# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

*And Evening Chronicle*

Published Every Afternoon Except Sunday By The News Publishing Company, Inc.
W. C. Dowd Jr., President — J. E. Dowd, Editor
and General Manager — Burke Davis, Associate Editor
Mrs. Dowd Jones, Secretary

W. C. Dowd, 1905-1927 — J. E. Dowd, 1905-1929

The daily edition of The Charlotte News was established 1888. The Evening Chronicle (established 1902) was purchased by and consolidated with The Charlotte News May 5, 1914.

MEMBERS ASSOCIATED PRESS AND SP FEATURES

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Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Charlotte, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

By carrier: 20 cents a week; one month, 87 cents. By mail: One month, $1.50; three months, $3.60; six months, $6.30; one year, $10.40.


## Top Man

### UNC Classifies Worth Of Services

The trustees of the Greater University of North Carolina, meeting in Raleigh this week, authorized the hiring of a football coach who would "adequately perform the duties needed at the University" (Chapel Hill) at a salary not to exceed $12,000 a year.

The Greater University consists of three separate institutions allied for administrative purposes: the University proper, State College and the Woman's College at Greensboro. The salary of the president of the whole shebang is $8,250 annually, plus, we believe, a house in Chapel Hill. (While President Frank Graham is on the War Labor Board, the agreement with him is that he shall spend one week in three on his State job and draw one-third of his salary.)

Sure, we know that football is profitable, also that football is entertainment, and that entertainers like Betty Grable and Bob Hope make a sight more than the President of the United States. But that's because they are in popular demand. Who's demanding a winning football coach at the University, one paid a third more than the head man of the Greater University? Not we.

## Big Money

### Cotton In The Fields These Days Ain't Hay

It is likely that urban folk, to whom life is more and more a routine of gadgets and machines, a sort of ready-made existence once removed from the soil, took little heed of yesterday's cotton-crisis plea by County Agent Oscar Phillips. For the harvesting of that money crop has become to most city-dwellers, only a picturesque and somewhat foreign process. Only to men whose memories go back to days of youth on the farm could the request have seemed very urgent—and even those ex-horny-handed sons of toil may not have been impressed.

But to the beleaguered farmers themselves, this is vital business. By Mr. Phillips' reckoning, there are from 5,000 to 12,000 bales of cotton now in Mecklenburg fields, waiting to be picked, and the farm labor which remains is faced with the hopeless task of gathering it all. It is apparent that farmers cannot do the job alone, hence this plea. As in recent years, school children, and even young college men and women will volunteer throughout the South. There will be sore backs and clumsy, unaccustomed fingers will be raw before this thing is done.

There have been years when such a crisis would not have brought great anxiety; indeed, in some years within memory cotton has lain about, neglected and all but worthless. But to point out the size of the problem in terms even city-dwellers may grasp:

Yesterday's New York quotation on cotton was 22.05 cents per pound. October delivery. Assuming that there are 12,000 bales still in the fields of the County, and that cotton here is worth about $5 more on the bale, that runs to $1,500,000. And that, aside from the pressing war need for cotton, is the why and wherefore of the farmer's concern.

## The Bond

### It Pervades All Sorts Of Locales

Saturday night in a Washington hotel lobby there was quite a melee between a couple of Navy officers and assorted Teamsters gathered to hear the President open his campaign for re-election. Monday, with all the usual panoply, the U. S. Supreme Court commenced its Fall term. There is a common denominator of these two events, and we think the establishment of it is worth while. A few simple questions and answers will do the trick.

What, now, brought the Teamsters to such a pitch of political enthusiasm that they proceeded, first, to demand to know of the Navy officers whom they were going to vote for, then to apply the rough stuff? Was it their high regard for the Democratic Party? Nope. The Department of Labor? Nope. The New Deal as symbolized by Henry Wallace and Senator Claude Pepper? Nope. So what, then?

For one man, FDR. For his policies, assuredly, because his policies are inseparable from himself. But principally for the man in person.

And it is this denominator of obligation to the man in his person that hovered behind the scenes of the Supreme Court's opening session on Monday. Call the roll of the seven (of nine) Justices appointed by President Roosevelt and mentally check off those who are devoted first and foremost to a constitutional form of government and those whose primary loyalty is to FDR, the individual. Black? Murphy? Frankfurter? Jackson? Douglas? Reed? Rutledge? By almost any appraisal there develops a compact majority who have been confidantes of the White House and continue to function under the President's sway.

