The Charlotte News

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SUNDAY, AUGUST 28, 1938

Calling S. S. No. 14,648,203

"The Social Security Carders' League for Economic Action" is the inspired brain-child of a chap in Chicago, who has sent us a badly mimeographed sheet telling all about it. What he is interested in primarily seems to be the preservation of social security against the return of reactionaries to political power. He also has some notions about Government ownership of banks, and he drops large but vague remarks about the importance of the nation's productive power and equitable distribution.

But, chiefly, he appears to want to organize the socially secure, who number some 39,000,000, to make certain that they protect their interests and that no funny business goes on. By Jove! Where is that drafted card? Here we've been invited to join an exclusive club and can't even remember what we did with our credentials!

Reconsideration Sought

A number of the city's business men show by the petition that they are going to present to the County Commissioners tomorrow that they doubt the wisdom of flatly turning down the uptown auditorium project. The general feeling is that we here will have to pay back our share of the Federal Government's spending, hence would do well to get all that's coming to us. Another prevalent impression is that this is the last time around for all these grants and loans on any such generous terms. And for itself, the auditorium is highly desirable.

The County Commissioners indicated, by the length of time they took to reach a decision when Colonel Kirkpatrick first proposed the building of the auditorium, that it required a good deal of thought to decide one way or the other. Finally the motion lost by three votes against two, which is pretty close to a toss-up. It is possible that some of the dissenting commissioners have wondered since if they had not passed up an opportunity which in all probability won't come again. In any case, reconsideration of a civic facility that means so much to the progress of the community would be time well spent.

High Cost of Not Building

An article in the current American Builder by one of its editors just returned from abroad contains a striking comparison between the building trades in England and this country. As everybody knows, England has been relatively prosperous during the last several years, and the most important contribution to that prosperity has been, excluding the tremendous armament activity, building. In the beginning it was principally Government building — low-cost housing and slum clearance; but private industry took it up to such an extent that only a fifth of the residence building in England today is of the subsidized variety. In this country, residence building, while showing some signs of life, is still far behind the potential demand. It remains the greatest single cause of unemployment.

The explanation of this is not, of a certainty, lack of easy credit. You can get all you want, up to 90 per cent of the cost of a house under $5,000. And people want houses. That they are not building or buying them is due, we believe, to two prime reasons, the first of which is the uncertainty of the times and the unsettled condition of the Federal Government. The second is the high cost of building.

Rather, it is the high cost of not building. For the American building trades are wed to the policy that it is better to work irregularly at sky-high wages than steadily at moderate wages. In New York City, for an extreme example, the 30-hour week and the $2-an-hour wage are union standards. In England, 46 hours make an acceptable work week, and the average hourly rate of pay in the trade is about 40 cents.

This means that insofar as labor costs go, you can get five times as much house for your money in England as you can in New York City. In turn it means that more people have built houses, which has meant more work for the building trades.

Guerrilla Warfare on Liquor and Numbers Big Shots

It was unpremeditated happen-so, we feel sure, but the juxtaposition of a couple of headlines in Friday's News was in itself an ironic commentary. These were the headlines:

Police Take Negro Group As "Runners"	Dogcatcher Takes Two Mice in Trap

Small game, this, especially for the police. The dogcatcher, who puts his heart in his work, caught the mice only incidentally to his main occupation. And mice *are* pests, whereas Negro runners for the numbers racket, and white runners too, for that matter, actually render a service. If you don't believe it, watch one at work. We wish our newsboys could sell papers to as eager and as gratified a clientele.

At the same time, and without forfeiting one whit of a passionate conviction that it shouldn't be any of the cops' affair if a grown man chooses to risk a nickel or a quarter of his own pocket change in the remote chance of making it return him $22.50 or $112.50, which is real money — at the same time, we have come to look upon the arrest of runners for the numbers racket in an entirely different light. In themselves, they don't much matter. Put one behind the bars and two will take his place in the field. But for what they represent they matter tremendously. Listen!

This community is ringed about with corruption, extending even into official places, which derives its revenue, and that is to say its power, primarily from two sources, liquor and the numbers. The proprietors, the big shots, of these lucrative enterprises are completely beyond the reach of the police. They know who they are but they can't get the goods on them. The brazen bootlegging operations of "Robert Taylor" and the abortive effort to pin that alias on a suspect show all too clearly how the police are frustrated and helpless.

