



Colleens Are Canny

The AEF And The Ladies

By Eric Pyle
 LONDONDERRY, NORTHERN IRELAND
 AT THE new American naval base here the chief petty officers' backs are all together at one end of the camp, and just behind them is their clubhouse, in a Nissen hut. It has just been opened.
 The manager is Chief Yeoman David Hurley, who is a sort of master of ceremonies for the whole station, and a character in anybody's diary.
 Hurley is a staid elder in the Navy. His sleeve has service stripes clear to the elbow. He is a good-natured guy, and he talks your head off. He has a hand in everything—arranges Sunday parties, puts on all the movies, plans and supervises the weekly dances. He's an arranger at heart, and he's in his glory over here.
 Hurley hasn't any upper teeth. He goes around with his cap pulled down, making his ears stick out, and with his lower lip folded up over his toothless upper one. He's a sight to behold.
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 The chief petty officers here know just 'peared their club a couple of nights before I got here, so I sat around with them one evening and thereupon added a laurel to my belt of old distinctions. I became the first honorary member of the CPO Club of the American Naval Base at Londonderry, Northern Ireland.
 Twice already the Navy and Marine camp has thrown a big British-American dance. They invite all the British sailors in town. Everybody dies up a cyclone. The dance takes place in the camp's big recreation hall. The Navy has an orchestra.
 There isn't much touch between the British and American enlisted men. What trouble there is springs largely from the fact that the Americans get more pay than the British, and that of course gets all the girls. The colleens are like girls everywhere. They like to have money spent on them.
 It has got to they walk up and down outside the ramp gate about the time the boys are coming out.

Platforms Of The People

Stagger Mill Hours, Too

Editor's Note:
 The News returned from a brief vacation in Augusta, Ga., and while there I saw a system at work which is doing much to relieve the transportation problem. Two large textile mills, the John P. Kings Mill, Ga., and the Sibley Mill, Ga., are running at a one-hour difference in time. One starts work at 6:00 A. M., and the other at 7:00.
 This gives busser more time to get the workers to their jobs than they formerly had. I talked with one of the bus drivers and he told me that they now use about half as many buses as they did before the change was made, and handled their crowds with greater ease.
 I don't know whether the same thing is needed in this section, but if so, it would be a fine thing for half of the mills in a town to go to work at one time, and the other half at another.
 I am sure that something along that line is being done in the case of the stores and offices. Why not install the system in manufacturing plants, where the need is even greater?
 CHARLES S. NEWMAN,
 Duckney Station,
 Gastonia, N. C.
TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT
 Then treat all men humble or great as your brethren. This world's full of quarrels and wars on earth. Have we not all one father?—Malachi 2:10.

The World In The Woods
H. W. Nightingale
By Dorothy Ann Lovell
In The Christian Science Monitor

AT THE FOOT of the hill, where the winding country road leaves the fields and rivers and begins to take on a more sober and stolid character, there lies a deep pool. It is surrounded by trees and bushes and long blades of grass, with a straggling laureum leaning over the bank to drop its flowers into the water and thus turn the water to gold.
 A fir tree stands straight and tall on one side of the pool with a warmth of deep red cones, like sturdy Christmas trees, peering through its branches. On the topmost twig where the cones are, a tiny white bird is perched, a bird of a perch, still and silent. One might almost have believed it to be a toy—a special gift for some happy child.
 It had been so long of unbroken sunlight, with the cowbirds lank and stilled, that the white bird was so fair as to be seen on the Hawthorn bushes, so lay the meadow-sweet that covered the banks. Breathe the chestnut tree, the ground was strewn with coral blossoms and white blossoms waiting for the ceremony to begin.
 The birds had sung incessantly, but their songs had been interrupted by strange music. Giant insects had beaten their way across the sky with grinding violence, and huge wings that were not as other wings are, had thrown odd shadows across the meadowland. They had passed almost before they had come and contrasting sharply with the gently heaving pulse of the countryside.
 The old stone sundials that cannot lie gave even as the hour, and the light was that of seven and there was no evening dew on the sun-warmed grass, but the time was not such as we know, and I knew that the hour of seven was already past and that the Summer night was approaching even while the sun was high above the golden water of the pool, waiting for something to happen.
 I walked by the pool until the brook came, and I knew that the hour of seven was already past and that the Summer night was approaching even while the sun was high above the golden water of the pool, waiting for something to happen.
 From the old church that guarded the hillside on the hill matched the nine strokes of the clock, gathering their music from the heavy stones that formed the tower, and then, as if the entire universe had paused to hear the first words of the broadcast, a complete hush fell upon everything.
 I stood with the empty dandelion head in my hand, my eyes on the golden water of the pool, waiting for something to happen.
 From the tip of the fir tree came a voice, clear and strong and unmistakable. It was the only sound anywhere and it rang out far and wide.
 "Good-evening, everybody," said the voice. "Here is the nine o'clock news, and this is the Nightingale singing."
 I waited by the pool until the brook came, and I knew that the hour of seven was already past and that the Summer night was approaching even while the sun was high above the golden water of the pool, waiting for something to happen.
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That Poisonous Fiction

