

China And Japan Are Preparing For War

HUNDREDS KILLED AS ARMED FORCES CLASH IN ORIENT

Spasmodic Skirmishes Occurring Daily In Manchurian Section; 300 Chinese Killed.

War between China and Japan appears inevitable.

Over three hundred Chinese have been reported killed in one engagement.

Others have been slain in different sections of China in clashes with Japanese soldiers.

The war zone is in Manchuria where the two nations are in controversy over the Manchurian railway system, each claim the right of control.

Spasmodic fighting between troops of the two nations has flared up in different parts of the country.

The league of nations has been unable to adjust the differences between the two countries and it appears they will ignore the mandates of that body.

Gangs of murderers are keeping the citizens in peril while the organization of troops in both China and Japan is being rapidly pushed.

Shells were showered on the American Methodist mission in Peiping. No fatalities were reported.

It is reported several American warships, along with English and French, are lying close by to protect the lives of Americans in the war zones.

Mah Chan Shan, North Manchurian militarist, has issued a manifesto declaring war upon Japan and calling upon China to "fight to the last man." The government at Nanking is silent, but apparently not involved.

Little hope of a Manchurian settlement was placed in the new conversations between acting President Aristide Briand of the League council and the Japanese representative Kenkichi Yoshizawa.

An American newspaper in Shanghai accused the Japanese military in Manchuria of suppressing or altering press dispatches and even subjecting the mails to censorship.

"Dugout Dope"

(This column published weekly in the interest of the Ex-service men of Rowan County).

"ARMISTICE DAY"

As this goes to press the thirteenth anniversary of Armistice Day has drawn to a close. I sit in the security and comfort of my home, here in this sunny blessed land of the Long Leaf Pine, the grand and glorious Old North State, and let my memories carry me back to that other Armistice Day, thirteen years ago. Carried on the swift flying wings of memory I again am in France living the days and weeks prior to and after the cessation of actual combat.

Still riding the vehicle of memory, the events of those momentous days and nights stand out more clearly than did they while being lived in reality. The high lights, the shadows, the dim mists of horrors meld and blend into a fabric of magic clarity, the whole lit by the vivid light of understanding; an understanding that has only been attained in the wholesome surroundings of this my native land. Nearly every man who survived that holocaust of Europe has been asked the question: how did you feel when the Armistice was signed? Each has answered in his own way, each different from the other, yet all alike, the same feeling was experienced by all who were there. A feeling of unreality, a feeling of utter detachment, a feeling of disbelief. From the oldest veteran on the line down to the rawest recruit just arrived, the same feeling of helplessness and impotence. A stunned feeling, a feeling as if one had been detached from the solid facts of earth and life and released into unreal, the ethereal. For several days prior to the 11th., rumor had it that there would be a cessation of fighting, persistent but unofficial, some believed because that was the thing they desired to believe, some scoffed because they had learned to believe nothing. Some hoped because they lived on hope, some were hopeless because they had lost the power to hope. No one was sure, no one was fully prepared for the actuality, even when the order was given to cease fire, it was obeyed but not believed. Then came the stunning silence that numbed the mind, paralyzed the muscles and held the entire army in the grip of bewilderment. A vast silence; so different from the roll and thunder of great cannon, the growling cough of ex-

