The Charlotte News

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We seek truth, that we may follow it.

SATURDAY, MAY 7, 1938

Third Party Barrier

The biggest bar to formation of a third party, a coalition party or any other sort of party is patronage; rather, the lack of it. Elections, except in great indignant upheavals of the electorate are won by politicians. Politicians fight for patronage; that is the base of all their machines. From the big men to the smallest, from the whales and sharks in the political pool down to the minnows in the muddy predict pool, the bait is patronage.

A new party hasn't any. It has nothing to promise to the sharks, for the sharks to promise to the small fry. The new party might have purity in great masses, might have tons of high motives, carloads of high ideals, but the fish will not swim for that. The generals, the colonels, the sergeants and the corporals who make vote-getting a specialty will not work for that.

Wisconsin's Governor Phil La Follette, leading the new third party, talks well, may have an argument, and writes a fine statement but he has no jobs to hand out over the United States. How does he expect to win without 'em?

Playing with Fire

One of the most interesting things about the organization of the Veteran's Front for the Support of Mayor Hague's Suppression of Free Speech in Hague town Thursday night is that the Mister Charles Brophy who promised to call out a private army of 800 of "his" men armed with rubber hose to keep two Congressmen of the United States from speaking, is — vice-commander of the Catholic Veterans.

Whether the leaders of the Catholic Church in this country have anything to do with his stand we don't know, but in view of their intense pro-fascist propaganda in the last year, it hardly seems unfair to suspect it. In any case, here are men organized with specific reference to their religion engaged, as a body, in an attempt to destroy the most fundamental of American liberties.

There are many things we might say about that. But we content ourselves with saying, first, that The News speaks without any bias against Catholics as such, and that it despises all forms of anti-Catholic activities. And then — that Catholics in this country should weigh well the fact that they are a minority and that they have plenty of enemies who'd be glad to do to them just about what is being done to the Jews in Germany. And that their best bulwark against that is precisely the liberties which the Catholics in this case are trying to destroy.

Tribute to Miss Bleau

This is a tribute to the memory of Miss Doris Bleau. As might have been expected, and was expected, and by the actuarial tables forecast, she is dead. They have prepared to ship her from Miami to Grand Isle, Vt., in a coffin with a broader beam by eleven inches than the ordinary coffin. She was 38 years old and weighed 714 pounds.

To the end that gawping humans might gaze upon her and exercise those emotions of amazement which made them pop-eyed for a moment and so contributed to their enjoyment of life, Miss Bleau fed herself with unexempled devotion. Some artists paint, and others by the mysterious processes of genius attain fame. Others write poems, to the end that their pocketbooks become fat. Others write books and plays and play musical instruments and paint and imitate and dance, to various ends, including charity horses, swelled heads and trips to Europe, but they all hope to live long lives. Miss Bleau had no such hope. Forty years, she knew and said, was her limit. So she, the fat lady in a circus, piled on fat in one final great burst of extended eating, mounted from 575 pounds up to the unrivaled figure of 714 and died. A true artist, Miss Bleau, and peace be with her.

Free Speech—Limited

Whether "Rural Progress," the magazine edited by Dr. Glenn Frank, chairman of the new Republican Party policy committee, and published in Chicago by a man named Maurice V. Reynolds, is an organ of anti-New Deal propaganda, we don't know.

But suppose it is propaganda, what then? Suppose, that as Senator Minton, the successor of Hugo Black as Grand Inquisitor of the Lobby Committee, charges, it has "unjustly criticised" President Roosevelt and the New Deal. Suppose that were an absolute and objective fact and not merely what the Senator thinks or professes to think. Suppose even that it were a demonstrable fact that the magazine exists for the deliberate and sole purpose of lying about President Roosevelt and the New Deal. Is that proper ground for doing as Grand Inquisitor Minton has done, and under penalty of jail for contempt of the Senate, forcing Publisher Reynolds to travel a thousand miles to appear before the Lobby Committee, to be bullied at will by the lawyers who make it up, to be publicly pilloried? Is it justification for the bill which the Grand Inquisitor has introduced into the Congress — a bill that would make it a crime for a man to publish what he did not know to be true, though it were not libelous?

