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And Evening Chronicle

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W. C. Dowd Jr., President and General Manager — J. E. Dowd, Vice-President and Editor

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TUESDAY, JULY 14, 1942

Real Peril

Calm From Washington, Agony From Russia

Now that the German armies have lanced the Russian lines in a breakthrough threatening apparent catastrophe, word comes from Washington that U. S. officials are not greatly worried over the Eastern situation and especially not surprised. There was no alarm in the capital, says a correspondent, because it was inevitable that Hitler would roll

Because of the insuperable German offensive weapons, the reasoning goes, any long front afforded the obvious chance for superior fire power to force one or more rupture. After the defense lines are broken, the theory continues, the Russian front will again settle down to two main considerations, weapons and fighting spirit.

Short on weapons, Stalin's armies are even longer on fighting spirit than their enemy. They have, in every instance, forced the invaders to pay dearly for advances. That sort of bravery, unsurpassed in the war, paid off at last in the first year of campaign. It may not, however, pay off again

Regardless of the lack of despair in Washington, it seems apparent that the Russians are in such grave danger now as they never were, even before Moscow. Almost, the Southern armies of Timoshenko are split in two, and, even worse, a Nazi wedge is dividing the Central and Southern armies. Russia may be nearer the end of the rope than ever.

Most ominous news from the front has come from the Moscow communiques pleading with the Allied nations to understand the gravity of the situation, shouting that the second front, if not opened immediately, may be too late. It has been many moons since news like that came from the Soviet.

If the new splits between Russian armies widen, the Nazi machine will roll deeper and deeper into new battlegrounds, and if the Caucasus is cut off, Hitler will only have to hold to gain his decision. Then, in truth, the second front would not only be late; it would be doubly hazardous.

Detroit Report

The Motor Industry Shows The Axis New Tricks

Lieut. General Brehon B. Somervell of the U. S. Army's Services of Supply, was speaking:

"The road ahead is dim with the dust of battle still unfought. How long that road is, no one can know. But it is shorter than it would have been had not our enemies misjudged us and themselves. For, when Hitler put this war on wheels he ran it straight down our alley. When he hitched his chariot to an internal combustion engine he opened up a new battle front — a front that we know well. It's called Detroit.

"Some one has called this a war of gadgets. Let's not quarrel about nomenclature. Call it what you want. If four-motored bombers and thirty-ton tanks are gadgets, then it's a gadget war."

The General spoke to engineers in Washington but he might as well have addressed the nation at large. Americans know these things to be truths, that, in a war of mechanical production, the U. S. could overcome any combination of powers. There was a real danger in putting our faith in production alone, in thinking production could win the war for us — but Somervell's words were not coming true. They were already true.

A few days ago the U. S. automobile industry, through the Automotive Council for War Production, made an early report on progress, with all the tell-tale figures censored out. The brief showed that the job was being done, now.

The industry has orders for fourteen billion dollars' worth of equipment (a job equal to building fifteen million automobiles, a normal three-year task). It is building 75 per cent of all aircraft engines, over one-third the machine guns, more than two-fifths of the tanks and their parts, more than half the Diesel engines, all the motorized equipment. Already delivered are materials amounting to more than one and a half billion dollars.

Any schoolboy knows, in season or out, that the problem now is not production, but delivery around the world battle lines. There, too, the motor industry is helping. Long before war came to us, we took it for granted that Detroit could do a world-beating job. Now, after the first report and knowing that production alone is not enough, the answer of Michigan to the war of horsepower is a thrilling assurance to America.

Pot Lucky

Simmer Down the Fatsos To Aid Salvage Drive

We knew full well, upon introduction to the kitchen fat salvage campaign, that here was a new field for the imagination, that more than a little fun would spring from this dead-serious effort to reclaim a nation's wasted resources. Not all the talk, we figured, would be of glycerine and exploding shells hidden in the kitchen. We made a note, as a matter of fact, to introduce a new note

Wherefore do we present, at the ripe moment, our own little plan for putting the fat salvage campaign over the top. It is our intent to urge it upon all citizens, high and low. It is our fond hope that this new means of swelling the kettle of fat may be carried out to the letter. We beseech all sizes and shapes of readers to aid its advancement in their own communities.

