenties. America's churchmen have, in the years ahead, the glowing opportunity of a generation.

Second Front

Russians Now Are Saying They're Giving Us Relief

If there are any backward-looking souls among us who would like to remember the war of the 1940's as a time when the fighting Red Army of Soviet Russia was pleading for a second front, they'd better look quick, and remember with all their might. For the Russians have completely changed tune. Where once they begged for help from a second front, a European diversion, they now send out proud communiques, telling how their own offensive is helping the British-American armies in Sicily.

This is a strange pitch for the Russian tune. For a long while they yelped for a second front, and when North Africa came they considered that a token of help, but not a real front. And when Sicily came that, too, was spurned. Such an action was a preliminary, to be sure, but was not a second front. The Russian praise was limited.

Now, of a sudden, there is the claim that the Red destruction of thousands of German weapons and men on the Orel front is not only crushing the Nazi advance, but is also lending great assistance to the boys in Sicily. We not only do not believe the claim to be true, but we suspect a sort of mild skullduggery is behind the Red propaganda.

Our Allies, so far as we're concerned, are real and true blue allies, save on one front where the difficulties are too great to expect them to fight. We can overlook the stolid and ungrateful calm with which they have accepted British-American weapons, and declined assistance in command. What we do not intend to abide is the cry that, whatever inroads are now made into Europe, they were made possible by Russian arms. We have long paid tribute to the Russian power of resistance, and realize that without this, the war might long since have been lost. But Russia, too, without us, would have been lost. How long can it be before we cry, ourselves, that Russia open a second front herself, in the East?

The Figures

War Costs Mount Terribly, But Casualties Are Low

There is little basis for comparison between the first and second phases of the World War, but the installment fought in 1914-18 so often comes up for matching with operations of these times that such comparisons have become habitual. For the purposes of the latest summary, periods of identical length are being used. In the last war the U. S. fought 584 days. In this war the 584th day passed on July 12. For those periods, some figures:

Last war, 4,300,000 men mobilized. Now, 9,360,000 mobilized. Cost, first war, $22,500,000,000. Present war's cost to July 12, $92 billions. (The cost creeps upward at a rate of $7,600,000,000 per month.)

Last war, 53,000 Americans killed in action or died of wounds. Equal period of this war, total losses less than 30,000. All casualties, last war, 350,000. Total, this war, 90,000.

All told, the United States will have 10,800,000 men under arms by the end of the year, a great increase over the performance of the last war. And the great American expenditures are being poured forth for the finest of equipment, in an effort to save American lives. Whatever the final cost, it will be worth every sacrifice, for the toll of death ahead is to be fearful, barring the complete collapse of the enemy.

It's a week or two since last we saw the Henry J. Kaiser name in print. The man is evidently in a rut, performing nothing but miracles.

A Pause

Camping Out At War

By Raymond Clapper

NORTH AFRICAN AIR FIELD

OUR planes are waiting here an hour for a fighter escort to take several of us across the Mediterranean to Sicily. This may be my last chance to send back copy for several days. But just to keep the editors happy I am doing this pot boiler sitting in the shade of one wing of our plane with my typewriter on a five-gallon galvanized can, and Clapper's rear on a two-gallon can which is beginning to sag in the middle.

You look out for yourself out in the field here as all readers of Ernie Pyle know. He is widely known over North Africa as the best camper among the correspondents. A tenderfoot like myself takes what the Army issues and becomes loaded down like one of John Steinbeck's Okies in the Grapes of Wrath.

We carry our own rations, for instance, as there is no certainty of finding mess in Sicily. I am carrying a carton containing three cans of salmon, four cans of meat and vegetables, two cans of ration sausages which are like weak hot dogs, five cartons of hard tack and several packages of rations which are allegedly complete meals in a small box three by six by two inches. The whole meal occupies about the space of an ordinary three-decker sandwich at your drug store fountain.

Each of us is eating and working under the plane wing. I find I have a breakfast box by mistake. The package reads U. S. Army Field Ration Breakfast Unit. Here is what the best fed army in the world is given in a breakfast field ration kit: one two-ounce fruit bar which I will now open and eat. Pause. It seems to be ground, dried prunes of which one bite is more than sufficient. Next I find a small round can of veal and pork loaf—ingredients: cooked veal and pork, milk, cracker meal, salt, onions, eggs, and sugar and spice and everything nice—and sodium nitrate.

