

**THE CHARLOTTE NEWS**  
 And Evening Chronicle  
 Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday By  
 The News Publishing Company, Inc.  
 W. C. Dowd Jr., President and General Manager  
 J. E. Dowd, Vice-President and Editor  
 W. C. Dowd, 1885-1927

The daily edition of The Charlotte News was established in 1888. The Evening Chronicle (established 1893) 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.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS AND WIDE WORLD

The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for publication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited to this paper, and also the local news published herein.

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, 67 cents; by mail: One month 87 cents; three months, \$2.60; six months, \$5.20; one year, \$10.40.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1942

**Turn About**  
**County Board Allows Itself**  
**A Mite of Politics**

As long as Boards of County Commissioners continue to re-elect Mr. Doug Bradshaw as County Accountant, they are just about proof against the accusation of playing too much politics in the appointments at their bestowal. Mr. Bradshaw, whose job is a responsible one, works for no favorites, carries no boxes for this or that in election times. He tends strictly to his own job, and he is as firm as he is fair, and he is the prime reason why the County Government's household is in good order.

A somewhat different relationship has generally obtained between County Boards and their attorneys. It is understood that the lawyer who becomes County Attorney shall have rendered political service to the dominant members of the board. Despite this sub-rosa arrangement, Mecklenburg County has been served by a succession of able, upstanding attorneys, and Joe W. Ervin, the latest, is no exception to the rule.

His predecessor, however, will have set him a high standard to follow. Throughout his terms James L. DeLaney has stood a close watch over the legality of various practices and proposals considered by the County Commissioners, and while he is a legal purist, so to speak, and though some of his advice has restricted the functions of the County Government, his counsel has stood up.

It is our opinion that Mr. DeLaney, by the excellence of his service, deserved reappointment, but at any rate he retains the place of honor, as head of the County Delinquent Tax Agency, where he is invaluable.

**Magic Names**  
**As Warships Pass On, Great**  
**New Ones Take Their Places**

On the seas the order changes. The proud old names are passing, and gaining new ones take their places on the battle lines. The splashes of American launchings on Pearl Harbor Day sent a veritable new fleet down the ways. Soon they will speak thunderously, and their names will glitter in the stories of war.

Many a tough old lady who lived and fought in the grand tradition now lies in her grave in some exotic tropical sea, but others come to carry on. Lexington, a noble name whose memories went back to the embattled farmers, Yorktown, an echo of the first great American victory—these were names of thrill. One still lives on a new hull, the other is finished.

Other familiar names are gone as well. Oklahoma, Arizona, Houston, Vincennes, Astoria, Quincy, and many another. The new ones that grow down the ways will be doubly welcome for an all-ocean war, for they inherit a tradition.

The carrier Belau Wood, so that the Marines in the wheat fields will never be forgotten; Independence and Princeton, memories of the key Delaware and the early war for freedom; the mighty New Jersey, the cruiser Miami, already long at sea are the powerful North Carolina and Washington—new names for battle. And just as there will never be a dearth of materials for their building, so will there never be a lack of grand names for their names in the fight.

These, alone are America, ranging the seas, speaking undaunted as she has from the beginning.

**Come All**  
**Willkie Wants to Subsidize**  
**All The World's Righteons**

We've had about enough of the win-the-war-and-win-the-peace line of talk, even from a spiritual leader like Wendell Willkie. We're willing to recognize the world as an integral part of life in these parts, but the chunk of pie that is its right ought to be shared by all. Mr. Willkie continues perturbed over our dickering with Admiral Darlan in North Africa, warns that the oppressed peoples of the earth cannot be sure that the American fighting banner is clean.

We think it is about time that the Willkie school noted that the dirty business of the enemy are in plain sight of all, and that the little nations, one by one, can save a sight of grief by a short-

cut. As our armies move in on conquest, the bread of all will be buttered on the Allied side. Perhaps it's not that simple, and our view is certainly not that the peace should not be planned and war aims stated. But there we leave Mr. Willkie and his conferrers.

We have no blueprinted set of war aims ourselves, but in idly turning over the possibilities we've decided to be agreeable with the conservative view: that nations which have been free and are fit to be free shall be restored; that nations and areas having shown no ability for self-government shall remain as they are; that there shall be no "TVA on the Danube"; that the streets of Edinburgh to Chungking with a quart of free American-grown milk in front of every stoop.

This kind of an argument (and we'll bet it seems so to realists like Eisenhower and Vandenberg and Flomshenko and Montgomery) is academic. There's so much fighting and wrecking and dying to be done in a hurry, and so much planning to be done once we look at the size of victory and get the bill. It's no elementary matter of fighting because there's only one time for one thing at a time; this is a matter of urgency.

