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DESPERATE BATTLE IN AIR WAGED AT ALTITUDE OF 19,000 FEET

Past Few Days Have Witnessed Hardest Fighting of War—British Pilot's Daring—Running Out of Ammunition He Drives Clear and Shoots Antagonist With Pistol.

British Front in France, From a Staff Correspondent of the Associated Press, May 30, via London.—The recent lull in the fighting has had no effect whatever upon the British aerial offensive, which continues day and night with unremitting intensity. In the last few days there have been witnessed some of the most desperate air battles of the entire war. One or two of these have been fought at the unprecedented height of 19,000 feet, or more than three and one-half miles from the earth.

Recently there was a duel in which a British pilot, having run out of ammunition for his machine gun, got close enough to his antagonist to shoot him down with his revolver. This incident served to recall the fact that when the war began the only weapons which aerial pilots had were pistols and carbines.

Commenting today on the dazzling altitudes at which many combats occurred nowadays, a pilot said that when he first went to war in 1914 he flew a machine which took an hour and a quarter to reach 6,000 feet.

"That's nothing," said one of his companions. "The old bus I had could not reach 6,000 at all."

The airplane which could not negotiate 10,000 feet well under ten minutes would be scrapped quickly now.

Toll of German Planes Heavy.

The toll of German planes destroyed in May will amount far into the hundreds. In last Sunday's fighting alone 30 were accounted for. Fifteen were seen to crash to the ground, 14 were driven completely out of control and one was shot down by artillery.

One of the melees on Sunday, between six British and eight German machines, was as thrilling as any aerial battle ever fought. It was at close quarters throughout; so close, in fact, that wings scraped against wings and fighting pilots could look each other squarely in the eye. No sooner would a British pilot swoop up to the tail of one of the German machines than another German was upon his tail. This German in turn would almost immediately have another British pilot pouring bursts of machine bullets at him. At one time seven machines were following each other in headlong fashion toward the earth. It was nearly 8 o'clock in the evening when the British offensive patrol sighted the eight Germans, well over their own lines. The enemy machines fled, but were eventually overhauled and brought to combat. The commander of the British formation dived at the nearest German, but the latter turned sharply beneath him and escaped the burst of fire. The commander then attacked another machine just in front of him, pouring in many rounds at ranges shortening from 50 to 20 yards. The German went down 4,000 yards in a spin, then turned over and continued to fall, completely out of control.

Twice Went Down in a Spin.

By this time another hostile aircraft was on the commander's tail. He tried to shake off the German, but could not do so, and deliberately went down in a spin. When he flattened out he found the German still with him, and so he again went down in a spin. The German was then attacked by a British pilot who had followed him down and sat on his tail, flooding his machine with bullets until he went tumbling to earth, swaying back and forth like a piece of paper in a gale. Spinning and diving, this remarkable feat was kept up until three Germans had been shot down. The others having fled, the British patrol returned without a single casualty. The pilot who brought down a machine with seven shots from his automatic pistol already had accounted for two other Germans, making a record of three for the day.

One of the most remarkable escapes from death which a pilot ever had occurred today. While over the German lines his machine was hit by a shell which tore a hole through it and exploded on the engine, wrecking it. The pilot's leg was fractured in two places but he brought his machine back over the lines to within five feet of the ground, when he lost consciousness and crashed to the earth. The machine was so shot about that the men who extricated the young flier had to pull him through the hole which the shell had made.

Nightly British fliers drop tons of bombs on military establishments back of the German lines.

Social.

Mrs. T. T. Capehart was hostess to the Study Club Wednesday afternoon. The program was quite interesting and instructive, showing careful preparation on the part of the members. Mrs. W. C. Sanders was welcomed as a new member. The hostess, assisted by Mrs. Eugene Ashcraft, served cream and cake.

Mrs. R. B. Redwine was hostess to the Friday afternoon Club last week. Items about Persia were given at roll call and Mrs. T. C. Lee read a splendid paper on the capital of Persia.

Mrs. J. H. Beckley gave an article on "A Day's Travel Through Persia" and Mrs. Clarence Houston's subject was "Oriental Literature." Miss Eulalia McNeely was an invited guest. Mrs. Redwine, assisted by her daughter, Margaret, served an ice course.

