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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1942

Grim Facts

Heavy Losses in Solomons Got Us Off to a Bad Start

Heavy Losses in Solomons
Got Us Off to a Bad Start
The Navy, as usual, was extremely screet in announcing U. S. losses in seopening battle for the Solomon Isnds. What was first offered to the bible as the glorious beginning of a mpaign destined to sweep all the way ross the Pacific to Japan has proved be, in more ways than one, someing less than that. The belatedly anting less than that. The belatedly anting less than that. The belatedly anting less than that. The belatedly are made to be a simple of the series of the

Brutus Gets His

Little Caesar Has the Laugh On New Deal Prosecutor

On New Deal Prosecutor

The spectacle of the United States overmment stewing in its own juice is ardly one to make all the little citizens and up and cheer. But many people, oserving that the New Deal has gone to far in condoning unreasonable large resulting the control of th

For an hour or so Mr. Arnold made is argument before Federal Judge John. Barnes of Chicago, an old Cook tounty boy who got his Judgeship at Mr. Ioover's hands just prior to the New leal. And after Mr. Arnold had Insished, udge Barnes ruled assums the Government, remarking tersely, if not somewhat dryly, "I think there is a labor lispute involved here." Petrillo's ban tood.

And the plain intimation conveyed by

And the plain intimation conveyed by udge Barnes, no New Dealer, was that the Government had been visitimized y unreasonable labor practices, it was not alone. The remedy, he impited, lay n combatting unreasonable labor prac-ices, not in strained interpretations of he anti-trust laws.

Scrapdoggle

Candidate Alfange Looks Like A New Dealer, Buying Autos

If New York State veters are looking, for a good New Dealer to just in the Jovernors chair next month, they have held man. Dean Alfange of the Americal Labor Party falls the bill, and like a reteran. Cambidate Alfange is expected to finish a poor third behind Tom Bescey and John Bennett, according to the bools, but he has fately proved his fitteness to govern in a time of bureaucrate with a single feething little suggestion. To add the scrap drive in rushing rections metal to the steel furnaces the simplifying Laborite bobbed up with the idea' that the Government shound proceed to buy civilian automobiles left up for the duration, pay for them with up for the duration pay for them with an object of the proposal boils down to almost the proposal boils down to almost If New York State voters are looking

War in a peculiar form had struck them from behind.

For a review of the new signs, we went to the sports file and found that our informant had apoken the truth. In that gay world, everything was top-systimy, and promised even worse for the future. The pambling mes had suffered before unheard-of catastrophes lace three.

Brooklyn had loot its pennant, the Yankees had been drobled in the World Series, mightly Whitinway had been defeated on two occasions by attite Abash, Minimesota had taken to losing football gaines. Duke had dropped two in a rise, for Louis had been stopped in an attempt to encore with Billy Conn. later quit the ring 15 has been a black year for the mob. Until April the boys will be getting sucker balt the hard way, working every day. The proposal boils down to almost tothing. First, it would become a po-tical maneuver, with persons owning

virtually useless cars being paid a rela-tively high price (set by politicians). Second, car-owners would be giving up what is now only a morsel of scrap.

Third, a pressed Treasury would be los-ing money at an appailing rate.

Automobiles, when torn down and junked, bring so little that Government

Automotics, when to it would have a plunked, bring so little that Government saivage agencies have been slow to move in on the nation's junkyards until other, more profitable fields have been cleared first. The discrepancy between the price paid for a running automobile and the metal it contains would run to several hundred dollars per car. Typically New Deal, we say, because the pian is based on the belief that the Government represents a bottomiess Treasury, and that the golden benefits should be poured out continually to the people. Value received doesn't matter much, in that philosophy, so long as the people are cared for. We trust the Alfange Resolution will finish no higher in the race for public approval than its author now stands in his race for office.

Exit, Worm American Textile Industry Beats Silk With Chemistry

A busy little member of the Japanese

Beats Silk with Chemistry

A busy little member of the Japaness working class, doing no better than his masters in recent attempts to expand the Greater East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, is taking a licking at American Hands. His given name, and there may be some significance there, is Bombipamori, otherwise the silkworm. A foundation of the Jap economy for hundreds, yea, thousands, of years, he has met his match in a new synthetic textile filament by Colanese Corporation.

