

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS



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MONDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1942

Conservation

This Time It's Money, Likely To Become Scarcer Tomorrow

North Carolina, enjoying benefits of the progressive administration of Governor Broughton, is also fortunate in these times of fiscal upheavals that State Treasurer Charles M. Johnson is on the job. This week he spoke for every North Carolinian when he addressed himself to his chief, calling attention to the surplus funds in the State treasury, and outlining a program of financial conservation so that we might meet the great new demands of the post-war era.

Treasurer Johnson's thought, and it has been our own, is that the present surplus of some \$19,000,000 should be conserved, and that present taxes should be continued against a period of distress. Present Government functions must be retained. For the most part, and the prospect are that under the new Federal Government will be unable to carry the huge burden of New Deal social aid it has carried in the past. If so, the responsibility will certainly become that of state and local governments, and any reserves piled up now by a bumper year of tax revenues must be set aside for lean times. If North Carolina and her local governments fail to make provision today for social and economic adjustments in the years ahead, all may return to the heavy borrowing days of the early thirties, payment of high taxes, and the struggle to keep state institutions functioning.

By law, local governments are instructed to use any surpluses as a means of reducing taxes for the next year, and Mr. Johnson is suggesting legislation so that part of the reserves may be set aside for that purpose. It is suggested, it is, and that State and local officials will invest the gray of today into the planned meals of the future. It doesn't pay government or business to trust to pot luck for tomorrow.

Parable

Washingtonian Unblushingly Outlines Government Theory

The Citizens Emergency Committee on Nondefense Expenditures, continuing to delve into the Washington pile despite Presidential thundering that all is well, manages to unearth at least a gem a week. This week it is the Washington illusion that a bureau's importance is in direct ratio to its size and complexity. A young employee of the War Production Board was quoted in this little story, when he went to a fellow worker with a plan:

"You help me convince the boss that we need an administrative unit; we'll work together to get better jobs in the Government. I'll set up a unit to card all incoming applications and keep a file of all WPA orders. I'll submit the names of our section to the payroll department bi-monthly and transmit the travel vouchers of our men to the Treasury. I'll have one girl or an assistant working for me on each job. As a result of my supervisory status, I'll qualify as a section or unit chief. Under Civil Service, my pay will rise automatically to \$5,000 a year."

His associate pointed out that these functions were already being performed by existing departments. Understood, the ambitious young man replied:

"Yes, but let's have one unit to do all this for our own section, you know, like the Chief Clerk's Unit of the Legal Review Section of the War Production Division of the Contracts Branch of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce."

NCCA

It Will Have To Cultivate Humanity To Get Anywhere

The North Carolina Citizens Association is something new in organizations. Freshly incorporated, with an office in Raleigh and a full-time secretary to run it, the NCCA has been formed by a good many substantial business men from all parts of the state, primarily for the purpose of combatting non-essential expenditures by Federal, State or local governments. The association announces that it is non-political, and to forestall the assumption that it is a non-progressive it comes out in its first public health suggestion for the purpose of combatting non-essential expenditures by Federal, State or local governments.

natural resources and sound governmental operation." Check. Such a movement could be an exceedingly good thing provided it stuck strictly to its knitting, remaining aloof from political parties and personalities, and provided, most of all, that it developed genuine interest in the cause of human betterment. It would be all right and strictly above board, for, to concentrate on fiscal foolishness and the waste of tax money, and goodness knows those matters need attention. But it so happens that the most extravagant administration of all likewise represents to the masses of the people the greatest public benefactor, and purely negative resistance to Mr. Roosevelt and the New Deal simply could not attract the popular support that it would need to get anywhere.

There would have to be blandishments, something more tangible than the mere graces of the public benefactor, is devoted to "education, health, and so forth. For the hard fact of our times is that Mr. Roosevelt has taught the people to expect even in war, security and benefits though it bankrupt the people to provide them. Along with this has crept in a laissez faire philosophy of a strictly new order, the feeling of what-hell where money and debt and indulgence are concerned. Waste, want not, is the new motto. All that comes out of one pocket is bound to go into another.

