The Charlotte News

Published daily except Saturday, Sunday and holidays by The Charlotte Publishing Company, Inc.
W. A. Dowd, Jr., President and General Manager.
J. E. Dowd, Editor.
C. C. Dowd, 1905-1937.

The daily edition of The Charlotte News was established in 1888. The evening edition was added in 1919. The Charlotte Chronicle established in 1892, was purchased by and consolidated with The Charlotte News May 1, 1934.

Republication of copyrighted articles herein is prohibited. Special dispatches that are not copyrighted may be reprinted by giving due credit to the Charlotte News.

The News desires to be notified promptly of errors in any of its reports that proper correction may be made at once.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS
The Associated Press is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of all news dispatches credited to it or not otherwise credited in this paper, and also the local news published herein.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

	One Year	Six Mos.	Three Mos.
By Carrier	$10.40	$5.20	$2.60
By Mail	8.00	4.00	2.00
Sunday only	2.00	1.00	

35 cents per week by carrier

We seek truth, that we may follow it.

MONDAY, JANUARY 31, 1938.

Grist for the Mill

About the merits of Social Security in general, we have no doubts. In our society, unemployment and old age insurance are as necessary as, say, traffic lights. Nevertheless, the taking of judgments against five Charlotte employers to the tune of $1200 for failing to pay up last year reminds us that, as the law is written, it is most devilishly hard to keep up with.

If a printer comes into our shop to work a day in place of somebody who is out sick, a deduction and a contribution have to be made. Moreover, the transaction has to be entered on our books and separate reports made to Washington and Raleigh. Multiply that by the number of our employees—approximately 175—and you have the certainty that Social Security is going to keep the bookkeepers busy.

And now it appears that the lawyers are going to have a good thing in it, too. Already suits have begun to be filed as between the Government and a relatively few employers, and just wait until litigation between the millions of beneficiaries and the Government commences.

Du Temps Perdu

How dreadfully old we are getting to be is painfully recalled to our mind as we read in the papers that the Smithsonian Institution in Washington has placed on display, along with the bones of the brontosaurus and the railroad train that made the first journey on the Baltimore and Ohio lines in 1832—a buggy.

We recall readily enough when, with the family carriage or the farm wagon (according to the economic and social strata to which you happened to belong), the contraption was actually the prevailing means of locomotion. We have, really, ridden in the things many a time. We remember one road in particular . . . Sometimes it wound along, white and flat and a little indefinite among the pines or past farmhouses, most of which hound dogs came and bayed on your trail for a long time. The sand hissed gently as it followed the fellows around, and there was a smell of sun on leather. And sometimes it was red and cut down deep between high banks, and the wild plum trees overhung it and now and then brushed against the buggy top, breaking their branches and loosing their sharp, bitter smell. There was a long red hill, too, with an old mill and a broken water wheel beside the shallow stream at the bottom . . .

But ah, now, we had better haul up, or we shall be getting sentimental and proving ourselves older than we're willing to admit. Home, James.

Two on a Spot

Two people the Wagner-Van Nuys Anti-Lynching Bill seems to have on a spot are Alben W. Barkley, Senator from Kentucky and majority leader, and—Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Though the measure is not formally an administration one, Senator Barkley has got himself committed to it, and as majority leader is supposed, of course, to round up the votes for its passage. But, unhappily for the Senator, Kentucky is practically as Southern in sentiment as South Carolina or Mississippi when it comes to this question. The passage of the bill is almost certain to make trouble for the Senator. Kentucky's Governor, A. B. (Happy) Chandler, has already announced, indeed, that he expects to run for the Senator's seat, with the latter's support of the Wagner-Van Nuys Bill as the principal issue.

And as for President Roosevelt, the Republicans have taken advantage of the filibuster by Southern Democrats to jockey him into the position of having to decide whether he'll use pressure to have the bill passed. Nominally, they are all for it, these Republicans, but they aid and abet the Southerners in keeping it from coming to a vote, and everybody is agreed that only the President can force that. If he doesn't, he'll stand to lose the Northern Negro vote, for which he and Democratic Party leaders have been making a strong bid. And if he does, he'll further alienate the Southern Senators and their constituents.

