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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1942

## Snow Blits

### This Time Russia May Make A Great Offensive Stick

The Red Army may never be able to drive the Nazi hordes from Russian soil alone, but as it rushes across the frozen wastes in the valley of the Don it makes the greatest gains of the war, and exacts a more terrible toll of the enemy than ever before. Zhukov and Timoshenko, the Soviet Sennacheribs, have turned Hitler's big mistake into a ghastly calamity for the Third Reich. In these wintry weeks, the course of war turns.

This year the Germans began their retreat a little earlier. Dec. 7 of 1941 saw the vanguard around Moscow retreating under sudden pressure that ended in the debacle of retreat along Napoleon's route. This year, thousands of deaths later, the ebb tide began at Stalingrad. And the new Russian rush toward Kharkov is more powerful than last year's eleventh-hour turn, and its speed forecasts new agony for the army of the enemy.

In both Allied and Axis camps the Soviet armies had been thought incapable of a full-scale offensive—a hangover from the failures of another war—but the present advance at a blitz pace, the capture of unprecedented numbers of prisoners and war equipment bring a new day to the struggle on the Eastern front.

There, as the Russians advance their claims of sixteen miles a day, and hundreds of villages retaken, the blow in North Africa makes itself felt. Perhaps Hitler's intuition erred again when he belied the Eastern armies of air power and manpower for defense in the Mediterranean. Perhaps now Stalin's fierce men can drive past the Moscow-Rostov line, even overrun Kharkov and approach Sevastopol. Perhaps the Eastern Front in itself is, in its second year, one too many for the German Army.

Despite these advances, it seems a safe conjecture that Spring will still find Hitler's wedge deep in Russia—but with that of '41 there is no assurance that he can drive forward again. While Allied strength mounts on all fronts, Russia continues to do more than her part. Her new-found power brings closer the end of the struggle.

## Insurance

### Punish the Criminals First And Make the Peace Later

It is our hope that, somewhere in the vaults of the State Department, there lies a master plan for America's part in the peace to follow victory, and that the plan offers a doctrine for official guidance already in effect. For, regardless of the labyrinth of international problems involved, America's share in the new order is of the utmost importance, not only to Americans, but to the world. We proved that in a negative sort of way in 1919.

So long as the winning of the war and the securing of the peace table exist as two separate aims, there exists the danger of the past, of bleeding in vain. But suggestions for control of the world's forces are not far advanced, and most of them vaguely outline problems, without attempting to present detailed workable plans. A clear, realistic view was presented this week by Brigadier General Alexander Gillespie, an Army expert in munitions.

His declaration that all war criminals must be punished before any armistice is signed gets to the point, to say the least. Otherwise, he reasons, they may never be punished at all, and the abortive forces which have brought the world into convulsions would live for another day. Because the United Nations are determined, this time, to fight on to a complete and honorable decision, they must be vitally concerned in the branding and punishment of Axis criminals.

But one day of war's phenomena is that will, exhausted by hate, fighting and death. They have always become, then, possessed by humane emotions, and come to accept yesterday's bestial enemy as today's honored, but defeated, opponent. So that such a wave of nation's love and respect should not be seen again, General Gillespie's proposal deserves consideration.

The long lists prepared by British and American intelligence, augmented by testimony to the horrors of the war, should furnish the names of all criminals who need punishment. To

them, before we are willing to accept any kind of peace, should go death and imprisonment, dealt out in the quickest, coldest fashion. That would become a safeguard against ourselves, to prevent the welling of that warm, human spirit which becomes, with peace, a dangerous weakness.

## New Tune

### Foreign Affairsman Eaton Talks One Way, Votes Another

When Ham Fish resigned his post as ranking minority member of the House Foreign Affairs Committee, the people of the United States had won a victory, despite the unfortunate taste of the New York electorate for more Fish. The champion of isolationism was out of season on such a job. His substitute is a former Baptist minister, Rep. Eaton of New Jersey.

