



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Ten Years Of Blood

On the Eve of an Anniversary, Hitler Can See Only the Signs of His Impending Doom

A year ago tomorrow Adolf Hitler, beginning the tenth year of his evil reign, could speak to the German people with confidence. Everywhere his power increased, his enemies were retreating or battling desperately to survive.

"Never will our flag be lowered; let the opponent appear anywhere and we shall beat him as we have always beaten him. If we have to withdraw, we will counter-attack; it was thus that Rommel acted when he righted the situation in Libya."

The little madman could not be shouted down. The fields of battle, indeed, belonged to the Axis. MacArthur was retreating slowly on Bataan, Singapore was living in deadly fear of the final Jap advance, Rommel was 100 miles east of Bengasi, and still rolling, U-boats took a heavy toll. Only in Russia did the German enemy advance, and that was a limited offensive, unable to destroy German fortresses. Hitler chose the time and place of battle.

But what is left for the little Austrian to say tomorrow, on his tenth anniversary? Now the Russians bleed him while in the East, threatening him with disaster. Rommel pleads before the Tunisian siege, having completed the longest military retreat in history. Bombs shower down on the Continent. Italy quakes. Japan's strength ebbs as the first weight of American offensives are felt in the Pacific.

Nowhere has Hitler the privilege of initiative. His troops are spread to meet the ring being forged around him. In the past six months the balance of power has not only shifted; it has become inevitable. Peoples of the United Nations, living too close to history in the headlines, have still to realize the thrilling fact. The war, with its death and suffering, still stretches far ahead, but now the enemy retreats everywhere. The cause of the United Nations is no longer in danger. Now there can be only the bloody drives at Berlin and Tokyo.

The simple fact that Axis leaders can no longer strike at will was sufficient to lead outspoken Admiral Halsey to predict the death of aggression this year. It is enough to bring hope that Germany can be destroyed this year. It is no longer a time for the see-saw of over-confidence and black despair of the peoples back home. It is a time for recognition of the fact that the coming of peace is now up to us alone. The enemy can no longer hope to spread the conflict.

Retreating everywhere, the Axis wields its offensive power only in submarine warfare—a deadly weapon, but only in delaying the end. Butchered in the Russian snows, surrounded in the Tunisian triangle and harried from the air on the Continent, the German soldier can no longer feel his superiority above that of all men, and the false prophet of Berlin can no longer convince his people that victory lies ahead.

This time, for Adolf, there can be no detour, and no retreat. He pledges that the Third Reich will never surrender, that it will die in the fight, to the last man, woman and child. The Reich, indeed, may not live to see his eleventh anniversary, 1943, but will send the details of his reign, his hopes, and again, to the beginning of the decade of violence, to the casting of the die which made this coming doom inevitable.

The Yanks Are Coming

First American Raid Gives Nazis a Peep Into the Months of Terror To Come

The Third Reich was still pondering news of the Casablanca Conference, and the plain people of Wilhelmshaven and Emden were going about their work as usual, when the big motors droned overhead. In broad daylight, they were unafraid. The nights might be fearful, for that was when the British came, but no danger. The sun shone there could be no winter. Until the bombs came raining down, and the batteries opened fire, there was no way of knowing that a new time of peril had come.

On the shore of the North Sea, the workers still could not know that the Americans were upstairs, and that the beginning of the end had come. Until much later, perhaps not at all, would they be told that the night of the United States Air Forces had begun the task of wrecking Germany. They could not know what planes were dropping death and destruction from so high in the clouds.

The Germans didn't know about "Car-

ter and His Little Pills," or "Butch," or "Gopher," or "Connecticut Yankee" and the plain people of Wilhelmshaven and Emden were going about their work as usual, when the big motors droned overhead. In broad daylight, they were unafraid. The nights might be fearful, for that was when the British came, but no danger. The sun shone there could be no winter. Until the bombs came raining down, and the batteries opened fire, there was no way of knowing that a new time of peril had come.

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This Is Too Much

Our Eating People Will Go Where Necessity Of War Leads, but Deliver 'Em From Muskrat

When an official voice speaks to an American citizen, nearly assuring him that privations at home have only begun, and that the worst is yet to come, it gets a rational answer. Anguish goes, but we'll take anything we have to if we'll get this war won so the boys can come back home and we can set the world straight again. The average American banker after doing his part, but his imagination is limited. To the average amateur chef that lives in a house a few degrees colder, walking more, or riding crowded buses, maybe cutting the income deeper for taxes and bonds, or giving up coffee for good, if it comes that far, perhaps it means a little less food; we eat too much, anyhow. It may mean fewer desserts. To those little menaces, America will bow gracefully. That's not really suffering, but only playing at it.

