The Charlotte News

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1937

Somebody Else

Here, from the monthly review of one of the leading banking houses, is an interesting comment on business conditions:

No marked change has been apparent in the industrial and trading conditions in this country during the past month. There has been evidence of further seasonal expansion in some directions and the heavy industries have continued to experience *considerable pressure on their productive capacity . . .*

That's something to write home about — so many orders in the heavy industries that it's a job filling them. But, alas! the bank commenting is Barclays of London, and it's conditions in England they're talking about, not the United States. In the United States something has happened to cause the heaviest industry of all, steel, to operate at only a third of its productive capacity.

Let's Not Brag — Yet

In the first eleven months of 1936, according to police records, Charlotte had 33 murders. In the first eleven months of this year it had 25 — a drop of eight.

That's something, but before we begin to crow about it, maybe we'd better pose the question to ourselves: how much of something? It gets us practically back to 1935, when we had 29 for the whole year. Yet in 1931, it had been only 29, too, and in 1932 it actually fell to 24 — to climb in 1933 to 41, and in 1934 to 43! Looked at from that perspective, our drop this year may conceivably be nothing but one of those fluctuations in an upward trend.

But hoping for the best, we still have our work cut out for us. In 1936 the murder and non-negligent homicide rate (and non-negligent homicides are not included in these murder figures for Charlotte) for all New England towns with more than 10,000 people was only 1.1 per 100,000. We have the Negro to complicate our problem, to be sure, but New England towns swarm with aliens, including Italians, who are supposed to be criminally inclined. Again, even the towns of the Pacific Coast, and the Rocky Mountain States, swarming with Mexicans, Japanese, and Chinese, had a rate of only 5 per 100,000. Yes, and we are still greatly overtopping the Southern rate, too. For in 1936 all towns in the South with more than 10,000 people averaged just 18 to the 100,000!

Treats and Training

Dr. Walter L. Lingle, president of Davidson College, said something the other day that is eminently worth repeating. The question of subsidizing athletes in order to gather together better football material had been brought up — in fact, it always is up — and The Davidsonian, the college newspaper, had come out frankly for athletic scholarships. Dr. Lingle didn't think it was possible for Davidson to raise enough money to compete with the schools having six or eight times as many students, but that was only his superficial objection. His essential objection was that,

"Worst of all, such a policy would change not only the spirit of the team, but the whole atmosphere and spirit of the college."

Of course it would have been a treat to Davidson alumni and all other football fans, a treat beyond compare, to have seen Quarterback Tommy Lafferty function this year behind a line of full-grown men, and undoubtedly he would have gone to town, with that change of pace he has, many, many times. But we are thinking at the moment more of Thomas Frank Purdy, Davidson's 145-pound center, who played the season through against opposing centers in the 200-pound class, and never cried for quarter. Somehow we can't help believing that what Davidson missed in not having Maronics and Brunauskys in front of Lafferty was more than made up in having Purdys on the varsity. That, in all probability, is what Dr. Lingle had in mind.

Wanted—A Superlative

Writing in his official organ *Il Popolo d'Italia*, Signor Mussolini yesterday had to say:

"In a supremely idiotic dilemma — butter or cannon — we have made our choice — cannon."

Well, it is a supremely idiotic dilemma, granted. Butter is good for satisfying the bellies of men and making their faces grow round and merry. And cannon — cannon are only good for killing poor niggers in Ethiopia, and poor Spaniards in Spain, and for getting the men who fire the cannon killed in their own turn. Butter multiplies the living, cannon multiply cadavers.

But that is hardly the sense Signor Mussolini had in mind, of course. What the Signor really meant was that Italy doesn't have enough butter, and to get it Italy was reaping in cannon. Well, and does that work? Has Ethiopia and the Spanish adventure brought more butter to Italy? The answer is that they have made butter much less plentiful than it has ever been in Italy — that the price is around 80 cents a pound, more than a day's pay for many Italian workmen. The answer is that Ethiopia and Spain are costing the Signor ten dollars for every one he gets out of them. The answer is that the only thing Italy is getting out of Ethiopia and Spain is more material to build more cannon — to make still less butter in Italy.

The dilemma is idiotic, granted. But what is the word for the Signor's solution of the dilemma?