We do not contend that this dominance by one man is necessarily sinister in its implications—after twelve years of uninterrupted rule we should know the worst—or that the country would be the gainer if it bestowed its highest office upon some less magerful personality. We only claim to have established, after a fashion, that in the cloistered atmosphere of the Supreme Court and the rough-and-tumbles of the Teamsters allegiance to the person of one man is a common denominator.

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A dreadful fate for the junkers would be banishment to a stockade, with nothing to do but take in one another's memoirs to read.

## Not Quite

### Dewey's Expected Tax Bomb Didn't Go Off

When Tom Dewey addressed himself to the matter of taxes, his followers settled back in anticipation of a rip-snorting attack, and Democrats flinched. But before he was done most Democrats must have been breathing easily and anti-New Dealers snapping off their dials, fuming that their man had missed another splendid opportunity. For Mr. Dewey was not at his best last night, with no crowd to inspire him, and he hit at the obvious target of taxation in a dignified fashion—which, however commendable, does not stir wide public reaction.

Here again, he followed the line of Los Angeles, where he had appeared before a mammoth crowd to praise various New Deal reforms, and pledge himself to enlarge them. Though he assailed Roosevelt's tax policies on behalf of the little man earning $11 per week and promised to reduce high corporation taxes, he then promised to install a kind of social reform through taxation himself — by adopting a policy aimed at achieving full employment and a rising national income.

It was his contention, and it is not a new one, that it is better to levy a low tax rate on a high income, than a high rate on a low income. And in that connection he talked pretty loosely of a 150-billion-dollar income of which we had never dreamed until the wars and spoke disparagingly of the tiny 76-billion-dollar income of the New Deal peak. He might have recalled, if interested, that the national income was less than 40 billions in 1932, that it jumped by two billions in the next year, and thereafter rose steadily to an all-time high.

Mr. Dewey, by and large, merely announced himself as opposing present principles of taxation—even wartime taxation—and promised relief on all sides. Just how he plans to give that relief, and at the same time offer all the expanded services he's been talking about, we don't know.

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It is only said that the German general was captured at breakfast. The menu is not reported. What, by the way, is the breakfast food of ex-champions?

# The Merry-Go-Round

*By Drew Pearson*

LOWVILLE, N. Y.

HIGH-UP Republicans aren't saying anything about it, but they are sore as blazes at one of the staunchest party members, Albert Lasker, for deserting to Roosevelt. Lasker, formerly head of one of the top advertising firms in the United States, was one of the managers of Warren Harding's campaign in 1920, and, as a reward, was made chairman of the Shipping Board. He has been one of the inside advisers in the Republican Party councils almost ever since, and three times voted against Roosevelt. This time, however, he says he will vote for Roosevelt.

Alice Roosevelt Longworth, one of his old friends in the Harding Administration, has argued with him. So has Mrs. Ogden Reid, vice-president of the Republican New York Herald Tribune. They have called him a "traitor" and all sorts of things. But Lasker has stood pat. He says there are a lot of things that smell bad about the Roosevelt Administration, and sometimes he has to hold his nose.

"In fact," says Lasker, "it's a choice between holding your nose with Roosevelt, or closing your eyes to Dewey. But," he concludes, "I've never walked over a cliff holding my nose."

### Japs Move To China

It is no longer a military secret that the war in the Central Pacific is five to six months ahead of schedule. Guam and Saipan were not supposed to be taken until sometime next year. Also the bombing of the Philippines is several months ahead of the time table. However, along with this good news are some distressing facts about China, which nobody wants to shout about.

One is that the Japs are transporting more and more machinery to China and digging in there for a long war. Apparently they figure that the Japanese homeland is in for steady bombing and eventual occupation, so they are transferring things to the mainland of China. China, they know better than almost anyone else, is a quagmire when any outside country tries to invade it, so it might take years for the British, American and Russian armies to root the Japs out, provided they themselves can get sufficiently entrenched.

Another discouraging factor is that we have engaged only a small part of the Jap Army in the South Pacific, leaving untouched vast reserves which the Japs have been keeping at home and in China.

