



BRITISH MOPPING UP AXIS FOES IN LIBYAN DESERT—Pictures like these came from mBerlin—but these came from London and they show (top) a long line of German soldiers captured by the British in Libya. They are being marched to the rear. Middle: A close-up of some of the German captives with British Tommies guarding them. Bottom: A German tank burns fiercely after a losing battle with the British in Libya.

In the Army Now:

Caught In The Blackout, Private Hargrove Takes Time For Thought

By PVT. MARION HARGROVE.



Hargrove

A few voices could be heard here and there in that distant but distinct way that voice sound in the stillness of night.

The sky that night had a strange, unreal look. The moon was large and brilliant. Thin clouds that looked like huge flat sheets of white were scattered across the sky and gave it the appearance of a tremendous envelope, the sides of which extended to every horizon.

There is little true religion, for I am poetic vision and practically no profound philosophy in my mind. I am a soldier and I am a man. I am a man moving slowly and casually across the sky, while we below are engaged in a world conflict, put the thing in a large perspective.

That moon, which looked so small to us, was the same moon that had paled its casual face across the sky when the cabbage fields of France were torn to hell and gone 24 years ago—and when the Nazis and the Goths and the Vandals plowed civilization under 1,000 years ago.

I wondered what a disinterested and casual superhuman observer would think as he watched the people of Earth choose sides every few years and proceed to whine the daylight out of each other. I thought about that for awhile and then I occurred to me that he would be too busy whining the daylight out of the superhuman next door to keep his observations long uninterrupted.

I remembered a fable I once read—when I was in about the sixth grade, I believe. As I remember it: It was written by John Bunyan. The setting was a child's garden party.

Everything was going along smoothly for a time, until one of the children pulled a large brass-headed nail from a chair. One of the other children saw it and pulled out a couple of nails for himself. All the children turned to and began picking the nails. When the chairs were completely stripped of nails, the children looked around and saw that some had more nails than others. A lie-

ly competition ensued, with no referee and no holds barred. When they tired of fighting over nails, one of their number discovered that the nails weren't half so fascinating as the lamp-chimneys at the door.

Since I've been ten or twelve years since I read the story, my version is probably far off the beam, but that was the gist of the story. That last across the street got a bigger hunk of cake than I did, so I'm going to take his teeth out and take his case away from him.

Our position in this war is an honorable and justifiable one. We're satisfied with the way we have. We didn't take it away from someone else, so we'll hang onto it. What's more important, we like the teeth we have—and heaven help the punk who takes the first swing at them.

However, be that as it may, I hope that when our children and grandchildren come across the word "war" in their history lessons, the teachers will have to take time out to explain what the word means.

Schools Will Open Monday

To Resume Work After Christmas Holidays

Schools of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County will reopen Monday morning after the Christmas holidays.

Both white and Negro schools of the city and county systems will resume classes at 8:30 A. M. Monday. They have been closed since Dec. 19 for the Christmas holidays.

Sesqui-Centennial:

Raleigh To Celebrate 150th Year As Capital

RALEIGH—The 150th anniversary of the establishment of Raleigh as the capital of North Carolina will be observed here during the week of April 26, 1942, with the largest historical celebration in state annals.

Raleigh, like Washington, was selected as the site for the capital and was developed with that in view, without encumbrance of prior construction.

The capital of North Carolina, when the legislative committee purchased the necessary land from Joel Lank, was a wooded wilderness.

Consequently developed, Raleigh now is the state's fifth largest city, its popula-

tion having been increased to 55,000 by extension of its corporate limits in November of this year.

Celebration of the sesqui-centennial was given the official stamp of approval of the 1941 Legislature which also appropriated \$20,000 for the event. Governor J. Melville Bellamy, Jr., appointed a commission of 25 prominent citizens from all parts of the state with J. C. Crawford, Mayor of Raleigh, former Solicitor General of the United States, as chairman. Lester B. Rose, secretary of the Raleigh Chamber of Commerce, is secretary.

"Say I saw it in The News. Thank you."

May Have To Commandeer Automobiles

Auto Industry Urged To Full Production

WASHINGTON—(AP)—Drastic wartime regulations which already have halted sale of new automobiles and cut tire and tube sales to the general public by 80 per cent may be extended to include commandeering of cars for use by the armed forces or in essential civilian services.