Q. E. D.

The House undoubtedly had its own canny reasons for voting down the proposed investigation as to how sufficient signatures were obtained to force the wage and hour bill to the floor from the hands of the Rules Committee. But it's just as well. Investigations, as experiences have shown, cost money — a lot of it — and don't always prove anything.

Besides, everybody already knows how those signatures were obtained. The Associated Press and the other news agencies have been telling us plainly for the last ten days how it was being done. In brief, it was by the familiar American parliamentary devicing of rolling a log, or, to change the figure, swapping a hoss. Many — most — of the Southern representatives are keen for the subsidies for cotton farmers which the farm bill provides. Many — most — of the Yankee representatives from industrial districts, and especially from New England, want the wage and hour bill which the Southerners don't want. All right, then, said the frustrated ones; if we can't get our measure, be sure you won't get yours, unless you'll listen to reason. . . . That's how it was done, and the discovery hasn't cost a cent.

Elucidating a Lady

Magistrate Mark Rudich of Manhattan missed the point.

This week they haled before him Miss Margaret Greenbeck, described as 25 and pretty. The charge was that upon receiving a ticket for too much using of her horn in traffic she advised Copper Fred Schweyer that he could "go to hell."

The Magistrate graciously dismissed the lovely, and told Copper Schweyer somewhat sternly:

"In the ordinary course of our life . . . it is quite possible that you can go to hell. Miss Greenbeck's remark wasn't a command or a wish but a simon pure statement of fact."

But, for reasons of feminine psychology we are not going into, we are practically certain that the magistrate missed the point. What Miss Greenbeck really meant to tell the cop, we trow, was that he could go to hell for all of her — that if she should see Auld Hornie toting him off alive to the pit she'd never by so much as the lift of a finger or an eyebrow remonstrate with him. Nay, Miss Greenbeck insinuated darkly, we suspect, that she would be delighted to see the cop get what was coming to him.

All that the magistrate missed — probably, we suppose, because he'd never been told to go to hell by a lady.

Straight Stuff

Once before this we have remarked how Washington Merry-Go-Round, front page feature of The News, had undergone a gradual transformation from a gossipy, keyhole column into a reliable inside governmental news service. Which is not to say, necessarily, that the Messers Allen and Pearson are psychic or even infallible, but that they are frequently Johnnies-on-the-spot.

A sample in point. In a Merry-Go-Round release received in this office last Saturday, the statement was made that the ballyhooed conferences between the President and a couple of power magnates weren't as resultful as they had been cracked up to be, that Roosevelt had really promised nothing at all. A tentative agreement had been reached on only two points: the "prudent investment" rate basis and the throwing out of all valuation "write-ups" disclosed in a study made several years ago by the Federal Trade Commission.

That was given to the printers last Saturday, mind you. Wednesday, came an AP Washington dispatch quoting "informed persons" to the effect that some of the terms proposed by the power magnates were unacceptable to the administration and that the only meeting of minds in the conferences was on the "prudent investment" rate basis and the elimination of valuation "write-ups" as disclosed in the FTC study. That's precisely what Merry-Go-Round had said, only it said it several days earlier and on its own authority.

PART SECOND, NRA HISTORY

By HUGH S. JOHNSON

WASHINGTON.—This is No. 2 of a series of three columns, tracing the development of the antagonism and distrust between the business community and the Administration. No. 1, yesterday, related the almost cloying sweetness of the 1933 honeymoon — which lasted scarcely a month before a little rift began. This chapter deals with events leading up to the divorce.

The beginning of this rift is not to be charged to the President. When the New Deal began to form, conditions were terrible and all business cuddled up to government in complete cooperation. The prompt steps taken acted by anticipation. Dollar-devaluation, the certainty of higher prices for farm products and higher costs in industry, all induced a sudden and tremendous wave of buying.

* * *

BUSINESS QUITS COOPERATION

Most of all, the air was electric with a new hope and courage that had been for three years dead. NRA made 2,785,000 jobs. All prices started sky-rocketing. A palpable boom was under way. "The Devil was sick, the Devil a monk would be. The Devil was well, the devil a monk was he." The warmth of the promise of cooperation in NRA chilled perceptibly in its fulfillment.

