The Charlotte News

And Evening Chronicle

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FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1938

Tips for Passengers, Motorists and Pedestrians

If you must tangle with a dimetaxi, always pick out one that is operated independently. It will be bonded for $5,500, whereas the average coverage of chain cabs decreases sharply with the number of units in operation.

If you suffer injury or property damage from any cab, chain or independent, lose no time in reducing your claim to judgment. The ordinance is so ingeniously drawn that only final judgments are a lien on the guarantees deposited with the City Treasurer, and obviously, if there are many claims ahead of yours, in lengthy process of being reduced to final judgment, the guarantee of a few thousands isn't going to cover them all.

If the worst comes to worst and you doubt that you will get your money, it might be a good idea to sue, in addition to the cab operator, the Mayor, the City Council, the City Manager and the City Treasurer. They probably wouldn't be liable, but they aren't sure of it, and the chances are that you'd throw a good scare into 'em and at least cause them to inquire of each other how they ever got buffaloed into passing that ordinance against their better judgment, anyhow.

Borgia in Kentucky

There is a very high and unpleasant odor about that affair of the "poisoning" of the Hon. Happy Chandler, Governor of Kentucky and aspirant to the toga of Senator Barkley. And the case plainly ought to be inquired into by a committee of disinterested doctors, and afterwards by disinterested police.

The Hon. Happy himself says he was poisoned, the clear inference being that the stuff that nearly got him was prepared by the friends of Senator Barkley. One of the doctors called in says he (the Hon. Happy) was poisoned, too. And so does Happy's campaign manager. But on the other hand, another doctor who attended the sick man says he found no trace of poisoning. And the chief of police and the chief of detectives in Louisville report that they have investigated the case and found the story of poisoning to be "a political bedtime story" and "a publicity stunt."

Trouble with all these reports is that they plainly come from partisans of one side or the other, and the public is entitled to know the truth. If somebody has actually tried to poison the Hon. Happy, then the fellow and all those who may have prompted him ought to be run to earth and given a particularly vigorous dose of the medicine that is ordinarily dealt out to murderers. And if nobody has — if the Hon. Happy and his partisans are so irresponsible that they have cooked up this story by way of discrediting Senator Barkley and making votes for Happy — then it certainly ought to mean that the Hon. Happy shall be summarily and permanently retired from politics.

Teach 'Em a Lesson

We would probably back up the Republican member of the Mecklenburg Board of Elections, anyhow, since he is in the minority, and minorities need backing up. But he is eternally right, and we are sure that his Democratic colleagues will see it that way, when he insists that the honesty of elections is the thing, and not merely the question of whether Mr. Howard or Mr. Hilker was nominated for Judge of County Recorder's Court.

If there were irregularities in the primary, they should be exposed. If there was fraud, it should be prosecuted. If absentee ballots were certified improperly by notaries public, they should be de-commissioned. For only by punishing violations of the election laws can the authorities ever teach the politicians that they are not to be trifled with.

Toward a Pogrom

Benito Mussolini seems pretty obviously to be warming up for a pogrom against the Italian Jews, or at least to be preparing the ground for the use of one at need. For two weeks his newspapers have been howling up the theme, and now he has ordered off the Rome correspondents of the Christian Science Monitor and the Jewish Telegraph Agency — both seasoned and bold fellows whose reports on the developing crime have been vigorous and forthright.

What lies behind this move toward Jew-baiting is probably not any hatred for the Jew *per se*, such as distinguishes the German, Julius Streicher. Italy has less than a hundred thousand Jews altogether, and the body of the Italian people are even yet apathetic toward the business. But Benito has observed from the German case that a race myth is perhaps an even more effective device for inflating boobs than his own razzle-dazzle about being the reincarnation of Nero — or Caligula's horse. That was undoubtedly why he came out three weeks ago with the astonishing news that "scientists" have abolished history and proved the Italian to be one of the non-existent and eminently superior "Aryans." But it is not only the value of race myths that Benito has observed. He has observed, too, that the persecution and spoliation of a helpless minority people, particularly one so bright and well-heeled as the Jews, is one of the very best ways of stirring up belief in and enthusiasm for those myths . . .

Paid Is Not the Word

Secretary Henry Wallace made the astonishing statement in a speech at Des Moines this week that total debts in the United States today, despite the New Deal's vast borrowings, are six billions less than they were in 1930. There is a catch to this, however, as the Secretary's own figures will show.

