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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1937

The Single Flaw

They had a pleasant little game called "bump" down at the food service the night under which you could win a ham or some bacon without being skilful or anything—just through the blind favor of Lady Luck. They had two others much like it, called "dart" and "bingo." And that, you comprehend, and regardless of whether it really cost you anything to have a shot at them, was gambling—and a sinful, therefore, the city cops descended upon them and closed 'em up.

There are a lot of punchboards about this town. And punchboards, of course, are particularly immoral. Therefore, Acting Chief Mealey of the rursals has announced he's going to boot 'em out.

We are, you see, a highly moral town and county. We have laws like that—and, unlike some other towns and counties, we enforce them. We enforce them assiduously and at length. MAFIO demands it. There is only one little flaw in our morality that we can think of. We've mentioned it before, and the risk of seeming to carp, we'll mention it again—that last year Charlotte had the highest murder rate in the United States. And that this year Charlotte promises to do almost if not quite as well. Last month alone Charlotte had five murders. Our cops, you understand, are very busy.

Dumb Work, Sirs

Edith Maxwell, the schoolteacher of White County, Va., who has been twice convicted of killing her father, this Edith, we are convinced, has a kick coming against her lawyers. They're playing games. Edith lost her bid appeal to the Virginia Supreme Court Friday and it begins to look as though she's actually going to have to serve her twenty years.

But it needn't have been so had those lawyers known their business. Trouble with them was that they went into court and admitted that Edith bit her old man when he made her mad by threatening her. And any tyro should have known better. What Edith should have pleaded under well-established principles of American jurisprudence was that the old man insulted her and then that he ran away as fast as his legs could take him—and that therefore she had to kill him in self-defense. That way she could have walked out the courtroom a free woman, and been roundly cheered by the Hearst papers as well.

Monroe Doctrine

The coup d'état in Brazil, which has under the supervision of having been engineered by the Fascist powers of Europe to the end of establishing themselves inside juicy South American, has brought the Monroe Doctrine back into notice.

But do you recall what that doctrine is and how it arose? Well, it came into existence in 1823. Revolution had broken out in Spain and the powers of the Congress of Vienna had been turned to put it down. Then they had turned to the task of bringing back under Spanish rule the South American colonies which had been breaking away ever since the Napoleonic days. Wherefore, taking the name of the sickly young republic of the West in his hand, President James Monroe had to say that the American system of politics and the American system were entirely different, and that the United States, for itself, must regard any attempt to extend the European system into the Western Hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

That was about all, but it stopped the Vienna crowd, and for the 116 years

from South and Central America, only twice has it actually been seriously threatened. First, when the United States had to pitch Maximilian out of Mexico. That was after the Civil War. And secondly, in 1903, when Roosevelt the First sent the German navy to the Venezuelan ports and steam homeward—and the German navy steamed homeward.

TVA vs. ICC

It is a classic observation that when a man comes into property, he forthwith acquires a burning concern with the tax rate. And apparently the same sort of thing holds for government as well.

The present case isn't one of taxes, but to be sure, not one of freight rates. Even so, the analogy is not without its point. For today we are in receipt of a fascinating little volume, full of graphs and tables, and entitled innocently, "The Interterritorial Freight Rate Problem of the United States." But that little volume was put to us by the Tennessee Valley Authority. And moreover, it plays around with the idea that probably there is discrimination against the South in the existing rate structure, and that something ought to be done about it!

But what under heaven has the Tennessee Valley Authority to do with that? Why, nothing, save that the Federal Government has acquired huge properties in the South and that the Tennessee Valley Authority is faced with the problem of making the balance sheet show up well for those properties. Nothing, but the fact that better freight rates might help economic conditions in the South, including the Tennessee Valley, and so help that balance sheet no end.

