

### Charlotte News

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The daily edition of The Charlotte News was established in 1887. The Sunday edition was added in 1912. The Evening Chronicle established in 1910 was purchased by and consolidated with The Charlotte News May 1, 1914.

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TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1937

### Report on a Report

Another sample of the alert and intelligent council-manager administration with which the City of Charlotte has been favored these last few years is to be found in the Annual Report for 1936-1937. In booklet form, well-illustrated and with a whole of a lot of pertinent information within its covers, the report is itself an excellent work. As for the manifold municipal activities it summarizes, it is plain to see that they are not only capably directed but that the whole governmental organization has somehow acquired that esprit de corps which is essential to the success of any corporate body, public or private.

Surely the record of the administration for the preceding fiscal year must be a source of satisfaction to itself, of reassurance to its preferred stockholders, which is to say its bondholders, and of pride to its common stockholders, which is to say its taxpayers and citizens. As one of those last, we move that the report be adopted and that the management and the directors of the municipal corporation be commended for their stewardship. There being no objection it is so ordered.

### The Senator Is Cynical, and We With Him

Senator Bailey, in Worcester, Mass. yesterday, gave bold vent to cynicism about the Senate's intentions of really balancing the budget. He said he'd believe it when it actually took place, not before; and surely this is *not* the worst kind of cynicism. Senator Bailey ought to be ashamed of himself.

But if he is not, and if anyone could take issue with the Senator about his low appraisal of the President's intentions, it must be admitted that the cold hard record as wholly on the Senator's side. The President has always been going to balance the budget. That's what he said. Last year he was going to balance it—next year, which has now become this year, and how remote that objective still is may be established in a moment merely by consulting yesterday's Treasury report. It shows that the first four months of this fiscal year expenditures have exceeded receipts by \$55 millions of dollars.

Balancing the budget is o-u-t for this year and has been postponed for the fifth time—to next year. And this may be *not* the worst kind of cynicism, but we haven't the slightest idea that next year it will be balanced or approximately so. After all, it is beyond reason to take a man on the strength of his promises after five successive failures.

### We Begin to Get It

In the old days they used to call old Mother Britain "Perfidious Albion." Napoleon, who had extended words, not to say blows, with her, in particular doted on the title. And there it was, when one fathers, dimly what it was Napoleon and all the French from time immemorial were talking about. For instance, Mr. Anthony Eden, having yesterday announced the willingness to confer in Brussels with the United States at the forthcoming Brussels conference, proceeded:

"I feel I ought to make it quite plain the initiative for holding the conference in Brussels came from us at all but from the United States government."

Was that nice? Everyone knows just well that Mr. Roosevelt's Chicago speech was undoubtedly due to considerable part to the pressure of the conference which has been looking for the State Department for the last two years. And everyone knows

that old Mother Britain "perfidious Albion" spot, and that, with exactly ten times as much property in China as we have, with her Eastern empire stretching out straight in the path of the United States, with her brother, and Hitler, Mussolini and Hitler, playing ring-around-the-rose with her in Europe, she needs aid as she has never needed it since the days when Bonaparte was expected to land at Dover almost any day. But will she confess that like a nice old girl, and be duly mannerful to Mr. Roosevelt's premise, which was only a promise to "cooperate"? Not she. She is going to pretend that it is she who is rescuing us.

Yes, there are times when we sense what it was Nappie and all the French were talking about.

### Concurrence Scindale Sheet

The first piece of business to engage the special session of Congress will be the voting of Congressional almost any day. But will she confess that like a nice old girl, and be duly mannerful to Mr. Roosevelt's premise, which was only a promise to "cooperate"? Not she. She is going to pretend that it is she who is rescuing us.

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### A Really Dangerous One

In Rio de Janeiro, the Government of Brazil, nominally still democratic but in actuality dictatorial on the fascist model, has ordered Mark Twain's "Tom Sawyer" out of the libraries of all schools. That's evil, we think. For the book is "subversive" in its tendency and incompatible with the world which, on the word of the chief dictators themselves, is the destined order of the future. Doesn't it—the book—show us a pair of boys exercising their wicked individual impulses without due regard for authority and without any notion of their duty to prepare themselves to die for the glory of the State and its boys?