Finally, Chiang Kai-shek's prestige is increasingly on the wane inside China. He has been the chief exponent of cooperation with the U. S. A., but recently his anti-U. S. war lords have been getting the upper hand. We have to face the fact that some of them would even prefer to work with the Japs than have their territory fought over by Allied armies. It doesn't make a happy picture.

### Yankee Ingenuity

Prime Minister Churchill paid sincere tribute in Parliament to the terrific job of the U. S. Army in landing more than 1,000,000 men since D-Day and moving hundreds of millions of tons of guns, food, ammunition up from the beaches into the front lines. However, the real inside story of this supply miracle has not yet been told.

The ingenuity of U. S. supply officers in contriving temporary docks staggers civilian imagination. One way of landing supplies was to drive fully loaded Liberty ships right on the beaches and deliberately turn them over on their sides, with the sterns extending into the water.

After these Liberty ships were run aground, GI's built platforms on their sides, making simulated temporary piers. Other ships then docked alongside them. Another impressive device still being used by supply troops are hundreds of hastily constructed railroad barges strung end to end from the beaches out to sea, where they are anchored, making a floating pier.

### Air Force Films

Busiest studio in Hollywood today is the First Motion Picture Unit, Army Air Forces.

Among other things, it is producing films teaching airmen how to fend for themselves when they bail out or are forced down in rough country. Crews from the Air Forces studio are even sent to the Panama jungles to prepare film material showing airmen how to deal with snakes, jungle swamps, jungle food possibilities, poison plants and first aid.

For a long time this has been taught airmen in classrooms and in the field. However, the Army has discovered that this past training is useless if a soldier becomes panicky when landing. Seeing the situation on the screen, therefore, helps him if he is forced down on the water, in the desert or jungle, for the visual impression is stronger than the memory of lectures.

## SIDE GLANCES

*By Galbraith*

"Mother was right—it was a shock to see what he looked like in civilian clothes!"

## Everyday Counselor

*By Herbert Spaugh, D. D.*

Roger Babson, well-known economist, says that America must have a spiritual awakening if we are to avoid a financial crisis in the postwar years.

He says that the nation will require an annual income of at least $125,000,000,000, perhaps $150,000,000,000 if we are to make good our Government bonds, and our tax bill; that nothing short of a miracle will keep it up to $125,000,000,000; that the 1939 income of $75,000,000,000 can be expected to be doubled in 1944, but increased wholly by war business.

"A spiritual awakening is needed to raise not only our national income, but the income of the entire world. Our difficulty is that we consider only the seen things, such as lands, forests, mines, harbors, etc., and entirely overlook the greatest of all natural resources, namely, character, brains, initiative, imagination, courage and willpower. The greatest of all undeveloped natural resources are the brains of a little child, and 7,460 of these are born in the United States every day.

"It is well to have our soils produce more food per acre, our coal to produce more heat units per ton, and to speed up our machinery and airplanes; but the greatest opportunity lies in developing these unseen factors. Every school child has the potentialities of a Thomas Edison, or a Henry Ford. Instead of a few, there should be 100,000 such men. Then there would be no worry about national income or Federal debt.

"This could be done through a spiritual awakening. Then we all would concentrate on making better people instead of fighting over what now exists."

It is high time for us to realize that the machine can be no more useful to the world than the man who operates it. The spiritual resources of the world must be cultivated and exploited, otherwise the next war will destroy us all.

The most important postwar plan for you is to make the national motto ours, "In God We Trust," go in partnership with Almighty God. If Christian civilization is to survive, it is going to take more Christians working at it than are so employed now.

## "Y'Know, Mebbe The Silly Braggarts Mean It!"

*—By Dorman Smith*

# Dulles Under Fire

*By Marquis Childs*

WASHINGTON

THE attacks that have been directed recently at John Foster Dulles, Governor Dewey's adviser on foreign policy, have not surprised Dewey's campaign managers. In fact, they expected the attack to come much earlier.

**Anyone with any political sense would know that Dulles is an obvious target. As the head of Sullivan and Cromwell, he is probably the foremost international lawyer in America.**

The Dulles firm represents corporations with connections all over the world. The big European monopolies represented by Sullivan and Cromwell were an integral part of the Europe that went down under the Hitler blitz of 1940. The directors of these corporations had political alliances which went into every chancery on the continent, as may be shown more directly if certain documents finally come to light.