But rare is the eating man who, when warned of harder times ahead, turns his thoughts to the inedible. They'd rather eat a little sitch, think about fewer steak dinners than more horse meat. That's always good for a shudder, a little horse meat story in the papers; and so far as we're concerned, it has been the limit of civilian sacrifice.

Inside Germany

Hitler Begins To Tell The Sad Truth

By Dorothy Thompson

There is considerable excitement and astonishment in official American circles over the fact that the German authorities are now telling the truth to the German people about the desperate situation on the Eastern front. The German press has even gone so far as to advise the people to copy the example of England, who bore up so nobly during catastrophe.

Why this sudden candor? Some think it is a Machiavellian move to scare the world by the "Bolshevism" others think the Generals are seeking to pin the blame for defeat on Hitler as a preface to getting rid of him. But the simpler explanation is that they cannot avoid telling the truth and are therefore making a virtue of necessity.

It is impossible to keep bad news from any people for a very long time, by any censorship. Lincoln's remark that "you can fool all of the people some of the time and some of the people all of the time, but you can never fool all of the people all of the time," even applies in Nazi Germany.

And geography is a fact. One cannot pretend, for instance, that the Caucasian army is fighting before Grozny if, at the same time, it is fighting before Armavir.

Then, there is this: Where the facts are not officially revealed, rumor flourishes, and so does Allied propaganda. One of the last, the "Schwarze Korps," official organ of the SS, and the Gestapo, complained bitterly as follows:

"It is sticking one's head in the sand to pretend that the propaganda wave of the enemy, grandiose in its proportions, and using the slogan 'the tide has turned' can be annihilated outside the German frontiers. The other has no frontiers. The only West Wall of the radio is the discipline of the listener. . . . And we know that only a few radio-criminals are sufficient to cover vast stretches of territory with rumors. Also our frontiers are not absolutely closed against former enemy countries and millions of aliens (forced workers from the occupied territories) are running around in our midst, who do not share our national morale. No news is so stupid but that something of it will be believed. And stupidity has no class lines. A single conceited fool with a good name and appearance, spreading rumors in cafes and barber shops can create more trouble than a dozen enemy agents."

"Thus the enemy accomplishes more with his radio war than he does on the battle fields, if our own news policy does not effectively counter him."

Now this is very interesting. It is a great tribute to the Allied propaganda; it reveals that disconcerting news class lines, that persons of rank are among the "quills" who spread our news. And it is testimony from the most qualified source—the Gestapo! But what complicates things for the Gestapo is that when they decide to let out the news in order to counteract rumor, the news sustains the rumors.

But there is another reason why they are telling the truth. They have got to squeeze the last drop of energy out of the German people, and the only queezer left left to them is fear. The German radio is playing funeral marches! The whole line is: Pull yourselves together or you are lost. The German domestic propaganda paints for the people the most hideous picture of defeat: Revenge, national dismemberment, racial extermination, and permanent rejection to a sub-human level.

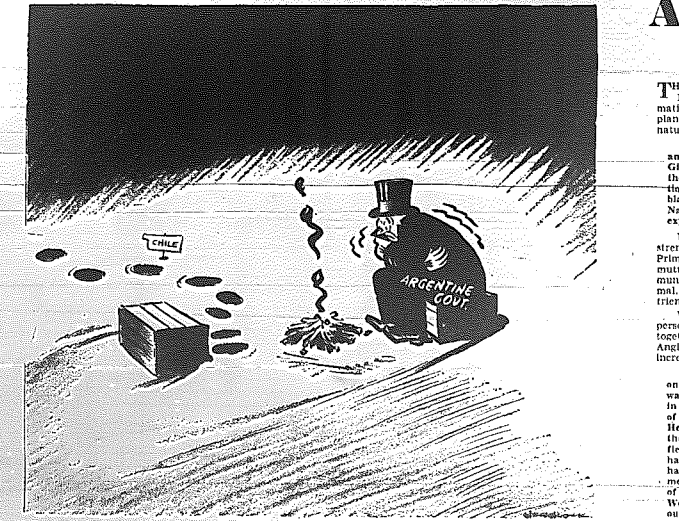
In view of the acknowledged success of the Allied propaganda in this, I think we ought to be able to counteract it too. It is unfortunate that the books and speeches of Lord Vansittart and Kaufmann's "Germany Must Perish" are reprinted by Dr. Goebbels as testimony to the heroic fate that awaits a defeated German nation.

