



# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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W. C. Dowd, 1665-1927

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1943

## False Alarm

New South Stirs, All Right, But Isn't Making Revolution

There are growing, suspicious thoughts about the nation that things are happening in the South. One of them is that the section is preparing to bolt the Democratic Party, and either he down with the Republicans or, not yet quite so leery of the New Deal that it can't stomach a common fold, form a third party to save the freedom of the vanishing race of American individualists. We think we can reassure the alarmists. There is no possibility of the South taking either course.

The South as a whole, we dare say, is not even aware of the fact that freedom is being lost in Washington, much less up in arms against bureaucracy. Opposition to the New Deal (which some schools of political thought now hold to be decreed) is centered largely among business men of the section, and it is based upon the Roosevelt Administration's attitude toward Labor and the Negro. And, though it has been pictured as a sweeping revolt of the whole section, it is little more than the loud voice of a very small minority.

There appears to be every chance of a Republican victory in 1944, but if it comes to pass it will not be the South's doing. There is a New South, in many senses of the word new—but it hasn't changed that much since the Democratic Convention of 1940. There, it was scheduled to have been paid off in larger delegations for having given up its birthright, its voluntarily relinquishing the two-thirds rule in 1936. But, eyeing the future and wondering about the trade it was about to make, the political South postponed its reward. Now it is fortunate that that move was made.

Today, the South exercises control in its party (with 53 per cent of Democratic strength in the House, 44 in the Senate), and, in control, it is not going to desert its ally when the hour comes, regardless of its attitude toward the New Deal and its fear of future bureaucratic powers. No, the South may indulge in an effort to restore the two-thirds rule, so that it would be guaranteed of a satisfactory Presidential candidate, but it will not revolt.

Joseph Daniels writes feebly of the times in our politics, and concludes that a victory for the Republican Party in 1944 would mean a "return to the despots of privilege, to the era of Frenzied Finance, Depression and stock jobbing." We can see too many possibilities, and what too many an observer misses, scanning the South and other sections of the nation, is that a new day has come, out of new problems which have outlasted those of our half-forgotten history books.

The people of our new day are no different, however, from those of the past. For the South, it may be said that they will stick, as ever, to the Democratic Party, with few exceptions. And if they raise their voices against a suspected projection of a New Deal into the future, that will be nothing new. The South will merely be making its own choice, within its own party. And that's not quite a revolution.

## Defiance

House Shows True Temper Of Congress on a Spruce

If any further evidence of the defiant attitude of Congress toward the President was needed, it came yesterday from the appropriations committee of the House. In one day's business, that body dealt down the most legislation and extra-legislation dear to the Roosevelt heart than has yet gone by the boards. And the committee went all the way. Agencies working closely with direct prosecution of the war received no consideration. The sky was the limit.

The list of the actions is almost appalling. Refusals included:

- \$2,554,000 which Paul V. McNutt had proclaimed is essential if the War Manpower Commission is to discharge its duties.
- \$327,000 asked by Secretary of Labor Perkins for work in curbing absenteeism in war factories and improving working conditions.
- \$200,000 requested by the National Resources Planning board, headed by Frederic A. Delano, the President's uncle.
- \$2,973,000 for payments to states for care of children of employed mothers; \$2,182,000 for payments on costs of the high school victory

corps headed by Capt. Eddie Rick-enbacker; and \$1,200,000 for emergency grants for maternity and infant care in civilian men's families. If this House policy goes through (and it apparently will) it means an outright rebellion against the President and all for which he stands. The reasons given for weaning or eliminating agencies admittedly doing vital work for war and peace were that the act creating them had not come through proper legislative channels—through Congress, that is. It's purely and simply the old battle for power, and the gentlemen of the House are determined to let no consideration stand in their way. Especially a little item like a war, running vice-open.

The answer, says the House, is to allow Congress to take over planning and spending. This is the climax of our fight at home.

## Ration Queen

An Unknown Lady Gives Local Program a Bad, Bad Name

One of the most re-inspiring stories we've read in recent months appeared in The News this week: the story of the Negro woman who had waited in line for two days at the local rationing office, and still had no ration book. We did not think it particularly strange that the lines should have been long, or that she should have been treated with what appeared to be a complete lack of common courtesy.

We well know that officials and staffs of the ration boards have rendered the nation a great service, that without their help the job of realigning the nation to wartime restrictions could not have been done. But this time, reading after a haughty, high-handed queen of the office, we became angered, and at the end of the story wanted to boo like a fan at a wrestling match.