Consequently, the only way to get at them is through their agents. This can be made an exceedingly expensive process for the powers behind the liquor and numbers rackets, who post bonds and pay fines and take care of lawyers' fees, and it can be used to harrass them until the game is no longer worth the candle. The police know, in all probability, the identity of these runners and petty bootleggers, and can get the goods on them and through them take a hefty cut out of the big shots' bankroll. It's bankrolls that keep corruption going.

The Water's Fine

Noiselessly and without arousing a single yelp of protest the Post Office has extended mail delivery service to some 10,000 people who live immediately around the city's official territory. Twice a day now will the postman ring at residences on the Monroe Road to a distance of six and a half miles from the Square, Selwyn Avenue Extension, Biltmore Drive, in the Charlotte Country Club section, Club Colony, Chantilly, Thomasboro and Hoskins.

This is a welcome accommodation, of course, though it is no more than the residents of these thickly settled communities are entitled to. Their neighborhoods are urban in all but — well, not in name, surely, for when you ask them where they are from, they say Charlotte. In all but having to pay City taxes, let us concede, and in the benefits of fire and police protection, city schools and — and — oh, of voting in City elections.

Most of these people would kick like steers if the city limits were enlarged to take them in, and nobody could blame them for it. Yet, the steady growth of the city, of which this extension of mail delivery service is a sample, logically makes contiguous sections such as these as much a part of the city as the sections immediately within the line. We do not see how they can hope much longer to avoid being recognized for what they are — citizens of Charlotte.

Two Who Were Missed

In reading of the campaign for the Charlotte Memorial Hospital, some may have missed from the list of leaders the names of Dr. John Peter Munroe and Dr. Andrew Johnson Crowell. To wonder at the inactivity of these pre-eminent leaders in all medical advances was inevitable. The News wondered, and found the explanation. It is even as it feared. Both these doctors, the two who have done most for Charlotte Medicine, lacked the physical strength to take part in this great movement. But both retain their keen interest in everything having to do with better medicine and follow the progress of the hospital drive with ardor second to none.

Some five years ago a testimonial dinner was given Dr. Munroe and Dr. Crowell at the Charlotte Country Club. On this occasion tribute was paid to Dr. Munroe's conduct of the Medical School at Davidson, which he later brought to Charlotte as the North Carolina Medical College. It was said that he shared with Shakespeare the right to be called myriad-minded, for he had taught, and taught well, every subject in the medical curriculum. Some of the most eminent doctors of the state bore testimony that, but for Dr. Munroe, they could never have become doctors.

Dr. Crowell was Dr. Munroe's right-hand man in the College. He was one of the pioneers in the development of the specialty of urology, and the work of his clinic was of such high character as to establish for Charlotte Medicine a national reputation. And both of them, for all their inability to take part in the latest forward step in Charlotte, must enjoy the thought of how largely they contributed toward making the city the medical center that needs a vast new hospital today.

MAN'S STREAK OF SAVAGERY

By Hugh S. Johnson

BETHANY BEACH, Del.—According to press reports, discipline at the county prison in the City of Brotherly Love didn't exclude the use of hot steam—either to roast four human beings to death or to make them so desperate that they bashed their own lives out against the walls while more than twenty others were suffocated to the point of collapse.

There is such a thing as mollycoddling prisoners, but any executive whose duties include the care of men "put away" to live every minute of their lives under the direction of other men, should know that without the utmost care atrocities like this may crop out at any time, anywhere.

THEY TAKE A POSITIVE PLEASURE IN TORTURE

There exists, unrestrained in some men, unsuspected and latent in many more, a streak of almost sadistic savagery that makes them unfit to be keepers and masters of others. There arises perhaps in a majority of men who are responsible for prisoners, a contempt for them. In that state of mind, if occasion comes, that animal streak will disclose itself among men who possess it—and some of the mildest-mannered do.

