The Charlotte News

Established October 1, 1888. Consolidated with The Observer, May 1, 1912. Published daily and Sunday by The News Publishing Company, Inc. W. G. Dowd, Jr., President and General Manager. J. E. Dowd, Manager. W. G. Dowd, 1888-1937.

The only edition of The Charlotte News published in 1938. The Sunday edition was added in 1918. The Evening Chronicle established in 1902, was purchased by and consolidated with The Charlotte News May 1, 1912.

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	One Year	Six Mos.	Three Mos.
By Carrier	$10.40	$5.20	$2.60
By Mail	6.00	4.00	2.00
Sunday only	2.00	1.00	

30 cents per week by carrier

We seek truth, that we may follow it.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 20, 1938

Warm Night in February

By ordinary they were in their rooms or a picture house at nine o'clock in the evening, but now at ten o'clock they were still walking, aimlessly. In groups, in twos, alone. Up and down. The wind came around the corners, cool and damp and sweet. They threw up their heads, sniffed, and went on with a wickness that somehow was less than brisk, somehow locked within themselves.

The usual staccato of the wheeled traffic flattened into a long swirling, underneath which silence lay, palpable. The high school girls walking in the street before their homes stepped a step or two now and then, and grew again sedate. They giggled, but not very loud. Two small boys moseyed on their way, conversing in muted tones. A youth in a leather jacket made a noise with his mouth, snickered with his companions, and suddenly subsided. Against the thick red glare in the sky, houses that by day are commonplace and ugly stood out black and secretive — required cut-out towers and battlements. The wind rose, slithering bits of paper along the sidewalk, and softened again.

The town stirred in the prison house of Winter, flung out its limbs, and lay pensive, waiting for the coming Spring.

Reynard and the Grapes

Senator Capper of Kansas stands in very striking contrast to Senators Pepper, Andrews, and Overton, these days. Senators Pepper and Andrews think Florida needs at least one new Federal District Judge and maybe two; and Senator Overton is positive that Louisiana needs two; whereas Senator Capper not only doesn't think that Kansas needs a new judge but roundly denounces the scheme to give her one willy-nilly as a gross waste of the public funds and as "court-packing."

Are we to assume, then, that Senator Capper is a man of superior integrity to Senators Pepper, Andrews, and Overton? more tender of his conscience for the public welfare? Perhaps, but, by the record, we see no reason to suppose it. And there is a simpler and more obvious explanation at hand, to wit:

Senators Pepper, Andrews, and Overton are Democrats from stout Democratic states, and if those states get new judges, Senators Pepper, Andrews, and Overton will likely have the naming of them, to their own political aggrandizement. But Senator Capper — poor Capper is a Republican from a state which went Democratic for the first time in the last election, and where the Democrats are busily trying to build a machine to capture it next time. And poor Capper would be the very last man to have any hay in the naming of the Democrat who'd get the job as judge there.

Up Go Taxes

The House Ways and Means Committee is thumbing its way rapidly through the 1938 Revenue Bill, and the form in which the measure finally will emerge has been about settled. The controversial undistributed profits tax has been modified drastically, so that only a remnant of it remains, this affecting chiefly those ten per cent of corporations which make more than $25,000 a year.

But, all the bill will show one thing indisputably — that while there may be modifications of objectionable features of the 1936 Revenue Act, taxes are constantly going up. Under the law that the normal tax on corporate income begins at up to 20%. And 20%, according to our figuring, is one dollar for Uncle Sam out of every five dollars of profit.

Nor is that all. In addition to the gradual increase in rates, there has been a doubling up of taxation. Uncle Sam was once content to tax the income of a corporation and let the dividends of its stockholders be exempt except from surtaxes. All that has changed. This new bill taxes both the corporation upon the money it makes and the stockholder upon the dividends he receives. And the rates of tax run from 4 to 79%.

