The Charlotte News

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We seek truth, that we may follow it.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25, 1938

The Treacle Front

Sirius, Dog Star, is still a long way from his house in the heaven, but the silly season seems to be rocking along nicely, thankee. Seated up here in our black and chromium, air-conditioned and streamlined offices, as cool as any cucumber, and giggling sadistically at the world as it sweats under the dreadful weight of sun and humidity outside, we pass over the fact that 100,000 Japanese say they have 300,000 Chinese "surrounded" at Suchow, that out in Oklahoma City, where heat is heat, a knit goods dealer is showing around a pair of drawers (we *didn't* say shorts) 90 inches about on the topside and swearing they are for a man in Beaumont, Texas; that a man in Brooklyn named Martin Juhascz thought they meant him when they called Joseph Kross for jury duty in municipal court, and that nobody found it out until he had served — we pass over all that to give you a really salient exhibit.

Up in New York City the 66th convention of the Long Island Federation of Women's Clubs has adopted a resolution turning thumbs down on the sturdy and beautiful old Saxon word, *housewife*, and demanding that the person who burns your toast shall hereafter be known by the gooey name of *homemaker*. Bah! The very recording of the abomination has got us to sweating, too, in spite of our conditioned air.

Charge to the Rear

The Supreme Court decision that the Federal Government can legally tax the salaries paid by the New York Port Authority seems to dispose of the notion that a constitutional amendment is necessary to carry into effect the President's proposal that all Federal and state salaries be made subject to income taxes.

And so, of course, Congress, seeing here a fat and untapped source of revenue, will practically fall head over heels in its haste to enact the proposal into law? Like heck. Majority Leader Barkley is already out to say that the case requires "the closest study" before a bill is prepared and that it will be 1939 at least before the statesmen can get around to considering it. And the ayes from both sides of the Capitol make a deafening din.

Ah, well, it's easy to understand the boys' reluctance here. What they are asked to do is to vote to tax themselves — and how! Let the Federal Government start this thing, and the states are sure to retaliate in kind. And what state income taxes on top of Federal can do to a $10,000 a year income is a holy caution. The private citizens who have sufficient income to pay income taxes get it in the neck that way, to be sure. But jobholders are used to the notion that it is their business to impose tortures, not to suffer them; and they find the idea of imposing them on themselves, with their very own hands, peculiarly repugnant. So repugnant, indeed, that it is our guess that not only 1939, but 1949, will come and go without their ever having got around to it — unless somebody turns on a lot more heat than has yet been turned on.

The Whirl Policy

The French and British efforts to get the United States to join them in applying diplomatic pressure to Germany as regards Czechoslovakia, brilliantly lights up the confusion in which our foreign policy is currently involved.

In common sense, there seem but two possible courses we can take. We can assume with the strict isolationists that we can successfully stay out of a world war and refuse resolutely to have any part in quarrels outside the Americas. Or we can assume with the interventionists that in reality it is impossible for us long to stay out of a world war, and try to head it off by making it perfectly plain to any potential aggressor that, if he goes ahead, he'll have to deal with us also.

At Chicago last Summer Mr. Roosevelt seemed to have adopted the latter course. For what he proposed was exactly what England and France are asking now. And sometimes the State Department has appeared to be vaguely steering in that direction, as in the case of Japan. But sometimes, as in the case of Spain, it has obviously been steering to exactly the opposite quarter. And now it is apparently going over to flat isolationism in the case of Czechoslovakia.

Maybe that's the best course. We aren't arguing to the contrary. Mr. Chamberlain's government has pretty clearly betrayed the principles upon which Mr. Roosevelt originally proposed the joint action of democracies to keep down war. And so we might very well be justified in heaving over the idea of co-operating with Britain. But certainly, it is high time we charted some sort of definite course and quit yawing about with every wind that blows.

Explaining A Lapse

It was largely a combination of Northern Republicans and Northern Democrats which yesterday, by a vote of 314 to 97, rammed the wage-and-hour bill through the House minus the Southern differential. But the Southerners themselves put up no very active fight to include that differential. The Ramspeck amendment which would have added it to the bill was casually disposed of by a vote of only 139 to 70. That is, it found only 70 men who bothered to go actively to its defense. And that is only about two-fifths of all Southern members. Moreover, in the showdown, many Southern members, including five from North Carolina, voted *for* the measure as it stood. And many others, among whom were two Tar Heels, abstained from voting.