If the North Carolina Citizens Committee picks its holes with care and blocks out the charge that it is an organization of the well-to-do concerned solely with the advantage of the well-to-do, and if it appreciates that there really is something to the line about the "greatest good for the greatest number"; it may amount to something. Otherwise, it will have set itself to the task of rolling back a mighty strong tide.

End Sweep

Eighth Army Prods Rommel, Moves Nearer Big Battlefield

The new surge of the British Eighth Army, stirring at last after its long drive out of Egypt, casts a new light upon the struggle for Africa. Though Marshal Rommel's hastily fortified position at El Agheila has been leveled with light British casualties and another German flight seems in the making with Tripoli, the next stop, some 400 miles away, the victory does not assure a quick Allied cleanup. It does, however, increase the pressure upon all Axis units in North Africa, and brings closer the day when the jaws of the trap shall be sprung.

After weeks of strengthening his supply lines and making himself safe for a second assault, General Montgomery moved. When the push came, Rommel was apparently reconciled to retreat with little resistance, had likely prepared to retire in advance. For several days German news sources have been speaking much of the overwhelming might of the British force, but until the offensive was well under way, there was no statement from the British. With the assumption of the initiative, Allied commands have become more cautious in their claims.

The long route ahead of Rommel and his pursuers is most likely to end at Tripoli, the last Axis port of escape. From there, it is about 400 miles Eastward to the battlefields of Tunisia and Bizerte, so that even if the Eighth Army's victory became complete, and Rommel's battered forces were driven into the sea, there could be no immediate drive upon the big Axis flank in Tunisia.

However, though Africa's leaping distances separate Allied forces, East and West, the string is drawing tighter, and from Montgomery's men may yet come the decisive blow to clear African soil of the last Axis troops. The operation, unlike the swift thrusts that have been hurled back and forth from Libya into Egypt and put again, is likely to be prolonged, and the beginning of the squeeze is still weeks off. But when it comes there can be only one result. Hitler will have suffered his second major defeat in Africa—and his last one.

Any time now Der Fuehrer may be called on for his intuition fee at the school of hard knocks.

If leaflets don't soften the foe, one can always try handwriting on the wall and the beginning of the end.

The Japs Can't Rest Dutch Jungle Fighters

From The Netherlands News MOVING with the stealth of a trained jungle fighting unit, a mixed band of Dutch and Indonesian troops leaves its camp in the backwoods of Sumatra and vanishes in the dense forest. For many hours the men file through the Jungle like Indians on the warpath, their green uniforms almost invisible against the tropical verdure. Despite the heat they advance with the easy, tireless step of men hardened by many long marches over difficult terrain. The pace is fast, for their cardinal combat rule is speed, a swift attack and an equally swift withdrawal.

Except for an occasional command from the officer in the van, the raiders are silent; they are after big and dangerous game. On reaching the ridge of a hill skirted by a highway, the officer calls a halt. After receiving some quick orders, the men deploy among the trees and tall grass, and train rifles and tommy-guns on the highway a few yards away. Several of the men dash to a nearby bridge across which the highway passes and plant dynamite under its supports.

The trap is ready to be sprung. From the road the raiders are invisible. Outwardly all is peaceful in the rolling countryside with its scattered native dwellings and plantations, but behind their leafy screen the Dutch-East Indies guerrillas are tense. Their whole plan now depends on whether the information supplied by one of their native spies was correct. From and silent they wait for their quarry, their eyes fastened on a bend in the highway near the bridge. Soon it shows up on the highway—a string of supply-laden Japanese trucks, protected by troopers and an armored car rumbling menacingly ahead of the other vehicles.

There is a sizzle in the jungle and the Dutch officer gives the order. As the armored car rolls across the bridge, one of the guerrillas plants a bridge and a plunger and a terrific blast smashes bridge and car to bits. Protected by tree trunks and hillocks, the guerrillas pour a deadly fire into the remaining vehicles, killing or wounding many Japanese. A swift charge with the bayonet and hand grenades disposes of the remainder of

the 100-man Japanese contingent. From the vehicles the raiders take what ammunition and supplies they can carry and stream back into the jungle without a single serious casualty. This foray—described by a Dutch officer who reached Australia from the Indies last Summer—is typical of the many attacks which are being carried out by daring guerrilla bands. Japanese patrols, venturing upon the main highways and cities or situated at remote outposts, are killed and their arms taken away. Japanese warehouses and communications facilities are blown up. In southern Java, around Jogyakarta, guerrilla fighters have harried Japanese communication lines so successfully that the invaders have had to delay plans for developing the south coast port of Ciliacap as an additional basis for a possible thrust against Australia.