We'll Take America

"Inside Nazi Germany," the March of Time feature which has created so much interest and controversy, is the slickest piece of editorializing in celluloid that we have ever seen. Rabid Nazi sympathizers and antipathists both find it objectionable, the first on the ground that it overemphasizes the restraints of Hitler's methods and subordinates their benefits, the second on the ground that it does the opposite. Both probably are wrong, and the picture about right.

What lodges in the craw of good Americans, of course, is the lock-step regimentation of the thoughts and actions of the German people. One could be simply contentious about it and put up a fair argument that what goes on in Germany under Hitler has its counterpart or its equally objectionable antithesis in these States under the New Deal. Their labor battalions are matched by our CCC, and their Nazi relief collector by our own Internal Revenue Bureau. The behavior of Storm Troopers is surely no more high-handed than the methods of our unions when they go on strike, and the chief difference between their governmental employment policy, under which a man works at a job and a wage fixed by his regulators, and our WPA is that jobs are not provided for *all* able-bodied Americans.

Nevertheless, a difference there is, a vast difference, and no wonder it appalls us. For Hitler's Reich has seized control not only of things in Germany but of personality as well. In childhood boys and girls have incessantly drummed into them one idea — that *Der Führer* is their god and that they must bow down to him. Adult thought is controlled by the masterly expedient of commandeering all the means of public expression, so that *mein Herr* and his *Frau* hear, read and see only that which will strengthen their master's hold upon them. For those who may be so bold as to dissent from the doctrine that is dished out, there is a remedy.

They may like it, *yes*. They may feel that they are a nation united; and accord is preferable to dissension. But if they should not like it, there is nothing they could do about it, and that is where we have the advantage of them.

Lawyers and the Old Doc

In the last analysis, poor old Doc Townsend is the victim, it seems to us, of his ignorance of lawyers. As everyone knows, the overwhelming majority of that House of Representatives in Washington, for which he has been judged to have shown contempt, is made up of lawyers.

But, clearly, the old Doc didn't know what that means. He had an idea he had been peddling about the country. It was a cuckoo idea, to be sure, but he seems not to have suspected it. And when the House called him before its committee to answer questions about that idea and the movement it had started, and he had satisfied himself that it had the authority to call him, he went, apparently in the naive expectation of being treated with common courtesy. And when, instead, he found himself unmercifully hazed with sarcastic questions that insinuated all too clearly that he was a thieving scoundrel and probably a Red in the bargain, why, finally, in a mixture of anger and bewilderment, he stalked out of the hearing — to be cited for contempt.

There was nothing extraordinary in the treatment he got, of course. Perhaps his tormentors did not even mean any real discourtesy. It was simply an exhibition of the technique of the lawyer's trade in our time, and you may see it being applied to witnesses any day in almost any court. But it seems a shame, even under the lawyer-invented rule that ignorance is no excuse, to put the old Doc in jail simply because he let lawyers goad him into indignation.

On Second Thought

The League for Less Noise reveals that New York State Senator Thomas C. Desmond has introduced a bill at Albany which would provide that nobody might sound a horn on a stationary vehicle without being hauled off to the hoosegow.

We were just going to recommend the measure to our city Council, but on second thought we hesitate. The psychiatrists dope it out that what ails those people who, with their cars waiting for the green light, incessantly pound on their horns, is not, as one would naturally think, congenital idiocy, but simply that the poor devils are suffering from a complete absence of self-consciousness. Perhaps, if we should pass such a law, our city fathers would be subjecting themselves to the danger of exhibitionism. Moreover, they say that if exhibitionism is balked in one place, it immediately breaks out in another, and that if it can't get out through any sublimated manifestation, it goes back to its primitive form. And remembering also that they say that the primitive form of exhibitionism is nudism — ah, no, we think that, seeing that you can't lock up half the automobile-driving population anyhow, we may as well let well-enough alone.

ON DRAFTS AND WARS

By HUGH A. JOHNSON

WASHINGTON.—In a recent column about pensions for widows of World War veterans, I said, "After December 1, 1917, we didn't even permit men to volunteer." Several letters of ex-soldiers have called that one. One by Norman C. Ash proves that he enlisted in March 1918 and says, "Please don't let the idea get abroad that anybody who says he enlisted after December 1, is a liar."

