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TUESDAY, JULY 28, 1942

Real Rationing A War Spreads

License Revocations Prove Justice of Restrictions South Carolina Health Officer Tackles Paper Cup Problem

The spokesmen of the seventeen gasping Eastern states, The News among them, have been busy offering address arguments against localized rationing of driving. They have no doubt that the statement of State Health Officer Dr. James Hayne in Columbia will stir up a Palmetto druggist's rebellion. Having heard from a few of the retailers ourselves, we can guess at their reaction.

Dr. Hayne, in the same sort of announcement that North Carolina's Dr. Carl Reynolds made last week to open the controversy, said that dealers who were making extra charges for paper cups were out of order—unless they had done so in March or previously.

Any retailers violating that regulation were in real trouble. The State Health Department believes that the sterilizing of glasses as now practiced is not protecting the public health, then their own regulations are ineffectual—and they should have taken steps to improve them long before now.

The dealers, we may say without any fear of missing the shot, will protest almost to a man that the real trouble-makers behind it all are the manufacturers of paper cups who fear the loss of a market if consumers are riled by the new penny charge. It was a real argument in North Carolina (one which began last Fall), and it's going to be one in South Carolina.

One recommendation which is sure to be made is that the institution at Morganton be given a larger appropriation. More money alone will not supply the greater part of the hospital's deficiencies, yet it is essential, and more money is equally essential, probably, for the State's like institutions as it is for this Eighteenth Century asylum in Burke County's hills.

There is, at least in the United States, a strange lack of interest and general knowledge where the United States are concerned. Not one citizen in ten thousand, we are willing to guess, could name the 26 members of the group. Fewer still, perhaps, could identify their flags on the little cards in evidence all over the country.

Next big surprise from the war chemists may be a more potent explosive, and the producers of bourbon blends direct their peculiar genius to the making of munitions.

Side Glances



WASHINGTON. You're two weeks overdue, for your haircut, Judge—you know I take a lot of pride in seeing that the law of our town is well groomed!

Veteran Of Conquest

Encore For Rostov

By Colonel Frederik Palmer

HERE ARE some cardinal points worth bearing in mind for the better understanding of future bulletins from the Russian Front on to the climax of the battle of the Caucasus. Do not forget that the Germans already had Rostov last November. They were attacking precisely the whole stretch of the long front. They had Leningrad, at the northern end, almost encircled, and Moscow partially encircled.

From Rostov, at the southern end, they were advancing toward the goal of the Volga River. Here, in the reckless driving of his troops in the final desperate effort before Winter closed in, was in sight of the great prize of the Summer's costly struggle. Get Leningrad and Moscow, cut off the channels of Allied aid and rail and water transport from the Russian oil fields, and Hitler thought the Russian Army organization would crumble. Russian resistance had to be reduced to large scale guerrilla resistance. In early November such a disaster seemed inevitable.

But just as Hitler had his hands on triumph his fingers were frost bitten and being hammered on the knuckles. German withdrawals included the loss of Rostov, gateway of the Caucasus. But it was not as gateway as long as the Russian grimsy stuck to the Kerch Peninsula and Sevastopol. Unless the Germans had these positions any advance from Rostov was open to thrust from the rear.

That will bring the Germans within better bombing range of the fields. But also bring the Germans within better range of the bombers the Allies have banded up in Iran (Persia). The Germans are in a very bad way. They are being driven from their northern armies. With the oil fields at his back Timoshenko does not lack fuel. He will wear the Germans down to exhaustion. He may do it again, and again, and again, until he has his hands on the prize only to have his knuckles so hammered he loses it.

For The Congress A New Black Mark By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON. CHEAPEST political trick of a rather short wartime season is the strange drive in paying subsistence allowances to dependents of our fighting men for more than four months, until the day before the coming Congressional elections in November. Further investigation makes it worse than suggested in this column. It is a matter of fact that only that printing, investigations and bookkeeping will prevent mailing out the checks before Sunday, Nov. 1.

Sailors In The Country

The New Irish Gentry

By Ernie Pyle

LONDONDERRY, NORTHERN IRELAND. WHEN our sailors and Marines arrived here to take over our new naval base, things were only half finished. Everybody had to live as best he could. For lack of better facilities, the officers lived in Nissen huts. Life in the main camp wasn't so bad at that. Most of them could still take it without much grumbling. But the Government began to make other arrangements.

Today the officers are scattered around in old country estates, farmhouses, grand town mansions, and some even downtown apartments. Most of them are living in a half-world that would tickle you—a combination of bleak, castlelike splendor and shabby improvised hodgepodge they can raise up at this distance from America.

