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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 31, 1938

Paying Off a Grudge

At first glance, it seems incredible that John F. Curry, once the head man of Tammany Hall, would testify against his lodge brother Jimmy Hines. He did testify, however; Jimmy thought that Hines had sought the transfer of police. District Attorney Dewey had been endeavoring to show that cops who wouldn't let the numbers racket be run in peace were mysteriously broken in rank, reduced in pay and transferred to an outlying precinct to cool their heels.

But it may not be entirely inexplicable, after all, that Curry would tell on his pal. Curry went down because of a series of political errors. He was the mainstay of Al Smith against the New Deal. He blamed Jim Farley for his downfall. "Now, I don't want to make any accusation against President Roosevelt," he said, "but he tried to break Tammany's twenty-year reign and played king on the other hand and played ball with the winners. Good friend of Jim Farley, he became the dispenser of patronage in his New York district. And what could be more natural than to pay off old political scores against Farley by telling on Farley's friend Hines?"

Not Very Helpful

Deeply resentful of the President's obstruction in South Carolina's Democratic primary, Judge Robert W. Winston, beloved and distinguished North Carolinian, contributed a pre-election editorial to The Charleston News & Courier. Rhetorically, it was a moving piece, but factually it left much to be desired.

Judge Winston made four positive statements that are, to put it mildly, questionable. These were:

1. That Madam Perkins tells the world that Southern women wear no shoes.
2. That President Roosevelt calls us paupers.
3. That Mrs. Roosevelt advocates Negro children for white children.
4. That the anti-lynching bill with the President's assent, has been put on the "must" list.

It seems a shame for what is a very real and perplexing issue—whether the country shall have a dominant Federal Government to regulate its economy—to be misrepresented in the South, which has always fared worst under the old system of a central government of limited, but to the South highly important, powers. In any case, it poorly becomes the venerable Judge Winston to prejudice the argument by reviving old hatreds, by impugning the motives of the President and his personal and official family, and by glorifying the South's pride in its deities.

Strenuous Remedy

To test the constitutionality of North Carolina's sales tax, J. Paul Leonard, secretary of the Fair Tax Association and the most ardent anti-sales taxer of them all, opened up a store in Winston-Salem. First remittance (\$30) to the State came due, and he refused to pay it. This brought him the desired consequence of a hearing before Revenue Commissioner Maxwell. Leonard's attorney contended that the sales tax was unconstitutional because it had been enacted by a Legislature which had tentatively refused to carry out the constitutional mandate of reporting representation after each decennial census. Commissioner Maxwell ruled nevertheless that the tax had to be paid, and the plaintiffs announced that the question

of constitutionality will be taken to the State Supreme Court. That the Legislature has taken upon it to increase representation in the Piedmont at the expense of the East, even the Legislators themselves would be compelled, should have been compelled before, to do what the constitution says they must. But at the expense of violating all laws passed and appointments approved by the Legislature, the State has imposed in the seasons from 1931 to 1937? We hardly think so. The Legislature has an obligation to the Commonwealth, to be sure, and so do the sales-taxpayers. The primary obligation upon both is not to throw the State's orderly affairs into a condition of chaos.

A Pyrrhic Victory

The President, in all probability, is feeling thoroughly rebuffed today by the scornful voters of South Carolina and resigned to a dose of the same medicine again week after next in Georgia. And South Carolina has served him right, as far as we are concerned, for trying so idealistically as the New Deal never had any business being hooked up to so petty and unrestrained a politician as Governor Johnston. But Lord help us, men; the re-election of Cotton Ed Smith isn't going to save the Republic.

The President made a foolish mistake when he went out of his way to take part in South Carolina's Democratic fight. Of all the states in the Union, this one resents interference most bitterly. The result would have been the same in any case. It is likely, but the President's colors needn't have gone down with his synthetic champion. And yet, the re-election of Cotton Ed Smith isn't going to save the Republic.

