

No Miracle Expected

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON
AUTOMOBILE owners will be well advised to put little stock in talk of new pipelines and other means of increasing gasoline distribution.

President Roosevelt has ordered a new study of the feasibility of increasing the production of new pipelines. Dozens of schemes are being furiously discussed around Washington.

But these are dreams that are not likely to come true in time to do us any good for this war. At best millions will be required and steerable volumes of flow through new pipelines would be nearly a year away with the best luck in the world.

The average family might as well plan on the most restricted use of its car until after the Axis is licked. The privileged ones may have cards entitling them to fill up the tank, but they are going to have trouble getting gas anywhere because the filling stations are going to be short.

When we are abandoning construction of new munitions factories because there is no steel to build them and at the same time feed the shipyards and tank factories, it is not likely that we will divert any considerable quantities of steel for pipelines that can't carry oil until well into 1943.

That any considerable number of tankers will be refloated to the Atlantic coast, certainly is a possibility. The pressure for other uses is so strong that once having got down gasoline consumption in the East, the Government is not likely to encourage an increase during the war.

Actually the first reaction around Washington has been very favorable among automobile owners who have switched to street cars and buses. The quawk is not going to be against having to use the street car instead of the automobile. It will be directed at the people who continue to use their autos.

FOUR MONTHS FOR CANAL—OR THREE YEARS
There is agitation in Congress for a bare canal across Florida. The House Rivers and Harbors Committee is looking into it. It is argued this would eliminate the steel which would be required for pipelines and that barges and tugs could haul oil through this route and use the inland waterways along the Atlantic Coast.

Shallow craft would be used, but even so considerable dredging would be necessary. One merit of this plan, according to its advocates, is the system could be in operation within four months, but that may be an optimistic estimate. Army engineers estimate three years would be needed.

WILL JUST HAVE TO GET USED TO IT
This would all have sounded good a year or so ago. It might have been worth doing. But when the war is over we won't need these supplementary facilities, and while the war is going on it will be difficult to construct them without using up so much time and materials as to make it questionable whether the diversion is justified.

We have been caught in a jam as between oil transportation shortage and the lack of rubber, and we are going to find it difficult to escape that jam while the war is on. We stand less chance of being disappointed if we reconcile ourselves to making do with a restricted use of our cars, and the net effort on the war effort will be all to the good.

Such expansion of facilities as can be undertaken probably will have to be centered on maintaining public transportation rather than restoring full use of the private car.

Wher Man (22 Years Ago, David Record)
The dry horse of Swain and Davis, while being driven by Jim Wiseman, colored, ran away Friday morning. Wiseman was thrown under the wagon, and he never got over him, branding him badly.

"Great Axis Victory" in the Making

By Herblock



Yeah, But What Was It?

"Fitful Flashes" in The Statesville Daily

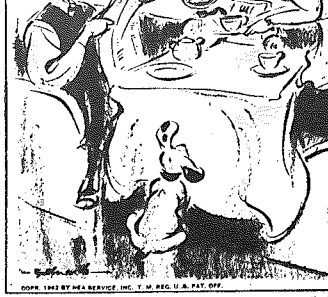
LAST week a rumor pulled up in our little town, swelled out into definite shape and form and attached itself to most distinct personalities. Rumors are no new things in the town. They belong to all little towns—they are a part of them and to a certain extent they add color to them.

ONE MARK AGAINST THE TOWN
We have set a mark against our own breadth of mind, our intelligence, our boasted Christianity—faith, hope and charity—and the greatest of these is charity—it is an uncharitable thing we've done leaving at the local diner to be mostly in the hands of these glib tongues of our—strangers who even now are trying with such eager pride to learn to speak and to understand in brotherliness these same tongues of ours.

SHAME FOR LENDING AN EAR
For our own part we're ashamed—ashamed and sorry we ever put our ear to even the first exciting rumor, indelicate and colorful as it was. We're sorry we did so for forget the special regard one owes to the stranger within one's gate. Sorry if dragging the banner of this town we have so well into the mud and dust of cheapness and wild gossip—And along with that prayer of ours that we may be adequate in the day hereafter we're going to add a very sincere petition for more greatness of heart, less tightness of mind and practically no tongue at all when it comes to fool rumors—and brothers and sisters of this dear little town we hope you'll be generous enough to include you in that petition—yes, sir, pretty near every one of you, we hope you'll be co-operative, Amen.

Getting Acclimated To Australia

Australia Magazine
Sleeping ashore, young America finds that his habitual focus of vision to the right must be adjusted to the left, for traffic



"Well, other men manage to tell their wives what goes on at the office! If you weren't the life of all the office parties, maybe you'd have more to say!"