Note on a Parson

We feel a little sorry for the Rev. Mr. Datt, who probably is intended, when he said, upon hearing that the Duke of Windsor proposed to visit his church on Armistice day, that he wished the Duke wouldn't—all he meant, probably, was that he was afraid that there'd be a mob and a smash, and that the Duke would be injured. He turned into a circus for gapers. That's an entirely understandable sentiment on the part of an Anglican clergyman or of any other sensible parson for that matter. And for our part, we think the sentiment might well be taken to heart by a good many gentlemen of the cloth this side of the water.

All the same the Rev. Mr. Datt was guilty of a stupid indiscretion. There was something said a long while ago, as we remember, that a hundred sheep being more difficult to concern of the church than the ninety-nine safe in the fold, and the parson ought to have known that, things being as they were, his remark would inevitably be interpreted as putting himself in competition with him his church—in the position of closing the door against a sheep, who if he exactly lost is, by the church code, certainly a little strayed.

Yes, the Rev. Mr. Datt committed a stupid indiscretion. So probably, he deserves all the grief he is getting.

Conspiracy With a Difference

In the Wagner Labor Relations Act there isn't, as everybody ought to know by now, a single mention of unfair labor practices by labor. The sins which employers might commit are mentioned in the act, but the act, with ample penalties, but the act seems to presuppose that labor is going to behave itself like the perfect little gentleman it sometimes isn't.

Thursday the National Labor Relations Board ordered Consolidated Edison Company to break its exclusive contract with the Brotherhood of Electrical Workers, an AFL affiliate, and to notify its employees that they were free to join any union of their choice. The board's action followed a complaint by a CIO electrical workers union that the company and the AFL union had between them conspired to freeze out the CIO crowd.

And to encourage or interfere with membership in any union is, in the part of the employer, much the same as an unfair labor practice. Hence, Consolidated Edison is chargeable with a felony under the statute and, if guilty, punishable by a stiff fine or a prison sentence. But what about its partner in this alleged crime, the AFL union? Why, nothing about it. The law is mute on the point of labor malpractices. It doesn't seem very sensible, but nevertheless it is the law.

The Joke's on Somebody

Every now and again we get a form letter from a man in New York City by the preposterous name of Alonzo B. Bee. We reckon he's a middle-aged person, since he has a street address and everything. We know he's a very much wrought-up correspondent, as shown by the sort of letters he turns out. They are all about a Free Press, the Constitution

ship. How proportionate Mr. Bee's name as you will discover in a title if you but abbreviate his first name: A. B. Bee (A B C—get it?). His parents, to have christened a child that, must have been either in a very playful mood or in a very grim one. The only way we know that all at all compares with it is Hyacinthine Ringrose. He's a real person, too, we think, and a man to the bargain. Anyhow, it lives in New York.

IT SEEMS TO ME

By HEYWOOD BROWN

"THE doctor said, 'Can you spare me an hour?'" You see, I'd asked him what was the matter with me and my work and life in general. To make a long story short, he found that I was suffering from a common complaint, although he admitted that this was one of the worst cases he had ever encountered. It seems that I am far too kind, which means that underneath a smiling exterior, moldering lava is churning around and devastating my nervous system.

"Look at Venus!" said the doctor dramatically. All I could see on the wall was a painting of two or three deer, a nude lady, a skyscraper and a bunch of grapes. It was labeled, for no particular reason, "Nocturne." It turned out that the physician meant me to look at Venus in my mind's eye. "The thing that keeps that mountain going," the doctor explained, "is the fact that every once and so often it erupts. You should do the same. When you sit down at your typewriter to do a column think of some person or thing you're mad at, and then let go. Turn on the heat; use a full swing; don't pull your punches."

WAS TO BE MAD

"But suppose I go to work tomorrow and I'm not mad at anybody in particular?" I objected. "I can't wait until Bill Green every day." "Don't talk nonsense," he answered. "Of course you're mad at lots of people. Every one of us is, twenty-four hours of the day. Without good sustaining hate, life could not go on. That's your trouble. You're inhibited."

I guess he's right, because sometimes I just can't remember anybody I'm sore at, or if I am I've forgotten his name. My hate may be familiar, but I can't seem to place it. And so at the end of the doctor and I compromised.