Private debts, he says, are now twelve billions under 1932 and 28 billions under 1930. This is another way of saying that between 1930 and 1932 sixteen billions of private debts were paid off. Some were, undoubtedly, for there is much truth in the old maxim that people make debts in good times and pay them in bad; and heaven knows the times under discussion were bad enough. A large portion of these decreased debts, however, weren't paid at all. They were defaulted; charged off; settled for so much on the dollar or canceled by foreclosure and repossession.

The same is true for public debts. Why, at one time in this 1930-1932 period, 60 of North Carolina's 100 county governments were in default, as were 144 cities and towns, 22 school districts and two drainage districts. Asheville alone had a debt exceeding $20,000,000, not to mention Buncombe's $18,000,000. Pro rata settlement of these defaulted obligations alone would have made a dent in the statistics, but not one to which Cabinet officers should now be pointing with pride and in explation of the New Deal's extravagance.

Old Stuff

Mr. W. Lee O'Daniel, who got himself the Democratic nomination for Governor of Texas by herding a hillbilly band into a bus and traveling over the state sandwiching encomiums of the Ten Commandments in between the Cracker tunes, is no new phenomenon in American politics, but simply the last term in a long series of terms. Everybody will think at once of the antics of such showmen as Blease, Vardaman, Jeff Davis the Lesser, Cotton Ed Smith, Tom Heflin, Huey Long, Ma and Jim Ferguson, the Man Bilbo, etc. But the tradition is not strictly confined to such dubious fellows. For what all such tactics are primarily calculated to do is to convince the "woolhat boys" that the great man on the platform is just another one of themselves; plain as an old shoe and addicted to the simple, homely verities. And they are at least as old as the campaign of 1840.

William Henry Harrison was the son of Benjamin Harrison of Virginia, who had been a member of the Continental Congress, signed the Declaration of Independence, served as head of the War Board of the colonies, and been Governor of the Old Dominion. And the son was anything else but a commoner. But as a young man he had moved to Ohio, lived for a while in a house partly built of logs, and fought the Indians. He was alleged to prefer cider to wine at his table. And so when the Whigs put him up for President, and found themselves without any very clear issue, they hit on the notion of running the campaign purely on the "Log Cabin and Cider" and "Old Tippecanoe" slogans — of presenting Harrison as the rough and ready, unlettered man of the frontier, as against the sleek Van Buren crowd.

It worked wonderfully. And ever since, even men of great dignity have often taken a leaf from that book. Our own Zeb Vance, for instance, posed all his life as a sort of homespun hillbilly on his own account, though in fact he had an excellent family background and was one of the most completely literate men who ever figured in North Carolina politics.

WANTED—AN ABLE FERRET

By Hugh S. Johnson

BETHANY BEACH, Del.—If there was ever a subject on which the people of the United States were entitled to the light, it is TVA. It is already plain that all they are likely to get is a glob of gloomy darkness.

With at least a smattering of engineering — the same elementary West Point course of the army engineers — I tried, after considerable study, to write something about TVA. I had also the advantage of two years' work on hydrology, as counsel for the State of Illinois in the Lake Levels controversy. That was far from making me expert, but at least I wasn't a complete tyro.

The net result of my columnar examination was complete frustration. I hastily dropped the subject. If you examine it on the Lilienthal figures, you can come to the conclusion that TVA is God's greatest gift to man. If you take either Arthur Morgan's or Wendell Willkie's approach, you will come out with nausea and a conviction that TVA is the worst socialistic hokum ever perpetrated under the guise of pseudo-scientific patter.

THEY MAKE FIGURES DO WHAT THEY WANT

Either case proves itself — on the figures of its own advocates — to mathematical certainty. Figures don't lie but liars figure — and in this case somebody is lying like hell.

What chance has the public in a mess like that? If a man with a little technical background can't write about it with any certainty that he is doing a reasonable service to truth and justice, how is the famous man in the street to reach a conclusion?

Yet a conclusion must be reached. TVA is no mere incident in the regular stride of government. It is a socialistic experiment of the widest possible implications. It is the pilot plant of an ambitious plan that might destroy our constitutional principle of division of powers between state and national government. If the whole country is, as this administration proposes, to be divided up into "seven TVA," it could be a step toward substitution of seven economic and political Federal provinces for the present forty-eight states. Without condemning that idea — for which there is much argument — we ought to know the truth about it in advance.