Hitler Is Afraid

NEW YORK

I AM no military analyst, but a columnist must not be afraid to pick other and more expert opinions on occasion.

Therefore it is only fair to say that the ideas presented in this column are from Max Werner, who is a very brilliant military analyst, one of the few who up to now has been right on the Russian war. He anticipated it, foresaw the course Russian strategy would take, and predicted the German setbacks.

Mr. Werner is born and grew up in Russia, lived and wrote in Germany, as a refugee from Bolshevism, and fled Germany as a refugee from Nazism, so may be held to be unprejudiced. He has a scholarly acquaintance with Russian and German military literature.

SO FAR—THERE JUDGE AIN'T NONE
Now the first question to ask is: How about this much heralded Nazi Spring offensive? And the answer is: It is destined to be none. A Nazi Spring offensive is now a term with certain connotations, viz.: 1940—Poland, France, Dunkirk, 1941—Terrible air offensive on the British Isles; the Balkans, and Russia; the conquest of Leningrad and to Smolensk, with the obvious intention to conquer Moscow.

Characteristic of each of them: to conquer the capitals of the enemy. Each grandiose; its aim definite.
And now, 1942. End of May. Perfect fighting weather. Where is the German offensive? Moscow? London? Or even Leningrad? Sevastopol?
Hitherto the Germans have always conquered the prizes of the German offensive. Where is the offensive is against Kerch.

Now, on the map the military center of Russia is still Moscow. The Crimea is on the fringes. And the center of the Crimea is not Kerch. It is Sevastopol, whose possession many a war has been fought. The Nazis are fighting the Crimea. This is new, and this is weakness.

GERMANS ALWAYS FIGHT TO DESTROY
The German explanation is: Kerch is the way to the Caucasus. And this, hitherto the Germans have not fought for it or for any other specific economic booty. The center of the Caucasus is not Kerch. It is Baku, which they are fighting directly for the economic booty. This is a military regression, an old whetstone, and it is a sure sign that the German offensive is against Kerch.

But the isthmus of Kerch is only a small strip of land perpendicular to the Black Sea, the Russian Black Sea fleet based on Sevastopol. It is sheer nonsense to think that the Germans can cross from Kerch to the Caucasus mainland for a major offensive. From there they can make commando raids, but they won't secure the Caucasus.

The brilliant — and heretofore typical—Nazi way to the Caucasus is via Moscow. Knock out the center, and you have all the enemy possessions and controls. That is the Spring and Summer offensive of 1941.
The second way is: Hold the whole area between Kharkov and the Black Sea as a base for a forward mobile force and the Caspian. That was the move of last Fall. The Germans were to flood the Caucasus.

Now, this doesn't mean we have won the war. It doesn't mean the month may not pass and news may not pass before the institutions of this horrible war against mankind are laid low. But it means that there are now golden opportunities for us. We don't have to go on trading water, hoping that a rope will be thrown, and can't act anywhere, with suddenness and vigor, to the end of this struggle. The enemy in the West has reached his pinnacle, and is floundering out, and is about to decline.

Sure there is going to be another major German offensive, but Hitler's afraid of it—for the first time.
So now is the time for innumerable swift kicks in his pants.

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THURSDAY, MAY 21, 1942

Some Parade

Finally the General Turned To Saluting the Paraders

If it was a parade they wanted, they got one. Not since President Wilson came to town in 1916 has such a procession been seen in Charlotte. The wonder was that they remained in the parade enough more to make up crowds to bank the line of march.

But the parade was more than a spectacle. It was a demonstration in two parts of this country's war preparation. The first part was the military, and the little spectator, watching piece after piece of equipment pass, 155-millimeter howitzers, 3-inch anti-aircraft guns, 50-caliber machine guns and great mobile units of all kinds—did the little spectators realize that in all that display he was seeing an after unit passes by, a third of a regiment, a sixth of a brigade, a fraction of a division?

To acknowledgments of the kindness of the command at Camp Suttion for making possible this exhibition should be added an enhanced appreciation of the vastness of our military forces.
The second part of the parade was a demonstration of the grand job that has been done by Mecklenburg Civilian Defense authorities. Surely State Director of Civilian Defense Ben Douglas, watching the parade, must have wished that he had in all other communities of the state such efficient organizers as Martin Cannon, chairman of Mecklenburg's CD Council; Paul Sheehan, Co-ordinator; A. E. Joseelyn, General Chairman of the Parade; Stanley L. Dancy, Chief Marshal; and J. A. Linry, Military Marshal.