This I spread on several biscuits, Nabisco size. Pause. It eats right well but I prefer the dinner ration main course which is American rat cheese—I had that for lunch in the Flying Fortress coming back from Rome. Over under the other wing I see Artist George Biddle of the Army Art Unit cleaning his mess kit with a handful of grass. He is not working and hence is able to finish eating first. He is a brother of the Attorney General and is the third Biddle I have encountered this trip beginning with that great friend of everybody, Tony in London. George Biddle is going around sketching the war which should make quite a sketch when it's all done.

I have some powdered coffee which I dissolve in the mess cup with cold water from my canteen. We get three lumps of sugar—thanks—all of which I use over here. Cool coffee for lunch is not bad, sitting here in the shade with a cool breeze blowing as if I were on the Washington Hotel roof.

I now find the ration includes three Chelsea cigarettes, which I will give away, one stick of Spearmint gum which I will chew. Just as I feared—the all can has collapsed under the added weight of lunch and I will finish this quickly, sitting on the ground.

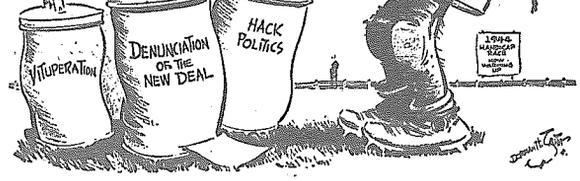
If you want me to tell you more I am carrying a typewriter, dispatch case for copy paper, maps, notebooks, a bag containing my mess kit, flashlight, towel, pajamas, toilet kit, toilet paper, which is most important, an extra fountain pen, ink, canteen, sun glasses, barracks bag containing rations, Helmet, extra shirt, trousers, socks. You don't wear much underwear and that a long time here.

I also carry a bedding roll containing a cot, three blankets, and mosquito netting. On the hoof I weigh about 300 pounds. I wear an Army shirt, trousers, field cap, leggings and good old GI shoes which are the most comfortable footwear ever made. That's one job the Army has done to perfection—they've got a shoe that you can wear in peace.

Well, we must be going now and thanks to Uncle Sam for a nourishing lunch.

Vitamins, Minus

—By Dorman Smith



Coming Up

The German Revolution

By Samuel Grafton

NEW YORK

UP to now, revolution in Europe has been a safe and cozy topic, a darling subject of conversation for non-revolutionaries everywhere. To wave the hand toward Germany and say arise! arise! has become almost a trade, a profession for any number of Americans and Englishmen. It is a good trade, too, secure and exciting at the same time, and rich in satisfactions; what can be pleasanter than to be a revolutionary with the full approval of one's own Government?

But there has been something dreamy in this occupation, and it has been a dream-like revolution we have been thinking up for Europe. We have thought of it as a kind of clean, overnight transfer of power from a group called "the oppressors" to a group called "the people." Doubtless, in the process, a window or two would be broken, but we have preferred to leave these intermediary events unspecified. Somehow, we see both stones flying and windows left whole.

We have said arise! arise! but we have stated no clear picture of what it means to arise. How does one arise? Does one walk into City Hall, and heave the incumbent Mayor bodily out on the plaza? Does one stand in the village square with a Tommy gun and go br-r-r-r! br-r-r-r! br-r-r-r! at the bad men? We have skipped over all such distasteful steps in our thinking and talking.

Let us face it; we have, actually, not been thinking and talking about revolution in Europe at all. We have been thinking of something like a change of administration. Europe's revolution, as we have conceived it, has been remarkably like an American election, quick, bloodless, inevitable, final, neat and orderly. It will be none of these things. It will be slow, bloody, wavering, full of anti-climaxes, confusing and complex to the extent that many of these Americans and Englishmen now saying arise! arise! will perhaps be howling against Europe's revolution before it is finished. The manifesto of the new Russian-sponsored National Committee of German Freedom is a peep into the tangle ahead.