The first Eaton statement left no doubts as to his viewpoint of world relations: "We must take off the blinders... I adhere to a belief of 41 years ago, that no country is any longer isolated. We must learn to think in world terms." And that didn't sound much like the Fish line of talk. Our first thought was that here was a man where a man had not stood before. The Republicans were coming out flatfootedly for progressive foreign relations.

But because these are times when we dare not take a man at his public word, we reached for the record. We would caution that all records do not hold forever, that ballots of yesterday might cast differently today. But here is selected thinking in the House of Representatives by Eaton of New Jersey, during the first session of the 77th Congress:

Lead-Lease, say: Extension of Presidential powers, say: Extension of military powers to eighteen months, say: Fortification of Guam, say: Relaxation of Neutrality Law, say:

So, if Mr. Eaton screams with the eagle that isolationism is a thing out of a dead past, and that it can no longer stay with us, then he's brushing aside also the man that yesterday was himself.

## Good Work

### Ben Douglas Made State Civilian Defense Champ

When Ben Douglas took over as State Director of Civilian Defense he allowed he was going to stand on the gospel of good-will toward men. He aimed to make North Carolina "The Friendly State," in line with the slogan of his Charlotte administration. We knew then he'd fall a little short of his goal. North Carolinians are going to be as friendly as they want to be, and not one grin more.

There were yaps and grumbles during Ben's reign, just as there have forever been, and everyone will be. He rode hard through a fast campaign, and he left some folks breathing hard. But when he comes back home he'll be due a warm feeling of satisfaction. He made North Carolina the champion civilian-defending state of the Southeast, and that's a deed.

By the last available figures, there were 182,336 volunteer workers in the cause of Civilian Defense, and expansion in recent weeks has probably sent the number well over 200,000. Every community now protected by an air raid warning system, and almost every city and town operates a 24-hour control center. From the workers on the dimmed-out coast, to the white-helmeted wardens in Asheville, volunteers at home did a job.

Ben's final statement passed the praise out to his workers who made the North Carolina organization "the equal of that of any state in the union," and officially turned over the reins to his successor. The seven-month stretch of public mobilization was another good Douglas job, even if they aren't shaking hands from Mantle to Murphy.

This new generation, sated with radio, will never know the comfortable feeling of growing old along with a song hit as in the '30s.

Biggest beef over the salary ceiling comes from dazed Hollywood, though we don't see why. It may be living tight and suffering that one becomes the great dramatic artist.

## Farm Bloc Victim

# Henderson Was Too Tough

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON  
LEON HENDERSON'S job was to hold prices in his hand and in that way prevent inflation from getting a running start. Considering what he was up against, he was reasonably successful. Before price control went into effect last May, the cost of living was rising about 1 per cent a month.

For several months after price control, the cost of living went up only about 1-2 per cent altogether, and that chiefly because uncontrolled foods have advanced about 10 per cent. This is the first time in a big way that we have the hope of escaping drastic inflation. It is being done in face of the fact that price control has had paying lipholes—from failure to control wages and failure to control some food prices.

The point is that living costs, measured either by the cost-of-living index or the wholesale price index, are being held fairly steady. That is in contrast with the experience in the last war. The cost of living, put on an index figure of 100 in 1913, went up to an index figure of 110 in 1916, just before we went into the war. In 1917 it jumped to 125. In 1918 it went to 155, in 1919 to 175, and in 1920 to 202—and then back. Harding had to call off the fancy inaugural ball in March, 1921, because too many idle men were walking the streets as a result of the explosion of the World War inflation.

Leon Henderson wasn't performing a miracle but he was doing quite effectively the job he was put in there to do. Some people don't like him to ride a bicycle, especially to have his picture taken. They didn't think he ought to go on "Information Please," or sing at night around the National Press Club. That's what they said. But the trouble with Leon was that people don't think he ought to lead down prices—on their

staff. Everybody is for price control on the other guy, but never for himself.

