

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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Coming, Joe

Distrust of Russians Will Disappear in An Offensive

Joseph Stalin's urgent call for a second front immediately, coupled with his warning that victory had not been won, will stand as a real challenge to the cautious, conservative observers of the world who class themselves as realists...

Those were the men who have refused to recognize that Russia has completely changed the course of the war within the past few weeks of attack. In the days behind us they were the same who saw England's final defeat as inevitable...

To the capture, within a week, of Kursk, Belgorod, Rostov, Kharkov and Voroshilovgrad, the cautious men said little. There was a victory, but also a German retreat—and there was no discussion of the annihilated German armies...

The simple facts of the war were apparent in the appeal from Stalin. Russia has marched far and carried more than her share of the load. She is paying the price in blood and suffering, and making the enemy pay as well...

In London, there was a reaction strangely ominous. As Lord Beaverbrook spoke of the need for a great offensive to be launched against Hitler's Europe...

Winthrop College authorities say that life will go on as usual among the young ladies after the arrival of Army Air Corps Cadets on the campus. Next, they'll repeal the law of gravity.

Second Freeze

OPA Tries Hard To Improve On Nature in the Bean Patch

While the President was addressing the nation the other night, pleading for an end to criticism which was obstructing the war effort, his Office of Price Administration pulled off its mask and velvet gloves and went to work on Mother Nature and all her natural laws...

For, under Prentiss Brown, OPA is walking right behind the natural laws of cause and effect, decreeing on every hand. A week after an unseasonal snap of freezing weather had killed off a good half of the fresh vegetable crop...

So far as the average eating man is concerned, it was about like setting a ceiling on the freezer, Old Faithful, while at its peak here never before has such an artificial freeze been so great an improvement on nature.

has ever been able to maintain an average price of 15 cents per head on average-sized tomatoes. Only OPA could have done that job. In Heaven's name, if Brown's office had to do some freezing, why couldn't it forget the clamor of truck gardeners who are certain to profit, and set their ceiling at a fair level of a time before frost got in its dirty work?

If the Red Cross really wants to get action on this blood donor business, all they have to do is set up stations in the leaner show cities. Blood banks, if ever we saw them.

New Role

FDR Now Says He's a Miser, But He Changed Too Late

We feel a certain sympathy for Senator Harry Byrd, the Virginia economist. He has been blinded by the eye of the President, confused by his well-modulated voice. Franklin Roosevelt, in short, has thrown another smoke screen in front of the steadfast investigator of governmental waste.

Upon Congressional elimination of the National Resources Planning Board, headed by the President's Uncle Frederic Delano, FDR made a little talk to his press conference. He opposed the killing of the agency, he said, because he was "miser" and "economizer" himself...

And there he had 'em, especially Harry Byrd. It was enough to drive a stranger to tears, but Senator Harry has been too long a bloodhound on the devious trail left by the New Deal to be taken aback.

Will They?

We've Faith in America, But Not All That Much

We don't know how we've happened to move in such company, but we can recollect hearing many a conversation having to do with character vs. appetite. In short, would you air with or steal or commit any number of sins to get food for you and yours in case of a complicating circumstance like hunger?

Some experts on national morality hold that the vast majority of men of decent mind are content to play fair with their Government and their fighting men and refuse to hide away a single can of illicit vittles. Somehow, we can't believe it. Much as our heart beats for the poor of America, we surely wouldn't trust 'em all not to hide out a few groceries on Uncle Sam.

The U.S.S. Trojan Sea-Horse Two Scotchmen were playing golf. When one of them had a paralytic stroke, the other said: "Well, that's a damn sight better than the other fellow."

American Industry

Too Big For Production?

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON WE WERE so successful in large mass production of automobiles in this country that we may have been thereby influenced to lean too heavily in our production on sheer size and on gadgets.

Against the gigantic Willow Run plant, highly mechanized, the Grumman Company has several relatively small buildings, not too many gadgets, but it gets out the planes. This company builds Navy planes, and much of the Pacific air fighting has been done with Grumman's.

That is an argument that has a good deal of importance for Americans, and one that we ought to consider as a matter of long-run efficiency. Questions are being raised as to whether the way to get the biggest production is to build the biggest plant or whether the way to have the fastest production is to have the most gadgets.

The Grumman people built their plants on Long Island, scattering them around within a few miles of each other. The result is that 90 per cent of their labor comes from the county in which the plants are situated.

This was a mushroom job, too. Grumman began with 200 workers and the personnel now runs into the tens of thousands. They say their absenteeism under 2 per cent. I rode around the place with the general manager, L. A. Swirbul. Workers greet him as "Jake".

Secondly, Grumman does not go in heavily for producing gadgets. They use a human assembly line. When they want to move a fuselage on to the next working station, workmen just pick it up and carry it over to another rack. As the ship under assembly becomes too heavy for that, they place it in a tube-elevated cradle which can be rolled along by a couple of workmen whenever it is ready to be moved.

The Willow Run plant is built around an enormous assembly track, with big endless chains to be moved by elaborate underground power. The system is too elaborate and it has resulted in a one-minded plant. To change you have to reconstruct the plant.

