Hold On, Everybody!

[illegible]

Out of Harm's Way

[illegible]

This Is What Booms Are Made Of

[illegible]

[illegible] ... there ... by Farmer Cam[illegible] ... apparently, to the point ...

[illegible] booms are made ... this boom, anyhow. ... and type and Tom Bost's tripe ... that's ... tripe is nourishing. Besides, it ... [illegible]

Persons Kicking Themselves

It was a [illegible] happenstance at the same time, the juxtaposition in yesterday's afternoon paper of the [illegible] of Justice Black's refusal to talk about his KKK membership and Judge John J. Parker's appointment to the chairmanship of the American Bar Association's judiciary section was a terse satire on [illegible] the New Deal, the head[illegible] [illegible] and all them [illegible] [illegible] ... had become [illegible] and not at all to his [illegible] liking. Judge Parker, on the other hand, was receiving further professional recognition.

Judge Parker's nomination to the Supreme Court was turned down by the Senate at the insistence of the then so-called liberals. He had ruled according to the law and not Labor's preference in one musty case involving the yellow-dog contract, and he had made a candid remark on the white and Negro races in a speech delivered some 25 years ago. Turgidly, the liberals would have none of him, but it wasn't long before they began to kick themselves all over the lot for their foolish misjudgment of the man. The quality of the appellate decisions and the evident depth and breadth of this jurist, contrasted to the variability of Justice Roberts, whom the Senate confirmed in his stead, made them rue the day they had attacked Parker.

And the President, too, must now be rueing the day he passed over Judge Parker, by that time acceptable to the liberals, the lawyers, Democrats and Republicans, and nominated Black out of spite for those who had opposed him. Look what he let himself in for, all because he was determined to find a symbol to match his peeve and not a qualified jurist.

Referred to Committee

The Charlotte Chamber of Commerce is a departmentalized, modernly organized body, with subdivisions prepared to take part in and work to the solution of any community problem that might arise. This includes commerce, industry, civic activities, agriculture and other things, including labor relations. This comes to mind in connection with a strike of 750 cotton mill employees in North Charlotte, where for 17 days the mill has been closed and the workers idle. This reacts against the community's progress as well as against the company and the employees. In that phase, the Chamber of Commerce has a legitimate interest.

The basic causes of the strike are such, perhaps, that the Chamber could not of itself arbitrate. Nevertheless, it seems to be a case in which its labor relations committee might with open-mindedness and discretion, partial to neither side, introduce itself into the situation and attempt to bring a reconciliation and a resumption of work.

Dave May Have Been Right

A favorite long-time theme of Dave Clark's, editor of the Textile Bulletin, is that at the University there are a few professors who have sought to instill subversive doctrines into the minds of students under their charge there. Nobody has taken much stock in his allegation, not because there weren't any radicals at the University—Professor Erickson of the notorious Communist dinner party was one—but because the general belief was that the University administration had enough sense and enough consideration for the State and the University itself not to permit any such advantages to be taken of immature minds and unformed codes.

It now develops that Dave may have been right, at least in part, and that one instructor was for several years getting in Communist licks in the class room with the knowledge of his masters. At any rate, the following is lifted from The Daily Tar Heel, student publication:

> Arnold Williams, who is remembered on this campus for his introduction of communist theory into freshman English courses, has left the University for a position on the faculty of the Missouri School of Mines.
>
> Williams received his doctor of philosophy degree here and taught freshman English for several years. Many times he was scored for leading class discussions that were pro-communist in nature rather than devoting class time to the study of grammar.

With the Naked Eye

(Norfolk Virginian-Pilot)

[illegible] ... notes a writer, is more widely practiced in Europe than anywhere else. Widely is right—some of the more distressing ones in Europe ... [illegible] ... at a distance of 3,000 miles.

PRIZE BOOB OF THEM ALL

[illegible]

NEW YORK CITY.—[illegible] will probably record the financial administration of the United States in the past twenty years as the most ... [illegible] ... insanity since the Mississippi Bubble. Starting with the ... credit of all time, this country spent far more on the World War than ... [illegible] ... or ... for spending. By ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ... them and thus paid by ... part of the cost of this war ... to the Allies but to Germany ... the international fat boy with ... bag of candy.

The ... lunacy was the idea that we could keep our farms and factories going ... poverty after the war, by lending bankrupt foreign customers the money to buy our goods. Again we sent uncounted private billions across the sea and also lost many of them, in a collapse of this foolish policy that shook the world and brought the depression.

