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Home Free

Royal Pulls Another Trick
In Behalf of Saboteurs

Any national reflection upon the Supreme Court's battle over the eight saboteurs and its contrast to the brutal German revenge for the death of Reinhard Heydrich is permanently interrupted. Army Advocate Kenneth Royal, making the most of his responsibility to the accused, has seen to that. The Colonel, whose first picture-painting made out his wards as simple refugees, is willing to go to any limits. He'll have a hard time surpassing yesterday's performance.

From the bench Justice Jackson was thinking for the people as he mused aloud. He wondered that, since any American, seeing the saboteurs land on shore, might have shot them with impunity, the eight men had subsequently changed status and acquired immunity. He wanted to know at exactly what point the change had taken place. Now and when did the enemies of the country become subjects for protection under our laws?

Colonel Royal had an answer. Another health one: "After they had entered the community of ordinary human beings in this country."

In short, Royal would have us believe that, if any attacking enemy could break through the outer defenses and disappear in our midst, they are entitled to the same rights and privileges enjoyed by any citizen. Mingling with free men makes all men free, whatever their purpose in entering the country.

On the second piece of Royal tomfoolery makes out of this war, and more especially this trial, a child's game of make-believe. If any or all comers can break by that first dangerous moment, we are welcomed brothers. Under that Jap and German might invade United States in almost complete safety. We wonder that, with Royal defend them thus, Hitler doesn't ship a new consignment of his agents. Under that scheme, there's nothing to stop them.

Time Lag

A Congressional Draft Pattern
Paves Way for Want of Action

To Congress hysterically busy under mounting wartime bombardment, Selective Service has been at once a bane and a fearful problem. In the first brush with the draft, in a day when action demanded courage, Congress came through courageously. Much later, when changing times had brought a new kind of pressure, it passed the test again. On that issue, almost every line in the record reflects the fitness of our representatives to govern.

An oft-stated Congressional aim in operation of the draft bill has been the preservation, so long as is possible, of the American family. That, above all else, Capitol Hill held sacred. So long, the Houses said, as there are single men left in America, families will remain intact. That principle was written into the latest revision of the bill.

Events have caught up with Congress and its high aim. For many months, from scattered sections of the country, married men have been going into service. Soon, by Fall, they will be leaving Mecklenburg, from whence volunteers and large numbers of single draftees have gone to keep the county's families intact.

October and November, in the order outlined by Congress, husbands and fathers of varying degrees of dependability will be taken off to camp. That is the first war in which married men have been drafted in such large lots as is unimportant. This is the letter sign of a new era.

What does seem important is the Congressional hesitation to declare itself. If they knew their ideal to be lost for lack of courage to send the youngsters into service, before Fall—and that means before the new, newly-registered eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds.

Thinking at last the necessity for rousing up the families they want to leave at home, Congressmen must have some sort of an eye for the reserve of men without dependents. If they knew their ideal to be lost for lack of courage to send the youngsters into service before Fall—and that means before the new, newly-registered eighteen- and nineteen-year-olds.

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Good Citizen

A Well-Liked Rabbi Leaves
For Other Fields

Rabbi William Greenburg, who is leaving his charge here to go to Allentown, Pa., possesses several qualities which would distinguish him, but one quality alone has made him a delightful addition to the community for the ten years of his residence here. That is his friendliness, a sort of boyish, engaging readiness to make friends easily and casually.

Anyone who has seen the Rabbi in his various activities cannot but appreciate the enthusiasm with which he has taken to, and been taken into, the life of the community. The members of his synagogue know him not only as minister, devoted, learned and helpful, but as counselor for his people. The Red Cross has found him so useful that it honored him with the chairmanship of its Mecklenburg chapter. The list of his civic interests is a long and varied one.

But with it all and with the contribution he has made to understanding between Protestants, Catholics and Jews, the quality which more than any has made him a delightful addition to the community is, we believe, his friendliness. Wherever he has gone about, greetings and salutations have met him. He has been good for Charlotte, and will be missed for the wholesome person that we have found him to be.