The steel code, which was really ready for submission, was unaccountably delayed. The specific promise I had from industry of the very cream of technical and other experts to man the NRA organization was never fulfilled. Delayed proposed codes began to carry impossible monopolistic proposals. Suddenly, the insertion of a real wedge in the opening rift was felt. From one end of the country to the other so spontaneously as to suggest concerted action, there was a tidal wave of organization by management of company unions.

* * *

SABOTAGE FROM WITHIN

On the other side, forces within government began to act up. All the food industry's codes had been taken out of NRA and put in AAA—which didn't like any part of NRA. It was opposed to labor's pretensions. It regarded the industries as a revening pack of conscienceless and crooked wolves—and made that regard perfectly evident in every conference. The things that were said and done—or rather not done—in those conferences and related with growing exaggeration, caused thousands of business men to tag all the New Deal with this unauthorized nonsense, and to begin to see the whole government sky dark with goblins' wings.

There was a similar inter-departmental sabotage. The Recovery Act specifically authorized cooperation within industries with governmental participation and regulation. To that extent the anti-trust acts were amended. The Federal Trade Commission simply omitted to concede the amendment. It continued to harass and threaten industry for doing precisely what the President had authorized them to do under the Recovery Act.

The President could never make up his mind where he stood in the crossfire. Business, bewildered and embittered, charged a lack of faith. All these causes, with plenty of blame on both sides, by March 1934, had shattered the sweet peace of June 1933 and headed the honeymoon for Reno.

Tomorrow will be discussed the transition from this stage of mere mutual resentment to mutually meditated revenge.

Visiting Around

Ouch!
(Chester Reporter)

An egg 7 1-4 inches in circumference and 4 5-12 inches long was laid last week by one of Mrs. H. K. McGarity's White Leghorns.

So Is There in a Hearse
("Sidelights," Goldsboro News-Argus)

H. H. Jenkins and his boys are still proud of that lovely house-on-wheels they bought some months back. Mr. Jenkins promises me a ride in it. Says there is one place in it where I can lie down and stretch out.

Weed Buyers Ought To Put Off Openings

Early Markets Benefit Nobody But Warehousemen And The Auctioneers.

Dear Sir:

Do you remember that back yonder when O. Max Gardner was Governor of North Carolina, he started a "Live at Home" campaign for our farmers, and produced figures on feed and food stuff importations into this state to prove that if the North Carolina farmers would grow their own feeds and food stuffs they would be nigh on to 100 per cent better off? Well, there was one glaring factor that tended to upset the Governor's plan then, and it is even more of a factor now. The tobacco warehouses in Piedmont North Carolina open 30 to 45 days too soon!

Honestly now, what excuse is there for a tobacco warehouse to open before November 15? Or even a better date, December 1? The farmer needs money in the fall to pay off his debts? Oh, yeah? what debts will he pay off in September or November that cannot run on until December, or January 1? Admitted that the farmer wants the better part of the money from his cash crop by Christmas and January 1, why can't he get it, and more of it, if the warehouses will delay their opening until the farmers have gathered and saved their feed, hay, corn, etc.? The warehouses remain open until after Christmas? Sure they do, most of them in Piedmont North Carolina, but have you ever seen it fall that tobacco prices go down about a month after the warehouses first open?

* * *

Let us advance all the arguments we can think of for early openings.

(1) The majority of warehouse men open in August or September in South Carolina, Georgia, or eastern North Carolina, then move on into Piedmont North Carolina and Virginia. Thus they get an opportunity to do two or three times as much business as they would do if they had to confine to one locality. They get an auction fee per pile sold, a handling charge, and two and one-half per cent of the farmer's sale. Just figure the total money received by farmers in the tobacco belt, and then figure this two and one-half per cent alone, and you can see what the warehouse business represents.

(2) The same set of buyers for a company can finish the southern and eastern North Carolina rush seasons move on into Piedmont North Carolina and Virginia, Kentucky, etc., and thus save the tobacco manufacturers from hiring additional buyers. Again if a certain locality furnishes all of a certain grade needed by a company, they stock up at a price, then cease bidding, or else take it at what they want to bid.

(3) Early openings give the farmer who wants to rush to market a quicker source of cash, it's true. It gives the landowner who rents out a good excuse to encourage only cash crops, because he must make his tenant get on the first opening markets to get best prices, thus neglecting feed saving, food storage, etc. I speak from bitter experience here, having taken another two to four hundred dollar loss on a crop this year because my tenants are being encouraged to save their food and feed stuffs before cold weather, high fall freshets, etc.

