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October

Along all the roads to the west and most of the roads to the east and the north and the south they stand. They are not trees as we commonly understand it, for trees, however beautiful, are by ordinary things of everyday. But these—they are the domes of the Xanadu that never was, the little belted towers of Western man's forgotten dream as far Cathay. They are the espers of all flame and all purple and all gold. They are blowing powder and burning glory, the peal of Lord Roland's trumpet, aspiration, exultation and surrender—the inevitable flow of the mystery which life into the mystery which death.

Splendid, calm, they stand. And look at you as you pass. And wait, they bow their glowing crests to be winds; sometimes they shiver a little. But always and above all they seem to stand and wait. That is the effluvia of their being—the exhalation of their receding breath—the great blue haze smoking over all the land. That is their urge you hear, that breathless expectancy of the country, the haunting of the bounds on the hills. And they wait, serene, their forms folded, as if we were, remembering a hundred thousand years in which every autumn has been like this, and in which every returning wind has brought rebirth.

Hold Up Your Hands

If Dr. John Andrew Rice of Black Mountain College was really trying to shock his audience of Parent-Teachers in his address here last week, and he warned them that he was going to try, he succeeded, probably beyond his own intent. He certainly wasn't hard to do. A great many people seem to have been a little shocked and a few people were badly shocked. These last were left positively tingling with mortification.

We hope that none of them will missplace his sense of humor or fail to distinguish between outright levity and earnestness. The speaker's remarks about children, for example, were half facetious and only half serious. He knew enough about Dr. Rice to guarantee that. And there is a lot to be learned from children. Children are nunsances, as any number of parents have fondly declared. As for parenthood itself, there isn't anything particularly amusing about man's eagerness to reproduce in his own puny image, then the joke is on the offspring. As for rearing children in the way they should go, if any parents in the world should know, it's the parents who should be showing their hands, and perplexed mothers and fathers will beat a path to their door.

No Fair

The Rev. M. O. Johnson of Lexington, Ky., has kicked coming, who let our cities at in the school curriculum until he was declared a mad man, definitely established national boundary lines.

The fabulous John Montague, of Lavette Moore, who suddenly disappeared and changed his name after a first degree robbery seven years ago and who subsequently came to the attention of Hollywood, on intimate terms with Oliver Hardy and even Bing Crosby. Yessir, the Rev. M. O. Johnson of Lexington, Ky., has a kick coming—justice ganged up on him while letting everybody else get away.

Sine Qua Non

Said Mr. Hoover in his address last night: "There is talk of fusion and coalition. It is not to be desired. It is to be wished for. But the people fuse or coalesce around ideas and around men and not around political bargains or stratagems."

That's almost right, but not quite. What they really do, for the most part, is to fuse and coalesce around personalities in whom certain ideas and ideals are conceived as being incarnated. And that being the case, it follows as inevitably as the setting of the sun that if Mr. Hoover really wants to achieve his purpose of organizing opposition to the New Deal into a coherent whole, the first thing he has to do is to retire Herbert Hoover from the public arena for all the time the conditions of Herbert Hoover to be the leader of the opposition and to return to power to justify himself. For Herbert Hoover, whether rightly or wrongly, is identified in the popular mind as the incarnation of the New Deal. It is the function of Big Business to rule this republic and the function of the people to like it. And about that idea there is going to be precious little fusing and coalescing.

Salute to Haiti

By the record, the black republic of Haiti, seated in the middle of the Caribbean, would appear to be one of the three or four most completely civilized countries in the entire hemisphere. In the words of the late Lord of Lords, Haiti is the function of Big Business to rule this republic and the function of the people to like it. And about that idea there is going to be precious little fusing and coalescing.

