



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday By The News Publishing Company, Inc.

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W. C. Dowd, 1865-1927

The daily edition of The Charlotte News was established in 1858. The Evening Chronicle (established 1903) was purchased by and consolidated with The Charlotte News May 8, 1914.

The News desires to be notified promptly of errors in any of its reports that proper correction may be made at once.

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Entered as second-class matter at the post office at Charlotte, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier: 20 cents a week; one month, \$1 cents. By mail: One month \$7 cents; three months, \$20.00; six months, \$35.00; one year, \$60.00.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1943

It's Mutiny

Congress, For of Bureaucracy Picks An Ill-Timed Zero Hour

Now Franklin Roosevelt enters upon the time of danger, and the man who will stand with the towering men of history as a great visionary leader of the Republic faces a paradox of destiny. For, as he increases in stature in the eyes of the world, and plays an ever more important part in the steering of the cause of freedom, he becomes more vulnerable to his enemies at home. The attack has been launched and, spurred by success, the opposition will belabor him with rising fury. That the President no longer controls Congress has been evident for some time, and the coming of this time was inevitable in November, when the tide of national feeling turned against his Administration. Whether in the cities, villages and rural areas of the United States is rising a passion for a retaking of the Government by the people. Under the goads of government by directive and dictatorship by bureau, the voters of the grass-roots country are moving toward a revolution by ballot that now seems likely to break in 1944.

And that, considering the growing success won by the war machine built under the Roosevelt administration, and the increasing personal esteem in which the President is held, is more than passing strange. At the height of his powers, and approaching the time when he might lead to Americans to the first real peace of this world, he faces an acute danger of defeat at home. It is the ghost of Wilson's day, walking again; and the ghost of Hoover's day—for if the President, no matter how broad his powers be, cannot win his little fights in Congress, he is condemned to win the peace battle in the Senate.

The growing rebellion expresses itself in many ways, and resentment against methods of wartime restriction, for example, is turning men against virtually everything for which the Administration is responsible. It is deflating the President on his farm program. It pitched out Ed Flynn, is about to kill his \$25,000 salary limitation. Junked the National Defense Planning Board, sets up investigating committees without number, checks on the operation of bureaucracy. It makes its own plans for post-war structures. At every turn, it turns a cold, fishy eye upon the New Deal and its principles, old and new.

It is thus that, without offering a single major act of its own, the 76th Congress intends to neutralize the program born in 1933. And it will probably be the result of this assault, if continued, that the President's plans for post-war will be torn apart in the Senate. It is said that this opposition has always existed in Congress (even Leader Alben Barkley says so), but that its members have suffered the New Deal to flourish, biding their time.

In short, the national crisis of the mid-Thirties was no more than the opposition hesitated to resist, for fear that chaos would result. Is there now, with the world in flames and neither victory nor peace yet won, time for an attack on the domestic policies of the Administration? Is it of lesser importance that the world peace be endangered by the right at home than that the national well-being was safeguarded by appearance in 1933-39?

Granted that the majority of Americans find directives and the domestic control of Washington bureaus not to their liking, is that sufficient cause to time the attack against them for a moment, when unity alone can guarantee our peace? Or would it be better for Democrats and Republicans alike to mark their faces, organize for opposition, and permit the destiny of the world to be settled before the final righting of affairs at home?

The Mussie

Winchell Yells for Freedom With a Sky-High Ceiling

A man who leaves us cold just now, with his squeals of freedom of speech, is Walter Winchell, the bawdy, invective. We believe that our readers will agree that it is only proper that a Naval officer should be restrained in his public comment, that he should not be free to lash with a stinging tongue Congressmen of the United States, and that the people who elected them as "sassa fops," whether or not he speaks the truth.

one unbowed character among his opposition (Rep. Charles Hoffman, for example). There appears to be no excuse for permitting any member of the armed services to go on using the knife, and striking savagely in all directions. Winchell's complaint that the nation's press did not back him up when he was "muzzled" on the air waves will bring him little sympathy. Freedom of the press has never been a guarantee of immunity to any man who fell the urge to flout his sentiments publicly of whatever nature. The limits of good taste and decency, after all, are not sky-high.