Henderson not only held down prices, but he rendered great service, as the records will show, in helping to obtain scarce materials essential in war production. He and Milo Perkins of the Board of Economic Warfare used their ingenuity and guts to get materials here and abroad that were essential to prevent grave interference with military production.

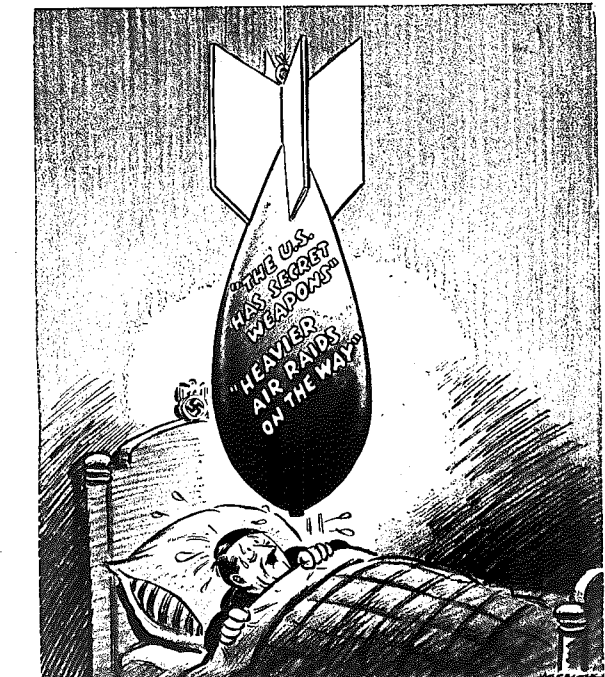
The farm bloc got Henderson. And some of its members are now threatening to get Wickard, the Food Administrator, if he doesn't toe the line. One hates to see President Roosevelt intimidated by the threat of the farm bloc to sabotage appropriations for war agencies unless Henderson was fired. If Mr. Roosevelt had fought it out perhaps the country might have finally recognized that you can't run the war on the basis of giving in to every special selfish group. But then I suppose he didn't dare take a chance on having Congress kill essential appropriations, so he threw Henderson out to appease the farm bloc.

It is a shabby piece of business all around. Many people are being played for suckers by allowing their irritations at inconveniences to make them easy meat for a heat-up campaign against officials like Henderson who have the hard job to do. Sure, some of the questionnaires are unnecessarily complex. Nobody will ever run a job of this size without making plenty of mistakes and without many loose and silly things happening in the organization.

You won't ever find the perfect man for it. But you don't find many men with the toughness and knowledge needed for such thankless jobs as this one Henderson has been gunned out of by a crowd of politicians that is getting out now for its winter hunting.

## The Old War-of-Nerves Expert

—By Herblock



## Officers' Whisky

# A Wink, A Drink

The Christian Science Monitor

OFFICERS' clubs in Army camps, with obvious support of the High Command, are violating Army regulations against the sale of hard liquor in Army camps.

This violation is more or less generally known throughout the service, but wider attention was gained recently when Oklahoma, a legally dry state, sent a lot of whisky en route from Los Angeles to an officers' club in Fort Bliss.

The seizure coincided with the unsuccessful move of Oklahoma's Senator Josh Lee to get Congress to outlaw sale of liquor in a camp's vicinity, but it should not be confused with any attempt to initiate any new ban on liquor, for sale in officers' clubs has long been prohibited, even if winked at.

A trustworthy officer, who cannot be quoted, recently related how the evasion works in his camp.

Although sale of beer is legally permitted, regulations prohibit hard-liquor sale in any camp, in "dining the officers' club. But these clubs operate in twilight; they carry on social activities which officers themselves finance and which are not entitled to Government financing.

The Government provides the club building; a standard-sized "bar," similar to an enlisted men's recreation hall. Dues and profits finance the club. Customers of the service gratifyingly compel officers to belong. The club is staffed usually by privates who are paid as much as \$100 a month. Officers are paid extra to enlisted men for any "flunky" service.