Uses of a Baumes Law

Bill Payne and Wash Turner, with the verdict against them Saturday night, have finally come to the end of their rope. But what a long, slack rope it was, and how the law gave them every opportunity to do exactly what they did in the end, which was to kill a nice young Highway Patrolman.

Look at Turner's record:

San Diego, 1921, arrested for grand larceny.

El Paso, 1922, violation of the Dyer Act.

Greensboro, 1927, arrested for violation of the Harrison Act and larceny.

Raleigh, eight years for storebreaking; escaped prison. Recaptured, he was convicted on an old charge of stealing an automobile, and had five to eight years added to his sentence.

Rowan County, 1934, 23 years for bank robbery. Escaped prison in February, 1937.

Payne's record is not so extensive, but it makes up for it in assiduousness:

Three years for stealing an automobile in 1924. Later he was sent up for bank robbery and other crimes. Yet again he drew a twenty-year sentence for bank robbery. He had escaped prison twice before his break with Turner from Caledonia in February, 1937.

Both these men were notorious felons long before they became outlaws terrorizing two states. The law had failed, palpably, at reforming them so that they might resume their places in a free society; yet forebore to send them up for life as chronic offenders, and failed to keep them securely during the successive times it had hold of them.

What this state needs for men like Payne and Turner is a Baumes Law, which means life sentences for all four-time felons, and an Alcatraz in which to lay them away. It is too late now to save Patrolman Penn, but there will be other Turners and other Paynes and other Penns.

A Characteristic Mood

It is a mood of five phases, Dr. Glenn Frank says, in which the Republican Party should approach its—er—responsibilities. We have an idea that the responsibility of which the party is most acutely conscious is to get itself back into office; but never mind that just now, and never mind Moods No. 1, 2, 4, 5. It is No. 3 that concerns us at the moment.

And Mood 3, as Dr. Frank puts it, is for the party—

". . . to expose the growing practice in American politics, of which itself may have been guilty at times, of auctioning off the country to a succession of any highly-organized pressure group that can muster enough votes to be impressive."

Probably the most highly-organized pressure group in recent American experience has been the veterans of the World War. They have been no worse than their predecessors of the Civil War and the Spanish engagement, but they have been a sight more numerous, and therefore a sight more costly. And it was under the aegis of the Republican Party that a law was enacted granting allowances to World War veterans for disabilities suffered long after the war was over and in no way attributable to their war service.

And while it was the Democratic Party, principally, that gave in to the veterans and paid the bonus eight years before it was due, the Republicans did their best to capitalize politically upon it. Their membership in the Senate voted 16 to 7 to override President Roosevelt's veto, and with that help it was overridden.

Speaking of Ghosts

That seems to have been a pretty fair ghost story which, with the aid of our Mr. Paul, performed in and around the house on Herrin Avenue. It must have been passably grisly-looking to have scared that taxi-driver practically into running fits. And when a citizen was unearthed who actually had a wrestling match with the ectoplasmic visitor—why, yes, it was a pretty satisfactory ghost, calculated to start up the backhair even on our own skeptical necks.

Nevertheless, by and large, we still prefer the ghosts of fiction to practicing ghosts. For these latter, rarely show any considerable imagination. The best they can do, usually, is to groan hollowly, clank some chains, open a few doors, start up draughts, and sigh while you pass trembling hands through their ethereal substance. But in fiction—Hamlet's father and Banquo and the ghost at Philippi leave something to be desired, we grant. But, ah, citizens, did you ever look into old Bulwer-Lytton's "The House and the Brain?" Or into that yarn of Ambrose Bierce's called "The Damned Thing," wherein two men watch the invisible moving through the wheat, drawing swiftly closer, until in the end it strangles one of them? There, if you really want your hackles titillated, is your meat.

WHEN IS A TRUST OKAY?

By HUGH S. JOHNSON

WASHINGTON—My erstwhile playmate, Donald Richberg, is right in his proposals for modifying the anti-trust acts to tell business what it can as well as what it cannot do, and to set up some administrative body to validate proposed corporate action preserving civil liability in case of injury by illegal action.

He is right in his proposals and right in his supporting argument. He has given this subject study for many years, as have I. I proposed a similar solution in a report of the War Industries Board written in 1918. I advocated it in my Senate testimony on NRA in April, 1935, and continuously since in this column and in dozens of speeches.