EASY TERMS

Next came the New Deal financial debauch. We cut the gold content of the dollar and that was a forgiveness up to 40% of every debt owed this country either by foreign nations or individuals. It was a special discount to foreigners, as contrasted to Americans, of 40% on the purchase of any stock, bond or manufactured article in our markets. And they took advantage of it by the billions. We also bought silver and gold by the billion from foreign nations and paid more than 170% of the prior price and much more than the market price—an outright gift.

Put all three lunacies together, and how much of our wealth has been wasted on foreigners? It is an incalculable but incredible amount, at least half our total debt. Yet we are O. K. "because our debt isn't as big as Europe's." If it isn't, it is no credit to our fiscal management. The only wonder is that it isn't twice as big. We haven't reduced it but we have reduced theirs.

AN ODIOUS COMPARISON

England and France had much bigger debts when the War began. They were bankrupted by the War which hit them harder than us and left them with much greater debts—impossible debts. We paid off much of our debt before the depression. They paid off a lot less, if any. The depression hit them as hard as us—but they did not use it as an occasion to double their debt—as we did. Nothing in the world's experience can excuse the wretched financial management that has permitted us to approach the bankruptcy that threatens European nations. Certainly the statement that we are no worse off than those unfortunates is no excuse. It is an accusation.

Awful Choice

(Baltimore Evening Sun)

One of the horridest ideas exhibited to the American people in many a day is the assertion of Frederick H. Stinchfield, president of the American Bar Association, that the nation may have to choose

> between the President and the lawyers of the United States.

Friends and fellow-citizens, what a choice is there! The oft-repeated assertion that we shall have to choose between Fascism and Communism is as nothing to this. We must take Roosevelt, or we must take the lawyers—but suppose we don't think either is any too reliable, what then?

Somehow we are getting a little tired of all these assertions that we must choose this or we must choose that. Suppose the American citizen should say flatly and firmly, "I choose vanilla." What would Mr. Stinchfield do about that?

Visiting Around

Just Mr. Willie Goin' About His Farm Work

(Five Forks Item, Monroe Journal)

Folks in this community were badly frightened Tuesday night by a large fire near by. It was the largest fire I have ever seen. Several cars passed hurrying to it, but it was only Mr. Willie Philmon burning off his new ground.

Holler in the Cabin

(Kinston Free Press)

Boy Scouts in the Greenville district will have a "whooperee" at their cabin on the Greenville Country Club grounds at 7:30 P. M. Saturday.

See Parks for Same, We'd Say

(Route 1 Item, Concord Herald-Observer)

Parks Horton has bought a car. See who will be the girl for dates and rides.

Yeh, But Ain't He One of These "Destructive Critics?"

(Statesville Daily)

Mr. M. B. Whitley, Armfield street, caught two mice in one trap, each by the head, and regards this feat quite the equal of the man who made two blades of grass grow where none grew before. Both, however, were doing a service to humanity.

"Possum Bill" Still Holding To His Prize

And Expects To Tree Those Drafted Possums Again, With Drum's and Driver's Help.

Dear Sir:

I read your letter on your page in Tuesday's News. I want to thank you for wanting to help me out of trouble and save the prize money for me. You are a good friend.

I didn't know I was doing wrong at the dog show by having the 'possums.

I had a good time, everybody had a good time. I want to thank the people for clapping and getting me the prize.

My dog's name is "Driver." The spotted dog is Daddy's dog named "Drum." Other people had good dogs there. I like hunting dogs. I hope there will be more hunting dogs there next time.

It was a good show. The 'possums liked it. They were still grinning when Daddy carried them back to the farm. Drum and Driver will tree them again later.

BILL MOORE.

Charlotte.

EVEN THE GAME LAWS, HE INTIMATES, CAN AT TIMES BE ASININE

Dear Sir:

Aside from every other consideration that may enter into the equation, I cannot bring myself to believe that Burton Smith will or can kill the joy that doubtless wells up in the heart of the Moore lad over his winnings in the dog sweepstakes a few days ago.

It is true that Mr. Smith may have a point of law in his favor. It may still be "agin the law" to hunt 'possums, but, if it is, the sentiments expressed by a prominent citizen of Charlotte in the yesteryear could very well apply in this case. This prominent citizen was the owner of several business buildings on Tryon street, and on making some repairs on a storeroom he fell afoul of the law because he had neglected the important detail of securing a permit from the City. The prominent citizen protested vigorously and the officer explained to him that it was "the law." "Yes," said the store owner with emphasis, "And the law is an ass."

Being bred and born in the country somehow we feel that a law against hunting 'possums at any season of the year ought to come under this classification.

C. R. AUSTIN.

Charlotte.

