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And Evening Chronicle

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TUESDAY, JULY 7, 1942.

Heat Waves

Henderson and Congress Waste Time in Squabble

Every time Leon Henderson visits Congress, or flings a barb in that direction, there is a coast-to-coast commotion. Last week, making one more stab at raising the ante for his administration of OPA, he fetched the lightning again. He seemed sincerely but as he spoke for more money, the rail and raw sugar, gasoline coupon from farm problems and meat questions popped about his ears. Both houses hayed at Leon.

Speakers on the floors maintained among other things that Henderson was not temperamentally fitted for his job; that the Administration had all the power it needed to control prices alone; that the recent increased price of gasoline was only a discriminatory tax on the East Coast, violating the fundamentals of democracy. They cried that he attempted to pin the first ceiling crack on canned and dried fruit; on Congress that he favored the parity-plus farm group.

For himself, Henderson claimed that the proposed cut in OPA funds would cripple national price control, cut his force 3,000 below present inadequate levels. For him, his friends cheered that he had shown his customary fearlessness in attacking his problem, that he had saved the United States something over fifty billion dollars through 1943, by side-stepping inflation.

According to our hazy memory of high economic theory, no man might successfully total up inflationary danger in advance in dollars and cents, neither might any one such agency as OPA successfully plug every gap through which inflation might flow. The little flurry stirred one memory not so hazy. It sounded like an echo of the past, when men made foolish talk and blazed in personalities at home while a war waged in the field.

It sounded too much like talk that kept Washington waiting at Valley Forge, that kept a gaunt Lincoln pacing beneath the unfinished Capital dome. It sounded too much like Congress sniped at an irritating fireball named Henderson, and that Henderson reveled in snapping back. It sounded like it would make the finest possible material for a cheers-em-up broadcast to our boys across the world, getting ready to fight so that such scenes might forever be enacted, back home in free America.

Big Sandman

Auchinleck's Charge From Last Outpost Is Typical

The man who stands between the United Nations and defeat in the Middle East is, of course, General Sir Claude John Eyre Auchinleck, considered by many an expert to be Britain's finest general. Despite the fact that hustling Erwin Rommel has pushed his man Neil Ritchie around his 4,000-mile front in recent weeks, he still inspires British trust. Churchill probably had The Auk in mind when he promised that Suez would not fall. When he took over himself, there was new confidence.

No commander of a United Nations front faces a tougher assignment than Auchinleck and if he cannot succeed fully handle the job no man can. British victories have been precious few in this war, but one of those was won by Rommel's arch enemy at Sidi Rezegh. The British operations in Syria ended finally, but Auchinleck's job to capture Narvik went off on schedule.

When Wavell was replaced in the Middle East and The Auk stepped in to shake the command out two million square miles out of its lethargy, he wasted no time. He chased hundreds of loafing officers out of Cairo into the desert, continually shook up his administrative staff until his headquarters worked efficiently. Then he went to work.

For a while he drove and there was no thought of danger to Egypt. Then as others had done before him, he bogged down, and in time Rommel turned and came after him. An early British counter-attack that has been estimated as preparatory led the Germans across the Egyptian border. Auchinleck seemed almost at the end of his rope. That might have been because the world did not know Auchinleck.

On the record is a statement from him, which sounds a great deal more like Nazi talk than British. "A general should choose his battlefield and oblige his enemy to fight on that battlefield and on others. He must choose his objectives and then prepare." The Auk is not choosing his ground now, but in a tight spot he's giving the kind of performance Britain expects of him.

Cover-Up

The Navy Whispers of Peril In the Far Aleutians

We have never been satisfied that all was well in the Aleutians and in each succeeding communique the Navy admits that the situation is worse than we had been led to believe. The Japanese, apparently, are simply edging their way up the long rocky chain and all attempts to dislodge them have met with little or no success.