Summarizing the last three paragraphs: Early openings are all to the advantage of the warehouse men, and the tobacco companies. They can be turned to the advantage of the land owner only through sacrificing his tenant's chance of independent living.

HENRY HARDCASTLE.

Charlotte.

Want a Ghost?

(New York Times)

Every one has noticed that odd things are offered for sale in the classified columns, but a London newspaper recently offered the strangest so far on record. It is a disembodied spirit, no less, and the owner will give it away. The advertisement reads: "Haunted wardrobe—advertiser will be glad to deliver same to anybody interested, complete with ghost, which would also, no doubt, feel more at home if welcomed."

Investigation revealed the advertiser as Mrs. B. Barclay, of Caterton Manor, Oxfordshire. She says she bought the wardrobe, a rather ordinary piece of walnut furniture, three years ago for $50. She put it in a guest room and thought no more about it. But—

"Just about three months ago," she says, "some friends who were staying the week-end asked me if I could account for the strange opening and shutting of the wardrobe drawers which kept them awake all night. The noise has since continued nightly."

"And that is not all," Mrs. Barclay declares. "The figure of an elderly man in old-fashioned clothes, wearing a kind of deer-stalker cap, now walks downstairs and out of the front door every evening. I see him myself by the electric light and have tried to touch him, but he vanished in my fingers. I am not psychic, nor am I nervous, but this wretched ghost makes such a noise.

"I can get no one to stay at the manor. My staff gave notice and my friends decline week-end invitations."

BELIEVE IT OR NOT — By Ripley

Registered U. S. Patent Office

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

Explanation of Today's Cartoon

THE GREATEST DOCTOR OF HIS TIME—Dr. Tobias Cohn (1652-1729) was born at Metz, France, educated at Cracow, Poland, and at Frankfurt, Germany, graduated at Padua, Italy, practiced medicine in Poland and at Adrianople, Turkey, where he was the personal physician to five successive sultans of Turkey (Mohammed, Suleiman, Ahmad, Mustapha and Ahmad III). He wrote in nine languages (Hebrew, German, Italian, French, Spanish, Turkish, Latin, Greek and Arabic).

IT SEEMS TO ME

By HEYWOOD BROUN

PAY no attention to the familiar proverb. As a matter of fact, the burnt child is fascinated by the fire and will continue to scorch its fingers over and over again. Unfortunately, mistakes are more often habit forming than educational. If this were not true we should not have again a resurgence of the monstrous twaddle about charitable organizations being capable of taking over the work of relief. This system broke down utterly in the years following the crash of 1929.

I speak in part out of a certain amount of personal observation, since I helped to run an employment bureau for a few months in 1930. Our motives were excellent and our utility almost negligible. During the period of the experiment we cooperated closely with most of the large charitable organizations, and many of the men and women who worked in these bureaus were extremely candid in admitting the limitation of their own groups.

I am not contending, of course, that Community Chests and similar drives do no good at all, but their scope should never be and can never be more than supplemental. Private and semi-public welfare organizations are always built upon the conception that they are dispensing charity. That in itself is an inadequate cornerstone. It starts off on the wrong foot. Relief is justice. It should never even be thought of in terms of charity.

* * *

POVERTY LAID TO SIN

Again, I feel that the sharp separation of church and state is just as important in relief as in education. It is extremely difficult to keep denominational religion out of private charity. And with it comes the phrase "the deserving poor" and the notion that in very many cases poverty is a kind of divine visitation which is sent as a punishment for sin.

It has been said that under Federal relief there is a tendency to regiment all unemployed persons into support of the administration in power. If this is true it is a grievous fault.

But I wonder whether the cause of freedom would be much promoted if we were to drop that system and take over another in which all the hungry were obliged to sing a hymn for their supper. I am well aware of the fact that some of the large private charities, although religious in character, try hard not to mix evangelism with the stew. Even so, the odor of sanctity does creep into the soup kitchen.