To suppose it is to suppose that free speech and a free press can be something less than free, which is nonsense. The right to "criticize unfairly," to say and publish what is not "true" about public officials and their policies, even to say what the sayer knows darn well to be untrue, *absolutely without penalty*, is the very essence of free speech and a free press. The whole theory of these rights is that the only rational answer to a lie is not jail or bullying but the assertion of the truth. And if the doctrine is once set up that a critic must be "true" and "tell the truth" — why, then, who is to judge whether or no he has been just and told the truth? Obviously, the very public officials at whom he targets, Adolf Hitler himself, does not object to criticism he holds to be "fair" and "true."

Dr. Frank is right. Grand Inquisitor Minton is a very definite menace to the Bill of Rights.

Erasers for Bureaucrats

Because a Pure Food & Drug Bill now pending in Congress calls for judicial review of orders promulgated by the Government, the National League of Women Voters is through with it. The organization, which has fought for the bill, "will now have to oppose it," unless the offending clause is removed.

"Judicial review" sounds pretty cumbersome, but all it means, in reality, is that the courts are still to be open as a recourse for the man who thinks the Government is about to do him wrong. Were it not so, some bureau in Washington could condemn Spink's Spots-Before-The-Eyes Remedy on the ground that the medicine left grease stains where it was advertised positively not to leave grease stains, and, even while Mr. Spink was carrying his case to court, bar his nostrum from sale and effectively put him out of business even though he later won the verdict.

Of course, if all administrative officials could be counted on not to misuse their extraordinary powers and not to make mistakes, there would be no need for judicial review. Quite so. But the pencil manufacturers are still putting erasers on their pencils, especially on the latest models. And even with the vast increase in knowledge of medical science, the undertakers are still making a living.

An "Honorable" Default

When Adolf Hitler took over Austria, and with it the Austrian assets and liabilities, there was in Austria about $7 in gold for each of her 6,750,000 persons. Back in Berlin, by contrast, Herr Hitler's coffers contained only enough gold to average out at about 45 cents for each of Germany's 66,000,000 persons. Austria, plainly, was far better heeled, which was one reason that its schilling would buy nearly its par in American exchange, whereas German marks, nominally quoted at par or even a little better, are "blocked" within the country. That is, Germany is holding tight to what she has.

And now, it develops, she is holding tight to what Austria had, to which the Reich has taken title. Semi-annual interest on two issues of Austrian bonds, marketed in this country and payable in dollars, has not been forthcoming. Nor has any word, but there is good reason to expect that Herr Hitler will keep the cash and let the creditors go. That might be considered a little on the crooked side in personal transactions, but as between Germany and her debtors, it is thoroughly in accord with the national honor as revised by the Nazis.

BODY BLOW FOR CUPID

By Heywood Broun

WITH regret and almost consternation I learn that the new type of Fifth Avenue bus is to have a roof at the top of its second story. This is going to play havoc with love-making, which has been on a rapid decline in recent years. Some of my younger friends assure me that it still goes on in a sporadic way, but there is scant evidence to support this contention.

Here is May, and all the freshets of lyric poetry which used to come tumbling down are dammed or dwindling. Taxi drivers tell me that it is very rare to get a fare who puts his arm around the young lady whom he is taking home after the theater. A veteran hacker says that in more than two years he hasn't heard the direction, "Twice around the park slowly." He blames it on international politics.

EXPLAINING WHY A LOVELY LADY SAT ALL ALONE

According to him, the modern boy and girl sit on opposite ends of the seat and debate collective security. One of the prettiest girls he ever saw discussed the TVA with her young man all the way from Times Square to 139th Street.

Surely this is no time to be putting a roof on the buses. There is certainly something in what the taxi driver says. The new generation is certainly more serious-minded than the ones to which you and I belonged. Only the other night I was lecturing at a small denominational college near Philadelphia, and after the talk dragged on to its weary end a few of us gathered at a professor's house for sandwiches. I happened to remark that a blond girl who sat alone in the front row certainly seemed most attractive.

"I guess you mean Mildred," said one of the young men. "Nobody goes out with Mildred."

"And what is wrong with Mildred?" I inquired.

"She's an isolationist," he answered simply.

FOR ROMANCE YOU NEED A MOON AND THE STARS

We certainly will have to open up the top deck of the Fifth Avenue busses to the moon and the little stars. You see I don't wholly agree with the taxi driver as to the cause of frigidity in the younger generation.