That document, as printed in Moscow, is obviously carefully thought-out. It does not say arise! arise! It gives quite specific instructions to the German soldiers and people. It tells them to turn their weapons against pro-Hitler commanders, to retreat to the old German borders, to set up a democratic government, and then to negotiate for peace. Meanwhile, there are to be strikes throughout Germany. The slogans offered to both soldiers and workers are "Peace!" and "A free and independent Germany!"

You will note that the slogans offered are German slogans, not American, British or Russian slogans; Germans are invited to fight, not for our sakes, but for their own, for peace for Germany, for freedom and independence for Germany.

It is a powerful document, because it carries the implied promise that, under certain conditions, Russia will stop at Germany's borders; a guarantee which Hitler is no longer able to offer. Hitler has tried to mobilize support for the war on the ground that Russia must be kept out of Germany. Russia now uses the very same argument to mobilize support for the peace. This is strong stuff. This is no wave of the hand, arise! arise! This makes German revolution practical and safe, a business with a future. This is political bliss.

Platform Of The People

The Post War Plans

Editors, THE NEWS:

I have read with deep interest the ideas of those who are interested in post-war Charlotte and Mecklenburg County and our beloved state of North Carolina. They are all good ideas. The billion dollar idea of Mr. Roberts for the state is good; the building of bridges, viaducts and streets advanced by the mayor strikes a responsive note. The budget committee of the City of which Mr. Sive is chairman desires to save up a sort of fund to be expended in furtherance of these ideas locally.

The general theme being, now in the years of plenty let us store up for the years of scarcity. The editors have agreed that good planning is good government and likewise, many cities of the entire nation are giving deep consideration to post-war problems of development. I wish to applaud every idea advanced for a more progressive city, state and nation. However, just now we are engaged in a life and death struggle for existence.

And like all the other sins of man, war must be paid for at a terrific price. To me, Mr. Editor, it seems that we should be content to "Hold the Line" until the boys come back and if a slight roll back in taxes or the cost of living can be accomplished in our city and nation, then by all means we should take advantage of it. And if the people must learn through bitter experience that we pay dearly for "Washington hand-outs," then we will become more self-reliant and independent as we face the future.

As surely as we live there is coming to this nation a perilous and maybe calamitous era of post-war contraction. Everywhere we are expanding, inflating and mushroming. And if we are to exist as a great nation in peace, we will have to reverse some of the wildness that has beset us within recent times. Our national pulse right now is beating fast and with a high fever.

When the crisis comes, it is possible that if we win the struggle from a military viewpoint, we may have lost it closer home. Let us strive to hold the lines of decent existence morally and economically in these United States today. Tomorrow may be too late.

MERCER J. BLANKENSHIP,
Charlotte.

"Now remember—if they ask us to stay for dinner—don't refuse, because people aren't insisting these days!"

Everyday Counselor

Of Dividends

By Rev. Herbert Spaugh

Courtesy and consideration will pay spiritual dividends in these days. So many people have "war nerves," caused by increased work, tension, worry.

Talking to me about this the other day, a friend said, "It's time for you to write on 'appreciation' again. It seems that I get all the knocks and none of the thanks. No doubt there are others like me."

To meet this situation the head of a large business, a fine Christian gentleman, told me that he was starting in his organization a special campaign urging his employees not only to be courteous to the customers, but to be courteous to one another.

It always seems more difficult to be courteous to those with whom we are thrown in daily contact, our intimate business associates, members of our family. Those intimate associates are the ones who have stood by us first and longest in the face of an emergency. It is the dear ones at home who really have our interest at heart. The teen-age boy and girl who so rebel against the guidance and suggestions of parents, are quick enough to call them when they get in a jam.

There is double value in showing considerate appreciation and courtesy to members of the family and business associates. Be honest now, they aren't bad folks at all. The time was when you thought they were right good folks. You picked the job didn't you? Furthermore you picked the husband or wife. The children didn't have any choice, but if faced with the opportunity to make a change, few of them would do it. Don't go back on your judgment!

