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TUESDAY, MARCH 30, 1943

No Strikes

Labor, Industry and President Promised

We like to think back in the pleasant leisure hours of evening, to the no-strike pledge of industry and labor. To us, it seems a miracle truly American; we can't imagine it happening anywhere else under the sun. If they're not too painful, here are the recorded facts, in review:

On Dec. 15, 1941, eight days after Pearl Harbor, President Roosevelt named a 24-member board to develop a policy on industrial disputes during the war. Twelve members represented labor, with six appointed by the AFL and six by the CIO. In the former group was President William Green of the AFL; in the latter group were President Philip Murray of the CIO and President John L. Lewis of the United Mine Workers.

Twelve members represented industry. They were appointed by Chairman William L. Batt of the Business Advisory Committee of the Department of Commerce, after consultation with officers of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, the National Association of Manufacturers, and the National Industrial Conference Board. Newspapers reported dissatisfaction with the industry appointees on the part of certain business men, who felt that some of the appointees did not truly represent industry.

When the board was constituted, the Smith Anti-strike Bill had been passed by the House of Representatives, and a week or so later, it had gone to the Senate. Other anti-strike bills also were pending in the Senate, including one of Senator Connally for the Government to take over any defense plant in which a strike or lockout occurred.

The board met in Washington on Dec. 17. On Dec. 23 the President announced that he accepted the board's decision as follows:

1. No strikes or lockouts during the war.
2. All disputes to be settled by peaceful means.
3. Disputes to be handled by a "proper" War Labor Board, to be named by the President.

The President made no mention of a fourth point on which the industry members had insisted as a necessary corollary to the other three: that the issue of a closed shop be suspended for the duration. The industry members seemed to feel that in promulgating the other three points and ignoring the fourth, the President had "pulled a fast one" on them. At all events, in abiding by the President's pronouncement, the industry members issued a statement denouncing the closed shop as an issue pending that it be rejected as an issue for adjudication during the war.

Strikes in 1942, according to preliminary estimates of the Department of Labor, caused 6,682,000 idle man-days, of which 31 1-2 per cent (2,097,000) affected war work. The total was estimated at about 1.25 per cent of all available working time. In 1941 the idle man-days due to strikes came to 22,886,000, from which the 1942 record shows a reduction of 71 per cent. However, the number of idle man-days from strikes was about the same in 1942 as in 1940.

American Song

Words From The Writers May Recall The Truths

Today, in the midst of the daily torrent of news that calls for reams of comment and elucidation by our expert columnists, we open on this page a series which may seem a little strange in such busy, crowded days. We intend to present, at rather irregular intervals, little bits of the great, roaring song of America, through the voice of its great writers. We do not intend to fill a gallery full of the recognized greatest American writers, and how they accepted life; we intend, instead, to pick and choose whom we will. Just so long as a man or woman sing clearly the song of America, that will be enough.

This series appears here because it seems to us that these are the times when the singers of the American song need most to be heard. Without assuming to say any such thing, they are most clearly what America is fighting for.

of the old, old ideals that are American and only American. The voice of our land is not the high song of battle, but one of deep, steady and inviolable peace. In war, our aims may be most clearly expressed by these poets in prose, these men who, of all men, are ever first to see the threat to freedom and to warn against it. The first writing man to see the whole of America and sing of its own greatness was Walt Whitman, who saw it pass through the fire in time of peril, when greatness at a price did not live to see it stray from its course and lose the noble purpose of the early days. He did not see it live in confusion, its people uncomprehending, at last, of the American tradition and ideal. It was left to the poets, generations of the men and women of his spirit to see those days. It is from those that most of our guests are chosen.

The little bits, mere passages from the familiar works of the land's finest writers, will, we hope, serve as a reminder of the real saga of America, of the truth which our fighting men are rediscovering on the battlefields—and many of us are forgetting, here at home.

Slow Down

Racing Youngsters Fault Wartime Speed Restriction

The Sunday afternoon tragedy on Seivay Avenue should serve as a clear warning that the new speed laws must be enforced, and that the lifting of this ban on pleasure driving is not to be the signal for running wild. The two teen-age drivers of racing cars through a residential district—one under age and one recently acquitted in Superior Court after having killed a man with an automobile—should be dealt with sternly. They must be shown, and the driving public must be shown, that local law enforcement is determined to enforce the emergency slow-down laws.

