

Published Daily, Except on Sundays and Public Holidays.
Published by The News Publishing Company, Inc.
100 N. Davidson St., Charlotte, N.C.
J. D. Davis, Jr., President and Editor
J. D. Davis, Jr., Editor
Phone 1-180-1807

The daily edition of The Charlotte News was established in 1883. The Sunday edition was added in 1918. The Evening Charlotte Observer was published until 1928, when it was merged with The Charlotte News.

Subscription Rates: One Year \$10.00, Six Months \$5.00, Three Months \$2.50. Single Copies 10 Cents.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1942

Editorials in Oil and Pencil

The Mint Museum of Art has just added this as a good deal more than a repository for a lot of pretties and that fine portrait of Queen Charlotte (typically Mecklenburg) with her lip stuck out.

To be of any use to a community, a museum—no matter how precious the china shepherdesses, cubistic experiments and hooked rugs—has got to be a good reporter, has got to show not only how a few persons created decorations, but how people have lived and why. Well, amid its archaeology, good furniture and well-balanced photographs, our museum this week goes the whole hog with the editorial against the war spirit.

The editorials are by two artists, the Spaniard Luis Mura, who paints with gold green ink, and the American Kenneth Eby, who takes a black pencil and draws war pictures with Jean and masculine hatred. Mr. Eby has done 30 etchings and drawings of brute horror—severed heads drooping on fields of war, haggard looking marching mud, ugly cannon belching. Senior Mura, with the mysticism of the Moors, paints a broad, philosophical canvas showing soldiers, captains and a star boy looking up by Cavalry without once blinking.

The impact of the senior's great etching, "The Little Boy," is a scolding thing. The Mint Museum drives its propaganda home mercilessly.

The Juvenile Holds On

The juvenile in that production, the World War, still trends the moral case while other actors in the war drop from sight. The play is long past, although the critics still write of it, dispute over it and predict that it will have colossal, stupendous, gigantic succession.

The lead juvenile, the former Kaiser, reads today of the passing of the minor actors in his troupe. Dr. Dornheim, who was sent to the United States to induce the people of the United States to change their minds and agree that the sinking of the Lusitania was a magnificent thing to have done. He didn't get very far. The Germans were singularly inept during those days of our neutrality. Everything they did, like the Japanese today, made enemies instead of friends.

Von Hindenburg, one of the greatest of the Kaiser's actors, is dead. The great on the opposing troupe—Foch, Clemenceau, Bessy. The juvenile lead, however, stays late and hearty chopping wood. He is in the wings of a deserted stage, perhaps mulling old lines, making old gestures, while better men have joined the great troupe in the past, and now scene players in moulted graves.

How Do They Do It?

We of North Carolina have at times had a tendency to consider our State just a little ahead of our neighbors, South Carolina, in material matters. Rightly or wrongly, we have a feeling of superiority, slightly better men have joined the great troupe in the past, and now scene players in moulted graves.

How do our South Carolina friends do it? We have a much larger and better equipped highway patrol. We claim our roads are second to none in the nation. In only a relatively small part of the State is whiskey sold legally, while in South Carolina liquor can be bought in any hamlet. Various North Carolina organizations have sponsored innumerable highway safety conferences. We have a strictly-enforced drivers' license law. How does South Carolina hold its highway fatalities to an irreducible minimum? We confess we don't know. We're asking South Carolina.

Poor Tony

Our idea of the achilles heel in the world today is that of Anthony Eden. Britain's Secretary for Foreign Affairs. There seems a concerted movement on foot to furnish Tony with the super-colossal in cephalalgia. Chief among the contributors is Benito Mussolini. He hands out a fresh headache for Tony each day. There is Adolf Hitler, no slouch in his own right as a dispenser of pains for John Bull. A substitute headache-giver, but one whose inherent strength hardly weakens the team at all when he is in the line.

