# The Charlotte News

*And Evening Chronicle*

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 10, 1938

### *Business As Usual*

Crime, we see by The Charlotte News, "dropped off appreciably in Charlotte last month according to the report of Mrs. Eloise B. Brown, assistant clerk of City Police Court." But isn't that a little of a *non sequitur?* The report actually deals with the number of *arrests*. And there indeed there was a considerable falling off, the number for July being 513 as compared with 610 for June and 775 for July of last year. But what we should like to know is how many *crimes* were reported. It would be quite possible, you see, for crime to be increasing while arrests were falling off.

In one particular, that was plainly the case. For in June there were no murders in Charlotte. In July there were two. But we do not find any arrests for murder listed among Mrs. Brown's figures, though we see that 196 drunks were successfully tracked to earth and incarcerated. And to that we may add that we can find no reason to believe that this chief crime of all is at all falling off in Charlotte, which last year stood second only to Atlanta as the most murderous town in the United States with more than 50,000 people, and the year before led all the rest. For our record last year was 37 murders, and so far this year we have had 23—which is just a little more than is necessary if we are to duplicate the record all over again for 1938.

### *Suppressing Caporetto*

Signor Mussolini has issued a decree excluding the inter-allied medal commemorating the victory of the Allied Powers in the World War from among the list of decorations which Italian military men may wear. And it is not difficult to understand the Signor's viewpoint.

The Italian soldier is not perhaps as bad a fighter as he is sometimes credited with being. He did some pretty good fighting in the World War, as in Ethiopia. And despite the flight in the mountains behind Madrid, he has not always run away in Spain. But the fact remains, nonetheless, that he is not a really good fighter. Usually a peasant or a villager, he yearns for home, has no real grudge against anybody, and though he can be whipped into temporary enthusiasm by a razzle-dazzle about being the heir of the Caesars, all he really craves is to live peacefully and happily in his native place.

And—however true it may be that he sometimes fought pretty well in the World War, yet his part in that struggle is indelibly linked in the mind of the world with but a single event, that time he ran away from Caporetto on the Isonzo from before the Austrians (who themselves admit that they are not very good soldiers) and left Italy wide open to the invader. No, Signor Mussolini cannot be blamed for wanting to wipe out the memory of that.

### *From the Clouds*

That lightning does not strike twice in the same place is one of the oldest of all saws, but observation has long ago proved that it is no more true than the old legend that ostriches hide their heads in the sand at the approach of danger. Actually, there are many places on earth which seem to have a special affinity for lightning, though for reasons that are not clear. And this has rarely been more dramatically illustrated than it was Monday, August 8, at 1:45 P. M. when a bolt struck at Jacob Riis Park beach in the Rockaways, near New York City, and killed three people. For exactly an August 8, at 1:25 P. M., a year ago another bolt struck in almost identically the same spot and killed three people!

What lightning is, is well enough known. It is simply the discharge from a cloud of a potential, built up by the friction of vapors with the atmosphere, when it has become greater than that on another cloud or the earth below. By far the greater part of discharges are from cloud to cloud rather than from cloud to earth. Such discharges often achieve a force of millions of volts though the amount of current involved is small. But if the nature of the thing is known, the laws of its behavior are still not entirely clear. Well-installed lightning rods are supposed to protect against it, but they do not always do so. And even the steel frames of office buildings—are not an absolute protection.

However, you need not worry too much about it killing you. The chances are about one in a hundred thousand. And that is an infinite part of the chance you take every time you cross a street or a highway.

### *Easy Indictments*

Solicitor John Carpenter has good sense and decency on his side when he rules that hereafter embezzlement cases will have to be bona *fide* before he'll prosecute them in Superior Court. As matters stand now, creditors appear to have been using the criminal charge as a lever to force payment of debt, and to have been shielding themselves from suits for false arrest by getting the grand jury to return a true bill.

And that brings up something else. It is common knowledge that grand juries usually return true bills in almost every case presented to them. All that is required is the casual testimony of a single witness. And that is grossly unfair. To lodge a criminal charge against a man is inevitably to injure him no little. The court may, and often does not pros or dismiss it as quickly as it comes up for trial. But the public takes little account of that. All it remembers is that Bill Jones is the fellow who was indicted for stealing a hog or selling liquor or cleaning out the company's treasury. And it is almost impossible for Bill to secure redress both because of the vagueness of grand jury records and because of the fact that witnesses before it are often not sworn. Thus the way is laid wide open to every sneak to use the courts for the venting of his spite and grudges, and for unscrupulous business men to employ them for what is in its essence blackmail.

