The Charlotte News

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1937

Hold On, Everybody!

[illegible] drops of water, little grains [illegible]. For September 27, the [illegible] reported that it outgo exceeded income by a couple of million, which wasn't a great deal, to [illegible]. But added to the two and [illegible] million deficiency of the day [illegible], the 26th, it means that the [illegible] for the current year is increasing steadily. Already it is 265 [illegible], with nine months to go.

[illegible] Byrd has the right idea. [illegible] only way to stop spending money [illegible] was writing checks. Apparently, however, the New Deliver [illegible] won't stop; so it's hold on, everybody; here we go again!

Prediction

[illegible] Senator Black eschews the press [illegible] going to deliver his foot-to-the-[illegible] chat tonight over the radio. [illegible] talking no chances with the advertising or denial of his Ku Klux [illegible] membership. He will be his [illegible] self, using the medium of [illegible] to plead his own cause, [illegible] that he finally is to make [illegible] explanation, he's going to —

[illegible] make it in a way that [illegible] be misquoted.

[illegible] nation is frequently the [illegible] of politicians who have [illegible] themselves or have been [illegible] at the unfavorable effect [illegible] they meant to be an innocuous [illegible]. On the other hand, [illegible] who speaks extemporaneously [illegible] misquotation is easily possible. In [illegible] case, it is the reporters' word [illegible] they heard him say against [illegible] word of what he said [illegible] months to no decision.

[illegible] never has been a re[illegible] who couldn't take down a [illegible] "yes" or an equally simple [illegible] and get the word in type ac[illegible]. That being so, we are virtually certain that Senator Black's [illegible] tonight on his Klan memo[illegible] is going to take the form of [illegible] . . . and no."

Fish and Tush!

[illegible] Seventh Massachusetts Dis[illegible] is composed largely of the textile centers of Lawrence and Lynn, [illegible] population nearly 200,000 of the [illegible] 313,000 residents. Eight [illegible] times did this District [illegible] the late William P. Connery to [illegible] once as the nominee of [illegible] Republican and Democratic [illegible], and if he had lived it would, [illegible] all probability, have sent him again. When he died, he was spending a wage & hour bill of which [illegible] was expected for textile workers in general and Massachusetts textile manufacturers in particular. That the District sent in his place [illegible] mother Lawrence, committed to [illegible] down the line for the Black-Connery Bill is not, much as may be made of it, any sort of sign that Massachusetts is still safely Democratic or that President Roosevelt is [illegible] strong with the mass of voters [illegible] that the New Deal has received a [illegible] mandate. There was identically the same significance in this [illegible] election in the Seventh Massachusetts as there was in Massachusetts' young Senator Lodge's [illegible], unique on the Republican side, [illegible] the Black-Connery Bill, which [illegible] that Massachusetts knows a good [illegible] for Massachusetts when it [illegible] it.

Call the Next Case

[illegible] and Mrs. Frank W. Jackson of New York Fulhams, after exactly one score years in the marriage game, came to the parting of the ways. Mr. Jackson accused her [illegible] a mistake as to who's who and accompanied her into [illegible] court, likewise, into [illegible] the jurors had been five a jury. In the box were six women and six men to pass judgment upon this accusation Mr. Jackson made — the first jury of women to hear divorce actions there.

The jury heard the evidence and two of the women asked questions. One demanded to know how Mr. Jackson had supported his wife these years and was told that that had nothing to do with the case. She probably knew it did, but she subsided. Then they went into the jury room and deliberated for an hour and a quarter. They came out with a verdict that Mrs. Jackson was not indiscreet in this hotel but was indiscreet in that.

Whereupon Mrs. Jackson broke down and wept and the jury filed out regretfully and that was the end of the Jackson case, the first in New York State on which women jurors had sat. If it proves anything, we haven't the faintest idea of what it proves.

Justice and the Fee System

A fee-paid constable this week carried a truck driver before a fee-paid justice of the peace, charging the driver with running his truck at the speed of 43 miles an hour, which exceeds the limit for a truck. The magistrate heard the charge, heard the plea of not guilty, heard the evidence and came to a decision. In the background were these conditions: If the man was found not guilty, there would be no fees for the constable and no fees for the magistrate; if guilty, fees for both. The verdict was a conviction, and the penalty $5 and fees. The driver's employer appealed the case to City court, disregarding the magisterial compromise offer that if the costs were paid, the fine would be remitted.

