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SATURDAY, JANUARY 1, 1938

Let's Try "Please"

America's weakness is bluffing, a belief that the spoken word, backed by nothing, will achieve an effect. Consider the matter of 1938 automobile licenses. The word was passed down by the State and the result was that nobody would be allowed to operate an automobile in 1938 with one of the 1937 plates of tin on it.

Here it is 1938 and you may look around you and see the 1937 tags on automobiles merrily whizzing along. Before the Christmas season started well, the Chief of Police said firmly that anybody who shot a freeracker in Charlotte would be arrested. How many have been arrested? Not one person, for shooting freerackers only. Yet freerackers have been exploded all around the police station itself.

The automobile license people should say, "Please get your tag sometime before the first of March. Please do." And the Chief of Police should have said, "I wish you wouldn't shoot freerackers. Please don't." There might not be a freeracker in Charlotte, but at least the public generally would not get in the habit of ignoring threats.

Almost Like Being There

We saw Norman Alley's remarkable news film — from which were taken, incidentally, many of the pictures that had been shown in your afternoon newspaper. We saw the gunning and sinking of a peaceful American craft steaming under the one-time security of the American flag. We saw the flight of the crew, through the Yangtze marshes, and saw, moving painfully, the murder of helpless Chinese civilians, their babies and their aged, caught in the stroke of a swinish war.

We hear too of another war film, the one taken by Ernest Hemingway in Spain. And we hear of the Modern Museum art show, the experience in "documentary" pictures. There are not current events, but records of life and industry as lived here and now.

All of which means, we hope, that the cinema is about to come of age and that the enormous power of the pictures may be put to a product a little more useful than the mere entertaining photographing of pretty curves and handsome male profiles.

The Panos pictures, some of the most remarkable scenes ever made, are in themselves an international incident. They are the proof of what happened, indestructible, and beyond hearsay.

A Dumb Resolution

A resolution adopted by the Board of Directors of the Chamber of Commerce of Yancey City "supports Mayor Frank (Tet) C'est moi! Hogue with all reservations" in his attempt to keep the CIO out of the town by suspending the Bill of Rights. The resolution is simply, "We don't want them here." And after that comes a plous little recitation to the effect that "we are in favor of the preservation of legal rights of both Capital and Labor."

A thicker-witted performance than this we would be hard put to imagine. The first of "legal rights" are precisely those guaranteed by the Bill of Rights and suspended by Hogue — the right to free speech and free assembly. And what the resolution is saying, in crumpled fashion, is that "we are in favor of those rights of which we are in favor — the ones we like." And if it were true that the CIO generally is communistic and un-American, it is that again by suspending just those rights in which the essence of true Americanism lies?

failure of the Chamber of Commerce to recognize its own self-interest in the matter. It Hogue has suspended the Bill of Rights as against Labor, a pro-Labor Mayor tomorrow can suspend it as against Capital. And the Chamber of Commerce, to be consistent, will have to like it.

1938

Once more, this planet, which seems to us to be so mighty and which in relation to the universe is infinitely less than a dust-mote is to it — once more this planet, in its eternal peregrination about the sun, has reached that hypothetical and non-existent place that by convention we have agreed upon to mark the beginning of a new year. And most weightily with "wrong and sorrow" in its little hunk of iron and mud as it starts again upon its everlasting journey. In Spain they continue the business of killing women and babies. And in China they continue the business of killing women and babies. And in all the lands, including this one, there is flux and uncertainty and fear, for both internal and external affairs.

And yet we lift up our heads and hope. We are a hopeful race, we little people who cling to this curious epithet that we have had for so long. We should long ago have gone the way of the dodo and the archæopteryx. A murderous and a slippery breed, certainly. But a breed too, carrying in the little round containers that are our heads, the vision and the dream and the hope of ourselves as creatures clean and splendid walking in a world all fair to see. Things are most dangerously poised for that vision now. And still to the new year we lift up our heads and hope. And still to the new year we lift up our heads and hope that it will yet shall be so. And because we hope, perhaps it shall be.

Public Servant or Errand Boy?

One admirable thing about Tar Heels is their love for pride in their State. "Howdy, home!" is a phrase that is heard in the north of this, for the very good reason that transplanted North Carolinians are always boasting that "down home we don't have any bad weather like this," or "down home we have chicken every day of the year."

This same pridefulness in the state-at-homes has enabled the State to call upon really capable and upstanding men and women to serve it. It is no accident that North Carolina has had a succession of administrators of the State. But it is a fact that the public generally have lacked something of progressiveness and were always involved in half a dozen family fights going on simultaneously, have still managed to bring the Old North State up from the rear to the front of the South. And by the same token — and this is leading up to the point — successive Legislatures have muddled through to real accomplishment, primarily because each of these Legislatures had the interests of North Carolina close to its collective heart.