KENNEL CLUB TOO LIKED OUR DOG PARADE—DOG & 'POSSUM PARADE, THAT IS

Dear Sir:

On behalf of the Piedmont Kennel Club of Charlotte, I want to thank you and your staff for the splendid program inaugurated by The News in connection with National Dog Week, which was in the form of the Dog Parade staged at the Stadium in Charlotte last Saturday.

This was certainly a fine undertaking on your part and we want you to know that the Piedmont Kennel Club will cooperate fully with you in sponsoring any and all feats connected with the promotion of the gathering of dog fanciers and lovers of dogs in Charlotte and Mecklenburg County, as we feel that with such an organization as The News behind us in our attempts to educate the public in the owning and breeding of dogs, our purposes and aims will be greatly enhanced, as it is the desire of the Piedmont Kennel Club to foster a greater love and affection in the community for dogs which, as we all know, are Man's Best Friends.

With all good wishes for your continued success in pioneering such original programs as worked up by you and your staff in connection with National Dog Week, and assuring you again of our readiness to assist you at any time in any endeavor in which we may be able to cooperate, we are,

PIEDMONT KENNEL CLUB,
C. O. Garrison, Secretary.

Charlotte.

THE SEA

Maude Waddell

The sea is a mother who rocks her child
With a soothing song of rest,
And you hear her murmur sweet and mild,
Deep down in a pink shell's breast;
And a sailor's love for the ocean wide,
And the taste of salt in the foam,
Is the love of her child for the mother's side
And the call of a strong man's home.
For the sea's a mother to fisher folk
And she gives them food and rest
And a haven after their stern lives' yoke,
Folded close in her breast.

V. F. W. EXPRESSES ITS THANKS FOR FAVORS TO ITS FALL FESTIVAL

Dear Sir:

Members of Stonewall Jackson Post No. 1160 of the Veterans of Foreign Wars wish to thank you for the advertising and publicity given our Fall Festival entertainment held September 16 at the City Armory.

MELVIN J. COOK, Adjutant,
Veterans of Foreign Wars.

Charlotte.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT — By Ripley

Registered U. S. Patent Office

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

Explanation of Today's Cartoon

SMALLEST LOT—Workers in the office of the city engineer, Providence, R. I., experienced mild thrills of discovery this summer when they found out that what they thought was only an ink spot on the map was really privately owned land. Engineers surveying a few years ago during road-building, left a tiny triangular plot, slightly over a square inch, still in technical possession of a railroad. Had they surveyed correctly, to the minutest detail, the plot would have been included in the highway. However, the railroad decided they had no use for the land and the city acquired it through condemnation proceedings.

ON THE RECORD

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Concerning Vermont

LATELY, and because I am homesick in New York for its green pastures, its bright streams, its comely villages, its quiet mountains, I have been thinking about my adopted State of Vermont. Vermont has a population of under 400,000. About a third of that population live on farms, and 90 per cent of those farms are operated by their owners. There is very little large-scale agriculture. The country is mountainous; a great deal of the tilled land is on mountain slopes, difficult to work with machinery. There is almost no such thing as single-crop agriculture. Nearly every farm has its wood lot, its maple-sugar grove, its apple orchard, its small fruits, its vegetable garden, a few chickens, a herd of cows, small or large, according to the prosperity of the farmer. For cash the Vermont farmer sells chiefly milk. After that, maple products, potatoes, apples; sometimes eggs and poultry.

The soil, over wide stretches, is shallow and stony, and, in any case, difficult to work because of the ups and downs of its fields. The season is extremely short. It is rarely possible to plant before May. There is often frost in September. The winters are severe. The rainfall is beneficent. Drought, however, is unknown, nor is there, usually, so much rain that crops are ruined.

* * *

I know this State intimately. I live, myself, in its backwoods, twelve miles from a railroad station. I know its back roads, its remote farmsteads. And it remains a constant miracle to me how, on these farmsteads, miles from any considerable market, the people live at all. Theoretically, it seems to me that they should all be hill-billies inhabiting unsightly shacks and eking out the barest existence. What is continually amazing, is that on these very back roads the neat, well painted farm house, the adequate barn, the well kept pasture, and even the small lawn and flower garden is the rule and not the exception. Actually, the average value of the individual farm property is way above the average for the nation. The sightliness of the State, which attracts tourists and artists, is not alone in its natural beauty. It is in the neat, low-lying homes, shaded by great trees, made gay by dooryards, pink and scarlet with phlox in summer, and golden with marigolds and golden glow in early autumn. And inside these houses is as independent, and self-respecting a breed of Americans as I have yet met.