In City court it was brought out to the judge's satisfaction that the charge was false. The evidence was that the truck was equipped with a mechanical governor which made it impossible for the truck to operate at a greater speed than 30 miles an hour, the legal speed limit for trucks. The constable was exposed as a frivolous prosecutor and was required to pay the costs of the case himself.

But that, it seems to us, should not end the case by any means. Why should such an officer of the law be permitted to hold his commission? What recourse is there against a magisterial system that listens to but one side of the evidence? Suppose the Negro truck driver had had no employer and no money for an appeal; who would have saved him from an injustice?

A Week Well Spent

After 39 years, a former resident of Raleigh has received a $9.60 check from Uncle Sam for his seven days' service in the Spanish-American War. Of this amount, only $3.84 was for salary. The rest was interest.

This veteran waited a long time for his pay check; nevertheless, the probability is that the week he spent in the army will turn out to be the most profitable week of his whole life. Under the terms of legislation passed by the House last session, he would be entitled to walk up to a Treasury window and say, "I fought in the Spanish-American War 39 years ago. You owe me $60 a month from now on." The Senate didn't get around to this bill last term, but it will be coming up again and in the present generous state of the legislatorial mind it will be passed. In that event, rich men, poor men, beggar men and thieves will be entitled to draw $60 a month from the Government if they served, no matter where or how or for what length of time, in the armed forces of the United States in its six months' war with Spain. Many of these veterans are drawing compensation even now for disabilities in no way connected with their war service.

Sweet Charity

Federal relief agencies notified Mrs. Neikirk, Mecklenburg County Superintendent of Welfare, that they had clothing to be given out to needy children. Mrs. Neikirk had the word passed around through the City schools. Result:— a deluge of applications, many of which were found upon investigation to come from families able to buy their own clothing. Into the discard went the whole list, and the Welfare Superintendent said:—

"We simply will not make these children relief clients and encourage them to become wards of the government."

This, we believe, is good, sound charity practice, squaring with the notion that it can sometimes do more harm than good. But pity the poor school children; they must be puzzled. On the one hand is the County Welfare Superintendent refusing to "run out several miles to give some girl a pair of 15-cent bloomers" and on the other is the National Youth Administration handing out as much as $6 a month to high school students, establishing quotas in the various high schools and in excess of applications and repeatedly modifying eligibility requirements so that there shall be takers for all the money this agency has to spend. On the one hand is the County Welfare Superintendent declaring that she is not running a pauperizing agency and on the other hand is Uncle Sam calling out, Come and get it! If the school children themselves can make heads or tails of this contrast in charity policies, they are more astute than many of their elders.

FRESHMEN AT PRINCETON

By HUGH S. JOHNSON

NEW YORK CITY.—The sons of Henry Morgenthau and John L. Lewis are together entering Princeton—both with my deepest sympathy. Not being much of an Old Boat Mate of Henry Morgenthau, I don't know the Secretary's son. The other lad is a modest, sturdy prep-school product who could well make his way in any company, under the name of Walter Wigglespot. Friends tell me that Robert Morgenthau is exactly the same kind of kid.

The almost indescribable pathos of being the freshman son of a famous father is that almost nobody in college is willing to let it go at that. The boy probably never did anything to limit his right to do his stuff in his own way, but his father has done something that hedges him on every side and leaves him about as much privacy as a cigar-store Indian.

Tom Jones may have a little accident with a pop-bottle and a French Mayor and nobody hears about it but the gendarmes. If it happens to John Roosevelt, it is wired to the world before morning and a particularly splendid kid is made to look like a bum. That is an extreme example not to be construed as a plea for the freedom of youth to squirt carbon-dioxide on foreign dignitaries, but it illustrates the point that the lot of the sons of celebrities is not a happy one.

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BARREL STAVES AS ERASERS

At West Point, in my day, my brother barbarians took a very erroneous and even more cruelly active view of their duty toward such sons—namely that there was necessarily some sinful pride in their inherited relationship to glory which must be rubbed out for their soul's sake. In my own or the preceeding class were U. S. Grant, III, the sons of such Civil War heroes as MacArthur and Phil Sheridan and the brother of Hobson who tried to sink the Merrimac to bottle Cervera's fleet in Santiago Harbor and got universally kissed for his failure.