It seems that the Negro woman was allowed to stand in line for hours, and, only to be told, as she reached her goal at the counter, that she needed a birth certificate for her child. Next day, after going through the same routine, she was told, at the end, that she didn't have some identification. When Mrs. C. M. Short Jr., of the Health Department heard of the woman's plight, she went forth to help her, but got only the short answer.

The lady clerk in question was too busy to fool with identification of someone she "didn't know from Adam." We know she was busy. Mrs. Short knew it, and the Negro woman certainly knew it—but none of us craves any further acquaintance with the lady in question.

A down-the-nose attitude such as she exhibited can do the nation's ration program no good. Snips, we used to call 'em in the pre-bureau days.

## The Dummies

Rep. Cooley Should Never Have Found Those Wooden Soldiers

When Rep. Harold Cooley discovered the wooden guns and decoy soldiers placed around the rooftops in protection of Congressmen and popped off on the floor of the House concerning a military subject of which he knew absolutely nothing, he put us in mind of a little story written by the gay humorist, Ambrose Bierce.

Once, not so long ago, a policeman, apprehended beating a thug with a club, was upbraided by a superior. The policeman replied that it was "only a stuffed club, but that wasn't enough. Finally he explained to his chief that it was only a stuffed thing. The chief laughed, and ripped his sides. Sawdust poured forth. He was after all, only a stuffed Chief of Police.

Aside from the details of military technique in placing anti-aircraft batteries, the question of protecting Congress from the air seems to us a stuffed one. Suppose, for example, that some fighting soldiers, at home on leave after battle experience, visited Washington, sat in Congressional galleries and heard debates on the size of the Army, the "plot" against Congress, the Silver Scandal, the war against bureaucracy-in-emergency. After such an enlightening experience, suppose the soldiers returned to their posts on the battlefields. Have you an idea what report they could make to their anxious comrades, asking for news from the home front? It would have to go about like this: Our country is protected only by stuffed Congressmen, making sound like decoys. Maybe we'd better get back home and take care of things. We can get back there later and clean up the details of fighting.

## Over-Production

# Confidence Comes Too Easy

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON

OUR national characteristic is over-confidence, and President Roosevelt used the occasion of this George Washington anniversary to try to puncture it. Because our production is high, and because the Axis is not making gains at the moment, and because Russia is driving the Germans back, we are tempted to be too easy in our outlook.

The drastic food rationing that is about to begin, and the program for drafting 12,000 men a day into the armed forces and to bring them to a total of nearly 11,000,000 by the end of the year, are evidence of the effort the Government expects to make. Military judgment here—which can be only an informed guess—does not look for a defeat of Germany this year but next year, with Japan still to be dealt with, President Roosevelt recalls the slaming George Washington had at Valley Forge. He knows that similar stamina will be necessary for us.

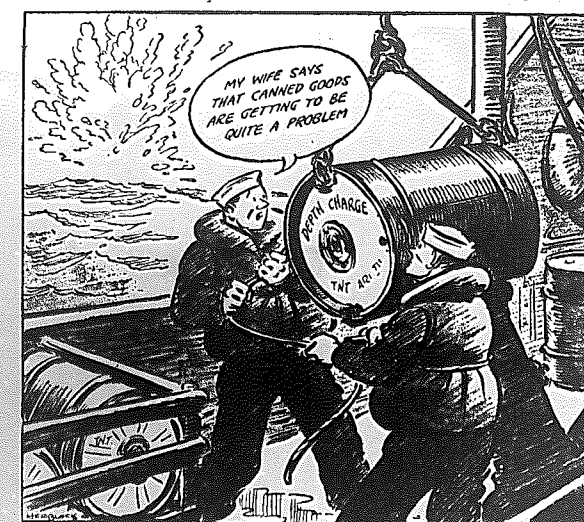
There is no suggestion of easing or appeasement or of hunting for a way out. Agricultural forces in Congress have put on intense pressure to reduce the projected size of the Army but President Roosevelt makes it clear that he as Commander in Chief will stick to the scheduled figure for this year.

We have had setbacks in Tunisia, but Mr. Roosevelt has not felt called upon to try to explain them away. There is no demand from the public that he should. Reverses are expected. The President warns us there will be more. He cautions us against thinking that the Russian successes mean victory is just around the corner. Some are still searching for a miracle that will bring victory the easy way. Mr. Roosevelt holds out no such hope. He says we have no Joshua to bring down the walls of Jericho by a trumpet blast.

It is necessary that President Roosevelt should emphasize the prospect of a long, stubborn war. The nation is overconfident, that is very people.