My statement was inaccurate. On December 1, 1917, I prepared an order discontinuing voluntary enlistment of men registered for war service. That order went into effect on December 15, 1917. At that time, men below the age of 21 were not registered. It is true that a few kids enlisted after that date.

However, the mistake could not adversely affect very many men. It shouldn't adversely affect anybody. From the first days of the war it was the deliberate policy of the Government to discourage volunteering.

The Idea Was To Pick Out The Best

The idea of the draft is that the nation volunteers in mass. It is a "nation in arms." The government selects those who are to march with the colors as well as those who are to work in the industries behind the battle line. The purpose is the least possible disruption in the domestic and economic life of the nation.

You can't make that go and permit any distinction at all between selected men and volunteers. In truth you can't make it go and permit any volunteering at all. We found that out in the war. Selling that idea to the American public was a job. Some enthusiastic recruiting officer had posters printed, "Be A Went And Not A Bent." He was court-martialed. We stepped on every slam against a drafted man. The great lottery, drawing order numbers in Washington, was a selling stunt. When we started out, the relatively few volunteers were the fair-haired boys. In a few weeks such few as were still volunteering left town unnoticed. It was the "selected men" who marched away in showers of flowers and confetti.

It Succeeded Perfectly—And Why

These men were not conscripts in the ordinary sense. They were the selected perfection of this country. No other army in the war had men who, on the average, remotely compared with them in physique or intelligence. As new soldiers coming under fire without training, as many thousands did in October 1918, nothing in our history compares with their performance. The system produced better material than any method of recruitment or voluntary enlistment we ever tried.

When we started it, it was generally predicted on every past record in Britain or America that it would surely fail: "You can't use conscription in an Anglo-Saxon country." It was as nearly a perfect success as any principal war effort. It is certain that in any other major war, the country would not stand for any other system.

But what is also perfectly certain, though not as generally recognized, is that if the country is not enthusiastically for a war, it wouldn't work at all because it depends entirely on universal civilian co-operation for its effectiveness. We don't need any referendum on war. We can't fight an unpopular war.

Visiting Around

A Heck of a Way to Speak of Democrats
(Piller, Monroe Enquirer)

Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont are the only states in the union almost entirely free from poisonous serpents.

Yeh, But Don't Wait No 600 Years or the News Will Be Stale.
(Chesterfield Advertiser)

Noah was 600 years old before he learned to build an ark. Come on correspondents. Do your bit.

Who Took the Part of the Boy Friend?
(Sanford Herald)

Miss ——— held a very interesting demonstration on "Homemade Furniture."

You Wouldn't Buffalo Us, Would You?
(Lexington Dispatch)

Misses Minnie and Louise Warner, of Winston-Salem, spent last week with their uncle, Bill Cody.

Fight On Blue Laws, Is Laid To Greediness

City Pastor Charges Amusement Barons Are Responsible For Agitation On Subject

Dear Sir:

Who are the people, all over America, who are seeking to repeal Sunday laws and seeking to break down in the minds of the people the sense of the sanctuary of the Lord's Day?

They are the people mainly who make money through commercialized sports and amusements. They are well-organized and highly financed. Now do these promoters groups want to repeal Sunday laws and to secularize the Sabbath?

First: They seek to turn aside attention from their avarice by seeking to discredit those who believe in and advocate good Sunday laws. From the "Film Daily," the "Exhibitor Herald," and the "Motion Picture Herald," one, over eight years of reading, has found such contemptuous expressions as "Blue Laws" (First used by Samuel Peters, a renegade Tory who was thrown out of Connecticut in 1781), "Blue Sunday Bill," "Sunday Dog Bill," "Bluer than Indigo Bill," "Sabbath Whiskers," and "Obsolete as the dodo."

