

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday by The News Publishing Company, Inc.

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

W. C. Dowd, 1865-1927

The daily edition of The Charlotte News was established in 1888. The Evening Chronicle (established 1903) was purchased by and consolidated with The Charlotte News May 5, 1914.

The News desires to be notified promptly of errors in any of its reports that proper correction may be made at once.

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The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all the news items credited to this paper, and also the local news published herein.

General advertising matter at the Post Office at Charlotte, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier: 30 cents a week; one month, \$7 cents. By mail: One month, \$7 cents; three months, \$20; six months, \$52.50; one year, \$104.00.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1942

Whats Cooking?

Signs Point to a Forthcoming Offensive by Allied Forces

These days we have a strange feeling that something is about to pop for Allies on the battlefronts. Every new smattering of evidence drifts because the signs are all unofficial. There is a broad jump from there the conclusion, we realize that we only possessed by a hunch. But as a strong one.

From Britain, everything seems to indicate a new blow. A minister warns that the time is very near; French people are told to evacuate coastal areas; Churchill is nettled by a second front demands. There is now a stir in Africa; British forces are practicing on Gibraltar. At home, we are being more prepared.

promised offensive for the world still in the minds of this year's class. Roosevelt would be careful of disillusioning their hearts if a big attack was feasible. Fall morning on, and the fighting season the continent will be open for months. For weeks, the news has indicated a growing Allied strength in land. And all has been quiet since then.

ing, for the flaming action around the fronts have been almost entirely quiet for months. Hundreds of thousands of battle-ready Allied soldiers are at the scenes of action, that quiet mean only that they are ready themselves for a plunge. There can be no assumption that our commanders are as ready as they would like to be. It is a matter of time, may be years say, but they have expressed more will more willingness to open the drive as power available at present.

We will not be surprised, but still filled, if the news comes this month, in early November, that a desert war or early-morning Channel missle drive that will mark the beginning of the end. It may come in one theater or a dozen, booming forth at one moment, and soon. It can't be too soon.

Utter Confusion

Lippard Case Sees a Good Deal of Legal Squirming

The case of the State of North Carolina vs. Carl Lippard et al. became an obscure one before the tedious trial was completed, by the incongruous of legal lights squared against each other. Attorney Guy Carswell, representing a big shot liquor dealer, the approval of his conscience, a pseudo-justice, unidentified members of the Christian Men's Club, had to encounter Attorney Jake Newell representing still another minister.

For long-time Drys thus to be pitted against each other in the Law's ultimate effort to come to grips with the liquor operator under the Prohibition System was perhaps the symbol of the utter confusion which has always surrounded the same sort of case. In past elections has found the ministers and the bootleggers working and spending money in a common cause.

Be it said to the credit of the Christian Men's Club, however, that as an organization it objected to the citing of its name by Attorney Carswell. When Mr. Carswell felt impelled to deny that he had made his previous statement that a delegation of Christian Men's Club members had called on him in the interest of Operator Lippard, explaining that he had simply discussed the matter with some of the members of the club.

His statement in court yesterday was that the members, naturally, as all pertinent statements are printed at all times. It was noted, we trust, that Mr. Carswell's retraction was unaccompanied by any retraction on the part of The News.

Incidentally, the Prohibition Liquor System operator was convicted.

With the various wrestling holds now being taught, the fair ones in the armed services, the post-war basement bargain market will be something to behold.

On Duty

Charlotte Gives Young Men As Sacrifice to a New Warfare

The tragic deaths of three young men in last night's transport crash near Morris Field brings war and its danger much closer home to Charlotte. Joe Cannon Jr. and Lieutenant Jenkins Robertson were two of the city's well-known and popular citizens. That they met their deaths in the line of duty, so near to home, brought a sense of the perilous days to hundreds of their friends.

Young Joe Cannon had been for years Charlotte's leading promoter of aviation. He was taking his place in a great industry whose future is still ahead. As a crack pilot for the Ferry Command, he was making a routine flight, under the safest conditions, when his flying came. No novice, he had been flying planes of all kinds since he was in his teens. The crash that took away his life is taking of young Americans cost him his life.