The situation there has not been acknowledged to be serious, or funny, or anything else. The Navy simply hasn't talked, except in short snatches of isolated action. That has been the trend of the news from that area since the bombing of Pearl Harbor. There are obvious reasons why the enemy should be given no information through official channels, but it is becoming difficult to understand why the United States should not be told how things stand with us off Alaska.

Surely the Jap already knows where he is, and there would appear to be no military advantage in keeping from him the fact that we know he is there, and in what force. Such reluctance to speak of him is beyond us, but we confess ignorance of what policy should definitely be followed. We know only that the military situation must be graver than we have been told.

For instance: A soldier recently from Dutch Harbor, having arrived in Seattle, told reporters to tell the people, "Just work like hell and keep that mouths shut." That man must have seen something, and our guess of what he saw is something we don't like. And if things are as bad as we fear, we think the country should be told plainly, and not in let-'em-down-easy communiques.

The story of U. S. submarines blasting four Jap destroyers is welcome news of a victory on the surface, but it serves only to reveal that the Jap is really in the Aleutians in great strength, and that danger is with us there.

Echo Of 1932

Rutherfordton's Bankruptcy Inspires a Testimonial

The Town of Rutherfordton's bankruptcy petition, pleading an "insurmountable burden of debt," is a reminder of a sorry Tar Heel statistic of ten years ago. At that time, 62 of North Carolina's 100 county governments and 152 of its town and cities were in default. Except Florida, the political subdivisions of no state in the Union had a worse fiscal record.

But on the other side of the ledger is the generalization that no state in the Union has labored now harder to redeem its good name and rating than North Carolina. A good deal of the credit should go to former Governor O. Max Gardner, whose administration (1929-1932) began on a skyscraper and ended in the basement, yet was equal to all occasions throughout. It was upon Governor Gardner's recommendation that the 1931 Legislature created the Local Government Commission, a body unique in political economy.

Under the provisions of that law no county, city, town or other unit of the state could borrow money for any purpose except upon the approval of this Local Government Commission. Another principal responsibility of the commission was the refinancing or the working out in any practical manner of the defaulted debts of local governments, many of which, such as the Town of Rutherfordton, it has had to re-charter and more.

In the process holders of bonds have had to take many a thumping loss. But the alternative was to take nothing save a little salvage and bond-holders generally have been quick to accept the propositions of the Local Government Commission.

It has functioned unremittingly, serving the two purposes of limiting new indebtedness and reconstructing old indebtedness, and is, we think it should be said, a lasting testimonial to the foresight and the acumen of Governor Gardner, who gets a sight less credit in North Carolina than he deserves.

The Way Victories Are Won

—By Herblock

RUSSIA'S WINTER DRIVE WHEN IT WAS "TOO COLD TO FIGHT"

AXIS AFRICAN DRIVE WHEN IT WAS "TOO HOT TO FIGHT"

One Of The Men Hitler Forgot

A Rookie Operator Shows America How

From Nation's Business

ONE DAY in June, 1940 Herman Delmos Wynn—"Bierey" to everyone who knew him—was summoned off the sands at Daytona Beach, Fla., to answer the telephone. His boss, Mr. F. W. Schoelle, was calling from Knoxville, Tenn., where Bierey's plant, the Southern Athletic Company, Inc., manufactures sporting goods.

"You'd better catch the next plane home," she said. We have an order from the Philadelphia Quartermaster Corps for 148,000 barrack bags."

"Whewee! And I've never seen one of the damned things!" he exclaimed. "Find a barrack bag in Knoxville, if possible. I'll be right home. And hang up. We can't afford to talk any longer."

World War No. II, then still an academic question to most Americans, became very real to Bierey Wynn from that moment. He gave up vacationing for the duration to carry on his own personal war against Adolph Hitler & Company.

Apparently Adolph, Tom and Berlin overlooked Bierey Wynn—and thousands like him in America's crucial hour, they are rallying round finding ingenious solutions to problems that the dictators have been working at with full whips for years. Consider Mr. Wynn as a type—but don't call him Mr. Wynn.