What argument can there be against such a proposal? In prohibiting any contract or combination in restraint of trade, the anti-trust acts attempt to inhibit the inevitable. Every contract and combination is to some extent "in restraint of trade." What we have never had is a clear definition of what we really intend to prohibit.

They Grew Up As Natural Phenomena

Notwithstanding the anti-trust acts, we have seen during their life the greatest concentrations of economic power in the history of the world. While some have been oppressive, in the main they have enriched and raised all standards of living. They were less the design of any brain than a result of the rapid development of one single national market of 130,000,000 people. That made mass-production and mass-distribution both desirable and inevitable.

It is silly to content ourselves with futile laws condemning what could not be prevented. It would be both destructive and futile now to attempt to break them up into little pieces. The sensible course in the past would have been to encourage the good they did for the public and prevent the evil. That would be the sensible course now. That, as I understand it, is the essence of Mr. Richberg's proposal.

Law Offers No Guidance At Present

Up to now, control of them has been in the Federal Trade Commission and the Department of Justice. The courts have read the word "unreasonable" into their flat prohibitions of restraint of trade. The result has been that whatever industry did, it did on its peril on the question of whether it was reasonable or not. There was no sufficient definition of monopoly, or "monopolistic practice," or even of interstate commerce. Trials and administrative decisions built up a structure of things forbidden but gave little hint of things permitted.

What sense is there in a law like that? It mothers legalistic trickery and a great impairment in the public responsibility of these vast economic baronies. More than anything else, what business needs to enable it to activate recovery is a clear definition of its road ahead. The government has stepped into so many positions of economic control, that government alone can now make the path plain. Statutory definitions of what can and cannot be done may be harsh, but if they are only clear, that will be far better than the present fog of almost complete uncertainty.

The Woodchopper of Doorn

(High Point Enterprise)

Yesterday about the serenest and most wholesome looking offshoot of ancient royalty celebrated his seventy-ninth birthday. We refer to that hated man of twenty years ago, the ex-war lord of Germany, Wilhelm Hohenzollern.

In those yesterdays this man was so representative of the popular idea of evil that a passionate interest existed throughout more than half the world in his capture and trial.

He found sanctuary in placid, stubborn Holland and there he has remained, living simply and wholesomely. In his rose gardening, in his wood-chopping and in the natural quietness of a rustic environment, this possible first cause of a world war, seems to have found peace which people generally have not discovered.

Matter of Location

(Otto Miller, Atlanta Journal)

A pat on the back will work wonders with an obstreperous child—if placed low and hard enough.

New Street Busses Need Signs Astern

In Downtown Traffic It Is Often Difficult To Spot The One You Mean To Ride.

Dear Sir:

From general indications, the new bus service of the Duke Power Company is proving generally acceptable and adequate in the numerous sections of the city in which it is now in operation.

It occurs to me that an added convenience to the public would be the addition of some method of identification on the rear of the vehicles. Such an addition would be superfluous in the residential sections, where there is nothing to obstruct a view of the large signs at the front of the bus. But the situation is entirely different in the business districts, especially at the platforms on Independence Square, where frequently as many as three busses, all headed in the same direction, stand in a compact group. A prospective passenger for the eastern section of the city, for instance, will be hastening eastward on West Trade Street, confident that one of the trio is, say, marked "Eastover." How to determine which? There is no known method except to put the old dogs into high, against the changing of the traffic light, and with an added burst of speed, circle entirely around the parked busses and then begin the inspection from the front.

The writer has personally missed vehicles on several occasions, which could have been caught had he but known his quarry. It would seem that the powers that be could work out a system of simple marks of identification for the rear end of these public carriers. I am sure that I am not alone in my experience.

PATRON

Charlotte.

INCREASE IN PREVALENCE OF SYPHILIS IS REASON FOR THE GRAVEST ALARM

Dear Sir:

I have been thinking of late what a serious condition our country is getting into on account of the ravages of social disease. Instead of our governments, City, County, and State, spending money for other things, they should consider first the health of the nation. It is alarming, the increase in the last year that syphilis has made in this country, and it should cause everyone to take notice and assist in every way possible to eliminate this disease.