Jenkins Robertson, who held a responsible position in a Texas post of the Ferry Command, was simply a passenger, on the way home to move his wife and son to a war-time home. His family was waiting, ready to make a new home with him.

This was a tragedy Charlotte knows. Every day, from those crashes all across the nation, another city or town learns about war and its cost. In this new conflict, there is no freedom from danger. Day-by-day duty requires that young men risk their lives, even at home. It is the same as if these men had given their lives on the field, under fire.

Who. Us?

The Senate Had Fixed Prices—Until They Went to Table

Today we weep anew for the woes war brings to mankind, for the innocents at whom the world conflagration has reached out to—er—scorch. We had hoped against hope, feeling futility, that the worst would never come. But come it did. Destiny is a dull, determined force; fate is fearsome.

They've raised the price of food in the Senate restaurant. The little voters must shudder to learn that the duly-elected must now suffer heavily on an la carte order. No, the regular dinners remain the same, with the addition of more vegetables, appetizers and snags. For the middle-of-the-road men from the Chamber, the restaurant is making things easier.

But to our individualists, the new economic order came as a blow. They have blown themselves blue in the face about anti-inflation bills, but when they sat down to table, no one laughed. The price of a planked tenderloin steak, for example, is up from \$1 to \$15.00 (you and I have long paid three or four times as much, if and when); lobster with potatoes and salad is out of sight, up a quarter to \$12.55. Mince!

Many another dish went up five or ten cents—because the new manager found that steaks costing him 42 cents a year ago were now up to 72 cents. Oh, the boys who couldn't keep a hand on the price after are upon hard times. It's touch and go as to whether they'll make it to Election Day—when, by George, they'll legislate them durned dishes down to normal again, and hang the voters.

We feel sad about the Senate.

Sending seasonal gifts to the lads in far-off Australia, the sender will find in mind that Santa Claus has three parts dresses in a two-piece seersucker number.

Whatever the issue, two distinct schools of thought on same are to be found in Washington, and never were the distances in that noble city more magnificently.

For some reason, Petain puts one in mind of the old Columbia wheel comic who gabbled in supposed French, with startling results, and murmured, "I wonder what I said."

City Hall Today:

Museum At War

By Dick Young

THINGS that never die—music from vibrant strings, songs from hearts that are glad, paintings that express the longings of the soul—are threatened in these turbulent times of bitterness and hate. In the more pressing business of preserving life itself we may let slip the things that make the finer things of life. But even when the threat of aerial attack and conflict we ought not to lose sight of the things that are so dear to us, as to religion itself, we should cling more dearly to these intangibles that make for real living.

And here in Charlotte these things that never die but remain to bring us comfort and solace and satisfaction are being safeguarded by a little band of women who in days of peace established for our pleasure the Mint Museum of Art. In speaking here of an excellent institution I am not straying far afield from the realm of things municipal, for as little as some may think the Mint Museum of Art is a municipal institution.

It receives some financial assistance from the Municipal Government as well as a part of the people's government. This small group of women has for five years performed a labor of love and has established in our midst an institution worthy of far greater support.

By unflinching courage and painstaking effort, these women (and a few men) have collected many fine pieces of art and valuable museum articles. They have maintained a high standard and because of their insistence upon quality have kept the Mint Museum and all its collection on a high plane. Consequently much has been added to the cultural life of the city.

And the Mint Museum is not unmindful of the war in which America is engaged because every Sunday afternoon for the last two months its officials have conducted most delicate affairs for our soldiers. Amidst an atmosphere of friendliness and cordiality these soldiers have been entertained by brief five-minute programs, by voice recordings that are sent to their folks at home, by photographs which are sketched by local artists.

All in all these are most enjoyable affairs at which the innumerable mean so much are emphasized. The touch of the communion with the finer things represented by the paintings and music and the fellowship of kindly people.

An hour or so spent on a Sunday afternoon at the Mint Museum of Art will refresh the spirit and will help anyone face more resolutely the grim tasks of a war-torn world. Come and see!

Exhibit A

The Atlanta Journal. To the deadly serious message of the President to the Congress and his talk to the people of the nation we will refer to Exhibit A, an important statistical exhibit that might be attached in fairness to a collection of statistics.