A United States Senate composed of Cotton Eds would be about the last instrumentality in the world from which to expect able, intelligent leadership. It is a threat of the times. If there ever was an advocate of the political philosophy, let us slide, Cotton Ed is it. And you don't get good government by accident, any more than you get a workable program of government by accident. It takes a man who hasn't any program in order to humiliate one who has.

The primary in South Carolina was a stunning defeat for the President, but it isn't a sign of a victory for democracy or the Democratic Party. It couldn't have been a matter of which of the two candidates had won.

Perceptive Voting

For a change, yesterday, South Carolina had men of real ability and quality to choose between. The winner, Elated in the order of their merit, the outstanding candidates, by almost any method of appraisal, appeared to be:

1. Burnet Maybank
2. Wyndham Manning

As the incomplete count goes, the two high men in the free-for-all for Governor, the two who will run it off in a second primary two weeks from yesterday, are:

1. Wyndham Manning
2. Burnet Maybank

This might, but probably doesn't, warrant the statement that, given superior candidates, the voters will vote for them.

They Need Missing Practice

To improve their marksmanship, our City police officers have regular pistol practice. This is a necessary feature of police training, and yet we sometimes wonder if the local police need any more practice. The following file would seem to argue as much:

September 10, 1937.
Patrolman Birch drew his gun and ordered the Negro to halt, whereupon the Negro started to advance upon him, but as the officer shot, the man wavered and the bullet struck him in the back.

November 13, 1937.
Officer Bowlin took his pistol out and started to shoot in the air, and the bullet hit the Negro in the head instead.

December 30, 1937.
Pistol club members took up the case of the tire to hit the speeding car, and the bullet rebounded, striking three drivers in the arm.

August 30, 1938.
But here, conversely to run whereupon Officer Bowlin fired the bullet, ricocheting and hitting him in the leg.

Blanket Denial

(Adv. Chester Reporters)
A CARD
To the Voters of Chester County:
I have tried to run the race for Governor clean with my opponents, have not tried to insure any reflection on any of my opponents or their families. I understand by friends of mine that one of my opponents is trying to do me dirty work on the last going round.
As all the voters that know me know that I have no ear and cannot get around to see them, and take this method to explain to the public that any such dirty stuff is absolutely untrue and is only done to treat me.
Respectfully,
D. SMITH DAILY.

BATTY AND COMBATIVE

By Hugh S. Johnson

BETHANY BEACH, Del.—The question most important to humanity is whether there will now be war in Europe. The threat seems more immediate than at any time this year. And yet it is impossible to make an intelligent guess, no matter how carefully or with how much expert background you study every known development.

Because unlike any such previous situation, the decision rests in the mind of one man, and he is a little bit batty. Mr. Hitler.

The world knows precisely what he would do if he could because he has made no bones about telling it. Every act of his since the original telling in "Mein Kampf" proves that he means it, that the German people back it, and that nothing but superior military force will stop him.

He intends to wipe all German-speaking people under his own dictatorship and "push toward the east." So far as Hitler is concerned the question of war at any stage of his planned progress is solely whether he thinks he can win.

AN EMINENCE WHICH AIOUF MUST POSSESS

At some point in the supposed plan, he must have the Bavarian Mountains. He must have it in a professional military sense, but who only can any conqueror dominate Middle-Europe.

Thus there is only one reason why the Nazis may not now try to bite off all or a piece of Czechoslovakia, and that is not whether possible military opposition from whatever military source can prevent it, but whether Hitler thinks he can prevent it.

Does he? After studying every word of contemporary comment out of Europe and some private advice, I don't know and I think no commentator knows. But here are some considerations:

GERMAN STRENGTH AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY

Even the strength of the present German Army is not clear, and that is one side of the equation. The unexpected appearance at the Horthy review of revolutionary new ordnance, ten-inch field guns, not important in itself. They are probably impracticable. But the fact that the existence of several battalions of the shock troops, which proceeded in a symphony of the extent to which Germany has gone in rearmament, in violation of treaty restrictions, without either appreciation or much protest from her possible enemies.