If we are not careful, we shall get into the condition of some of our Asiatic countries, where people are lying around in the streets half dead and many of them just waiting for the undertaker, if they have such an individual, to come along and carry them to Potter's Field. I hope that our medical faculty of this state and of our city will wake up to the serious condition. Everyone should be up and at work while the time is ripe, for darkness will come when we cannot work. I hope that the many who read this will lend a helping hand to this cause, doctors and laymen, preachers and lawyers.

J. B. O'MZARA.

Charlotte.

The News solicits letters from its readers upon topics of the day, especially when opinions contrary to the editor's—are expressed. Such letters should be short, typewritten if possible, and signed.

Two Cents a Look

(Letter in The Tar Heel)

Dear Sirs:

Now that exams are over and you have exposed me to a lot of theoretical problems in economics, I think that the time is ripe for me to ask you the solution of a practical one which has been bothering me for quite a while.

The problem is this: I usually get the regular twenty-five cent dinner and supper at Swain Hall, but in addition I take one extra piece of bread and an extra square of butter. Now if I go through one of the two lines, I'm allowed to get by without paying the extra two cent fee. But if I choose the line with the prettier cashier I invariably have to pay twenty-seven cents.

If you do a little rapid calculation you will see that four cents a day for seven days amounts to twenty-eight cents or a little over the price of one meal. This extra meal is important to me so you see I am faced with the necessity of making a rational choice depending upon marginal utility. The choice ought to be a comparatively simple one. All I should have to do would be to decide whether there is a greater marginal utility in the extra meal, or whether it lies in getting a close-up of Miss Warren twice a day, seven days a week.

Too Much for the Boss

(Columbia Record)

In a way the list of income tax refunds, as announced at Washington, is a bit disconcerting.

There is first the refund to Franklin D. Roosevelt, Washington, of $1,039. The income tax law has been made so complicated that even the President cannot understand it.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT . . . By Ripley

Explanation of Today's Cartoon

THE ANCIENT CHURCH OF ST. FURSY—This Church of Saint Fursy at Lagny, France, dating from the 11th century and contemporaneous with the famous Cathedral of Notre Dame in Paris, now houses a garage, a dance hall and a boarding house. The attention of the Ministry of the Interior has recently been called to this church, and the appeal bears the inscription "What is happening to our riches"?

IT SEEMS TO ME

By ATWOOD BROWN

"SPIKE" HUNT, a good newspaper man, has written a good book called "One American."

The reviews have been enthusiastic, but I think that some of the critics have been a little punishing to Mr. Hunt even in their praise. The general line seems to be that "Spike" is the best loved journalist in America and that he hasn't got an enemy in the world. This is carried on in the suggestion that he has never said an unkind word about anybody here or abroad.

"Spike" is a lot better than that, and so is his book. It is undoubtedly true that he has a genuine interest in all sorts of people. He will drill through a bore for hours in the hope of eventually striking enough water for a well. And, again, he will suffer the talk of great or small men whom he dislikes for the sake of finding the animating force which makes them function.

But that isn't a kind of Eddie Guestism. It is merely the fundamental requirement in a good reporter.

It Only Says The Man Is A Reporter

To my notion, no great news gatherer is a neutral. Truth can be found only by men with passion in their packs. At the same time, an investigator defeats his own purpose if he goes around with a chip on his shoulder and a pencil and a notebook in his right hand.

Every novice learns that the best way to check any news source is to begin taking notes. The sight of a pencil will remind the quarry that he has let his hair down and that it would be wise for him to pin it up again. The person who is about to spill real stuff will either dry up immediately or apply cloture by saying, "Of course, you must remember that all this is off the record."

Need A Bag Of Tricks

A good reporter must learn to crawl through the jungle grass—even on his belly, perhaps—and get close to the lions and tigers of world affairs before they take to cover or claw him in the face.

And as a genial personality is one of the first requirements of the man who would get information, Frazier Hunt, to give him his full fancy name, has the outward manifestations of a town greeter. You might readily take him for a Rotarian even at close range. He has the warm handshake and the genial smile.

And His Smile Ought Not To Hang Him

He has learned to keep his temper under trying circumstances, because ever since he was 16 years old people have been putting that old wheeze of "How's the weather up there?" And hundreds and probably thousands of times "Spike" Hunt has laughed at the witticism as if it were the best joke in the world. Men who are more than 6 feet 4 have to acquire a surface geniality or accept an inferiority complex. We live in a world in which dwarfs seem to get all the breaks.