We have no suggestions as to the punishment of the boys whose wild recklessness caused the injury of two children, and leave that task to the courts. We would suggest, however, that the courts let it be known that every possible means of accident prevention will be taken; such drivers should be deprived of license, ration cards, the privilege of all driving. And those who become involved in such accidents through a fine disregard for the stringent regulations of the day should be made to pay a price they will remember.

In any time any such criminal disregard for the safety of others, by young or old, is not to be tolerated. These youngsters (and it seems that the task with one of them will be difficult) must be made to understand that they have in fact committed a grave crime against the community. The laws, as they stand, must be enforced.

The Stigma

Victory Will Wipe Out Eisenhower's Defeat

The story that General Dwight Eisenhower personally approved the disposition of U. S. troops in Tunisia little a few hours before Erwin Rommel broke through, killed thousands of American soldiers and completely routed our thin line is likely to be changed before long. It may well be that the commanding general of the whole area put his blessing on General Fredendall's battle plan. But it may also be that troops under Eisenhower will play a major role in the final conquest of Tunisia—and that final result will count.

To be sure the first retreat upon meeting the Nazi enemy was damaging to American morale, both at home and in the battle field. But soldiers and civilians apparently recovered quickly. Since our position has improved our troops have given a good account of themselves. And as victory approaches their supreme commander will be vindicated, regardless of the early retreat. We think it likely that General Eisenhower will emerge as an American hero of the campaign, rather than as a goat. It has ever been so: the victor, regardless of process or point of conquest, will be celebrated by all men. The loser is simply the loser. We don't see the good name of General Eisenhower in danger, and believe that victories to come will remove any threat of disciplinary action

Heritage of America

THE GOLDEN MOMENTS, QUICK TO HASTE

(As the first of a series of short passages from what we consider the best in American literature, we present this fragment from the opening of "The Devil and Daniel Webster," the masterly short story by Stephen Vincent Benet. The poet, who died last week, was one of modern America's clearest voices, and his powers were never greater than in the folk-story of Dan'l Webster.—The Editors.)

YES, Dan'l Webster's dead—or, at least, they buried him. But, every one there's a thunder-storm around Marshfield they say you can hear his rolling voice in the hollows of the sky. And they say that if you go to his grave and speak loud and clear, "Dan'l Webster—Dan'l Webster!" the ground'll begin to shiver and the trees begin to shake. And, after a while, you'll hear a deep voice saying, "Neighbor, how stands the Union?" Then you better answer the Union stands as the stood, rock-bottomed and copper-sheathed, and one indivisible, or he's liable to rear right out of the ground. At least that's what I was told, when I was a youngster.

You see, for a while he was the biggest man in the country. He never got to be President but he was the biggest man. There were thousands that trusted in him right next to God Almighty—and they told stories about him and all the things that belonged to him that were like the stories of patriarchs and such. They said that when he stood up to speak stars and stripes came right out in the sky—and once he spoke against a river and made it sink into the ground. They said when he walked the woods with his fishing-rod, Killfall, the trout would jump out of the streams right into his pockets, for they knew it was no use putting up a fight against him—and, when he argued a case, he could turn on the haws of the blessed and the shaking of the earth underground.

That was the kind of a man he was, and his big farm up at Marshfield was suitable to him. The chickens he raised were all white neck down through the drumsticks, the cows were tended like children and the big ram he called Goliah had horns with a curl like a morning-glory vine and could butt through an iron door. But Dan'l wasn't one of your gentleman farmers—he knew all the ways of the land and he'd be up by candlelight to see that the chores

got done. A man with a mouth like a mastiff, a brow like a mountain and eyes like burning anthracite—that was Dan'l Webster in his prime. And the bigger case he ever argued never got written down in the books, for he argued it against the Devil, nip and tuck and no holds barred. . . .