Second: These commercialized amusement concerns, such as baseball and moving pictures seek, in the name of entertainment to have themselves placed in a special privileged class. Most industries confine their operations to six days in the week but these amusement companies demand that they be permitted to carry on their business seven days in the week.

Third: Let us note that one of the great arguments used in seeking to open up the Sabbath is that it is in the interest of the "poor working men." We may well ask, "How much real interest do these commercial interests have in the working man? The fact is that most other industries now have a eight hour working day, with half day off on Saturday, and in many industries there is a full day off on Saturday.

Fourth: We hear it said in Charlotte that the Christian people, the pastors and others, cannot make men moral by law. We reply that, "Laws go a long way in helping to safeguard our people and in helping them to be good." The great value of law is to hold up standards of conduct, declaring what is right and what is wrong.

Fifth: Another argument we hear is that of "personal liberty." The advance from barbarism to civilization has been marked by the giving up of personal liberty wherever that has interfered with the good of the whole.

Thomas Carlyle declared: "Where the Sabbath is observed religion flourishes; where it is not, religion dies out or sinks into the degradation of meaningless form."

ERNEST NEAL ORR,
Pastor, Tabernacle A. R. P. Church.
Charlotte.

IF CHARLOTTE OWES ITS GROWTH TO BLUE LAWS, WHAT ABOUT NEW YORK?

Dear Sir:

The fight made by the preachers on closing Charlotte on Sunday is in violation of the Constitution of the United States—simply because it is a case of the Protestant preachers trying to legislate morals.

I disagree with the preacher, who said Charlotte owes its growth and prosperity to closed Sunday. Open Sunday is one of the symptoms of the more progressive cities, for instance New York, Chicago, Washington, Atlanta, and numbers of others. The religious reverence for it is declining, but this is due partly to the fact that religion is no longer looked upon as a mystery, but as a business.

There is a common tendency by those, opposed to open Sunday to cling to old ways and methods. Every innovation has to fight for its life, and every good thing has been condemned in its day and generation. Error once set in motion continues indefinitely, unless blocked by a stronger force, and old ways will always remain unless some one invents a new way.

Open Sunday in Charlotte is finally coming, as regards recreation; so why in the name of common sense, does the City Council hesitate?

L. O. MOCK.
Charlotte.

Life of a King

(Norfolk Virginian-Pilot)

On occasion, as Rumania slides from one crisis into another, King Carol must look back with a sigh to those days when the only crisis he had to handle was red-headed.

Saddistic Proposal

(Statesville Daily)

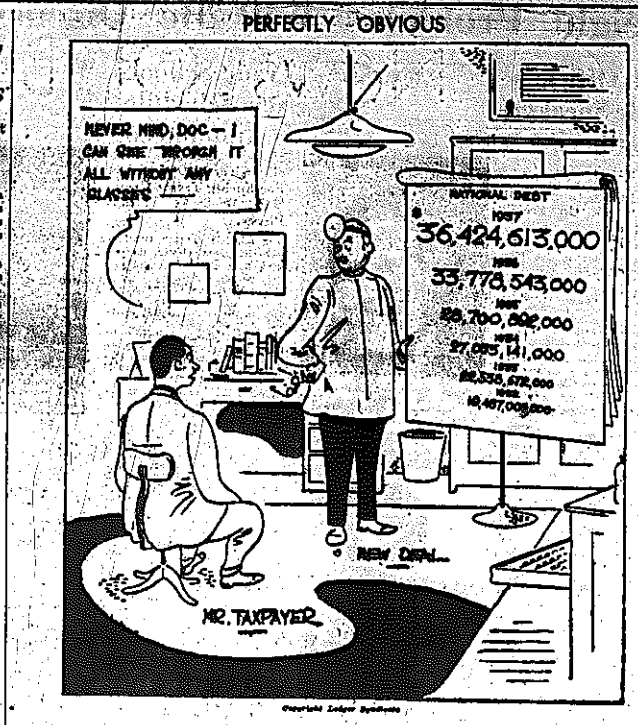
The electric fence having proved its efficacy with hogs, the natural follow-through would be to employ ditto in rounding up politicians who dearly love to straddle.