The present arrangement is that on three days out of every six I must be indignant in my column. On the other three I can be my old sweet self, and on Sundays all I have to do is to kick the dog around. But there is one last added, for the days of benevolence. After dishing out some scraps for the paper I am under orders to go back to my painting. The doctor thinks this may serve to release my inhibitions. The column, for instance, could be something very unwhimsical and charming about a dog or a sunset in the country, but the minute I'm done with the attempt to imitate Louisa May Alcott my instructions are to go straight to the studio and paint myself a thunderstorm or a couple of venomous trees.

GOOD GRAY HEYWOOD

So far the system is working out terribly. I still have sugar in my newspaper and all the landscapes are benign and smiling. Unless I can pull myself together I'm sure I'm far from being a kind of combination of Charles Dickens and Maxfield Parrish. Almost any day now somebody is going to be calling me "the good gray journalist," and I look out of the window fearfully to see whether a delegation of kiddies has come from the neighborhood to sing me the song with "Happy Birthday to You!"

It looks as if the doctor was all wrong. There is no hope in my unconscious. Even if I got rid of my inhibitions I won't be Dean Swift. The net result will be much more like Eddie Gwert. I'm not Vesuvius; that's a couple of other mountains. What the doctor diagnosed as moldering lava is really cold molasses and honey. Good night, everybody. Sweet dreams.

Visiting Around

She Any Kin to King Cypriah of Virginia? (Careful Messengers)
Miss Edna Pearl Hunt and roommate from Whitford College accompanied by Tom Whiffle, poetess of Yarnerville, visited in the home of Empress Carter Saturday night.

To the Chairs or the Factory? ("Long Ago" Item, David Record)
The chair factory was closed several days last week while repairs were being made.

Whattas Myler With Mr. —? He (Dumb Record)
J. P. —, of R. 3, and John Gault, of Cass, R. 1, were in town on business Thursday. Mr. Gault paid our office a pleasant call.

Horns Disturb Death Service

Noises Abatement Depends On Aid Of Police Force, And They Rarely Cooperate.

It was very much interested in the noise abatement campaign which you put on so strongly but have always felt that the success of a campaign of this kind ultimately depends on the cooperation of the individual policeman. As an instance of the lack of cooperation, I would like to relate the following.

Several days ago I attended the funeral of a prominent citizen held in one of the funeral parlors on North Tryon Street.

Directly opposite this place is a garage, and during the prayer the drivers of two cars, one blue and one green, held a horn-blowing contest while on the sidewalk in front of the garage and another car evidently suffering with some kind of motor trouble, raged its motor restlessly, with the result you can readily hear a word. But it did not disturb the police lieutenant in charge of traffic, who stood in the doorway, between two city and two county policemen stationed on the sidewalk in front of the home.

A GUSCHNER (WHO IS NOT DEAD).

HOEY'S GOOD GOVERNOR BUT NOT A LITTLE OVERWORKING PAROLEE?

Dear Sir:

It appears to me that while Clyde Hoey is making an excellent governor in many respects, he is making entirely too much use of his pardon and parole power.

In the paper almost every day there is a story saying that the governor has granted a parole to three, four, or even ten prisoners, most of them long-termers, and who have served but a small part of their sentence. Many of these paroled men sooner gain their freedom than that they return to their former life of crime and sooner or later are returned to the state penitentiary.

I recognize the fact that the pardon and parole power is a very definite and important place in our system of penology. I am not saying that the governor should be deprived of this power. However, I am saying that Governor Hoey seems to be making much freer use of it than any of his predecessors.

TOO MANY RULES TEND TO SPOIL PURPOSE OF HIGH SCHOOL DANCES

Dear Sir:

I am informed that before one of the Central High School dances can take a girl to one of the school dances, she must go to the office of the principal, give his name, the name, address, and telephone number of the girl he is to take. Then the school authorities call the girl or her parents, ask if the boy has a date with her.