**These men were ruled by an abiding fear of Bolshevism. Some of them were so afraid of Communism that they were willing to join hands with German and Italian Fascism. By advertising the record of the clients of the Dulles firm, not only Dulles, but his friend, Dewey would be identified with these same interests. That, at any rate, was the supposition, and no one needed to point out that possibility to as smart a politician as Herbert Brownell Jr., Republican National Chairman.**

At Republican Headquarters, they thought the attack would come when Dulles made the headlines as the man Dewey named to talk with Secretary of State Hull about the progress of the Dumbarton Oaks conference. If the attack had come then, it would have been effective, in the Republican view. Now it is too late, they hold.

If only as campaign strategy, Dulles' conference with Hull was a highly successful move. He appeared before the public as a friend of the Republican candidate with a broad background of knowledge of foreign policy. His eminently respectable pedigree included his chairmanship of the Commission For a Just and Durable Peace of the Federal Council of Churches in Christ.

**Immediately after the meeting with Hull, Dulles went to a hospital for an operation on an infected foot, and he has** been recovering ever since. Subpoenaed to testify in a utility law suit the other day, a doctor named by the court held he would not be able to appear before Oct. 9, at the earliest.

Meanwhile, the New Dealers had been digging into his record. There is nothing secret about it. It's all in one law court or another. He was a lawyer hired by the very top men of industry and finance. He handled their law business. As he explained in a letter to me, his firm directed the incorporation of America First, although Dulles said that he himself never shared the views of the America Firsters in their passionate isolationism.

Having put together the Dulles dossier, the New Dealers hesitated, which in itself was strange. Eight years ago, even perhaps four years ago, the Dulles record would have been quickly tossed into the political ring. Someone like Secretary of the Interior Ickes, or even the President himself, would have denounced Dewey's friend as a "cartel-minded international lawyer." To date, the material has not been used at all, except as it has been fed out to sympathetic columnists.

# Careless Locals

*By Samuel Grafton*

ST. LOUIS, MO.

LOCAL self-government is a fine thing. Oh, sure, local self-government is a fine thing. Everybody knows that. I would be the last one to argue.

Only what happens? The local Democratic politicians get used to winning with "Democrat." They get fat. They get careless. They get so they sometimes don't care whom they nominate for state and local offices. The President's a winner, so they figure anybody can ride into office, just hanging on to him.

**Oh, they get so careless. They've been hitching rides too long. Four years ago the present Governor of Missouri, Forest Donnell, Republican, won his seat in a close election. Democratic members of the legislature got together on a plan to take his seat away, using a thin technicality, some absurd extension of the power of the House to certify an election. This, naturally, was considered a discouraging type of thing by the better element in Missouri, so almost all the newspapers tore into the Democrats. Well, the party was frightened. Two years ago it took a heroic step. It fired all nineteen legislators from the St. Louis District, wouldn't renominate any of them, and put up a "Blue ribbon" ticket of good citizens for the nineteen places. Cheers from the better element, and a majority of the nineteen won.**

But this year Roosevelt is running. When you've got an airplane, you don't need angel wings; so now the party has scrapped the "Blue ribbon" ticket, and dipped back into something like its original roster of more or less professional Democrats for its nineteen names. This has not increased the prestige of the Democratic organization.

**It is a sign of what has been happening in the border states. The Republicans, being "out" nationally, go to work on local issues, and exploit them, and build up solid organizations. The Democrats tend to become more fan clubs around the President. Their organizations become weak, because their election power comes from the top of the ticket,** while Republican organizations grow stronger, because they have to work from local officials up. The Republican headquarters here in St. Louis hum with activity, while local newsmen tell me that until a few days ago you could have seen chickens in the Democratic headquarters, without interfering unduly with the life of the place.

So, three cheers for local self-government, nothing nicer, but you do tend to get this messy mixture of world and ward heeler issues, mixed together, and it is hard to disentangle the two in one big beautiful minute in the polling booth. The undiscriminated nature of American party life, the autonomous character of American local politics, have produced a situation in which it is theoretically possible to lose out on world collaboration at the top, because somebody was too careless about nominating constables at the bottom. The voters turn in the split ticket, and the party organizations get to look more and more like antiques.