But one can smile and smile and still keep a sharp dagger within easy reach. The outward manifestations of "Spike" Hunt must be forgotten when one comes to consider his inner spiritual graces. He can cut the heart out of a stuffed shirt with as much skill as any journalistic surgeon of our time. He can be, mean and bitter.

In other words, he really is a good guy, and "One American" is an autobiography which you ought to read for both pleasure and profit.

The Syncopated Hymnal

(Raleigh Times)

The irrepressible Dr. Robert McNeil Poteat of Wake Forest College injected something very much like pep in a speech before a group of the Church Convocation in Raleigh. His subject was the new fashions in hymn music which have been introduced in many churches.

"Our Lord is no mumbo-jumbo jingolistic deity to be propitiated with this stuff," he declared in denouncing "cheap vaudeville hymns—ragtime jigs masquerading as hymns and sold by their composers like apples or stoverwood."

Undoubtedly there is point and pith to the comment. The new deal in hymns disgusts all those to whom the old favorites and familiar measures are both familiar and dear. To a musician like Doctor Poteat they must bring excruciating pain.

Yet this remains the jazz age. Perhaps the cruder jazz of twenty years ago is passing. But the new jazz, the refined plagiarism, is gripping the public more strongly than ever. If it gets into the churches by disguise, so has it invaded concert halls and grand opera. It is a new form, and serving old-time religion is something permitted the vilest sinner who repents himself.

Peanut Policing

(Columbia Record)

Peanut-producing states will please note that the police of Milwaukee have discovered a brand-new "modernist" use for the delectable "ground pea."

The peanuts came into play when Milwaukee traffic policemen discovered that overtime parkers had little difficulty in escaping the long arm of the law because it was easy to erase the chalk customarily used by patrolmen to mark parked automobiles.

Parking charges increased sharply when the police substituted peanuts for chalk, placing one peanut under a wheel of each parked car. If, upon subsequent rounds, the peanut was found intact, the automobile was summarily ticketed.

Nobody has explained what happens when squirrels, children, or motorists themselves, get wise to this ingenious device.

Frosty Weather

(Columbia State)

Did you see the hoar-frost any morning of these last two or three cold days? It was lovely, presenting that perfection in smallest detail that is often observed and admired in nature. Tiny, hexagonal crystals, sparkling in the morning sun, thrust themselves up through a new red clay road. Bits of brown earth were raised on small, gleaming columns of ice in a hard-packed door yard. Shining traceries of silver lay in irregular lines upon an embankment, where the ice barely came through the earth.

It is not very often that we have here this artistry of Jack Frost; and usually it is ephemeral beauty that disappears before our mid-day suns. On one of the recent cold days, however, on a northern exposure the little fairy-palaces held up on pillars of crystal with frescoes of finely broken red clay, stayed from early morning all through the day, and on the next morning showed added adornments of silver and red.

The Demand Explicit

(Charleston News & Courier)

It is with sentiments of complacency that we observe that the Lieutenant Governor of South Carolina will be a candidate for re-election, but, before committing ourselves irrevocably to his enthusiastic support we wish to have his record in detail as the custodian of the Mississippi jackass which he acquired for the honor of the Democratic Party. When we say "detailed" record, we mean the opposite of a curtailed record. Doth that jackass switch his tail and kick high?

Best Us to It

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)

The White House inclines to the feeling that too much installment business is a curse. We believe our war debtors have thought of this.

Visiting Around

Mamas, Here're Those Men Again!

(Burton Item, Dare County Times)

Charlie Midgett and Chester Austin of the crew of Winter Quarter Lightship are home for thirty days visits to their wives and children.

In Either Case You Get Braying

(Adv., Caswell Messenger)

TWIST A DONKEY'S TAIL and immediate results will follow. Twist a dial on one of our expertly repaired radios and satisfactory results will follow. See Charlie Hunter at Yanceyville Service Station, Yanceyville, N. C.

Why All This Sudden Interest in Old Uys?

(Old Tuscany Item, Transylvania Times)

Joseph Cantrell of the CCC camp spent the week-end with his father, Uys Cantrell.

Misses Dollie and Lois Robinson visited Mr. Uys Cantrell Saturday.