Yet it is obvious that most of the Southern members believe in the desirability and even the necessity of a differential for the South. What explains their failure to stand up for it, then? First, we guess, the realization that they couldn't possibly win against the coalition of Northerners anyhow. Secondly, the belief that it didn't matter much one way or the other — that the differential will be restored to the bill in conference with the Senate (which has passed a bill *with* a differential), or that, in the squabble over it, both bills will be lost altogether. And finally, the canny reflection that this is, after all, an election year, and that the case offered a perfectly swell chance to get themselves on record as voting for, or at least not voting against, the measure — to get themselves in position to say to Labor, "Well, boys, we did our best for you, and if it didn't come off . . ."

Aftermath of a Victory

Recent news stories about the fictitious Mr. Robert Taylor, who orders 30,000 and 40,000 pints of whisky every month from one distiller and nobody knows how much more elsewhere, and about the nocturnal movements of Mr. Carl Lippard, who seems to chaperone liquor cars on the highways, remind us that in ten days we shall have reached the first anniversary of that famous victory the United Drys won in Mecklenburg County in the liquor election. You will remember the promise made vicariously by Mr. Chester Morrison, campaign manager for the United Drys, that —

> ". . . a campaign of law enforcement will be waged in Charlotte which will clean out the bootlegging joints and other places of flagrant violations of law and decency."

Conditions have improved, in all candor, in the roadhouses along the Wilkinson Boulevard and other highways. But this was primarily the result of a shake-up in the Rural Police Department which began to materialize long before MAFLO was sired by United Dry D. E. Henderson and damned by most of the rest of the populace for a piddler. And while it would be foolish in the extreme to look to MAFLO, or any organization begotten out of that famous victory for prohibition, to go to work as detectives and get the goods on the big-shot liquor operators, it must be ruefully obvious to all those who voted against the stores that they played squarely into the hands of the very worst element in the community, an element, it is plain to see, that the police authority can't cope with.

The illegal sale of all this liquor is bad enough, but the helplessness of the police authority to prevent it is far, far worse. The opening of stores would have put the big shots out of business in this county, but that is spilt milk. The question before the house now is, What shall be done to restore the authority of the police over the criminal element? It needs a positive answer.

THE VALUE OF PLANES

By Hugh S. Johnson

WASHINGTON.—Echoes from the big army air show are rumored complaints from army air officers that their true excellence is suppressed by "War Department orders." The idea is that if the public were informed of the accuracy and striking power of recent aircraft, it would put all other forms of defense into relative disfavor. According to this view the navy wouldn't get its great increase in fighting ships, the army would have trouble with its supply program and the air force might become a separate Cabinet department on equal terms with the army and navy.

Apart from whatever remaining reluctance there may be in in the General Staff to a separate air corps, it is no profound secret that the army believes its air progress to be superior to that of the navy. It can see no reason why the navy should be favored in air appropriations and number of planes. It does not see why the navy needs or wants so many airships. Therefore it is pretty hard to believe that if army air exercises demonstrated that its flying fortresses could dispose of battleships like swatting flies, the army would conceal it out of respect for the tender sensibilities of its sister service.

SUCH TALK MIGHT HAVE DANGEROUS RESULTS

This post-maneuver gossip and rumor is important only on the rebound it may take to hamper an adequate defense program. Congress is always full of what the President calls amateur strategists. The idea of some new magic instrument which will "change the face of war" has haunted the whole of history. Propaganda to the effect that we can rely solely on airplane defense can be very persuasive and spectacular—and very dangerous. And the greatest possible aid to such propaganda would be secrecy—an air of suppression or mystery about what military aircraft can and cannot do.

WHAT IS NEEDED IS AN EXAMINATION OF FACTS

The consensus of the best military and naval thought has been that aircraft is indispensable but far from being exclusively so or even, as yet, stable and dependable enough in all weather for reliance on either sea or land. If these recent maneuvers have shown anything to modify that view, the worst thing the War Department or any other Government department could do would be to suppress it.