While Brazil is going in for censorship, it ought to make a thorough job of it. In particular, we hope that they do not neglect to ban "Mother Goose." There's a real subversive book for you. There are several, yet, in the hands of all the King's horses and all the King's men," which is an intolerable anachronism. There is the old woman who had so many children she didn't know what to do. She should have formed them into a company of child soldiers, then, to give the beggars who come to town when in a well ordered society they'd be in work camps, and there's a tyke called Georgy Porgy who's anything but the fascist model of fortitude.

"When the boys came out to play, Georgy Porgy was never away."

Down with Mother Goose! Fascist children should be raised on blood and thunder.

### Just Between Us

Tell it not in Gath, but the special session of Congress will be the voting of Congressional almost any day. But will she confess that like a nice old girl, and be duly mannerful to Mr. Roosevelt's premise, which was only a promise to "cooperate"? Not she. She is going to pretend that it is she who is rescuing us.

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### STEEL PICKS GOOD CHIEFS

WASHINGTON—The choice of the governor of a state or a jockey to ride some sudden nation-shaking New Deal while rabbit as administration is new for a long while. But the selection of a new President of the United States Steel Corporation is front page stuff for a day.

While some states are political entities, which have economic empires which are of far more concern to the daily living of hundreds of thousands, if not millions, of people than any political government under the sun. They are wealthier than some states. The number of people employed, or in some degree affected by what they do, is larger than the population of some states. They hire, they fire and they fix wages. They produce large proportions of our absolute necessities. Their earnings, or the lack of them, affect the welfare of millions directly or indirectly.

### ARE NOT DEMOCRATS

They are, in a sense, the property of hundreds of thousands of stockholders who own, through stock, a right to their earnings. Through trusts, insurance companies and banks, which hold their securities as protection for savings or fortunes big and little, millions of people have an "equity" in them. Yet, though so many people have a stake in them, and they possess almost a power of economic life over so many others, they are not democrats.

As a fellow of law they are "artificial persons"—but they have no souls. They are a form of economic government, supposed to be run through a congress of directors elected by a majority of stockholders. These directors choose their supreme rulers. The stockholders are so scattered and so many that the owners of a few shareable minority blocks always choose the directors and, through these directors, the chief executives.

### ABLE AND DECENT

It is a kind of obscurely choosing a sultan and a sultan's vizier. These dignitaries take a responsibility as heavy as the puppet crown of England and wield far more personal power. For all these reasons, the selection of Edward Steinhilber to be Chairman of the Board of Big Steel, and Ben Faltus to be its President is not a matter of greater importance to more people than who is Governor of Utah or Madden Mulleberry, Secretary of Labor. Under the system of their choice, we might possibly have got Utah Heep and Madden Mulleberry, Secretary of Labor. Under the system of their choice, we might possibly have got Utah Heep and Madden Mulleberry, Secretary of Labor.

Edie Steinhilber's father was the boss and close friend in the War, the cream of the crop of the great business executives of his day, and a faithful public servant. I knew his boy as a kid—a second Louis pulling every Washington cable reach—to be given command of the new head of Big Steel is human, able, modest, decent and fair. If all the workers, all the consumers and all the stockholders had elected a chairman, they couldn't have done better for themselves.

### Visiting Around

Shuck! We Put Wheels on 'Em Down Here (Headline, Canton Enterprise)

OF VINE DRAGS PUMPKINS OFF

Anyhow We're Pretty Sure to Have Weather the Next Six Days (East Side Item, Western Carolina Tribune)

Ernest Jackson says it may frost before Christmas, or snow once.

Among the Filling Station Proprietors: (Gaston Herald)

James Hildreth says Stanford has built a log cabin just across the road from his filling station and seems to still enjoy being a bachelor.

(Gaston Herald)

Ted Seaverl down at Monrore is now improving his yard in front of his service station with brick bats. Ted was actually laying some himself the other day when we passed.

### Beggars Here Too Numerous, Need Control

It's Impossible To Tell Needy From Fake; and They Hurt the Town.

Dear Sir:

Have we not agencies in Charlotte to provide the necessities of life for those who cannot provide for themselves and who deserve outside aid? Surely we must have. And yet one can hardly walk a block on any city street without being stopped by a beggar.