It is too much to hope that they will ever be as gay and larky as we were. But there are mitigating circumstances. It isn't just international politics. The machine age and modern city planning are deterrents. When transportation went under ground love flew out the window. There is no courtship of any consequence in the subway. No man can whisper soft nothings on a Bronx express.

I even think I see a decline in sentimental interest around the city rooms of newspapers. Thirty years ago the woman reporter was a shy and frightened little creature who did society news and garden notes. Possibly my memory deceives me, but I seem to see her as wearing gingham and putting up her hair on the top of her head in a bun. At any rate, she was fluttery and didn't have the dimmest notion as to what it was all about. You felt that you ought to hold her hand to protect her whenever she had to venture out into the turmoil of city traffic.

AND LADY REPORTERS LEAVE US COLD NOW

It is not so today. The last time I took a lady reporter out to dinner was some years ago. I had a corner table in a little French restaurant in the Village. She took a Martini instead of the tomato juice which I suggested, but she apologized by saying:—

"I had a pretty tough assignment today."

"And what event did you cover, my dear?" I asked with elderly benevolence.

"They sent me up to Sing Sing to do the electrocution of the four gunmen," she responded.

We are still good friends, but the acquaintanceship has never ripened into romance.

There ought to be a Federal project. Roofs and walls must be torn down. Possibly ickes could let in the moonlight and Harry Hopkins bring back the honeysuckle to our great industrial cities. Love clings to life by too tenuous a line. There is nothing left but the Staten Island ferryboats.

Visiting Around

Hey, Where's the Foyer?
(Waynesville Mountaineer)

In the foyer eight Girl Scouts will stand at attention while the guests arrive and leave.

It Looks to Us Like the Pastor Is the One Who Is Doing the Assisting
(Zoar item, Chesterfield Advertiser).

There will be no morning service on Monday, May 25th, but on every other week day at 10:30 o'clock. The Rev. Robert F. Turner, of McColl, will assist the pastor and do the preaching.

Alcohol Chief Says Averill Maligns Him

Moore Enters Denial To Stories Written By Correspondent At State Capital

Dear Sir:

I am writing this letter in regard to articles which have recently appeared in various papers throughout North Carolina, including The News, written by Mr. Henry Averill, newspaper correspondent, in which he made attacks upon me and others.

On April 27 he had an article stating that the present Alcohol Control Board, had been dominated by me and that Mr. Thomas J. Murphy had been merely a figurehead under my control. He also stated that Mr. Murphy would have been made a laughing stock but for the fact that Raleigh newspaper men have hearts. In answer to this, I wish to say that there has never arisen but three controversial issues in this office between Mr. Williams, member of the State Board, and myself. Mr. Murphy voted with me on two of these occasions and with Mr. Williams on the third occasion.

It is true that Mr. Murphy's health has broken in the past few months and that he is incapacitated now by the infirmities of old age and an automobile accident, as a result of which Mr. Murphy has not received for his services but about one-third of the compensation that has been paid to Mr. Williams. T. J. Murphy needs no defense before the people of this State who have known him for many years as a man of integrity—charitable and courageous—and Mr. Averill is the first to assail him during his sixty-seven years of useful service to his State and to try to make him the laughing stock which he referred to.

Mr. Averill well knows that this office has been kept open at all times to newspaper men and the public, and that he is at liberty to be present at all board meetings or hearings, and to refer to all records. The board has never gone into executive session to keep out anyone. Furthermore, Mr. Averill is the only one of the Raleigh newspaper men who has cast reflection upon our policies.

In another article written by Mr. Averill on May 2 which appeared in several afternoon papers, he states that Mrs. Edna J. Almand, executive secretary to the board, told him that I was writing all distillers who advertise in the afternoon papers which he represents to boycott same because I did not like certain articles written by him with reference to the liquor board's activities and it's head.

That statement is not true and I am enclosing signed statement by Mrs. Almand and attested by Miss Ella Webb and Mr. Carl S. Wester, who are employed in this office and were witnesses to this conversation, which will speak for itself. I would appreciate your printing this statement.

Mr. Averill has continuously written articles which would lead people to believe that a continuous friction existed between this board and county boards. That is not true, and I would welcome any statement of facts from him to the contrary, citing any instance in which I have used dictatorial methods in enforcing the 1937 Control Act that was not written in same.