And, so long as Winchell, a superb reporter, was an officer in the Navy, busy selling a commercial product, he was in no position to be lashing at Government officials, good, bad or indifferent. It is our opinion that his orders to inactive duty were a bit belated. And try as we might, we can't believe that Winchell, a reporter or columnist, has been unjustly suppressed. He can, after all, carry his harangues as far as the next man so long as he's a civilian, simply reporting. If he cannot understand that such was not his right as a Naval officer, then he fails to comprehend the freedom of this America.

Always No State Labor Attacks Control Measure With Same Old Cry

North Carolina Labor, with a long record of excellent performance in employer-employee relations, is steadfastly determined to preserve the status quo of legislative Labor control in the State and its every argument against proposed bills concerning Labor practices is predicated upon this record. It deflates the anti-violence bill again, and is now directing a full-scale attack against House Bill 308, a comprehensive proposal designed to revise all of the State's Labor regulations.

The bill, in face of the combined opposition of Labor spokesmen and Commissioner Forrest Shuford, is destined to have tough sledding, and is likely to be killed quickly. Principal objection is that the bill provides for injunctions against unions—a practice unanimously opposed by American Labor. And, though similar bills recently met defeat in Georgia and Tennessee, opponents are busy crying that this one by Rep. Richardson of Union is a further step in the direction of any other state, in requiring no bond to be posted by applicants for injunction. Compulsory arbitration is also under attack.

"Fair to Labor" was the cry, as usual, and after a barrage of such attacks through the weeks of the General Assembly's session, one comes to suspect, despite the clean record of State Labor, that it is determined to resist any and all attempts at control, regardless of their nature.

There have been claims by other State newspapers that the Labor issue should not be raised this year, on the ground that it would spawn "more snakes than can be killed." Today, with a new day of Labor relations looming, North Carolina needs to make its Labor laws more comprehensive, and this is the time for fixing the fences. There should be no attempt to rob unions of their gains, or to freeze them at present levels, but if Labor is to defy any and all attempts at co-operative understanding, its claims must be disregarded.

Folks who are green with envy are ripe for trouble.

Some women won't be able to get used to shoe rationing to save their soles.

You have to make allowances for boys in college, says a professor. Weekly allowances?

It will be foolish to argue with the procer about jams and jellies. They're beside the point.

Women in U. S. spend millions each year on maracas, trim and shampoos. It's the barbers who rule the waves.

Have you heard about the new nurse reporting to the Army Post?

"Where do I eat?" she said.

"Why you mess with the officers."

"Yes, I know that . . . but where do

Lights Of Our Lines

Humanity At Switchboard

By Dick Young

TYN lights flash as the prelude to messages of tragedy, grief, and trouble. Hour upon hour day in and day out these lights flicker and the wires, stretching into every nook and cranny in the city and even sometimes to far away places, hum to the sorrows and perplexities of human kind. These lights come on in the telephone switchboard at City Police Headquarters, the crossroads of human woes, the focal point for humanity's frailties, treachery, and bewilderment.

Death strikes in the stillness of the night. The light flashes. A shadowy figure stealthily moves in the darkness. The light flashes. A brute, wild-eyed and crazed with drink, raises his arm and the blow falls. The light flashes. An innocent child, unmindful of the dangers of the locomotive's headlight as it drops from sight beneath the grinding wheels. The light flashes. A lone figure looms in the dagger point of the beam of his little street light on an unlit street, a man with a shiny gun spurs a command for the money. The light flashes. A party of young people yell and laugh when the sleek roadster roars around the corner, tires screaming, but piteous cries and the groans of the dying add horror to the festal mass of wreckage against the tree. The light flashes.

These and many more messages of sorrow, tragedy and grief come pouring across the wires and cascade into the willing ear of the police operator. There to serve and help those in trouble and distress, the operator turns and speaks into a microphone or lifts a cord and plugs in a connection. Instantly ambulances roar away and police cars speed through the streets. Help is on the way, summoned by a tiny light that flashes before the alert

operator, sitting at attention and watching for just such a signal of disaster.

Joe Honeycutt, who for nine years has held down one of three eight-hour shifts as operator in the telephone-radio room at Police Headquarters, has filled in all the tricks and knows the story from every angle. He's heard many a story of worry, many a message of distress, and many a cry for help. But not all is tragedy and sorrow.