These people are evidently lacking in worldly goods. They are dirty and ill-clothed. They look like they need a little help. But they are not a little help. They are a great deal of trouble. They are a great deal of trouble. They are a great deal of trouble.

It is reported that begging is a racket. That beggars are organized and go from town to town, working each for all they can get out of it. How are we in Charlotte to know that they are not being made victims of this racket when we respond to a beggar's plea?

Beggars on the streets are annoying. They do not contribute in any way toward making Charlotte a more pleasant place in which to live. If there are agencies in the city to take care of them, they should not be allowed on the streets. Charlotteans contribute heavily to care for such people and should not have to be incessantly annoyed by street beggars.

S. J. SMALLWOOD.

### HOW MUCH A MAN GIVES TO COMMUNITY CHEST WILL GAUGE HIS VALUE

Dear Sir:

Although it may be hard to appreciate, there is an indirect good in everything. True enough, all things do not have the same value, nor does material substance have a constant value. Some things are desirable for the present, while others may have to wait for some future bid, yet with the modification of time and space, all will be in demand.

Values may be tested crudely by counting, weighing, or gauging in some manner, and this line of thought is of comparison based on quality. Comparative values in the material world imply the same everywhere, including the mental and spiritual results. As one advances he notes an ascending order, and all these of these results "teach their highest in man's development, which we know as personality. How much a person may be worth to society is beyond all estimation. In ancient Israel one of the prophets was thought by his disciples and follower to be the returned son of David. He died in our day in this land, once won the title "Savior of the Nation."

Again that season of the year has come when the Community Chest needs to be filled if suffering is to be relieved. Some person who may lead the nation in the future may be helped by this contribution. It's not ours to know, but only to be faithful as stewards. Herein is to be a double testing of the highest values. By the amount a man gives in proportion to his ability his personality may be judged.

THOMAS H. HOLLAND.

### RAILROADS WILL MAKE MORE IF RATES ARE KEPT LOW, HE THINKS

Your editorial in discussion of the Southern Railway proposed rate cut to two cents per mile in comparison of the "P" and "N" profitable rate of one cent, is strengthened by decisions of business men in other parts of the world.

Quite a few years ago, the owner of a great business in a Northern state realized that business was being done by a certain amount for a non-day meal. To meet competition, he lowered his prices giving a substantial and sustaining meal for ten cents including dessert and coffee. The result was a great success. He was able to keep his customers every day. Profits were such as to make that restaurant owner a rich man within a comparatively short time.

The larger cities in England had excellent and frequent bus services; all buses were, of course, filled to capacity during the rush morning and evening hours at regular fares, but few cared to pay such regular fares during the day. To keep all the buses in use during the day, it was decided to lower rates and charge from one penny to two pence per day, five ordinary fares. The result was excellent and now one always hops on a bus even for the shortest journey. This also increased bus drivers' driving experience and many of the drivers are very proud of their no accident record of many years standing. In fact, the drivers need to drive with caution as an accident might not only cost them their job, but would result in quick police action.

For one, would make many more journeys by railroads if rates, Pullman and dining-car charges were lowered and kept low instead of postponing long journeys until I had many persons to call upon in each city.

G. F. WILCOX.

### So We've Noticed

(Columbia Item)

One way to make a tall man appear short is to try to borrow money from him.

### BELIEVE IT OR NOT By Ripley

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



THESE ARE 4503599, 627, 370, 495 DIFFERENT COMBINATIONS IN A PACK OF CARDS (52)

CAPT. HOLMES - Cape May, N.J. DROPPED HIS WATCH OVERBOARD AND FOUND IT AGAIN IN A FISH THAT HE CAUGHT ONE HOUR LATER. May 2, 1926.

### HINDU FIRE-WALKERS

RUN OVER WHITE-HOT CHARCOAL ASHES WITHOUT BURNING OR BLISTERING THEMSELVES

Explanation of Today's Cartoon

HINDU FIRE-WALKING—Firewalking is a religious ceremony which has been practiced by devout Hindus from time immemorial. Great piles of wood are burned to embers and the red heat radiates about 34 feet high. The devotees walk barefoot across the red hot embers. Their wrists are tied with a rope. If that rope is broken during their fiery walk it is a sign of an impure mind. They are apparently unaffected by this ordeal, which is believed to cure bodily ills and avert calamities.

