

### THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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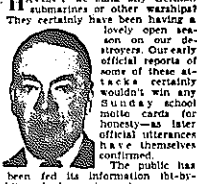
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WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1941

## Secrecy And Subs

By Hugh S. Johnson



**"WAR OF NERVES" ON SUBMARINES**

Now we are told that reports of American sinkings of German submarines are military secrets. The idea advanced is that the British, with all their experience in anti-submarine warfare, say that it is better not to tell them what has happened to their boats. The British therefore never tell their own people and therefore that neither should we.

U.S.A. of some other rude expletive. The British had given plenty of reports of the sinking and even capture of German submarines, complete with photographs. They have announced the deaths of the most daring Nazi submarines in the world.

### Policy of Secrecy Is Unjustified

The effect if not the purpose of this future and wholly indefensible policy of silence, if not deceit, at this time is to create an impression that American armed ships are sailing submarine-free seas with some such motto at their mast-heads as "strike us on one side and we'll strike you on the other." It is curious also that this absurdity should be having its active effect in the neutrality debate in Congress.

This column never espoused the neutrality act as anything more than an expedient surrender of traditional maritime rights. It long ago argued that after the passage of this act these ships had become obsolete, but it never could and never did hold with any sense that this was a way to get it repealed.

### GRAVEYARD STORIES OF NAVAL ACTION

Washington is humming with stories of deviant American naval action for which it seems to be possible to get no official confirmation. Of course, if they are true, they must be exaggerated, but equally probably, many of them are true.

### Save Your Bull

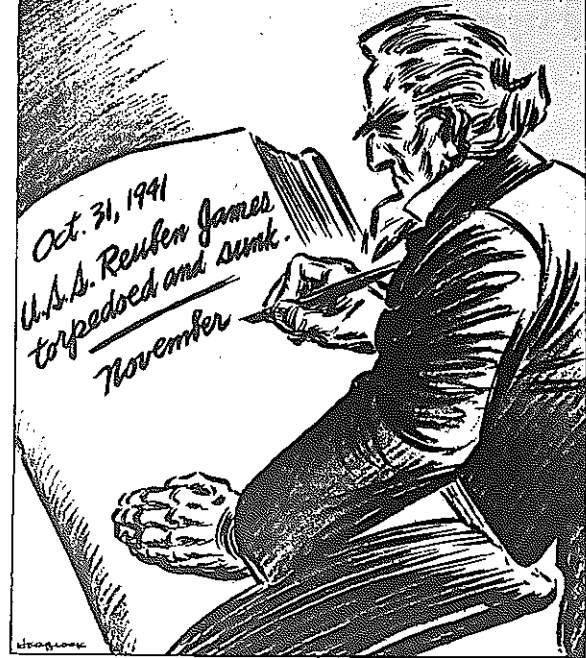
Hitler is taking the Ukraine section of Russia from the Soviets and undoubtedly will take it. It provides not only grain but cotton for the Axis.

### TODAY'S BOMB THOUGHT

If you want to take 100 per cent of a Christian this is what you must do: *Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself.—Luke 10:37.*

## Log Book

—By Herblock



## Radio's Off-The-Air Jargon

**The Baltimore Sun**  
More Wax—Sing more softly.  
Memo—Program which originates outside the station.  
Nick—Em—Situation.  
NOT TO BE CONFUSED  
WITH HOODLUM  
Noodling—Tuning musical instruments, or an improvised run or variation which a musician brings in "on his own hook."  
Old Sexton—Bull header.  
On the Button—On the Head—On the Nose—Program which times out perfectly.  
Out in the Alley—Out of range of the microphone.  
Patrol—Dinner—Dish Jockey—The person who operates the turntables on which records or transcription discs are played.  
Pret—Radio files in the studio.  
Pops—The noise you hear when you turn on "a" is spoken too loudly.  
Ready—Actor or announcer who sounds as though he were reading.  
Rover Boy—Minor executive of advertising agency.  
Scupper—Singer who slurs.  
Scoutmaster—Major executive of advertising agency.  
Shut Your—Singer with poor tone.  
Stink It In—Start softly and gradually increase in volume.  
Spot—Off pitch.  
Spit—Advertising copy.  
Speller—Announcer.  
TRIP ALEVIN  
ONE OF THOSE  
Spreader—Performer who takes more time in actual show than in rehearsal.  
Squawk—Singer—Clarinet.  
Straight AFRA—Union scale.  
Take It Away—Begin the program.  
Vocal—Vocal—Sky Pix—Television; the sight channel.  
Web—The network.  
West of Denver—Technical trouble which can't be located.  
Wood File—Vocalist.  
Woodshed—Hard rehearsal.  
Wolf in Sheep Clothing—Radio engineer, strictly comical.

