THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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TOO MUCH FOR MR. ALEXANDER

GOVERNOR SCOTT, a past master of the brush off, got a neat dose of his own medicine when Tom Alexander, a Scott appointee, quit the State Board of Conservation and Development and explained the reason for his resignation. On Monday Mr. Alexander wrote the Governor:

"I accepted the appointment with reluctance originally, as I realized it would mean a sacrifice of money and time to me personally. I had hoped, however, that I might be of some service to the State because of my experience in forestry; that I might aid in continuing or encouraging continuance on a high plane of the splendid advertising program which has meant so much to the State in the past few years.

"In view of the political implications of recent developments, I am sure now there is little I can do of a constructive nature for the Department or the State by remaining on the Board."

Mr. Alexander's resignation came on the heels of the Governor's recent action in ignoring the Board and appointing his secretary, Charles Parker head of the State News Bureau, and in ordering cancellation of the State's advertising contract with Ayer & Gillett, a Charlotte firm.

The advertising committee of the C. & D. was considering another man for appointment as director of the State News Bureau at the moment the Governor announced the appointment of Parker. That action and his announcement that the advertising contract with Ayer & Gillett would be cancelled in 60 days precipitated hot debate at a meeting of the department's advertising committee last week. The committee, voting three to two, went along with the Governor with Mr. Alexander and Josh L. Horne of Rocky Mount, casting the negative votes.

In commenting upon his resignation to Raleigh newsmen Mr. Alexander was quoted as saying that "it was very commonly talked that the Governor owed a political debt to one Robert Redwine and promised to repay it with the advertising contract."

"Of course," Mr. Alexander was quoted as adding: "the Governor didn't tell me that himself, but everything pointed that way." (Robert Redwine, Raleigh representative of Eastman-Scott of Atlanta, Ga., recently formed a new advertising firm, Eastman-Redwine Inc., to bid for the State account.)

It is easy to understand Mr. Alexander's decision to leave the State service. The handwriting was on the wall. He could be a rubber stamp for the Governor or else.

WEAKNESS OF THE LAW

ONE of the main shortcomings of our system of law and justice is its failure to provide an adequate means of punishing "repeaters."

The records of most of our lower courts will show that certain individuals are brought in time and again for identical offenses; or minor variations thereof. They are fined, or given short sentences, and then turned loose to sin again.

The record of Hugh D. Gravitt, the Atlanta taxi driver who ran down Margaret Mitchell, is a case in point. The *Atlanta Journal* checked Gravitt's record and found that he had been booked 24 previous times, with eight of the charges dismissed or suspended—and all since he was first licensed to drive a cab on Aug. 18, 1944. (He was fined for speeding that first day.)

Here is the record:

March 26, 1949: Disorderly conduct-fight—dismissed.

Sept. 10, 1948: Disorderly conduct-reckless driving, accident—dismissed.

Dec. 31, 1945: Speeding 40 miles per hour—paid $7 fine.

May 19, 1948: Blocking traffic—paid $5 fine.

June 14, 1947: Passing street car on left—paid $7 fine.

June 14, 1947: Violating taxi ordinance—paid $7 fine.

March 18, 1947: Speeding—paid $13 fine.

April 9, 1947: Reckless driving, accident—paid $12 fine.

Feb. 23, 1946: Speeding 40 miles per hour—paid $10 fine.

Aug. 4, 1946: Reckless driving—paid $7 fine.

Jan. 24, 1946: Speeding 50 miles per hour—paid $17 fine.

March 23, 1945: Red light—suspended.

March 7, 1945: Reckless driving, accident—suspended.

Jan. 26, 1945: Speeding—paid $7 fine.

July 23, 1945: Illegal parking—paid $3 fine.

Sept. 7, 1945: Disorderly conduct-fighting—dismissed.

Sept. 13, 1945: Illegal parking—paid $3 fine.

Sept. 19, 1945: Reckless driving-accident—dismissed.

Nov. 1, 1945: Stop sign—paid $4 fine.

July 24, 1944: Reckless driving-accident—dismissed.

Aug. 8, 1944: Illegal parking—paid $3 fine.