Mrs. Sue Hough of Charleston, S. C., is visiting relatives and friends in town.

PRES. WILSON DELIVERED MEMORIAL ADDRESS AT ARLINGTON

He Did Not Pity Men in Whose Honor Ceremonies Were Held, As They Accomplished Great Work For Liberty.

Washington, May 30.—America's response to the call of liberty in the struggle of the world will hold the attention of all mankind, President Wilson said today in a Memorial Day address at Arlington National Cemetery. In observing the day, he said, the natural touch of sorrow is tinged with reassurance because, knowing how the men of America have responded to the call of liberty, there is perfect assurance that the new responses "will come again in equal measure, with equal majesty."

The President spoke in the natural amphitheatre in the cemetery at a meeting arranged by the local G. A. R., and attended by a crowd of thousands. He said that he did not pity the men in whose honor the ceremonies were held.

"I envy them, rather," he went on, "because theirs is a great work of liberty accomplished, and we are in the midst of a work unfinished, testing our strength where their strength has already been tested." The time for action, he said, has come, "and in the providence of God, America will come once more to have an opportunity to show to the world that she was born to save mankind."

"The program has conferred an unmerited dignity upon the remarks I am going to make by calling them an address, because I am not here to deliver an address. I am here merely to show in my official capacity the sympathy of this great Government with the object of this occasion, and also to speak just a word of the sentiment that is in my own heart."

"Any memorial of this sort is of course a day touched with sorrowful memory, and yet I for one do not see how we can have any thought of pity for the men whose memory we honor today. I do not pity them. I envy them, rather; because theirs is a great work for liberty accomplished, and we are in the midst of a work unfinished, testing our strength where their strength has already been tested. There is a touch of sorrow, but there is a touch of reassurance also in a day like this because we know how the men of America have responded to the call of the cause of liberty, and it fills our mind with a perfect assurance that that response will come again in equal measure, with equal majesty, and with a result which will hold the attention of all mankind."

"When you reflect upon it, these men who died to preserve the Union, died to preserve the instrument which we are now using to serve the world—a free nation espousing the cause of human liberty. In one sense, the great struggle into which we have now entered is an American struggle, because it is in the sense of American honor and American rights, but it is something even greater than that; it is a world struggle.

"It is a struggle of men who love liberty everywhere and in this cause America will show herself greater than ever, because she will rise to a greater thing. We have said in the beginning that we planned this great Government that men who wish freedom might have a place of refuge and a place where their hope could be realized, and now, having established such a Government, having vindicated the power of such a Government, we are saying to all mankind, 'we did not set this Government up in order that we might have a selfish and separate liberty, for we are now ready to come to your assistance and fight out upon the fields of the world the cause of human liberty.' In this thing, America attains her full dignity and the full fruition of her great purpose.

"No man can be glad that such things have happened as we have witnessed in these last fateful years, but perhaps it may be permitted to us to be glad that we have an opportunity to show the principles that we profess to be living, principles that live in our hearts, and to have a chance by the pouring out of our blood and treasure to vindicate the things which we have professed. For, my friends, the real fruition of life is to do the things we have said we wished to do. There are times when words seem empty and only action seems great. Such a time has come, and in the providence of God, America will once more have an opportunity to show to the world that she was born to serve mankind."

Made Own Safety Boat.

Cerio, Egypt, May 30.—A family of refugees from Tripoli, Syria has just arrived here, having escaped from Turkish territory in a boat of their own manufacture. The boat was constructed entirely at night, being built inside their house with the utmost secrecy. As soon as complete, it was launched late one evening on a rough sea. The journey to a place of safety was a terrible one, the occupants of the boat being much of the time waist deep in water and escaping sinking only through tireless and persistent balling.

According to information brought by this family, the population of Jerusalem had been reduced about 60 per cent since the war. Some smaller villages, particularly on the north of Lebanon have only one-seventh of their old population left, the remainder having either fled or migrated to the interior to escape starvation.

Mr. Henry L. Crowell of Roxboro, is in town today shaking hands with friends.