And in a case like that, in a case where devotion to the State is a saving characteristic, it would ill become so influential a county as Mecklenburg to send to the Legislature one pressing purely selfish cause, one poorly equipped by experience, outlook and aptitude to bring any ideas of Statewide consequence to the melting pot that is a Legislative session. For that count reason, it is only reasonable that the Legislature should elect a man who is not only a native son of the State, but who has to it to the State. If it turns out, as we suspect, to be nothing more than a county ribbon, it will be a pity. And it will be a further opportunity to work tooth and toenail against the election of anybody who comes not as a public servant but as errand boy to the dogs.

Busy Navy Yards

The chances of winning the budget crowd slimmer than ever lately they looked like the Thin Man's ghost with the President's tacit announcement that he'll probably try to build the Navy up in full treaty strength with the delivery of the Vinson Act. Already, some spending half a billion dollars a year through the years since 1933, he had upped the appropriations for 1938. And the Navy's money is being delivered to the shipyards. And the twelve ships he mentions will perhaps really be close to a billion, as witness the fact that the single capital ship North Carolina, now building, will cost \$55,000,000.

It seems difficult not to agree with the President that this piece of spending is justified — is perhaps even imperatively necessary. Every one knows that what actually moves in Japan's activities and particularly in the Pacific, is the eyes more and more of Alaska and the threat to the Monroe Doctrine raised by the Fascist European powers' flitting with the internal affairs of the South American states. On the other hand, it is not unreasonable to have the best of it in any case, since we already have 15 capital ships to 10 for Japan, for Italy, and 6 for Germany, and since we have

88 crafts of one kind or another building. But, actually, all of our capital ships are old and capable of no more than 23 knots speed, while those of the other nations are mostly new and much faster. We have a dozen heavy cruisers, like the Augusta, which are unmatched by those of any country. But on the other hand we are vastly inferior in light cruisers, submarines, and various auxiliary craft.

IT SEEMS TO ME

By HEWOOD BROWN

VERYBODY, save his supporters in this country, seems to admit readily enough that France is a Fascist. In several authorized interviews the general himself has made no bones about it. The earlier pretense of fighting for "liberty" has been dropped and the opposition to any form of democratic government is now candidly and even proudly proclaimed.

The early sham about wanting to restore the rights of the Spanish people, which was always a little thin. It was pretty hard to put that over in the face of the fact that a very large proportion of the "liberators" force was made up of Moorish mercenaries, together with the troops of Hitler and Mussolini. But now the mask is off. Indeed, if France failed to denounce the democracy his masters might very well take away his soldier's suit and revoke the pledge to make him procurator of Spain for the Fascist International in the event of victory.

I have before me a recent article by William P. Carney in the New York Times. Mr. Carney has been in contact with Franco's armies for some time, and in my opinion is certainly not unfriendly to Hitler's stooge. Mr. Carney sets down the fact that he questioned Franco as to whether the Spanish people would participate in the government of his dream. The general answered: "Five years' experience with such a government, which was the cause of this war, have proved for Spain the false democracy of the Republican parliamentary regime."

France stated that "our new state is to be a totalitarian instrument at the service of national integrity." And he explained, "We have abolished implacably the old parliamentary system of multiple political parties." According to Mr. Carney, Franco's army is now a single political party, of which he is the perpetual chief, and which would have no opposition.

It is true that when this was revealed to the public, the general asked whether he intended to establish a dictatorship. He replied, "Absolutely not."

But whatever distinction lies in Franco's mind can be explained. And the differentiation becomes even more difficult since the general also stated, as he has several times in the past, that the regime he has in mind "will be similar to the regimes of Italy and Germany." Moreover, he added that Franco Spain would maintain the closest friendship with those nations which "have striven forth their hands in aid."

"Spain," he declared, "has no foolish dreams." But in spite of the little role that there are Spaniards who dream of democracy and liberty and resent the effort which is being made to transform their land into a Fascist province of the Duce and the Fuehrer. And that dream has animated the oppressed of all the earth from the beginning of time.

By what right, then, does any American refer to the valiant who led, so we were told, fight for freedom as Men Of 75?

If these are the men of 75, then George Washington was quite a prominent Red, when he fought the Hessians. And if he is supposed to be a hero, then the man who overthrew the Persians at Marathon. Of course, it is not the business of the United States to intervene, but we do honor ourselves and our own tradition as well as the cause of liberty. As individuals, we refuse to let the spirit of the head between ourselves and the people of Spain who stand against the tyrant and echo the grand old cry of "Gloria to liberty or give me death!" And if this be anarchy, make the most of it!