In a military sense it seems incredible that the Czechoslovakians exist against the fact that Hitler could pull a complete mobilization of two million (7) men and put his country practically on a war basis in industry and defensive works without getting an ultimatum if ever one is intended. It has permitted him a tremendous temporary advantage for a sudden stroke, the equivalent of the lives of tens of thousands and at least some chance of sudden victory.

LOGICAL STEPS LEADING STRAIGHT TO HITLER

In short, if Hitler had really intended to hit-back Bavaria this Summer, it is hard to imagine a man who could have made that he has not made. He mobilized Germany's ultimate field strength—put her on a war footing at home—egged on Franco in Spain to give the British a sudden concern for her vital Mediterranean flank. He has done all this while French solidarity seems tottering and Russia is threatened by Japan. The Sudeten-German stalling with the British military, Runciman, looks like an effort to delay any Franco-British military move until the Nazi streets in it.

Against all this, the only open counter-move is Sir John Simon's speech suggesting that Britain might fight—coupled with this hint, with difficulty drawn from recent speeches by Mr. Roosevelt and Wendell Willkie. The America might join her in this.

If more apparent and substantial resistance to Mr. Hitler's obvious aims doesn't soon appear, we might have war in Bavaria before Winter. It doesn't seem good.

Visiting Around

If You Don't Find It, It Would Make a Small WPA Project
(Hendersonville Times-News)
LOST—Platinum bracelet set with 54 diamonds and blue sapphires. \$545.00 reward will be paid. If found return to W. A. DARTON, City.

Elzaphan Neer Targets
(Hendock Item, Chester Reporter)
Mr. Elzaphan "Zips" Hanna left this morning for South Carolina University, after spending a few days with his mother, Mrs. J. Hanna.

Accident to Match
(Bond's Grove Item, Waxhaw Enterprise)
The members of the Bonds Grove Epworth League enjoyed a "Tacky Party" at the home of their president, Mrs. Mattie McManus, Friday night. Games and stunts must be played. Murray Cunningham and Alvin Cooke received prizes for being the tackiest boy and girl present. Refreshments consisted of pork and beans, sliced onions, sandwiches, candy and pink lemonade.

Letters To The Editor

Auditorium Left Too Much To Imagination

On Paper The Proposition Looked Fine, But It Was All Guesswork

Dear Sir:
Perhaps it is because I have missed some of the salient information bearing on the subject, or maybe it is just plain dumbness, but I fail to see, with the data at hand, how anyone can definitely align himself on either side of the current controversy concerning the proposed \$750,000 PWA convention hall.

While various speakers, it seems to me, have played fast and loose with a flock of figures, allegedly demonstrating that the anticipated revenue from the auditorium and adjacent theater would be ample to pay the interest and amortization on a Federal loan of \$410,000, if there has been any concrete evidence presented, I have failed to see it in the local press. It is passing easy, with the figures, to assure the world that the theater will fetch "in excess of \$20,000 per annum," and that "labor buildings and office space in the auditorium proper, would total \$20,000 or more," but where is the proof? If such a project was contemplated by private investors, I am certain that, following the drawing of the plans, bona fide offers for lease from financially responsible parties would be in order before any step towards construction was considered. Then, in the words of the hot polli, "you've got 'em!" Otherwise, you are merely swelled up with hope and optimism.

Another question, why should such a proposed structure have to be built upon the most valuable single piece of vacant urban realty in the City, which undoubtedly is the proposed Third and Trout street site. An auditorium, if it seems to me, like the case, would amount to an swert on a less pretentious scale.

W. J. MYERS
Charlotte.

Biltmore Drive Resident Sorrowfully Sets Us Right

Dear Sir:
As you say, in your article you were right when you said in an editorial in Sunday's News that residents of Biltmore Drive while enjoying the benefits of fire and police protection, city schools, mail delivery services, pay no City taxes directly or indirectly.

It is, as you say, Biltmore Drive lies without the city limits. I sincerely would like to know why I've been paying those hundreds of dollars annually into Mr. Ledbetter's coffers.