plosive shells, the chatter of machine guns whose cacophony was like unto the mummery of maniacs, the spiteful crack of rifles the harsh ear shattering bursts of grenades, the shrieks and groans of the mortally wounded; gone were all these accustomed sounds, there remained only silence, a silence more nerve shattering than the diapason of war. Men stood or sat in attitudes of intense concentration, listening for the familiar sounds that weary ears had become accustomed to. Distrustful of the silence, distressed by the enveloping lack of sound. Each busy with his own problems, each with the same problem, the struggle to adjust, the struggle to believe. For minutes, for hours, and in some for days, they maintained the same wary attitude of watchful waiting, unable to regain the old reckless spirit that pervaded the atmosphere in the days immediately preceding November 11th., at 11:00 A. M. The weary nerves of war worn men refused to relax at the command of the mind, and the mind refused to believe that self preservation was no longer the first consideration, that again the world was sane, and man's hand was not against man with the lust to kill. After long never ending minutes and hours of numbering silence, men crept out of shelters, in ones and twos, looked curiously out over the space called no mans land where death had stalked so surely a few short spaces thitherto, they experimented with the idea, and as surely gambled with fate and death as any man ever did on the field of conflict, they took a chance though not believing that hostilities had ceased, they expected a trick, a bullet, yet they took the chance, they gambled their lives to reach a solution of that puzzling silence. Gradually more and more men came out into the open, grouped themselves in small groups and discussed the possibilities of an armistice being a fact. They asked questions of their non-coms, their officers, asked each other questions, that were as much riddles to the one asked as to the asker. Strict orders against fraternizing with the enemy had been issued, and for a space were adhered to, but soon curiosity overcame discipline, and by ones and twos in various sectors the doughboys of America drifted towards the German lines, the Germans met them half way, they clustered in small groups swapped cigarettes and ornaments, those who spoke German, and those Germans who spoke English translated for the others, each found out that the other was not the monster he had been taught to expect when he met his opponent. Little amenities were advanced, eager questions asked and answered, half shy confidences exchanged; gradually a peace settled upon the hearts and minds of those men of both sides, they knew that an armistice was a reality, that no longer need they fear the life ending impact of a bullet, or piece of shrapnel. Then and then only did they give way to wild whoops and dances of delight, then and then only did those who reacted quickly become carefree and jubilant. Forgotten were the dark days and nights that they had just lived, forgotten were the mud and slime, the cooties and cold, forgotten were the wounded and dead, except by those whose task was their care, there was room for nothing but the new freedom from fear, the new feeling of security, the cessation of the mighty roar of war. Shattered nerves either mended themselves quickly and permanently, or collapsed entirely and forever. Those who suffered least while the chaos of war raged, suffered most when the tension of battle was taken away leaving the nerves without the narcotic of excite-

ment to feed upon. Those raw bleeding nerves denied the accustomed easement, collapsed and subject those unfortunates to a fate more awful than death. Even now thirteen years after, thousands of men are undergoing the agonies of ten thousand deaths with not a visible sign of wound upon the body. Nevertheless they are wounded, they are victims of war, never again to know peace until they join that mighty host to whom the Armistice meant nothing, in that land of shadows where warriors hold convalesce.

To the countless thousands of soldiers who survived, to their loved ones at home and to their children who have since been born, Armistice Day has come to mean more than any other day of the year. Significant because it is recognized and celebrated by more than two thirds of the earth's population, Christian, and Turk, Mohammedan and Jew, Buddhist, Taoist and savage throughout the world. In the heart of darkest Africa, along the banks of the Amazon, in the wild mountains of central Asia where God is unknown, on the Bund in Shanghai, on the slopes of the volcanic Samoa and Solomon Islands, wherever mankind is found there will you find men who were directly touched by the Armistice. Those sons of far off places answered willingly or unwillingly the call of the controlling nation at war, for man power and yet more man power, traveled thousands of miles across plain, mountain and sea, to fight and die on the battlefields of Europe, for a cause they knew nothing of. Side by side on those fields of terrific struggle, fought the sons of England, France, China, Japan, Portugal, the Americans North and South, ebony sons of Africa, yellow skinned men from the high Himalayas, dark skinned men with aquiline noses from the burning sands of the Sahara, tattooed men from the islands of the South Pacific, Eskimos from the frozen North, semi-civilized Indians from the jungles of British and French Guiana. All the races of the earth fought with and against each other. To the lowliest of the worlds peoples returned a son effected by the Armistice. Today the world celebrates that day with unity and thanksgiving. To countless millions Christmas means nothing more than another day, to those same millions Armistice Day means that day when the world ceased to run red with the blood of slaughtered men, when the return of some beloved son was an assured fact, delayed only by the necessity of waiting for transport.

Now that the setting sun casts its blood red light upon another anniversary of Armistice Day, now that another year of peace and security has passed into history, we who lived those hectic days and nights in the trenches of far away France, sit in retrospect, traveling the highways of memory, seeing again the flash of guns, hearing the roar of cannon, shiver again at the whisper of death as shrapnel and bullets narrowly miss. We look again upon the face of our departed comrades, to whom we had grown closer than brothers shed a tear for the untimely death of one we held very dear. Once again we are soldiers, once more our nerves twitch and pain as they did in those days of long ago.

