THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Redistricting Moves Up A Notch

THE plan for solicitorial redistricting which would give Mecklenburg a prosecuting attorney of its own has been submitted to Governor Cherry with the tacit approval of North Carolina Bar officials and the Superior Court officers of the state. This takes it over its next-to-last hurdle, leaving only the danger of such purely political opposition as may arise in the Legislature.

The importance of redistricting to Mecklenburg cannot be overemphasized. The plan would accomplish three objectives: (1) By removing the burden of Gaston County cases, it would reduce the volume of court business in the Solicitor's office to manageable proportions. (2) By forbidding the Solicitor to engage in the private practice of law, it would make the prosecuting attorney a full-time court official for the first time, and would increase his salary enough to make the office worthwhile. (3) It would end the political agreement between Gaston and Mecklenburg that for more than 30 years has taken the election of their chief law enforcement officer out of the hands of the people.

It is still possible that powerful opposition to redistricting may grow out of the third consideration mentioned above. The old arrangement (under which Mecklenburg elected the judge and Gaston the solicitor) was violated by Mecklenburg in the last primary, and some Gaston politicians have been reportedly considering retaliation for this "breach of faith." Their opposition might also be strengthened by the practical consideration that they stand to lose exclusive control of a valuable political prize when they go into a new six-county district.

However, in return for passing up an opportunity for sweet revenge, Gaston stands to gain as much as Mecklenburg in the long haul. The standards of justice in both counties have suffered under an arrangement that places the selection of the resident judge in the hands of a small group of lawyer-politicians in Mecklenburg, and the naming of the solicitor in the hands of a similar group in Gaston. If the system has lately produced, in the person of Mr. Whitener, one of the ablest prosecutors in the state, it must also be remembered that it produced one of the worst, in the person of the late John Carpenter, and kept him in office for more than 20 years.

In passing up their first opportunity to block redistricting, Gaston's politicians have it, seems to us, displayed statesmanship of a high order. If they continue to support the plan in the Legislature there is every reason to believe that redistricting will be accepted, becoming effective in 1950 when the terms of present office-holders expire. This should be good news to all those in both counties who believe that law enforcement is considerably more important than the private arrangements perfected by politicians.

The Cotton Trade Wants Control

IF A CITIZEN tainted with adherence to the almost forgotten principles of the late New Deal comes forward with a proposal for extending Federal control into a new field he is naturally suspect; businessmen, in particular, will regard him as an outrider of the Red Revolution, or, at best, an addle-pated bureaucrat.

It is significant, therefore, that some of the staunchest advocates of free and untrammeled enterprise are calling on Uncle Sam for help these days. We refer, of course, to the cotton brokers (the legitimate ones, as distinguished from the beta-million speculators). They, we are pleased to note, have written off as fantastic the effort of such worthies as Senator Thomas and Agriculture Commissioner Linder of Georgia to blame the collapse of the cotton market on the Administration. The apt adjective "rabid" turns up in connection with Commissioner Linder in the current issue of the trade publication, *Cotton Digest*.

Cotton Digest also passes along the speculation of its New Orleans correspondent on Operation Jordan, the selling spree by a single gambler on the New Orleans exchange which precipitated the great break in the market. There is a theory around New Orleans that Jordan sold out in an effort to pay back some of his enemies on the New York exchange for a "rough deal" he believes they gave him in October two years ago. And this leads the *Digest* correspondent to a gloomy conclusion:

> There must be something radically wrong with a system that will permit happenings such as we have had within the past two weeks. It is unthinkable that a certain amount of speculation is permissible and desirable in the futures market in order to absorb fully hedges on either or both sides of the market, but it was never intended the exchanges should be a springboard for enormous gambling operations. Or was it? This is not the first time it has happened. It probably is not the last . . .

It is encouraging that one of the official and respected voices of the cotton trade has thus been raised against both the gamblers and the cotton Congressmen who have, whether they realized it or not, functioned so often in their behalf. As *The Digest* recognizes, it is impossible to conduct the cotton business on an orderly basis as long as prices reflect not supply and demand but the whims of a group of crap-shooters.