Nobody overestimates the advantages of large-scale production nor the time saved by machines. But they may be more effective, like a good many other things, when taken in moderation.

Side Glances



"Yes, bring me the bill, George! I know it's early, but I have to see that my grandchildren don't stay up too late!"

Can't A Bear Walk?

Sunday Stroll

TUFFY, a four-year-old Russian brier bear, whose life is divided into periods of living in a cage in the rear of his owner's house at 146-32 23rd Street, Rosedale, Queens, and appearing in parades and carnivals as a roller-skating artist, today walked a small part of his mile-long meander in Rosedale, including a trip across Brookville Park, was attended by running, screaming and shouting men, women and children.

The two men of the family were away and yesterday at 2 P. M. the George children began feeding the bear carrots and apples. No meat is fed because the Georges say, it makes the bear mean. The door of the cage was open, and the youngsters were tossing in food when suddenly Tuffy pushed through the gate and out into the street.

Police headquarters received frantic telephone calls about a wild bear that was attacking women and children. The Queens Village precinct was notified, and three radio cars with five patrolmen and Sergeant William Stackhouse were dispatched to the scene.

By that time Tuffy had entered Brookville Park, which runs along Brookville Boulevard from Sunrise Highway to Cherry Road. Hundreds of men, women and children were in the park, enjoying the fine winter weather. Before Tuffy had emerged he had had the park to himself.

At 240th Street and Mavda Road, Tuffy ran into his first real obstacle. Some neighbors of the Georges and the George children appeared in two automobiles. They drove slowly to herd Tuffy by bumping into him. The bear turned into the driveway of the home of Henry J. McDonald at 241-14 Mavda Road and entered the garage. The George clan quickly shut the doors and locked out the street.

Mrs. MacDonald telephoned the police. The radio patrolmen, commanded by Sergeant Stackhouse, and the Queens Park emergency crew, commanded by Sergeant Peter Ross, rushed to the scene. The police found two hundred or more excited men, women and children around the McDonald garage.

Finally, at about 2:45 o'clock, old Gus George arrived. Bearded and gray, 70 or 80 years old, but still straight, he walked to the back window. Old Gus talked softly and Tuffy poked his snout out and sniffed the air. Then he opened the garage door and snapped a chain onto the ring.

To prevent making the bear panicky again, police held back the crowd until Gus and Tuffy were well on their way home. George the owner, received a summons for violation of the ordinance against permitting wild animals to roam the streets, but has a permit for keeping the bear.

The Real Sport

Wrasslin' Names

It has long been our contention that professional wrestling is historical, rather than sporting, and the trend in nomenclature seems to bear us out. The pattern is becoming as conventional as a "Championship Wrestling" match. It is heres and abracadabra, and it's interchangeable. The Golden Terror, known in some circles as the "Turk", is a villain, and it would be as much out of character for him to get a little rough when faced with a professional wrestler as it would be for Simon Legree to muzzle the bloodhounds and buy Uncle Tom a 25-cent cigar.

What wrestling names is not more villainous just now. It needs a few more heroes. In addition to the Purple Pillager, the Post-Punch, the Barbican Beard and such-like performers, the promoters ought to feature the Green Car Kid, possibly retaining the Angel that the Wholesome Walloper, the Boy Scout, and so on, and let them slam the villainous offender.

Books of the Month

—By Herblock



Especially Now

A Man'll Eat Anything

backer, in his thrilling narrative of his life on a raft in the Pacific Ocean, was delighted to eat anything that he could get his hands on.

George Coffin Taylor has told me about how his father, who was captured by the enemy in the Civil War, used to kill and eat rats in the prison on the shore of Lake Erie. But rat-eating is a fairly familiar story. It has been reported to my prejudice in many wars, and we have all heard and read of, and seen pictures of, the eating of rats by the Chinese.

I like squirrel-meat myself, but I know people who are revolted by the idea of eating squirrel. I don't suppose there is much reason why anybody who likes to eat a squirrel should object to eating a rat, but probably many of our habits are no more controlled by reason than are his various other proceedings in this world.

I was the guest at a rattlesnake luncheon given by W. C. Coker at Mrs. Kluttz's a few years ago. In Florida, it tasted very much like chicken, and all of us at the table voted it good. I learned that the concern that caused rattlesnake food to be business profitable, which proved that there were a lot of people who had no prejudice against a snake as food.

Democracy's Glory

The Will Of Plain People

The trouble with being tried before Judges," said he, "is that we look into the heart of man, and that we become bound-bound whereas the average citizen is concerned not about rules and technicalities. They are content to know if he is all right, and that is the way to run a government. The emment grandman might have said with equal emphasis that the same is also the glory of our democracy, that the people, when duly informed and given time to consider, can be depended upon to do what is wise and right.

Visitin' Round

Let's See, There Oughta Be Some Way— (Hot Springs Item, Marshall News-Record) Mrs. L. J. Payne of Newport News, Va., is still visiting her mother, Mrs. Lamb, near Marshall while Mr. Payne and her sister, Little Lamb, returned to the city.