It is a comparison of the prices of staple American agricultural products, which, prevailing on the day Adolf Hitler marched into Poland three years ago and the prices of the same goods which may be found today.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Includes Wheat, Corn, Rye, Cotton, Hogs, Cattle, Lamb, Butter, Eggs.

The Way Out

The New Yorker. A local mother who lay down on her sofa for some quick shut-eye the other day has sent along an article in this paper, which she found on her stomach when she woke up. It read:

Come to the playground, Back soon. Your son, —MAX. P. S. May not go to playground or be back soon.

We've Gotta Pay

Wayross (Ga.) Journal-Herald. "The cost of living has been a bugaboo ever since people started living. And since they don't want to quit living, they're willing to keep paying."

Case Me, Dear

Editor & Publisher. A UTSAH Standard-Examiner is going the rounds, but as yet no results. It follows: "Ours would like to correspond with widow who owns two tins. Object, matrimony. Send picture of tins."

Bible Thought

So we should not wash our hands of people who make one mistake and get off the road. We should try to lend them back, we should treat them kindly. I must have a hundred dollars and nine, and get into the mountains, and catch the thing which is gone astray?—Matt. 18:12.

Bad News From the Press



Cartoon Contributed by Sam Nash, Jr., TYLER MORNING TELEGRAM AND COURIER TIMES.

Reckless Sacrifice Stalingrad Is A Bauble

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON. (partially) planes) to the western front or to Rommel. Mister Hitler can certainly pin no Nazi medals on his breast for what he got himself into at Stalingrad. Therefore, while the news from that front has been repetitious, canned, and, consequently, somewhat dull, the broader facts of the situation are not wholly unfavorable.

But the Russians have used the crumbling city ruins as barricades, strong as any fort. His planes became useless for such close in-fighting. His tanks could only be used in twos and threes to chase snipers along devastated streets. This he had to sacrifice, ordered troops heavily to win street by street, day after day.

If the Russians could muster any kind of an offensive along the east-west line between the Volga and Don, north of the city, they could yet break the back of the Stalingrad attack.

They called in some reserves from western Siberia, and threw them into this flank attack, but they were not able to break through. The truth seems to be the Russians are better equipped materially and psychologically for the kind of last ditch hand-to-hand defensive grappling of Stalingrad than they are for offensive operations.

But Hitler's losses in Stalingrad must be measured far beyond the casualties which the Russians are daily claiming. All his bragging cannot conceal the fact that he has not yet obtained his oil. His commitment at Stalingrad prevented him from shifting enough troops down south to grab the prize Baku.

It also kept Rommel from getting the planes to develop his recent unexpected advantage on the Aimein line in Egypt. The Red Black Sea Fleet is still operating from small ports south of Tsuppe, since its withdrawal from Novorossiysk.

Furthermore, he has forced himself to keep his Russian drives fully manned, with Winter coming on, and cannot send badly needed reinforcements.

Nature In The Raw Birds Of Two Feathers

THERE is a flock in Myers Park almost completely dominated by cherubs. Two of them, Method and Presbyterians, hold most of the ground with their buildings and parsonages. But in the air they can lay no claim to superiority. Over their twin steeples, from early Summer through mid-October, an incredible number of low-winged birds fly, some flying an endless run to dust patrol. These are the flocks of Chaetura Pelagica, the Eastern chimney swift.

No one, not even the ministers, seems to know where these birds are coming from. They are equally a part of a humanism or Methodism. Apparently, they are of an open mind, and frequent both churches indiscriminately. Rev. James Jones, for some years fascinated by their flights over his domain, is a veteran swift-watcher. One Summer afternoon, he was sitting in a huge circle. Every day a flock of the friendly black darters going to nest in his church chimney.

From their Methodist haven, there is no count, but they may be seen by the hundreds, morning and evening, in the shaded eaves of the tower. During the day, especially in the gray hours of dawn and twilight, the birds stage maneuvers between the church, sailing slowly in a huge circle. Every day, though unknown to observers, young swifts join the throng their long, crossed wings are put to use at an extraordinary early age.