ONLY A TOUGH GUY CAN DIG UP THE FACTS

There is only one way on earth to get that truth — an honest, searching investigation by a Congressional committee. No such committee ever moves under its own steam. Its success depends on some hard-boiled searcher after truth who can bore through armor plate and sift fact from bunk like a mechanical thresher. It needs men like Tom Walsh (with Paul Anderson prompting him), or Ferdinand Pecora, or Hugo Black (also plus Paul Anderson), or Bob La Follette on his own power.

Sometimes it is the chairman, sometimes the counsel — but always it is somebody reveling in his job. In this case — nothing doing. The counsel — Mr. Biddle — is already revealed as timidly supporting the flip Mr. Fly, TVA counsel, in bulldozing the only witnesses who know the truth, and in the restriction, if not the suppression, of evidence.

It at least starts out as a bad proceeding. The truth here is far more important than the fate of any man — either Morgan, Lilienthal, Senator Norris or Francis Biddle. In the very technical complexities of the subject there is a peculiar condition of public helplessness and a consequently added burden of public responsibility in the investigation to do an honest job. For a real question here is: "Does this vast experiment tend to prove that it would be better to scrap the capitalist system and local self-government in favor of the systems of Germany, Italy and Russia?"

The Threshers

(Along the Avenue, Gastonia Gazette)

From far up in the back corners of the huge and capacious Craig and Wilson barn, three or four "hands" were forking down bundles of heavy wheat and oats to the edge of the loft directly over the wide passage in the middle of the barn, where sat the machine . . . one youth with legs dangling from the loft, dropped the bundles on to the moving platform which carried them into the mouth of the machine . . . it used to take two men to handle this job, one to cut the twine or other binder, with a huge hook-bladed knife and another to guide the grain into the feeder . . . young T. H. Lingerfelt was measuring the grain as it rolled from the side of the machine, pouring it into bags held by another helper . . . Mr. Nivens' oats were coming out so thick and fast that he could hardly get one half-bushel measure emptied before another was running over with oats . . . .

Letters To The Editor:

Concord Critic Of Cops Takes It All Back

Beating Up Of Drunk Was Justified, He Says, On Ground The Fellow Was Guilty Of Obscenity

Dear Sir:

Your paper recently printed a letter by this writer condemning a member of this city's police force for the brutal beating of a drunk, Saturday night, July 16. Since writing this letter I have talked to several members of the force, including the cop in question, and I am convinced that the drunk got just what he deserved. In fact, he should have gotten plenty more. I am unable to write the facts leading up to the beating due to the profane and obscene nature of same.

If I have caused the cop any embarrassment I hope this letter will clear it up. I do hope you print this as early as possible so as to clarify the situation, mine and the cop's.

DAVID E. CLARKE.

Concord.

She'll Cancel Paper If Comics Are Cut

Dear Sir:

Mr. Booth seems to have started something when he started kicking about the comic strips.

Whether he knows it or not, every knock is a boost. And when they are discontinued I shall cancel my subscription.

I'm not a Spring pullet by any means, and I'm not ashamed to confess that I start from the back page of the paper and go forward.

And the reason?

Because the "funnies" are in the back.

ABBIE.

Rockingham.

Well, There Was The Civil War, Anyhow

Dear Sir:

"It is a gloomy moment in history. Not for many years — not in the lifetime of most men who read this — has there been so much grave and deep apprehension; never has the future seemed so incalculable as at this time. In our own country there is universal commercial prostration and panic, and thousands of our poorest fellow-citizens are turned out against the approaching Winter without employment, and without the prospect of it. Russia hangs as usual like a cloud, dark and silent, upon the horizon of Europe; while all the energies, resources and influences of the British Empire are sorely tried, and are yet to be tried more sorely, in coping with the vast and deadly disturbed relations in China.

"It is a solemn moment, and no man can feel an indifference — which, happily, no man pretends to feel — in the issue of events.

"Of our own troubles (in the U. S. A.) no man can see the end. They are, fortunately, as yet mainly commercial; and if we are only to lose money, and by painful poverty to be taught wisdom — the wisdom of honor, of faith, of sympathy and of charity — no man need seriously to desair. And yet the very haste to be rich, which is the occasion of this widespread calamity, has also tended to destroy the moral forces with which we are to resist and subdue the calamity."

The above quotation, from Harper's Weekly for October 10, 1857, has been published and republished. Depressions, panics, crises, commercial prostration, national bankruptcies are not new. Grandfather and Grandmother knew them. Father and Mother went through them . . . small children of today will grow up and tackle the same.