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It Doesn't Follow

Japan, in attempting to conquer China, is only following the pattern laid down by the great western nations. Thus, the Associated Press writes in the Rights Review, "George Tucker, Bishop of Virginia and sometime for twenty-five years a missionary to Japan. And that the Bishop is right in his facts goes without saying. Of course England and France did carve out their empires by banding together and dividing the spoils. Innocent days the art of wholesale murder was not so well developed as it is now. But we trust that the Bishop, whom we admire, did not mean to assume what is almost invariably assumed when this statement is put forward—that, therefore, Japan stands justified morally. For that, of course, is really a non sequitur of the worst sort. It happens to be true that the gangsters who let our cities at in the school curriculum until he was declared a mad man, definitely established national boundary lines.

They Can Keep Ours

The United States Treasury has just released figures on the number of people who enjoyed incomes over \$1,000,000 in 1935. The figures show that such people in the land who had a total income of \$73,631,000. Many of our readers are familiar with the writings of seers, quacks and other panacea spokesmen in this country who claim that all the nation's millions are redistributed among the people, we would all be happy and prosperous. In the spirit of service, therefore, we beg to report that if the income of the millionaires in 1935 and the taken over by the Government, and evenly divided among the 125,000,000 men, women and children of this country, each person would receive about 58 cents.

China, Spain Unbounded

As it looks now, it's not much use to include a study of geography in the school curriculum until he was declared a mad man, definitely established national boundary lines.

CHAOS RIDES ON U. S. SHIPS

WASHINGTON—The mutiny on the "Alicia," says Chairman Kennedy of the Maritime Commission, is "scandalous." But it is merely a symptom of a general condition which Mr. Kennedy calls "definitely bad."

That mutinous voyage was in American waters, but discipline on our merchant ships is general. "The shocking lack of discipline on board American vessels is common talk in the Far East, both among Americans and other nationalities, and predictions are freely made that a marine disaster of the first magnitude will inevitably result if such conditions are allowed to continue."

Discipline is gone. "Drunkenness of crews has resulted in some of the most disgraceful episodes... stewards have grossly insulted passengers... semi-drunk steward manhandling a young woman passenger... intimidation, violence, bloodshed and the like on ships and in the waterfront. Our licensed officers are threatened... discipline on our vessels is a joke... numerous cases of insubordination, violence and near mutiny are before the government..."

The State Department is constantly complaining of the disgraceful conduct of our merchant seamen on ships in foreign waters. I have listened by the hundreds to the tales of cruelty and defiance by their crews and of practical control of our vessels at sea. Large parts of the American Merchant Marine are in such semi-mutinous state that experienced voyagers and shippers do not consider it safe to ship or sail on them.

Law of the Sea. A ship at sea is cut off from all law outside herself—like an army in war. The lives of the whole company are in constant danger that can be defended against only by repeating almost military command in the captain's throat. That has been the experience of mankind for centuries. There can be only one boss and there must be implicit obedience. Maritime labor unions are necessary for the protection of the crews as workers. But union methods of refusal to perform duties, disobedience and violence can no more be tolerated at sea than in an army.

Shipowners Not Blameless. The blame here lies partly at the door of shipowners. After the World War, we set our sights for good as a merchant marine as any. The Shipping Board and Emergency Fleet Corporation had trained young men to the sea, were paying them well, and offered them a career. After the war, the old Shipping Board changed pace, permitted wages to be cut in half and the living and labor conditions of seamen to be so unmercifully degraded that many of the best type of seamen left to be replaced, in large part, by the worst. This, coupled with scandalous working conditions, made a hot-bed of discontent. The Shipping Board's organization and incitement of Red radical leaders. These labor conditions must be cured by government intervention—and they are being cured. But, regardless of whose the fault or what the cause, insubordination, mutiny and can't be permitted at sea.

Mr. Kennedy can be counted upon to use the instruments of government to restore discipline to American shipping or, if other branches of government will not support that use, get out and let it go. He has no other proper course.

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Fie Upon This Newton Burg, Cutting Taxes!

It's Plain That the Town Fathers Don't Know the First Thing About Government.