Many Arrests For Attempts to Defeat the Conscription Law

Conspirators Arrested in New York and Other States

Defendants a Committee From "College Anti-Militarism League" Which Held a Meeting May 8—Two of the Defendants in Kansas City Had Made an Attempt to Obtain Injunction Against Governor to Prevent Enforcement of Registration Act.

New York, May 31.—Federal agents today took action here against an alleged conspiracy to defeat selective draft registration in New York. Three students, two youths from Columbia University and a young woman who is a senior at Barnard College, were arrested and held by a United States commissioner for examination tomorrow.

The defendants are Owen Cattell, son of James McKeen Cattell, of Garrison, N. Y., noted psychologist and a professor at Columbia; Charles E. Phillips, of Columbia, and Miss Eleanor Wilson Parker, who will be graduated in June from Barnard. The three are members of the Collegiate Anti-Militarism League, in the rooms of which a meeting of college students was held here on May 8, when plans are alleged to have been made "against the peace of the United States and their dignity." A pamphlet of this organization on file at the Federal District Attorney's office shows that it has members at Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Cornell, Columbia, Oberlin, Amherst, Syracuse, Hobart, Pennsylvania, Radcliffe, Bryn Mawr, Iowa, Nevada, Leland Stanford, Rutgers and other colleges, universities and theological institutions throughout the country. Miss Parker is executive secretary.

According to the complaint, filed by the Assistant United States Attorney, Cattell, Phillips and Miss Parker conspired to induce "divers persons whose names are unknown" to fail to register as required by the selective draft act and the proclamation of President Wilson. These "divers" persons are set forth as males between the ages of 21 and 31 years, inclusive.

The defendants, alleged to be a committee selected at the May 8 meetings, are accused of having endeavored on May 24 to have the Graphic Press print pamphlets entitled "Will You Be Drafted?" The complaint against them is based partly upon an interview which the attorney had with Moses Spiegel, president of the Graphic Press, and partly upon information obtained through an investigation by agents of the Department of Justice.

The complaint alleges the three defendants signed their names to a manuscript copy sent to the Graphic Press to be published in folder form. Cattell said after his arraignment that the meeting was attended by delegates representing college students generally including those subject to the selective draft.

A copy of the text of the alleged anti-conscription document made public today by the Federal authorities contains the assertion: "We will approve the action of any one who refuses to register for conscription." The pamphlet says a resolution was adopted at the May 8 meeting "of members of the Collegiate Anti-Militarism League and other persons" setting forth "our aims for condemning the draft measure itself." It declares that the question of conscription "with its implications for the future," is more important than the question of defeat or victory in the war; and that conscription as outlined in the new law "is abhorrent to any true conception of a democracy."

"The present administration and congress were elected presumably because they were expected to keep us out of war," the document asserts, and when war was decided upon there was no referendum, nor was there a referendum as to conscription, the government "remembering perhaps that the referendum in Australia had resulted in two to one vote against conscription."

The pamphlet concludes with a statement that "if we want to strike with the full strength of our numbers, we must refuse to register for conscription, even if it puts us in jail. We urge all conscientious objectors to resist registration—even to the extent of going to prison if necessary." Ball for the three in the sum of \$1,500 cash, was furnished by Dr. H. W. L. Dana, of Columbia University, and they were released.

Numerous Arrests in Kansas and Missouri.

Kansas City, Mo., May 31.—Federal authorities of western Missouri and Kansas began late today arresting persons suspected of being participants in alleged anti-conscription plots. Four men and one woman were taken into custody here and three other men and a woman were arrested in Topeka.

A large number of friends gathered Thursday at the home of Mr. Thurlow Deese, who lives seven miles east of Monroe on the Wadesboro road, and who is suffering with fever, and plowed, fertilized, and planted his land. No comment is necessary. It is the Union county way of doing things.

Mr. James Richardson, son of Mr. C. H. Richardson, is home from Vanderbilt University for the summer. He is studying medicine.

Local and Personal.

Mr. B. Frank Harris left this morning for a visit to Charleston, Mt. Pleasant and Bishopville, S. C.

The Aldermen have elected Mr. A. M. Stack city attorney, who succeeds Messrs. Vann & Pratt.

The veterans from this county will leave Monroe for the reunion in Washington Monday morning at 6:10 o'clock. They will have a special car.