You can get the picture from the house where I am a guest. The house is old and dingy-looking outside, but a palace in its way. It sits on a hillside, with a view somewhat like that from Mount Vernon. The grounds are huge. Down below are giant beech trees, wandering walks through shrubbery, and flower gardens. The whole thing is so on a magnificent scale, but of many years ago.

The owner is now away, a fighting officer in the Allied armies. The house has been leased by our Government. All except the essential basic furniture has been taken out.

The house has a great wide center hallway. At the far end is a grand staircase. There is a living room on each side of the hall. The officers seldom use more than one. The dining room is an immense one, at the rear. The officers all eat together at a long table.

Nine officers, some Navy and some Marine, live in this mansion. Each man has a room of his own upstairs. And the rooms are handsome. Each has a gas-log fireplace. There is no other heat, but the gas takes the chill off.

Some of the rooms have regular beds and wardrobes. Others are bare except for Army cots and tables. Some of the officers feel that it isn't worthwhile to add anything to take the bareness away. Others have scattered family photos on the mantle. There were some bathrooms but not enough. So the upstairs end of the huge hall has been blocked off with beaverboard, and latrines and hot showers put in. Alongside the house is a newly-built block.

Siberia



—By Herblock

Platform Of The People

On Jim Crow Blood Banks

Editors, The News:

Last year I read about the wounded Jim Crow in England who protested against having his life saved with a transfusion of Jewish blood. Knowing the verdict of science that human blood is human blood, the same in Jews as in Aryans, Turks, or Fiji Islanders, I laughed at the stupid extremes to which Nazi race prejudice could go.

Recently I read that the American Red Cross, acting on orders from the War and Navy Departments, is segregating the Negro blood that has been donated for soldiers wounded in our war against Nazism.

Textile Workers Still Asleep Editors, The News: Mr. Curtis Jackson's letter in Thursday's News, under your title 'Textile Worker's Plight', was of intense interest to me. For, while I am not a textile worker, I am in close touch with the people who make the machines in the cotton mills of this section and know that Mr. Jackson is absolutely right in his contention that if the textile worker's standard of living is lowered it will mean near-starvation for these people.

The average pay in the textile mills of this section is \$1.00 a week. Lincoln County, N.C., is no exception. The workers themselves, the fellow most vitally affected, seems disinclined to do much about it. Time after time again we have shown that the Southern textile worker doesn't want the union, the only agency that will help him obtain the decent wage which he should have. There is an old saying to the effect that if a fellow doesn't blow his own horn nobody is going to blow it for him. This is just as true to day, if not more so, than when this saying was first made, many years ago. Human nature is what it is, the textile owners and operators will never pay any more than they are forced to pay. One can hire a man for \$1 a day, one is not going to pay him \$2 voluntarily.

Long ago, the Northern textile workers woke up to this, became unionized, and are now getting and enjoying a LIVING wage. This applies, also, to Northern workers in other industries. Perhaps because of the war effort, the textile worker is truly the forgotten man. While labor in other industries is receiving 50 cents per hour and more, the textile worker continues to slave away for a measly 40 cents per hour, a mere pittance that will allow for only the barest necessities of life; a living standard far and away below what every other American family should enjoy. It's the same old story: the Southern textile worker continues to slave for a disgracefully low wage just as he did before the first World War and before the infamous Hoover Depression that followed. It has never thus and seems that it always will be.

The textile worker himself, the fellow most vitally affected, seems disinclined to do much about it. Time after time again we have shown that the Southern textile worker doesn't want the union, the only agency that will help him obtain the decent wage which he should have. There is an old saying to the effect that if a fellow doesn't blow his own horn nobody is going to blow it for him. This is just as true to day, if not more so, than when this saying was first made, many years ago. Human nature is what it is, the textile owners and operators will never pay any more than they are forced to pay. One can hire a man for \$1 a day, one is not going to pay him \$2 voluntarily.

United In Name

Peoples of Allied Nations Still Live as Strangers

The United Nations, as a military alliance, have not been a howling success. Loose organization in the face of a tremendous task, a huge hodge-podge comprised of three great powers and a little leftover nation who are almost helpless before the aggressors, the democratic combine may be a long time making its weight felt in the battle of the world. But military disadvantages are not the only ones attending the Allied cause.

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Visitin' Round

See Profit Nothing (North Wilkesboro Hustler) Mr. W. A. Profit, of west portion of the county, was in North Wilkesboro Friday, and nothing out of the ordinary was noticed.

TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT

God's laws are solely for our good and protection. He wants only what is best for us. Accept I pray thee, the tab from his mind, and lay up his words in thine heart.—Job 22:22