The Board of Control of the New York Cotton Exchange, which theoretically has the power to make the necessary distinction between legitimate hedging and pure speculation, has shown no inclination to act, even though the markets have gone into their third disastrous week, with *Cotton Digest* reporting glumly that "no one seems to know what cotton is worth." Neither have the several Federal agencies which might, under some interpretations of the law, have authority to intervene.

This seems to indicate the need for a new Federal law, something like the one Representative Pace of Georgia has announced he would introduce at the next session of Congress, establishing a control agency similar to SEC. And we hope that the memory of these three weeks, which have cost cotton farmers, brokers and textile manufacturers millions of dollars, will remain sharp and clear in the minds of all concerned. There is a great difference, as the cotton trade seems to recognize at the moment, between freedom and license.

The Rights Of Employers

WHEN we discuss the Wagner Act these days we have a feeling we are speaking of the condemned, for unless our crystal ball is murkier than usual we see little chance of that controversial body of labor legislation surviving the 80th Congress without major amendment. However, a recent interpretation of the Act by the United States Court of Appeals in St. Louis is worthy of note by friends and foes of organized labor alike.

Employers have long charged that the Wagner Act abridged their right of free speech. One intent of the law, of course, is to prevent employers, who hold such economic power over their employees, from using undue influence or intimidation to prevent their joining a labor union. There is real need for such protection, but in many instances the National Labor Relations Board has handed down rulings which virtually barred employers from any discussion of the controversial issue of unionization.

The Court of Appeals, in a unanimous decision, ruled that Montgomery Ward & Company was on sound legal ground when it presented its anti-union views to its employees prior to a collective bargaining election. "The right of free speech guaranteed by the Constitution is not limited to any class and is not denied to an employer," the opinion stated.

This will be good news to many a harassed employer who has had to stand by in silence while union representatives propagandized his employees. If it had come sooner, it might also be good news to organized labor, although we doubt if many union bosses would have recognized it as such. The muzzling of employers, which many organizers have accomplished in the past with the assistance of the NLRB, may have influenced a few elections, but in the long run it has done more to undermine the Wagner Act than any other provision in it. It has made a violent enemy of many a businessman who might have adopted a more reasonable attitude toward unions if he had been allowed to speak his piece. And because it is patently unfair, it has provided critics of the Wagner Act with their most effective ammunition.

The St. Louis ruling is long overdue—too long, we fear, in view of the rising tide of anti-labor sentiment in every section of the country.

Another Voice

Up The Persimmon Tree

THE HICKORY RECORD, browsing around on the Catawba countryside, has run across an uncommon lot of persimmons. Scurrying to its homemade almanac, our esteemed contemporary has taken this phenomenon as a sure sign that we are staring a cold Winter right in the face.

Don't know as we ever heard that these two things, persimmons and a cold Winter, go together. We did know that until a persimmon is nipped by a right smart-stand frost, it is unfit for human consumption in any form, even in locust beer. A heavy persimmon crop also augurs well for an extra layer of fat on Br'er Possum and Br'er Rabbit, which of course stands them in good stead, come a heavy cold-snap.

Far be it from us to try to disprove the theory of such an able meteorologist as *The Hickory Record*. If it says there is going to be cold weather ahead, then we had best begin stoking up the old stove.

Another thing too. While *The Record's* weather expert is meandering around this Autumn, checking up on 'simmon statistics and such, if he should run across any cooking meat or other edibles which might stand a fellow in good stead just in case his prediction of a hard Winter ahead comes true, we suggest that he sack what he can. Also if he should happen to see John L. Lewis up a tree, keeping him there might not make for a milder Winter, but it would certainly allow more coal for such a one as we are to have.—*Shelby Star.*

Twin Wolves At The Door

People's Platform

All Of The Facts...