A prisoner is a nuisance and a constant danger to his keepers. It becomes easy to hate him. No gloss of good surroundings and watchful care can quite erase the degradation of prison life. I have never been inside a prison, even the airiest army guard-house, that didn't stink—a musty animal stench somehow peculiar to them all. The night watch in any cell-house is apt to be a nightmare. The watchfulness of guards can't help make all prisoners both sullen and slinky. A man in prison tends to become a dangerous animal. The marvel about abuses is that they are not ten times more frequent. There are many more of them than the public ever hears about.

In war, there is a popular belief that prisoners are respected by their captors as equals in valor but unfortunate. As every professional officer knows, the problem is to keep them from being slaughtered on the sly and sometimes openly. As many Americans are subject to that throwback to savagery as any race.

TO TEACH A PLEBE HIS LOWLY PLACE

The old plebe-system at West Point was a very different thing from the horseplay of college hazing. It was conducted with great dignity on a kind of code-duello. While no upper-classman ever put a hand on a plebe except in a formal fight, a fourth classman was unofficially subject to their orders. The punishment for plebian misdemeanors was either for the "beast" to assume a very exaggerated and constrained position and hold it painfully for many minutes, or it was some form of setting-up exercise continued beyond the point of comfort.

That system prevailed for about a century with no serious abuses and not much complaint. Then there appeared in upper classes a top-heavy number of influential youngsters possessed of that streak of savagery. The old system was retained but stepped up to extremes of cruelty scarcely credible. I know a now famous general who was compelled to "eagle" on the full knee-bends over broken glass so that, if he fainted and fell he would be lacerated. Nearly all "eagling" was continued to a "faint." Other plebes were put in sweat-boxes until they were unconscious and the disciplinary "class fights" became barbarous. It finally exploded in a scandal that threatened to abolish West Point and the old system was broken up.

If that kind of thing can happen in such a college, it is a wonder that all prisons and insane asylums are not bedlams or torture chambers.

RESPONSIBILITY GOES BACK TO THE TOP

Prevention of this is the duty of the chief executive of the state, city or county, and of course of the wardens or jailers, by the closest kind of supervision and inspection. The thugs who turned hot steam on helpless men should get them. But that isn't enough. So also should their responsible bosses.

Letters To The Editor:

Happy Tribute To The Hospital Campaigners

To Chm. Wood, The Doctors, Various Individuals And Especially To The Ladies

Dear Sir:

I have just returned to the city and find your editorial "Well Done," relating to the success of the popular campaign in behalf of the Charlotte Memorial Hospital.

I am in complete accord with the spirit which prompted this deserving tribute to Mr. Word H. Wood who headed this great movement, gave unstintingly of his time for more than three weeks, and generously allowed the campaign headquarters to be in the executive office of the American Trust Company.

Now that the active campaign is over and its objectives accomplished, it is interesting to observe certain aspects that are probably unprecedented in organized money raising efforts in Charlotte. For instance, one single group of professional men, the physicians and surgeons, raised in cash and negotiable notes from their own profession an even $26,000, or more than one-quarter of our original goal of $100,000. No one can fail to admire and give words of appreciation to this splendid group of citizens, particularly when it is known that many of the doctors also assisted in raising funds from their laymen friends. Directly and indirectly, I believe the doctors of Charlotte can be credited with at least $35,000, all raised in three weeks.

Our official organization consisted originally of a general chairman and four vice-chairmen—rather unique but very effective, as attested by the fact that the vice-chairmen personally secured $15,500 in donations. In addition to personally soliciting funds, Mr. Charles H. Stone was the active executive head of the Commercial and Industrial Emergency Gifts Committee, with Mr. M. E. Pierson as chairman, and John H. Small Jr. as secretary. At this writing it appears that the committee will raise a total of about $15,000.

Another unprecedented incident is the case of Mr. George C. Snyder, the treasurer of the fund. Usually the financial custodian or treasurer of a "drive" of this kind is a mere figure-head, but not this treasurer. He personally is responsible for raising very substantial amounts. And then comes good citizen Thomas W. Bird, without title or portfolio, whose ingenious and mystic approaches to bulging pockets and check books, over the air and through the mails, have netted us a tidy sum, approaching five figures in dollars. No one connected with the drive could fail to mention that splendid veteran money raiser, Robert A. Mayer, whose solicited contributions bulked to the $4,500 figure.