Aug. 18, 1944: Speeding—paid $7 fine.

Sept. 25, 1944: Speeding—paid $3 fine.

Oct. 10, 1944: Stop sign—suspended.

It should have been obvious to Atlanta officers long ago that Gravitt's customary disregard for the laws of traffic disqualified him as a driver of a public vehicle. Yet he was permitted to hold a license until the time of the Mitchell accident.

There is no place on public roads and streets for habitual violators of traffic laws, whether they are driving private or public vehicles. Legal loop-holes which permit them to continue flouting the laws should be closed.

WHITHER THE BEARD?

THESE days beards are not popular. They are not popular here, in the United States, nor in England where once a man was naked as a jaybird without one.

There was a time not so many years ago when an enthusiastic man could wear himself out shouting, "Beaver!" and stamping his palm. There was a time when a man could rise in the morning, shampoo his face and forsake the onerous rite of the razor. There was a time when a frayed collar was not a social handicap since no one could see it. There was a time . . . but, no matter; that time is past and a beard now marks only eccentricity in its owner.

Somehow, though, curiosity prompts meditation on the phenomenon of this beardless age.

It is against all rules of logic to shave, save in the heat of the Summer—but, then, is it not possible that one can become so accustomed to a beard that it actually provides shade from the sun?

After some probing, we discovered that this business of shaving was not the natural bent of one branch of our civilized forebears—the Romans. Up until 296 B. C., the Romans coursed the Mediterranean in hirsute purity, their magnificent whiskers fluttering in breezes from Asia Minor to the Pillars of Hercules.

But in that infamous year—296 B. C.—one Ticinius Mena, a Sicilian, arrived upon the scene in Rome and began laying about him with razor and snippers. A barber, of course. And as Ticinius' clientele grew among the soldiers and solons, it become de riguer to show a clean chin.

Scipio Africanus was the first man to shave every day. Sciopio set the pattern and it grew. This novelty—shaving—became so important that the Romans made a ritual of a youngster's first shave, celebrated wildly and offered up the clipped pinfeathers to a deity.

Hadrian, a potent but warfaced emperor, revived the fashion of long beards—but, alas! not for long. And, since Hadrian's failure, man seldom, despite such bearded eras as the nineteenth century, felt quite comfortable with his face covered.

From The New York Times

ON 'EQUITY CAPITAL'

RISK-TAKING has long been regarded as one of the basic ingredients of the American success formula. In recent years, however, the investment public has shown a diminishing willingness to put its savings into "risk" or "venture" capital. Over the years 1927-29, for example, more than 53 per cent of all new corporate capital publicly raised was in the form of stock; last year the comparable figure was only around 17 per cent.

It is with this situation in mind that Thomas B. McCabe, chairman of the Federal Reserve Board, has just recommended to Congress that it start "a thorough review of the tax situation from the point of view of its effect, frequently inadvertent, on the availability of equity capital." The Board's studies reveal that fewer than one out of every ten American families owns any corporate stock. On the other hand, it shows that half the families with annual incomes of $7,500 and more own such investments, and almost one-quarter of those in the income range $5,000-$7,500. These figures bring the problem into somewhat clearer focus. They suggest that one or both of two things must be done if we are to revive the market for equities: (1) the barriers must be lowered which now tend to discourage individuals in the higher income groups from investing in such securities; and (or) (2) steps must be taken to expand the market so as to include more investors from the lower income groups.

Mr. McCabe's own suggestions are addressed to both parts of the problem. He believes, for example, that steps should be taken to eliminate double taxation of dividends and he would make more liberal provisions for the carrying forward and backward of losses growing out of business operations. Mr. McCabe would reach the smaller investor in part by direct education, in part, it would appear, by modifying the prevailing restrictions on investments by insurance companies and other fiduciary institutions.

Of the two aspects of this problem the first — that pertaining to tax deterrents, especially in the case of the upper income brackets—is the more sharply defined and the more easily soluble by direct action on the part of the Federal Government. The second lies largely in the province of the investment markets themselves. As between lowering the safeguards which surround institutional investment, on the one hand, and, on the other, encouraging the public as individuals to assume intelligent investment risks, there can be little doubt that the latter is much the soundes approach.