CHARLOTTE

Editors, THE NEWS:

IN today's NEWS (25 October, 1946), a letter with a signature withheld, congratulates Mr. McKnight and THE NEWS on bringing light to the people of Charlotte on the widely discussed cross-town boulevard. Yes, verily, "Let there be light."

The gentleman states that he doesn't live in Charlotte and has no direct interest in this project—thank you. Instead of ending there, he goes further in saying that the project is about to be overruled by "public sentiment."

Now I would like to agree with this person on another point. Before a person can accept something, they must know all the facts. For S. W.'s (signature withheld) information that "public sentiment" was the organized citizenry of the eastern Charlotte residential section.

Mr. S. W., we also have the interest of Charlotte at heart. Not only are our homes at stake, but we pay taxes to the City, County, State and Federal Government.

People—The Government (Federal that is) will give $1,400,000 for this project. Wonderful! One million bucks—FREE.

Wait a moment. Just where did this money originate? Not to seem repetitious or anything, but I believe you will find it comes from your pocket. The taxpayer's.

To get to the point, I would like to congratulate THE NEWS on its articles.

Now wouldn't it be nice if some kind-hearted editor would permit an article to be written, not in direct opposition, but just to present a few facts for the other side. I am sure that THE NEWS could find some unbiased person to present the other side of the issue to its readers and let them decide for themselves.

Or might I ask if THE NEWS cares if the public knows both sides of the story.

—GEORGE A. STEPHENS.

(NOTE: Our hearts are kind, and we care very much whether the readers of THE NEWS have both sides of the boulevard story. Mr. McKnight and other staff members have detailed every opposition argument they could uncover; in addition THE NEWS has reported fully every protest meeting the opponents have called. Since we have taken an editorial stand in favor of the boulevard, Mr. Stephens is perhaps justified in suspecting us of bias in our coverage of the controversy. However, it should be noted that he mentions none of the anti-boulevard arguments he charges we have ignored. The columns of THE NEWS are open to any person, biased or otherwise, who can add anything to either side of the story.—EDS., THE NEWS.)

So Long

WOLF CREEK

I AM writing in regard of the pitcher of Lener the Hiener. I shore don't like hit a little bit. I am visiting a friend of mine what lives here in Charlotte who has been sending me THE Charlotte News and we uns all at Wolf Creek, North Carolina, has been passing hit around among us and we liked hit. But we all thought Lener was supposed to be human and they shore hain't no human what looks like that pitcher in THE NEWS yesterday. And we shore hain't agoin' to like hit cause you took Out Our Way out of the paper. We-uns all liked hit the best of all. This is my first visit to the city and hit shore will be my last cause the cars won't get out of my way and another thing they is too many people here, and I couldent find me no Burton snuff. So long, City folks.

—HILL BILLY.

By Any Other Name

CHARLOTTE

Editors, THE NEWS:

I HEAR far more praise of the trial of the Germans and their hanging than censure.

There is no real need to call them Nazis—they are all Germans.

Great restraint was shown by the honored jurists in recent and past trials. Around one-half the population of Germany should be made to walk the plank. We were promised that never again would the mad Germans be allowed to re-arm. There are many Latin names to describe the shape of the German head; the broad meaning of these Latin words is one thing—strictly insanity.

—J. M. SHIELDS.

Screwball Contest

CHARLOTTE

Editors, THE NEWS:

HERE is a copy of a letter I have sent to the Charlotte Merchants Association:

Gentlemen—Let's do some crazy advertising on Halloween Night: Put on a Screwball Contest.

Every store in the heart of town dress a window or windows with crazy ideas, funny jokes, and words on cards; use either dummies or live attractions, just anything that will make people crack their sides with laughter.

Have cards printed, put Ballot Box on Square, let the people vote on store that has the most interesting, devilish window. Raise all curtains at nine o'clock. This will keep down much mischief and draw out ten thousand people. Offer a prize of $100 to the store getting greatest amount of votes. This will draw 10,000 people out if we have good weather. Everybody will be happy. Will Be A Big Halloween night not soon forgotten.