Call him Bierey. Everyone does from the janitor in his factory to the president of Knoxville's biggest bank. Bierey is 32, stands five feet, ten inches and weighs 218 pounds stripped—less than at any time since he graduated from college. His head is as bald as the football helmets which he wore for fourteen years. Not a romantic figure—he's

Since 1940 Bierey Wynn has set a production record that will stand for a long time. He has manufactured for the U. S. Army, among other things, 3,500,000 barrack bags although—

He never has been in another man's factories in his life.

He never has read a book on modern production.

He never has had one day's training under an industrial or production engineer.

Bierey flew home from Daytona to fill a contract on which he had bid in a leisure moment, with little thought that he would be called upon to produce. To do it he had to meet an "impossible" schedule "that would have scared Henry Ford to death" given the same material and machines and orders.

When Bierey stepped into his dingy, basement-floor factory where he had increased his sporting goods business from $1,500 a day to $100,000 a year in little more than 24 months, he saw three sewing machines, a pile of football paraphernalia a few clerks—and the telegram ordering the 148,000 barrack bags. He rolled up his sleeves and went to work.

"We had 150 yards of denim on hand—and needed 300,000 yards," he recalled recently. "We had three workers who could use our machines—I, my brother and a man who is still working in the factory. My sister was bookkeeper and the others on our staff handled sales, or did office and shipping work."

The next day only two people in the plant could run the machines. Bierey was in New York seeing denim manufacturers. He saw dozens before he found a credit manager who believed he could fill the contract and would trust him with an open order. It took until midnight to wear him down but he finally said:

"This is the first time I've been at the office this late in 28 years," and signed the order so he could get to bed.

The Southern Athletic Company had no credit rating for that kind of buying since it had purchased in small quantities for cash or on terms from Knoxville jobbers.

"I stayed on the go for five days without a bite of sleep," he says. "It was hell . . . but we got going."

They had only 90 days to deliver. Bierey tells about it:

"I wired every sewing machine manufacturer in the nation to send representatives with samples. Several came, and I took the machines, ostensible to 'try 'em out,' but really to use in getting production. We made most of that first order on sample machines.

"When we started that contract, we were in a rented building, we had limited equipment, we were entering a new field; we had never read a Government contract. When we completed it, we had more than 150 sewing machine operators, we were established bag manufacturers. We have bought our own factory with 30,000 square feet of floor space and are opening a new factory in Cartersville, Tenn. where 125 more people will go into war production.

"Working for our country never handicapped us a minute. Our training in making barrack bags gave me the idea of manufacturing newspaper bags for carrier boys, and our business in this line has boomed. We did 17,000,000 worth of business in '41 and we'll do two and a half times that much in '42."

Today, his 200 employees are making 12,000 barrack bags a day, 8,000 mattress covers, and Bierey is waiting for orders on a knee-protect paratroop knee-pad which he patterned after football knee-pads . . . and his regular production of sports equipment. Meanwhile his regular sporting goods business has doubled.

This is all history in Knoxville where Bierey's fight against time to fill his first Army contract took on the aspects of a football game. At all hours, day and night, operations crowded the factory and even into the streets to watch Bierey's production line. Among them were football fans who in the early '30s watched him but the line as a fullback for the University of Tennessee where he set national fame for his gigantic size.

If the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, Bierey's feat of production was seen on the lots of Georgia and Tennessee . . . by heving canvases, basketball courts, swimming pools.

His plant isn't organized.

If a union organizer came around, I believe the workers would throw him out, but if they didn't he could do everything he wished within the law except get a foothold. If he got in on was 'fix' that foothold."

Newspaper writers in Knoxville have quizzing him ever since he arrived. It is natural that in view of his success he would like to give advice where he can, and he is natural enough to do it.

Bierey says:

I don't pay much attention to people with whom I deal tell me I go by what they achieve—by results, particularly right now.

The hell with delay . . . we've got those crates to the quartermaster Atlanta and they'll be there if I have to drive the truck myself.