This is a plan for killing a covey of birds with one huge stone. Not all the fats are in the kitchen; and not all our fats are desirable, in their present shape, or any other. A great many of our fats might be spared without loss to us. We propose that these great, untapped reservoirs be used, that those obelisks of obesity be boiled down in a new-style melting pot, to aid the nation in a time of need.

Who, for instance, takes objection to the melting-down of hefty John L. Lewis, the over-weight disturber of the peace? Who pleads guilty to entertaining the notion that Fiorello La Guardia would not grace our pot? What is the weight of Col. Hettie McCormick, of Chicago's Tribune? And of the almost-silent Father Coughlin?

Why should we not relegate the red-hot prospects, now skinny but nonetheless eligible, to a fattening pen? Men like Gene Talmadge and Planner Townzend should look in place there. The list is endless. There must be one such fatso in every neighborhood who now serves no worthwhile purpose. There is, even, what's-his-name, that robust rascal who publishes the American Vindicator. All these are prime victims for victory.

Made In U. S. A.

Lidice's Memory Becomes A Propaganda Weapon

Sunday afternoon, 4,500 miles from the site of Lidice in Czechoslovakia, the little Illinois town of Stern Park Gardens became the new Lidice in a ceremony calculated to make the old name immortal in the annals of free men. The christening was broadcast to the nation, was a thrilling and powerful piece of propaganda, made in the U. S. A.

Among other things, Wendell Willkie spoke, and the applause which greeted him revealed that he was more than ever, to the Mid-West, a favorite son. In his sharp, minor-key nasals Willkie told the story of Lidice, of its 600-year history, its 90 houses and St. Margaret's Church, its Wilson Street, named for the President who dreamed in vain.

And Willkie said, the Nazis raged Lidice because they were afraid; because they hoped to cow the rest of the free world, because they once more misjudged the human spirit. He closed on: 'A flame has been lit here this afternoon that will never be extinguished . . . on my way here I saw the black smoke of the factories where the arms of victory are being forged . . . we cannot rest until we make certain that what happened to Lidice cannot happen here."

His audience responded as to an old-fashioned movie. The 55,000 booed the mention of Reinhard Heydrich, cheered any and all references to the heroic, peace-loving Czechs who lived in the little village called "Home of The People." But if the crowd roars seemed a little unbecoming, they indicated that the day had not been wasted. Americans got the point.

The re-christening of a town, largely populated by people of Czech descent, distilled a national emotion which had bubbled in American throats at the news of the brutal death of Lidice. It made of the deaths of those few (over 500,000 have died so far in Europe under the Nazis) a lasting memory, almost a creed. It stated for us all a sworn vengeance, and made Lidice live as never before.

As The World Looks On

Battle For Russia Nears Its Height

By Colonel Frederick Palmer

WASHINGTON

ON OTHER fronts there are only comparative skirmishes. It is in Southern Russia that the titanic, fateful battle approaches its height with three months of favorable fighting weather to go to the decision as to whether this is to be a long or short war for us, which is pointed in the question, "Can Russia hold?"

The Germans have made Russia 90 miles beyond their 1941 front, but that is not far into Russia and they have yet to bring the rest of their line as far as in 1941.

Prime Minister Winston Churchill, who once wrote a book called "The Unknown War" about the campaigns on the Eastern Front in the First World War, might well want more light on the present Russo-German struggle before he writes one about it called "The Unseen Battle."

On the German side military secrecy is locked tight. An Allied observer has about as much chance to reach the German front as a Nazi spy with a swastika emblem on his calling card who enters the office of the FBI to be invited to a chummy luncheon by J. Edgar Hoover.

Only one American Army officer has been at the Russian front. Two weeks ago he was shown one part of it, and was most gratified by what he saw.

We get no intimate glimpses of any of the infinite detail of ceaseless fighting on the 300-mile Russian front such as we had from corresponds and from participants in the Coral Sea, Midway and North African battles.