This trio has frequently driven Tony into a dark room, to soothe his anguished brow with ice-bags. Now come the Arabs, full of gulle and machine-guns, to bring their contribution to the distracted Foreign Office official. The lives of two British consulates and an unknown number of Jewish victims were taken by the guerrilla bandits when on Thursday ambushed civil authorities had troops upon the Bethlehem road. The new disturbance, it is said, is a by way of showing resentment against the recent British arrest of Arab leaders in Palestine.

Whatever its motive, it is another pain above the eyes for Anthony Eden. And just too, when that young man was trying so hard to concentrate on what he was going to say to Benito.

Note to MAFO

It's a matter of conscience, of course—this playing bingo. The National States' Association of parties given "in honor" of various people, often in honor of brides-elect. At other times they are merely gatherings of friendly people, whiling away the time with bingo.

Is it right? Isn't bingo a game of chance, pure luck? Of course it might be argued that luck is required, that a dumb cluck might mistake "G-19" for "N-23." The lawyers might make much of that.

Inside Stuff

The public has known for a long while that something was wrong in the Federal Communications Commission. The President did the very peculiar thing of calling in a man to house-clean a bureau which was peopled by appointees from the innermost Administration circle. It so happened that Charlotte's Frank R. McIninch was drafted from the special staff of the Federal Power Commission to do that dirty job.

We now know where the trouble was. Three high officials of the Communications Commission came hurtling out on their ears, and with them the public knowledge that the agency was bogged down with political pie eaters not worth their salt. And these, bear in mind, were placed in office by past Presidential intimates as Postmaster General Farley, Majority Leader Rayburn and Supreme Court Justice, former Senator, Black.

Pigs Is Pigs

Mrs. Zella Minnick's pig strayed from her farm and rooted up crops on the farm of John Scherers. So John slapped Mrs. Minnick's pig. Those are the contentions of John and Mrs. Minnick, respectively, and they seem hardly worthy of comment. Yet, just such an incident once caused a war.

IT SEEMS TO ME

By KEYWOOD BROWN

ATLANTIC CITY—I think that John L. Lewis is one of the most effective orators I have ever heard, when he is at the top of his swing. He can be dull, his best performance comes when the stage is set for him, but as an intuitive dramatist he often moves the scenery around himself.



Any newspaper man who is familiar with the words of John L. knows ahead of time that the CIO chairman was going to shoot the works. Before he talked he walked. That preliminary prowess of Lewis is one of the strangest mannerisms I have ever observed among platform speakers.

IN THE BULL PEN

I doubt whether this center has anything to do with the preparation of the remarks which are to come. Rather, it is a sort of limbering-up exercise for each speaker of various energy. The man whose followers expect much of him is out in the bull pen warming up. He is taking every precaution to avoid pulling an oratorical chafey horse.

Undoubtedly Lewis began his lock-step without any intent of embarrassing the speaker of the moment. Nevertheless, from the point of view of many in the hall the fortuitous diversion was happily timed. Homer Martin, of the Automobile Workers, had the floor. Mr. Martin is familiarly known to those who do not like him as "The Leaping Parson."

Mr. Martin came to the union movement out of a Baptist pulpit. Indeed, his contact with the life of a shouter plant was not of longer duration than a month. But when anybody says to a Martin partisan, "Your boy friend is a phony," the inevitable answer is, "Just wait till you hear him speak."

IMPATIENT TO START

At the CIO conference in Atlantic City, Mr. Martin was impatient to start. His act was tedious and unprofitable. In all fairness to the young man, he was up against a lot of competition. He came on just after Sidney Hillman and David Dubinsky, who are both speakers of long experience. And both men were under the excellent watch of the CIO. Mr. Martin began to talk about three minutes after Homer Martin began to talk.

Curbing Coughlin

The Rev. Charles E. Coughlin, the radio priest-politician, when he takes up broadcasting again—he promised to quit for good—will, it now seems safe to guess, be a somewhat different and chastened fellow. It will be because of the creation of the new archbishop of Detroit with the most flatter, Edward Mooney as the new Archbishop.