The world will not lunge forward with a new magic on the day peace comes; the old problems will remain; amazing new techniques are not for all of mankind, and freedoms cannot be entrusted to all men and all races. If Mr. Willkie is bent upon objecting to every ally of the moment on the basis of his past record, then we'll find precious few of them acceptable. And if we're going to invite everyone in sight to the cutting of a peace pipe when it's ready, we might as well keep right on fighting.

**On The Loose**  
**Taxicabs Multiply a Problem,**  
**And Operate Without Control**

When North Carolina became the great Army state, one of the vexing little problems tagging along behind the troops was the taxicab. The presence of this vehicle of individualized transportation and what to do about it keeps many city officials up late at nights, and to now they've made no progress. The trouble is that the state's cab population has jumped from 2,387 to 4,256 since Fall, 1941—an increase of 64 per cent.

Each taxicab multiplies the trouble it takes in the defense areas, especially in Monroe, Fayetteville and Wilmington (Monroe jumped from four cabs to 105) and nowhere was there a system of municipal control satisfactory to city fathers. Taxes became more and more involved in the illicit sale of liquor and prostitution. Wherefore the Municipal League put the matter of control on its list of proposed reforms, and aims to push it through the Legislature.

The fight, judging from the past, will be a tough one. A Charlotte taxi official, for example, has fought for years to get through in Raleigh some kind of state-wide control over cabs, without success. Our city is fortunate in this respect: it has control over cabs and drivers (a model system already adopted by several Northern cities), and beside it has 40 fewer cabs than it had a year ago.

What all parties concerned want is a state-wide application of the Charlotte system, requiring rigid inspection for drivers, payment of special fees for each cab. Where the local code falls down is in punishment of operators found guilty of illegitimate practices. An owner, if his cabs have been trafficking in vice or liquor, and taken off the streets, may often open up again under another name.

What is needed is a survey of the need for such a public utility in every city, with a limit set on the number of cabs. Should an operator lose his license, he loses it for good, and competitors take over the field. Charlotte and North Carolina need control of that kind, for war and peace.

Hitler's promises to stifle put the German people on a spot. After all, what's an embarrassment to the suspected accessory as the presence of a well-known hoodlum in the parlor when the cops close in?

The girls of North Africa are not to be ogled or addressed, and yet, some-where in our reading we have picked up an assumption that Cleopatra was not wholly allergic to the passing yoo-hoo.

**The Cold, Battleship-Gray Dawn**  
 —By Herblock



**I'd Rather Be Right**  
**Rebellion Hits Bureaucracy**

By Samuel Grafton

The rebellion against Mr. Roosevelt still palpitates. Two months ago, when the whole country was watching the progress of the Price-Control Bill, farm members were defeated in their effort to raise parity prices. The national eye was on that party.

Last week, when nobody was looking, the Pace Bill was slipped through the House by unanimous consent.

This was the most furtive passing of a major measure ever seen. The bill may raise the annual cost of living \$2,500,000,000, but it went through like confirmation of an appointment to a third-class postmastership.

Mr. Pace of Georgia, author of the measure, confessed he did not know what effect it would have on the cost of living.

I invite contemplation of what would happen should Mr. Leon Henderson, with a merry look in his eye, announce that he had just raised the price of butter 10 cents, that he did not quite know what the result would be, but was doing it anyhow.

The Pace Bill may have the most serious results. Many sound and thoughtful commentators have opined that it will pass so easily, hardly putting its head into the House chamber, before it is stamped approved and sent on to the Senate?

I ask those who have so gleefully been leading a generalized opposition to the President whether they do not share responsibility.

They have deliberately raised the temperature of opposition, so to speak; they have held a hundred billion dollars next year without inflation, or avoid a black market, by whooping it up and swinging an old stocking with a rock in its toe.

In the days ahead, we shall live by facts, or die for our disregard of them. Those who translate the war problem into a mere opposition-to-Roosevelt problem are taking the easy way. You don't have to know anything to oppose the President. Cynicism will do, sarcasm will do, cheap jokes will do, funny stories will do.

And a bill that almost nobody wants passes the House while nobody is looking.

They have cultivated the credo that all government is idiotic and all opposition meritorious. They have skylarked because they thought they had discovered a Henderson form "named" No. 1-101-PLOP-S-WODU-COS-WPB. (Later on it was revealed that this wasn't the name of the form at all but merely code instructions for the printer as to number of copies, stapling, wrapping, etc.) They have revived an old bill to take away from every Government agent the power to make binding decisions. The atmosphere has been that of a bling, or a joyous party.