Old No. 59

Bold Benito Passes Another Year With Nothing To Show

It was a shame that Wednesday passed unobserved. In any Allied country it might have served as occasion for wild celebration, for on that day Benito Mussolini, largely neglected of late, was fifty-nine years old. We could have used a ceremony in tribute to a misspent life, and drawn a lesson for our youth from the wasting of those years, and the wasting away of a strong man.

Almost all the important events recorded in the year 1883, we note, qualify as tragedies. In that year Germany, Austria and Italy signed the Triple Alliance; the Brooklyn Bridge opened, with a panic in which a dozen people were trampled to death; earthquakes and volcanic eruptions shook the island of Java, and took 36,000 lives. And, in Preddapoli, Italy, Benito was born.

From the first, he was a man for the people, one who might have made Italy a great nation once more. He rose from poverty, fought his way through a Swiss university, became a Socialist, fought with bravery in the World War, later stamped out a tide of Communism in the country, and marched his Fascisti on Rome. It has been almost twenty years since Mussolini became Italian dictator; twenty years in which he has failed in every mission. In war, of course, his record is equally miserable. He heard the call of the people, but did not, in the end, know how to answer it.

He passed his birthday as an aging marionette in quiet at home. He had his annual wire of congratulation from Hitler, and the usual little greetings of the day, but nothing else. He had thought, the story goes, to be lumbering into Alexandria in triumph on his birthday. He had, in fact, fretted for three weeks after Rommel stalled in the desert, waiting for the advance to the Suez. Finally, he went back home.

We like to think of the candles on Benito's birthday cake. There was one for his ascendancy to power, another for the men he persecuted and exiled, another for his creation of a beautifully-uniformed army, another for the brilliant conquest of Ethiopia, for the great campaign against the Greeks for his entrance into the war against France. And one for himself.

Pauschy, pathetic, powerless puppet, the prodigal of Predappio is alone with the wasted memories of fifty-nine years, and a copy of a wire from the man who grinds the organ and holds the chain.

Some of our chaps are saving up for a later date—as when a thaw finally sets in among the frozen prices.

How about a second scrap rubber band, and making it personal—with everyone donating his favorite heel?

The Marines Take A Holiday

Laughter Between Rounds In Ireland

By Ernie Pyle

EVERY now and then an all-day picnic or sightseeing tour is arranged for the men of the new American naval base here. I happened to get in on one of them.

We started out at 9:30 of a Sunday morning in two big buses, each driven by a Navy enlisted man. There were about 60 men altogether.

The sailors drifted up to the buses by one, but the Marines with their traditional order came marching up. I happened to be in the bus that was mostly occupied by Marines. Captain Frank Martincheck of Washington, Pa., who used to be a school teacher, was the only officer in the party.

We drove for about an hour and a half. We went across lovely fields, past peat bogs where turf was being cut for fuel, through herds of cows on the road, through little villages. We even went through the famous whisky town of Bushmills, but didn't stop.

Finally we came along the seashore—a rugged, high sea shore. We stopped for a little while to scramble among the rocks, and then to Castle. Then we drove on a few miles farther and came to the end of the road. A tiny inn was spotted there on a cliff.

High boxes of sandwiches were brought out of the buses. We all stood on the cliff and ate standing up against the wind that was blowing coldly across from America. The men sat on the rocks, and one after another a petty officer opened cans of beer and gave one to each man. Then we started walking toward the high point of the trip—the Glens' Causeway.

I had heard of the Glens' Causeway all my life, yet I didn't even know what country it was in. I'm now able to reveal, despite the strict wartime censorship, that it's in Northern Ireland.

"Have a Care—I May Lose Patience With You, Too!"

—By Herblock



Substitute For The Chief

Leahy Goes In For Hopkins

By Jay G. Hayden

REPORTS from the White House inner circle declare that following the marriage of Harry L. Hopkins and Mary in May this week, Admiral William D. Leahy will succeed in the position Mr. Hopkins has occupied as President Roosevelt's chief White House resident adviser.