## On the North Atlantic

—By Herblock



## India Is What She Is

# Gandhi Brings A Crisis

By Samuel Crofton

NEW YORK

I GET an overpowering feeling of state's irrelevance from the news these days. India is being allowed to slip into a new crisis, as Gandhi dies, while everybody concerned observes all the proper formalities. A magnificent exercise in punctilio goes on: our own Government carefully refrains from interfering, from asking for a compromise, as if its chief duty were to show that it is well-behaved. But the moment comes out that our chief duty is to win the war, and victory is not awarded as a prize for internal affairs.

And so we announce that Indian affairs are internal affairs, for the British to settle: even an Indian revolution, under this theory, becomes an internal affair, though our troops would be in the center of the whirlpool. And everybody is right and proper and formal: we are behaving circumspectly and legally, the British are behaving circumspectly and legally; only India begins to break loose from our world and to float away. No matter: everybody observed the proprieties, and in the lexicon of diplomacy, that is accepted as an excuse for any disaster.

Even a sort of moral case is made against Gandhi: he is fasting, say the British, by his own choice; the responsibility is his: there is even "an element of coercion" in fasting, says the Viceroy. It is, of course, improper to exercise coercion, and it would be improper to yield to it, and so that settles that. The problem is proprietary.

But it is not; the problem is India. I do not know how to judge Gandhi's behavior: I would not dare to say: I do not believe the rules of etiquette are applicable for judging the end results of his behavior. There are no rules of etiquette for a man who has spent a lifetime trying to win freedom for his country, and who finds himself in jail during a war for freedom. His movement being smashed? I have consulted the authorities on proper behavior. There are silent on the point. Correct form will tell you how much to tip a chambermaid. It is not applicable.

## Quote. Unquote

WE in China are convinced that it is the better part of wisdom not to accept failure ignominiously, but to risk it gloriously. Madame Chiang Kai-shek.

This painful fight, because of its ideological character, is the greatest revolution of all time. It is a fight for the life of the Chinese people. It is a fight for the life of the Chinese people. It is a fight for the life of the Chinese people.

and make new ones.—Mexican Ambassador Dr. Don Francisco C. Najera.

We will have to assume responsibility to the limits of our capacity if the boat we are all in is to stay afloat, much less get anywhere.—President, Everett Case of Colgate.

We are in total war. We are fighting for a common future. We must all make sacrifices. This time we must

find it difficult to understand the sudden change that is taking place as this land of plenty becomes overnight a land of scarcity. From now on the housewife will find it a daily struggle to get her groceries, regardless of how much money she has. Already the need for such drastic restrictions is being questioned. It will be questioned so long as the country is overconfident as to the war. All of Mr. Roosevelt's leadership will be needed to convince people that there just isn't enough food to meet the needs that exist.

We are in a curious stage now—overconfident about the war and underconfident about the peace. We think it will be a short, easy victory and that nothing will come of the victory except another war. That is a growing feeling and a dangerous one.

In addition to trying to dispel overconfidence about the military side of the war, President Roosevelt tried to strengthen confidence regarding the aims of victory. He recalled that some during the American Revolution sneered at the principles of the Declaration of Independence, called it impractical and idealistic.

However, we might bear in mind, along with all of that, that the skeptics almost won. Only after a decade of chaos, and then only after a bitter political campaign, was the Constitution adopted and a sound national government established.

The policy of drift and delay almost lost the Revolutionary War for us. It almost left us a divided chain of colonies to be later picked off by predatory European powers. There was a parallel in Europe after the last war.

Failure of the nations to unite after this war will invite the same attacks again. It is understandable that the President should deplore cynicism. But the greater regret is that the leaders of the Allied powers have not yet been able to bring themselves together into some understanding that will make the United Nations a reality instead of a phrase.

## Side Glances



OH, I'M NOT BUYING A NEW HAT, MY DEAR—but it's so soothing to drop in and try a few on when I get upset!

## Danger Ahead

# Wartime Politics

GEORGE WASHINGTON in the Farewell Address warned:—

The habits of thinking in a free country should inspire caution in those entrusted with its administration to confine themselves within their respective constitutional spheres. . . . The alternate domination of one faction over another, sharpened by the spirit of revenge natural to party dissension. . . . Is itself a frightful despotism. . . . The common and continual mischiefs of the spirit of party are sufficient to make it the interest and duty of a wise people to discourage and restrain it.

No one will claim that this solemn warning has been usually heeded in peacetime, but fortunately it has been heeded in war, except during the War of 1812. After the war with Spain it was Democratic votes, perhaps influenced by William Jennings Bryan, which enabled a Republican administration to get Senate ratification of the peace treaty, with its provision for annexing the Philippines. After World War I the Republicans claimed that if the Democratic administration had not been uncompromising, it could have obtained United States membership in the League of Nations.