The idea, of course, is to guard against the wrong girls being taken to the dances. It may be, but the idea is so stupid that there is so much red tape and so much evidence of supervision that it is no wonder that most of the students would rather go somewhere else.

Even after the date has been the official seal of approval, the supervision is not ended. At the dance the conduct of the dances is closely observed, and there is a strict rule against leaving the school grounds at intermission for any purpose, however innocent.

I had always thought dancing a means of escape. Escape from dull care and rules.

REES CURRENT POLITICS AS BATTLE BETWEEN NEW DEAL AND THE OLD STAL CROWD

Dear Sir:

Since the days of Moses, Joel, and Amos, we have had continued battle between honesty and dishonesty, selfishness and unselfishness. Today it is the battle of the New Deal against the Old Deal. The Old Deal combination was paralytic for 1933, 1934 and a part of 1935. But it began activities in 1935. For over a year it has been a most violent battle. The Old Deal trying to crush the New Deal. A great part of the New Deal has been crushed and badly denied and brushed.

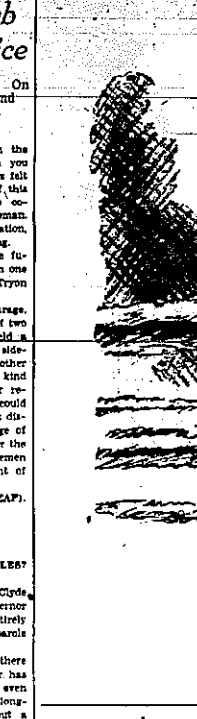
In 1932 and prior thereto, and in early 1933, the Old Deal was in full power. For the past few months, by use of hatred, malice, falsehood, selfish stamps and deceptions, the Old Deal combination has sunk its very low in the direction of the red hot flames of 1932.

Some destroyers of the New Deal and members of the Old Deal combine have been frightened, and in a panic, so many Haystacks burned on their own scaffolds and burned with their own fire, and they are now calling on the New Deal for help. There is no hope for this nation except in the doctrine of the New Deal and its honesty, unselfishness, right and justice.

R. L. GODWIN.

The Reverse English

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)
"We'll be better and stronger!" says London. "If you'll carry the ball!" Not us. The interference in our games runs ahead.



What Price Prudery?

By Hugh S. Johnson

(Editor's Note—This is a speech which one of the leading broadcasting companies of the United States refused to allow General Johnson to broadcast over the radio on the night of November 10.)

This is a talk about Public Enemies No. One and Two. They do so much harm to all our criminals combined. They are particularly vicious because their favorite victims are innocent women and children in arms. But they are no respecters of persons. They attack the strong as well as the weak and in many cases, ruin both for life. They corrupt and sometimes darken the lives of youth of both sexes. They are more powerful than any other cause in the creation of a real criminal class of the most murderous and dangerous sort. They do more to fill hospitals, jails and insane asylums than any other public enemy.

They have been permitted so widely to ravage as they will in this country for two reasons: first, they are the most stealthy and deceptive of human enemies. They sometimes approach in the most appealing and unsuspected guise and in the most secret relationships.

The second reason why they have been permitted to bring so much misery upon all people is that, until very recently, there was a conspiracy among our human society to conceal and protect—not only them—but all their deadly methods and, above all, the widespread evidence of their terrible crimes.

Fortunately, that is all changed now. Public opinion about this country-which complacency have condemned it overwhelmingly by expressions by people of all classes. The most meticulous of writers, newspapers, journals, and the radio have agreed to drag these reptiles from their holes into the light of day and end their hideous power to harm humanity.

Of course, Public Enemies No. One and Two are the two social or venereal diseases called syphilis and gonorrhea. We didn't like to talk about them because they are frequently conveyed in the sex relationship—though by no means exclusively. Syphilis can be otherwise conveyed. Especially in its destructive effects in mind and body, it is often hereditary, or a misfortune of the parent, or a result of their innocent children. Gonorrhea is not hereditary in that sense, but it is the most frequent cause of blindness in newly-born babies after infection of their eyes at birth by venereal innocuous mothers.