Then, just as the burden of memory becomes almost unbearable, the voice of the dearest woman on earth, or the most lovable child speaks; the swift wings of memory retrace their flight, we are again sitting by the fireside, safe, warm, content.

It is then that a silent heartfelt prayer is wafted to Him on high. God grant that war upon earth shall be

LIQUOR CASES LEAD AGAIN IN COUNTY COURT

Twenty-seven defendants were arraigned in the Rowan County Court during the week of November 2-7.

Baxter Dyson, young Salisbury white man, was charged with bigamy and bound over to the Superior Court; Dyson was alleged to have married one Mildred Hill in Salisbury about five years ago, and in the year 1930 was alleged to have married one Mildred Kaylor in Chesterfield County South Carolina, without first securing a divorce from his first wife.

Von Bridges, charged with violating the prohibition laws, was sentenced to the roads for 15 months, inoperative upon payment of a fine of \$425.00.

Chub Rash and Mrs. W. D. Rash, also charged with violation of the state prohibition act, were adjudged guilty of the offense, and Chub Rash was sentenced to 14 months on the roads or pay a fine of \$275.00; while Mrs. Rash drew 10 months in the workhouse or a fine of \$225.00. Marvin Griygs, another prohibition law offender, was sentenced to 13 months on the roads or a fine of \$200.00.

The week's docket was small and "wet", the majority of the cases disposed of by Judge Gooch and Solicitor Dunn being liquor violations.

The docket was as follows: John Sersey, violation prohibition laws, \$10.00 and costs.

Homer Riley, drunk, costs. Von Bridges and Hayes Thomas, violating prohibition laws. Thomas sentenced to five months on roads, capias to issue after defendant has served 60 days and is still found in county after 6:00 o'clock inoperative on fine of \$125.00; Bridges sentenced to 15 months on roads or pay a fine of \$425.00.

R. H. Pence, abandonment, prayer for judgment continued for two years upon condition that defendant takes care of wife and children; another case of assault went off on payment of costs.

James Helms, violation prohibition laws, dismissed. Will Chambers, drunk, costs. S. M. Rutledge, drunk, \$5.00 and costs.

Will Kinlaw, violation prohibition laws, 90 days on roads or fine of \$25. and costs.

Amsie Haynes, driving drunk, \$50. and costs and forbidden to drive car in state for 90 days.

E. L. Robinson, violation motor laws, to save country harmless as to costs.

E. L. Wilson nolle pros with leave. Jacp Honeycutt, \$5.00 and costs for being drunk.

Willie Williams, drunk, \$2.50 and costs.

J. L. Smith, violation prohibition laws, 5 months on roads or \$125.00.

Hattie Culbertson, violation prohibition laws, 30 days or \$15.00.

Grady Austin, prison escape, 60 days on roads.

D. R. Thomas, violation prohibition laws, not guilty.

Ralph Sharp, assault, remanded to juvenile court.

A. C. Williams, assault, 15 days in

no more, grant that peace and good will shall reign here as it is in Heaven, spare us O God, the cruelties, the horrors, the suffering of war, and lead us into that land of peace and love of fellow man, for which crave the hearts of all mortals. Amen.

THE LANCE CORPORAL.

workhouse.

Chub Rash and Mrs. W. D. Rash, violation prohibition laws, Chub Rash, 14 months on roads or \$275.00; Mrs. Rash, 10 months in workhouse or \$225.00.

Hubert Kennerly, assault on female, not guilty.

James Finch, larceny and receiving, 60 days on roads or \$50.00.

Marvin Griygs, violation prohibition laws, 13 months on roads or \$200.00.

Baxter Dyson, bigamy, prople cause and bound over to Superior Court.

Red Cline, reckless driving, 30 days in workhouse or \$25.00.

R. A. Parrot, drunk, costs.

DECEMBER AND MAY

An old man of 80 having taken to the altar a damsel of 17, the clergyman said to him: "The font is at the other end of the church."

"What do I want with the font?" asked the old man

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said the clergyman. "I thought you had brought this child to be christened."