Half of the manufacturers of this country were going stale when the Germans came along. I'd say from my own experience with some of them. They needbound.

Free enterprise isn't dead . . . won't be as long as free men have the initiative, and again, no matter who the Government does. As long as there's money, I'll get my share.

Despite Defeats

The East Is Not Completely Lost

By Colonel Frederick Palmer

(Military Expert, North American Newspaper Alliance)

WASHINGTON.

GRAVE as is the combination of the disaster to the British Eighth Army in Libya and the fall of Sevastopol, this writer is not lately concluded, even if the British are driven out of the Nile Valley and the Caucasus, that the enemy has as good as won the Middle East and the Russian oil fields.

These are serious reverses at the outset of the Summer campaign when it was anticipated the Axis would put all they had in an offensive for decisive victory this year — which they might gain if we should suffer a chain of such reverses.

Did Marshal Rommel anticipate a swift and crushing a success? He was bound to capitalize it by a breakneck rush to strike at the one remaining barrier between him and the great prize.

Break it, and he had Britain's only naval base in the eastern Mediterranean, labled Cairo, the British airfields in Egypt and a still larger amount of supplies and material as plunder than he captured at Tobruk. He would be in reach of the Suez Canal. The gateway to Africa down the Nile would be open to the Axis across the Mediterranean.

Rommel's hesitation, if he had, in the last ditch stand of the Eighth Army, was not the result of a lack of energy. Rommel came on until he was stopped between the coast and the Qattara Depression. There was no room for him to flank right or left. He could not swim his tanks in the sea or run them through the Depression. There was no room for him to maneuver. He had to make it a head-on fight on that Double line to which General Sir Claude Auchinleck had made an all-out retreat lest he have more forces cut off.

Britain's best worn, battle worn, tarnished veterans had time to get their breath. Fresh reinforcements were coming up in their support to get set for a final stand. The United States airfields answered another hurry call from the distances. Our bombers were off on another mission to remove the prefix forlorn from hope flying farther in an hour than an armored division in column can go in a day.

More bombers were daily arriving to pound Tobruk and Rommel's lengthened line of communication, to cut off his supplies from across the Mediterranean. The British seem to have kept mastery of the air. Rommel must have been appealing for more planes. In an attack on an intact shape the bombers are the spearhead cracking it for the wedge to be driven by the tanks which rained on the ground a detached force of inferior strength or cut it in two, as on the desert.

Rommel could summon his weary veterans to one more effort which would open the promised land of rest to them in an end of desert fighting in the agony of vast raging prickly heat under the mercilessly broiling sun.

The British in last ditch stubbornness, in which they excel, would hold that land of the Nile, the dams they built, for irrigation, the Khartoum they delivered from savagery, in an Egypt they redeemed to prosperity, but which remains neutral in face of the Nazi threat.

Sir Claude did not hold fort in the set defensive. He struck back turning the tables on Rommel by flanking him. Rommel had to withdraw, refuel, and reorganize and consider his next move. And there is the situation at this writing.

Fighting Veteran

Myrtle Of The Army

From Our Dumb Animals

"MYRTLE," a 31-year-old U. S. Army mule, might have died a corpse today with a bullet through her brain, but for a kind-hearted commanding officer at Fort Hinchcen, Ariz., who saved her life.

Some time ago Myrtle became very sick—so ill, in fact, that she could not get to her feet and would eat nothing offered her.

A veterinarian examined her, pronounced her case hopeless and suggested that she be shot then and there. But Colonel Lee H. Davis, former commander of the 25th U. S. Infantry and then serving as post commander, refused to give the order to shoot Myrtle.

"While there's life, there's hope," he remarked. "Give her the best of attention and keep me informed as to her condition."

After several days Myrtle began to show signs of improvement and with expert attention, she rallied, got to her feet and recovered. Today she is well and hearty, and still revered by officers and enlisted men.