A Tough One Answered

(Atlanta Constitution)

We know now what happens when the irresistible force meets the immovable body. One says "Phooey, Mr. Lewis," while the other says "Phooey to you, Mr. Green."

PERFECTLY OBVIOUS



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ON THE RECORD

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

Write It Down!

WRITE it down. On Saturday, February 12, 1938, Germany won the World War, and dictated, in Berchtesgaden, a peace treaty to make the Treaty of Versailles look like one of the great human documents of the ages.

Write it down. On Saturday, February 12, 1938, military bolshevism, paganism, and despotism started on the march across all of Europe east of the Rhine.

Write it down that the world revolution began in earnest—and the world war.

Write it down, that the democratic world broke its promises and its oaths, and capitulated, not before strength, but before terrible weakness, armed only with ruthlessness and audacity.

Only Threats Made Austria Swallow It

What happened? On February 4, Hitler made a purge of his army. He ousted his Chief of Staff and fourteen other generals. Why? Because the army leadership refused to undertake a brazen coup d'etat against an unarmed friendly country—their German-speaking neighbor, Austria.

A week later, Hitler, with his reorganized army, made his move. How did he make it? He called in the Chancellor of Austria, Dr. von Schuschnigg, and gave him an ultimatum. Sixty-six million people against six million people. German troops massed before Passau, on the Danube, before Kufstein and Salzburg in the Alps. Hitler's generals stood behind him, as he interviewed the Austrian chancellor. Hitler taunted his victim. "You know as well as I know that France and Britain will not move a hand to save you."

For Austrians Hate Hitler's Intolerance

Under such circumstances there emerges what Hitler, on Sunday, will doubtless hail as a friendly reconciliation between two German-speaking peoples and the consolidation of peace in Eastern Europe.

What does the Chancellor of Austria really think about Nazism?

He expressed himself hardly more than a month ago, in the Morning Telegraph of London:

> There is no question of ever accepting Nazi representatives in the Austrian cabinet. An absolute abyss separates Austria from Nazism. We do not like arbitrary power, we want law to rule our freedom. We reject uniformity and centralization. . . . Christendom is anchored in our very soil, and we know but one God: And that is not the State, or the Nation, or that elusive thing, Race. Our children are God's children, not to be abused by the State. We abhor terror; Austria has always been a humanitarian State. As a people, we are tolerant by predisposition. Any change now, in our status quo, could only be for the worse."

Why Germany Is Strongly Anti-Bolshevism

Why does Germany want Austria? For raw materials? It has none of consequence. To add to German prosperity? It imperilts a poor country with serious problems. But strategically, it is the key to the whole of Central Europe. Czechoslovakia is now surrounded. The wheat fields of Hungary and the oil fields of Rumania are now open. Not one of these countries is strong enough to stand against the pressure of German domination. One of them, and one only, might fight: Czechoslovakia. And that would mean: either another Spain, or immediately, a world war.

It is a horror walking. Not that "Germany" joins with Austria. We are not talking of "Germany." We see a new Crusade, under a pagan totem, worshipping "blood" and "soil," preaching the holiness of the sword, glorifying conquest, despising the Slave, whom it conceives to be its historic "mission" to rule; buffeting all of life in a collectivist, militarized state. Persecuting men and women of Jewish blood, however diluted it may be. Moving now, into the historic stronghold of Catholic Christianity, into an area of mixed races and mixed nationalities, which a thousand years of Austro-Hungarian empire could only rule tolerably with tolerance. And led by a patricide. For Adolf Hitler's first hatred was not communism, but Austro-Hungary. Read "Mein Kampf." And he loathed it for what? For its tolerance! He wanted ten million Germans to rule with an iron hand, an empire of forty million Czechs, Slovaks, Magyars, Jews, Serbs, Poles, and Croats.