You start with a storm of spurious laughter over Code No. 1-101-PLOP, etc. You end with a new price bill which almost nobody wants. The merry game has suddenly turned serious. But what's the difference? It's all opposition, isn't it? It's against the President, isn't it?

The unsolved problem of how to oppose the President during war (and on many issues opposition is a duty) calls for the best thought of the best minds in America. The spirit of Halloween is not quite the answer.

**Anything For A Laugh**

CORONET

"That's just what I wanted to know," exclaims Hitler, "where is that stick?"

And the Rabbi replies: "In the British Museum."

—MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE.

A Tennessee hillbilly had been calling on his girl for almost a year, when pappy finally cornered him one night and asked: "You mean you've been seeing Nelly for high onto a year—that are your intentions—honorable or dishonorable?"

"Tell me, you've been seeing Nelly for high onto a year—that are your intentions—honorable or dishonorable?"

The hillbilly's eyes sparkled: "You mean I got a choice?"

—HARRY HERSHFELD.

**Who's A Lowbrow?**

**Charlotte Writes, But Doesn't Read**

MECKLENBURG County, in common with many another Southern community, seems to be in danger of writing more books than it reads. The trend toward illiteracy, non-literacy, is no more pronounced here than in other sections of the Southeast (indeed, the deplorable practice of dropping the aitch from the word "hain't" is on the decline), but the Horner's Nest is not, forsooth, given to the reading of books.

The statement of a Southern writer that Dixie produced more authors and books than any other section, but read at great deal less, induced us to run down the truth about Charlotte's reading habits. The trail was still fresh.

Charlotte's Public Library has the smallest collection of books of any library in an American city of 100,000 to 200,000 people. Against an average of 150,000 in its class, it boasts only 60,000. Each book was read an average of six times last year. The Library serves County as well as City, must provide coverage for a population of 150,000.

The national library figures, per capita: average income, 42 cents; average volumes, 1-1.2; average circulation, five. For North Carolina, income, twelve cents; volumes, one-fourth of a book; circulation, one-sixth of a book. Charlotte's average income per capita: about 35 cents.

In the past two years, Charlotte and North Carolina have improved, except to set off the bottom, but not near the top. A small staff, too little money and lack of public recognition of its problem handicap the local library, so that Director Hoyt Galvin says the service "isn't good." It's probably the best in the Carolinas, at that, but far enough below par to cause a municipal blush.

The book shops reveal more of the same, from a different angle. Several of them are classed as first-rate, with good stocks, catering to a varied clientele. They reported a sad lack of public consciousness where reading is concerned. One operator said: "It seems a shame to me, but reading in Charlotte isn't fashionable. Women seem to go in more for fine silver and fashionable table settings. They entertain lavishly, but few of them ever think to have recent good books about their homes. I'd like to see them do something like that." Naturally, you're right.

Both at the library and the bookstores many customers turn to light reading—drama, mystery and western-type adventure stories—Mr. Galvin calls it "merely-geographical" because you get off at the same place you get on. Best-sellers are hard to obtain at the library, but are standbys for the book stores. In all cases, the war has changed reading habits greatly. Texts on mathematics, engineering, calculus, and other technical subjects are selling handily for business. Men, women and boys preparing for service are seeking knowledge where they sought only recreation before.

But that is a temporary trend. There is and will be a great gap in the book field between Richmond and Atlanta, both in reading and selling. Charlotte, producing writers like Marian Sims, Tim Prigden, Leggett Hylthe, W. J. Cash, Mary Bledsoe and Marion Hargrove is far behind in reading life share. Because publishers find it unprofitable to advertise and promote their products in non-urban areas, the territory in general is barren.

A lackadaisical attitude toward the printed word, book form, might seem to indicate only that Charlotte, Mecklenburg, North Carolina and the South are tending to the business of development. But because our city stands only one-third as high as it should in the field of book-reading, it follows that it might stand about the same in book-reading, and thereby endangers progress in every field of endeavor. We don't know what to do about it. We just thought we'd measure it for size.

**Our Enterprise**  
**Keep It Free**

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON

LAST January, when it was in Detroit at the time the automobile industry was converting to war production, the President's Special Studebaker, told me that as he saw it the best of whatever private enterprise was to survive in America would be, to some degree, the performance of the automobile industry in war production.

His point, as I understood it, was that if private industry fell down on the war assignment, state control would be inevitable. But if private enterprise did the job, it would have justified itself. The leaders of the automobile industry felt that they were on the line because they had become the focus of the whole struggle to get industry fully into war.