If you're interested in the matter of weights, the new improvement on silk weights an eighth of a denier, is eight times as light and fine as natural silk. Only a spider's strand the company says, can rival the discovery in fineness. In fact, 20,000 miles of it weights only one pound. It is expected rapidly to replace silk, now cut off from the U. S., in the manufacture of vital war products.

For twenty-five years new-fangled man-made yarns have been pushing the Jap worms into the background, so that there has been no point in pure silk for a long time. After the war, the discoverers claim, the new product Fortism will find a new place in the life of industry and consumer, and completely utrank Nipponess silk in international commerce.

It's only one more little item in the

It's only one more little item in list of American gains in wart list of American gains in wartime economy, but a very important one.

Sports Gamblers Reel Under

Impact of War-Born Upsets

Impact of War-Born Upsets
There used to be a little cliche of
the clamorous clau of the sportscoun
that ran, "Whaddya hear from the
mob?" Strictly-speaking, it was an imparity, a well-swern little badge of famultarity with America-In-the-streetparks, it great to maturity after our
gamester age, became known and loved
by Zoof youth. It was, you might say,
right out of the parlance of the pool
narior.

Lately, we fear, the words have been

Lately, we fear, the words have been little used, or else kept from our sensitive ears. But the other day it bobbed up again. A man who faitfully follows the pageant of fighters, team, player, race horse or butter in eag numbers through war or peace told us he had heard from the mob. It was in hidding, he sald. All or most of its members had bain aside garish ciothing for overalls and gone to work in a hearthy war industry. They would, he said, be holed up there until Spring. War in a peculiar form had struck them from behind.

Lost World

Patriotism Is Not Enough For War

WASHINGTON.

In Berkshire, with their violet stems; of the grace and austerity of Salisbury—the green Cathedral close, and the templing rocks of piagas, Stone Henge nearly; the rosy bricks properly the control of the grace and susterity of Salisbury—the green Cathedral close, and the templing rocks of piagas, Stone Henge nearly; the rosy bricks pulling downs. King Alfred in latters playing a ballad to hits bardarous Widing conquerors, singling.

"When God put man in a garden, He girt him with a swort, And seems thing forth a free knight, And seems thing forth a free knight,

The stony visages of Durham fowns, and the lean faces of the men of the north—men of the mines and the see of the men of the north—men of the mines and the seed the frempt, the green squares, the unknown gardens.

The battle and the quiet of London. The high slow (asks), the gards signs, the cheap tea shops and the secret places—the Tempt, the green squares, the unknown gardens.

The sland, my Evaluat.

"Excland, my Evaluat."

Fariotism is soones and tea, seed cake, and coal smake, great cumilius clouds, and an aquamarine sky; honey and little strawbertles, roast beef, and ones mother. Ones mother and father and all that is sweetest and nearest.

When had she come here to Brussells, to the Berkendael when the seed of the s

A Lady Pays The Price

est and nearest.

When had she come here to Brussels, to the Berkendael
Medical Institute? Eight years ago. That was in time of
peace. Brussels was a nice town, too. Foreign ways, but
will the prepie were nice. Most of those she saw were
stick People who were afraid. "You are all right, Don't
worry."

Nome of them liked her—a lot. Wanted her to stay with them. One mustn't get ideas, though, when one is a middle-raged English spinster. Put one's salary in the bank, and at styr go heme—home to England, to a pension in Bournmouth, to scones and tea and the speech one leved.

But the war came,

By Dorothy Thompson

And now Berkendael was a Red Cross hospital. And the patients were mostly young. They looked up at her with scared eyes. "A man can live without a leg, you know."

Know."

"I love my country because I love the idea of country,"
Not an Englishman said that, but an Italian—Mazzini.
There were some Italian boys in the hospital, too. They
did not think of tea and scones, but of wine and grapes and
cheese and part, of great plastzes paved with atom; of dist,
trees against a cobait sky; of wheat planted unit and
arteched over willows; of Italiang boats with moder vines
arteched over willows; of Italiang boats with colored sails.