The criminal courts are not collection agencies. Nor ought they to be available for private purposes of any sort. And the grand jury grossly abuses its powers and functions when it allows them to be used so.

### *Whistlers*

John D. M. Hamilton, the remarkable man who is chairman of the Republican National Committee and whose genius has made the hitherto unsuspected discovery that it was really Tom Jefferson who founded the Republican Party, is almost as cheerful a fellow as our own Jake Newell. Monday, Jake had to say:

> A New Deal candidate has just been nominated in Kentucky, and Washington claims a great victory, but another great victory has been won in Kentucky which has not been heralded, and that is the merging of the views of the defeated Democratic voters and those of the Republicans. . . .

Mr. Hamilton is a little more cautious, and indulges in no definite prophecies concerning Kentucky, contenting himself with observing that 200,000 people voted for Happy Chandler and as against Senator Barkley, and with prophesying sweeping gains for the Republicans in November and agreeing with Jake that an overwhelming Republican victory is certain in 1940.

Of course, there will be a considerable coalition between Republican voters and Anti-New Deal Democrats this Fall. But most observers are agreed that it will not be great enough to give the Republicans the gains they had hoped for even last Summer. But, naturally, Mr. Hamilton and Mr. Newell must go on talking quite as though they believed it. Such is the profession of politics. But it must be pretty trying sometimes.

### *The Individual Test*

One interesting thing about the Farm Security Administration loans to tenant farmers is that the case still comes inevitably back to the individual. Funds are available for only eight to ten loans in Mecklenburg County, whereas there will be between 300 and 400 applicants. And the decision is to be made, not on the basis of nerd but "worthiness, honesty, and ability."

In other words, the men who will get these loans will be stout fellows who, in normal times, and with fair luck, would have got to be farm owners on their own account, and without Government aid. It has to be so, too. These loans average $3,000 and run for 40 years. And 40 years is a long pull, requiring steadiness of temperament and unflagging energy to see it through successfully, what with the incalculable vagaries of wind and storm and rain and sun which have to be dealt with. There will be other men beside these eight or ten who will be capable of making the grade, no doubt; and it is probable that they will presently get their chance, too. But the simple fact is that many of the tenants and sharecroppers of the South are quite incapable of making a success of such a loan. Probably that is less their fault than the fault of circumstances and long conditioning to a hopeless outlook. Nevertheless, the fact remains that they must somehow, as individuals, be made into a different sort before they can be really helped.

## THE OLD ANCHORS

By Hugh S. Johnson

BETHANY BEACH, Del.—Reluctantly, the other day, I became 56 years old. Among the simple surprise gifts that came to console me was a big beautiful "garrison" flag with this note: "Dear Hugh!! This flag is for your birthday remembrance. It always seems to me to wave a cheerful greeting and thanksgiving to the Lord for the best land and government this world has ever found yet. With love, Mom." (My mother.)

She reminded me that just 30 years earlier, when my father was living, the present had been a good Bible. The note on the fly-leaf says: "Dear Hugh: Your mother and I send you this Bible. We commend it to you as the very best thing we could give you. We believe that it is the word of God to man written by his inspired servants—that it contains the wisdom of the ages and all the rules and thinking that are needed for a decent life. We feel that you believe this and that you will wish your little son to know that this book is the best lamp and guide for his footsteps throughout his life. Affectionately, S. L. J. (My father.)

**BUT THE MODERNS SNEER AT ALL THESE THINGS**

"Oh yeah! Here we have it all—Bible, mother, home and flag. You forgot the constitution among this reactionary stable of sacred cows." Nobody has the crust to say just that, but something like that is the unspoken attitude among many of the new thinkers who are out to reform the world.

It is accepted doctrine along much of the "popular front" that religion should be soft-pedaled or destroyed as a kind of dreamy dope that has tended to make the "under-privileged" suffer their misfortunes with meekness rather than to rise in wrath.

In our own country there has been no such attack on religion, but some of the sentiments in my mother's flag note are not popular among our intelligentsia—"this is the best land and government." No sir! Both land and government have got to be taken apart and put together again on a new pattern and only the new planners can do it. As for the constitution, it is all right only if interpreted not to mean much of anything or to mean whatever they want it to mean.