Earlier it had been announced that Mr. and Mrs. Leahy would live at the White House. It is anticipated that he will remain there until he can find another suitable home in overcrowded Washington. The sitting room, bedroom and bath apartment which Miss Hopkins has occupied since her husband's death will be taken over by Admiral Leahy, his newly-appointed chief of staff to the Commander-in-Chief. The latter is a widower, Mrs. Leahy having died at Vichy, France, last Spring.

While it is emphasized that this shift of residence and marital status will in no way change Mrs. Hopkins' close relationship with the President, there are many who believe it signals a shift in Mr. Roosevelt's thinking that may be of great significance as affecting the conduct of war.

Mr. Hopkins was a social worker who first came into the Government to handle unemployment relief during the depression years. His whole experience, before he became the President's principal war policy adviser, was as the assistant to Leo Lillard, related to his domestic phase in the New Deal. His official titles are special assistant to the President, chairman of the American-British munitions assignments board and trustee of the Hyde Park Library.

Admiral Leahy, in contrast, is strictly a fighting man. He served in the navy during Mr. Roosevelt's action, on the side generally of toning down his idealistic enthusiasms. Some of the President's friends, for example, were quite sure that the plan he put forward to end the conflict with the President sponsored in 1937, never would have seen the light of day if Mr. Howe had been alive.

It was illness again that brought Mr. Hopkins to live at the White House. Shortly after the death of his wife in 1938 he became seriously ill and ultimately was forced to resign his job and not return to the service of the country. When Mr. Hopkins was away, undergoing treatment, his little daughter, Diana, was taken in by Mrs. Roosevelt, and on returning to Washington he also became a member of the family.

Mr. Hopkins' first activity thereafter was as behind-the-scenes adviser to the President. He was chiefly responsible for the man and the way he treated nations abroad. He headed the first American special mission to London and Moscow and had an important part in shaping President Roosevelt's personal and official relations with Prime Minister Winston Churchill and Joseph Stalin.

Admiral Leahy takes over when, by the President's own confession, most of his time is being spent in study of conditions on the active fighting fronts overseas. He is the man who has been most closely associated with the President in his secretariat, and he is known as the "Admiral Leahy best prophecy" that he will do exactly that.

It consists of thousands upon thousands of tail-sidled, rock pilings, as big as a man's body, standing together straight up on end. It looks like a crystallization, and they say that's exactly what it is, on a gigantic scale. Legend has it that the old giant planned to walk across the Causeway to Scotland.

We milled around on the Causeway for a couple of hours following sleep along the cliffs for about four miles, and finally returned to the buses.

We sat at the little inn for a breather before starting the long, hard climb of the Causeway. The men were breathing hard, all the time had been away, and hadn't been nearer the Causeway than the front door of the inn.

It was the day before payday and there was hardly a shilling in the crowd, but one wise sergeant had borrowed a pound from the captain before we started the walk, and his pound was all inside him when we got to the inn.

Finally we finally got home the sergeant was the last one in the bus. As soon as he sat down he started singing an old Marine song about wishing the captain was in Hades and the major in the brig, or something like that. I looked out of the corner of my eye at Captain Martincheck, and he was looking at over at me. Captain Martincheck was singing a sort of tingle of holiday spirit go through the bus, and it didn't take long to congregate.

My friend Chief Hurley, the old arranger, had cooly ordered an extra case of beer in the back seat. The first thing he did was the case was being passed from hand to hand all along the bus. The bars were down, and the spirits up.

The sergeant's song was taken up by others, and when it came to an end somebody started another. That was the beginning of a songfest that lasted two solid hours.

Marine bells and drums came off. The sergeant got funnier and funnier. Chief Hurley put on his crying

face act, and then sang Old Black Joe. By this time we were crossing down in terraces. Walking along the road stopped to stare and grin at the bus from which came the strains of "Tipperary."

They sang every song I ever heard of and between songs you could hear Indian yells. Even I sang!

