

Merry-Go-Round Capital & Labor in Wide Break

By DRW PEARSON
WASHINGTON—Worst long range problem worrying Administration leaders during the hectic closing days of Congress was the even widening gap between factions of the American people similar to that which preceded the Fall of France.

In France, a labor government had its own way to such extent under Blum that public reaction veered in the opposite direction labor was in the public do-house and reactionaries were in the saddle. Labor became bitter, sulky, unco-operative, while big French businessmen, who had been in the saddle, were now in the do-house. Neither side would co-operate. Both hated each other. So France fell.

Today, in the U. S. A., public

McRae Dies In Anson

Was Brother of Local Attorney

Edward Duane McRae of the White Store Section of Anson County, a leading citizen of that county, died suddenly at his home yesterday according to advice received by relatives here. He was a brother of John A. McRae, attorney, and Miss Hatlie McRae of Charlotte. He was 78 years old, and was active in conduct of his business to within a few hours of his death.

Funeral services will be held at the Mount Olive Baptist Church in Anson County, and have been tentatively set for Friday afternoon, subject to the arrival of a daughter from Charlotte. Mr. McRae was a member of the Mount Olive Church, which is located near his home.

Prominent in community life for many years he had served on the Anson County Board of Commissioners, the Anson County School Board, a justice of the peace, and had donated land as the site of a community house in Charlotte. Last April he and Mrs. McRae celebrated their 50th wedding anniversary.

SURVIVORS

He was the son of Dr. John A. McRae and Virginia Bogan McRae of Anson County. He is survived by Mrs. McRae, the former Miss Rose Redfern, three daughters, Mrs. Bogan Austin of White Store, Mrs. McRae of Florence, S. C., and Mrs. C. C. Colby of Chicago, four sons, John A. McRae of Polkton, Baxter P. McRae and Robert McRae of Peachland, and Edwin B. McRae of the United States Army Air Force in Africa. His brother and sister here, and several grandchildren. His son, Edwin, lived in Charlotte for a number of years.

Low Bid Made By Concord Man

A low bid of \$2,297 was submitted by C. A. Widenhouse of Concord on the construction of a new and gutted at Charlotte's two housing projects yesterday afternoon.

Harold J. Dillehay, executive director of the Charlotte Housing Authority, who received the bids said the contract will be forwarded to the regional headquarters of the National Housing Authority at Atlanta and upon approval the work will be started.

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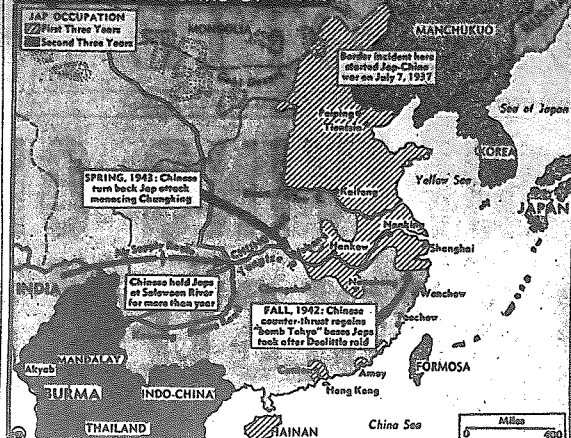
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CHINA'S SIX YEARS OF WAR



The above map shows China's six years of war on the eve of the sixth anniversary of the outbreak of war with Japan. Today Generalissimo Chiang tells China that the time limit for the utter defeat of the enemy "cannot exceed two years."

"The Faceless People", Refugees, Return Home After Battle's End

By HAROLD V. FOYLE

WITH THE AEF IN NORTH AFRICA—Left from a war reporter's notebook.

After the armistice passed the refugees drift back to try to mend their broken lives and homes. There are no brass bands to welcome them, only the rubble of all they held dear.

Passing them in the wake of an advancing army one soon ceases to see them as individuals or even groups, and the long lines slide past like faceless objects in a dream. Yet each of them is a person. Each knows war in a way that America's rationed millions will never know. Yet it is hard to share their sorrow. It is not because one becomes hardened, but there is nothing you can do and the mind rebels at the endless pictures of distress. But you remember a few.

Down the dusty streets of ruined Mateur cracked an old woman, tall of French refugees and drawn by a tottering horse with ribbons like a washboard and a head back springing as if from a broken hinge. The wagon stopped at a small, wrecked home. A middle-aged man helped his wife to the ground, then lifted down a boy

about four years old. The wagon creaked away.