It might be a good time now, at the beginning of a very large defense program, to explore this subject and re-examine the late General Billy Mitchell's plea for one unified air force. If such a study is made, it should be by an independent body such as Mr. Coolidge appointed in the Morrow Commission. Army and navy officers of the General Staff and General Board are among the most devoted public servants we have, but it is bred in their bone to become partisan to their own service. As for air officers—they are like the old cavalry. If they didn't religiously believe that their own arm could whip any other single-handed, they wouldn't be any good.

A Last Year's Editorial

(From The News of May 25, 1937)

A STANDOFF

That old American trait of officiousness was on the point of showing itself in Chapel Hill when, all of a sudden, bam! bam! two resolutions were detonated upon its head. The University village was in something of a stew over the wearing of the shorts and not much else on the public byways, and the town council was about to amend its Apparel Ordinance to include children under sixteen when the American Legion Post and the Women's Community Club came to the rescue. The first resolved:—

> The Post hereby expresses its confidence in the ability of the parents of Chapel Hill to regulate the clothing of their children and is of the opinion that the subject does not call for action by the aldermen . . .

Spoke the ladies:

> . . . We do not believe the clothing worn by the children of Chapel Hill is such as to demand regulation by the town government.

These, as they stand, are models of dignity and tolerance, these resolutions, but candor compels the admission that they are incompletely quoted. Both the Legion Post and the Community Club went on to commend the Apparel Ordinance as it applies to adults, thus indicating that while they were willing to leave the clothing of children to their parents, they were unwilling to accord the same privilege to adults. The net result is a sort of 50-50 triumph for minding one's own business.

The Elusive Spot

(Mrs. Theo B. Davis, Zebulon Record)

And I remember the lady lecturer who had ever so many little rag dolls and used them in a sort of Mother Goose parade while she spoke on child training. She insisted that if parents only touched children "in the right spot" they need never resort to force in bringing up the little darlings. As we came down that double-barreled stairway from Wakelon's old auditorium Ruth Whitley asked me if I had ever found the right spot to touch my children, and I said no, but that I had touched them nearly all over hunting for it.

Letters To The Editor:

Novel Writer Explains Why Broun Growls

His Latest Contains A Portrait Of A Fictitious Columnist Called Heywood

Dear Sir:

In a recent issue of your paper Heywood Broun, discussing my latest novel "Meet Me on the Barricades," nominated me for membership in the society of American pessimists. He then went on to say: "And yet it would be a mistake to picture Mr. Harrison as an unhappy man; a mug of gall with a dash of wormwood suits his palate perfectly;" and charged me with the "belief in the futility of all human endeavor," a member of the fraternity where "the high sign is the double cross, and the fraternal greeting is a stab in the back."

Of course, Mr. Broun was speaking politically. Nevertheless, I feel that remarks such as these entitle me to raise a point of personal privilege and I therefore beg the courtesy of your columns in which to make reply.

At the outset may I state that I believe in the rights of labor, in free speech and the right of assembly and in a free press. Moreover, I am bitterly opposed to fascism whether it be of the Hitler, Mussolini or Stalin variety.

These opinions of mine are fairly well known and have been set forth in books and articles with which Mr. Broun should be familiar. As a matter of fact, I held these and similar opinions when he was holding the fort of liberalism on the sports pages of the old New York Tribune some twenty years ago.

Then why this sudden attack?

Well, to put the matter frankly, this little argument between us is nothing else than an old-fashioned grudge fight. "Meet Me on the Barricades" is a political satire. And Mr. Broun, I have been confidentially and reliably informed (we have many mutual friends) is incensed at one of the minor characters in my novel.

This character is a certain fictitious personage by the name of Heywood Broun. He holds the center of the stage in my book on pages 162-165. This Broun is a generously built newspaper columnist who once starred in a Broadway musical comedy called "Shoot the Works."

This columnist character of mine is also a noted liberal and supporter of the New Deal, who at the same time endorses the new Stalinist constitution in Russia as "the most democratic constitution in the world." No less!

He also approves of the Russian blood purges in the Soviet Union during which 2,776 high government officials were executed last year. He is opposed to the imprisonment of Tom Mooney in America but approves the shooting of anti-fascists who oppose the Stalinist GPU in loyalist Spain.