The germ of syphilis is an infinitesimal little animal. It may be transmitted by contact as slight as a kiss by an infected person through some tiny scratch or abrasion giving access to the victim's blood. There it multiplies and usually first reveals itself in a kind of pimple at the point of infection two or three weeks later. A rash frequently appears and sometimes runs through. In these early stages it is easily and quickly and usually treated, but only if it is taken to a reputable physician and promptly treated. It is in the stages beyond this when it becomes one of the greatest plagues of the human race.

If not promptly eradicated, it begins to destroy the tissues of nerves or brain or bone or body—and one destroyed, they never can be restored. This is what causes insanity of a particularly dangerous and murderous sort. Here it becomes a cause of the most vicious crimes. When the disease is transmitted to children and children's children—it brings them into the world blind or insane or idiotic or monstrous or horribly deformed or lacking in one or more badly members of functions.

Gonorrhea is caused by a quicker-acting germ which is passed also by contact and wherever it can reach exposed mucous membrane. The eyes are especially sensitive and very hard to treat to prevent quick blindness. It causes a violent and painful infection, beginning in three to ten days, which also can be cured promptly if treated immediately and by a reputable doctor. If not treated at once by the best methods, it may spread along bodily tracts to cause the most serious of complications in vital organs, especially among women. If neglected, it can cause almost unbearable suffering, sterility, a sometimes fatal heart affliction and an almost incurable and crippling joint disease. It is by far the most widespread of the two syphilis and is almost universal as a venereal disease among loose moral characters of both sexes.



We Love to Laugh

(New York Times)

Science is scoring record-breaking victories these days. Only a few weeks ago it was established by actual laboratory test that men perspire when the room temperature rose above a certain point, and shivered when it dropped below another level—something which none of us had previously suspected. Now science has proved conclusively that human beings prefer to be gay rather than miserable. In the latter case, however, we register a slight advance over ancient and traditional knowledge. We are given the precise proportion of laughter to tears.

Our vibrations, it seems, are tickled 200 times as often as our tear ducts are stimulated. Perhaps that supplies the scientific explanation of why this column is more often cheerful than sad and why it is so often a little more than one offers merchandise on the principle that the customer is always right.

It is Professor Paul Thomas Young of the University of Illinois Psychology Department who has measured the tears and the laughter. He has been conducting studies on college students on his campus and thinks his conclusions would hold good for other and older folk; he traces the emotional extremes in environmental and social factors and not to physical disturbance among the subjects. It may be that the more or less protective college student laughs a bit more frequently than his father or mother and is a little less inclined to worry or hunt trouble. But the 600-to-1 ratio leaves plenty of margin to follow the trend.

Professor Young found that college students laugh more often than twice a time every day. Weeping was caused 80 or 90 per cent of the time by environment. But laughter was evoked 90 per cent of the time by social contacts. As would be expected in college, the chief source of joy or sorrow was class grades. Letters received or not received, especially those containing checks from home, ranked second. "Dates" as an element of their tumbled glory a way down the list, settling into tenth place.

In these tests men proved more consistently cheerful than women. The ladies wept three times as often and laughed more frequently to see the comic aspect of the life around them. But perhaps they laughed quite a bit more than the men than the men did at them.

Nature of Liberals

Mr. W. H. Davis, Editor-Reformer, writes all my life been a student from across and a cringer from criticism. I yet have observed with varied emotions those who profess to be pioneers along the highway of conventional conduct, and those few whom the explorer territory marked forbidden. And of their traits strikes me as peculiar. Why, if they are supremely indifferent to what others may say, do they so furiously resent anything being said about them? Why, if they themselves are absolute freedom, do they persist in judging others?

Watch, look, and listen, and you will find that much of the harshest criticism you hear comes from those who continue to assert that what they themselves say and do is nobody's business, but their own. I said this was peculiar. Perhaps I meant that it is human.



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