We Had Best Have Halted It At Once

Today, all of Europe, east of the Rhine, is cut off completely from the western world. The Swastika banner, we are told, is the crusader's flag against bolshevism! Madness! Only the signs on the flags divide them. Oswald Spengler wrote, in our times, "We shall see the era of world wars and of Caesarism." Ortega y Gasset wrote: "We shall see the rise of barbarism."

Both are here recorded—in the newspapers.

And it never needed to have happened. One strong voice of one strong power could have stopped it.

Russia is in ruins. Stalin has decapitated the technical and military brains of his country, and screams weakly to the democracies to save him. But the democracies are not even willing to save themselves!

Tomorrow, one of two things can happen. Despotism can settle into horrible stagnation, through the lack of real leadership and creative brains. For the law of despotism is that they decapitate the good, and the brave, and the wise.

More likely the other law of despotism's nature—the law of perpetual aggressiveness—will cause it to move always, farther, and onward, emboldened, and strengthened, by each success.

To the point where civilization will take a last stand. For take a stand it will. Of that there is not the slightest doubt.

Too bad that it did not take it this week.

A Swell Party

(Williamston Enterprise)

Bringing to a close last week their third annual attendance contest, members of the Skewarkey Masonic Lodge will eat turkey at a supper in the Woman's Club Hall this evening at 7 o'clock, the winners eating at the expense of the contest losers. The lodge members will have as special guests their wives and friends.

As a special inducement to the guests, Parson Rogers Mosley alternating there will be a sermon.

Birthplace of Aycock

(Goldsboro News-Argus)

Two-thirds of a mile east of this spot stands the house in which Charles Brantley Aycock was born.

Such, in effect is the wording of the marker placed by the North Carolina Historical Commission on Highway 117, about a mile south of Fremont.

Time and again, whizzing by in an automobile, we have promised ourselves that we were going up that quiet country road for the two-thirds of a mile where Wayne's greatest son was born.

Sunday we did it. Long shadows of evening were closing about the fine W. E. Aycock farm—birthplace of Charles Brantley—when we drove up.

Young Wiley was busy about the evening chores. Brutus Peacock, who had driven out from Fremont for a chat, served as our guide.

"In which house was Governor Aycock born?" we asked, turning inquisitively toward the inviting farm house at the front of the home place.

"It's that old rickety structure in back of the barn," said young Wiley, pointing. Mr. Peacock accompanied us to the building pointed out.

There were several in the party. Rounding the corner of the barn, we stopped and gazed in surprise.

Be It Ever So Humble

Small it is. Weather-beaten, tin-roofed now. Two rooms,—and dark rooms, too —downstairs one big attic room, upstairs taking up all of the approximately 35 by 18 foot house. The stairs that wind to the attic are very narrow. Bales of hay are stored downstairs. Upstairs there are some old blinds from some other building. The windows are not half as wide as the windows in the houses of today.

"Have to be careful on these steps," we remarked.

"You certainly do," says Mr. Peacock. "They say the Governor's mother was a large woman; I hardly see how she got up and down the stairs."

There's a stove flue at the western end of the rooms. Aside from that, there is no other means of heat.

We gathered from subsequent questionings that the structure now standing is only part of the home where Charles Brantley Aycock was born.

Mr. Wiley Aycock Sr. was not at home. We wish that we had had the opportunity to get his knowledge of the buildings with reference to the childhood and youth of the man who was the father of the state's modern educational system.

"Are there any books or things about that Charles Brantley used?" we asked young Wiley.

"Some of his old books I think, are stored over there in one of the barns. I believe that is right, but I don't know just where."

A Rugged Individualist

(Sylvester (Ga.) Local)

A bantam rooster remains the cock of the walk at the home of Rontas Raley, deputy sheriff, at Mason, after a week-end skirmish with city police. The rooster was arrested and taken to city barracks on complaint of a neighbor who said he got only crowded at sunrise, but at night and at all hours. The rooster was held until Mr. Raley complained to Captain J. T. Avent, who instructed officers to return the pet to his roost, as there is no city ordinance to prohibit a rooster crowing at night in his own back yard.