All that we see is through the peek holes afforded by the communiques of both sides. But we can set German claims against Russian admissions, not forgetting that every line in every communique, whether written to make the most of gains or to cover losses, naturally seeks to fortify fighting morale against the enemy.

When the Russians announce that the fighting is at a given point on the map we know how far the Germans have advanced in that direction, with the Russians telling us the heavy cost the Germans paid for the ground won, while the Germans do not mention their losses or say they were slight.

If the Russian communique says that the fighting has become very complicated at a given point it means the Russians are hard pressed in that sector. It is a warning to the Allies of the dire need of aid. Taken in connection with the German progress or rebuffs in another sector we may judge how far this crisis affects the outlook of the battle as a whole.

Interpretatively anyone who has seen battles and knows Russian and German fighting methods gets a picture through reading the communiques in visualizing this struggle of millions of men in which the number of dead and wounded in a single day may exceed the total in the North African campaign.

The German plan is as clear as black lines on white paper. The goal is as clear as the bull's eye at a hundred yards on the rifle range; and this, as it was generally foreseen it would be before the German offensive began, is the Russian oil fields.

After the Germans had Kerch Peninsula and Sevastopol out of the way as threats in the rear, a head-on drive could not be made direct on the oil fields. That would be at a right angle from Kerch to the front line north from Taganrog, close to Rostov, key to the Caucasus which the Germans lost in 1941. Taganrog is the southern end of the German line on the Sea of Azov, branch of the Black Sea.

Between the two sides of the angle was a space where the Russians could mobilize in numbers and fresh vigor before their army was much battered to strike a direct drive on the oil fields in flank. Taganrog was the pivot from which the Germans must wheel from their established front.

Their method in this swinging movement was the same in driving wedges as that which broke through the French line at Montmedy to make the famous gap across Northern France. They must elbow out the side of a wedge or it might be engulfed. **Answering strategy of the defense when it has the power is to permit the enemy to expose himself in the wedge and then close it by a counter offensive in a heavy sacrifice for the enemy.**

In their wheel the Germans must cross the Don River. Making a bridgehead on a river against an alert big army is no child's play. Guns formerly were used to protect and counter the effort, but now they have the aid of planes.

They feint at two or three places and then suddenly concentrate on the chosen one. The loss of life in these feints to make them appear earnest is just so much incidental cost in cold Nazi calculations.

The Germans are across the Don. They have cut the Moscow-Rostov railway. These are serious initial thrusts.

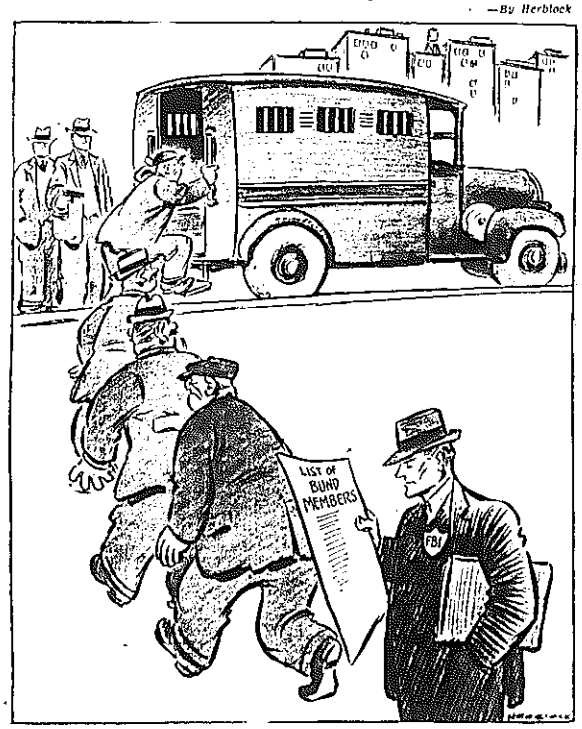
Meanwhile, since the railroad was cut, the Russians are short of roads for movement in the rear of their front from one danger point to another. Also the German offensive will lose momentum from the exhaustion of troops, from the lack of fresh reserves, in repairing and building roads which will become glutted with wreckage, the movement of materiel to the front and the trains of ambulances.