Parity In Wages
By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON
 LABOR persons have been running in and out of the White House for the past few weeks, but the time has come when they are to be heard in an official flavor, of what President Roosevelt intends to do about parity wages.
 First, it was vaguely announced that he would send a message to Congress asking that both wages and prices be increased. Then, when Phil Murray and William Green, representing the one-sixth of the nation's workers who are in CIO or AFL, protested such a course.
 Later word coming from the inside, suggested the President would order the freeing by executive decree without congressional action.
 But at his last news conference, while declining to say what steps he would take to dispel the rising spectre of inflation, he used a strange new phrase—"parity wages."
 This ambiguous phrase seems already to have been adopted by the Government as its wage policy (Leon Henderson dissenting). Mr. Roosevelt appears already to have worked out and applied his solution without announcement.
 I understand the War Labor Board has followed up its little steel decision of the adoption of a fifteen per cent increase yardstick measured back to January 1, 1941. That is, the board has decided the cost of living has gone up fifteen per cent since that date, and therefore wages should be fifteen per cent higher.
 In the case of little steel the unions had already received a ten per cent increase last April when Ernest Weir bolted the steel manufacturers and ordered a hike without warning. Therefore, the board gave little steel an additional five per cent increase this time, or 44 cents a day, to bring the total since January, 1941, up to fifteen per cent.
 The War Labor Board has suggested to the U. S. Conciliation Service, John R. Steelman, director, that it try to settle all wage issues on the same basis. If a union has had fifteen per cent increase, it is to get no more. If it has had eight per cent, presumably it is to have another seven per cent.
 About half of the eight million organized workers in the country are supposed to have received their fifteen per cent increase already. Nearly all the others have received some increase.
 This program is most for, Ma Perkins, Murray and Green, the WLB and other laborites in the Government, but has Mr. Henderson tearing off his clothes and towing them out the window to say what steps he will take to dispel the rising spectre of inflation, he used a strange new phrase—"parity wages."
 "Parity wages" is nothing but a slip extending phrase for wage increases, which will cause price increases and eventually more wage increases. It has an old political ring.
 The farmers concocted the phrase "parity farm prices." In order to keep prices continually going up. And when some of their prices finally reached parity a few months back, they moved their goal up to 110 per cent of parity. So it will be with such a program.

Interruption
Supreme Court Wastes Time
In Case Against Saboteurs

The trial of the eight German saboteurs, which has taken the previous hours of seven generals and full staff or more than two weeks, appears to be dragged today with what Hitler would call the decadence of Democracy. The Supreme Court, called into special session for the first time in twenty-two years, will be the decide whether or not it has jurisdiction over the case, then whether the President has power to appoint his military tribunal. If it affirms both those questions in the affirmative, the whole trial will move to a civil court.

A Tax Dodge
If Congress Endorses It,
The States Must Adopt It

If Congress, in another of its anti-heroic moods, lets fail to change the law which would allow income-taxpayers to get away with murder in the so-called "community-property states." It would certainly believe the rest of the states, North Carolina in particular, to hurry up and pass community-property laws in their own simple self-protection.

There are two tax questions involved in the proposals now before the Senate Finance Committee. One is the Treasury's insistence upon joint income tax returns by husband and wife, which is a debatable matter. Husband and wife may have separate incomes, earned or unearned, and to require them to lump the two together and pay at higher rates is to go against established tax policies and to override individual equity. But the answer to the community-property question is open and shut.
 So far as the Internal Revenue Bureau is concerned, the community-property laws with which Texas, California, Louisiana, New Mexico, Idaho, Nevada and Washington have forefeared themselves are but devices to enable their citizens to dodge Federal taxes. A husband may have an income of \$10,000 a year, his wife no income at all; yet by the law of these states the husband is washed with \$5,000 in his Federal income tax return, and a like amount on his wife's return, with a total Federal tax deduction of \$955 under present rates. In the 40 other states, without any community property provision, his tax would come to \$1,385.
 This arbitrary division of income saves all the more tax as income rises into the upper brackets. Clearly, if Congress is going to preserve the tax-avoidance privilege of these eight states, legislators of the other 40 owe it to their residents to provide them with an equivalent deduction.