And the rains descended, and that was too bad, but in a way the downpour itself provided a demonstration. At the reviewing stand the rain came in full force at about the arrival of the female contingent of the parade. And as the ladies of the Red Cross in all its branches, the Motor Corps, the Girl Scouts and the Brownies passed in review, General Christian—who had been taking every known variety of the salute after-noon indiscriminately from Army officers and Legionnaires and Air Raid Wardens and Auxiliary Police and Firemen and practically anybody who felt like saluting—when the drenched ladies and girls passed disdainfully through the shower, why, General Christian reversed the usual order of military courtesy and began to hand out approving salutes himself.

Soldiers' Beer

We'll Take a Bit That Judge Webb Didn't Know

Judge E. Yates Webb, who is somewhat radical in his exaggerated hatred of any beverage tainted with alcohol, spoke out with his usual fervor not long ago against selling beer to soldiers in Army camps. The Judge was charging the District Federal Grand Jury in Asheville. Part of his oration was about soldiers and beer. Men who enter the Army, he said, even though they may not drink now, will learn to do so and will find them when they return to civil life.

Heaven knows what a Federal Grand Jury can do in preventing the sale of beer to soldiers. And heaven help the man who should ever be held responsible by the soldier for depriving them of one of their few and cherished privileges. The Judge, admittedly, is sincere enough about it, but difficult to accept through any of his senses the fact that liquor is one thing, beer quite another.

What's more, there is a Federal law specifically forbidding the sale of intoxicating beverages on Army reservations. The Congress of the United States has defined beer of not more than 32 per cent alcoholic content as non-intoxicating and the sale of such brew was legalized seven months before the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

50 Destroyers

Reynolds Blames Lend-Lease Deal for Sugar & Gas Shortage

In glancing over Bob Reynolds' flabbergasted efforts published in The News Tuesday, we discovered almost obscured under a flood of words, the Senator's tidy explanation of the gasoline and sugar shortages. You'd never guess who was to blame. Listen:

"The answer is simple. Gasoline and sugar are being rationed because there is a shortage of these commodities on the Eastern seaboard. This scarcity is due to the fact that all oil tankers which were used in transporting gasoline and sugar to our shores were either sunk or are in use elsewhere. These tankers were taken off the Atlantic coast run because we were unable to protect them from Nazi submarines."

Check! But wait:
If we had available 50 destroyers operating in our Atlantic coastal waters, these tankers would have been given the protection needed to insure their safe operation...
Aha, Those 50 destroyers!
If my proposal had been adopted Reynolds' idea was to make Britain pay off her war debt in 1940 by ceding us the entire Atlantic seaboard... and this at a time when her back was to the wall of defeat, today we would be the outfit of the most powerful British islands and still be the owners of 50 badly needed destroyers with which to protect our coast.

If there ever was a perfect reflection of Reynolds' attitude toward our ally, Britain, this is it. The unclean thing he proposed was that we should become ghoul at the grave of the only nation that at the time stood between world decency and Hitler.

Of course he opposed letting Britain have the destroyers. What does it matter that the British have accepted through any of his senses the fact that liquor is one thing, beer quite another. What's more, there is a Federal law specifically forbidding the sale of intoxicating beverages on Army reservations. The Congress of the United States has defined beer of not more than 32 per cent alcoholic content as non-intoxicating and the sale of such brew was legalized seven months before the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

Let us now the Judge didn't know that there was any difference between the Army's beer and civilians' beer.

No For G. I.

Maybe the Overseas Cap Will Become Major Hobby

Last Friday, which escaped by only a narrow margin the attention of the district news of a cataclysm to come was borne upon the front page for all our readers to see. Many of them saw. There, in the sixth column, between news of Charlotte's big munitions plant and a

Letter to the Editors:

Revival Publicity Was "Generous"
Editors, The News:
We wish to thank The Charlotte News for the generous amount of publicity given through the columns of your paper to the revival services held at the Tenth Avenue Presbyterian Church.

Actor Alfred Lunt has opened a school of cookery for fellow thespians, and the tragedian who has been ducking vegetables until now will learn to fiddle same.

Side Glances

"Dedicated to His Mother, Mrs. Felix B. Hays"
Mr. Felix has gone and left us. The angels called him away. We can't sympathize to his misery.

He came out this morning smiling. Then he took his ship up high. He never had the time to say that no more he'd ever fly.

He was liked by every fellow. But you know it's in the game. We'll always have him in our memory.

So here's to his sweet mother. And once again we say, We're sending all our sympathy. For her son who has passed away. FROM THE 55TH PURSUIT SQUADRON, MORRIS FIELD, CHARLOTTE.

Today's Bible Thought

There are those who would lead down every spiritual building, be it left. The soldiers, every one had his sword girded by his side.—Nehemiah 4:18.

Visitin' Around

When Man (22 Years Ago, David Record)
The dry horse of Swain and Davis, while being driven by Jim Wiseman, colored, ran away Friday morning. Wiseman was thrown under the wagon, and he never got over him, branding him badly.