First Anniversary

The End Of A War

With knew the war was over: we had moven it for days. There was plenty of proof, the sort, of proof we could understand. A regiment of our infanity cap tured Dorimund, a city unlied here to the desired to the sort of the s

around us.

The official message from Supreme Headquarters arrived on the morning of May 7th by teletype. It set the time for essattion of hostilities at 0001 on the 8th fone minute after midnight on the 7th). It settled the best shal had been made weeks lafore. It allowed us to turn on the lights and 7th the blackout blinds down from the windows. We were able, at last, in discard the heavy steel believes that hind discard the heavy steel believes that had the message from SHAEF was the signal for the party we had been planning for years.

FVEN on V-E Day we were moving: It was the fate of factical troops never to unpack. We established fur headquarters in a little fown north of the Ruhr, on the flat, incredibly green plain that atteches eastward from the Rhine. We had picked the town because it had been out of the main line of advance, and had contained no industries worthy of aerial attention. It was as nearly intact as any town in Germany, and the lights were burning and the water system worked. We moved into a row of middle class three-story houses on a shady street. There was glass in the windows, sheets on the beds, an ornate upright plane in the parlor. We sank into the ugly comfort of red plush chairs and sent a delegation down to the town brewery for a key of beer. We did not need to be reminded that huxury is a mathematical sentences to be reminded that huxury is a mathematical sentences. need to be reminded that luxury is a matter of contrast.

There was a special dinner that night. The Supreme Commander had announced this desire that all American combat troops stage a celebration. Captured stocks of wine, cognac, and beer were made available by the truck-load. Cigars came forward by the case. The quartermaster provided 3,000,000 ateaks. The mess sergeants and the cooks, cheerful for the first time in history, knocked themselves out. It was a wonderful dinner, consumed beneath a blue haze of cigar smoke. Best of all, the windows stood open and the bright light streamed into the soft Spring night, and all across the little town we could hear American voices raised in song. The Germans huddled in their cellars, out of sight, and we could almost forget they were there; we knew they were incapable, for the moment, of translating their stunned resentment into action.

We had bur party, some twenty of us There was a special dinner that night

resentment into action.

We had bur party, some twenty of us who had attained the ultimate intimacy that comes of surviving three major campaigns, in the house taken over by the operations section. Colonels, majors, captains, leutenants, men from Mississippi and Ohlio and Arizona and New York. assembled there in the parlor where the hideous German furniture was overlaid with the battered green field equipment of the United States Army. The big operations maps covered the walls. For the first time there was no winding blue line/to mark the front, no red symbols-to indicate German positions. There were instead great lopsided goose-eggs, each bearing the symbol of an infantry regiment or a field artillery battalion or a nanti-aircraft group. The front tailon or a nati-aircraft group. The front line had given way to zones of occupational responsibility; we, who had been soldiers that morning had become policemen.

We had champagne, captured a thousand miles and ten thousand lives before in France, and smuggled across Europe in

ammunition cases. There was Soolch whises, obtained on reverse lend-lease when we were serving under Montgomery in Holland. There was a profusion of cogracy const of it bad. And, to remind us suddenly of home, there were a few bottles of bourhon, nursed across an ocean and a continent and saved for this day.

THERE was, of course, a great deal of noise. Somebody could, or thought he could, play that monstrous plano. There was singing, sentimental ballads, fraternity songs, even the plaintive German marching song "till Marlene". It was loud, offers, and to us, heart-breakingly lovely, there were jokes that semed, and weren't, uproarlously funny. There was even a speech or two.

Two minutes before midnight, without

Two minutes before midnight, without order, without plan, without previous discussion, we poured out into the street and tined up. We were, of course, still armed, and we readied our weapons—45 automaand we readled our weapons—45 automa-tics, carbines, one dainty little pearl-han-dled .22 pistol acquired from a German civing from a window and held his wristwatch before his eyes. When both hands
pointed straight un to twelve he raised
his right arm, pistol in hand. A minute
later he gave his command. The first
round from those twenty weapons was a
single roar, and there was a solid orange
flash along those twenty muszles. Then,
as each offere emptied his clip, the firing
toot on a ragged tempo. Through it all
could hear the soprano yapping of the
.22. It struck me as enormously funny.

It was of course, extravagantly foolish. We found out how foolish later. A sentry before the General's door down the street had been sent back for that quiet duty when his nerves became too ranged for front-line service. When our fusiliade ripped the night he whiteld, dropped too knee, and leveled his rifle at us. Another sentry kicked the gun out of his hands before he could pull the trigger.