* * *

THEY WERE ALL BAPTISTS

In 1930 the Rev. Randolph Ray, rector of the Little Church Around the Corner, ran a breadline. He was a man of broad human sympathies, and he tried his darndest to give out the tickets entitling each recipient to a 20-cent breakfast without any catechising whatsoever.

But he admitted to me that on one certain morning a kind of reportorial curiosity overcame him, and as he dispensed the crumbs of comfort he said to each man, "I beg your pardon, but would you mind telling me your religious affiliations, if any?" It was his intention, of course, to give to every man a ticket regardless of the answer, but it so happened that the first unfortunate in the line said "Baptist" in a loud, clear voice. He got his breakfast card and went on.

The man behind him took the answer to be the password, and before the astonished eyes of Dr. Ray there then passed without a break two hundred and seventy-six Baptists. In the administration of relief I maintain that this is too many Baptists.

Red Bird in Winter

(Raleigh Times)

On the cover of one of the magazines that constitute the libraries of the Sport Shops, we see an affecting picture. It is that of a particularly husky and wicked looking fox stalking a cardinal in the snow.

The bird, in spite of its wintry surroundings, is presented in a brilliant red suggestive of its country colors in the mating season. The whole business is arrant nonsense, and if Jacob Bates Abbott, the artist, or the National Sportsman of dear old Boston knows the first primer lesson in Nature, the fact is not evident.

Our familiar red cardinal of Spring and Summer is a drab these days, going about his business, almost indistinguishable from his mate, and dressed in rusty brown. When Winter comes, the once bright and vociferous bird is not only in monk's garb but almost as silent as the Sphinx.

Both color and song depend upon Love for motivation; and, when it comes to Nature, love requires sun, and freezes at a very moderately low temperature.

The Returning Castle

(Spartanburg Herald)

It sounds like a whimsical notion and yet there is an element of stern reality in saying that a new type of fortified home or castle is about to arrive. Architects in important cities are considering how roofs may be constructed to endure bombing and to sustain anti-aircraft guns in energetic action. Scores of high-power anti-aircraft guns set high on skyscraper roofs in New York City, for instance, and manned by expert gunners could help materially in making the air above unhealthy for enemy bombers.

Over in Europe people who are able to do it are burrowing underneath their homes to prepare bomb-proof refuges. No doubt many a roof will be built to stand up under anti-aircraft guns in action. All of this at least reminds one of the days when important families lived in fortress homes called castles. Gun powder knocked them out of the picture. Will airplanes bring back fortified homes of a new style?

Earlier Days

News of 75 and 100 Years Ago From Files in the State Library at Raleigh

DECEMBER 3, 1862
75 YEARS AGO
CONFEDERATE PRIVATEERS

The English papers according to the Etna of New York, devote much space to remarks concerning the Confederate privateers. The London Star, after speaking of the depredations of the Alabama, remarks:—"It is known that as many as nine other ships are being built or equipped in British harbors for the service of the Confederates."

A letter from New York dated Wednesday says:

The mercantile letters from Liverpool and Havre received by the Etna are devoted largely to the ways of the Confederate steamer, Alabama. Ship agencies write to their correspondents here that it is next to impossible to secure freight for American bottoms, and that, until the Alabama is swept from the seas our vessels might as well stay on this side—nobody there being disposed to charter them, except at ruinous premium.

—Fayetteville Observer.

DECEMBER 3, 1937
100 YEARS AGO

We understand that a communication has been addressed by the Secretary of State of the United States, by direction of the President, to the Governor of this state requesting his attention to any movements, growing out of the present contest in the Canadas that may violate the laws of the United States passed to preserve the relations of amity with foreign powers and fulfill the obligations of our country with them, and requesting also his prompt interference to arrest the parties concerned if any preparations are made of a hostile nature against any foreign power in amity with the United States.

Similar communications have been addressed to the executives of Vermont and Michigan and to the district attorneys and marshals of those states and this.

The courier states that the British Consuls have sent to England and to the British Minister in Washington depositions establishing in part, that movements are going on in this city and in Vermont in behalf of the Canadians.

—New York Express.

Watch Our Step

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)

Ham Fish sees us being led into the League by the back door. We must remember to step over Haile Selassie, if the alley is dark.

Oh!

(Norfolk Virginian-Pilot)

Complaint is made that the Senate farm bill runs to 87 pages. It has everything, its critics say, except control.