Mr. Brooks Myers has been placed in charge of the Secret Motor Co's repair department. Others who have positions with the new garage are Miss Evelyn Wolfe, Mr. Frank Porter and Mr. W. A. Short.

Messrs. Stack & Parker have been appointed local counsel for the Farm Loan bank. It will be their duty to look into the titles of property put up to secure loans, and other various duties.

Formerly a citizen of this county, Mr. Fred Ezzell, a Southern civil engineer, has decided to come back. He will build a handsome home on his property one mile north of Monroe on the Concord road.

Union, Anson, Mecklenburg, and Scotland county letter carriers held their annual meeting here Wednesday. Thirty-five carriers were present. Mr. T. L. Love was re-elected president, and Mrs. S. H. Rogers was chosen secretary.

The old flag of the 48th Regiment, which Camp Walkup veterans loaned to the State Historical Commission, has been sent back to the survivors of the regiment to carry with them to Washington. It will be returned to the State.

The thought of wearing a snake belt might be repulsive to some, but not to Capt. W. C. Heath. He is wearing one made from the skin of a large copperhead snake which he killed on his farm several weeks ago. He had the hide tanned, while Mr. H. J. Hinson made the belt for him.

Mr. Walkup Matthews, son of Mr. N. S. Matthews, is a coking good gardener. On last Saturday he had beans for dinner, while on Monday he was able to sell some. He also has corn in the silk. He figures on having roasting ears for dinner by June 10th.

Friends of ex-Sheriff John Griffith were surprised to see him on the streets the other day after being stricken with paralysis Saturday morning. The stroke proved to be slight, and with the exception of being a little weak, the ex-Sheriff looks like he did prior to receiving the stroke.

In assigning registrars to the various precincts for June 5, the county registration board got a little mixed over the Sandy Ridge precincts. There are three precincts in Sandy Ridge, but only two registrars were assigned. This oversight was caused by the fact that the Marvin precinct has been created only a short while. The error, however, has been remedied. The registrars for Sandy Ridge are: East Sandy Ridge (old Billy Wolfe place), H. L. Price; West Sandy Ridge (Weddington), Prof. O. H. Orr; and Marvin, G. W. Sutton.

Deputy Clerk of Court Frank Wolfe had a rather amusing time of it this morning. He was making out registration cards for those who will be absent from their precincts on June 5, when he walked Mr. Frank Faulk of Unionville to get his. Mr. Faulk's height is only 56 3/4 inches, but the funny part happened when Mr. Joe Lassiter, secretary and treasurer of the Gulf Paving Company, followed Mr. Faulk. Mr. Lassiter's height is six feet and one inch, and the sight of the two standing there caused Mr. Wolfe to chuckle. He's marked their respective heights on the wall to keep as a record. There is one sure thing about these two gentlemen. They both will not serve in the same company if they are conscripted.

Overcome by smoke in a well in which he was working on Mr. Bud Terrell's place a mile and half east of Monroe, Frank Graddy, colored, age 25, expired when finally brought up from the well after he had been down about an hour and a half Thursday morning. Mr. Terrell and Frank had been digging the well for some time, and on last Wednesday afternoon they had planted a dynamite charge which refused to explode. Hoping that the flames would ignite the charge, they dropped a lot of dry grass and trash, soaked with kerosene oil into the well, and fired it. The charge would not ignite, and they quit work for the day. Thursday morning about eight o'clock, without any hesitation Frank went down into the well, not dreaming that smoke from the debris which they had burned the day before had accumulated in the bottom of the well. He had no more than reached the bottom when Mr. Terrell, who was handling the windlass, heard him struggling for breath. Mr. W. T. Hasty, who lives on the place, ran to the well and they shouted to the negro to catch the rope. But it seems that the smoke, or gas had rendered him unconscious, and he was unable to do so. Mr. Hasty threw water down into the well, hoping that this would revive Frank, but this too failed. Mr. Terrell went for help, fearing to go down into the well with only one man to draw him up in case he became unconscious too. Help was secured, and about ten thirty the negro was finally drawn to the top. He expired in a few minutes after being rescued. It is said that Frank was a very weak negro, which probably accounted for the fact that he was easily overcome by the smoke.