Give the one hundred dollars to the Community Chest.

—WILLIAM C. McINTIRE.

The People's Platform is available to any reader who cares to mount it. Communications should be less than 300 words, typewritten if possible, and on only one side of the paper. Libel and obscenity will be deleted—otherwise anything goes. Each letter must be signed, although, in exceptional cases and upon request, we will withhold the writer's name.—Editors, THE NEWS.

Marquis Childs

Paradox Of America

NEW YORK

THE vast sweep of America is overpoweringly beautiful. You see that again and again when moving across the continent. Even the speed of the airplane cannot dwarf it. It is so much bigger than any of the jealous factions and the jealous little people who push and pull in the struggle for personal power.

The sharpness of line and sharpness of color of the American earth are indelible. Cities and towns, mountain and prairie and desert roll out like figures woven into a bright carpet.

The mood of Indian Summer is on the Middle West. Passing through Illinois and Iowa, the countryside looks rich and prosperous. The corn rows are down. The pumpkins lie in the quiet fields.

It is rich and prosperous. That is one of the strangest paradoxes of this strange year of our discontent.

BOOM STILL APPARENT

The people have a prosperous look. On trains, in railway stations, in the fearfully crowded hotels, they wear bright clothes. The women look as though they had just come from the hairdresser's. If the edge of the boom has been dulled, as some people are beginning to say, it is not yet obvious.

In Southern California many of the men wear sports clothes in the same bright colors worn by the women. Conservative Easterners find this startling but Californians feel a compulsion to defy the persistent drama of the scenery.

It is unremitting, the contrast of mountains and sea, snow and giant-sized flowers blooming in profusion. To live up to the stage setting of California you have to give back something a little defiant.

Motoring from Los Angeles to San Diego, once you leave the sprawling city behind you get the breathtaking expanse of the Pacific. And when a red sun drops behind the rim of the west, the theatricality of it is hard to believe.

San Diego shines in bright, diamond-sharp light. It is one of the few cities where uniforms still predominate, since the Navy has enormously expanded its installations. During the war San Diego's population nearly doubled. The soldiers and sailors who were stationed there during the war want to come back to live.

Journeying eastward, with a stop at Tucson, you rediscover the prodigality of our American inheritance. Arizona is another kind of drama. The light lends a magic to the commonest shapes and the sunset spills color bright as flame over the jagged mountains.

N. O. LOOKS LATIN

New Orleans is relaxed, easy. The hospitality of the people is somehow in their speech with the vowel sounds more generous, softer, than anywhere else. The streets have the look of a Latin capital.

In late afternoon the city lies serenely in the crescent that the Mississippi forms in its slow course to the gulf. Lake Ponchartrain on the other side is a calm, flat sea. The haze over the city has a golden, dusky look, softening even the new, modern buildings in the downtown section.

The contrast with the great cosmopolis of New York could not be sharper. New York, the financial capital of the world, has now suddenly become the political capital also. This is an honor which the city is not altogether prepared to accept.

The United Nations is swallowed up, lost, in the city's roar. Inevitably the whole apparatus—the delegates, the secretariat—are scattered both as to their living quarters and their work. This makes it difficult to give any center or focus to the organization.

The UN still appears in the role of a timid refugee, hoping for kindly treatment but not too sure of being accepted. The complexities and difficulties of living in the midst of booming, overcrowded New York are very great. They make for constant irritation and frustration.

UN NEEDS BETTER HOME

With all of America to choose from, surely the struggling new organization can find a permanent home more nearly adopted to its needs. San Francisco, one of the most magnificent cities in the world, is eager to have the United Nations settle there. The issue should not be finally closed. The door of the cosmopolis, the new Babylon, is not conducive to concentration and earnest effort.