In all such arguments there is something on both sides. In some places and times, religion has been used to suppress needed reforms. No "land or government" is perfect or above needed criticism and improvement. Surely our system needed change in 1933. But all this doesn't mean that we should cast off or even loosen all old moorings.

**THE STORY OF THE WOMAN WHO WROTE THE NOTE**

The lady who wrote the flag note is 84 years old. As a girl she married a poor man and went to Kansas in 1882. There and in pioneer Oklahoma, she bore and reared her children in poverty and primitive conditions in comparison with which the present standards of living of the lowest income classes are luxury. Her joint author of the Bible note and she, by work and self-denial far beyond what today's reformers say should be permitted, educated those children in college and earned for their own old age not wealth, but just enough "to keep out hunger, thirst and cold."

They both suffered much more than our modern "underprivileged." They not only saw the building from its beginnings of that Southwest country, but they materially helped to build it on the principles of those two notes. They both thought that the Bible contained "all the rules and thinking that are needed for a decent life" and my mother still religiously believes that this is the "best land and government this world has ever found yet."

Maybe that is all "horse and buggy" stuff. Maybe it has been used too much as political flapdoodle. But in this faith we became great and if, in all our change, we don't stick to the essence of it, we are headed straight for the rocks on which have been wrecked one European democracy after another.

### Note on H. Sap

(Columbia State)

Man, said to be the most intelligent of the animals, was, as The State has said, slow to develop a reasonably comfortable shirt with soft collar attached, slower to create cool shoes for Summer wear, and not even yet has he invented a garbage can immune to roaming dogs. Every morning one can hear unprintable remarks made by irate householders as they observe their over-turned garbage containers, and garbage scattered all about the back door steps. Yes, we know of those lock-top containers, that we have been there conquered time and again by the most ordinary looking dogs.

**Letters To The Editor:**

## *Jew, Catholic Baiting Has No Ground*

One Who Grew Up With The Baruchs Testifies To Their Fine Qualities And Warns Against Prejudice

Dear Sir:

It seems that the Jew and Catholic baiting which is keeping Mussolini not and bothered, is just another of those Germanic products which is exported for foreign consumption. The fallacy that Italians are members of the doubtful race called "Aryans," is just one of those propositions which never existed in fact.

The writer has spent his life of almost 50 years in intimate association with Jews. He was born and brought up next door to the Baruchs, cousins of the Bernard Baruchs; one of the finest families which any neighborhood ever had and one which he is proud to call friends after many years. He welcomes, after four decades, the visits of the Baruch family. They bow their necks to nobody; nor should they.

When the time comes, which God forbid, when America has to make its decision about the Jew question, or the Catholic question, for that matter, register one who has seen them both intimately, and, who, while a Protestant, will engage in a small argument again before he will see them persecuted in this country.

This is something which really comes from the heart.

ANGLO-SAXON.

Charlotte.

### *Zaccheus As A Model For New Dealers*

Dear Sir:

The political philosophy of Taxing-Lending-and-Spending was well explained to us by one named Zaccheus, the rich chief among publicans (and sinners) who resided at Jericho. This Zaccheus has been interpreted by some as being of the agencies and powers, probably a tax collector, but in our language today he would be a Farm Demonstrator and a dispenser of rental checks in Taxing-Lending-and-Spending.

When Christ was coming that way he wanted to see this stranger. But Christ did not acknowledge him until he declared his purpose, and determined to do it. To translate his language into today's language he would say: "Lord I give back all the crop rental money I have received. It is not honest money in thy sight; I go around and enforce all against whom I have made cotton allowances, corn allowances, wheat allowances; I am going over the country and correct all the false accusations I have been making against people because of this political hate, and dominating lust of mine; I will no longer interfere with the business of any man, but will go to work and make an honest living, and I will never receive another crop rental check, or any other lending-and-spending money that is an institution of the government of man."

Then the Lord said unto him: "This day is salvation come to this house."

Zaccheus might have added: "I will not allow any of this money of this taxing-lending-and-spending campaign that I happen to get influence my vote in any election for any man or party."

The undersigned submits this proposition to all the churches and preachers to whom it may come.

WAVERLY RUDISILL.

Iron Station.