But this isn't all. He preaches against the horrors of war and at the same time calls for collective security, that is to say, for a military alliance with England, France, etc. He condemns concentration camps in Germany, but is silent on the three million political prisoners in Russia. He is a liberal in his daily syndicated column but in a weekly column in "The New Republic," he espouses the political line, without a solitary deviation, of the Stalinist party in America.

In short, this character of mine, this fictional Heywood Broun, is at once a staunch humanitarian and a Stalinist political trigger man.

When the little hero of my book—a certain P. Herbert Simpson, an oboist who believes everything he reads—discovers that he is being bamboozled by Mr. Broun and other political thinkers of the same order, the poor fellow goes out of his mind and dies in his sleep during an insane hallucination.

And that, my dear editor, is why Mr. Broun (smile when you say that!) has seen fit to revile me (politically, of course) in the columns of your estimable newspaper.

CHARLES YALE HARRISON.
New York.

Visiting Around

Rev. Jenkins Did NOT Assist

(Erlanger Item, Lexington Dispatch)

(This correspondent reported last week that Mr. Williams was assisting Rev. W. R. Jenkins of the Thomasville circuit, through misinformation.)

But What's Old Glory Got to Do With Old Crow?

(Monroe Enquirer)

Special music will be furnished by the Wingate Junior College Quartet and the Monroe High School Band. A delegation of children from Mr. Little's church in Marshville dressed in white and bearing the United States flag will be used as an illustration of why Mr. Little, among many other reasons, is against the liquor traffic.—Contributed.

Yeh, We Just Keep That Line Standing in Type

(Monroe Enquirer)

The young couple will reside temporarily at the home of the groom's parents on Bickett Street.—Reported.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT Registered U. S. Patent Office By Ripley

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

Today's Cartoon Self-Explanatory

The Dodo Comes Alive

By HEYWOOD BROUN

SUCCESS is such a heady wine to Republicans that the cup which cheers may also bring black remorse upon the morrow. One of the most interesting things which came to light in the recent inferno in the Keystone State is the indication that Pennsylvania again has a lot of Republicans—and reactionary ones at that.

For a time the species seemed to be extinct or, at any rate, under cover. Every now and then some woodsman would report that he saw a pair coming down to the waterhole just before dawn. But such reports were often brushed aside as visionary. But now the bison of privilege have replenished themselves and the herd is on the rampage. As far as surface figures go Pennsylvania is again rock-ribbed and Republican.

Nor is there any comfort for the small progressive group in the primary figures. The old bosses of the machine are so confident just now that they may go back and pick that Chinaman of Mencken's. You may remember that the Baltimore strong boy was certain such a candidate could be elected in 1936. And perhaps he can be in 1940. Provided, of course, that he is a conservative Chinaman.

STILL, HE HAD BEST NOT BE QUITE THIS CHINESE

On the other hand, there is the bare possibility that success will go to the head of the Old Guard, which has been on the rations of abstinence so long. The bosses of Pennsylvania and other leaders of the ancient order may overplay their hand. A swing from the theories of the New Deal need not carry all the way back to the political habits of a Harding. The Republicans in their 1940 convention might pick a man who would be too tough even for those voters who may be in revolt against the Roosevelt theories.

That is the bright side of the picture. The gloomy side is that any split among the liberals will make it comparatively easy for the reactionaries to walk in. Some have argued that it is unfair to say that a third party would split the forces of progressivism, since they are already far from being united. That is in a measure true, but there can be no question of the solidarity of the conservative groups at the moment.

IT LOOKS LIKE A GRAVE FOR THE LITTLE FLOWER

I have said before that Fiorello La Guardia is by all odds the most able candidate of those who have any claim at all to the Republican label. But some time ago I expressed grave doubts as to any dim possibility of his obtaining a Republican nomination for the Presidency. If the Pennsylvania results are any criterion he simply isn't in the picture.

Of late I have begun to weaken in my belief that Franklin D. Roosevelt will be a candidate to succeed himself. All the available evidence seems to point to the fact that he does not want to run again. Certainly he does not seem to be striving for the nomination. And this, I think, shortens the odds against Harry Hopkins in the Winter books. In my opinion, Mr. Hopkins would make an excellent President. I am not so sure that he would make a strong candidate.