A la Recherche du Temps Perdu

(Charlotte News & Courier)
 One reads of a conference about a football coach of the body of young alumni of the University of South Carolina and a member of the board of trustees appointed to look after athletic sports. "There seems to be a controversy with heel" in it. What have trustees of the University of South Carolina got to do with a football coach? Cannot students, with faculty assistance, manage their little games and amusements? Or is the University of South Carolina now a sporting institution?

Japan Should Be Forced To Respect Flag

Rest To Keep Out Of War, But If Nothing Else Will Do, We'll Have To Spank Nippon

Dear Sir:
 It looks as though Japan is trying to get the United States into their war. This business of bombing our ships is getting to be a regular thing. They seem to think they can sink our ships and destroy our property, then send our President a sweet little note saying they are sorry, and that they are really in all right. This cannot go on many more times. Uncle Sam is going to get sore and when he does, those Japs will be sorry.

"It is the best policy to stay out of war. But if it is forced on us we will have to fight rather than see our property destroyed. The thing to do is to withdraw our boats from the war zone then if they continue to give us trouble we will be forced to send our men over and see why they cannot stop. As long as we let them get away with this stuff, we will find ourselves in a bad case."

ROBERT L. CAGLE, JR.
 Ansonville.

LIFE IS BEARABLE IN OUR TOWN ONLY IF ONE REMEMBERS TO LAUGH

Dear Sir:
 While killing time over coffee cups the other day with a cronie we fell to discussing life in Charlotte. About the only way to bear up under it, we decided, is to laugh at it. One in his right mind certainly can't successfully contend that the city is colorful or exciting.

If one wants to go somewhere in the evening there is but a single amusement, the movies. There isn't a place at all where one may, say, dine in style now and then or meet people one wants to meet.

If one wants to go somewhere on Sunday — it can't be done, oh, of course, there's a small gambling layout downtown and a floating crap game. And there are upwards of a hundred telephone numbers which will bring liquor.

You have sometimes wondered why there's so much drinking and drunkenness in this city of what Zeb Turnipson calls Prohibition. The answer is simple. There just isn't anything else to do.

I have this far managed to bear living here by laughing at the antics of Moral Mecklenburg. But, I warn you, I can't laugh at the same old jokes forever. MAYBE, funny as it is, begins to pall after awhile.

GIGGLER.

The Vanishing Quail

(Kinston Free Press)

True sportsmen propose a closed season on quail next year and plan a mass shooting here to arrange for a petition to the State Department of Conservation and Development. Stop taking of quail for two years if necessary, they say.

They are to be commended. It is time to do something about the rapidly diminishing quail supply.

Time was when the supply seemed inexhaustible. Only a few years ago no one would have admitted the birds would be on the verge of extinction by 1937. But remember how other species of game have become extinct within a century as a result of the outbursts of men. The wild pigeon — where is one? And the blons — of the millions that roamed the plains not one remains. The only birds in existence are in federal and private preserves.

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Visiting Around

A Good Head to Keep Standing in Type (Herald-Examiner, St. Louis)
 GOVERNOR HOEY IS URGING TO BUY TAGS NOW

Philadelphia Becomes Electric (Chapel Hill Weekly)

J. P. Harland is getting ready to elect the people of Philadelphia next year with a talk on "Gothic Gothic" at the annual meeting of the Archaeological Institute of America.

We Nominate Him for Membership in Both the Societies of Southern Gentlemen and Kentucky Colonels (Cherfield Advertiser)

Mr. Peter J. Zouinis, of Hingham, Mass., has been renewing acquaintances in and around Cherfield for the past few years.

Pete was engaged in the restaurant business here for about nine years, having left Cherfield in 1923. He rated an A-1 citizen and an all-round good fellow.

He braced a post-Olive War scar on his left cheek. Although Greek by birth, he received his wound in the north while defending the south against the abuse of a hostile Yankee who apparently did not know the war was over.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT By Ripley

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



DR. DEWELL GANN, LITTLE ROCK, ARK. DELIVERED 3000 BABIES WITHOUT LOSING A MOTHER. SUFFERED 23 BONE FRACTURES.

Explanation of Today's Cartoon
 THE MYSTERY OF THE EARTH'S MOTION—The day of 24 hours is based on the assumption that it takes the earth exactly 24 hours to complete one full rotation on its axis. The truth is that, due to the earth's simultaneous revolution around the sun, the complete rotation is performed in 24 hours 36 minutes and 4 seconds. The earth thus makes about one complete extra revolution on its axis.