Read the first paragraph above again. The panic of 1857 was on. Fortunately, this panic was temporary; it was forgotten by a generation experiencing new boom times and riding on the new crest of prosperity. Boom times and the crest of prosperity have always led to a major panic and a major depression. It is an ironclad economic law. The business cycle is as old as the hills. Our firms, banks, factories, communities have weathered many a jitters epidemic. Jitters, depressions and panics will pass as others have. Only weak men fail in depressions and panics.

THOMAS W. HAMRICK JR.

Shelby.

Unpied Piper

(Here and There, Sanford Herald)

There was a piping coming from somewhere along the hallway of the Monger Building. We wondered if A. H. (Big Mack) McIver was trying out a symphony on a portable phonograph, or if someone had turned the Art Center into a school of music. Indistinct and faint it attracted us. We followed its sound as best we could. It painted a picture of "Pan himself, the simple shepherd's awe-inspiring god!"

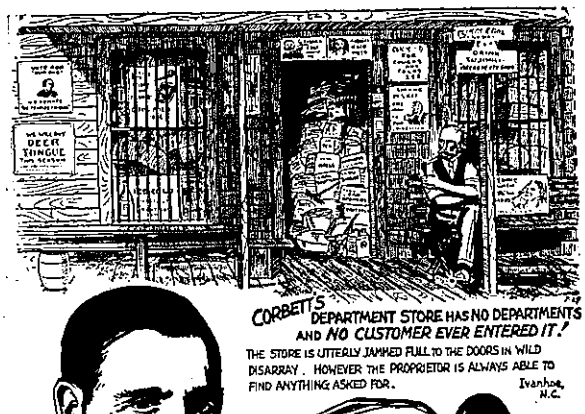
Then we turned into J. C. Pittman's office. At his desk sat the barrister who fights against a railroad's petition to stop its Sunday service in Sanford. As happy as a child he sat there, with a musical score spread before him. He played on a dime flute he had purchased for one of his boys.

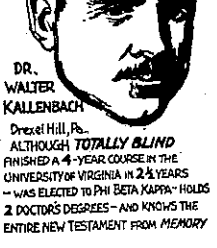
BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Registered U. S. Patent Office

By Ripley

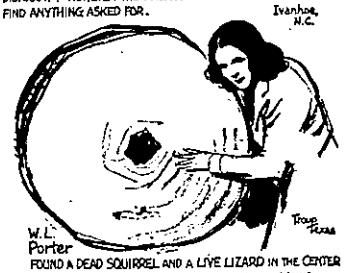
On request, sent with stamped, addressed envelope, Mr Ripley will furnish proof of anything depicted by him.





DR. WALTER KALLENBACH

Drexel Hill, Pa.—ALTHOUGH *TOTALLY BLIND* FINISHED A 4-YEAR COURSE IN THE UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA IN 2½ YEARS — WAS ELECTED TO PHI BETA KAPPA—HOLDS 2 DOCTOR'S DEGREES—AND KNOWS THE ENTIRE NEW TESTAMENT FROM *MEMORY*



W. L. Porter

FOUND A DEAD SQUIRREL AND A LIVE LIZARD IN THE CENTER OF A 100-YEAR-OLD PINE TREE. THE LOG WAS SOUND.

Explanation of Today's Cartoon

THE MERCHANT PRINCE OF IVANHOE—Corbett's Department Store in Ivanhoe, N. C. is getting along all right despite the fact that there has never been a customer in it. Customers can't get in because of Corbett's merchandising policy. From floor to ceiling is stacked all the miscellany of the country emporium. In the widest disarray. Whenever a new order of goods comes in, it is pitched on top. It might be coal scuttles, and on top of that is pitched dress goods, and if the next shipment is plowpoints, they're piled right on top of the dress goods. The customer gives his order from outside, and Corbett, armed with a flashlight, edges in between the narrow stacks of goods and digs out the wanted article. Corbett says lots of storekeepers make fun of the place, but it suits him and his customers all right.

He Won't Run—And Why

By HERBERT AGAR

I THINK Mr. Roosevelt will refuse a third term. Before explaining why I think this I want to review the argument of the people (like the Western miners and the Governor of Michigan) who want him to accept.

The argument for a third term goes this way: If the New Deal is to endure, the Democratic Party must find a man who can get the nomination, who can win the election, and who is a thorough New Dealer guaranteed not to rat on his followers after he gets into office.