Contrast In Stock Prices & Conditions

This Is The Sort Of Setback Old Andrew Carnegie Would Have Put To Use

Dear Sir:

Andrew Carnegie, a Scotchman, knew depression and prosperity. His book, U. S. Financial History. He discussed panics, depressions, crises, and booms with his associates. He hired experts, specialists, and they told him what to do, and what not to do. Andrew Carnegie knew no fear—he kept his faith and confidence in people and in the future of the nation. He knew business cycles, trade cycles—he asked questions and got answers. The words written by him found their way on the floor board of the newspaper editors, while editorialists; financial editors served a space for him on the financial page.

Andrew Carnegie said that a depression is the best time to prepare for prosperity. Consequently, hard times were to him a distinct opportunity for laying grounds which would let him ride in on the crest of the wave. He was a boom maker par excellence. Other men punctured the national boom, and Andrew Carnegie was ready; he found himself in a depression, along with everybody. And at some point in his long career during crises, he gave many, many millions of dollars. He gave them, one wonders what other country offered the opportunities that America offered Andrew Carnegie.

A new depression is not starting now. The U. S. Treasury and the Federal Reserve Board are not now howling some calamity—they are not predicting a new depression. Wall Street psychology is bad. National psychology is O. K. Our banks, bankers and banking systems hold millions and billions of dollars; they pay, step by step, slowly and surely not a word, but the pressure of dollars will create new booms and a spectacular crest of prosperity.

Go ahead with your business plans. Build a new store, a new factory or a new house. Buy some of those Wall Street stocks at bargain prices. You fear to buy or own securities during a stock market crisis. You are likely to step in and buy them during a rally, a boom. On bad financial news, you stay away from Wall Street. On good financial news, you embrace Wall Street.

Next year U. S. business and U. S. industry will show action and more activity. The stock market, mill, shops and stores are not predicting a new boom. The stock market will hum. Do not fear the future. We, the American people, will make some more history before we are through.

THOMAS W. HAMBRICK, JR., Shelby.

Speaking of Inferior Wages

(Norcross Enquirer) In his flustered that Tuesday night, President Roosevelt said "Parity-tightened business men... agree also that no one section of the country can permanently benefit itself of the rest of the country by maintaining standards of wages and hours far inferior to other sections of the country."

How, then, does he account for the wide variation in wages paid by the Works Progress Administration in different sections of the country? New York relievers paid three times as much as those in the South. Upon another occasion, an official was asked to explain this situation and he stated that cost of living was lower in the South and thus lower wages were warranted.

It seems that it is perfectly legitimate for the United States Government to take natural forces into consideration but it is all wrong for an individual business to follow such advantage. Or is it?

Visiting Around

Extra! Y. M. C. A. Merges With Y. W. C. A. (Kings Mountain Herald) The Men's Club will have their second meeting of October this evening at the Women's Club building at 6:30.

And What Would the Brokers Do Then. Poor Things! (Lumberton Reformer) J. W. Fivert of R. 2 sends word to The Reformer that it be suggested to the powers that be that the cotton market be closed until such a time that the price of cotton advances to 12 cents the pound.

Most's Been Two Other Cars (Marshall Home) CARL HUNTER HARRIS AND DRIVERS SMILE BROADLY

Good News, One Might Say (Richmond County Journal) Negative news: the county board of education did not act on the wage issue last week. Mayor Rayburn reported that the town council did nothing Tuesday night last week outside of their routine stuff.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

On request, sent with stamped, addressed envelope, Mr. Ripley will furnish proof of anything reported by him.



Today's Cartoon Self-Explanatory

CITY HALL TOPICS

By DICK TOUNG

ALL OUT of breath I dash to my typewriter, moved by the power of suggestion. Ye Ed, who is craving to get his hands on this piece of handiwork, has calmly walked through the office in plain view. He just walks and says not a word, but his presence is a reminder that the printers must have type before a lapse hole in the "form" can be filled. And so I dash to my typewriter all out of breath as well as all out of ideas.