Capitulation
Little Steel Succumbed Before
Inevitable Double Assault

The decision of the War Labor Board in the Little Steel case left Labor far from satisfied. The decision, so far as the unions were concerned, went less than half-way. The forty-four-cent increase was better than nothing, but not enough. Labor was being imposed upon again. Neither, however, did the so-called union security decision sit well with the steel companies themselves.
 Far from it. The companies were considerably more disgruntled than the unions.
 One of them, Inland Steel of Chicago, bowed to fate with a burning statement. Parts of it:
 "The Inland Steel Company has had to accept the order of the National War Labor Board on what is called union security. Inland will sign a contract with the Steelworkers Union providing for the 'check-off' of union dues and the discharge of any member who does not keep himself in good standing with the Union."
 "But Inland does this under duress. In the name of patriotism, Inland is compelled to do a thing which it believes to be wrong, because the alternative would interfere with war production."
 "The Steelworkers Union has deliberately chosen the period of the war to seek from the Government special privileges which it has never been able to obtain in other efforts."
 "The Steelworkers threatened to strike if the Company did not comply. The War Labor Board threatened to invade the full war power of the President to compel the Company to comply, meaning that the Company's plants would be taken from it. The Company had no alternative. It had to comply."
 "Because they were denied so much as a day in court to present their case, Inland's officials (whose devotion to the war effort was never questioned) feel that the decision represents one of the most arbitrary actions in the history of democratic Government. Locked between threats of strike and confiscation, Little Steel paid the price of the vital need for haste."
 "That there was need for haste, no one will deny. But that the War Labor Board did come to an unfortunate, deci-

Life And Movies
A Young Prostitute Reminded
A Lady of a Picture Story

In the course of the drive against prostitution in Charlotte, a woman worker of the street who hooked to the city in the wake of the Army. It was the first time any such investigation had been tried here, and high time it was being done. By suggestion from Army officials, the hardened cases were put aside, for reference to jail. The young woman, armed with a chance of salvation, was being taken to jail.
 Probing among the sordid facts of the lives of the sinning flock was not pleasant work. Some of it was saddening. There was, for instance, the case of a young girl, about eighteen, who said she had just come to Charlotte from the North. Her boy friend was in the Army, and she had simply followed him, to be with him here for a week or so. When they had gone to a hotel, they had been picked up, and she was taken in with the run-of-the-mine courtesans.
 The interviewer, who sounded familiar, and while she wrote it down she thought of a movie, currently showing, that had been exhibited in Charlotte over a week. It was called *This Above All*, that movie, and was the story of a young doctor, who had run away for a week's holiday with his sweetheart. It was a high-toned movie, passed off as strictly moral, but it brought forth sympathy from its audiences, even through the week spent in sin.
 If the girl who came to Charlotte to be with her soldier boy had seen that movie, it is not on the records. But millions of other girls have seen it, and will see it later. Many of them, no doubt, will take new ideas from its glorification of immorality. But most of them will find, as did the girl whose "idle" unofficial honeymoon was interrupted, that real life is not like movie life. And that such escapades, regardless of their own movie stars, are regarded by the Army, police and social workers as everyday prostitution.

Side Glances

Little Drama
In Washington
 Editor's Note:
 I read your editorial in last Friday's News under the caption "Penny Profiteers."
 If you or Dr. Carl Reynolds know of any paper concerned that give away paper cups (I would greatly appreciate your letting me know who they are. We are compelled to pay cash for all we get and so far no one ever gave us any), and since we pay for them, why should we be expected to give them away?
 If the public wants paper service at the soda fountain they should be willing to pay for it, and since the merchants to furnish it at a loss.
 You, as a publisher know something about the high cost of paper products. If you or your newspaper sometime back on account of an advance in cost of newsprint, does that make you a penny profiteer?
 There have been continual ad-

Visitin' Round
 Dagnabbit! And Just When You Can't Get Tired
 (North Wilkesboro Hustler)
 In Wood's horse, which valued at \$100, died Sunday night.

7-29