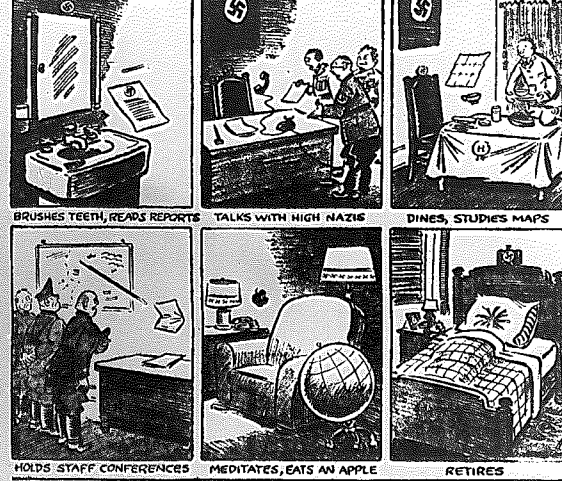
There are sometimes amusing requests. "Like the woman, who complained so often that he knew her voice, and who telephoned one night, 'That damn light is flying over my house and I know the next time he comes around he's going to crash through. You've got to come out here and make him stop.' Glimly Mr. Honeycutt replied, 'You want me to come . . . go up there and stop him.' And the lady came back, 'I don't give a damn who comes. I want him stopped.' And the gentleman, Honeycutt, ever ready to serve, cut off with the declaration, 'I'll be right out.' And I was quick to ask, 'And what happened?' 'I don't know but she didn't call back.' Mr. Honeycutt smilingly replied.

Several years back Mr. Honeycutt was provided with the spice of variety by a young lady, who must have been a damsel of fortune or "the Summers. She called frequently and in a childish voice each time announced that she just wanted to talk to the policeman. The father of the child, daughter, Mr. Honeycutt understood and always chatted with her. She told him of the little things that worried her, the child's school, the breaking of her doll's arm or the new dress she had gotten the day before or the mean boy who had punched her hair. But a recent month that child's father has not come over the wires. Mr. Honeycutt knows she has grown up and he is somewhat saddened.

A Day With The Invisible Man

—By Herblock

ITEM: HITLER HAS NOT BEEN SEEN IN PUBLIC FOR OVER A MONTH NOW.



Despair Of Peace Post-War Battles Loom

By Raymond Clapper

WHEN we are tempted to despair about whether we can make this victory stick, we may take heart from the way our men and allies refused to give up when the fighting went against them.

Defeatism about the peace is growing to a disturbing degree in this country. An indication is the vote of the House against allowing the National Resources Planning Board to prepare post-war plans that would stimulate industry and provide jobs for returning soldiers. It is to be hoped that committees of Congress, in their own planning activities, will not take such a defeatist attitude toward the job. We might better take heart from the struggles that our allies have made against odds that looked to be almost insurmountable.

We can particularly take inspiration from the struggle that China has made under Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek. Free China is a shadow of the old China. A third of the country has been overrun by the Japs. It is completely blockaded except by air. Seventy-five per cent of China's industry was caught in Japanese occupation, and her big ports, her financial centers, her textile centers, and the best of her transportation system. For China consists of the material leftovers and the spiritual capital of the Chinese people. She tries to continue a

Petrillo Makes A Proposal

Greenshore Daily News

SAID James Caesar Petrillo: "There's no precedent for it. This is something absolutely new." He was referring to his organizing of a new American Federation of Musicians, affiliated with the A.F.O., that photograph record manufacturers and other instrumental music combination.

In principle and leaving aside for the moment the Petrillo personality, the proposal is not without some justice on its side. The remarkably high present and past rates of profit made possible by modern phonograph and radio are responsible for much technological unemployment among musicians, while the phonograph record manufacturers may make a million sales a rendition of a piece of music for which they paid no performer other fees.

Side Glances



"Bob says the languages he studied help him a lot when ordering food in those North African restaurants—his education certainly was a good investment!"

