THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

Published Week-Day Afternoons And Sunday Mornings by The News Publishing Company, Inc.

W. C. Dowd Jr., President — J. E. Dowd, Vice-President and General Manager — J. E. Dowd, Editor

● W. C. Dowd, 1855-1927 ●

The daily edition of The Charlotte News was established in 1888. The Sunday edition was added in 1910. The Evening Chronicle (established in 1905) was purchased by and consolidated with The Charlotte News Mar. 4, 1914.

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 to 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	

20 cents per week by carrier.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1940

With Laughter

But Crowd Might Not Always Remain Good-Natured

What Claude Pepper had to say of the American Legion patriots in a speech this was familiar enough. He had said it out of it before — and other — though that does not vitiate the truth he told.

The thing really worth a story about the rally was the way the crowd cheered and howled when he said it was Congress for dodging its home issues because an election is near at hand.

"Congress would have sent a peace boat or a box of machine guns to Europe. But hiding behind their immunity they debate and argue and leave it to the President to do something. Knowing that if after he does it the public approves it they can holler Mr. Roosevelt if the public disapproves it they can say, 'It was him that done it. I had nothing to do with it.'"

The cheers which greeted that were accompanied by laughter, which indicates that the impatience and contempt the public feels for the shameless politics Congress has been playing is still relatively good-natured. The American people are apparently reluctant to the idea that the boys are going to consider their own fortunes before everything else.

Nevertheless impatience and contempt are plainly in the public mind. And Congress would do well to remind itself that when amusement gives way to indignation there is usually the devil to pay.

St. Paul's

The Church the Nazis Put In Danger of Destruction

Endangered yesterday was St. Paul's — by the ferocity and brutal rage of the same barbarian horde which destroyed most of the monuments of the Roman world and which has destroyed or spoiled nearly all the monuments of the once lovely old towns of northern France. But the great ghosts under the dome did not stir.

On Ludgate Hill the church stands. The pagan Celts performed their rites on that spot before the Romans came. The Romans had a temple there. So did the Saxons. And there arose the first church of The Fortress in the Marshes when the Saxons were made Christian by Augustine.

Old St. Paul's, a stately and beautiful Gothic building, stood on that spot until it was burned in the great fire of 1666, with Samuel Pepys and a little boy named Daniel De Foe looking on.

The present church was built by the celebrated Christopher Wren. It was begun in 1675 and completed in 1710, cost nearly four million dollars, which was raised by a tax on coal. It is 500 feet long, 100 feet wide at the west front, 250 feet at the transept. Its walls are 110 feet high. The church is surrounded by a great dome, which rises more than 400 feet above the street.

Under the dome, even together, lie buried Horatio Nelson and the Duke of Wellington, the two men who more led England to victory over an earlier and more civilized Hitler — one who made war on neither babies nor monuments.

The church has many defects, and there are those who think it is not beautiful but only impressive. Some say that its memories need no other justification of one of the great monuments of the world, and there is no church in Germany which may be spoken of in the same breath with it, save only the Cathedral of Cologne.

True To Form

Georgia Lynching Follows Well-Established Pattern

To Lafayette, Ga., goes the Georgia, some distinction of having the last lynching in the South's good record. It was the first in 1935 the members of a mob who were dispatched by a mob hanged two at the same time, for only three. But there was Sunday there had not been a lynching this year.

But Sunday at Lafayette it happened and strictly according to standard pattern.

There was a Negro locked up in the hoosegow. He was charged with attempted attack on a white woman, dynamite in Georgia. But the Lafayette police chief hadn't even discussed that a mob might want the prisoner. Neither had the jailer. The jailer didn't hear them coming, the six white men who marched upon him. And of course he was sure they would shoot him and so put their necks in the hangman's noose, if he didn't obey their orders to the letter. So he dutifully unlocked the cell and handed over the black man. Then the six men got in an automobile and rode.

And then, of course the jailer notified the police chief and the police chief notified the sheriff and the sheriff started in hot pursuit of the criminals? It does not appear. Apparently the sheriff spent the rest of the night trying to decide which way they had gone. Anyhow, the next morning the Negro was found lying beside a country road, full of bullets.