'I Don't Like The Way The Conductor Parts His Hair'

From Carolina Newspapers

W. Carey Dowd Jr., Newspaperman

(Greensboro Daily News)

THOSE who did not know W. Carey Dowd Jr., who passed away in a Charlotte hospital Saturday night, missed knowing a prince of a fellow.

Mr. Dowd was one of those warm, personable, friendly persons whom you couldn't help liking. He, in turn, enjoyed just as much being with his fellows as they enjoyed being with him and was nowhere happier than when fraternizing with other North Carolina newspaperfolk at such events as the annual meeting of the North Carolina Press Association and the press institute. His contribution to these events and the press generally, in Charlotte, in North Carolina, and in the South, is incalculable.

And Carey Dowd was just as good a newspaper man as he was serviceable citizen and congenial companion. Brought up with The Charlotte News, which his father owned, he was a newspapermen's kind of newspaperman. He knew his field, firsthand, having come up in it, and he knew the people who worked in it. He developed the kind of newspaper that became a portrayer of and spokesman for advancing liberalism, the kind of newspaper that meant much to Charlotte and to the state and region of which Charlotte is a part, the kind of newspaper that newspaperfolk like to work on and to have as an outlet for their free spirit. With his associates he built his newspaper into an institution and a voice which made itself increasingly heard and its influence commensurately felt.

Carey Dowd is going to be missed tremendously, but nowhere more than among newspaper folks who valued his presence, friendship and counsel so keenly and among whom he, in turn, was always so happy to be.

Citizen Of The Carolinas

(Asheville Citizen)

MOST of the obituaries of W. Carey Dowd Jr. fail to note a fact of which his intimate friends were well aware—that the Charlotte publisher had been in poor health for several years. Carey Dowd literally grew up in the service of The Charlotte News, succeeding his father—who bought it from the late Col. Wade Harris in 1895—as publisher in 1927 and retiring twenty years later. By the same token he literally grew up in the service of North Carolina and his beloved Charlotte. The tragedy of his death at 56, we think, is that a long bout with illness necessarily had reduced this immense civic usefulness.

Mr. Dowd had a lively interest in his state and his community. He served on State boards and commissions and was a past president of the Charlotte Community Chest. His devotion to the North Carolina Press Association as member and president was a source of strength for that organization. Essentially, however, his interest was his newspaper, and his spirit and direction were part of a recipe which made The Charlotte News not over-boastful when it called itself the "livest newspaper in the Carolinas."

Carey Dowd was a clubbable man in the fraternity which knows printer's ink as well as cost accounting in the front office. He will be missed.

'Able And Progressive'

(Winston-Salem Journal)

THE death of W. Carey Dowd Jr., of Charlotte, over the week-end brings sadness not only to many people of that city but to a host of newspapermen over the state.

For twenty years or longer Mr. Dowd was publisher of The Charlotte News. He was born to the vocation of a newspaperman, his father being publisher of The News before him. Widely recognized as an able and tireless newspaper executive, he was likewise one of the most active civic leaders of Charlotte and contributed in many ways to community uplift and municipal progress.

He was always friendly and seemed to like everybody. And he had a way of making others like him. Enthusiastic in his interests and ever interested in others and their problems, he attracted and held an ever-increasing host of friends in Charlotte and throughout North Carolina.

A man of deep religious faith, he was a faithful and active worker in his church, serving for many years in various official capacities.

Although he sold his stock in The News two years ago, Mr. Dowd retained a strong personal interest in the newspaper profession and maintained close contact with other men of the craft throughout the state.

In his death the city of Charlotte and the state of North Carolina have lost one of their finest citizens and civic leaders.

Friend, Worker, Leader, Fighter

(Rock Hill, S. C., Herald)

IF genius is one-tenth creative inspiration and nine-tenths work, then W. Carey Dowd Jr. had a genius for friendship. He not only thought of and for other people, he worked for them and their greater happiness. As publisher of The Charlotte News, he made words one of his tools for public service, as they were in personal, friendly communion.