What gets under the German skin and counteracts the Nazi campaign are speeches like Henry Wallace's, projecting a new and better world with freedom, equality and justice for all. And statements like the President's, discriminating between Nazi criminals and harmless people who have been forced into collaborating with their party leaders.

But we might also learn something from our enemies about the effectiveness of censorship. For they have certainly given censorship a good trial. They even have death sentences for listening to radio—and it doesn't help. The old phrase "Curiosity killed a cat" reveals a profound truth. People want to know things. And where they don't know, they speculate, and their speculations become political facts. The motto on the Czech insignia is "Truth Prevails." It does, if you give it half a chance.

It's a Cold, Cold, Hemisphere

—By Herblock



Vichy Has Failed

Unity From Rebellion

By Samuel Crofton

It is something, that one small quarter of Marsailles is now willing to fight it out, by itself, whereas once all of Paris, and of France, laid down its arms.

That is like a temperature reading. It is rich in meanings. It means that the leaders of France, who were had enough prestige to be able successfully to order the details of his reign, his hopes, and again, to the beginning of the decade of violence, to the casting of the die which made this coming doom inevitable.

The Nazis did not want to use tanks in the streets of France. They wanted to use French traitors. Traitors make better policemen than tanks. Now they must use tanks, and that means France will be less well policed, not better.

The Germans had so much trouble in one quarter of one city, once Vichy's prestige how up, shows us how useful has been the job Vichy did for Germany. That one incident comes close to explaining Hitler's entire relationship with Vichy, and the sometimes extraordinary deference he has displayed toward it.

Vichy's stock-in-trade was its appearance of resistance to Hitler. This false atmosphere of resistance, able stage-managed, alone gave Vichy whatever authority it possessed among Frenchmen. When we accepted the theory that Vichy was resisting, we helped to dress the stage. Now, it will be said that Petain was sincere, that he really tried to limit the scope of German conquest.

The important point is that this doesn't matter. (That's the hard part to get.) What went on in the

back of Petain's mind is an irrelevant. If the concrete result of his policy was such as to keep France dormant while Hitler consolidated. Even if his heart broke while he did the dirty work, that still is irrelevant.

In fact, the tears helped the stage dressing a little. It was actually better, for Hitler's purpose, that Vichy dislike him a little than that it love him so well, which was one reason for the long delay before the self-confessed scoundrel, Laval, could be put in.

Purpose is important only insofar as it affects policy. If policy remains the same on the basis of a good purpose as of an evil purpose, then purpose is unimportant. It becomes a mere anecdote, a diary entry, of no consequence. The people of Europe are rapidly clarifying themselves on these points. But we are still lost in a writer of irrelevances. We are satisfied with some of the French unrepentables we have placed in positions of power in Africa, because our purpose is good. After all, we mean well. We know ourselves, we know we mean well.

Write it in a diary. It is irrelevant. There are concrete tasks to perform. One is to lead the French revolution. The moment came in Marsailles, and the French African radio, within our control, were voices, silent, unable to control the Marsailles either to go further, or to stop. Fifty thousand fighting Frenchmen were alone, dreadfully alone. We had nothing to say. Worse. Our policy, to that moment, was so bad that whatever the African transmitters had said, would not have been listened to. That is the measure of policy, not purpose. If our policy cuts us off from the French people, what care they how pure we be? One hopes for great things from the meeting between de Gaulle and Giraud. The French are tired of leaders they must psycho-analyze. They want actions they can understand.

Two And Two

All Together

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON

The Casablanca meeting between President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill was spectacular, but until we have more information it will be difficult to judge how important the plans and decisions for 1943 we don't expect to be told anything, naturally.

Fortunately the Casablanca conference brought a closer union among such political factions. General de Gaulle and Gen. Giraud met and agreed that Frenchmen must unite to fight their allies. Evidently some progress was made in that situation. Considered as a strictly Anglo-American matter, the Casablanca meeting apparently was successful. Considered as a United Nations matter, it leaves much to be desired, or else much to be explained at a more appropriate time.