And — you guessed it — the jailer hasn't the faintest notion as to who the criminals were. In towns like LaGrange it is usual for sheriffs, police chiefs and jailers, as political jobholders, to know virtually every white man in the county. But somehow they are often curiously unable to recognize the members of a lynching party. It is in towns where the cops and jailers are dumb like that that you have lynchings.

Traditions

Governor Hoey Clings To A Minor, Discards a Major

In spite of the President's proclamation and resolutions by the merchants calling for the observance of Thanksgiving on the third Thursday in November, Governor Hoey has settled upon the last Thursday.

"I feel very strongly about Thanksgiving Day," he said. "For 75 years . . . the last Thursday . . . traditional day . . ."

Here, mates is a funny thing. Thanksgiving came to be celebrated on the last Thursday without any particular reason. There was no significance about the day of the month so long as it fell after the harvest was tucked away and somewhere near the finale of the football season.

But proposition to a third term for Presidents of the United States, another tradition, has been based on the most cogent of reasons and a considerably longer recognition. Yet Governor Hoey, in common with most professing Democrats, not only condoned the flouting of that tradition by helping to nominate Mr. Roosevelt for another term but urges the people generally to disregard it.

Without being at all angry about either the third term or the third Thursday, we are bound to state that we don't get this distinction between traditions.

Ballet Mass

Mr. Petrillo Goes Out Hunting for Grief

If we have the slightest understanding of the nature of opera and concert stars, Mr. James Caesar Petrillo is in for a beating.

Mr. Petrillo is the highest paid union labor leader in the United States. For years he headed the Chicago branch of the American Federation of Musicians — at $20,000 a year, a thousand a year more than John Lewis makes as head of CIO.

Mr. Petrillo earned his pay there, as he earns it in his present position as president of the whole union — by bludgeoning employers into giving jobs to thousands of musicians for whom they had no use, and by making it impossible for a musician to union territory to appear in public without having a union card.

Musicians, did we say? Well, yes, if you grant the highly expanded definition of that term Mr. Petrillo has brought into use. Under his ruling, according to an article in the current issue of the American Magazine, even men who turn over records in record-playing establishments are "musicians" and must be paid as such.

And now Mr. Petrillo has decreed that all the opera and concert stars, including Kirsten Flagstad, Jascha Heifetz, Lawrence Tibbett, etc., must join his union or be barred from appearances in the opera or on the concert platform.

This, of course, is simply a piece of brass-balcking. These people, who earn thousands weekly, have as more use for a union card than a hog has for a pocketed coat. More than that, they are a fairly a stubborn and a temperamental crew. Mr. Petrillo's venture is likely to get him nothing but a bad headache and a great deal of publicity for his brass-balcking method, which is not one to endear him or his union any good with the public.

Always an edifying picture in Congress resolving to lead a better life. When last seen it was holding the Hatch Act up to the light for holes.

All Over Again

By Hugh S. Johnson

WASHINGTON — The Nichols Amendment to the Selective Service Bill was tacked on in the House with the Fish Amendment. The latter was cheap political monkey-business. Part of it — the 60 days delay — is unimportant. The rest of it — a recruiting ballyhoo drawing a hateful distinction between "volunteers" and "conscripts" — endangers the whole effort. The Nichols Amendment doesn't do that and didn't seem to be politically inspired. It is just a bonehead blunder. We made it in the 1917 draft and had to rush to Congress to correct it. Why Congressmen want simply that experience before legislating is beyond comprehension.

The Nichols Amendment requires that quotas be assessed to each state and local board area in proportion to population and that each locality be given credit on its quota for all its men who shall have already volunteered. The part about quota credits was already in the law. The big boner is the assignment of quotas in proportion to population.

IT LEFT MANY AREAS ENTIRELY TO ALIENS

That is the way we started out in the World War. Immediately, panicky protests appeared in many districts. We found local board areas in the country where not 10 per cent of the population were citizens or men who had declared their intention to become citizens.

The rule of assessing quotas according to population threatened to depopulate whole areas of able-bodied male Americans.

Some of these districts, like those in the Big Bend country of Texas, were along the Mexican border, where as a result of Pershing's punitive expedition the feeling between Mexicans and Americans was none too friendly. For that and many other reasons, the application of such a rule couldn't be defended.