It was bad enough at the Academy for the publicity pretensions of any plebe, but the lives of these lads was continuous, unrelieved and ingenious torture. Young Phil Sheridan, when off duty, constantly carried a broomstick capped with the head of a hobby-horse. At the mere approach of an upper classman it was his "teck"—every plebe had one—to ride that stick furiously down the company street herding other plebes in the opposite direction with a wooden sword and yelling, "Turn, boys, turn; we're going back," as his father had done in the Shenandoah.

"Gee," he said drearily to me two years after that ordeal was over, "I wish I could have come to this Yoruma (U. S. M. A.) College under the name of McTavish."

MORE "TECKS"

Ulysses Grant, who is now one of the most distinguished officers in the Army and who then was, and still is, as sly as a rabbit, had to "sound off" the famous terse sentences of his grandfather—strung together in unintelligible monotone. Hobson sank more peanut-shell and watermelon-seed Merrimacs in tubs and basins than there are leaves on a tree—and kissed all the lamp-posts shiny. MacArthur's life was made trebly miserable for his father's sake.

It's a big burden for such boys. If they stumble they are "good stock gone to seed." If they shine, they're "being favored with all the breaks." Sometimes they don't have the satisfaction of being quite sure that their genuine little triumphs are all their own. They never know whether people who are kind are kidding them, or being them, or merely curious as they might be to behold a three-headed calf of Bosco from Borneo.

It's lonely and sad but maybe it's necessary. Think what a rad a kid could be if he ever really got the idea that his father's reputation was all he needed to be a man. Fortunately, that is far more rare than people crudely assume but, unfortunately, it has happened.

Visiting Around

No Sale

(New Bern Tribune)

— Cohen, charged with building a fire inside the city limits, was assessed costs of police court yesterday morning.

Old American Custom

(Charlotte News)

The wives of 20 Americans, including seven women, were endangered by Chinese anti-aircraft batteries against the raiders.

And How'd He Find Grampaw?

(Gray's Creek item, Fayetteville Observer)

George Little of Tist spent last week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Little.

Fine Stadium, But No Games Played In It

This Football Fan Believes That a Stadium Manager Would Turn the Needed Trick.

Dear Sir:

I see that more money is being spent on Charlotte's American Legion Memorial stadium. This fine stadium, constructed at immense cost through the aid of the WPA, PWA, and other governmental agencies, is now going to be equipped wiht lights so that games can be played at night.

I can't help wondering why more expense is being incurred to provide facilities for night games when the stadium is used scarcely at all even in the day time. The public was led to believe that if Charlotte had a stadium large enough to accomodate the crowds, a number of good football games could be brought to this city. It was this argument, more than any other thing!, that led to the building of the present structure. But let's see what we have in this, the second, year of the stadium's existence: there is scheduled here; one college football game, Davidson and Wake Forest, on Thanksgiving Day (at best a rather poor attraction when compared with such contests as the Duke-Pitt, U. N. C.-U. S. C., U. N. C.-Tennessee, and the Duke-U N. C. games), a game between the freshmen teams of Duke and the University of North Carolina; a few high school games; and, if I am not mistaken, a junior college game.

Certainly there must be other college games that could be brought to Charlotte—games that would fill the immense bowl to capacity. Why can't some of these games be brought here? On whose shoulders does the responsibility of booking football games here rest?

I do not pretend to know what to do. Perhaps Charlotte would do well to follow the example of many other cities and employ a full-time stadium manager whose sole task would be the responsibility of seeing that the stadium is a paying proposition and that athletic fans in this vicinity are provided with a few star attractions. I am sure that such a manager would earn his salary many times over. Anyhow, something certainly should be done about the present situation that permits one of the State's finest stadiums, that represents hundreds of thousands of dollars, to lie idle week after week.

FOOTBALL FAN.

Charlotte.

CAROLINA MOTOR CLUB, NOW 16, WRITES A NICE NOTE OF APPRECIATION

Dear Sir:

As we enter our sixteenth year of service, and formally open our new office building, it is my desire to express to you our deep appreciation for your cooperation in the past years and for your continued expression of confidence in the Carolina Motor Club.

