

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

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W. C. Dowd, 1865-1927

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WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1943

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 in the nation's fields...

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. For 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. It was a beautiful job.

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. He saw the maneuver for what it was, and announced it to the nation.

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

We can't believe 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 and women 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 shame."

Backingham County Journal THE Charlottean just who was holding court here last week said, in a private conversation, that the gist of our jury system lay in the fact that twelve average citizens could usually be depressed upon to do the right thing after being informed on the issue and given time to consider it.

American Industry

Too Big For Production?

By Raymond Clapper

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. That, at least, is the view of some persons I talked with the other day around the Grumman aircraft plants on Long Island.

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. They produced several thousand combat planes last year and are exceeding the 1942 rate this year.

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-model plant. To change you have to reconstruct the plant.

Nobody overcomes 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.

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.

Only 10 per cent commute to New York—and many thousand workers are employed. 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, the 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.

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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. Many were frightened but no one was injured.

Tuffy is the property of Stanley George, American-born descendant of a long line of bear-training, Rumanian Gypsies. With his father, Bill, and mother, Rose, Tuffy has been in the bear act run by George and his father, Gus, since he was a small cub. The bear returned from a tour a little over a week ago.

The two men of the family were away last 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.

The children shouted and Tuffy moved faster, scattering youngsters as he play in 23rd Street. Mothers tried to herd Tuffy into the nearest doorway or hauled them onto the nearest stoop while Tuffy held to the middle of 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 weather. Before Tuffy had emerged at the park 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 house of Henry J. MacDonald at 240-14 Mavda Road and entered the garage. The Georges ran quickly about the doors and windows of the house. 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 MacDonald garage.

By that time the police and gypsy friends of the George family assured everybody there was no need for shooting. The owner would soon be on his hands. There was some excitement about Tuffy's escape, but he was quickly locked out of the garage door with his paw. Once he tried to crawl through the small aperture.

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, spoke to Tuffy and held out an apple, which the bear grabbed. Old Gus talked softly and Tuffy poked his snout out from behind the window. He snuggled up to his head, but, on another day, fumbled though he was, he could not swallow shark's meat.

George Coffin Taylor has told me about how his father, Russ, captured the bear in the city. The bear was used to kill and eat rats in the city. When he was captured, he was on the shore of Lake Erie. But, after eating a fairly familiar story. It has been reported to my printers in many ways, 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. They think 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, the business profitable, which proved that there were a lot of people who had no prejudice against a snake as food.

The Real Sport

Wrasslin' Names

The Baltimore Sun Monsieur Tibet, known to the wrestling trade as the Angel, told by the best performer known as the Golden Terror in a match the other night at the Coliseum. During the course of the evening, the Purple Angel got flattened by the Irish Whip, also known as Danon, sported by Dan O'Mahoney. Other performers of current or recent fame are the Yellow Mask, the Masked Marvel and the Iron Gutter.

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 "Champion" or "Champion" in the ring. The names are all interchangeable. The Golden Terror, known in some circles as the Purple Angel, and it would be as much out of character for the Purple Angel to be called "The Angel" as it would be for the Golden Terror to be called "The Golden Terror." It is all right for him to get a little rough when faced with a professional wrestler, but he must be scrupulously fair until it becomes obvious to all that his opponent cannot be induced to be decent. After that—well, St. George didn't subdue the dragon by acts of gentile pity.

The Angel's role is, at first sight, rather incongruous. He is billed as the noblest man in the business. However, his pulchre appearance makes an easy rationalization by which the chauvinist knight is assumed to be hidden beneath the mundanely rough exterior. In point of fact, the Angel, outside the ring, is a man of culture and education, a former professor in a young ladies' seminary and also a former naval officer.

This need disillusion no wrestling fan if one should read this. After all, Eric von Stroheim and Boris Karloff (as Mr. Peters in private life) are said to be very gentle souls when not acting the villain.

What wrestling needs is not more villains just now. It needs a few more heroes. In addition to the Purple Panther, the Post-Peak, the Barbican Beard and such-like performers, the promoters ought to feature the Green Car Kid, possibly reuniting the Angel that, the Wholesome Walloper, the Boy Scout, and so on, and let them slay the villain.

Books of the Month

—By Herblock



Especially Now

A Man'll Eat Anything

By LOUIS GRAVES In The Chapel Hill Weekly

PHILLIPS Russell and I were discussing, one day last week, the article in the newspaper about the fricasseed mackerel served to Vice-President Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture Wickard, and other members of the Cabinet recently in Washington. Having in mind Mr. Russell's far-reaching travels and curious experiences, I asked him if he had ever done any unusual feasting.

"Well, I remember eating grubs when I was in Mexico," he said. "The grubs had, either. They seemed to be just ordinary worms, like the ones we have here, except that they were bigger than ours. Of course you've heard about how Mexicans and Central Americans eat the meat of the big lizard called the iguana. It's called iguana meat."

Naturally, what kind of animals you are willing to eat depends largely upon how hungry you are. Still, there are some things that some people can't get down. Captain Eddie Hicken-

backer, in his thrilling narrative of his life on a raft in the Pacific Ocean, was delighted to eat the meat of a shark. He had been confined in the prison for many years, 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. They think 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.

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Democracy's Glory

The Will Of Plain People

Backingham County Journal THE Charleston jurist who was holding court here last week said, in a private conversation, that the gist of our jury system lay in the fact that twelve average citizens could usually be depressed upon to do the right thing after being informed on the issue and given time to consider it.

"The trouble with being tried before judges," said he, "is that we look into the head of the man who becomes bound whereas the average citizen is concerned, not about rules and technicalities, but about the merits of the case. The eminent jurist 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."

The trouble with government by the few is that they become party-bound, narrow, self-interested dictators. They are known, it is said, as oligarchs, and they are called oligarchs because they hold office only as servants of the people themselves.

What is the law in America? In the last analysis it is the will of the people. What is the Government?

The people make mistakes, and this is one of their inalienable rights. They make mistakes, and this is their solemn duty. Occasionally they vote a mounthead bull into office and watch him flourish like a green bay tree, but he is soon cut down and withers in the breath of public scorn and contempt. Sometimes the people are misled to frenzy by some emotional lawyer, enact a foolish law, but always they get back their sense and repeat it.

Yes, the glory of our democracy is that the people can be depended upon to do what is right when they have light and take time to think.

Visitin' Round

Let's See, There Oughta Be Some Way— (Hot Springs Item, Marshall News-Record)

Mr. 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