CUTLAR MOORE, Chairman,
N. C. Board of Alcohol Control.

STATEMENT

Mr. Averill called at the office of the State Board of Alcoholic Control on Saturday of last week and asked me for a statement which Mr. Moore was to give him in answer to some articles which he (Averill) had published previously. I told Mr. Averill that Mr. Moore had not prepared a statement up to that time but probably would have one later. I followed this by saying "Henry, why are you continually writing things about our board that are not correct?" He answered by saying he had done nothing but publish the facts and I then asked him where he obtained his facts and he answered this with "Oh, well, that is another matter," and I then said "Well, I don't know where you get your facts but they are certainly not true facts." He then asked me if Mr. Moore got the list of papers he was asking for and what it was to be used for, to which I replied that I thought he got the list and I judged he wanted the list to make his statement to or probably he wanted to check up on some advertising. Mr. Averill answered this by saying "Well, that is immaterial, anyway," and with that he walked out and the conversation closed.

(Signed) EDNA J. ALMOND.

The above statement is true and correct, I being a witness to same.

C. S. WEBSTER,
ELLA WEBB,
Raleigh.

New Flowers
(Sanford Herald)

Abbreviation of tomatoes, cut short to TOMS, has caused Dorothy McKay, of near Lillington, some brain work.

Her grandmother, Mrs. Cora Hatch, of Sanford, sent her some tomato plants, named Early Anna. Dorothy noted the name, but thought the abbreviations of tomatoes went with the name, making it Early Annatoms. Thinking them to be new flowers, she planted them in her flower garden. After weeks of waiting she found no blooms, and wrote to her grandmother wanting to know when her Early Annatoms would bloom.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

By Ripley

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

Today's Cartoon Self-Explanatory

City Heads Win Honors

BY DICK YOUNG

THOSE who work for our City Government are so proficient and outstanding that many of them have been chosen as "big shots" in various associations and societies. A casual survey reveals a number of city employees who are holding down important offices in these organizations. And it is a distinct compliment to Charlotte's municipal government that those within its ranks have been chosen for these places of responsibility and leadership. The list starts off with Mayor Douglas, who is the president of the North Carolina Association of Municipalities. Others are: Fire Chief Hendrix Palmer, former president of the North Carolina Firemen's Association, and at present president of the North Carolina Fire Chiefs Association; Frank N. Littlejohn, Chief of Detectives, who is president of the North Carolina Police Chiefs Association; Water Superintendent W. E. Vest, who last week was elected president of the North Carolina Section of the American Society of Civil Engineers; Fire Alarm Superintendent J. A. Purser, who is president of the Carolinas-Georgia Chapter of the National Municipal Signal Association; John Piercynski, Superintendent of the Police Identification Bureau, who is vice-president of the North Carolina Division of the International Association for Identification; R. H. Haley, plumbing inspector, who by appointment of Governor Hoey is a member of the North Carolina Plumbers Examining Board, City Treasurer L. L. Ledbetter, who is vice-president of the Finance Division of the Institute of Government, and Miss Anne Barentine, public health nurse who is vice-president of District No. 3 of the North Carolina Nurses Association.

RULES SHOULD BE MADE FOR HI SCHOOL BAND

It seems that all is not going so well with the music program in the City Schools. This came to light as plans were made for Central High School Band to go to West Palm Beach, Fla., to compete in Southeastern regional musical contests. Faculty objection was voiced because some of the students were not passing their work. That should have been made plain before the youngsters were on the verge of leaving, and definite regulations governing the participation of students in band performances might well be framed on the model of those governing participation in athletic contests. But that should have been ironed out before this. I believe that the musical program is doing much for the broadening of the cultural phase of the students' lives, and it is already apparent in general audiences that artistic appreciation in Charlotte is on the upgrade. Musical training of the youngsters is having its effect on the cultural life of the city. But there are some in the city schools, who bear down on the three R's to the exclusion of artistic development. With surprise I learned this week that at the Myers Park School the principal does not permit musical instruction during the regular school hours and those who wish this instruction must come to school at 8:15 A. M. and take their lessons before classes begin. As much as these musical organizations of the schools are used by the general public, I am sure that general support is given the musical program.