MORTGAGE SALE OF HOUSE AND LOT IN THE NORTH WARD OF THE CITY OF SALISBURY

Pursuant to the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage deed of trust, executed by Demilla McCorkle (Widow of James A. McCorkle) to P. S. Carlton, Trustee, dated May 18th, 1925, and registered in the Register's Office of Rowan County, in Book of Mortgages No. 97 page 157, default having been made in the payment of the note secured thereby, and request of foreclosure having been made by the holder thereof, the undersigned Trustee will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder, for cash, at the Court-house door in Salisbury, N. C., on

MONDAY, DECEMBER 14th, 1931, AT 12 O'CLOCK NOON, the following described real estate, to-wit: One house and lot in the North Ward of the City of Salisbury, BEGINNING on Kerr Street on the East side 100 feet from the intersection of Kerr and Craig Streets; thence Northeast at right angles to Kerr Street 200 feet; thence Southeast parallel to Kerr Street 50 feet; hence parallel to first line 200 feet to Kerr Street; thence 50 feet to the beginning, being lot No. 36 in the plat of the eight (8) acre Achenbach tract, and being the same lot conveyed by F. J. Murdoch, Trustee, to James A. McCorkle by deed dated September 7th, 1895, and registered in the Register's Office of Rowan County, in Book No. 120 page 346. (See will of James A. McCorkle, recorded in the Clerk's Office of Rowan County, This, November 9th, 1931.)

P. S. CARLTON, Trustee. Nv.13-De.4

MORTGAGE SALE OF VALUABLE REAL ESTATE IN MOUNT ULLA TOWNSHIP

Pursuant to the terms and conditions of a certain mortgage deed of trust executed by D. I. Coble and wife, Nannie Coble, and Ola Coble (Unmarried) to P. S. Carlton, Trustee, dated October 20th, 1928, and registered in the Register's Office of Rowan County, in Book of Mortgages No. 111 page 196, default having been made in the payment of the note secured thereby, and request of foreclosure having been made by the holder thereof, the undersigned Trustee will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash at the Court House door, in Salisbury, North Carolina, on the

28th day of NOVEMBER, 1931, AT 12:00 O'CLOCK NOON, the following described personal property: One five passenger gray Cadillac Touring Automobile, Motor V. 68 Special, 1927 Model.

The undersigned holds possession of said property by reason of having repaired the same for the owner, Harvey Colston, West Street, Salisbury, North Carolina, and not having been paid for labor performed and parts supplied, which amount to Sixty-eight Dollars and Twenty-five Cents (\$68.25); that the repairs were completed on or about the 10th day of May, 1931, and the owner notified.

This the 9th day of November, 1931. BAUKNIGHTS DUGO WORKS, Holder of Mechanic's Lien. Nv.13-20

Heat with coke . . . the clean, efficient fuel

"What's HAPPENED to The LIGHTS?"

WE never miss the water until the well runs dry.

A faithful lamp, doing duty for many months in cellar or hallway, gives up the ghost. You flip the switch and when nothing results, involuntarily exclaim, "What's happened to the light?"

Suppose, however, that the trouble goes farther than the lamp—that a flood wipes out the power station, or a severe storm blows down the wires.

What then?

Is industry crippled for lack of electrical service? Are the doors of mercantile establishments locked? Are streets left in darkness? NO!

Interconnection, the linking of one system with another, is for just such emergencies. Immediately power is again available. Interconnection means the protection of service against interruption.

It is just like having two or even three wells to draw from.

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES CO. AND N. C. PUBLIC SERVICE CO.

PHONE 1900

Ride the street cars and avoid the parking nuisance

FREE!

One Year's Groceries

to the 20 women or men who write the best 100 word letter on—

WHY I LIKE TO BUY

MY GROCERIES IN A

PIGGLY WIGGLY Store

ALSO Many Other Valuable Prizes of FREE Groceries!

Contest Opens Today--Closes December 27

OFFICIAL ENTRY BLANKS MAY BE SECURED AT YOUR NEAREST PIGGLY WIGGLY STORE. No purchase required to enter.

1003 SOUTH FULTON ST. **PIGGLY WIGGLY** 114 N. MAIN ST.

"HERE'S WHERE YOUR DOLLARS GO FARTHER . . . AND GET MORE"

Prizes

FIRST GROUP—20 prizes of free groceries for 1 year.

SECOND GROUP—40 prizes of \$50 worth of free groceries.

THIRD GROUP—200 prizes of \$5 worth of free groceries.