### Genius

(J. B. Parham, Canton, Ga., Tribune)

Some people live to be old as the hills and never learn anything. We have just now learned how to pick beans. We had always stooped over to pick beans and thereby usually broke two or three bones in our back. But now we have learned better. We wait until the bean is well matured and then go out and pull up the vines, take them to a shady place where there is a comfortable chair and a good breeze and pick 'em off!

## Visiting Around

**Names Is Names**

(Moore County News)

Miss Edith Spoon of Greensboro is spending the week with her cousin, Miss Pauline Maness, of Carthage R-1.

**Green Be the Far Fields**

(Mrs. Houston Parks, Moore County News)

Messrs. Clyde Upchurch and John Katsos are two of the biggest sports in Hemp, but they do most of their courting in Troy.

**You Take Your Choice, Milk or Beer, Eh?**

(Clairmont item, Stanley News & Press)

Mr. and Mrs. Hall Brewer of near Moose's dairy, visited Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Stamper Sunday afternoon.

**Mama, Here's That Man Again!**

(Gum Neck item, Dare County Times)

L. J. Liverman of Ahoskie spent the week-end with his family here.

(Rodanthe item, Dare County Times)

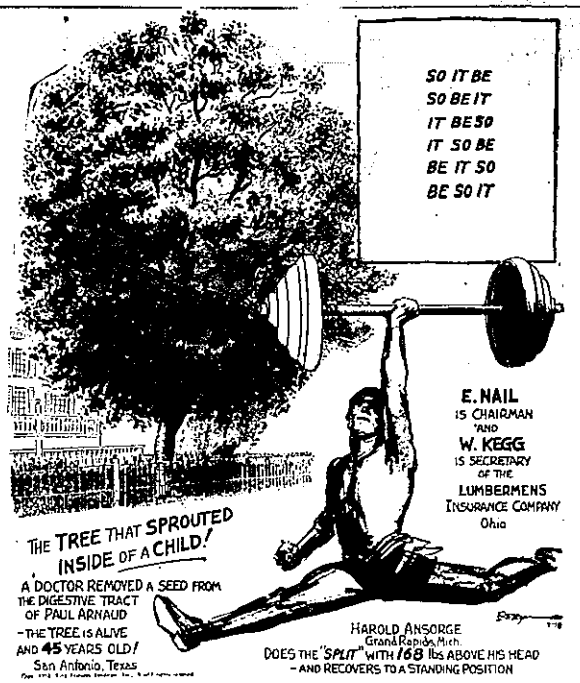
John Farrow of the Chincamicomico Coast Guard left Tuesday to spend his liberty with his family at Manteo.

## BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Registered U. S. Patent Office

By Ripley

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




Today's Cartoon Self-Explanatory

## Battle At Krum Elbow

By HEYWOOD BROUN

THE battle of the right and left banks about Krum Elbow seems to me a most curious contest. Mr. Spencer's passionate opinions about the iniquities of the New Deal have their counter-part among other landed gentry along the Hudson, but the owner who has just ceded his estate to Father Divine is more original than the original anti-New Dealer. If I remember correctly, his battle for a copyright title for his castle began long before any of the neighbors started referring to the President as "that man."

Even if there were no pump priming or NLRB, Mr. Spencer would still be anti-Roosevelt. Indeed, his language would not be a whit less emphatic if he were talking about a private citizen instead of the President of the United States.

**STILL, COUNTRY PLACES RARELY HAVE GOOD NAMES**

To me this fury becomes even more strange when I read that the angels have been called into residence largely because Mr. Spencer cannot nail down the full signpost "Krum Elbow-on-Hudson." Surely there must be shorter and more snappy titles for a country place.

Moreover, if the vacating owner had cared to shake the dust off his feet in a gale of merriment, he might have passed up the bid of Father Divine in favor of a concert more humorous. By now it is too late, but if Mr. Spencer had come to me I would have suggested that he transform his manor into a camp for budding novelists.

And had he been accommodating enough to ask why, I would have added with a straight face, "Since you can't have Krum Elbow, you might at least get yourself new writers."

Since the embattled antiquarian does not seem to be too quick on the trigger in the matter of smart cracks, it might have been necessary to spell it out for him, viz., "n-e-w-r-i-t-e-r."

