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And Evening Chronicle

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MONDAY, JUNE 22, 1942

Ecil Tidings

On All Fronts, Defense Pays A Sorry Dividend

Today, just at the peak of a wave of unprecedented optimism, Americans watched the turn of war's tide with a sinking feeling. Almost overnight, the war had turned sour. What had Donald Nelson meant when he said U. S. production was over the hump? Didn't that mean that winning the war was automatic? We had been, one more time, asleep to realities.

In Libya, more than a simple town had fallen in Tobruk. A vital supply port, a bridge-head of future advances, a battered symbol of British staying power that had withstood a year-long siege. In Libya, it was no more a hill-and-a-battle, Rommel was hitting, the British were running. They had to run almost to Egypt, and that was black news.

In Russia, on the first anniversary of the Red-Nazi slaughter, long-battered Sevastopol was tottering at last, and a new way was soon to be open to Hitler's legions. From both directions, the German machine was making its run, heading for the Near East, for a drive to closing the Suez, at striking Alexandria's bases off the map. The entire balance of the war was in danger.

Now the conference between Roosevelt and Churchill became not a matter of opening a second front. It became a talking on the grim truth of our backward progress, a puzzling as to how we might hang on under the new blow that was coming. Because, when the opportunity was there, the United Nations had failed to prepare in Libya, they were about to pay another big price. Defensive thinking was handing out another sickly dividend.

Libya and the Crimea didn't hold the only bad news. For the week, the United Nations had lost 25 ships in the Atlantic—a total of 229 in a little over six months. In the Northwest two enemy submarines boldly shelled our shores. Out in the Aleutians, the Navy admitted, Jap troops were digging in within bombing range of Dutch Harbor.

All around us, the war was pressing closer. Perhaps, instead of winning a victory in 1942, the United Nations would be fighting to hold their own. From the signs of today, they could be counted fortunate to stay in the battle. The news didn't mean just a pair of lost skirmishes. It meant that strongholds were gone, taken by the enemy, and that the war stretched on and on before us.

The bad tidings, perhaps the most ominous since Singapore and the Indies, grew out of defensive warfare. Because we were still unable to strike, to take a risk, we were falling back. In this war, there is no standstill. And, until we strike a major blow for ourselves, we will not have proved we understand this new war.

For Obscurity

Time Has Come To Conclude Ham Fish's Political Career

Since the 68th Congress, way back in 1919, Hamilton Fish has represented in Congress the inhabitants of Dutchess, Orange, and Putnam Counties, N. Y. That he has been a satisfactory Congressman to the quarter-million inhabitants of the toney 26th New York (which takes in the President's residence at Hyde Park) would seem to be an inference warranted by his repeated re-election. But this time Ham may have a little trouble.

There is probably no more preposterous notion extant than the Hon. Hamilton Fish. An old football star (Walter Camp's All American tackle at Harvard two years) and something of a World War I hero (American Soldier Star and French Croix de Guerre for gallantry in action), Ham has gone through life with a palpable hero's complex. Calling out "three rabs for Fish," he has plunged forward to settle, as his right, problems which have dismayed lesser men. But not Ham.

Later, however, his No. 12 shoes have made tracks in a lot of wrong places. There was his grand tour of Europe in August, 1939, when he returned, and cordially responded to the overtures of the German chancellor. There was his puerile proposal,

made at the Inter-Parliamentary Union in Oslo when Hitler already had his gun cocked, for a 30-day armistice in which to arbitrate the differences between Europe's great powers. He even offered to arbitrate the Danzig dispute himself. Yea, Fish!

There was his National Committee, a plant store for Nazi propaganda. To Keep America out of Foreign Wars. There was the dirty business of George Sylvester Vreleck's Nazi literature going out under the Fish Congressional frank, and the traitorous mess in which his Congressional secretary was caught and for which he was convicted despite the intercessions of his employer.

And throughout the crucial period of 1938-1941 there was Ham Fish, ham-handed as usual, setting out in all his vain glory to chart a course which was exactly contrary to the course agreed upon by the Government, and delaying, undermining to the limit of his strictly limited ability.