### ON THE RECORD

By Dorothy Thornton

#### Izzie Makes Peace

HOWEVER you look at it, from whatever angle, the gesture of Izzie Gennett is flawless. It has the inevitability, the complete harmony between idea and expression, of a perfect work of art. It elates, it delights, it charms. It has the innocence of childhood, the genius of the innocent adult. It is totally simple, and comically significant.

Izzie Gennett, rare Jewish, habitué of the Bronx, is a member of the American Legion. When the boys went abroad this summer on a junket, he went along. He believes in peace between nations and between classes. He decided to lay a wreath upon the chief, war monument to every capital he visited, as a memorial to the dead, and a silent rebuke to War, which killed them. Eventually he came to Berlin, and there did, with complete insouciance, what he would have done anywhere else.

And with that simple gesture, he threw, for one moment, into a clear white light, the issues of peace and war, nationalism and internationalism, the civilian versus the military machine, the individual versus totalitarianism. Not that he knew that it was doing anything of the kind. The gesture was too inspired for anything so conscious.

Consider what happened. What happened is the impossible. A completely obscure Jew from the New York Bronx, entirely alone, with no organization behind him, came to Berlin, mobbed the German army and obtained its active cooperation in a public gesture of reconciliation between Jews and their persecutors and between all men, everywhere. It is true that the army had not the remotest idea of what it was doing. But it did it, and the symbol of its confusion lies in Unter den Linden, upon the memorial to the dead: check-by-Jew, with a wreath from Mussolini, its white and gold ribbon implicitly proclaiming to all who pass that the Morris Kohnholz Post of the Jewish War Veterans of America denies the doctrine of the intrinsic divisions among nations and races.

Izzie Gennett laid it there—not surreptitiously. With the collaboration of the Nazi army! With a guard of honor! Solemnly, ceremoniously. With a salute.

"I salute you, Unknown German Soldier! May your soul rest in peace, for the sake of the peace we all seek."

Soldiers in graves from Buxtehude to the Dardanelles must have moved in their beds, and grinned.

Yes, he mobbed the German army. Only a few men, to be sure, but in them was the symbol of the whole. For to move the United States in the machine is to demonstrate that it can't be moved.

No conceivable organization or conspiracy, not a world-wide plot, not a trained and weaponed army, could have accomplished what Izzie Gennett of the Bronx did, quite by himself, quite alone. Not all the speeches and manifestos and protests which have been uttered for four years now, on behalf of the persecuted German Jew, contain a rebuke so courteous, so unanswerable, as Izzie's implicit remark: "Some of our boys died too."

In an over-organized world, where ideas have validity according to the number of heads that can be counted marching behind them, Izzie of the Bronx asserted the primacy of the individual. "No. Nobody told me to do it. I don't represent anybody."

In Germany they say, over and over again, that the Jews are "different." A whole propaganda, doled out in word and picture, calls attention to every possible characteristic of psychism and bearing that can be spotted as "Jewish." Izzie is a Russian-born Jew from the Bronx. Yet Izzie's appearance awakened no suspicion: "Was it the uniform? Are all men equal or are all men non-men in uniform? All unconsciously Izzie challenged a whole racial theory. The army accepted him. Or was it the wreath?

Bombs fell on Shanghai and burst in Spain. Lloyd-Gerard's blunders in the House of Commons; Mussolini speaks, heralded by two thousand bugles; Russia shudders under an unending Purge; men march and counter-march across the continents, across the newspaper pages.

And in the midst of the tumult and the terror, Izzie's wreath, savior of his brave ribbon, fades, that still world is not becoming to those born into the Great Race, the Only Race, the Human.

And in the midst of the tumult and the terror, Izzie's wreath, savior of his brave ribbon, fades, that still world is not becoming to those born into the Great Race, the Only Race, the Human.

### Casualty

(U. S. R. Pennsylvania Keyhole)  
"Where did you get the shingle?"  
"In the war."  
"What war?"  
"The boulder."