Soviet Secret

Blitz On Foot

By Samuel Grafton

LET us note that the Russians have won their remarkable successes in street fighting (Stalingrad, Rostov, Khar'kov) without using those modern weapons, tanks and airplanes. The big street fights have been won by sweat and on foot. This is a blow to the conception that a fate is being determined exclusively by machines that cost a lot to build and make a great deal of noise.

It is now the official Russian theory, expressed by several commanders in press interviews, that the tank is useless in fighting within a city. It has been decisively defeated, time after time, by adequately armed men on foot. One Russian commander tells, with something like a snicker, how the Germans, blindly relying on tanks, tried to use as many as 400 at one time in crowded narrow streets, only to be jammed, stalled and beaten back by unmounted unarmored men. And in Stalingrad, the Russians halted enemy aviation by the expedient of deliberately pitching their lines so close to the enemy as to make bombing too risky. We might, by stretching a little, say that the Germans have lost in the big cities partly because of their old-fashioned, conservative reliance on tanks and airplanes.

This does the brilliant strategic conception of last year become the brass-tat-tat of today. The Germans are being shipped by superior conceptions, just as they whipped the French by means of them. Among the new ideas, big and little, recently unworked by the Russians are that a city can lose its usefulness as a resistor center and as a production center without losing its usefulness as a fortress. It has been said that ideas are weapons, and at Stalingrad an idea of which use was made was to direct artillery fire from a position which snuggled up against the enemy lines, and therefore difficult for the enemy to shell, while keeping Russian artillery on the far side of the Volga River, and therefore out of reach of German tanks.

Among the "modern" ideas from which some of the shine has been taken in Russia is that the soldier of today never really makes physical contact with the enemy, that he rides in splendid, remote Wagnerian glory in a vehicle, surrounded by a resister center and as a production center without losing its usefulness as a fortress. It has been said that ideas are weapons, and at Stalingrad an idea of which use was made was to direct artillery fire from a position which snuggled up against the enemy lines, and therefore difficult for the enemy to shell, while keeping Russian artillery on the far side of the Volga River, and therefore out of reach of German tanks.

As for contact with the enemy, the Russians have liked it as close as possible, often hand-to-hand; so close that it is reported that German and Russian soldiers would sometimes find themselves jumping into the same shell-hole to dodge a blast. It is a remarkable fact that the most decisive battles in this most modern war have rehabilitated hand-to-hand infantry fighting against the long walk through the snow.

Russia has helped to make the world real again. She has found the key to the magic formulas for size victory, and she has unlocked them. That goes for all chromium-plated and electric apparatus to electricity, including the airplane. The degree of victory by unaided destruction in city was ever more thoroughly destroyed than Stalingrad. Russia has restored the kind of world in which great defeats are the herald of a new order, and in which the lightning of invention is ever more overcome by heavy and hard work. The Soviet Union has defeated the feature writers.

Quote, Unquote

If people around the country knew about things that go on in their capital, you can bet your last dollar they wouldn't stand for it.

—Prof. Alvan Oederker, who quit OPA to go back to Iowa State.

Nature abhors a vacuum, even in the heads of statesmen.

—Rep. Clare Boothe Luce of Connecticut.

We must pool our supplies with those of the experienced and well-trained troops of Britain and our own who will form a part of the invading armies and gladly share the burden of fighting and dying.

—Economic Director James F. Byrnes.

A war industry is an economic unit of political structure which will insure the minimum of goods and services necessary to the population alive, healthy, and functioning effectively, and will insure that everything else—men, machines, and materials—that can be directed against the enemy is destroyed.

—WPA Chairman Donald M. Nelson.

Let it be emphasized that we cannot expect future peace and security without enjoying the friendship of other nations. We cannot enjoy such friendships without sharing with other peoples the responsibility of maintaining a world in which they, too, may possess peace.

—Vladimir Willig.

The black markets have got to go.

—Economic Director James F. Byrnes.

We must not shirk from high taxation during wartime. If we can draft a mother's only son, we should not hesitate to draft her neighbor's surplus dollars.

—Economic Director James F. Byrnes.

We look upon a world in which our people are free, and in which the fighting strength of the Japanese military machine and holds for us the roads to Tokyo.

—Walter Winchell.

We must need more rich to our Chinese Allies, whose indomitable resistance constantly wears down the fighting strength of the Japanese military machine and holds for us the roads to Tokyo.

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