This unseen battle is a hundred battles in one which both commands aim to direct as a whole. The Russians have the call to fight step for step for every yard of ground. If their army is broken, or if it is cut off from oil supplies, all is lost for them.

They strike with demoniac will to close a wedge and grim will to hold vital positions. They fight not for their ideology, but as human beings for their own soil and in ancient racial bitterness against the German to escape becoming Nazi slaves.

Share-the-Rides Program

—By Herblock



Behind The Battles

Lifelines Of The Sky

By John Lardner

WASHINGTON

WHEN a man tells me he has no fear about flying "the Atlantic or Pacific," said Major Curtis A. Keen, of the Air Transport Command, sitting at his desk at a flying-field near command headquarters, "I look for trouble. And I get it. To be truthful, only one of our fliers has told me that; boasted that he wasn't afraid. He didn't last long in the service.

"These men must be afraid. They must be sharp and expert and aware of the chances for and against them. We have a tremendous job to do, one that requires great skill and steadiness, and we don't want hotheads or hell-for-leathers. As a matter of fact, that first trip across the Atlantic and back for one of our fliers is a cooling, maturing process that can't be equalled for the purpose. When he comes back from that, he's a real flier."

The men who pioneer the skylines, who deliver the stuff of battle to the four corners of the earth, are drawn from many sources — from trailing schools, from the regular air corps, from civil aviation. There are famous peacetime pilots like Dick Merrill and Bernt Balchen in the ATC. There are Army fliers with long and brilliant records. But since a good many thousand men are needed today to fill the vast function of flying planes and supplies and munitions to our forces abroad and their allies, and to organize and service such flights, the scope of enlistment must be broad and comprehensive.

Skilled Pilots Carry On

A newcomer to the air transport command may have no more than 300 hours of flying time to his credit — the minimum requirement for work in civil aircraft. He will be assigned to the smallest civil planes. Pipers and Aeroncas and Taylorcrafts, for the ATC does much necessary flying here in the United States on various missions, with every type of ship. As he progresses in skill and experience, the pilot is advanced to larger planes, to trainers, to bi-motored planes, first as co-pilot and then as pilot.

Before being assigned to foreign duty—that quiet, astonishing work which has shrivelled the size of the world, unknown to most of the peoples of the world—the pilot goes to school: the four-engine plane school which the ATC conducts in Albuquerque, N. M. He usually has 2,000 or 4,000 hours in the air before he is given command of one of our great four-engined bombers for ferrying or transport service.

The skilled ATC pilot thus is a man who can handle a military or combat airplane—and he may, and often does, go into combat duty from the ATC. This Bill out a circle explained to me by Brig.-Gen. Harold L. George, the trim, gray little man who commands our air transport service.

"Our men can go into combat," said the General, "and combat pilots can join us—for the sort of breathing spell that every fighting pilot must have if he is going to remain valuable in the air."

There is no questioning the ability of the fully qualified ATC man to handle a military plane. He specializes in the plane itself, rather than the route.

"A man may go east or west or south or north," says Colonel C. R. Smith, executive officer and former president of American Air Lines. "Learning routes or geography is no great trick. But he must know the plane. Without making a hard and fast rule about it, we tend to keep the man in one type of plane until he has mastered it."

The Globe Shrinks

And no man can fly in the air transport command for long without becoming resourceful in every kind of emergency that flying brings. He will be afraid—in the sense that he will be aware—but he will also be ingenious and cool and courageous. I have known ferry pilots to land big bombers on an uncharted stretch of beach in the black of night, on Tinian Island in the South Pacific, to bring out Australians who were stranded there when the Japs took the island; landing under the noses of the Japanese, taking off in the same fashion, and then flying back for more.

Going south from headquarters, the flier carries a jungle kit—long knife, mosquito dope, rations, etc.—which is a constant reminder of the possibilities; the wild, thickly-grown region of the Amazon, for instance, where a man surviving a landing would take hours to cut himself a few yards of path. The grim map of Greenland tells the flier another story; and the mighty wastes of ocean speak for themselves.