Dear Sir: I read where the town of Newton has reduced taxes this year. Of all the silly performances that take the cake. The city fathers of Newton do not know the first principle of government—

which is to set taxes as high as possible and raise as much money as they can. There may be no excuse for this but that it is accepted government procedure in the United States. I have seen Newton and it appears to be a good town, clean, well-governed. I read of no great crimes there, so the police must be doing their job. I read of no disgraceful conduct of children there, so the schools must be rather good. I read of no great fires there, so the fire department must be rather good.

But something is wrong. I intend to pay a visit to Newton soon. I look the place over, get under the surface of what is wrong and get in touch with the city fathers. Then I will recommend that the tax rate question be reopened and at least a 25 per cent increase be made. Can't Newton arrange to find "jobs" for safety committee or their kin? Isn't there somebody there who has lost a political job and "must be taken care of"? Can't the town arrange to buy a lot of stuff that isn't worth a for anything whatever but which would make the salesman feel good and the sumably use for the city fathers next time? Can't the city fathers find some great social problem to solve there, necessitating an increase in the tax rate?

Poor Newton. Going along with the same old tax rate. I weep for her but no doubt the taxpayers are not weeping and that is what counts. Out of step, Charlotte and Mecklenburg raised taxes. Aren't we models here? It is true that many people here can't pay their taxes but such taxes are useful in compelling figures for budgets, enabling outlays from funds that will never be collected. Newton? Olden, rather. But a mighty fine place for a taxpayer to live.

I PAY MY TAXES.

F. R. IS ALL RIGHT BUT THE LAND NEEDS NO CROWN PRINCE

Dear Sir: The United States of America has a "crown-prince." In all his glory James Roosevelt is no less than such a personage. For quite a while the idea and the fact have been subtly placed before the public, but on Thursday, October 21, President Franklin D. Roosevelt made the official announcement—his son is now coordinator of eighteen big agencies of Government.

Now don't get the tone of this letter wrong. Mr. Editor, President Roosevelt is all right, he's a mighty good President—although some loud-voiced people say not. However, can't he leave the people of the country a few illusions that this is still a democratic government? Not that it is any intention of the Boston-dwelling son to succeed his father immediately but he has his hat in the circle and his fist in the pie. Under his new position heads of agencies will have to consult James before they see him. James will decide whether they should see him, or be dismissed.

Anti-New Deal cartoonists have long portrayed President Roosevelt with a crown on his head. Now they can show his eldest son sitting beside him helping direct the "farflung activities of the government."

DUNN MAN WILL GIVE PRIZES FOR THE BEST EDUCATION DEFINITION

Dear Sir: Will you please publish the following announcement in the next issue of the magazine submitted to a committee which has been appointed for the purpose. Mr. John A. McKay, of Dunn, this State, will give the following prizes: first prize, \$25; second prize, \$15; third prize, \$10. The contest is to be held on Sunday paper published in North Carolina; fourth prize, a year's subscription to the Forum Magazine. Definitions will be limited to 300 words and must be typewritten. They must be in the hands of the decision committee before midnight, December 1, 1937. The decision committee is composed of J. A. McLeod, D. H. Hood, and R. L. Godwin, all of Dunn. There is no limitation as to race, age, or residence of the contestants.

Not Too Late Yet

The Catwaba ought to be as good as the Yackin. And that being true, why didn't Edson's arrangement to have the Atlantic North Carolina constructed at the Charlotte navy yard?

BELIEVE IT OR NOT By Ripley

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



THE LITTLE APPLE TREE—A three-inch apple tree bearing fruit sounds like a tall story, but Leo Head of Cornelia, Georgia, grew just such a tree. Recently he grafted a twig from a Golden Delicious apple tree to the root of a French crabapple. The twig had a good live bud, from which, five months later, a good sized apple grew and was harvested by Mr. Head. "ATHLETE'S FOOT"—According to a well-known physician, the skin affliction popularly referred to as "athlete's foot" is quite common, and until recently was better known as "ringworm." It is prevalent in many people exposed to the causative fungus or germ and may appear in any place on the body, particularly the face, hands, neck, forearms or soles of the feet, and is just as likely to appear on the face as on the feet.