AND THERE IS NO HOPE IN THE PROGRESSIVES

But, at any rate, I hold strongly to the belief that moves for a third party at this time do threaten the success of present progressive leadership and serve to encourage the gathering and emboldening of reactionary forces.

Incidentally, Ernest L. Myer, in taking me to task for criticizing Phil La Follette, spoke of the efficient manner in which the Governor had succeeded in putting through a reorganization bill in the state of Wisconsin. He contrasted Phil's success and Roosevelt's failure.

If Mr. Meyer had familiarized himself with the vote in the House of Representatives he might be aware of the fact that La Follette's progressives joined hands with the forces of the right, the followers of Gannett and the legislators all bound up with telegraph wires. They voted against the Federal reorganization bill. That was Phil's contribution to the maintenance of liberal leadership in Washington.

Now It's Klina

(Winston-Salem Journal)

One has just finished reading the authoritative discussion of the case against those who pronounce it "Ca'-lina," as written by Louis Graves, of Chapel Hill, for The Baltimore Evening Sun, and has noted his quotation from Judge Robert W. Winston in refutation of Tom Bost's allegation that Aycock pronounced it "Ca'lina"— when the roving eye falls on Walter Winchell's column.

And here the patriotic Carolinian (and roll that "r"), receives the unkindest cut of all. Writes Winchell:

> "Ex-G-Man Melvin Purvis will wed a gal named Taylor from his home burg, Timmonsville, dyaown in Sath Klina. . . ."

Fairly literate Tar Heels opine that "Ca'lina" is bad, that "Ca'liny" is worse, and that "Cair-lina," the pronunciation given "Carolina" by some of the natives on the lower educational level, as Mr. Graves explains, is barely tolerable. But "Klina—", that's the last straw!

Earlier Days

News of 75 and 100 Yea[rs]
Ago From Files In the
State Library at Raleig[h]

MAY 25, 1863

75 YEARS AGO

CONFLICT OF AUTHORITY

We deeply regret to learn fro[m the]
Standard that John N. Irvin, of
ingham County, who was discha[rged by]
Chief Justice Pearson on a w[rit of]
habeas corpus because he had h[ired a]
substitute and received a regula[r]
conditional discharge as a conscri[pt, has]
been re-arrested by order of the
retary of War and is now in
Holmes the conscript camp
Raleigh.

We cannot believe that the Sec[retary]
of War will persist in holding
but rather presume, from his
proper course in the former in[stance]
when Governor Vance applied t[o him]
for the delivery of a citizen
state who had been improperly
rested, that he will make amend[s for]
this outrage upon the judicial[ly]
firmed rights of Mr. Irvin. Do[ubtless]
Governor Vance has promptly dem[anded]
the discharge of Irvin.

—Fayetteville Obse[rver]

MAY 25, 1838

100 YEARS AGO

NAVIGATION HEAD

The Guilford copper mine is
with most flattering results. Up
of 120 tons of ore have passed th[rough]
this town on the way to Englan[d]
of this was hauled here by the w
It is easy to perceive that
articles, together with the iron a[nd]
with which this region abounds,
of necessity seek the nearest po[int of]
water for navigation.

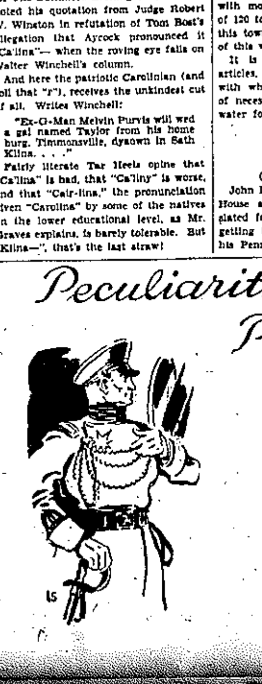
—Fayetteville Obse[rver]

And Firmly

(Norfolk Virginian-Pilot)

John Lewis has lunched at the
House and Will Green is said
slated for an early invitation.
getting time for the President t[o take]
his Penn. in hand.

Peculiarities Of People



By F. Romer

VON GOERING

VON GOERING, the
of Germany's air fo[rce]
has a theatrical turn of
which manifests itself in
wardrobe. He has upwar[ds of]
eighty dazzling uniform[s of]
all types which he desi[gned]
himself and in which he
to variously appear.