German boys were there, too. Delirious they jab-bered of white steamboats on a green-gray stream; of little houses with stones on the roots and sig-rag fences leaning to the wind; of Adam and Eve and the Apple tree painted over and around the tavern door; of carousings in vineyards and loud monthed songs.

Apple free painted over aim attended to the carousings in vineyards and leud mouthed songs. And the French poltas. Smilling crooked smiles; Nurse: Have you ever seen Nancy? Where the grilled iron gates are scrolled in gold and open on the formal row of chest-off the gray street, in Roune, there is the cathedral, airly as lace, transcending stone. It always rains in Brussels—but do you know the sky in the Mid!?

All, all were patriots. All, all wanted to go home. The six meiled of gangrene. They cried, too. The French pollus from between tight lips, the English boy, truned hausthill on his side, the Germans, as ahameless course in the control of the control o

The Germans were thorough, methodical and logical.

And so they took her out at dawn: Twenty-seven years
ago Monday: October 12, 1915.

It was not what one would have expected twenty years back when one had entered the London Hospital as a probationer. It was really an odd fate to overtake an English spinster. Not a glamour girl. Not a Mati Harl. Brown hair graying around the face, and gray eyes like the channel waters. Fifty years old. A middle-aged nurse, better of soldiers in front of her.

She would never eat the scenes and the strawberries and the seed cake in some rowy garden for two and atty, when sile could spend the little bank roll accumulated by twenty years of bandsging and bedgens.

It was not at all nice. It was not what one would have hoped for, She was a patriot. Fairfoltam—oh, yes. She understood patriotism.

But the had something to may Suddenty she had.

But she had something to say. Suddenly she had something very urgent to say. Just one moment, before the rifles went to the shoulders. It wouldn't hurt. Click . . . flash . . . and that's all. Quick and clean—and no gaugrene.

Not in a loud voice. The war was making a terrible

noise anyhow.

What she had to say was about patriotism. After all, it was very simple—all this about patriotism.

"Patriotism is not enough!" I am dying for patriotism. They are going to shoot me for patriotism. Patriotism is not country I die.

One dies in this ridiculous way, this not at all lady-like way, this exaggerated and unspinisterly and unrespectable way—rather like a criminal, if it comes down to it. Betriotism is ee much.

"But Patriotism is not enough!
"We must have love for all mankind."

Twenty-seven years ago Monday, Edith Cavell, and now we fight another war.

This time, for you.

Where Are You Going, My Pretty Maid?

A.F. or L. C.I.Q.

Keep It Quiet

Republicans Are Grinning

By Robert Humphreys

WASHINGTON, If YOU want to talk to a Republican in Washington today about politics, you steadibly make your way to his office, enter on tiptoe, bolt title door behind you, and conduct the conversation in witspers. WASHINGTON.

whispers.

What is worrying him is that the Democratic with whispers.

What is worrying him is that the Democratic voices may find out that there is poing to be an election three weeks hence.

No far, the campaign has gone just to sulfames—in hig boson to stir the people up, common the summer of the summer of the public apality. If something describ happen to upset things, this Republican will bet you. That the GOP picks up at least 30 House seats with an outside chance of capturing the lower things, the summer of capturing the lower things the summer of the summer of the form the summer of the summer of the form the summer of the summer of the form the summer of the form the form the summer of the summer of the form the summer of the

variably concede 15 seats in the Home, three in the Senate, and four Goscoroschips.

One of President Roosevel's Congressional leutenants completed a cast-to-coast tip a few according to the property of the Congression of

alve re-apportionment which opened contests for three new seats. In New York, the Republicans would actitle for a standorf-lose one, gain one. On the Senate side of the picture, the GOP securing on the forwards of the picture, the GOP securing on the forwards of best Cibel Herring in Lowa, E. C. Rohertson to defeat Senator H. H. Schwartz in Wysoning; Gowerner Harian J. Bushfield to take the seat now held by Senator William Blutow in South Dakock; and Gowerner Raiph L. Carr to supplant Senator Edwin C. Johnson in Colonia. Methering they claim a 59-50 chance for

inm Bulow in South Dakota; and Governor Rahji.
Cart to supplant Senator Edwin C. Johnson in
Colorado.