In the 26th New York there is talk this election year of Democrats and Republicans getting together on somebody—anybody—other than Ham. The Dutchess County GOP committee has failed to endorse him, although, to be sure, it endorsed no rival. But surely, if even a politician has earned nomination to the Hall of Utter Obscurity, it is this Ham. We trust that the more considerate people in Dutchess, Putnam and Orange Counties, N. Y., will have a care for the national welfare and dispose of him.

Scorcher

At 97 in the Shade, Philosophy Won't Work

Yes, it was a warm one. The heat of the day lay like a blanket over the face of the earth, smotheringly, and so oppressive was it that it seeped into all the crannies that by ordinary were refreshing, so that it followed you around. And the cool of the evening, delayed an hour by this abominable innovation called War Time, was sultry and uncool.

It was a day and a night to frazzle the dispositions of men. But, ah, we knew what to do. There was a formula. Only a few days ago it had appeared on this very page, had been composed by these very minds. The doctors, by George, would take their own medicine, and to wit-out-fox the weather man:

"Stay Home," we had called it. All the discomforts of a vacation, we had added, are right here under your nose. Was your preference the beach, you could see just as hot and a great deal safer at home. You liked the mountains, eh? A reasonable facsimile of the usual week-end was yours simply for wearing yourself out in trudes (commonly called hikes), exposing yourself to red bugs, and making a dash to the porch so that you couldn't sleep.

Ah, well; we consoled ourselves yesterday with the thought of all the vacationers making the best of a rare discomfort and paying high for the privilege. And the more we consoled ourselves, the more we frankly wished we were there.

We tell you, mates, whether you on high or go low, you'll have to go far to find a swelterer like yesterday, anywhere. Whadda ya say we take a little trip?

An information service is asked as to the immortal John L. Sullivan's lightning weight. Of course it varied. Sometimes he had the overcoat on.

Carrying a bay mare will be different, after years of washing a car that doesn't stamp on your toes when the flies are bad.

We don't know how it is now, but a true Frenchman smoked the cigarette down to the mustache even when tobacco was cheap.

One by one, evidences of luxury disappear through the troughs, except that you still get eight pieces of silverware to handle a fried egg.

Anniversary Of Treason

Two Generals Betrayed France

By A. HERENROTH

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(How Petain and Weygand was the battle of France for Hitler is told here by the former Overseas News Agency correspondent in Paris and Vichy on the second anniversary of the Franco-German armistice. Herenroth reveals for the first time that Weygand and other French generals, after being rebuffed by the cabinet in their demands for capitulation, met secretly on June 14 and drafted an ultimatum calling on the government to sue for armistice. The Editors.)



Petaim



Weygand

"Alas, it was a more tragic day than when military leaders refused to fight" the last president of the French republic, Albert Lebrun, asked a senator at Bordeaux on June 15. While French soldiers prepared to make a gallant stand with their backs to Dunkirk, while they fought desperately on the Somme and the Seine, while they retreated to the south before the crushing blow of German panzer divisions, little did they dream that as early as May 25, General Maxime Weygand, who had just been entrusted with the supreme command, had struck his first blow into the back of his army and country, demanding that the French government ask for an armistice.

Weygand met with a flat refusal, but he did not give up. On May 29 and on June 8 he again and again spoke up for capitulation, and each time but one voice in the French cabinet rose to back him—that of Marshal Henri Philippe Petain.

Dismissed as they were by that unexpected and cowardly attitude of one-time great soldiers, Premier Paul Reynaud and Interior Minister Georges Mandel, supported by President Lebrun and by the presidents of the chamber and senate, Edouard Herriot and M. Jeanneney, refused again and ordered that all measures be taken to ensure the retreat of army and government to French North Africa, if necessary.

General Weygand, enraged at his failure to influence the government, thereupon called his followers to a meeting where the fate of France was decided by a few high-ranking generals.

That meeting took place June 14 near Briare, in a castle where the French G. H. Q. was installed after Paris was abandoned. On the next day, General Weygand went to Bordeaux and conferred with Marshal Petain. A few hours later the cabinet meeting opened and it was during that meeting that Marshal Petain again demanded that an ar-

mistice with the Germans be sought at once, or else... This was an ultimatum. The general who had little stomach to the 30-hour fight—a victory over the government of their own country.