These are the most maneuverable of birds, veritable acrobats. Often, in their ceaseless search for insect prey, they dive low toward the ground, and recover in a perfect immelman turn that a loop, half a turn, reverse-made famous by the German flyer, Max Immelman, circa 1916. Half an hour's careful watching will reward the spotter with dozens of near-collapses as two birds swoop simultaneously for the same insect. In such a case, one always swirls upward and backward at the final split second. The recedes one always comes to his course, the insect apparently in his flat, weak bill.

An amazing, indescribable rapidity of flight is their hallmark. When they seem to be gliding, long wings are propelling them at full speed. One

John L. Trouble

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON. THE Government is having John L. Lewis trouble. It is reaching only to the Government's request that the coal miners break up their 35-hour week and go to 48 hours during the war.

When Secretary of the Interior—Lewis, as Co-Ordinator of Fuel Administration, put the proposition up to Lewis, the answer was that there was no shortage of coal and none in prospect. Lewis said the miners, who have their annual meeting next week, would accept the longer work week only if the Government proved conclusively that it was necessary and essential to the war effort.

While that discussion was going on General Hersey, Director of Selective Service, was telling industry management that it probably will be left with only half the number of men it thinks it needs. He said we may see the day when boys and girls will be spending four or five hours a day as essential work. Facts from every source indicate a drastic shortage of manpower is coming up—and it already has hit the farms and some of the metals mines. Hours in most industries have been stretched out already.

That is the setting in which John L. Lewis and his miners are to decide whether to try to hang on to their 35-hour week or go to 48. The difference between those hours is that three men would do the work of four. It would mean a 25 per cent increase in the use of mining manpower.

We do have a lot of coal on hand. In fact this is one place where we are not caught short. For the moment, we have managed to get up now the biggest stockpile of coal in history. For once we did not wait until the trouble was on us—as we did in rubber, and in steel and aluminum capacity.

Secretary Jones is still looking ahead. That's why he wants to get more coal mined right now. Because while the stockpile is big at the moment, his fuel experts forecast a shortage next year. Secretary Jones is trying to prepare for the worst. He is trying to be fore-sighted enough about affairs of this war so that he doesn't have to spend all of his time, as some do, explaining away negligence of the past.

The mines already have lost \$6,000 million out of a world total of 400,000. These have volunteered, or been induced, or have shifted into their industries such as ordnance plants and shipyards. Most of these were young men, trained in mechanical mining, and newly replaced by the older pick-and-shovel miners.

Secretary Jones anticipates interference with production from loss of these highly skilled machine miners. There will be trouble from the wearing out of machines which will be more, and more difficult, to replace. Transportation will be more uncertain because of expected shortage in rolling stock. At the same time consumption will increase, partly through accelerated industrial production and partly through conversion to coal from other fuels. These are the main reasons why the Government is trying to take time by the forelock and get out as much coal as possible now through the longer work week.

Lewis' main question, which may easily be the most difficult one of the war. With the armed services, war industries and farms gassing for men it is not likely that there will be any place in the picture for a 35-hour week, for coal miners or anybody else.

To Heck With Lexington—The Baron Wanted To See Thomashville (30 Years Ago). Lexington (Va.) Dispatch. Baron Restaurants, of London. Day-land, drives through city, but chauffeur drives so fast no one can see him.

Tell Us How You Conduct A Sewmill (North Wilkesboro Herald). Mr. Arthur Jones, who has been conducting his saw mill several months up in Elk, said Saturday that he was preparing to move back over into Boomer.

Jap Who's Who

In Pashfinder. Loh Chieh, the riddle master-counselor of the Chinese Embassy here in Washington, has a story which he thinks reflects the spirit of the Japanese. He said, "Up to a point, he told the Swin, you are neutral. You are neutral enemies."

"What, then, are the Americans and British?" the Swin asked. "They are the official, 'are better-ligient enemies.'" "Then what about the Italians and Germans?" the Swin asked. "They are the official, 'are better-ligient enemies.'" "What, then, are the Japanese, 'they are friendly enemies.'"

Then, one early morning, moving as one bird, the whole flock was winging off to the South. En route, they will be joined by other squadrons, flying with the veterans fore and aft and the youngsters in the center. In record time, they will make the tropics. And next year, war or no war, they'll be back again. Half of them Methodist, half Presbyterians. Or Methodists.