The guerrillas also have other duties than fighting—those of gathering information on Japanese movements and spreading propaganda among the natives. They have an excellent system of spying on the Japanese which permits them to obtain the maximum results with their attacks. Most of the Dutch soldiers speak the native tongue. Befriended by the local inhabitants, they frequently disguise themselves as civilians, passing back and forth across the Japanese lines to obtain their information.

The guerrilla war, for one thing, ties up thousands of Japanese troops and vast amounts of air and ground equipment. Communication difficulties make it impossible for the enemy to gauge the number of these guerrillas and the exact zones where they are operating. A reliable informant reported recently that some of the guerrilla bands include Americans, Britons and Australians who are fighting with the Dutch Army in the Indies when, in March of this year, the fall of Bandung put an end to organized defense. Some of the guerrilla leaders are in radio contact with the outside world but it is, of course, of primary importance that all their movements be kept secret. From time to time one of these dare-devil guerrilla heads succeeds in getting out of the Indies and reaching Australia. Once there he confers with Netherlands officials and then returns to his post.

"See Naples and Die"

—By Herblock



Our Chosen Rulers . . .

Darlans Or Democrats?

By Samuel Francon

THE first and simplest war aim is to promise the people of the Fascist countries that we shall rid them of their Fascist leaders. Why do we overlook this clearest war aim of them all? A quart of milk a day is good, but no Fascism is better.

We ask the people of Europe to rise, but in the absence of a pledge to remove the top Fascists forever, revolution becomes doubly unsafe. The pledge to top Fascists on trial for murder and arson is not enough. Suppose there is a hung jury, and they are acquitted? What happens then, on some dark night, in some little town of Germany, to some little democratic revolutionary? Will we check each other down carefully, and if we do, how many years will we do it?

The Atlantic Charter is a pledge to install the four freedoms. But it suffers from an old fault of political promissory notes; it promises too much, too vaguely. The smaller, narrower promise to destroy Fascist organizations, and then let the people install four freedoms, or five, or six, if they like, would carry more conviction. The great danger is not that we will deliver a plut of milk a day instead of a quart, but that we will leave Darlans all over Europe instead of democrats.

The specific pledge to destroy two specific organizations, the Italian Socialist Party of Germany and the Fascist Party of Italy, and to remove from power even their more respectable adherents, from, say, Dr. Schacht in Germany, to Italy's miserable, unheroic king, would be worth more than a year of conversation about general principles.

We need a Book of Emancipation Men, and we need to announce to the people Europe that we are conducting our war as a police operation against those named men; that they are wanted, dead or alive; that their numbers are up; that there is no way in

Side Glances



"I think he's awful cute, but he's so old-fashioned! He won't let me put the air in his tires!"

Errors Expected

Control Is New

By Raymond Clapper

WE are new at using Government controls, and therefore are apt to handle them, as a green driver does, with a grip that is too tight and too rigid, whereas a more relaxed grip would be more effective.

I recall having to fill out a number of forms during a brief visit in England in the Summer of 1941. No one seemed to be unpleasant. At the police station the officer attended the water of the curfew regulations without my asking for it, or even knowing I should ask for it. He said that I was a newspaper correspondent, and he said he supposed I would need to be going and coming from my hotel at all hours, so he stamped in the exemption. At another post, where I was given my identity card and ration book, the young lady apologized for having to describe me on the forms as an alien. She said the word sounded sinister and didn't seem appropriate except in connection with enemies.

Life is extremely severe in wartime England but they manage to soften it a bit by co-operation. People know that they must do many things they would resent in peacetime. The Government assumes that people will co-operate. So there is far less of that raw strain than we are having here.

Life is bound to be more Spartan here after Christmas. Rationing will be extended. More articles will disappear from the shelves. Job control is beginning. Casualty lists will grow longer. Heating won't be adequate in many homes, partly because the Government neglected to build pipelines and oil barges in time, and partly because many householders paid no attention when Secretary Ickes warned them time and again to convert to coal.