During the past fifteen years we have endeavored not only to render our members a very valuable service and protection but also to serve the Carolinas by developing travel industry and promotion of ways and means to reduce highway accidents. We hope that our efforts have not been entirely in vain.

On behalf of entire organization we send you our sincere thanks for the cooperation and encouragement which you have given us.

C. W. ROBERTS, President,
Carolina Motor Club.

Charlotte.

How About Lief?

(Baltimore Evening Sun)

President Roosevelt has just issues a proclamation calling on the people of the United States to do honor on October 12 to Christopher Columbus, discoverer of America.

But we seem to recall there is material in the record coming from at least as exalted a source as Mr. Roosevelt, to show that America was discovered, 492 years before Columbus, by a Nordic, one Lief, the Norseman, the son of Eric the Red. Lief sailed down the coast in the year 1000 A. D., landed at several points in New England and may have got as far as the Chesapeake Bay.

Moreover, Lief didn't just land and then go back. On the contrary, he liked the country, brought over some of his friends and their wives, and one of these couples, at least, produced a son called Snorre, who was the first white child born in this country, long before Virginia Dare. If you don't believe all this, read the speech that Mr. Coolidge made in Wisconsin back in 1925.

What we want to know is when some President is going to follow Mr. Coolidge's lead and proclaim a day for the honoring of Lief Ericson and offer to dedicate a monument to little Snorre.

Swing It!

(Greensboro News)

Duke University professor name o' Brownell is reported to have done a series of textbooks called "Jelly Numbers" to popularize arithmetic in the public schools. It's worth trying; for deponent often wonders if he would have ever been able to count to ten if it had not been for John Brown and his little Injuns.

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

IT SEEMS TO ME

By HEYWOOD BROUN

IT LOOKS like a subway series. And the prediction has been made that the receipts are likely to establish a new high for baseball. But from an aesthetic point of view a contest between the Giants and the Yankees is less than the ideal setup. There will be too much fair play.

On the field the gladiators may brawl and tangle, but neither imprecations nor pop bottles are likely to be thrown from the stands.

I suppose that rooters of the big town may still be roughly divided into Giant and Yankee fans. But the civil war is over. The scars have healed and sectionalism no longer prevails. Indeed, just the other day I heard a fan explain, "Why, I'm for both teams. I applaud good plays on either side."

There was a time when such an attitude would have been held to constitute rank heresy, and anyone who uttered such sentiments would have been sent to coventry, or maybe down with the dudes to Meadow Brook to watch the polo.

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WHY NOT ORGANIZE?

Even today it might be possible to organize a small partisan baseball group on the island of Manhattan, but it would be necessary to go far back into the days when the American League was just dawning in New York. It would be a club founded somewhat along the lines of the D. A. R., and it might well be called Sons and Daughters of Highlander Rooters.

Of the original stalwarts who went to that tiny park, too few are left to be effective and I am afraid that their fervor may not have passed on to their children and grandchildren.

As one who watched the new team come to town and languish I would like to hear from other original Highlander Rooters and see if we might not club together to create some memorial for the only neighborhood professional ball team New York has ever known. There ought to be a tablet to mark the spot where Wid Conroy played an indifferent third base and Kid Elberfeld fought the umpires, the opposing team and the ball in his role as shortstop.

As a matter of fact Medical Center now occupies the ground where Harry Wolters, Bert Daniels and Jesse Tannehill used to roam. Perhaps there is an idea in that. We old Highlander fans might get together and endow a bed. I would like to see it called the Pop-up John Memorial Bed reserved for tired ball players.

• • •

WOULD HONOR GANZEL

It would honor, of course, Mr. Ganzel, the first baseman of those early days. In spite of the brilliance which Hal Chase brought later to that particular job I've always regarded John Ganzel as one of the best fielding first basemen I have ever known. But his batting was quite a different matter. Whenever he came to the plate in a pinch the fans, all thirty of us, would groan in unison.

And Pop-up John himself presented a most doleful countenance. He walked out from the bench with the hopeless gait of one who has been summoned from a condemned cell to that little room from which there is no returning. Given three comrades on base, John Ganzel could hit the highest pop fly ever known in organized baseball. He couldn't have done better if they had allowed him to use a spade mashie instead of a bat.