He was a leader in service to the people of Charlotte, of his state, and of the Southern Baptist Convention. He was a patient and a loving friend, as he was a patient and devoted husband and father.

He had little patience, however, when he thought he saw the rights of the people barred or threatened. . . . Dowd was a fighter for what he believed right.

He is gone from among us. But his life has given thousands of people understanding and inspiration: to live friendship, to work and—if need be—to fight for a better living for men and women and their children, and to stand humbly upright before their God.

Through others, his spirit will continue to leaven our lives.

Valuable Leader

(Hickory Daily Record)

THE passing of W. Carey Dowd Jr., former publisher of The Charlotte News, will be most felt as a great loss in his home city where he was a valuable and effective leader.

One of the best beloved members of the North Carolina Press Association, Mr. Dowd had been voted an honorary classification after he disposed of his newspaper interests a few years ago. His warm, genuine friendship had been shared not only in the fraternity of the Tar Heel Fourth Estate, but in the Southern Newspaper Publisher Association in which he was long prominently active.

Mr. Dowd was born to the newspaper business, his father having been publisher of The Charlotte News which was founded in 1888.

He was know as "a newspaperman's newspaperman," sharing in the daily struggle to report and interpret passing events yet all the while steering the publishing enterprise on a sound business course.

The keen sense of humor enjoyed by him was one of his greatest and most unique assets.

The editorial record, much more than on occasion was the beneficiary of his generous treatment of other newspapers, desires to pay public tribute to Carey Dowd as one of the most thoughtful, courteous, and considerate fellow publishers it has been our privilege to know.

Marquis Childs

Vaughan, Handy Target

WASHINGTON

MAJ. GEN. Harry H. Vaughan, the President's military aide, is an ideal target for these hot weather days in the political shooting gallery. He is big, bumptious, loud, besprinkled with medals.

His capacity to put his foot in his mouth appears to be unlimited. The outsider, hearing the ping, ping, ping as the Congressional sharpshooters hit the target, wonders why the President tolerates him.

This is an inside view. It is the explanation of those who have watched Vaughan develop into a front-page figure to the intense discomfiture of all concerned, including and most particularly the General himself.

You begin with the Vaughan temperament. Vaughan displays to his intimates the good-natured friendliness of a Newfoundland dog. He wants to be patted, to be admired, and the only difficulty is that now and then he thinks he is a lap dog.

CAPABLE "FIXER"

As secretary and chief assistant to Truman when he was in the Senate, Vaughan was useful and unfailingly loyal. When constituents from Missouri came in to complain that they were getting the run-around from this bureau or that agency, Vaughan would get on the phone and fix it up. He suggests, in fact, a rather common type in the maze of bureaucratic Washington — the good guy who knows the right people and who, for a price, or, maybe, for nothing at all but a lot of gratitude, a few drinks and a good dinner, can solve your little problem.

Transplanted to the White House, Vaughan found himself in an element that was at first not to his liking. The office of military aide is an empty one, its function being largely ceremonial. The General had a lot of time on his hands.

As with everyone else near the seat of power, Vaughan found himself importuned by former friends seeking favors out of government. He might properly have replied, as did others in the President's official family, that he had no business intervening in this or that department.

But the General was almost always ready to go to bat for a friend. That word soon got around Washington, and so friends and friends of friends in increasing numbers put the touch on the General.

The President is convinced that Vaughan has never taken money or even any substantial "gifts" for his intervention. If the President is proved wrong in this contention, then his military aide will quickly move out of the White House.

THE DEEP FREEZE

The deep freeze that made the headlines is an interesting example. Vaughan's friend, Gen. Maragon, the Greek-American from Kansas City, persuaded the General the deep freeze would be useful in the commissary established by the White House staff shortly after Truman became President. Why, sure the General allowed, it might be useful. The boys had fixed up a lunch room so they wouldn't have to take time to go outside for lunch at noon. That is where the deep freeze is today—in the White House commissary operated by the staff. And, while he was about it, the General thought it would be nice to give four other freezers to his pals.