There are several who live up to the last two specifications. Secretary Henry A. Wallace is perhaps the best example. But what about the first specification?

There is no use having a New Dealer who can win the election, unless he can first win the nomination. And the people who are urging a third term on Mr. Roosevelt doubt whether anyone who fills the last two specifications also fills the first.

They doubt whether anyone who is a New Dealer, and a strong enough New Dealer to get elected, can get nominated at the Democratic Convention in 1940. They think the old-fashioned politicians will be strong enough at the convention to block a man like Wallace. But they know that nobody can block Roosevelt, if Roosevelt really tries for the nomination. And for this reason they are asking him to try.

IT WOULD CONFESS THAT DEMOCRACY HAS FAILED

There is much strength to the argument. Yet I do not think Mr. Roosevelt will be convinced. For the argument against a third term is stronger than the argument for it.

In the first place, the New Deal is an attempt to make democracy work. It is an attempt to prove that democracy can meet crises, can deal with fundamental problems—that it is not the shiftless, time-serving failure which the dictators accuse it of being.

Wouldn't it be a confession of failure, if the New Dealer said there is only one man in America who can supply the necessary leadership? What of democracy, if the people are so sheep-like that they will let the politicians nominate a Garner instead of a Wallace?

Perhaps the old-fashioned politicians are strong enough to nominate a Garner in 1940. If so, it merely proves that the people are not yet awake to what a catastrophe that would be. So wouldn't it be better to let the party nominate a Garner, to let the party split wide open and lose half its strength to the La Follettes, rather than to huddle around Mr. Roosevelt like a lot of frightened children?

AND BREED THE MOST VICIOUS SORT OF HATE

If we're to go backward to look after our own interests (when the power to do so is ours, if we care to use it), let us have four years of a Vandenberg. That'll teach us. The liberal party that would come out of those four years would be far stronger than a liberal party that can do nothing but cry for help to Mr. Roosevelt.

In the second place, a third term fight would be one of the bitterest fights in all our history. As things look now, Mr. Roosevelt would win. But having won, he would be President of a rancorous and divided country. The present Roosevelt-hating would be a pretty thing to look back on, compared to the bitterness of his enemies if he took a third term.

I think Mr. Roosevelt knows all this more clearly than anyone else. I think his wish to serve democracy is his strongest political desire. So I think that when the time comes to choose a candidate he will refuse a third term.

Visiting Around

Fat Years For Democrats

(Thomasville Item, Lexington Dispatch)

Lofran Stout, of Washington, D. C., spent several days the past week-end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stout. His physical appearance would indicate that he is faring well in his chosen location.

Why Don't You Adopt A Doll Or Something?

(The Kat, Belmont Banner)

I hadn't heard of a doll house in a long time until I noticed in the paper where Ivey's would have Colleen Moore's on display the latter part of this month. I'm just childless enough to want to see it.

Sounds Like Rats To Us

(Pork Item, Mocksville Enterprise)

Miss Daphne Foster of Winston-Salem spent last week with Misses Mary and Evelyn Hattz.

Earlier Days

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

JULY 29, 1863
75 YEARS AGO

NOTICE

To answer numerous inquiries and to correct errors not uncommon the following notice is published to all concerned.

I. Under the recent call, the President is extending the conscription age. All substitutions have ceased to be valid if the substitute be less than 45 years old and is not otherwise exempt by law.

II. Membership, unless as an officer duly accepted by the War Department, of local organizations for home defense or special service, confers no claim to exemptions from Confederate service; neither does service in the militia unless in case of officers actually in commission who have duly qualified.

III. Hereafter anyone furnishing a substitute will become liable in his own person whenever the services of the substitute are lost to the Government from any cause other than the casualties of war.

G. W. LAY, Lt.-Col. A. A. G.,
Bureau of Conscription,
Richmond, Va.
—Fayetteville Observer.

JULY 29, 1838
100 YEARS AGO

FIRE AT ASHEVILLE

That splendid hotel, built and owned by Mr. James Patton, of Asheville, we learn from a private source, is reduced to a pile of ashes. The fire occurred, we learn, from shavings being put in the hearth, which were carried up by the draft of the chimney.

—Salisbury Watchman.

Peculiarities Of People

By F. Romer

MARIE OF POLAND

WIFE of the seventeenth century's great warrior king, this strange and powerful woman gloried in walking in the rain in her grandest attire. She especially liked taking along any court officers who shrank from being drenched and discomforted.