Early on the morning of June 17, Marshal Petain, who became the prime minister, capitulated to the Germans. The people and the army were told that England had abandoned them and that they had to face the Germans alone and bare-handed. The French people believed it, for a while. The army did not. Two days after the "Nap fire" order was issued at midnight of June 18, 6,000 soldiers deserted by Germans in Alsace refused stubbornly to obey Petain's order to lay down arms and remained in their desperate struggle.

Two years after the capitulation, the French people have learned the truth. They were betrayed not by their ally but by a handful of generals. What was until now undisclosed, that a real conspiracy caused the request for an armistice and that in this conspiracy a leading role was played by General Maxime Weygand, handymen of Marshal Petain.

No means was too vile for the conspirators to attain their goal. During the cabinet meeting of June 18 at Tours, for example, General Weygand himself went as far as to tell the government that a Soviet republic was to be proclaimed in Paris. He was at once proved a liar by Georges Mandel who picked up the telephone and communicated with the Soviet government.

All will come to light one day and all will be written in the annals of how Petain and Weygand paved the way for the German panzer divisions to march upon them in the battle of France.

We Face A Crisis

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON

THE military situation at the moment is so grave that President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill are not likely to have much time to consider peace questions.

Rommel is in danger of knocking the British out of Egypt. The American Government has urged Americans to leave Egypt at once. The Russians are holding on at Sevastopol but just barely holding. Japan is slicing into China. Signs are detected that suggest Japan is preparing to strike at Siberia when Hitler gives his supreme attack on Russia. Thus the vital war zones critical days seem to be just ahead. These are the deciding months for the Axis. Victories would prolong the war indefinitely. If the Axis falls to get its victories in the next three months, then the chances of a United Nations victory in 1943 or 1944 become strong.

That is the situation in which President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill must make their decisions. Obviously the greatest need is to step up the United Nations time schedule. Blows that can be struck now will be twice as effective as if they wait until next year. If the same schedule could be moved up, so that some operations scheduled this Summer, Hitler's chances of being able to prolong the war indefinitely would be far less. Almost certainly Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill are trying to find ways of beating the calendar.

The most effective ways open are, first, concentration of men and weapons in the decisive area, and second, speeding up of transportation.

With the Japanese poking around the Aleutians there is strong temptation to make a good deal of pressure to make an all-out campaign to drive them out. We could divert enough strength to do it. The same goes for other areas. The question is how far can we go without taking the punishment which will be visited upon them at the main decisive point. Professional opinion here is much against diversion and strongly emphatic for concentrating, even at the risk of setbacks in the outlying spots. That is all based on the assumption that the whole war will be decided everywhere hangs on what luck Hitler has this Summer against Russia. That assumption seems firmly held here.

If enough German war plants can be knocked out, if railroads can be disrupted, Germany will quickly give up against a crippling lack of supplies. Bombings such as Cologne working are bound to demoralize the working population. But the British found that bombing of England was not effective enough when it was carried out night after night. Breathing spells give time for recovery. On the basis of their own experience on the receiving end, the British say that persistent and heavy bombing is necessary.

Letters to the Editor:

Back To The Farm, Now Boys One For Johnston

Editors, The News:

May I comment you on your "Victory Farmer" campaign? While the various allocation and co-ordination boards for the farmer's need appear to be mythical, so far as actual results can be seen, your idea would seem to be productive of immediate results—and that is what is needed.

Farming is done these days from the "crafter and the grave"—that is, by the extremely young and those too old and feeble for other occupations. Some more should be advocated for the Government to subsidize farm labor and pay a portion of the wages. Farmers simply cannot compete with Government and industry in offering high wages and attractive working conditions.

Parity prices will give the farmer no profit whatever under existing conditions. This is election year and the representatives of all the people in Washington should be impressed with the fact that of all groups the cotton and tobacco farmers have profited least from decrease activity.

One good thing your movement might do: Give those not engaged in farming some idea of what farm work is. Those engaged in highly-paid occupations often bragging the farmer a fair price and realizing all the hazards and hard work connected with farming.