Samuel Grafton

Our Peacetime Morale

NEW YORK

FOR some reason, we never seem to use the word "morale" in a general sense, except in war-time. When there's a war on, we do go about peering into our neighbor's eyes and trying unostentatiously to feel his pulse, to tell whether he is up or down. We really want to know how he is; it's news. During peace-time, however, he can go cry his eyes out, for all we care; we give the word "blues" back to the songwriters, and forget. A massive state of public depression, which would be treated objectively as a national problem during war, goes unregarded in peace.

Yet peace has its problems, no less than war, and morale is an essential element in problem-solving. That our morale is not quite as good as it was a few months ago can, I think, be demonstrated. There is a dolorous something in the air; one has only to riffle through the financial pages to feel it sharply. These are spotted with items about present uncertainties, and with indications that men in numerous lines are pulling in on buying, refraining from large commitments, curtailing expansion programs, waiting, watching, etc.

SUBTLE PRICE

It could be said that this is one of the subtler prices we have paid for throwing away controls. (There is a psychological price to be paid for every important political change, but, for some reason, we rarely include this element in our lusty debating. It is almost always conducted on a mechanical, facts-and-figures level, as if people's emotional states will remain the same through all adjustments.) And, for some reason, whether by accident, or by the obscure workings of poetic justice, the sharpest decline in morale can be felt among those who were most anxious to throw away controls.

Those eastern newspapers which raged most against meat control, seem today to be the most anxious about the meat situation. Some of them have run daily page one stories for almost a fortnight about how swiftly meat prices are going down, and meat prices are still 50 per cent above ceiling. Their confidence (i.e. state of morale) seems to have suffered; the listening ear detects a note of agitation.

LIKE SWIFT KICK

On another level, one wonders about the morale of those conservative Republicans who are looking ward to a recession to straighten us out, by reducing the price level. A recession is hardly a confidence-inducing (morale-building) device; it is too much like depending on a swift kick to stiffen one's spine.

Another development, also looked forward to as a boost for morale, is the election of a Republican Congress. On analysis, this can hardly be expected to make a great substantive statement. Nor does has been controlled by a Republican-conservative Democratic bloc for years; we shall still have a Congress and an Executive which differ, and the election will change the names of things more than the state of things.

These are wispy little reeds to lean on, not really indicative of a sound, roaring morale. Here we get into large questions. In the world as it stands today, the level of Western morale is a matter of the highest consequence. Whether we think in terms of a conflict of ideologies, or in terms of Mr. Wallace's "friendly competition" with the Soviet Union, or merely in terms of "peace in our time," enough is that we don't need adventures. It is important not only that we prosper ultimately, but also that we should feel as if we are prospering. We can't afford depression or recession. In this kind of peace the question of morale is as important as in last year's kind of war; and there is thus a sort of perverse recklessness in the manner in which we have played with our controls.

BUTTERFLYS OVERLOOKED

In dropping them we have figured on everything, except on the number of butterflies that would start working in our interiors and the size and spread of their wings.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Some GOP Hopefuls Need Records Checked

WASHINGTON

IT IS interesting to look over the field of candidates the Republicans have rushed in to run for Congress now that they expect a landslide. Fortunately for them but unfortunately for the country some of the voters are not taking the trouble to dig into their records.

Take, for instance, the record of Fred W. Danner, Republican candidate for Congress in Akron, Ohio. The average voter does not have the time and inclination to examine documents in the Recorder's Office in Summit County, Ohio, but if he did some interesting things would develop.

These records show that Mr. Danner, who now seeks to be paid by the Federal Government, for three years did not even bother to pay his taxes to the Federal Government. In fact, he did not bother to pay up his back taxes until June 27 of this year—just a few weeks after he was nominated on the Republican ticket. Only at that very late date he finally straightened out his tax record with Uncle Sam.

Meanwhile on Sept. 11, 1939, the Collector of Internal Revenue, being unable to collect $273.71 of back taxes, filed a lien against Danner's property. Then, as further Federal taxes remained unpaid, the Collector of Internal Revenue filed seven other tax liens totaling $3,280.22. These included Danner's income tax for 1940, social security taxes for part of 1939, and capital stock tax for 1940.