He started off in a low voice. . . . just as simple and easy as a man could talk. He was talking about the things that make a country a country, and a man a man, and he began with that everybody's known and felt—the freshness of a fine morning, when you're young and the taste of food when you're hungry and the new day that's every day when you're a child. He took them up and he turned them in his hands. They were good things for any man. But without freedom, they sickened. And when he talked of those enslaved, and the sorrows of slavery, his voice got like a big bell. He talked of the early days of America and the men who had made those days. It wasn't a spread-eagle speech, but he made you see it. He admitted all the wrongs that had ever been done. But he showed how, out of the wrong and the right, the suffering and the starvations, something new had come. . . .

And he wasn't pleading for one person any more—though his voice rang like an organ. He was telling the story and the failures and the endless journey of mankind. It got tricked and trapped and bamboozled, but it was a great journey. And no demon that was ever foisted could know the inwardness of it—it took a man to do that. The fire began to die on the hearth and the wind before morning began to blow. The light was getting grey in the room when Dan'l Webster finished. And his words came back at the end to New Hampshire ground—and the one spot of land that each man loves and clings to. And to one his voice was like the forest and its secrecy, and to another like the sea and the storms of the sea; and one heard the cry of the lost nation in it, and another saw a little harmless sea he hadn't remembered for years. But each saw something.

And when Dan'l Webster finished, he didn't know whether or not he'd saved Jabez Stone. But he knew he'd done a miracle. For the glitter was gone from the eyes of judge and jury, and for the moment, they were men again, and knew they were men.

The Giant Killer

—By Dorman Smith



America The Dutiful

Giant On His Knees

By Samuel Grafton

I HAVE the strongest feeling that the only way of losing its commanding position in the affairs of the world. We are writing ourselves off, through a crabbed and narrow foreign policy, and we are being written off by the nations of the world. In France, as we are doing, without taking on the littleness of factionalism. We were bigger than France. We have chosen to cut ourselves down to the size of Giraud.

We could have marched in seven-league boots toward the freeing of all the people of France. We have crawled on our bellies toward the abolition of the Cereales decree, and the disenfranchisement of 100,000 French citizens in Algeria, and better to have in the hands of the right in North Africa. We have splintered our prestige, to make it as small as that of one splinter in French politics.

We were bigger than Spain, but we have chosen to make ourselves as small as Franco, by choosing him and praising him. We were bigger than Spain, but we have chosen to make ourselves as small as Franco, by choosing him and praising him. We were bigger than Spain, but we have chosen to make ourselves as small as Franco, by choosing him and praising him.

Otto of Austria is our playmate, and oh! what games we have with the little fellow! What fun, to order Poles and Yugoslavs into a minuscule "Austrian battalion" of less than a thousand, and to reduce men under pressure, in undignified haste. But a small game for a great country, a wretched small game, a game showing a will to Hitlerism.

And the newspapers of Caracas, in Venezuela, write editorials about us, wondering about the giant who plays on his knees.

It is as if we had the choice (and the power) to make a new world, or to live among the overturned chairs, the tattered draperies, the broken walls and the second-hand political furniture of the old one, and had chosen the latter. A Franco in Spain, a vote-denying rightist government in France, an Otto in Austria; and, in it, might be a magpie's nest, but perhaps we can be comfortable in it. What neurotic fears among our diplomats (whose profession is fear) have led to this choice we may never know in full. Fear, even, that our allies and ourselves may be too strong, and make changes too great to be tolerated by small official minds who distrust the clock and suspect the calendar.

And this is the way nations lose their place and become small; not by the disaster of a day, but by the mistakes of a long, long year; "not with a bang, but a whimper." And it is still true, as it was ten years ago, that the thing we have to fear is fear itself.

Mr. Eden Speaks

The Partnership

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON

ONE good thing about this trip of Anthony Eden over here is that, contrary to the unfortunate experience with the Casablanca conference, this affair has not been over-halllooed.

The British Foreign Minister will go back home without there having been any tremendous announcements. The Casablanca conference was attended by an enormous amount of advance rumormongers and hints so that big things were expected. Actually little could be said in the communiqué. That vaguely called a "general feeling" that the conference had not lived up to expectations, although it was never in the cards that much could have been said about the Casablanca conference once Stalin had refused to have anything to do with the meeting.