Prohibitions in building are stretched to include a "locker-room," really a "bath-room." Of course each locker costs the member a bit extra each month. It is supposed to bring his own bottle onto the reservation, lock it up, take it out after

hours, as at dances, and have the bar provide the set-ups, at a nickel for the glass, ice, and charged water.

Here the violation flagrantly appears: Instead of buying his own bottle outside, the officer finds that his secretary-treasurer has providently anticipated his needs. The whisky is poured into a bottle which will accept shipments large enough to stock a small hotel. So glibly do some officers feel that they usually exchange winks and say to the secretary or steward: "You have that bottle of so-and-so ordered? I understand that the better officer or dutiful soldier has acted as private agent instead of commercial barkeeper.

None of the hard-liquor stock is found on Government or club books, for they must pass inspection. Such an entry would confess violation, and the Inspector General's Department notoriously helps the club management sweep clear of mistakes.

An inspector one day arrived, approved the books after noting the absence of liquor, asked for a bottle of so-and-so for personal use, good-naturedly paid some 20 cents more than he knew the bottle had cost the officer-secretary, and amiably closed the inspection.

The secretary was known to be making as much as \$100 a month extra for financing the "liquor-club" personally. His commanding officer must have known it, for it's a rare "Old Man" who doesn't know everything that's going on at his post.

Secretary of War Stimson, in opposing Senator Lee's proposal because it allegedly "would seriously undermine morale," mentioned the "progress being made in our own effective methods of attaining this end. There are no 'progress' in permitting the undermining of existing regulations, or in perpetuating a system which grants a privilege which is denied to men in the ranks."

So he agreed to Frisco's plan. Before each race, Joe loaded with hot tips, bet \$50 dollars for himself and \$50 dollars for his new found agent. Eight races later, and he didn't cash a ticket all day. He had lost \$100 of his friend's money.

When Frisco returned to the city that evening, he found a letter from the entire society. "How the writer had backed Joe on the eight race things, without even the security of winning the race. The friend listened attentively to the end, then shook his head sadly.

"Better stay away from that guy, Joe, he's had luck."

—CLEM MCCARTHY.

## Side Glances



"YOU TELL ME—DO I LOOK LIKE A RE-TREAD? That's what I hear the kids of this war are calling us veterans of the last!"

## Enough Prodding

# A Job For Labor

By Samuel Crompton

EVERY now and then it is argued against labor that it forces employers to hire unnecessary men for useless or imaginary, or fictitious jobs. We know it is true. The musician who draws pay without play is a standard Broadway character, and currently the railroads are making more men than they need for the same reason. They say, makes them hire more men on some jobs than the jobs require.

Nothing hurts so much as to have to hire a man you don't need and nothing sounds sillier than the general public whose strong common sense is offended by the spectacle. Especially at a time like this, when relations between farmer and labor could be much better, and when the farmers are suffering from an acute labor shortage, the spectacle of labor waste becomes slogan number one in the campaign against labor's organizations.

There must be an answer, and I think there is one. If you will look at England, you will be struck by the curious fact that there, where labor has much more power than here, where it has once controlled the Government, where it has a major political party, and where high places in the Cabinet are occupied by labor men, there are few, if any, instances of "featherbedding," or of rules creating bogus and fictitious jobs.

Isn't that odd? Labor has more power, yet does fewer silly things. At this point one begins to wonder whether the campaign to reduce labor's power is precisely the right answer to wasteful labor union regulations, and whether, curiously enough, a campaign to increase labor's power would not end these customs more quickly.

That may not seem logical at first blush, but I did not invent this world, I merely report on it. I think, I suggest with all respect to Mr. McNulty that labor's power is made responsible for the manpower program it would find itself compelled, in short order, to abolish featherbedding.