The man and his wife stood together a moment before entering their home. Shell fragments and shrapnel hung from the yellow plaster walls. A smashed wine bottle lay in the open doorway. The tile floors were littered with broken glass, wood and plaster, and a light leaked through a gaping hole in the roof.

The woman looked at the ruin and wept without sound. Her husband patted her shoulder but said no word. They went in and shut the door that could not keep out war. The little boy chanted to himself as he searched the garden for shell fragments.

American airmen, like their compatriots who fight on the ground, do not drink before going against the enemy. They do not need the false courage that alcohol sometimes gives. They discipline themselves. I have yet to see an American soldier going into battle under the influence of liquor, although drunken enemy soldiers have been captured.

NEW BEVERAGE

Yes, when they know for certain they are not going to fly the next

day some aviators like a nip, as men do around the world. The latest beverage developed to fill the needs of an American palate consisted of ordinary red wine in a "Popskull de Tunisie." It is strictly a heavyweight drink concocted by the copper tubing from a broken up B-25 bomber, a water can, a five gallon gasoline can, and a quantity of native wine.

The wine is put in this home made still and the application of heat distills a white fluid which is almost straight alcohol. One of the soldier inventors described his reactions on the human system as follows:

"The first swallow feels like so much molten lead going into your stomach. The second gives you the strangest sensation of someone playing a piano concerto with his bare feet on your backbone. The third drink feels like someone had dropped a fistful of water on your head. That's why we call it 'Popskull de Tunisie'."

Although the men who discovered it could keep a tidy bit of change by exploiting their brew, they have steadfastly refused to commercialize it. You can occasionally pick up a bottle of "Popskull de Tunisie" as a gift, but you can't buy it.

"We don't want any trouble with the revolutionaries," the men who made it explained.

Tea is one of the precious rarities in sweltering Africa. One officer who was expecting guests for cocktails had his problem solved for him by a freak of nature.

HALSTROM HELPS

A sudden halstrom pelted the area with chunks of ice almost as big as a man's fist. Planes circling in after rounding the Axis positions found themselves under unexpected bombardment, but no casualties resulted.

The officer gathered himself several helmets full of halstroms and, for the first time since his arrival in Africa, was able to serve his guests Scotch highballs with ice.

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Borden Made Operation Head
Major Mitchell P. Borden, son of Mrs. Kathryn P. Borden of Route 3, Charlotte, has been made operations officer at Billy Mitchell Field, Milwaukee, Wis. Major Borden, who spent more than a year with air transport command in Africa and Asia, took up flying in 1923 and has had more than ten years service with the Army Air Corps. Returning from overseas early this year, he was with domestic transportation headquarters in New York City for a short time before being assigned to Billy Mitchell field.

Says Postmaster General Walker No Devotee Of Galloping Dominoes

WASHINGTON—If Postmaster General Frank C. Walker ever snapped out these galloping dominoes with a hoarse cry of "be there, baby!" it was only in a friendly game of backgammon or parcheesi.

Testimony that the dignified Walker once broke up a dice game in his home by corralling all the cash, only to learn to his mortification that he had been using "deducted" or loaded ivory, was termed "ridiculous" yesterday by one of Walker's assistants.

So ridiculous, the assistant added, that the Postmaster General "wouldn't dignify it with an answer."

The story of the dishonest dice was told in passing by H. H. Rowell, publisher of the national Police Gazette, who appeared at a Postoffice Department hearing on his application for restoration of the magazine's second class mail privilege.

The privilege was revoked by Walker because of alleged "doublets," or loaded dice, which the Gazette which

was standard equipment in every barbershop had published "faked and lascivious" matter, but Rowell said he never had been able to find any such evidence in his publication.

On one occasion, he said Walker expressed objection to dice advertisements in the magazine, remarking that he had bought a pair in a drugstore once in a while in entertaining friends at his home. He was embarrassed no end, Rowell said Walker told him, to learn that one of the cubes was loaded or weighted in such a way that one number turned up more frequently than any other.

Any professional dice player will tell you, however, that if you really want to have things all your own way, you must have both, not one, dice loaded for "naturals" or 7-11 combinations. One trustworthy cube might help keep you out of trouble, if none of the other players detected it, but it

wouldn't guarantee all the cash to him.

Walker's assistant declared the Postmaster General never owned a pair of dice except those in his backgammon and parcheesi sets.

And no devotee of the baby-pegs—a new pair-of-shoes school would ever think of finding a set of parcheesi dice in his fevered palm.

As to Rowell's application: Decision reserved.

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