## Sharing Raw Materials

By Raymond Clapper



**WE ARE** already losing lives in the undeclared naval warfare that is going on, and everyone recognizes the danger of losing more.

Whether we are going to get that safer world will depend very likely upon whether our Administration seizes the opportunity to insist upon the arrangements that will help to insure it. I mean an understanding how will the British that will insure a better distribution of the raw materials which are essential to an industrial nation both in peace and in war.

**UNFAIR DISTRIBUTION HELPED CAUSE WAR**  
The war rose as much out of an unfair distribution of raw materials resources as out of any one thing, although there were other contributing causes. A considerable proportion of these raw materials is under British and Dutch control. The Japanese have wanted to get at those materials in the East Indies, Germany and Italy have wanted to get at those which lie in Africa. They are oil, copper, rubber, tin, manganese and many other materials essential to industry. A modern manufacturing nation cannot operate successfully without them over the long run. There will never be peace unless all nations can obtain a fair share of those materials. Wars are started because they are dressed up in fancy disguises but, to a large degree, they go back to that question.

## Race Customs

**The Daily Tar Heel**  
Today we shall talk about the white race.  
The last of the white race became extinct in the 21st century along with other races then inhabiting the earth. A great many, indeed a majority, of the white race were of a particular cult which had as its most important ritual a strange ceremony effected without change throughout the white world.  
These religious rites proceeded as follows:  
Whenever a group of the white race were found together (and often when one of them sought solitary solace), one of the whites would extract from his garments a rectangular container. This he offered to the group, and the container, the whites each drew a small white cylindrical object, about three inches long and one quarter of an inch in diameter. Some of the whites present, undoubtedly belonging to a different sect, would choose cylinders from their own containers. These cylinders were referred to as "wax."  
Then, after mystically tapping the cylinder three times on the back of the hand or across the arm of the chair, the whites held these between their lips and touched them gently to the end of a small flaming torch held by the leader, undoubtably in the high priest.  
Thereupon the whites would lean back, close their eyes, and breathe deeply through the cylinder; no doubt they believed they were in this way communing with their god.  
Then the participant slowly exhaled a whitish, gaseous substance from his mouth or nose, probably believing that he was expelling the smoke from the fire of hell. The high priest, or some other venerated person, would often exclaim, "Beware, and these the participants, watching attentively, undoubtedly divining some sacred message from the symbols.  
This ritual was indulged in during times of leisure, as well as during times of stress and sorrow. It was believed that the white race wrapped its destinies completely and not just in fumes of need as is often our calling.  
Present day scholars of archeology are of the opinion that the white race believed these cylinders to come to some spiritual combination of good and evil, the evil being expelled in the white gas. The mortal remains were flicked with a precise motion of the thumb and forefinger upon a floor, and were crushed in a special dish containing many other such remains.  
A strange phenomenon, quite common among the white race, was the willingness, indeed even the desire, to change religions by offering to make converts of other cylinders. Strangely enough, reluctance seemed apparent on the latter's part. This perhaps reveals doubt in his own respective religion.

## Conscience Week

**Somehow It Wouldn't Appeal to Hitler**

It seemed like a pretty idea at first. Inspiration came from Newton where the public library is sponsoring "Conscience Week." All this week, if you have neglected to return a book to the library, take it back and in recognition of your twinge of conscience, the library will cancel any fees assessed against you.

It will work in Newton, we thought, why not everywhere? Indeed, why couldn't the war be settled by declaring an international "Conscience Week?" And it is up to Hitler, this way. If he'll return all of the territories and other loot he has seized, the other nations will agree to let the Germans off light and commute his sentence to life imprisonment.

The day-dream was growing to full bloom when it was snuffed off by a single obvious fact. "Conscience Week" works only in communities and nations where the people have consciences. Apparently Hitler hasn't one.

## Privilege

**Mr. Lawrence of the CIO My Express Himself**  
One vote against John L. Lewis. As one of the shortest interviews on record, Roy Lawrence, Charlotte Regional Director for the Textile Workers Union (CIO) clarifies his position admirably.  
Mr. Lawrence said, as reported in *They Say* . . . in *Tar News*:  
"I hope John L. Lewis runs for something to the convention in Detroit next month. I want to vote against him."  
Mr. Lawrence is a man to be envied. All the rest of us can do little to vent our outraged sensibilities except to splutter. But not Mr. Lawrence. He, fortunate fellow, can vote against him.