Yet the men of the air transport command have conquered these ancient obstacles of nature so completely, and reduced the planet's time dimension so quietly and casually, that the world will awake with a start when the war is over to find herself a new size, in some respects, a new world.

A few months ago Major A. L. Harvey of the ATC made a flight from Moscow, through Iran, India, Singapore, Australia, New Guinea, Wake, Honolulu, Los Angeles, and Fort Worth, to Washington, that would have been current and public history in the press in peacetime. All records for ocean jumps by a land plane were smashed. But this is wartime, and Harvey's unheralded flight was part of the day's work of the air transport command. There have been other such flights. They are swiftly becoming routine.

And in modern war, where the whole earth's surface, and not a narrow field, is the unit of battle, these flights had to be. They had to be, and they came.

The Wallace Plan

World Wages Up

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON

SOME significant post-war planning to raise world wage rates already is being urged inside the Government by Vice-President Wallace's Board of Economic Warfare, but not without encountering difficulty.

The Wallace group wants the State Department to run into some of our war trade contracts with Latin American nations a provision which will start raising some wage levels in those nations. It would be a comparatively simple matter for this Government to require that certain labor standards be met in any goods it purchases from foreign countries.

Some officials, however, doubt that this is the time to start world social reforming. They want to win the war first and then they think that they could look at what is left with a more objective and experienced viewpoint.

But the Wallace boys believe it is never too early to start reforming and are pressing their views onward.

A decision is likely within a week or two

Cotton Sets the Pace

The only very clearly social experimenting for the post-war world was done in the Haitian Development Company financed by the Export-Import Bank, and this was done long before the war started. The company was created under Governmental auspices for the growing of sisal and rubber, and has been trying to boost basic Haitian wage averages of 20 cents a day by offering 25 to 50 per cent more.

Another modest experimental beginning of Mr. Wallace's plan for the post-war world is the Peruvian cotton deal. The way the deal is being worked out offers the first concrete evidence of how this Government will go about curtailing world farm production, how much it is likely to cost, and the difficulties to be encountered.

Agriculture Secretary Wickard signed in April an agreement with the Peruvian Government whereby two-thirds of its cotton crop (200,000 bales) will be bought by this Government and put in storage. This Government is to continue to take the same amount each year hereafter, at the annual cost of about $10,000,000, the crop to be stored in Peru.

It was done as a good neighbor gesture, but the Government has used the action to try out an international crop containment idea.

We promised to pay the Peruvians a one-and-a-half per cent increase in price for every one per cent their acreage was curtailed. The scheme also worked the other way, proposing to cut the price an equal amount for every similar increase in acreage.

No one outside the Agriculture Department paid much attention to the matter until recently, when the American cotton market began worrying about that surplus.

Senator Bankhead and others of the cotton bloc then extracted a promise from Mr. Wallace that the crop would not be brought into the United States unless our own production was unable to satisfy war requirements. The post-war difficulty of foreign agriculture production coming into competition with our own thus encountered at the outset.

As long as cotton Senators exist, that cotton apparently will have to be sold by this Government to some foreign consumers in some way whereby it will not compete with American cotton. That will be difficult, if not impossible.

The agriculturists here, however, have not let that prospect dismay them.

The Peruvian farm production system is a Spanish hacienda approximation of our own share-cropper condition. The boys here are already feasting their eyes hungrily on that subject, although it is not mentioned in the agreement.

Side Glances

"As long as we're helping the war effort by not taking sugar in our coffee, dear, let's both have another eclair!"

TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT

Material pleasures do not supply the nourishment for high living. The waters grow stale and flat and revolting. *They have forsaken me, the fountain of living waters, and hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water.—Jeremiah 2:13.*

Visitin' Round

Wa'n't They Any Other Way?

(36 Years Ago, Transylvania Times)

The candy stew at the home of William Aiken last Saturday night proved quite a success. The girls found it impossible to choke George Binford on candy.