May I suggest you start a move to have other papers conduct campaigns similar to yours? The exercise derived from work you'll get a kick in the part you

play helping the other fellow. Don't struggle with others as you part with something they might say would serve you later.

Think of its need for the battle we fight and not just paper notes as before, fewer taxes for the masses of the people—and another thing, look what we are paying for our automobile tags.

From what I have been reading in The Charlotte News it looks to me as if North Carolina is not perfect. We believe in the USO in S. C. I believe if I lived in a state where (Your) Bob was in the U. S. Senate it would be ashamed to talk about who was who in our sister state. We are willing to make a trade with you, if you will keep Sales Tax Republican and (Your) Bob in North Carolina we will keep our Olin D. Johnston. Do you remember 1928? Thank God for the good old S. C.

—J. B. HARVEY.

Clover, S. C. In the open should be as much of a body-builder as chasing a silly golf ball around. Certainly it would make for the display of more patriotism and a better concept of the values formed.

—W. P. LAW, Darlington, S. C.

Editors, The News:

Second Call After the call for aluminum pans now comes the call for rubber. So urgent the need in the battle we fight, proceeding one another. So, scout about and see what you can find in the attic, yard and cellar.

Off to the nation's melting pot—a million things together.

The Other Sphinx

—By Herblock



Things of rubber we thought no good, rotting out in the weather. Garden hose, all busted and worn, tires, a sorry lot. Things stored on dusty shelves and in the dark, rusted, water bottles, galoshes and mats that deteriorate and decay. Just the perfect things you can give in the giving way.

A penny a pound the Government pays—but the kids are keen. Spurred with the desire to get long hours, dollar or so to glean. But some kids will say, "No, sir, not me, not me, I will I take when I think of the fellows over there, dying for another's sake."

These are the boys who love their flag, sturdy, healthy and kind, and men remembering the dead, and sad.

In a drive like this they want no more than they are American lads. So, gather rubber, you that are young and old. Out from its cluttered place.

Soon you'll be able to buy new things, better older ones replace. Think of our boys now overseas, on ships and in the sky. The war will win for us who give, and the Government bonds we buy.

—JESSIE RANKIN SEDGWICK, 1701 Park Apartments, Charlotte.

An Error Corrected

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON. CURRENT suspicions that the British granted a secret clause in their treaty with Russia, promising to give Stalin all the territory he wanted, can't be true in view of the inside manner in which the treaty developed.

The still mysterious visit of Lord Beaverbrook to Washington in the latter part of more 80 was concerned with this matter. He was over to sound Mr. Roosevelt out on the Soviet proposition. His soundings may have been feints, for he returned to London with the mistaken notion that Mr. Roosevelt would accept such a great territory. Commissioner Molotov arrived in London a treaty was actually drawn up for them to do except to sink their teeth deep into China and try a land attack on the Reds.

The War Production Board has done its work well. The war is working itself out of business. Another reorganization is in the making. In about 30 days, Chairman Nelson will issue a directive which will take the War Production Board's changed functions, coming about gradually now as plants have been closed or changed over, contract let, etc.

Both the production and purchasing divisions have men working in the same office. The War Production Board's changed functions, coming about gradually now as plants have been closed or changed over, contract let, etc.

China Has Warned Of Next Jap Move

WASHINGTON.

The Chinese China Jap Risers, some of our distant islands forecast a Jap attack on Russia. Recent Changping advice assumes that the Japs would be able to intercept

Both the production and purchasing divisions have men working in the same office. The War Production Board's changed functions, coming about gradually now as plants have been closed or changed over, contract let, etc.

The whole organization will assume the character of a staff office rather than an administrative bureau. The man who did the job, apparently intends to remain in control, although it has never been officially agreed by War and Navy Departments that his executive order gave him power over them.

This article-headed centralized out the men in production and such outstanding successes as the adoption of a similar system for rubber, sugar, steel, possibly under Mr. Nelson.

TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT

If we have faith to try great tasks, I can do all things through Him that strengthens me.—PHIL. 4:13.