So far men are getting the glory, because they were the actual money raisers, but what about the seven young women who gave all of their time for three weeks in the clerical and secretarial end of the campaign? Let me name them, Mrs. W. Z. Bradford, Mrs. Hamilton McKay, Mrs. Eli Wannamaker, Mrs. Roy Smith, Mrs. V. K. Hart, Mrs. W. Irving Bullard, and Miss Carrie McLean, chairman of the women's committee.

And now, Mr. Editor, in conclusion I pay my sincerest respects to charming Mrs. E. C. Marshall, who for ten years has been under bond not to take part actively in any financial canvass or drive, but whose deep interest in this great Charlotte Memorial Hospital movement guided her unconsciously in the campaign headquarters day after day with checks of ample size and number to place her name among the leaders in our recent effort.

A great and noble cause supported by a powerful press and a generous public is simply undefeatable. Q. E. D.

W. IRVING BULLARD.

Charlotte.

Two Can Play At This Game

Dear Sir:

So Mr. Waite "cannot quite understand why so much abuse is being heaped upon President Roosevelt for his so-called 'purge' of anti-New Deal Congressmen?"

Mr. Waite could find the answer in the last paragraph of his letter published in The News of Thursday coupled with a review of the political history of his own fine state—South Carolina. Surely Mr. Waite hasn't forgotten the daring, patriotic service of the illustrious Wade Hampton in leading a hardy band of folk who resented being told how to vote, and the action of interlopers in keeping only those who voted "right" in office.

The President, he be a Roosevelt or just one of the Jones boys, is the head of the Government—the President of all the people. The great majority of American citizens who gave their votes to place him in office did so that he might guide the Government—not rule it.

And I submit, that no man who has received from the electorate the honor of being chosen President should assume, even indirectly, the attitude of:

"Now that you have elected me, I will do the thinking for you, telling you when, how and whom you should send as your representatives—it is admitted that you voted right when you picked me, but I am afraid to trust you longer."

That is one reason. Mr. Waite.

"L. A. M. BANG."

Charlotte.

THE BRIDGE TO PROSPERITY

"There was never a land too distant, nor ever a way too wide.
But some man's mind, insistent, reached out to the other side . . ."—The Bridge Builders

Businessman: Okay. But who in hell drew this plan?

Relief Brings Out Artists

By HEYWOOD BROUN

THERE seems to be pretty general agreement among the men and women familiar with the various Federal Art Projects that WPA has done a fine job in stimulating and freeing the spirit of American painting and sculpture.

The success of the Federal Theater has been commented on by all newspaper critics, and the public has set its seal of approval on such magnificent achievements as "The Living Newspaper" and the play about young Lincoln, called "Prologue to Glory." But painting doesn't get into the news much, as public interest in pictures is something which is only now beginning in America.

"Renaissance" is a big word, but if it should not be definitely laid away in camphor in favor of some less highfaluting term now is the time for us to make off an age-old feeling of artistic inferiority. Art marches in America. It goes forward with eyes front and head up.

ALL RIGHT, SMARTY; WHICH IS THE UPSIDE?

In the past the young painter or sculptor here at home has been cross-hatched by two kinds of criticism. He has been the prey of aged academic "experts" whose point of view has been largely static and almost wholly unrelated to native roots.

But young and sensitive talent has been even more cruelly punished by the hick haw-haws of wise guys and smart alecks. There are still people ready to laugh when the wise guy says, "Hey, Buddy, which is the top and which is the bottom of your picture?" The same people who fear progressive economic ideas are frightened and angered by modern art. The pretense is set up that any departure from the Christmas postcard standard is subversive and straight from Moscow.

ART BEGINS ON THE WALLPAPER

As a matter of fact, if you wish to find the eternal springs of newer art forms you need only hand a box of paints to your small son or daughter. Every child is an impressionist. The thing which is called modern might, with equal justice, be called primitive. One of the most exciting adventures for the eye is an exhibition of paintings by school children who have after the fashion of Cortigan, undertaken a flight without much benefit of instrumentation.

I am almost disposed to believe that there would be nine good pictures in America if there were fewer art schools. It is demonstrable, I believe, that the child of eight or ten is far more adept with oils than the little pupil of thirteen or fourteen who has been told by a teacher that a lady's torso isn't really green and purple.