When we finally rolled back through Londonderry the Captain turned around and said, "Come on, what's the matter? You want to think we didn't have a good time? Make some noise!"

And thus we drove into the middle of the American naval base in Londonderry singing and yelling like a bunch of wild men.

The bus stopped, and it was all over. It was probably the best day I had had personally in years.

To appreciate the point you have to remember that Marine fighting men are rigidly disciplined. I knew how tough and unfeeling Marine rule is, but I had forgotten that they are trained to be like that. Democracy, the Captain's presence didn't have any men a bit. In fact he was singing and yelling and taking his beers along with them, and laughing when they started to overdo it, or if the sergeant would lose his temper and fall on him.

But the thing that thrilled me about it was that there wasn't one minute of that whole trip where it was when Captain Martincheck couldn't have stood up and ordered the men. Instantly to form ranks in the middle of the road, and then marched away to a muddy field in perfect formation straight and stiff and proud as his king. The captain knew it. The men knew it. All accepted it, and were superior for it.

I've long since passed the gushing stage, but riding across Ireland with that bunch of yelling Marines on a horseback made me terribly proud of America.

A New Time Table

Hitler To The East

By Paul Mallon

WASHINGTON

THE unvarying bad news from Russia has caused authorities here to face the prospects of how this war will turn, if Hitler reaches his immediate objectives. Stalingrad, the Volga and Caucasus oil.

It is not likely that he will come back and attempt to conquer Britain. The British have too much of an air force now. That possibility is therefore eliminated from practical consideration.

And if he cannot do that, Britain will be compelled to attack the United States or this hemisphere. We have control of the intervening seas. There is more reason to believe he will carry his currently moving blows on through the Near East. From Stalingrad, he may try to move on to the Caucasus. From Rostov he could hope to sweep through the Caucasus into Iran.

By simultaneous thrusts through Syria and Egypt, he could join his forces for a march to the Indian Ocean. Turkey would be surrounded by such a venture, and would be compelled to co-operate.

Success in Russia would enable Hitler to shift to Egypt whatever forces are necessary to drive the British out of the Suez, while our long lines of supply would to that front would prevent us from equaling his reinforcements.

Whether or not the Russian Army is able to remain as a fighting force, Hitler would be expected to swing to the defensive and to operate his new order through the continents of Europe and Asia, in collaboration with Japan.

With enough oil, wheat, tin, rubber and other raw materials, he might logically expect to maintain indefinitely a defensive situation—until such time as we are able to invade the continent of Europe and destroy him (a hope which will require greater and greater mustering of power by us as Russia weakens, and each day passes).

Anyone who expects the war to be over this year or next year must now begin to take more material into consideration. If Hitler ever gets full possession of Europe and Asia, the regular scheme of attack upon the United States is obvious. We may be too remote geographically and too strong militarily for invasion, but we will certainly face a typical Hitler effort to promote revolution within.

No doubt all Nazi cunning will be devoted to promoting subversive and destructive activities within our form of government. On that front we will be an active battle line.

Any supposedly patriotic efforts to promote group antagonism among the Negroes and others is a paving stone on the road of Hitler's purposes. (The Communists always thought this was the way to revolution).

Any weakening of our will to fight will likewise prepare the way. The time has come for cautious, fair and sensible leadership in every field. We must not let the conservatives, Negroes, white-collar workers and the middle classes, think that we are more suicidal or more treasonous to the national welfare, than our four boys in the war, Reverend, I don't see how we can lose! They sure used to keep this town on pins and needles!"

Side Glances



"With your four boys in the war, Reverend, I don't see how we can lose! They sure used to keep this town on pins and needles!"

Visitin' Around

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

Mrs. O. D. King has purchased an Oldsmobile touring car.

FLASH!

(Davis Record)
Ed Lagle of R. 4, reports that he had new sweet potato custard on July 5th. Ed said they sure tasted good.

GOULD'S BEEN WORSE, THOUGH

(The County Journal)
Mrs. Jones had just returned from the hospital after an operation for appendicitis, when lightning struck and killed his best mule.