But we original Highlander fans were always faithful unto death. If we do organize, I think it will be found that most the members of the devoted band are actively at work in the promotion of lost causes or minority movements.

The rival city team, the New York Giants, represented success and big business and pennants. The only championship the Highlanders seemed to be competing for was the championship of the underdog.

I hope to go to the coming series and I will conform and adopt the neutral attitude of saying, "May the better team win." But that was not my stand in the dear dead days at the Hill Top Park. I didn't want the best team to win. I wanted the Highlanders.

Discouraging Our Colonel

(Concord Tribune)

From Charlotte comes the news report that Col. T. L. Kirkpatrick is debating with himself the question of running against Senator R. R. Reynolds next year.

The Colonel is wise to give serious study to the question, even though the report says he is being "urged by friends throughout the State" to enter the contest. Defeating "Our Bob" is a mansized job requiring much thought by any ambitious opponents, as we have an idea the Colonel will learn soon enough if he decides to make the race.

The political bee seems to find almost a permanent home in Colonel Kirkpatrick's bonnet but we are just wondering if in this instance later developments won't persuade the Charlotte man that he'd be wise to let somebody else do the campaigning against the Senator. We can't believe the "urging" is coming from anything like enough voters to give the Colonel a chance at the polls.

Topsy-Turvy Reading

(Rufe Pickett, Moore County News)

I recollect way back yonder when Pa got a letter from another preacher and he wanted to come and visit us. I believe that man could write the prettiest hand I ever saw. When he came, Pa asked him to preach — Pa was preaching at Prosperity then — and when that old gentleman got up to read, I noticed that he held the Bible upside down. He told us that he never had a chance to go to school, and that his grandmother taught him when he was small. She would sit in a chair and he would sit on a stool at her knees — she, holding the book or paper right side up to her, did not realize that he was learning to read and write "upside down." I still remember the old gentleman saying, "Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it."

Earlier Days

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

OCTOBER 1, 1862
75 YEARS AGO

GENERAL LEE'S RETURN TO VIRGINIA

Smithfield, Va.—The Confederate army has returned to Virginia. Whether Gen. Lee took this step from a military necessity or for some strategic purpose or because he had accomplished the object of his movement into Maryland—the capture of Harpers Ferry—I am unable to say. The order was executed last evening and by the time it was quite dark the wagons, artillery and troops began to move. All the wounded that were in a condition to be moved had been taken across the river. All whose wounds were very severe, or mortal, unfortunately had to be left behind and fell into the hands of the enemy.

It was not quite three miles to the Potomac, and our wagon trains extended from Sharpsburg, over to the Virginia side. There were only two roads by which we could proceed, one of which was taken by the troops and the other by the artillery and wagons. Our lines came up within a short distance of the enemy's yet so silently and adroitly was the movement conducted that Gen. McClellan was not aware of it until next morning. It had rained in the afternoon and the roads were muddy below, while the heavens were covered with a light fog above, both of which facilitated the enterprise.

We had crossed into Maryland by the bright morning sun; we returned in silence and at the dead of the night. The columns wound their way over the hills and along the valley like some huge indistinct monster. The trees and the overhanging cliffs and the majestic Blue Ridge loomed up in dim but enlarged and fantastic proportions, and made one feel as if he were in some strange and weird land of grotesque forms, visible, only in the hour of dreams.

Whatever was the motive to the movement, it must be regarded as one of the most successful and extraordinary exploits in the history of any country, and stamps the man that ordered and executed it as one of the greatest military leaders in our time and generation. With the exception of the wounded and a few wagons that got turned over in the darkness, not a man or wagon or a single piece of artillery was lost. Longstreet's corps, being nearest the ford, led the way, followed by D. H. Hill's and Jackson's in the order of their names. The crossing was accomplished by half past six this morning, and soon thereafter the enemy's artillery opened a harmless fire upon the opposite heights. The bird had flown, however, and his rage was impotent.—Letter in The Fayetteville Observer.

Ought To Be a Law

(New Bern Tribune)

Congressmen should be required to have plain signatures. Only lately a fac-simile on a franked envelope was so illegible the editor had to open it before throwing it away.