Likewise your editorial infers that only recently has city mail service been extended to the residents of this street. Your information, however, is that the existing service for almost two years now.

Yes, Mr. Editor, you are wrong when you say that we of Biltmore Drive escape cost free in the matter of paying City taxes. We do enjoy all the City's services, and we pay, and pay through the nose, just as you and other Charlotteans do.

BILTMORE DRIVE RESIDENT.
Charlotte.

Agar's "Howling Lie" Made A Hit Here

Dear Sir:
Herbert Agar, at first I thought was just another "fill-in columnist." But I began to read his stuff and found it good.

The gentleman has plenty of English on the ball, and I've read no statement of his so far that left him stranded behind the w. k. S-phere. His language is just another kind of Old Iron Pants, nor is it as smooth or as spicy as Brown's. But Brown is not always sincere and Johnson is the victim of a myriad of complexes.

In accordance with the rules of good journalism, I suppose, Agar is clearly to be the use of adjectives. But when he does use one, it is apt to be expressive, if not as emphatic as one would desire. Consider his comment at the end of the following quotation—a quotation concerning the campaign by Big Business to revivify the American system, or laborers fair, to America: "For example, the platform on which this campaign is to be waged begins with the following statement: 'Business offers every man the opportunity to go as far as his ability and his industry will carry him.' This is a howling lie."

Belmont
These Words We Use
By ROWE WEAVER
GURNEY
If you had been living six or seven hundred years ago, you would have heard a bell ring every night at about 8 o'clock, telling you that it was time to "curse-fer-fer," "cover up your hearts-fire" and go to bed. This was just a sensible way to save you from having your house burn down during the night and possibly worrying your neighbors no end with flying sparks. Today "curse-fer-fer" has lost its connection with fire and only reminds you that it is high time for folks to go home and stay out of mischief.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

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



Theory Of The Purge

By HERBERT AGAR
The Purge theory is a theory of the necessity of carrying through a political revolution as the only means of implementing politics which are barely even radical. This is a position which could not arise under the British parliamentary system if a Stanley Baldwin has a huge majority of the British people behind him, he does not need to fight half the Conservative Party in order to carry through the policies he has promised.

Yet this is exactly the position in which Mr. Roosevelt finds himself. The people as they show whenever they get a chance want the New Deal, but the politicians do not. The "Purge" will decide which group gets its way.

Women Smokers

"Gretch Burgess, in 'Your Life'"
Smoking with most women is still a symbolic act of emancipation and not a genuine satisfaction of life. Women haven't yet learned how to smoke, or when, or where. Almost all of them are guilty of conspicuous affectations. Look about in any restaurant; every woman in the place is sitting with her elbows on the table, one hand sticking up and awkwardly holding aloft a cigarette as if waiting for a Buffalo Bill to shoot its end off. And who hasn't seen girls eating with a fork in one hand and a cigarette in the other? No man, not even a heavy smoker, would so ruin the taste of both food and tobacco.

Women have inherited all traditions of context and conservatism as regards smoking.
Women don't and probably never will understand the philosophy and ideal of good form that men have developed as regards the use of tobacco. They're not even amateurs, bless them. They're comedians.

Unkindest Cut

(Norfolk Virginian-Pilot)
It is reported that Prime Minister Chamberlain is maintaining an open mind on Franco's reply; a great many of his critics think it ought to be closed for repairs.

Don't Tell Madam Perkins

(Mrs. Theo R. Davis, Leabon Record)
If you go to see The Lost Colony, if you don't matter at all what you wear, you are others to correspond with you. Choose your make in clothing. Shows are of all kinds—or are not. In a drug store I saw a pretty young girl as barefoot as a Banks pony, and she was wearing a long skirt.

Peculiarities Of People

By F. Romer
JONATHAN SWIFT
THE strange English Dean sat aside a day a year for mourning his birthday. That day he always re-read Job's grief for the son born into his father's house, and sorrowed for the hardships life held ahead of him.