## Hot Yank Band Sends Belgians

By HAL BOYLE

SPA, Belgium, Oct. 1—(Delayed)—(AP)—American swing music settled the remaining ramparts of the Siegfried Line today to the delight of Belgian jitterbugs who only a few weeks ago were watching convalescent German soldiers "hell" each other in this world famous watering place.

In this granddaddy of all health resorts, this is the original from which all "spas" have sprung. The American First Army band gave a mixed concert of martial, classic and hot dance tunes that bewildered generations of Belgians by their ears.

They listened attentively and clapped politely as Warrant Officer Eugene Phipe, a former Lancaster, Pa., trumpet player, led the troop band through a series of marches and classical numbers.

Then the band swung into "Stardust" and "In The Mood" and the whole audience went mad. They jumped up and down and clapped wildly, and when one man with a handlebar mustache up in the gallery shouted "Vivent les Americains!" the entire throng began cheering as if each had been handed a winning ticket on the Irish Sweepstakes.

BOYLE

REAL AMERICAN SWING

"Now you will hear some real American swing," the interpreter announced and the crowd broke out cheering again as the best known musical sextet along the battlefront took over.

It was the weird banshee crew made up of Sgt. Paul Picciano of Croton-On-Hudson, N. Y., trumpeter, Sgt. Carl Tenglund of Buffalo, N. Y., trombonist, Sgt. Irving Jaffa of New York City, violinist; Cpl. Henry Senick of Paterson, N. J., bass fiddler; Cpl. William Mattice of Altamont, N. Y., drummer, and Pfc. Ernest Di Nicola of Chester, Pa., accordionist and vocalist.

Every Belgian in the building had one foot tapping while the sextet hammered, howled, swung and blew its way through "Crazy Rhythm", "Exactly Like You" and a couple of encores, including an original tune by Di Nicola, "Annie's Cousin Fannie".

One soldier was heard to say to his buddy as they filed out of the Casino, "Ain't it hell to be a wallflower in two languages?"

## People's Platform

# Dewey Will Save Us

Editors, The News:

After reading the recent letter of Mrs. D. S. Beatty in The News I am wondering just how many voters will go to the polls on Nov. 7th with the same lack of concern for the future of this country.

Now, Mrs. Beatty, please understand me. Yes, I can rear back on my heels, hook my thumbs in my galluses, switch my cud of tobacco to the other jaw, give the spittoon a direct hit and tell all those who wish to hear: Yes, sirree, I am going to vote the Democratic ticket because my daddy and granddaddy so far back as I can recollect were Democrats and goldurned if I'm going to let 'em down by voting for a durned Yankee.

That would have been plausible logic back in the good old days, when anyone that took a political interest in the country did so because of their sincere belief that it was their patriotic duty to do everything in their power to make it more secure to the foundations of the Constitution. That, Mrs. Beatty, was back in the days when men were men and did not want, and wouldn't accept, anything they did not earn by honest toil.

But today, with the gross political corruption, with selfish politicians putting their personal ambitions and desires first and the welfare of our country second, if at all, I can't understand how some people who are obsessed with the delusion that they are political strategists have the gall to insult the intelligence of the average American intimating that they have forgotten all the lamebrain, blundering, stupid and idiotic deeds of the present Administration.

Do you think for a moment that Mr. Average American has forgotten about the makework, rock-work, the overlapping agencies and bureaus, the plowing under of cotton, the hog-killing and the wheat burning? You rant and rave that Mr. Roosevelt lifted lyes, you said lifted, the American people out of the greatest depression the world has ever known.

Personally, I don't believe that we experienced a depression between 1932 and the beginning of the war, as I do not know of a single deserving person who suffered any hardship during that time. However, when FDR hit upon the vote-getting idea of giving the no-goods, the lazy and the political driftwoods thirty-three cents for free (without telling them that their children's children would have to pay it back tenfold), the poor louts fell for it. Yes, the something-for-nothing boys and gals are going to vote for Roosevelt because they are as spineless as jellyfish. They feel that this great country their fathers fought and died for owes them a living without any effort on their part. They want a full belly and as far as tomorrow is concerned, it can go hang.