The Eden visit has not been attended with the spotlight and prominence which have surrounded that of Mme. Chiang Kai-Shek. There has never been any question of his attempting to influence the American public over the head of the Government. Secretary Eden's one speech, at Annapolis, is not one that attempts in any way to alter the policy of the American Government. It was pointed out rather to the position already taken by President Roosevelt and most Administration spokesmen in declaring for a United Nations with force to prevent future aggression.

The Eden visit has been essentially a personal exchange of ideas and thinking out loud, between him and the President and Secretary Hull. In addition Mr. Eden has talked with a large number of Americans, both in and out of official life, always off the record and seemingly with frankness. Equally important, he has been sounding out Americans because the British want more of a say in the future, to know what America is likely to do. They want very much to know whether the country, and particularly the Senate, is likely to support the general attitude of the Administration, or whether it is to be another Wilson affair all over again.

Undoubtedly we know just what the top men in the British Government are thinking with regard to what might be done about Germany—whether she is to be set up as a public enemy, or divided into separate states, for instance. Undoubtedly Mr. Eden knows what our top people are thinking about possible solutions of the present situation, and about the frontiers of Eastern Europe. That does not mean at all that decisions have been made. Alternative solutions are discussed. The advantages and disadvantages of each may be canvassed. Individuals may express their personal preference on a tentative basis.

Another thing is the British sensitiveness to anti-British feeling in America. The British are apt to exaggerate it. For instance, some of them, concerned over what we think about India, may feel that something very deep is going on. Actually I don't feel very much of anything is going on here about India. British treatment of the Congress Party and leaders is hard to justify. But Gandhi's fast was a propaganda flop and Americans lost interest, which is the reason for the silence in America on the Indian question.

It was different a year ago, when the Japanese were about to invade India and when there was a chance of the British patching up a deal with the Congress Party, and the British were very much so Americans, if they think about the matter at all, are apt to file it quietly away in the future book.

The British and ourselves have strong mutual interests to make it advisable that we regard each other as preparing for an extension of the wartime partnership with Russia, China and other United Nations members of the partnership. A partnership is an association for mutual benefit. That is the nature of Eastern Europe, the principal Allied nations. And this view here with its meeting of minds obviously has resulted in progress toward that end.

Real America

True Greatness

By DR. W. F. JACOBS

President, Presbyterian College

DU TOCQUEVILLE, a French statesman, came to America in 1831. To him is attributed one of the finest analyses of American purposes ever stated. It came on his visit to our country and is quoted as follows:

"I sought for the greatness and genius of America in her commodious harbours and her ample rivers, and it was not there. It was in the fertile fields and boundless forests, and it was not there. . . . In her rich mines and her vast world commerce. . . and it was not there. . . ."

"But until I went into the churches of America and heard her pulpit flame with righteousness did I understand the secret of her genius and power. America is great because she is good; and if America ever ceases to be good, America will cease to be great."

Our international thinking is so confused that it is difficult to know just where we stand, and sometimes it looks as if we have lost our national ideal, but really we have not. What de Tocqueville said so eloquently may be summed up in four words and read daily from our coins. "In God We Trust."

We are probably talking too much about our plans for the future and thinking too much in terms of re-ordering a new world. We are thinking too much about the terms of the peace that is to be made in the future, when we should be concentrating our thoughts on the production of a peace in which we will be the victors. We have not won the war yet, and if too much talk of social reorganization of the world distracts the attention of the public and produces a national lethargy in the war program, and convinces us that we have won the victory before we actually have, then we may be making a serious mistake.

Nevertheless, we will not forget that our whole war program is in its nature of a crusade for a right-based upon the national ideal, "In God We Trust." In order to be victors we must prove that we are great, and thereby prove that we are right. We shall prove our greatness, as de Tocqueville says, when we prove our goodness.

God grant us the wisdom which has made America what it is, and may we prove greater under stress than in the time of peace!

Side Glances



"Our dogs dug up a lot of your garden last Spring, but you were so nice about it that we'd like to

Visitin' Round

Those Tiresome Details (Hemby Ridge Item, Monroe Journal)

Miss Marcell Crooke got her hand cut very seriously the other day.

She Evaporated, Ed? (DeBany Item, Livingston Dispatch)

Joe Berhart had the misfortune to lose a