## Poor Sadie

**The Wouldn't Like Wool (The Effie Chapel Hill Style)**  
Mr. Al Capp, creator of *Lit Abner* and other charming residents of Dogwood, is coming to Chapel Hill for Sadie Hawkins Day. (Sadie, by the way, isn't gonna like it.)  
All good little comic-story readers know, Sadie Hawkins Day tradition decrees that a foot-race be held in Dogwood each and every November. Eligible males are given a head start and when the women are allowed to pursue each girl who catches her man before sundown is privileged to become her merry bride.  
Figuratively speaking, this sort of thing has been going on in Chapel Hill for a long time. In fact, since the University was co-educational.  
But are they gonna run off a real Sadie Hawkins Day race Saturday in honor of Mr. Capp? No, sir! They do not. Know what they're gonna do? They're gonna let the girls draw caps from a gold-drawn fish bowl. In each capsule will be a boy's name—her mate for the evening's entertainment.  
Well may Sadie Hawkins twist in her grave, reflecting upon the decay of physical stamina and the downright tastelessness of the younger generation.  
It ain't natch, that's what it ain't! Boys is too easy caught.

## No Help For It

**Commission Can't Afford Parks Citizens Deny the Means**  
The financial stringency which the Parks & Recreation Commission has for that matter all past sessions have faced, is pointed up by the information that the commission has released title to some of the park lands it holds. The cost of maintaining 300 acres simply doesn't come enough over to support even a partial system such as this city has, and apparently is content to have the commission doesn't choose deliberately to take it, to renounce its deli-

## Scenario

**The Kearny Incident Was Dramatic, but Our Side Lost**  
They will study it in their history books, the generations that come after us, the torpedoing of the U.S.S. Kearny off Iceland, the first major naval encounter of the second war between the United States and Germany. The story will be told, we suspect, in the customary desiccated style of historians. Names, dates, casualties and its "effect" on the nation.  
As such, the historical evaluation will differ from the vivid eyewitness account of Ensign Henry Lyman, will miss what the movie people call the "human drama" of it. For Ensign Lyman's story reads like a film scenario.

Rumored on the North Atlantic High Sea, a great convoy plied outward, each ship loaded with stores of war for Britain—oil, guns, warplanes. Underdog corvettes skim the outskirts of the flotilla, their crews alert to the unseen menace.  
Then, as swells begin to obscure the rear, a torpedo wakes appear. Silents scream in warning, the key taps out a staccato of signals.  
Not far away, the Kearny hears the call for assistance. She steers a course straight for the convoy. It is black dark when she picks up the beleaguered ships, as black a night as I ever saw," said Ensign Lyman. The attack had subsided for a while, but the rattlesnakes were only waiting to strike again. Blowily, idling their motors to escape detection, the U-boats clustered into position. Their aim was good. Great tankers, huge sea-going oil drums, burned open and poured their flaming cargoes upon the sea. The Kearny, with her crew at battle stations, begins dropping depth charges.  
But a U-boat has her number. Three torpedoes—one off the bow, one off the stern, one almost amidships. The Kearny, her stern cord tightened by the blast, screams like a wounded animal. That she stayed afloat until the Greer came up is a tribute to the mettle of ship and men.

We'd like to believe that some of the living flesh of the Kearny incident would survive the historian's eager knife. But it was a battle in which our ship was bested. And a lost battle, no matter how heroically fought, just doesn't seem to attract glory like it used to.

A trainer says one can cow the wild beast with a raised parasol. Therein lay the Chamberlain's mistake at Munch. He didn't open the umbrella.

## Visitin' Around

**What No Calls And Daps (Pleasant Hill Item, Zebulon Record)**  
After a long spell of dry weather we had a good shower of rain Monday night.

## Senator Soaper Says:

They think the stage is being once more set for that big tableau of the peace effort, with the Pusher trying to fish an olive out of a bottle with a side arm.  
The prudent hunter will remember not to wear a cowskin cap into the wilds. Kentucky deer are scarce, but at the time he owned the only rifle in Kentucky.  
Life in '60 to '65 was trying, perhaps, and yet there wasn't this continual moaning  
over what Lincoln would have done.  
A strike of snakes charming in India is among the new professed things. We have troubles, but uncharmed snakes are not among them, we are happy to say.  
The typical American head is growing somewhat longer, the anthropologists find. It would be awkward otherwise, as the taxpayer's face wouldn't fit.

## Side Glances



"If you'll send out a photographer, I'll pose in the blind just as I was when I shot through you. You'll have a beautiful picture and I'll have proof!"