ONLY 24 YEARS OLD, MORPHINE FIEND AROUSED PITY OF MANY

Injuring His Knee While Trying to Steal a Ride on the Train, Poor Fritz Gibbons Is More Dead Than Alive.

Broke, and friendless, Fritz Gibbons, a morphine fiend, lay in a little room over the New York Cafe Wednesday and Thursday suffering with a badly crushed knee, which he injured Tuesday night when he fell from a train on which he was trying to ride. All day long he sat on his bed in a dazed stupor with a bottle of the deadly dope lying by his side, while in his hand he clutched the little hyperdermic syringe that meant so much to him.

Realizing that there was no place to give the poor fellow treatment here, Chief T. M. Christenbury secured him a pair of crutches and sent him to Charlotte this morning, where he can secure medical treatment at a charity hospital.

Only 24 years of age, and possessing a bright face, Gibbons was to be pitied. His arms and legs bore innumerable scars from the constant injecting of the syringe into his skin. Some of these scars had broken out into running sores, and it appalled one to look at them.

When found by a Journal reporter, he was sitting on the corner of his bed in a stupor. Chief Christenbury, who was with the reporter, shook the poor wreck several times before he managed to awake, but he was so far gone that it required a "shot" from the needle before he could fully comprehend the situation. Without flinching, he stuck the needle into his arm, and as the deadly dope began to take effect, his face brightened. Aided by the stimulating effect of the stuff to which he was a slave, he incoherently told his story.

Eight years ago, he said, he was struck over the head with an axe handle. For three months he lingered between life and death in a hospital. His skull was fractured, and a silver plate had been placed in his head in order that he might live, although it would have been better for him had he died. The doctors fed him morphine during this time, not dreaming, of course, that he would become addicted to the habit.

Gibbons stopped long enough to show his questioners a long scar on his head, which gave credence to his story.

After leaving the hospital, Gibbons stated that his craving for the deadly drug was so great that his only desire in life was to keep a constant supply of it on hand at all times. His people, who lived in Atlanta, sent him to a sanatorium, but he was pronounced incurable, he said. Others were tried, six in all, but all sent him away saying he was incurable.

Before long he became afflicted with fits, which incapacitated him from working at any place long. He would get a job, but he was always fired when the proprietor found out that he was addicted to the drug habit. His last job was in a cigar store in Norfolk, which he managed to keep for four months before he was found out. Since that time he has been roaming over the country, begging for what little he ate, and securing dope from doctors and druggists out of sympathy.

The only way he can be cured, according to his statement, is to go to Johns Hopkins hospital, where he can have the plate removed that is constantly pressing on his brain.

His parents are in destitute circumstances, according to the young man. Only the other day he noticed where their home had been destroyed by the Atlanta fire. He feels a delicacy about informing them of his condition as he feels that he has caused them enough worry already.

The pity of the whole thing is that the poor fellow is not so much to blame if his story is true. A boy sixteen years old does not usually just pick up the dope habit, and taking into consideration the scar on his head, his story must be true.

Poor Gibbons is now just a mere wreck. He'll not live many more months. Already his body is wasted and weak; more dead than alive. A slave to morphine, friendless and homeless, he now represents one of the tragedies of life. If he could only be sent to Johns Hopkins he might be cured, but it is very doubtful. He has been a slave to the habit, you know, for eight long years.

Mrs. Van Landingham to Speak at Red Cross Meeting Monday Night.

At the meeting to be held Monday, June 4th, at 8 o'clock in Central Methodist Church, Mrs. Ralph Van Landingham of Charlotte will speak in the interest of Red Cross work. The meeting is for the purpose of completing the organization of the Union County Chapter of the American National Red Cross. Officers, namely, chairman, vice-chairman, secretary and treasurer will be elected at this meeting. If you are interested in humanity, come.

On Tuesday the young men of Monroe will register as protectors of our liberty. Is it not fitting that on the eve of their registration we be found standing back of them doing our part?—Sec. Organization Committee.

Mr. Robert Redwine, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Redwine, and Mr. Austin Cason, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Cason, are among the graduating class at Porter Military Academy, Charleston, this week. Mrs. Cason, Miss Beatrice Fairley, Miss Eleanor Beasley, and Mr. W. E. Cason, Jr., are attending the commencement.