* * *

Now the total farm income in Vermont is between thirty-five and forty million dollars a year. The income last year in the ten or twelve counties of the Mississippi Delta, from cotton and cottonseed alone, was about $75,000,000. There are about the same number of people in the Mississippi Delta as there are in Vermont. The Delta has the best land on earth, abundant rainfall, a mild climate, and almost a year-round season. Yet it is in areas such as this that the agricultural problem is most acute. It is here that you see shadeless and unsightly housing, unkempt little towns and a general air of transiency. Seventy-five per cent of all the farms in Mississippi are worked by tenants, not by owners, and the whole Delta is dependent upon one crop—cotton. One year it is fabulously rich, in terms of cash income, and breaks out in an orgy of buying, and the next year it is stone broke and looks to the government to pull it out. And this is true of large-scale, one-crop agriculture, whether in Mississippi, or Kansas, or Canada.

In the ten years in which I have lived in Vermont—most of them years of depression—I have seen the sons of Vermont farmers come back from their ventures in one-crop farming on the richer soils of the Middle West, to find a home with Papa, who never has had a bonanza year in his whole life, but always has had a warm house, apples, potatoes, canned vegetables and fruits in the cellar, and great, neatly stacked piles of wood in the shed.

Farming can be either an industry or a way of life. If it is an industry it needs to be run like an industry, with capital, with cost accounting, with science, with organized attempts to constantly broaden the market, and to profitably cheapen the product by rationalization. But the farmer, even when what he has is a soil factory and not a farm, wants to be treated as an agrarian. He asks to be considered the backbone of the nation. He holds himself out to be the figment of Jefferson's dream, when, as a matter of fact, he is a speculative business man.

My neighbor up the road was a railroad worker in Ohio. When the depression came and he lost his job he remembered that he had inherited from an uncle a Vermont farm. He came of a breed of farmers, and so he came back to the land, with his wife. He got eighty acres of hillside, a deserted house in a bad state of repair and fields that hadn't been touched for a number of years. He must have had a tiny nest-egg of savings; probably he got a little more money on a mortgage. He painted his house, repaired its roof, propped up its barns and replaced the slats. I saw him start with what looked like less than nothing. Today he has a team of good horses, a herd of eight or ten cows, fine stands of corn for his silo, an orchard of young apple trees, enough chickens to supply eggs and poultry for his table and sometimes for mine and a cellar stocked with food. In terms of cash income he certainly belongs to the "underprivileged," [illegible] ... advise you not to suggest [illegible] ... would not like it. [illegible] ... the boom to the labor [illegible] ... is no question in his mind [illegible] ... he is better off today [illegible]

But if you reduce [illegible] ... statistics; if you [illegible] ... banking interest on his invested farm capital and added an hourly industrial wage for his personal labor—the same [illegible] wage that he once got as a rail[illegible] ... you would find that my [illegible] ... statistically bankrupt. [illegible] ... would be a majority [illegible] ... Vermont farmers yesterday, [illegible] ... they are not.

Earlier Days

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

SEPTEMBER 30, 1862

75 YEARS AGO

FROM THE ARMY

Richmond, Sept. 26:—On Friday last a body of 1,000 Yankee cavalry entered Manassas Junction and proceeded toward Warrenton, which place they have doubtless entered ere now. A paroled prisoner who arrived yesterday states that they had advanced within three miles of Warrenton and were captured and paroled along with all the sick and wounded in the hospitals along the route. They had already taken about seventy. There is a large number of our sick and wounded at Warrenton.

On Tuesday last there were at or near Suffolk 13 Yankee regiments of infantry, three of the new levies in full, the other ten from McClellan's forces and not full. They have also 1,500 cavalry and twelve pieces of artillery. General Perry is in command of the whole. They are committing great outrages. They are seizing all the horses and provisions they can find and extending their operations to the Isles of Wright, Nansemond and Gates County, the last in North Carolina.

Our forces having been withdrawn from Harpers Ferry, the enemy is reported to have entered it in force. The present position of our forces on the Potomac is considered perfectly available for all present purposes.

—Richmond Enquirer.

WAR DEBT OF THE NORTH

The New York Herald in an editorial upon Northern finances says:

"During the war with Napoleon the English debt was from one hundred to eight hundred millions of pounds sterling, and the outlay of the government was about four thousand millions of dollars. Our war debt is already two thousand millions and in two years more may rival that of England. Thus we are crowding into a few years the expenditures of a quarter of a century. When this war ceases the collapse will be fearful. The machinery of business will then be jarred out of kilter, as it was when the war began; but much more disastrously, as we have more steam on and are going at a more violent rate. The crises of 1857 will be child's play compared to that which will follow the end of this war, unless our financial farmers are more fortunate than formerly.—Fayetteville Observer.