Though Mr. Danner was unwilling or unable to pay his taxes to the Government which he wants to represent in Washington, last Spring—when he decided to run for Congress—he seemed to have plenty of money. At that time he spent a total of $14,553 on his primary campaign, polling a total of 14,416 votes, or one vote for every dollar spent. He is now reported to be spending even more.

British Envoy Washes Dishes

WHEN British Ambassador Archibald John Clark-Kerr made an unannounced visit to an Iowa farm recently he threw a big scare into friendly farmers by riding on a corn picker.

However, he caused an even bigger sensation when he volunteered to wash the dishes after a meal in the home of his hosts, the parents of 21-year-old Roger Newburn of Webster City, Iowa. Roger is the 4-H Club member who invited the Ambassador to the tall-corn country during a meeting at the British Embassy in Washington last August.

Roger's father held his breath while the British envoy rode the front end of his corn picker, a dangerous machine that slashes and shucks the ears from cornstalks.

Later Mrs. Newburn was worried when the Ambassador insisted on washing the dishes after dinner at the Newburn home.

"I wouldn't think of letting you do that," said Mrs. Newburn.

"Why not?" replied the Ambassador. "I'm perfectly capable. And a guest should do his share of the household work."

"Oh, it isn't that," said Mrs. Newburn. "We take this English china out only for special occasions. I'm afraid you may break it."

Note—Inadvertently, this column recently reported Lt. Gen. Frederick Morgan as the successor to Field Marshal Wilson in Washington. This was in error. Wilson's successor is Lt. Gen. William Morgan.

Bilbo's Litle Game

THIS column has already exposed part of Senator Bilbo's little game of securing contributions and/or "gifts" from Mississippi war contractors. However, there is more to come. Here is another chapter.

Previously it was revealed that Senator Bilbo received a present of an eight-acre lake, an island on the lake, a dream house built on the island, furniture to put in the house and a $1,912 Cadillac—all from two war contractors who got Army jobs through the help of the Mississippi Senator. It was also revealed that two contractors gave Bilbo $25,000 which he later claimed was a contribution to the Senatorial campaign of Wall Doxey—though the latter said he never spent anywhere near that much.

However, on top of all this, B. L. Knost of the Morrissey-Knost Construction Co., gave Bilbo $5,000 on June 12, 1941. Later, on Sept. 7, 1942, Knost gave Bilbo's secretary, Edward F. Terry, $3,750.

Morrissy and Knost had not only helped construct Keesler Field at Biloxi, and Key Field at Meridian in 1941, but had received $3,527,268.39 in war contracts in 1943.

The two "presents" to Bilbo were charged on the company's books in equal amounts to the personal accounts of the two partners. When questioned about them by Government Inspectors, Morrissy refused to comment. Knost stated that they were for the Wall Doxey Senatorial campaign.

However, Senator Doxey and his campaign associates all said that no such money had been spent by them.

Richard C. Wooton, attorney and certified public accountant who prepared Bilbo's income-tax return, said that the $3,750 was spent in the Doxey campaign, but the Senator had no records to substantiate this statement. Nor did he have any substantiation of his statement that the previously noted $25,000 was sent in the Doxey campaign.

Nice pickings, Senator, if you can get away with it!

Spanish War Surplus

AS IF there weren't enough headaches in disposing of surplus goods from this war, the War Assets Administration recently had to unload some ancient horse-drawn ambulances used in the Spanish-American war.

The problem finally was solved by removing the wheels and painting the bodies in delicate pastel tints.

Presto—the relics were converted into gay cabanas and bathing shelters for seashore resorts. They sold like hotcakes.

American ingenuity also is finding practical applications for other surplus war items, including ammunition cartons. Some young ladies would be surprised to learn that the box now containing flowers from an admirer once contained bullets. Florists are buying "ammo" cartons by the hundreds.

Air-raid helmets make laying nests for hens. WAA press agents boast that metal Army helmets have become drinking troughs for hogs, though, as hog-raisers ourselves, we very much doubt that one.