Labor would have to abolish it to keep the new place it had won in the community, and to make a record for itself, on the facts. Infante and cynical labor rules persist, in part, because infante and cynicism persist in labor, relationships in our country, and because much of the controversy about labor is on an infantile and cynical level.

Thus a stupid, labor-wasting "made work" rule, which Mr. Ernest Revin could not tolerate in England precisely because he had power, and because the community had accepted him and his movement, can still persist here, precisely because there has not yet been that full acceptance in America, and because winning petty advantages therefore becomes a kind of sport, a fair game, a proper objective in a dubious battle.

It is a little hard to call upon labor to act like a saint while it is being taught like the devil, and every day of the merciless verbal attacks of, say, a Senator like "Pappy" Lee of O'Dell, Texas, makes featherbedding seem just a little more sensible. For a union to invent fake jobs is irresponsible. The cure for irrelevant labor power is not to increase it, but to make it responsible for a certain community acceptance, and all parties involved have to give up the little gains simultaneously.

How far we are from that, I don't know. When the business side of our land to be mobilized, Donald Nelson, a business leader, was chosen to do it. Unlike some liberals, I think he does very well. When the manpower side of the war had to be mobilized, there was no one to choose. Nelson's job was not only an honor, it was a hot potato, and business generally was placed under duress at once. The country, however, was not only recognition, and high honor, but the very terrible responsibility of succeeding. Then the labor movement would have to face up to fictional work at last.

That would seem to be the way to the tolerant community, sometimes dream of during this war.

## Quote, Unquote

Killing them (Nazis) with machine-guns was like playing dominoes. When I was in the army, I was told that the first one to knock out the first one and the whole row falls.

—Samuel Crompton, telling about a German soldier's killing of 1,500 Germans in Tunisia.

In all my 50 years of public service I have never seen a document that was more crowded with falsehoods and distortions, infamous falsehoods and distortions, than a scale so huge that I never imagined until today that any Government on this planet was capable of uttering them.

—State Secretary Cordell Hull to Japan evening on Dec. 7, 1941.

The ring is a fight play compared to this battle out here. This is a finish fight with no holds barred. And there's no referee to break the clinches.

—Barney Ross, former welterweight boxing champion, at Quantico.

We have passed the critical stage of aeronautical development in comparison with that of our enemies. It seems obvious that we have supremacy in design, research and manufacture.

—W. C. Colwell, aircraft manufacturing executive.

## Bible Thought

God has given every one some talent. He expects us to use this God-given power to help humanity, at home, in social relationships, in church and school. We betray a trust when we hide a talent and use it only for selfish night along and hid the talent in the earth.—Mat. 25:25.

**What's Buffin' Cow Got That Stom' Rock Ain't?**  
(Buffalo Cows Topic)  
Loudly News-Topic

Mr. and Mrs. Worth Greene have little daughter of Stony Fork have moved into this community.

**The Sargel Tell Him What To Do**  
(Turkey Creek Item, Transylvania Topic)  
Mr. Homer Cox left last week for New River seeking employment.

**Baby or Corp?**  
(Delaplane Item)  
North Wilkesboro News-Topic)  
Transylvania Topic)  
In build a crib the last of the week.

## The Touch Of Death

DOWN on his luck and flat broke, Joe Frisco, the comedian, was in Hollywood.

But to and befriend, at Santa Anita he met an old friend, a writer from good old Broadway who had just made a name for himself with greenbacks.

Wasting no time, Frisco established immediate friendly relationship with the fellow by telling him he had all the money for the writer. He also explained that he was momentarily short of funds. But if his new buddy would care to go 50-50-50 dollars for Joe and 50 dollars for him on each race.

"After all, it's only money," the writer reasoned,

and so he agreed to Frisco's plan. Before each race, Joe loaded with hot tips, bet \$50 dollars for himself and \$50 dollars for his new found agent. Eight races later, and he didn't cash a ticket all day. He had lost \$100 of his friend's money.