In Michigan they claim a 50-50 chance for
the Browner of the Colorado.

In Michigan they claim a 50-50 chance for
the Browner of the Colorado of the Colorado.

In Michigan they claim a 50-50 chance for
the Browner of the Colorado of the Colorado

In Michigan they claim a factor of the Senate seat of James II. Hughes in Delaware.

Some of the more optimistic Republicans allbert W. Hawkes, has a chance of ousting Senator William II. Smathers.

In Nebracka, it is conceded on all sides that a
hire-connected race there has greatly improved the
senator William II. Smathers

In Nebracka, it is conceded on all sides that a
hire-connected race there has greatly improved the
Senator, Bi-year-old George W. Norris, running an
an Independent; Kenneth S. Wherry, former GOP
state chairman; and a youthful radio luminary, Jryear-old Poster Mays, a Democrat.

In Republican have get that it is Wherry win
an actually get many feel that it is Wherry win
to a cutually get many feel that it is Wherry win
to a cutually get many feel that it is Wherry

when the support of Norris than W. Grant and the
period of the control of the control of the control

Summer, they operated under the prefection of
sittential the time.

The Republicans have played the game with
considerable shrewdress to date. In the early
Summer, they operated under the prefection of
attential the time.

As the election campaigns got underway and
the coams cleared that the Republicans would probfrained from raising any controversal issues for fear

In Congress, the Republicans have been playing

In Congress, the Republicans have been playing

day.

In Congress, the Republicans have been playing strictly dead—no sniping at the Administration, very little political maneuvering. The Democrats have finally caught on, and are now trying to beat the drums. How much success they are having will be measured at the polls three weeks from now.

Break It Off

Watery Vichy

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON

THERE is so much evidence of resentment in France toward the Vichy pupper government of the Nazis that this might be the time for us to come in by breaking off from the Laval government.

to the control of the

triendship toward them.

In any case the Lavil government is working for Germany and it is therefore an enemy of the United Nations. Laval is nothing how but a labor recruiting agent whose job is to shanghat Prench workines for German war factories. He is trying to help Germany win So the described by the state of the contribution of the contri

There are many signs that Hiller's New Order is cracking up and that it is is the time for us to cut loose from all those who are trying to help bilm. The Norwegians are cetainly never going to accept the New Order. After two and a half years Germany to accept the New Order. After two and as half years Germany to try to break up the resistance. In an ascertors of houses, to try to break up the resistance. In the same and searches of houses, to try to break up the resistance. In the same half girouble puts ting the squeeze on Denmark. It becomes more clear every day that Hilter can get his New Order only by holding it under bayenets.

bayonets.

Laval, who is giving French industrialists and labor committees instructions about sending workmen to Hiller's German factories, and is celling them. It is serving as a legman for a New Order that is tottering them to the factory is taken back after second-troop that is tottering them to be a factory in taken back after second-troot operations, it is gainer as forced in the factory in the factor of the facto

with Laval now.

But I know I am confusing diplomatic recognition with moral approvat. Where we recognize a government, it does not mean we approve of it. That's international law, you know. Just the same we didn't recognize Soviet Russia for a long time for the reason that we didn't like tile. Moscow regime. It was in the form the reason that we didn't like tile. Moscow regime. It was it international law, but that's the way we felt about it. That's the way a lot of people feel about Velay. But this is no way to be earrying on about as oscialed government with which we are maintaining what are technically known as friendly reinton, so excuese it please.

Side Glances



"You can't fool me, Doc-I'll bet this big order of groceries is just another one of your prescriptions for some hard luck family!"

Bible Thought Visitin' Round

Would you like to have Cod on Mice Basels
your side Three is but on way.

Mount Morths Item,
your side to be a few on the side of the place of the side figures.

Monroe Journal)

power to the faint, and to them
that have no might he increaseth strength—Issaids 40:29.

Well of the side of the