AGE OF POPULATION MUST BE CONSIDERED

One of these other reasons was that in localities where the number of men liable to military service is unusually low relative to its population, to get their quotas, the boards have to apply the rules governing exemptions much more harshly than where the supply of men is normal. That produces exactly the result we do not want if we are to consider the people, as we did in 1917, of the absolute fairness, justice and equality of this method of raising an army. The "population" rule makes for radical differences in applying this sacrificial law—differences and inequalities dependent on the mere accident of locality. If this selection can't be kept above the shadow of suspicion of such political maneuvering and unjust and unequal distribution as we found in the Fish "volunteering" political hokum and the blundering Nichols amendment, it is apt to fail.

The only fair basis for assigning quotas to each district is the ratio of the number of men available for service in that district to the number of men available for service in the whole United States.

THE WHOLE BUSINESS HAS BEEN TRIED BEFORE

It is true that this can't be determined until after the classification, but tentative quotas can be assigned on estimates to be promptly corrected as soon as classification is complete. That correction is made both by credits for errors in the estimates and credits for men already in service.

The assignment of quotas by population is an estimate at the beginning and remains so to the end. After the men are actually numbered and classified, the assignment of quotas on the basis of availability is statistically accurate.

There is no guesswork about any statement in this column. The system here suggested was proved to be correct by trial and error. The system of the Nichols Amendment was proved by that method to be incorrect and impossible. There was not one single complaint of the 1918 quota system that was not promptly corrected to the satisfaction of everybody. Don't we ever learn anything by experience?

Explaining a Name

Statesville Daily

The war stories from London frequently are threaded with reference of what happened to "Jerry" when he came a-bombing. Mostly you probably have observed, he was shot down or scared stiff at the controls and bailed out where he was more certain to get a square meal than at camp from whence he came. So if you are interested in the derivation of this term we are turning you over to the Baltimore Evening Sun for enlightenment.

"The answer is, of course, that to the British the word Jerry definitely is derogatory. This is rather difficult to explain with delicacy, but we get out our Webster and come right out with it: Jerry is the word used by Britons everywhere for a certain utilitarian object which the French call, phonetically, a pot-de-chambre, and which is kept under the bed in homes which do not have indoor plumbing. When, therefore, a British refers to the Germans as Jerries, that's just his way of showing that he looks down on them."

Checkmate

Norfolk Virginian-Pilot

Republican strategists, having failed to induce Mr. Roosevelt to debate with Mr. Willkie, might try their hand at inducing Mr. Wallace to debate with Mr. McNary, if it wasn't for Mr. McNary.

Going Somewhere?

—By Herblock

Letters to the Editor:

Johnny Harvard to Dixie

Dear Sir:

Our ears have often heard Mr. Roosevelt proclaim his undying love for Jefferson, who founded, and Jackson, who made truly great, the Democratic Party. Our ears have not heard the President say anything about Jefferson and Jackson since the night his conscience compelled him to accept an uncouth and undesired third nomination. Some one must have told him that Jefferson and Jackson would have fought his ambition for further power, had they been present at Chicago.

Said Jefferson: "A little rebellion now and then is a good thing and as necessary in the political world as storms in the physical." Says we: "A little rebellion now can accomplish too much needed chores—preserving the third term tradition and restoring the party of Jefferson and Jackson to its old time leadership and principles." Says you: "That sounds fine, buddy, but we *Tar Heels* just don't like voting for Republicans, Socialists or Communists." Says we right back at you: "Most of the Communists and some of the Socialists and Republicans are New Dealers while as you were, All we say is you lady could to vote for Willkie, an honest-to-gosh Democrat, and for all the rest of your regular state ticket." Cut off the top of the New Deal weed and the darned thing will die.

—DON SHAW,
Harvard Club,
New York.

Mr. Billopp!

The Hatchet

The hatchet is an instrument used for the chopping of wood. It has a shorter range than an axe and, consequently, it is a desirable tool for taking off a tree. When not in use the hatchet rests in the cellar. If it is not in view, it is probably neatly concealed under several tons of coal. You have the option of digging for the hatchet or ordering a new one.