We were not, despite the evidence to the contrary, drunk. We were indulging in the first Irresponsible gesture, we, who had borne too much responsibility too long, had been able to afford in more than three years. It was a sort of ferce release and a primitive joy, and while we stood in the dark street and blasted away at heaven we were again small boys firing firecrackers on the Fourth of July.

UR emotional binge was, of course, truncated. None of us believed then that we would be going home soon. We knew the shooting phase was only part of a war. The evidence of unfinished business knew the shooting phase was only part of a war. The cividence of unfinished business was all around us: the prison camp a few miles away where more than 100,000 Russian soldiers had been buried and half as many were still alive and hungry; the displaced persons from all of Europe who swarmed simlessly across that flat, green Rhine plain; the great industrial cities of the Rubr lying broken and all but deserted; the twelve Jewish women with amputated breats we had found that day; the stunned German civilians, sitting in their cellars on this night of our triumph nursing resentment that would soon become implacable hatred. And the war in the Pacific, which had seemed remote and unrelated to our lives, had become, at midnight, May 8, 1945, our new reality.

But despite all this, we felt a surging,

midnight, May 8, 1945, our new reality.

But despite all this, we felt a surging, joyous hope. It seemed to us then that the problems that lay ahead could not possible the set of the second of the possible that he problems that lay ahead could not possible so difficult as those that lay behind. Our business had been death, and now it would be life, we were past the cold, and the hunger, and the termide weariness, and the sense of Immediate personal danger, and that seemed to us monumental progress. Building, even building a whole new world we thought, could not, no subby be as world, we thought, could not possibly be as hard as destroying the old world had been

Remembering that bright hope today, across twelve wasted months, I confess
that I feel some of the bitterness I believed
then I would never feel.

—HARRY S. ASHMORE

The Pulitzer Committee's Wise Choice

WE are delighted with the news that the Pulitzer Committee singled out, a Southerner, Hodding Carter of the Green-ville, Miss. Pelta Democrat-Times, for its 1985 editorial award, At 39. Hodding Carter is already a seasoned campaigner against race prejudice and its allied evits, and to its one of those native some who elected to alay at home and conduct his crusade the hard way.

In his books, Winds of Fear and Flood Creat he stated, with considerable literary akill, the racial problems of the region, and pointed the way toward an enlight-ened solution. But he has also hammered home his point for years in newspaper editorials—first in his home state of Louisi-ana as yn active participant in the battle against Huey Long, and now over on the Delta where he is gunning for The Mari Bilbo.

Mr. Carter has also demonstrated, in this day when the press is being roundly damned as a monstrous monopoly, that it is atill possible for a young man of akill and insertly to become a successful newapaper publisher. In a few years, with some financial assetsance from his successful books and snagatine articles, he has parlayed

his original \$360 investment in a LIny Louisiana paper into a daily newspaper property worth several bundred thousand dollars. And, let it be noted, he has accomplished all this without compromile his conscience, or even multing the loud voice in which he has proclaimed opinions despised by his fellow Mississippians.

It is a realitively simple matter to ac-uire a liberal viewpoint on racial mat-It is a realitively simple matter to ac-quire a liberal viewpoint on racial mat-ters if you are safely located in a spot where acceptance of a theory does upt necessarily involve translating it into day-by-day practice. Mr. Carter is, in a very by-day practice. Mr. Carter is, in a very real sense, a man in a foxhole out on real sense, a man in a foxhole out on real sense, a man in a foxhole out on real sense. The property of the property of the pro-perty of the property of the property of the pro-more fitting choice.

It turns out that the O in UNO has no official standing, and is therefore dropped; or you could put the decimal point after the N.

No one seems to know for sure what it is that John L. Lewis wants, but he won't accept a cent less.



People's Platform

Don't Prejudge The Army

NDOUBTEDLY you are aware that the OI Bill of Bights carried provision for Government-said education for those honorably discharged from the millitary service. We believe that there are many young men in North Carolina who might otherwise be deprived of the advantage of bigher education; and we are still striving. I hope, to keep our young men informed of the facts concerning voluniary service in the Army as a stepping-stone to such benefits.

my.

Might I suggest that, if not incompatible with
ur policy, occasion be taken by you either editorially
otherwise to counsel against prejudgment lest the
solidity of a biased or distorted pleture encourage
ung men seeking the educational benefits to which,
law, they are entitled.

law, they are smilled.