Myrtle's colorful career with the Army included service a quarter of a century ago—when she was taken into Mexico when General John J. Pershing commanded an expedition to hunt down the Mexican rebel and bandit leader, Pancho Villa.

Villa's men raided the town of Columbus, New Mexico, situated in an isolated desert spot near the Mexican border. The Army came back without Villa but Myrtle gained some new experiences.

A veteran of the World War, Myrtle has been officially retired from active service. Her only appearances in public are on those occasions when, attired in her robe of honor, she matches in drills and parades.

From Sevastopol

Russian Secre

By Paul Mallon

WASHING

HEROIC defense of Sevastopol against hopeless odds, is the current example of why the United Nations are going to w war.

The Russians held Sevastopol for over a month against the most vicious attacks ever launched by the Nazis. The wa did it was, in general, the same way they have held Hitler ba Russia for over a year. Their method is a combination of two t

1—Ability to adapt their weapons and tactics to natural defenses, and

2—The tenacity to die rather than to give up.

By using a lot of military ingenuity in adapting their defen the terrain, the Russians had made Sevastopol one of the str fortresses in the world perhaps second only to Gibraltar.

Sevastopol is built among rocky cliffs and is protected fr the land side by a semi-circle of hills. The Nazis had to fi their way over these hills and through the narrow passes. T hills were honeycombed with heavy Russian artillery, pill box and machine gun nests; the valleys were cut up with deep di tank traps.

It took the Germans, even with their unlimited manpower power and airpower, over a month to hammer their way in. finally did it by absolutely pulverizing Russian defense with so the biggest mobile siege guns ever built. Rumors say these guns over 20 inch, far bigger than the biggest guns on battleships.

Field Marshal Fritz Erich Von Mannstein had 20 to 25 di available for the attack on Sevastopol, over 300,000 men, but he only use three divisions at a time in the narrow approaches fortress. He fought three divisions until they were exhausted depleted to fight. Then he withdrew those divisions and put in more, and so on.

All the time the Germans were pulverizing the Russian fi defenders with their ever-sized siege guns, firing at almost po blank range. The concussion from the shells of these guns ab is said to be almost enough to put the ordinary soldier out action.

The Russians used naval vessels moored in the forked bay Sevastopol as artillery. These naval guns fired over the heads defenders into the German lines.

Every Russian defender in his pillbox or behind his rock there until the end. There was no retreat and no surrender.

The city itself honeycombed with underground shelters and huge factories carved out of the soft rock was finally pulverized the Nazis fought close enough to shell it with their heavy a The Russians still fought as the rock crumbled over them.

The defenders of Sevastopol knew they would eventually be whelmed, but they never showed it in their heroic resista

Correct Answer

OCCASIONALLY out of th of unconfirmed rumor n more one is always hearing the war rumor is of vital and clearly that its worth create a definite background a one we think, is this:

Into a little port on North Carolina Coast, a dusk ago, came a British t enter. It had a prize at Not far out at sea it ha close upon a German su ship, dropped depth ch with such accuracy the cunning sewer was blown The Nazi crew was rescue held aboard for interna

On the way home, the sh the Germans were exch pointed guns, surly, unre contemplative. No trouble home until the little vessel slow, where the Germans crew of curious townspeop Coast Guardsmen all were placed in lines alo dock and the Germans fil of in come out, single file, t them. The U-boat captain in the middle of his line where he was about 5 feet the double line, he suddenly with a flat, struck a Guardsman the nice hard.

The man next in line quickly. With a ready crack, he shot down the tain as calmly as if he slapped an offending mo The German line halted. the crew was commanded pick up the dead officer carry him away. The spirit was broken at once. was no more trouble, and a matter.

We heard the story in from a second-hand eyewitn we hope with those who w that little scene. The Guardsmen will not be repe ed for his action, but that be commended for an unw ling of the way we must pl our enemies.—Editors, The

TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT

Wisdom is more than information. *Happy is the man that findeth wisdom, and the man that getteth understanding.*—*Proverbs 3:13.*