Formal art education is likely to mow down all but the geniuses, and even there of high talent may have quite a time before they manage to forget the things which were taught them during study hours. But, fortunately, there are teachers now who have found that out. A good jockey learns to sit still and spare the whip. And some extremely stimulating persons have learned to do the same in handling young pupils.

AS NEIGHBORS, ARTISTS ARE BETTER THAN CORNETISTS

I would hardly date deny that the hand of politics may have crept in here and there in the matter of WPA art projects, but in the case of painting there may be a valuable by-product. The political urge, if it exists, has prompted the fostering of home talent.

Out of all walks of life come some of the promising of the new recruits. The amazing Arnold Friedman was a letter carrier and a Sunday painter before he got his chance in a WPA project. We are beginning to realize that it is just as important to scout for sculptors and playwrights as for left-handed pitchers and second basemen. The artist is no longer the stranger within our gates. He may be the stubbtoed boy next door.

Visiting Around

Lowe Hasn't, By Chance, a Brother Named Hi?

(Buffalo Cove Item, Lenoir News-Topic)

Lowe Church has been sick. We hope he will soon be well again.

There's a Law Against That Down Here

(Vale Item, Hickory Record)

Moll's Chapel and Beulah Baptist Church have closed their revival meetings, and will baptize Sunday morning at ten o'clock on the property of D. P. Keeps, near the river bridge.

Now, We're Waiting for Timing Power

(Smithfield Herald)

JUST ARRIVED, SECOND SHIPMENT of the finest bicycles made. All new models. Knee action. Come in and see them.

We Get You—It's Too Danged Hot to Do Good Turns

(Scout Item, Stanly News & Press)

A limited program has been carried out since Summer camp, at all weekly meetings, officials finding it inadvisable to carry out a lingering program due to cramped quarters and severe heat.

Tackle Practice

(F. V. Wilkins, Smithfield Herald)

Everett Stevens has been going fishing of late, getting in shape for the football season.

A Last Year's Editorial

(From The News of August 28, 1937)

ANY DAY NOW

The City Council again has voted down a Sunday sports ordinance, Mr. Baxter submitting it and the old reliables Messrs. Albea, Huntley and Wilkinson, abetted by Mr. Griswold, killing it. However, the vote was 5 to 4 in favor. The only reason the motion didn't carry was that six votes, a majority of the full Council, are necessary to transact such business in the absence of any members. The two absent members would have voted against the ordinance, more than likely.

But never fear, the Blue Laws are headed for the discard. They may go in a lump or they may go piece-meal, the proscription against Sunday sports going first. They may go this year or not until next or not until the next after that. But they are going. It is as inevitable as the metamorphosis of the Queen City from a burg to a bustling town, a natural consequence of the infiltration of new people, new ideas and new ways. The Charlotte which was under the thumb of a clique of well-meaning but well-satisfied first settlers is no more and has been for a long time. The place belongs to the newcomers—newcomers in the sense that they have not always lived here. As soon as they realize their numerical advantage, the Blue Laws will go, and nobody, not even the old settlers, will mourn them but in passing.

What Makes 'Em Bite?

(Ollie Miller, Atlanta Journal)

We have been told that they will not bite when the moon is waning, when the stream is falling, when the water is too clear or too muddy, when the wind is blowing, when the Republicans are in office, when there's a lot of static in the air, during an earthquake, when the blood is in their tails, and so forth and so on. Our personal experience has been that regardless of conditions, circumstances or time they won't bite when we go fishing.

We have a theory of our own as to when a fish will bite. We believe a fish will bite if he's hungry, if the kind of food he particularly likes is easily accessible, if he's exactly in the right mood to bite, if there's nothing else he would rather do at the time, and if we are at least three counties away.

Peculiarities Of People

By F. Romer

IVAN THE TERRIBLE

CHANGING from a benign, tolerant young ruler to a fiendish despot, Ivan endlessly sought ways to cause suffering. Putting a bearskin on one victim, he loosed savage hounds upon him. He blinded an architect so that he could never duplicate a church he had designed at Ivan's command.