IT SEEMS TO ME

WHEN the stock market was at its very worst I announced it was my intention to support it. But as things have turned out the only help from Wall Street.

Naturally an explanation should be given to the investing public. Many factors served to keep me on the bench and out of the actual goal line stand. In the first place, just as I was ready to rush in with aid and cheer for Dear Old Dividends, the market began to help itself. The coach called me back and told me to put on my sweater again. It begins to look as if I may never earn my market letter. I am sure that if I had called the blue book from the savings bank, I never really got my hands on it, and the play went as an incomplete pass.

In the beginning Connie seemed to agree enthusiastically with the notion that we should support a market. But when it came to dollars and cents I was disappointed to find that she has no intention of making it the kind of support to which Wall Street has been accustomed. Connie gets confused on Fridays if there are more than two kinds of fish on the menu, and when an entire stock market is set in front of her, indecision is rated in the pink power.

AND THOU, HEARY?

(Norfolk Virginian-Pilot) Said Henry Mencken to a Columbia University literature class the other day: "Henry Mencken is a most wonderful man and a sincere one who will die in the bosom of the church." As the critic who did more than any other to make Lewis a going concern, Mencken can claim some color of right to predict the manner of his mortal exit. There are certain episodes in Lewis's career that must be heavy on the bosom of the church—Zimmer Garden, for instance, and that idiotic day when, strutting his stuff before a Western audience, he made too much of the duty to strike him dead, but sinners guilty of misdemeanors far more culpable than that have been received in the bosom of the church upon proper evidence of contrition. We have no doubt that the manner of his mortal exit of Dorothy Thompson and the Saturdays Evening Post. Mr. Lewis will eventually end his way to grace.

SHE WANTED A GUARANTEE

Hundreds of key issues had begun to bounce up from the bottom, and there was much to be said for the blue book and ready to shoot the works. But Connie wanted something which you could get with a money-back guarantee. Indeed, I found that she wasn't really ready to put our hard-earned savings on the line for one issue. She wanted a stock which you could play for show. I suggested a flyer in one of the companies involved in the manufacture of potable alcohol. Connie misconstrued my intentions. We discussed at great length the technical position of the various motion picture companies and the potentialities of rayon in the event of a world boycott of Japanese silk. That involved us in a rather acrimonious debate about Mussolini, and before I had long, it, stocks had advanced on a wide front from one to thirteen points.

I suggested that we must take time by the forelock and get ourselves a railroad, but Connie thought it would be better for me to consult first with Joe and Herbert and the waiter at Empire City who grew such good tips on the race. One of the difficulties of becoming an investor is that you have

Earlier Days

News of 75 and 100 Years Ago From Files in the State Library at Raleigh

A LETTER FROM BANCROFT THE HISTORIAN

This individual, a native of Boston but now residing in New York City, in declining a nomination for Congress had written a long letter on the War. He goes in for most vigorous prosecution, of course; but what we are struck with is that he treats the present contest in New York as plainly one between the friends of peace on one side and the ultra-subjugationists on the other. "It is heartbreaking," says he, "to contemplate the chances of failure from divisions and gawking in the North." "We are advised," he adds, "to manifest at the polls our consent to a disruption of the country. We are asked to vote that we have no objection—that we ought only to retreat with shame if we are beaten, and to submit with shame if we are victorious."

GEN. STUART'S LATE RAID

Major White, of Maj.-Gen. Stuart's staff, who was with his command in his late visit to Pennsylvania, was in Lynchburg last Friday. He informs the editor of the Virginian that Stuart brought 53 Union men, including one Abolition member of the Maryland Legislature, into our lines. The citizens captured were chiefly the municipal officers of the Pennsylvania towns through which they passed—Fayetteville Observer.

Point of View

(Montgomery Advertiser) Senator Borah, the Lion of Idaho, doesn't see the need for a mid-term Republican convention. But Borah has just been elected for a six-year term, while Hoover and Landon haven't.