On March 19, 1920, the Senate voted 49 to 35—seven short of the necessary two-thirds—to join the League with the hope that the Republicans called essentially mild reservations. The Republicans voted in the affirmative by 28 to 17, with 21 Democrats supporting President Wilson in opposition to what he called stultifying reservations.

In the present war the Republicans have made good their promise of a party trace on issues connected directly with the prosecution of the war. Several months before Germany invaded Poland the House voted by a majority of 41 to 39 to ratify the League of Nations. 41 Democrats were with the majority. The Senate Foreign Relations Committee refused to consider the issue when five Democratic Senators joined the Republicans in that decision.

In 1941 the draft service period was extended by eighteen months only by a one-vote margin in the House, with 21 Republican Representatives voting for and 43 Democrats against extension. On other foreign policy issues where most Republicans in Congress opposed the Administration—ultimate revision of the neutrality act, original conscription act, Lend-Lease—they were not sufficiently strong in either house to defeat the Administration bills, even though joined by a few Democrats.

The 1942 price control bill was passed by the House in 1941 by vote of 224 to 161. If the 56 Republicans who voted for the bill had voted the other way, it would have been defeated, inasmuch as 44 Democrats were in the negative. The anti-inflation bill of 1942 had a majority of only five in the Senate, with fifteen Republicans for it, in the House more Democrats than Republicans voted against it.

In the present House the Democrats have a clear majority of only nine, so that the Republicans control when a few dissenting Democrats join the Democrats in the Senate to deny the majority of rights to control the Republicans need ten of the 57 Democratic votes.—Editorial Research Report.

## Soldier's Report

# Lovely Saturday

By "JOE JONES"

IF there were a pot in our platoon, I'd call this the shining hour. It is Saturday evening after show. The week's work is over. Most of the men have put on their dress uniforms and happily departed for the beer parlor or the movie theater up at the main post. The few left are deep in a sounder card game. The sentries are on their open wide, and a warm lemon-colored drift of sunlight falls across my bunk.

The harsh February breeze off Chesapeake Bay may be renewed with the next shifting of the wind; and it is certain that the old Army grind of hard work will begin again Monday morning. But right now, bathed in the soft light of the setting sun, the world is remote. No heart is filled with a luxurious sense of peace and freedom from care; and the balmy weather and bright afterglow of sunset impart a soft air of spring.

Saturday evening is sweeter than usual this time because today we had our big final inspection as recruits. Our regimental commander, Colonel Wilmer S. Phillips, was the inspecting officer. We were working up in this event all week, and a lot of nervous tension was released when it was over.

The inspection went off well. The Colonel, whom most of us had never seen before, turned out to be a tall, slender, gray-moustached man with a piercing eye and a low-pitched reassuring voice that soothed our fitters enough for us to give fairly rational replies to the questions he asked.

One-phase of our training had dealt with poison gas, and some of the Colonel's questions were on that subject. A mature Jersey City recruit right behind me was asked, "What does phosgene gas smell like?" The correct answer is a new-fangled word called "mustard." The answer given by the Jersey recruit proved that he had learned his gas lessons by ear and that he didn't know much about actual gas warfare. For, in a crisp, ready tone of voice he replied, "New-born hay, sir."

This unexpected declaration all but jarred me out of my position of attention. I don't know what effect it had on Colonel Phillips, but I could tell from the sounds behind me that he moved on rather precipitately to the next man. There he asked some simple stop-gap question as, "Are you getting enough to eat?" or "Is your blood type stamped on your identification tag?" I imagined he was giving himself time to collect his wits.

The Jersey City man is one of three Northerners who were inserted into our platoon of North Carolinians by the Army's all-time members. He is a good crier, with enough commonsense not to show his amusement at our provincial outlook on things.

And I were in the wash room the other morning when a big strapping Moore County boy came in looking for a lost toothbrush. "I wouldn't have taken a dollar for that toothbrush!"

When I asked him how come, he said he braced his wife gave it to him when they were married. "You've been married long?" I asked. "Going on four years," was the reply.

The Northerner looked up sharply, but I am glad to be able to report that he never opened his mouth.

## Visitin' Around

W. J. Ain't Heard Of OPA

(Henry Bridge Item, Monroe Journal)

Mr. W. J. Richardson has a new car, a 28 model Chevrolet strip-down, and he has been having fun with it. The cold weather has been pretty bad on the radiator.