A year later it is obvious that the industry has not only met the test but met it beyond expectations. The capacity of American industry to produce quickly what is needed has been fully demonstrated. Yet, in the course of that very success, industry has produced for itself a new challenge, which is to produce for peacetime use in sufficient volume to give work to those who are able and willing to work.

Whether that is the proper responsibility of industry need not be argued, because if industry does not find ways to produce in such volume as to use the working force of the nation, there will probably be a strong political demand that industry be subsidized and directed by the Government. We will have some ten million men in the armed forces and probably twenty million people in war industry who must be absorbed back into peacetime activity. They must either have work or go on the dole.

That is why, Henry J. Kaiser, one of the most daring and imaginative of all our industrialists, told members of the National Association of Manufacturers last week that they faced a challenge to forestall a substitute by their own initiative and planning.

Mr. Kaiser places immediate war production as the first problem, but he is finding, time to think about the future and he urges his fellow manufacturers to do the same if they want to keep industry in private hands.

He puts first the essential of employment for all who want to work. Four fields for development suggest themselves to Mr. Kaiser. First, houses. He sees a postwar demand for nine million units of housing. Second, preparation in the case of automobiles and homes against deliveries soon after the end of the war.

In raising such questions there is some risk that attention will be distracted from the more immediate urgent job of production, war which must be won before anything else can happen. Yet there is also grave risk in not preparing at all for the day when war machine plants to be dismantled and millions of men will come home from the war while other millions will find their jobs wiped out.

Men coming back from the war will demand jobs, and will insist on having them, no matter what has to be done to provide them. Mr. Kaiser, with the same foresight he has shown in production, is suggesting to industry lines of thinking that might avert an ugly social and political crisis after the war and enable industry to keep private enterprise traveling under its own steam. Government control of industry won't be avoided by resolutions of the Republican National Committee but by avoiding the need for it.

**Mars Wakes Up**  
**Icarus And Sling**

Yank, The Army Weekly

WELL, it seems that Daedalus and Icarus were flying along, taking to the air from Crete, and Icarus took his slingshot and caught Daedalus in the cattywampus. So the old man shot him down in flames. That's how air combat was born.

It appears that every time man invents something to ride in he uses it to take pot shots at people. Look at the automobile, for instance. It hasn't been kicking around for twenty years before mugs were sticking Tommy guns out its back window and blasting away at the bulls. And now, look at the airplane.

It wasn't strictly speaking until the first World War that airplanes came into their own as far as combat is concerned. Even then, it was accidental. In 1914 those planes that could actually fly were used for pure and simple reconnaissance. The pilots even waved at each other occasionally. "He French would cut 'em down," the Germans would answer "German Tag." It was a B-7 set-up.

Unfortunately, one fine day a German plane piloted by Captain Rauss von Maus passed over a French plane piloted by Lieutenant Jean de Tonne. Captain von Maus was eating a tomato which was rotten. The French plane passed beneath him he tossed the tomato overboard. Alas! It caught Lieutenant de Tonne smack in the puss.

You can't imagine what happened. Lieutenant de Tonne was burned up. Next day he came back over the lines with a net of onion which he dumped forthwith on Captain von Maus. The captain, stung to his Prussian core, showed up the following Tuesday, with a sawed-off shotgun.

Lieutenant de Tonne spent the next six weeks picking pellets out of himself, and from that day on, men war was hell.

Combat planes were not always flying gun platforms. Time was when they were used for pure and simple reconnaissance. The pilots even waved at each other occasionally. "He French would cut 'em down," the Germans would answer "German Tag." It was a B-7 set-up.

The most deadly combat plane at present is the Flying Fortress, mainly because it can shoot in more directions than any other aircraft. It is considered to be a match for three medium bombers, ten pursuit ships, or one Jap communique.

The Fortress is famed for its ability to take it. Many have come back from Australia, but they look like they've been in a maul. It is used as a slave labor by absent-minded mess sergeants. "Recently a tale came in from Australia, which you can believe or not, as you will.

According to this story, a B-7 took off on a bombing mission. It had been gone about four hours when four hours were piled up on it that was surrounded by several hundred Zeros. Silence followed for it.

Suddenly the sound of a plane was heard above its home field. The ground crews looked up and saw, coming down for a landing, not the Flying Fortress, but a lone motor. Sitting on the motor was a sergeant with a machine gun across his lap. He brought the motor down to a beautiful no-point landing and jumped off.

"Boy," he said, "were we in a fight!"