Kindling may be obtained by holding a board in a vertical position and splitting it with a hatchet. If the hatchet comes down on your finger, there is probably something wrong with your execution. Less so time in consulting an expert. And on your way you might stop in on a surgeon.

There is a tendency among hatchets to lose their heads. If you are good at dodging you may avoid losing your own head at the same time. The head of a hatchet may be replaced and made fast by knocking the handle on solid ground. Replacement of your own head is more complicated.

Hatchets also are employed in chopping a foe in half. If you start early enough in the morning you ought to be through by sunset, provided you don't meet a foe or a pall on the way. As you work, remember the old adage, "Hew to the line." Let the chips fall where they may. Just lock out for chips with ruffled individualism that refuse to fall but, instead, fly up and hit you in the eye.

Keep hatchets out of the reach of children. For they are dangerous playthings. Let them amuse themselves with less harmful toys such as stilettos, brass knuckles or capsules of TNT.

Remember that hatchets are dangerous work things. So Before engaging with one ask your family to offer prayers for a safe return. And they might also see that the first aid kit is at hand and in good order.

—CHRISTOPHER BILLOPP.

Gloomy View of America's Fate

Dear Sir:

There is a voice in the wind tonight. A voice in the wind that blows past the black bulk of the Villa Heights School and out over the distant cluster of mill lights that nestle in the hollow where once only the flickering campfires of wandering Indian tribes glimmered through the darkness. A voice that says liberty, liberty and death. Yesterday it said only liberty. Tomorrow it will say only death.

It is not the death of the individual man of which the breeze speaks. Not the death of the hundreds of fair-haired boys who grew to manhood here as everywhere in our land, misguided, oppressed and betrayed by the forces of organized Communism and who will shortly be dying in the tangled barbed wire of a foreign no-man's land, but the death of an ideal, a dream that for a short time appeared possible to translate into reality. The dream which is as old as the human race and as young as the spirit of youth. The dream of which the poet wrote when he told: "Send us a song overseas, fragrant with cedars and pines and clean with the breath of liberty." There are still a few cedars and pines left but our only song has become a discord scented with gasoline fumes and scorched rubber, and the only thing we are liable to send overseas is a half-trained, miserably officered expeditionary force.

Centuries looked down upon our land — the New World. The only new chance the human race has ever had. Liberty was reborn in this new country and within 50 years democracy became the standard of the world. The eyes of the world were upon us, the hopes of the world were with us. Today those hopes are dashed and those eyes have misted and turned away. The great experiment of the ages had failed. But among us hope remained, as long as even a minimum of individual liberty could be maintained there was still hope. But now unless we act immediately even that will be gone and America become merely a dismal imitation of Europe with its endless pointless wars, rigid caste system and Government Communism.

America Awake! There is a voice in the wind tonight. Tonight it says Liberty or Death, tomorrow it will say only death.

—GEORGE GORDON HAMILTON
Box 5261,
North Charlotte.

Lady's Torture

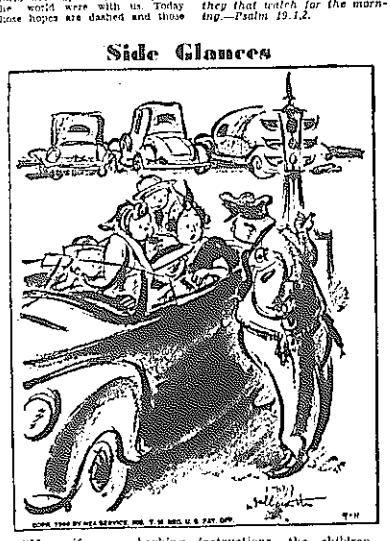
Mrs. Thos. H. Davis, Zebulon Record

On the walls of that vestibule are dozens of hooks screwed in to hold hats, and that appealed to me. It means that no wife has to sit through a sermon there with her husband's headgear in her lap, than which few things are more awkward to hold. You know how it is: sometimes the pews are crowded and to save space you take charge of the hat. You feel too silly with your hands under it; you are afraid of mashing the crown, if you put the hands on top, you compromise by folding your arms across your front, hitch up somewhat in the manner that was in my childhood stylish for corpses, and you get so tired you are glad when the benediction has been pronounced. And just why do we "pronounce" that prayer instead of petitioning or beseeching it? Anyway, I wish we had hat-hooks in our church vestibule.