We are striving to publicize by the use of all cans at our command the really splendid provisions wise and generous legislation. Permit me to add at I believe you will be discharging a public trust the highest order.—ALBERT M. JACKSON.

Colonel, C. A. C. N. C. Millstary Area.

(NOTE: We have nothing to add to Colonel cknows choquent statement of the Army's case.

(Copy that we agree with it.—Edg., The Newa).

Fat And Sassv

IT seems to me that we are sure preparing the way Japa all our groceries. I think we should let them root hog or die. They are no better than the American the surface of t

Chain Reaction

the continues of the co

Marquis Childs

Political Bedfellows

satisfactory meeting with PAC-Chalman Hilman. An each take they agreed on many details of the Congressional campaign to be bewaged this Pail. The differences between the two men are numerous, observed the pail of the con-larity be more unlike. Yet they agree on one thing. That is in their professed loyald cheric Rosewell as championed by Fresident Truman. On the base of that agreement, a working rela-tional properties of the properties of the percentage of the properties of the pro-ting of the properties of the pro-ting of the properties of the pro-ting o

TREASURY FLOURISHES

has radiated confidence. TREASURY FLOURISHES

One reason is the marked success of the Jackson Day dimers held throughout the country. While the country will be a supported to the country of the country

sembling the record in such a way as to show Republican villainy on these two points.

While there has been been been resement deliberated blocking the President's program, they have not come from Hannegan's office. He is too shrewd and to regard to reduce the politician to sanction such lalk.

politician to sanction such talk.

SLAÜGHERE TARGET

In only one Congressional district in the country will the weight of the national party machine be thrown against the incumbent Donne Firth District of Missouri, the President's own district. Representative Roger C. Slaughter of that district has worked hard to sidered most important to his program.

FORMIDABLE FOR

FORMIDABLE FOE

Slaughter-now has a formidable
opponent in the primary in Jerorne Walsh, a prominent Kansas
rorne walsh, a prominent Kansas
A prominent Fall and the second of the sec

Samuel Grafton

Life On An Island

MANTEO is on Roanoke Island. and though the Island has a brid and though the Island has a brid and the Island has a brid and the Island has a brid and the Island has a sandy pentibudis. In such of which is like Roanoke itself; and as Roanoke has defied the bridge and has remained, emotionally, an electing that the people of Mantee know very little about the world. Later he realizes how wrong this feeling is: the people of Mantee world than do the people of New York City.

I mean the physical world of

world than to the proper or Vork City.

I mean the physical world, of course; almost any man, or child, with the property of t

FISH AND MEN Manteo's closene

THE POSTMAN BINGS

Drew Pearson's: U. S. Being Poisoned With Greed, Hate

Merry-Go-Round

Washington

TODAY, one year from the day Germany surrendered, it may be appropriate to take stock of the things we should have learned from Hilter, but haven't.

Most students of the war will age that if Hiter had Most students of the war will age that if Hiter had Most students of the war will age to the things of the Rhineland and Austria, he could have ecaped a war and might today be politically and economically dominating furupe. But his greed, his lust for teritory carried him too.

Likewise had Hiller been more tolerant toward religion, had he noty hillipsed sewish shops, and waged unmerciful war against this one religious group, he might not have aroused he rest of the world against him.

Today, in the USA, we have to someniabled. Green control of the c

ARA, Hittes Again [Proclams and the season and the season has increased to a shocking degree. Wittees for instance, the kir Kirk Kin. Discredied, and with its leaders in jail before the war, it has now aprung to life again. So far its centroids are scattered and feels but algorithmity growing.

onger. To illustrate, here is a secret survey of KKK activities in

In Knowlife, Tenn, Birmingham, Ala, Key West, Fis., and Maryville, Tenn, Birmingham, Ala, Key West, Fis., and Maryville, Tenn, Kian Chapters are meeting requisity. In Miami, Fis, several crosses have been burning since V-J Day, but a vigorous expose by the Miami Beraid has resulted in Kian condemnation by ministers, civic leaders, and

It Happened In Tennessee

John L. Lewis's Greed

JOHN L. LOWER & Green

PERILIPPE, like a ceriain German gentleman, John L. Lewis
news selma to know when he has demanded too much
with the road operators and able U. S. Negotistor Ed McGrady, demanded that the operators pay time and a half
for four gost holidays—Labor Day, Thankagving, Christmas,

In the coal operation has been been been and a half four past holidays—Labor Day, Thankagiving, Christmas, divergiars, and the grant past holidays—Labor Day, Thankagiving, Christmas, divergiars, and the grant past half and the p