Mrs. Beatty accuses Mr. Dewey of platform stealing. Mr. Dewey is a very intelligent and unselfish man, as can be easily discerned by his a mission that he recognizes and collaborates with some of the policies of Mr. Roosevelt.

It is my firm conviction that he is first, a 100 per cent American. At least he is not soliciting any Communist bedfellows. Second, he is a statesman, and not a cheap money-and-power greedy politician, and I don't think he'll sell this country down the river, as has been done for the past twelve years. So, Mrs. Beatty, who do you think I'm going to vote for?

W. E. HARTIS

Charlotte

### An Old Chum Disappears

Editors, The News:

Sorry to trouble you so much and rightfully this note should belong to the "Advice to the Lovelorn" department, but maybe you can tell us.

**What has happened to free enterprise?**

For over three years the "two and a half hour for lunch boys" would meet every Wednesday in the hotel coffee shops of the country and hopefully look forward to the day when their champion would point out the West or the East and set our nation back on the right road of "Free Enterprise."

Finally the day has come and their champion from Albany, New York, Mr. Dewey, mounts his white steed and does in truth go up and down the country. But does he even mention "Free Enterprise?"

**No sir, it is as though it never existed. Instead he talks about Unemployment Insurance and Old Age Pensions and High Wages for Union Labor. "Social Security," says he. How do you like that?**

Button, button, who's got "Free Enterprise?"

—H. E. BRADERMAN.

Charlotte.

### The Truth Is Harried

Editors, The News:

Well, the plot thickens. To think the President of the United States has insulted the dignity of that office by listening to the depth of quoting from Mien Kampf — and to emphatically denying false charges his opponent has making against him! Horror of horrors!

One would think he should know better than to challenge statements of the famous prosecuting attorney, regardless of what these statements are. What is this nation coming to, I ask you? One editorialist suggests "a plague on both their houses because the campaign has sunk to such depths."

But I say far, far better to sink to the depths of quoting from or referring to Mien Kampf, and to denying falsehoods, than to adopt the technique outlined in that notorious book!

I strongly suspect that a good many million more listeners heard Mr. Roosevelt Saturday night than either heard or read what Mr. Dewey said in retaliation. Did any of you hear Mr. Dewey deny that Mr. Roosevelt was telling the truth? No, he didn't dare, but merely attempted to beclouds the issue by his reference to Mien Kampf. We are all too familiar with the situation not to know the facts, however. And we no longer have to depend on political oratory as a 99 per cent hostile press to get the facts, either.

When Mr. Roosevelt made the statement in his acceptance speech that he would not campaign in the usual sense, I'm sure he never dreamed that Governor Dewey would go up and down the length and breadth of our land misrepresenting and falsifying in the manner he is doing. Why should he take it lying down? Evidently Dewey thought he would, otherwise he would not have gotten into such deep water, which threatens to engulf him completely. Thanks be, his opponent hit back in a telling manner, and will continue to, I'm sure.

MRS. D. S. BEATTY.

Mount Holly, N. C.

### The Army Gives Them Everything

Editors, The News:

Most of us speak of our boys in training as receiving just military training—just learning to shoot a gun and use a bayonet, and so on. And never speaking of their morale or spiritual training. I witnessed a scene the other day I shall never forget.

**I was in the home of a soldier and his wife whose little son lay a corpse. The soldier is stationed at Fort Bragg. The fine soldiers came to see this man in his hour of grief. When they came to the door they knocked very softly and came in with sad, drawn faces. They turned to their soldier friend and whispered their deepest sympathy, and then asked if there was anything they could do in a financial way, shook hands with him and with tears in their eyes said goodbye.**

I wish all mothers of soldiers could have witnessed this scene. I am sure they would be very proud of the training their sons and mine are getting in Uncle Sam's Army.

A. MATHER.

Pacolet Mills, S. C.

### What Is Democracy?

Editors, The News:

Some newspapers near you lay stress on our Democracy. We have been a plutocracy since the days of Commodore Vanderbilt, Jay Gould and J. P. Morgan. A Democracy is of the people, by the people, for the people. And not of the trust, by the trust, for the trust.

I am tired of that old hypocrisy. Russia is the only true democracy.

J. J. LITTLEJOHN.

Gaffney, S. C.