TODAY'S BIBLE THOUGHT

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning: I say, more than they that watch for the morning.—Psalm 19.1.2.

Side Glances



"My wife was barking instructions, the children fighting to see who would be the first to knock off my glasses and you ask me did I happen to notice a red light!"

Receding Willkie

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON. — Everyone is volunteering reasons why the Willkie campaign has not come up to expectations.

My unsolicited contribution is that Willkie is a victim of circumstances beyond his control.

Most of the criticism cancels itself out. Some say Willkie is too New Deal-ish, too much like Roosevelt, while others say he is too reactionary. He is urged to go after the independent Democratic vote that went to Roosevelt in 1932 and 1936, and there a lot of Republicans are hurt because he doesn't wrap himself more tightly in the robes of the Grand Old Party. Grumblers are saying Willkie talks too much, but they would be the first to complain if he didn't show up on page one every day. Anything he does or fails to do is wrong. That's because his campaign isn't going well.

YOU CAN'T BEAT THESE PHOTOGRAPHS

A superman out of office is no match for a superman in office in these times. What chance has a candidate, with the best technique against a President of the United States, in such a time as this, who goes about every week-end inspecting defenses and having photographs taken for the newspictures and newsreels displaying the smiling candidate in front of warships, flanked by lines of marines, framed against a background of waving flags? What chance has any technique against Presidential "non-political speeches" which are displayed even by pro-Willkie newspapers in headlines reading: "Roosevelt urges unity to prepare defense."

BEFORE DEFENSE ALL ELSE FADES AWAY

Issues that normally would have shaken him seem to lose their force under the stress of the period. Spending? What can Willkie do with that issue when the whole country including himself is for the heaviest kind of defense expenditures. It is a gigantic public-works project which is already beginning to spread prosperity. Ladies are buying 20 per cent more furs in some cities, than a year ago. Defense and prosperity. Who is worrying about the budget? Who cares about Roosevelt cutting corners to make a deal with Britain over naval and air bases, so long as we get such added defense? Who cares about the third term? The Republicans have barely mentioned it. There is a trend but it is in the direction other governments have followed in times of crisis, in the direction of strong personal government. The trend is to the man of action. Roosevelt, on his Presidential throne, personifies that role. It leaves Willkie just another critic on the outside, talking his head off while events march on, paying him no heed.

Thumbs Down In Gotham

By William L. White

NEW YORK.—She's a nice friendly kid, she's very tastefully dressed, and when you get that smile you think for a minute you're back in college, and this is maybe your roommate's beautiful cousin whom you danced with only once last year. While you're trying frantically to place her she walks up, dazzling you with that beautiful, sincerely-glad-to-see-you-again smile and hangs a Willkie button on you, and then turns gracefully on her cute little pink heels to nail some other guy and confuse him into thinking he's back in college, just for a flash.

Aside from this, the Borough of Manhattan, with the exception of Wall Street, Park Avenue, and the East Sixties and Seventies, seems to be for Roosevelt, only no one is yet working at it in an organized way. Roosevelt buttons are a rarity—incidentally, there is a strong demand for them—but about the only place you can get one is in the Nesweet theaters which are conducting a Presidential poll with buttons.

THE OGRE SIMPLY GRINS AND GRINS

But most of the talk you hear in Manhattan is either Roosevelt or in that direction. There is, for instance, the radio story. It seems that one of the biggest advertising concerns carefully clocks the popularity of paid concerts by having a battery of girls call random numbers in the phone book and ask people what radio program they happen to be listening to. This concern turned its staff loose while Willkie was making his keynote and was dismayed to discover that, after listening to the first five minutes of Willkie's undistinguished delivery, people began dialing him out.

He is still the gleaming crusader, in chromium armor with a cellophane visor, and maybe he will end up by impaling the wicked ogre on his spear. Only for the present he seems to be trotting tentatively around the ogre in circles, and occasionally prodding him uncertainly in the pants.