**MOST OF THEM ARE VERY POOR PUNS**

But putting levity aside, it must be said that Mr. Spencer has a right to say that even though the name for which he fought is not so hot, the competition in country nomenclature rarely reaches a high level. Houses out where the pavement ends are seldom christened any more cleverly than the taverns. For every Dewdrop Inn it is possible to produce a private residence quaintly called Wit's End or Bedside Manor.

I speak as one who has high respect for puns and a great envy for that dwindling group of men and women who are able to play upon words by ear. But these very experts realize the limitations imposed upon this type of humor.

George S. Kaufman is possibly the greatest American master of the pun, but in fitting his shows he has eschewed labels of the sort, although he did come dangerously close in calling a musical show "I'd Rather Be Right."

**AND PUNS GROW PRETTY WEARYING IN TIME**

Once he explained his feeling in the matter by saying, in effect:—"No play should ever be launched under a punning title unless the producer expects nothing more than a short run. For a week or so the patrons may think the joke in lights is very funny, but long before the month is up the passing public will grow very weary of having a wisecrack forced upon its attention each day in the advertisements. A dramatist who has a good pun will do better to use it in his play rather than chalk it on the wall outside the theater."

In other words, a pun is all right for a visit, but nobody would like to live with one. And, personally, I would not care to go home every night to an Elbow, even if it happened to be on the Hudson.

### Wisecrre: 1904 Model

(Billy Arthur, New Bern Tribune)

Probably I shouldn't tell this on Commissioner George D. Dail, but since it's the truth and in good faith, the revelation is not libelous.

Standing on the corner the other day, the Commissioner was telling me about his recent trip up to Johns Hopkins Hospital. Doctors gave him a thorough going-over, he said, including a mental test, and found him in tip-top condition.

About that time, an old rickety automobile swerved around the corner and almost bumped into another.

"You know what I said a long time ago?" the Commissioner spoke up quickly, and continued when I shook my head.

"Well, when automobiles first came out on the market, I was asked what I thought of them," the Commissioner stated. "And I told the folks then that I saw no future for automobiles or the automobile industry. Can'cil just be rich men's luxuries in big towns where streets and roads are paved. We'll never have any autos down here, because we can't get any pavements."

That, he said in all seriousness, was his answer, and I couldn't help but ask him again to repeat what those doctors up at Baltimore said about him.

### Bitter Definition

(Editor Carey Williams, Greensboro, Ga., Herald-Journal)

A woman is one who thinks sandwiches are sufficient for her he-man husband on the afternoons she entertains her bridge club.

## *Earlier Days*

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

AUGUST 10, 1863
75 YEARS AGO

**THE CROWNING OUTRAGE**

No true man can read the following without feeling the most intense indignation against a government that adopts such infamous measures toward a gallant foe and against a people that glory in their shame. In The Baltimore News, a paper in the pay of the Federal Government, is found the following dispatch:

Columbus, Ohio.—Well, the great raider, Morgan, is done for at last, and captured along with 29 other co-thieves. He was incarcerated this afternoon in that staunch hotel, called the Ohio Penitentiary. They were delivered over to Captain Marion by the military authorities, and immediately put through the same motions as other criminals, persons searched, hair and beards shaved, bathed and clad in clean suits.

Morgan and Duke submitted very quietly, but some of the younger thieves demurred bitterly until told they must submit. Morgan had his belt filled with gold, greenbacks and Confederate notes. One who had before broken his parole refused to strip, when it was instantly done for him. Dick begged for his mustache, but it was no go—it was razored. They will be compelled to prison discipline, and guarded day and night by the military.

—Fayetteville Observer.

AUGUST 10, 1838
100 YEARS AGO

**NOTICE**

Taken up and committed to the jail of Cumberland County as a runaway and nuisance on the 4th of June 1837 a Negro girl named Nancy, who is supposed to belong to Spencer P. Wright of the State of Georgia. She is about thirty years of age, 5 feet high, black complexion and is a lunatic. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take her away within the time required by law, or she will be sold to pay her jail fees.

FREDERICK MOORE, Jailer.

—Fayetteville Observer.

## *Peculiarities Of People*

By F. Romer

*LUDWIG VON BEETHOVEN*

*BEETHOVEN, when composing, walked up and down wringing his hands, which he kept wetting at a basin. In one case the water dripped through the ceiling upon tenants below, who bore the inconvenience rather than disturb the great man.*