All of these people have many fine qualities. Just take the time to pick them out. When you pass on compliments and appreciation, you do something for yourself spiritually and psychologically. You turn your thought attitudes outward.

It is always mentally and spiritually helpful to devote time to thinking of the welfare of others.

It is well known to most of us that when we feel low, blue, discouraged, the thing to do is to go out and try to bring some help and encouragement to others. In the process we find ourselves forgetting our own troubles, securing a happy, healthy attitude of mind.

It is surprising what happens inside when we commence to look for the good in others, to bring help to others. The good results are doubled—good for you and good for the ther fellow. Try it.

Leave It To U. S.

Merry-Go-Round

By Drew Pearson

WASHINGTON

HEREWITH is a suggestion to the leaders of American citizens of Italian descent by which this columnist believes we can save the lives of American boys, British boys, and Italian boys. If I were Mayor La Guardia, Mayor Rossi of San Francisco, Judge Pecora of New York or Congressman D'Alesandro of Baltimore I would make an appeal to Prime Minister Churchill along the following lines:

To the Prime Minister of England:

We Americans of Italian descent respectfully submit a proposal which we believe will save the lives of British and American boys now fighting in Italy. We also believe it will take Italy more quickly out of a war which she never should have entered and which the bulk of the Italian people hate and deplore.

Our proposal is meant as no reflection upon your great leadership, without which the British Empire and its Allies would not be where they are today. To anyone less broadgauged in mind and vision we should hesitate to make this suggestion.

However, we believe that if the British Government withdrew from all direction of political policy toward Italy, leaving all political phases of the war entirely in the hands of President Roosevelt, then our former countrymen would much more quickly surrender to the President of the United States.

We respectfully submit this, first, because the United States has great ties with Italy. Many of her former sons live here. New York City alone has a greater Italian population than Rome. Millions of our Italian relatives in Italy have confidence, trust and love for the United States. They look to this country as their second home. Unfortunately this is not true of relations between Italy and England.

Unfortunately Italy and England have shared a certain degree of rivalry in the Mediterranean. This rivalry is no basic obstacle to future friendship and never worried us until fanned into flame by an insatiable dictator. But his poison, dropped year after year into the veins of the Italian people for two decades, cannot be extracted overnight. Thus it remains an unfortunate fact that many Italians wrongly suspect England of territorial ambitions and fear that not merely the Italian islands but even the mainland of Italy will continue under British rule.

President Roosevelt, they know, had no territorial ambitions. They know that every American boy wants only to win the war quickly and get home. They know that with America alone guiding immediate political destines, Italy would be nursed back to sound democratic government, with no fear of a conqueror's heel indefinitely on her neck.

We in the United States who know you, Mr. Prime Minister, do not for one minute believe that England has any territorial ambitions at the expense of Italy. But the Italian people do not know you. They have been taught to fear and hate you. And it is they whom we must persuade to surrender.

Furthermore, your eloquence is more effective than you realize. Your speech addressed to Italy before Mussolini dragged his helpless people into the war, is well remembered. You warned that there was no reason why Italy and England could not live in peace despite Hitler, but that if Italy did enter the war, Britain would tear the Italian Empire to pieces. You were absolutely right in issuing that warning. But today, Mussolini's skillful propaganda artists are recalling your speech, waving it before the frightened eyes of Italians, warning them of the terrible fate awaiting them if they surrender.

Another of your speeches used by Mussolini's glib-tongued propagandists is the one you made about holding the carrot before the donkey and prodding the donkey with the stick. This was a graphic figure of speech, but it had one drawback. The Fascist radio every night is now reminding the Italian people that you are planning to treat them as donkeys.

"You are a nation which produced Christopher Columbus," screams the Rome radio. "You produced Amerigo Vespucci and Michelangelo. Yet Mr. Churchill calls you a donkey. What is the fate in store for every Italian who weakens. You will lead the life of the donkey."

Another thing which worries us is the new Allied military government created for Sicily. We note that the British representative on that Commission is Maj. Gen. Lord Rennell of Rodd, former manager of the Bank of International Settlements in Basle, Italians distrust international bankers. Also, though you may not know it, a resolution is now before the U. S. Congress to investigate the Bank of International Settlements.