CITY HALL TOPICS

YEAR End Observations: Rumblings of discontent among members of the Council are still to be heard beneath the surface as the Mayor's City Engineer. The new administration came in with the Spring flowers were blooming and there were indications that everything would not be as sweet and lovely as in the two years that preceded. The smoldering fires that looked as if they might break out at any moment did not come into the open except for minor flickers, and the approach of the year's end saw apparent harmony. But there are still signs of discontent on the part of a few Councilmen, one of whom yesterday let flow a stream of bitter criticism. I don't know if the indifference of the few will be sufficient to disrupt the unanimity of the majority.

I may have to take back some of that talk, however, several weeks ago, that Mayor Douglas will not be a candidate for Congress in 1938. The bug has been buzzing vociferously around his banner in recent days and in a short time "hizzoner" may take the leap. However, right now he doesn't know himself what he is going to do. There is no question but he'll admit himself but that he wants to be Congressmen.

Regardless of what others may say, I am sure that there was less shooting of freerackers here this Christmas than in many years. The usual month-long booming of the useless things that make the night hideous and the day dangerous was reduced to sporadic explosions for a couple of days. . . . Police must have realized that the police meant what they said and that those who fired the crackers would be arrested, if caught. The cops missed a wonderful opportunity of further breaking up of the silly practice by not actually apprehending a few of the offenders. I don't know if the officers really made a bona-fide effort to catch the culprits but I do know that one patrolman chased a freeracker faster into a house, where a household of people refused to say who had done it. Complaint against the officer was quickly withdrawn when Chief Pittman threatened to swear out a warrant for every one there.

That big moon sign proclaiming Charlotte as the Friendly City, which had been proposed for erection on the new elevated water tank at Magnolia and Bland Avenues, is a swell idea. And while the municipal government cannot legally make appropriation for it, some civic club would be doing a real community service by sponsoring the undertaking.

Little, the elevator operator, has carried all sorts of passengers but if she had had her way yesterday she would have refused to haul a 600-pound Russian bear. The brin, with a grin in his dog was brought down to the City Hall for picture-taking and when he stepped into the elevator, Roy was ready to step out. . . . Roy Yarborough, in

Portrait of a Fiend (Raleigh News & Observer)
 "The Johnson boy, thrown clear of his bicycle, became entangled on the bumper of the car and Blacklock (another boy who witnessed the killing) said the driver stopped, took the mortally injured boy off and threw him in a ditch before proceeding on. The car turned off the main road and on a side-road leading toward Pottsville. From a report in The News and Observer of the 14-year-old Wake County boy, on Monday night.
 The News and Observer has no comment. If this driver is the human mad dog he seems to be, no comment will harm him. If he is not, his own conscience must scream his shame louder than The News and Observer could state it.
 The quotation is presented as a portrait of a fiend in a supposedly civilized machine age.
 The beast remains.

Earlier Days

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

JANUARY 1, 1863

75 YEARS AGO
 The going down of the famous "Monitor" has even a deeper significance than is involved in the loss of that once formidable craft. It is this: All the new fleet of ironclads intended to operate on our Atlantic and Gulf coasts are "Monitor" pattern. That is, they are built on the Monitor pattern, with some deviation in the details but no departure from the external model or general principles of distribution of weight and force. Now, if it be found upon trial, that the assertions of English authorities in regard to the unserviceability of these vessels is true, then the new Yankee ironclad navy is shorn of nearly all its terror.

—Raleigh Register.

GENERAL BEAUREGARD'S WIFE

A New Orleans letter in the New York Herald says:

We have a prospect of an ocular solution of the problem of Beauregard's life or death. In plain English we hope to see him in this State before long. I don't think he will come in the chain of the captive, nor yet with the pomp and circumstance of the conqueror, but, if he comes at all, it will be as a private citizen and on a painful duty. Mrs. Beauregard is now living at her residence in this city very ill of a disease which must very soon terminate her life. General Butler has sent to General Beauregard a very kind invitation to visit his wife, assuring him of every courtesy and protection possible.

—Raleigh Register.

FROM TEXAS

By the fast-selling summer packet "Columbia," a New Orleans letter in the New York Herald says:
 "A battle had been fought near the headquarters of the Trinity between a party of Rangers under Captain Van Rensselaer and Miles and the Indians. It terminated unsuccessfully for the Texans, who, after desperate resistance, were compelled to retreat. A treaty of peace with the Teowek Indians has been entered into by the Texas Government. To strengthen the navy Congress had passed an act for the purchase of the Steamer Potomac. She carries twelve 10-inch guns. It will be a formidable addition to the maritime force of the infant republic. The Houston telegraph announces the death of Lieut. A. H. Miles, formerly of Richmond, Va. The condition of the country is deemed all but prosperous and flourishing."

—Payetteville Observer.

Thick and Thin

(Salem Post)

The Germanbutler's son was out 14 per cent for Christmas. Some younger Nazis seemed to feel that was spreading it on too thick with Santa Claus.