AUDITORIUM SHOULD BEAR REDD'S NAME

Suggestion has been made that the City might well formally and officially name the "Armory-Auditorium," the Marion Redd Auditorium. As Mayor Mr. Redd was solely responsible for the present fine auditorium, which was erected in 90 working days in order to provide a place for the Confederate Veterans reunion here in 1929. A vote on a bond issue to erect the building failed by a few votes but Mr. Redd did not stop. He secured the signatures of ten citizens who agreed to underwrite the $100,000 obligation until satisfactory financial arrangements could be worked out. He sold the old City Auditorium at Fifth and College Streets, and received $100,000 in cold cash. As it turned out the members of the syndicate who purchased the property could not meet the remaining $75,000 and part of the property was turned back to the City government. Now the City has the new auditorium and the property of the old one. . . . . Condolence to Mrs. Stella Patterson, police woman, whose brother died in Danville, Va., this week. . . . An iron fence, costing some $800, will be erected around the plot at Eighth Street and Pecan Avenue where the million-gallon water tank stands. Nearby residents petitioned the Council for the iron picket fence. . . . . George Livingston, in the treasury department, was proudly bearing the honors of grandfather this week. . . . R. W. Gibson, chairman of the Park and Recreation Commission, was a member of the 113th Machine Gun outfit, in which Mayor Douglas was first lieutenant during the World War. . . . . Congratulations to Brevard Garrison upon his appointment to the Civil Service Commission and to Charlie Lambeth on his reappointment to the Airport Commission. . . . . Fireman Jack Hall was the victim of a peculiar accident a few days ago. He was crouched down working on one of the chief's automobiles and when he straightened up, one of his knee caps popped out of place. And he's hobbling around with a stick. . . . . .

Dispatching Cut Worms
(Mrs. Renn Drum, Shelby Star)

Who among the garden enthusiasts in the audience can tell me if there's anything to the theory that cut worms should be starved out, inside a covered jar, instead of smashed into the dirt with the heel?

Someone once told me that, when one smashed a cut worm and left him lying in the farm earth, one simply left his eggs (I mean her eggs) exposed to the warm sun to be hatched, and got for one's trouble a new family of cut worms. That individual's procedure for successfully destroying cut worms was to drop the worms into a covered fruit jar, kept in the garden for that purpose, and allow them to perish. (Since no one could have any sympathy for a cut worm, he need have no compunction about seeing one stagger.

Earlier Days

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

MAY 7, 1863
75 YEARS AGO

LEE AND JACKSON

His left arm gone, his right hand maimed, the lion-hearted Jackson rests in the house of a friend, cheerful, resigned to the will of that Providence in which he so firmly trusts, patiently bidding his time. General Lee's sublime tribute to his services in the late battles, his profound and sincere sympathy for his sufferings, leaves us at a loss which to admire and love more—the author of the receiver of the letter in which his magnanimity and manly sorrow are conveyed.

"How gladly would I have borne in my own person the serious loss you have sustained, for to you and you alone is due the victory we have achieved." To this effect is Lee's letter. Who is not proud to live in the same day and belong to the same race with such men?

—Fayetteville Observer.

MAY 7, 1838
100 YEARS AGO

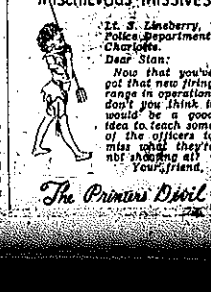
CLAY'S SLAVES

A writer in the New York Evening Post (Mr. Van Buren's leading New York paper) adverting to the probability of Mr. Clay's nomination for the Presidency says: "All the voters in my house, Whig though we be, have resolved that we will not vote for a man for President who is a slaveholder. My opinion is that the Abolitionists generally will act the same way." He adds that the Whigs "do not put in nomination a real son of liberty for President, they will lose my vote and the votes of hundreds of thousands of men who are for liberty in the abstract and also in reality."

—Fayetteville Observer.

Man at Work
(Sanford Herald)

One of our spies has reported to us on the Sabbath activities of our city editor. He was observed last Sunday morning sitting in a pew in a local church. Notebook and pencil in hand he had prepared to absorb the wisdom of the minister's sermon and set it down in these pages for the edification of The Herald's readers.

The sermon was not reported. The reason, according to our spy, was that ye editor, mouth agape, slept peacefully, if not quietly—throughout the entire service.

MISCHIEVOUS MISSIVES