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Price Administrator Leon Henderson said that although the Government will refrain from such action as long as possible, retooling of cars owned by persons who have no vital need for them was the "gloomy prospect" for the future.

NEW CAR SHORTAGE

Henderson explained that only 650,000 new cars will be available for sale to private consumers after automobile production is shut down next month for the duration of the war.

The advertisement, in the form of an open letter to the OPM, said that 250,000 automobile workers were idle now and that a total of 400,000 would be idle by the end of January.

Signer Philip Murray, CIO president, the letter said, urged proposals for all-out production would be needed before the OPM again in the conference of Government officials, labor leaders and automobile executives which has been called to meet in Washington Monday.



PRAYED FOR VICTORY—THEN PAUSED TO GREET A CHILD—Prime Minister Winston Churchill and President Roosevelt joined in prayers for victory in historic Christ Church at Alexandria, Va., New Year's Day—and then paused to meet six-year-old Katrina Welles, daughter of Rev. E. R. Welles (left), as they left the church. Lord Halifax, the British Ambassador, smiles behind Churchill. The President holds the arm of Maj.-Gen. Edwin N. Watson, a Presidential secretary. Rev. T. S. Matthews is at the right.

Raid Base At Brest

British Also Strike At St. Nazaire

LONDON—(AP)—British bombers raided the German-occupied naval base at Brest, France, while the Nazi battleships Gneisenau and Scharnhorst have been tied up for months, and also hit the German Atlantic base at St. Nazaire. Occupied France, the Air Ministry announced today.

The Air Ministry said mines also were laid in enemy waters. No aircraft were missing after the operation.

The attack on Brest was another in a long series of raids against the help of the German battleships on the Atlantic coast.

BLONDES—BRUNETTES

By LUCRECE HUGHES
AP Feature Service Writer

NEW YORK—Ask a blonde what her favorite color is and it's ten in one shrill yell "Blue."

Ask a brunette and her answer will probably be "Red."

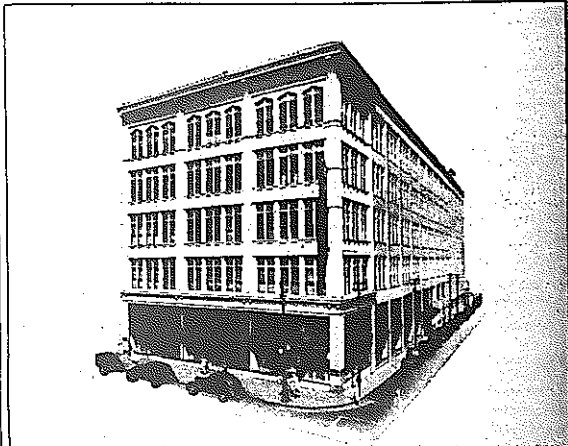
Why? Well, because they were born that way. That's the story of an eminent American psychologist.

He explains that blondes are descended from ancestors who originally lived in regions a long way from the equator. In these lands there is a preponderant blue tint reflected from the sky.

Both blonds and brunettes are descended from ancestors dwelling in more tropical climes.

Here ultra-red and heat rays are predominant and cause a pigmentation on the skin termed "redheadedness."

And brunettes, as a rule, prefer red.



From A Tiny Calico Counter Grew A Nationally Known Institution

Calico and crinoline, lavender and lace . . . these were prime essentials when grandma did her shopping at IVEY'S.

But calico and crinoline went out . . . and motor cars came in . . . and radio . . . and airplanes . . . and what was once (in 1900) a tiny hamlet of 18,091 became a metropolitan city of 100,899 (in 1940) . . . the "Queen City of The Carolinas."

We grew along with Charlotte . . . kept on an even pace beside the Queen City's development. And built our future on an ever expanding service to the public.

It was, and still is, the creed of our founder, Mr. J. B. Ivey, that every customer's dollar must buy one hundred cents in value . . . and that only the best is good enough.

And so America's great manufacturers gave into our keeping their honored trade-names and their famous labels. So that today, all the way from New York to California, they talk about IVEY'S . . . as not only one of the greatest stores in the South, but the store of nationally famous merchandise.

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