I wrack my brain for something of interest that has occurred or will occur around the City Hall but we seem to be very far from the Board under the Federal Trade Commission has instructed municipal officials to forward to it all information regarding identical bids received from manufacturers and dealers on any products. Any number of such bids, all the same, have been received and the City Manager acting under the instructions from Washington, has forwarded the information, including the name of the bidders. . . . Patrolman Bill Timmons, well known Charlotte Legionnaire, has obtained a leave of absence from the police department and has entered the Veterans Hospital at Orem for treatment. . . . The bowling bug which has been burning around the City Hall has hit a municipal league of bowlers. It has been organized with City Engineer Lloyd Ross as president. In the league are six teams representing the Engineering Department, the Inspection Division, the Water Department, the Fire Department, the Radio Division, and the Motor Transport Division. The first games were played last night and will be every Friday at 7:15 P. M. . . . Mrs. Alice Patterson, policeman, has a little black book which some day may become famous like other "black books." In it she is keeping a record of the names and addresses of women who follow the oldest tradition, that of the expiation of sentences and quarantine at the Mecklenburg Industrial Home will be kept in it for ready reference.

Municipal Notes: In beauty, friendliness, and courtesy I match Miss Jean Orr and Miss Florence Leslie, cashiers in the tax office, against any brace of money receivers in town. . . . Ex-Mayor Weaver stopped me on the street to add his personal endorsement to my suggestion here a few weeks ago that all City employees, as well as citizens, should be on the alert to report to the Engineering Department any conditions in the street that may cause somebody injury and result in a suit against the government. . . . Patrolman W. A. McCall was a college mate at North Carolina State College of Dwight Beard, North Carolina's reckless man of crime whose career was halted by the Texas electric chair. Beard roomed in the same dormitory as the Charlotte police officer. . . . City Clerk W. B. McGovern is showing City Hall workers an interesting postcard book the other day. Hidden in the leather fold was a "knocked down" umbrella, which could easily and quickly be withdrawn, and opened up as a regulation rain-shedder. The unique purse was a gift from her sister, who was in Germany while on a European trip, the summer. . . . Dr. Jake Mauney, assistant dairy inspector of the Health Department, has resigned and yesterday was called upon as inspector for the certified milk commission of Buncombe County. . . . Mrs. E. E. Smith, assistant in the dairy inspection office, entertained at a farewell party for him at her home on Bevelers avenue one night this week. . . . There is no single fire alarm box in the whole of Eastern. . . . Detective Lieutenant Stanhope Linberry has been chosen as a member of the board of governors of the FBI. Milton Anderson, Associate,

No Special Privileges

(Marshall Home) The Charlotte News says policemen swooped down on the newspaper men's party at the Carolina fair in Charlotte on Tuesday evening of last week and took two cases of liquor that had been provided for the party. It would be interesting to know if the expiration of sentences and quarantine at the Mecklenburg Industrial Home will be kept in it for ready reference.

Great, Big, Beautiful Dahl

(Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch) It is understood that when General Francisco Franco got the picture of the wife of the American aviator shot down in Spain, he exclaimed: "Oh, what a beautiful Dahl!"

Appropriate

(Greensboro News) Probable selection of Brussels as the locale for that nine-power conference may or may not mean that somebody is to be called on the carpet.

Edward Leo Harris

JANITOR of the UNIVERSITY of PITTSBURGH

QUITTING JOB TO BECOME PROFESSOR of CHEMISTRY WILBERFORCE UNIVERSITY, Ohio

A SCORPION WAS FOUND ALIVE AFTER BEING BURIED 22 YEARS IN A CONCRETE PILLAR Dallas, Texas

COLLEGE MASCOTS GRAVE, HARVARD-SIMMONS UNIVERSITY, Abilene, Texas