Undoubtedly the Anglo-American working alliance has been strengthened by the Casablanca meeting. President Roosevelt and Prime Minister Churchill obviously are collaborating with the utmost mutual confidence. Quite a point was made of that in the joint communiqué. If some friction occurs in the lower levels, that is only normal. In war, as on some one said, the problem is always how to be friends though allies.

With Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill maintaining such a strong personal entente cordiale and bringing their respective military staffs together for ten days of conference, the practical strength of the Anglo-American working alliance has undoubtedly been substantially increased by the Casablanca conference.

As the two principal Atlantic nations, America and England are one, strategically, controlling both ends of the vital Atlantic highway. America is the production center, the British Isles, in depth—as was shown when the British, in those dark hours of June, 1940, prepared to move with their fleet to the Northern Hemisphere in case Hitler should take the British Isles. Britain is the big forward base for our defense, and a gigantic aviation airfield. Incidentally Britain is no small munitions producer. She has sent to Russia three-fourths as many tanks and planes as we have, and supplied two-thirds of the ships and considerable equipment for the North African expedition. Britain has vast assets—four large, free institutions, and hospitals around the world. We have found her bases or islands in all oceans invaluable for our own purposes in this war.

That is the best side of the Casablanca conference. I hesitate to discuss much the aspect that is disappointing to me, which is the absence of two powerful allies. Not even military advisers represented Russia and China. Stalin was invited. It was even offered to move the conference further east, probably to Cairo, so that he would have a quick flying trip. But he declined, and as the Casablanca conference broke up he was busy issuing a triumphant order of the day to his troops about the Red Army's 250-mile advance and the smashing of more than a hundred enemy divisions.

Stalin was informed of developments at Casablanca, but the communiqué is silent as to whether he has agreed with the Roosevelt-Churchill decisions, or whether the great Russians in Chungking have approved.

Russia is giving the German army its deepest wounds. China, long in the war, lies closest to our Pacific enemy. It is through China that the production center of the British Isles, Britain, is the two most populous allies, engaging at close quarters with our two enemies, are vital members of the United Nations.

The Sacrifice

Roscoe Conkling and his nephew, Morris Miller, were popularly known during the Civil War. At a meeting in Onondaga County, New York, to arouse sentiment for a more vigorous prosecution of the war, the speaker offered time and money to the cause. An elderly man stated that he had no money to give, but he had a son he would devote to the service of his country. Another father stood up and, with tears in his eyes, offered two sons. Enthusiasm was at its peak and everyone was carried away in waves of self-surrender. Whereupon Morris Miller also rose to the occasion. "I am sorry, very sorry, that I have no money to offer my country," he said. "I am sorry that I have no son to sacrifice. But it would give me great pleasure, very great pleasure indeed, to offer up my uncle, Mr. Roscoe Conkling!"

Side Glances



Visitin' Around

Honor Thy Father And Thy Mother, But Leave Thy V-8 At Home

(Pleasant Hill Item, Monroe Journal)

On visiting a news, Mrs. Brooks of Center View says. That's true. Even our aged mothers are deprived from receiving visits from their children, unless the said mothers happen to get sick. That's not right. Mothers need help and encouragement while they are well, and when they get sick they can't be it all the better. Honor thy father and thy mother," says the Bible. But Uncle Sam says you must walk if you visit them.

Sib.—The Preacher's Listenin'

(Hatteras item, Dare County Times)

One Baptist minister is getting to be some turkey hunter. He hardly has time for Sunday.

Mama, Hasn't That Man Been Here Before? (RF) item, Lexington Dispatch)

She'll Feel Better

When she Gets Off That Soft Diet

(Mount Home Item, Morganton News-Herald)

Mrs. C. E. Potent who has been sick from having some teeth pulled is some better we are glad to say.

The Hoarder

(Hays item, North Wilkesboro Newsworld)

Tyra Bauguess of Lomax will not need his tractor for farming purposes, since he bought W. J. Templeton's fine mule.

What Are The Children Doing, Schooling?

(Mt. Morgan Item, Monroe Journal)

Some of the men are saw-milling, while the women are working at outills.

"I've got a son in the Navy, and if you people don't run more pictures about the war in the South Pacific I'm going to stop coming to this theater!"