Vaughan's activities have caused his chief frequent concern. Three times the President asked his military aide not to bring Maragon into the White House.

But Vaughan is not one to squelch easily. An ambitious man, he saw others around the President being built up in the press. He has the same kind of loyalty to old friends that Mr. Truman has.

So the telephone calls continued. "This is Gen. Vaughan at the White House. I've got Joe Doakes sitting here in my office and he tells me that . . ."

While it may differ in kind, this form of activity is not substantially unlike the activity of President Roosevelt's aides in the palmy days of the New Deal. Part of it is the simple political formula of rewarding your friends and punishing your enemies.

Two years ago the hot weather shooting gallery was the Howard Hughes investigation. With the aid and advice of a highly-paid publicity firm, Hughes turned the tables on the investigators and one of the prime targets became Sen. Owen Brewster of Maine, who was alleged to have been given free rides by Hughes in his plane. Brewster and to have taken other perquisites for favors done. The danger is that with these repeated cries of alarm, the public may finally become indifferent and when something really important, like a Teapot Dome, is uncovered, the significance of it will be missed.

James Marlow

The Old & The Useful

WASHINGTON

I COVERED a police beat on a newspaper for a great many years and I used to be amazed at what happened to a lot of old cops when they retired.

They didn't live long.

A lot of them were too old to work the streets, and soft spots had been picked out for them in precinct stations or the detectives' office or police headquarters.

Late at night I used to sit around, chewing the fat with them. They had wonderful stories to tell, chattering the way the old men on the walls of Troy must have chattered, reliving their lives a hundred times.

There was something wonderful about them. It was this:

They were alive, sitting on a chair, talking, answering a telephone, directing a team of detectives on a robbery, taking down notes from the cops who called in.

Death seemed so far away from each of them that I used to wonder about each in turn: will he ever die?

RETIREMENT—AND DEATH

Then one day they'd retire. There'd be a little party, a couple of awkward speeches. The old men's eyes would glisten and then they'd be gone.

I wouldn't see them again. They had said they'd drop around to say hello. But they never came. And then one day I'd hear they were dead, maybe only a month or six months after they'd quit.

I never could be quite sure about what had happened.

Had they finally decided to retire because they felt something inside them was weaken and slide down hill?

Or, was it the sudden change in their life-long routine of going to work every day, getting up at the same hour, going to bed at the same hour, that broke them physically?

Or, was it just the let-down that sapped their life away fast? I mean, was it the sudden inactivity, the feeling that they were not needed any more?

I used to think that, if, when they retired, they had found something that really kept them busy they might have lived for years.

You must have understood what a really old and retired man feels if you've ever really sat and spent weeks in a chair by a window, trying to get well.

You feel weak and out of the race. Still, if you're young, you know that in a couple of weeks you'll be back in that crazy scramble outside your window. So you can endure the few weeks easily.

END OF THE ROAD

But a retired old man can't feel anything, I guess, except that for him the race is really over at last, and that must do something that's not good.

(Sure, I know there are plenty of retired people who still lead a full life. I'm talking about those that suddenly feel the rug of life pulled out from under them.)

But between the young people and the really old and retired there is a growing army of aging people, no longer young, not yet really old.

And, because in American society there is so much emphasis on speed and hard work, aging people have been looked upon in business as something less than necessary.

It must be an awful thing to be aging and out of work and know that the eyes which look across an employment office table at you are thinking: "Can he stand up under this job I might offer him, or just where will he fit in?"

Maybe something the Loyal Order of Moose is trying to do will find an answer to some of these things. It's setting up a laboratory at Mooseheaven Park, Fla.

A professor of psychology has been hired. He'll have a staff. They'll try to find answers to the problem of how to use elderly people in American life.

Washington Merry-Go-Round

President Favors Continuing '52-20' Plan

(NOTE—While Drew Pearson is on vacation, The Washington Merry-Go-Round is being written by his old partner, Robert S. Allen.—Editors, The News.)

WASHINGTON

HOUSE Veterans Affairs committeemen who have been battling President John Rankin's efforts to kill the "52-20" veterans' relief bill received an assist from the White House.