It doesn't help for Leon Henderson to say, as he did in Boston the other day, that if it is a choice between people getting pneumonia and supplying the troops in North Africa, then people can catch pneumonia. Of course, he is right. But public officials don't have to add hard words to hardship. Leon Henderson has a hard job. He has to be firm but he ought to receive public acclaim for his courageous devotion to a very unpleasant duty. Instead, those Republicans, taking an issue where they can find it, use Henderson and his pneumonia crusade to fuel up popular resentment against war restrictions.

And how can a Government handle this delicate business of job control and other controls that touch families so closely if it isn't a little mellow and doesn't keep a sense of humor, which is really a sense of proportion, in its contacts?

It think the hunch of a publisher was right when he came away disturbed over the conversation he had with one of Leon Henderson's civilian-supply assistants. The OPA official was arguing with the publisher that newspapers should reduce their illustrations.

"What need is there in wartime to run pictures of bathing beauties and Hollywood movie stars?" the OPA official asked. The publisher fumbled a bit and then said that he had a picture of a certain actress in a pretty girl to the newspaper, and added, "Don't you?" To which the price official replied with offended dignity, "I'll have you know that I'm a happily married man."

Well, when you set out to tell men they can't quit their job, or they will have to let their house go cold, and they are not going to get as much butter or cheese, and no increase in wages—just don't want to hurt you, the news through dumb dummies like the happily married price official. The gang just won't take it from him.

I think that's what the trouble is, and not, as some of the Republicans want to think, a sudden revival of popular affection for the affected shirts of a decade ago. There are a few more respect for the Administration's objective than for its methods.

Eugene Wilson, president of United Aircraft, said recently that "if demand for the power to compel is confession of incompetence to lead."

They're Running Out

Fishes' Namesakes

The New Yorker

WHEN the Navy decided to name its submarines after fishes, there probably had only a loose idea of how many kinds of fishes there are, and of course it had no idea in the world about our present wartime shipping program. At any rate, here are a few of the names of the confidential number of submarines commissioned and under construction, and it's already hard to find names for them.

Our young subs bear such names as Gurnard, Haddock, Barb, Lapon, Trigger, Pompano, Hoop, and Gumbo. The names are all well undersea craft still in the blueprint stage are going to be called. The other, day a Naval officer telephoned one of the staff ichthyologists at the American Bureau of Natural History and asked, in a rather desperate tone of voice, if there was such a fish as a barber.

The ichthyologist rummaged through his reference books and reported that the barber existed, although on a plane scarcely consistent with the dignity of the United States Navy; when directed it takes shelter among the poisonous tentacles of a jellyfish called the Portuguese man-of-war. It appears, however, that we're going to have a U.S.S. Barber, and probably, you'll hear about the launching of the U.S.S. Jellyfish before we get the Pacific mopped up.

On the theory that the Navy might be entertained by the habits of some of the fishes for which its submarines have been named, we have done a little honey research, are able to set it down that a gurnard, for example, has fingers—or, at any rate, fingerlike appendages to its fins, with which it turns over stones and shells on the ocean bottom, looking for food. The haddock is the hump-backed salmon of the Pacific Coast, good eating but terribly ugly.

The gurnard is an Atlantic-coast character better known as a rock cod, and the saury is a small fish that grows in schools as near the North Atlantic; it has a bill like a bird's and is known among ichthyologists as a great jumper. The permit is a giant pompano that is found principally off West Africa, and in no way goes eating as its smaller cousin, found in our own Southern waters.

The scorpionfish is a sculpin that haunts the Atlantic coast. Even for a sculpin, it's awfully homely; has tassels on its head and weedy-looking fins. The lampfish is another name for the scorpionfish family. It has defensive spines that poison you; a fellow who gets stuck by a lampfish will say that his finger wouldn't move for a week. The pompano is a variety of grunt found off Florida, and the hoop is a small shark found, among other places, in New York waters, where it is disliked by fishermen for its tendency to foul their gear. The guardfish is a houndfish (it helps) and possesses the eerie, somewhat irrevocable ability to walk upright on the water, using its powerful tail as a scull. This you have the possibility of a fish walking up to a man in