President Truman assured freshman Rep. Jim Noland of Indiana that he strongly favored enactment of the bill, which extends $20-a-week benefits to unemployed vets another year.

"I recommended the extension of these benefits in my economic report to Congress and I'm still for it," asserted Truman. "This aid to our veterans is needed now more than ever before, because we are suffering the first really serious period of unemployment since the last war. Also, it should be remembered that vets are usually the first to lose their jobs, because they have less seniority."

Gifting Mississippi's rambunctious Rankin to do something about the plight of jobless vets, however, is a different story. A foe of the "52-20" bill, while demanding bonus and pension legislation, Rankin has repeatedly rebuffed requests for consideration of the bill by his committee.

But now that Truman is solidly behind them, Noland and other committeemen plan to force a vote on the measure.

Inconsistent

CONSISTENCY is no jewel in the Truman Administration.

At his most recent press conference, President Truman staunchly defended his old friend and military aide, Maj. Gen. Harry Vaughan, under headline fire in the Senate's "five per center" probe. At the same time the President was doing that, a member of his Cabinet was cracking down on a subordinate accused of accepting insignificant Christmas gifts from business friends.

The Cabinet member is Commerce Secretary Charles Sawyer. The subordinate is Charles Lund, chief of the fats and oils branch of the commerce food section.

Lund is accused of accepting a $2 bottle of a Cuban cordial and a $1.50 necktie from two business friends last Christmas.

Although Lund has a fourteen-year-record of able and conscientious Government service, he was ordered before a board on the ground of "wrongfully accepting gratuities." He testified he supplied the businessmen merely with routine information that the Commerce Dept. makes available to all inquiries.

But to make Lund faces possible severe disciplinary action, Gen. Vaughan is warmly patted on the back by the President of the United States.

Patronage Grabber

LEADING reason for the House's vehement refusal to continue the so-called joint Marshall Plan "watchdog" committee is a lush patronage empire built up by Sen. Pat McCarran (D-Nev), committee chairman.

McCarran has 21 staff employees, most of them holdovers from the 80th Congress. A number draw five-figure salaries; in one case, as much as members of Congress. That isn't all. McCarran also wants an additional $76,000 for still more patronage padding. He asked for a $334,000 budget on the ground he wants to send a flock of agents to Europe to check on ECA spending.

The House twice flatly refused to continue the "watchdog" committee. McCarran got Senate approval, and the issue is now being battled out in conference, with the House members refusing to budge.

Following is the list of top hands on McCarran's patronage pay roll:

Agent Gen. Charles Dewey, $15,000. Former Republican Congressman from Illinois, Dewey is the highest-paid committee employee in history.

Agents, $12,000: J. Bulley, Calvin M. Cory, Robert M. Golding, and Hal Lackey. $12,000; Lackey, whose title is "executive assistant," was upped by McCarran from $8,333 to $12,000.

Gabriel Vogliotti, $10,330 as compared to $8,000 last year; Charles H. Russell, $10,330; Robert Fallow, $10,330; Francis Johnson, $10,330; Robert Fallow, $8,432; Maurice H. Joyce, $8,342; William P. Littlejohn, $8,342; David Sullivan, $8,342; and Joseph Manno, $8,037.08.

The above list is only part of McCarran's pap empire. He also has a big patronage retinue as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee and Senate Appropriations Subcommittee. The last committee is the one in which he has stymied the House bill to liberalize the "anti-Semitic and anti-Catholic" displaced persons law. McCarran has 31 staff members on this subcommittee, most of them Republican holdovers.

Marked Man

AT Washington's swank Burning Tree Golf Club, Presidential Assistant John Steelman and some friends were talking about the "five per center" probe. One of the group asked Steelman if he recalled Guy Standifer, fined $7,500 in 1946 for contempt in the Tanforan race track scandal.

"No, can't say that I do," said Steelman.

"You must. I introduced him to you myself, before that Tanforan business was exposed."

"You mean I shook hands with him once?" asked Steelman.

"Yep," grinned the friend, "and according to certain claims now being made that makes you a bosom buddy of 'five per centers.'"