The Charlotte News

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We seek truth, that we may follow it.

MONDAY, JANUARY 17, 1938

Service

Ward Threatt, the bear-hunting postman, was saying in his regular space in Sunday's News that—

"A word I have been trying to get into this column is 'incongruous.' I wish somebody would make a sentence with it in it. I believe it would add a little class to this column."

All right, Cap'n Threatt, it's easily done, though the column is classy enough as it stands. Let's see, now—incongruous. Well, we read elsewhere in Sunday's paper that Grady Goode would like to be incongruous. In the past, Ham Jones has given us several reasons to believe that he too would like to be incongruous, and as for Major Bulwinkle, he *is* incongruous and is going to do his durndest to stay there.

Shucks, Cap'n Threatt, incongruous is a word we don't see how you've got out of using.

Unhand Us, Mr. Skinner!

What has happened to the traffic lights? Now, don't tell us that nothing has happened; something has. Before it happened, a not-too-hurrying motorist could sometimes, if he got the breaks, make two successive green signals without stopping. As they are timed now, he is lucky if he makes any green light on the first go-round. And if he does, he will surely have to cool his heels at the next corner.

What the City's traffic engineer—who, by the way, is a first-rate building inspector—has never seemed to comprehend is that the system of stop-and-go lights is meant to facilitate the flow of traffic, not to impede it. To have to come to a complete stop at every corner not only irks the motorist, of which this protest stands in proof, but actually gums the whole works. The best illustration of this is a freight train. As long as it continues in motion, its cars keep their distance from each other, and it proceeds without the engine's jerking the tail out of the caboose. But let it stop and start up again, and each box car in the train seems to be venting a grudge against its neighbors fore and aft. It's bump for bump.

What this city needs, and has never really had, is a traffic system based on the train-in-motion theory instead of the shifting-engine principle.

They'll Not Gibber

In Washington Senator McNary has announced that the Republican Senators mean to do their best to see that the Southern Democratic Senators who are trying to talk the anti-lynching bill to death in a filibuster talk as long as they danged well please.

Which, on the face of it, might seem calculated to set the manes of Tom Watson and Henry Cabot Lodge, *pendpere*, to writhing in their graves. For all the years since Old Whiskers Hayes withdrew the army in return for the South's acquiescence in the theft of the Presidency of the United States, there has been no anti-lynching bill before the Congress. And for all those years the chief force behind that bill has been the Republican Party and its will to stick darts into the hide of Dixie, just as the chief force which has kept it perpetually unpassed has been the aid of the Yankee Democrats. But now all that would seem to be most wonderfully changed, with the Yankee Democrats appearing in the role of chief champions of the bill and the Republicans galloping to the end of the Stars and Bars.

But in the graves of Watson and Lodge, we guess that all is, in fact, quiet as usual. For both were suspicious of politicians in the flesh. And we guess that they understand that no leopard has really changed his spots—that it all means simply that the anti-lynching filibuster is marvelously certain to obstruct the plans of the Democratic gentleman in the White House, and that the Republicans, now as always, are more than willing to aid in that.

Hold on, Mr. Willkie!

Mr. Wendell Willkie, president of Commonwealth & Southern, probably overspoke himself when he said that the only thing he saw to do was to sell out to the Government. It is easy to understand how upset he must have been by the President's suggestion at a press conference on Friday, that municipalities should buy the poles and the wires and the transformers of operating utilities but not the generating equipment or the power itself, which they would get at wholesale rates from TVA. Plainly, this would destroy not only holding companies but operating companies as well.

Mr. Willkie, in all probability, was the more upset when he learned from the Associated Press that "a highly-placed Government power official"—our Frank McNinch, d'you suppose?—thought it might be a good idea for the utilities to sell out lock, stock and barrel to TVA. Declining to let his name be used, this official expressed the opinion that this might be a desirable way out of the conflict between private and public utilities.

It would be desirable, we concede, from the point of view of public-ownership advocates, but we refuse to believe that it represents the preference of the country as a whole. In fact, we believe that we can state, succinctly, just what that preference is. It is for utility holding companies to be dissolved except where they are shown to be essential; for the water to be wrung out of the capitalization of operating companies; for rates to be reexamined and fixed so as to assure the public of the benefits of cheap power, the companies of a fair return on their actual investments. But as for the Government's taking over the utilities, filling their executive positions with jobholders of the right partisan faith, making annual deficiency appropriations to cover losses, and depriving states and local governments of a principal source of tax revenue, there exists outside of Washington no detectable demand for such a sneaking into state socialism.

Mercury in France

Reading the dispatches, it would be easy to believe that democratic government in France is in an exceedingly bad way. What with half a dozen cabinet overturns in three years and the discovery of alleged Rightist plots on every hand, it might seem, indeed, that Red or White revolution is imminent and the Third Republic tottering toward its final end.

But, in all probability, none of that is true. The Third Republic has existed for more than 50 years now, and during that period there have been many times when exactly the same sort of thing has held the stage. In truth, the sort of thing which is transpiring now may almost be said to have been the normal throughout the life of the Third Republic.

What it all means is simply that the French parliamentary system is excessively sensitive—that a cabinet may be overthrown for the slightest disagreement among the many parties. All the overturns since the fall of Laval, for instance, have brought about only one real change — the introduction of M. Georges Bonnet as finance minister. For the rest, the same elements and the same men have made up all the cabinets. Merely, their relative positions have been shifted back and forth.

And beneath all this kaleidoscopic play on the surface, the Third Republic has one strong anchor—an intense love of liberty on the part of the great body of French people, which dates back for a hundred and fifty years.

Matter of Residence

It might seem a little difficult to understand that speech the Pope made at Rome the other day, wherein he waxed almost fulsome in praise of Mussolini awhile he denounced Adolf Hitler in no uncertain terms. For the two dictators and their regimes are manifestly tarred with the same brush. To be sure, Benito is not currently engaged in open persecution of the Church as Adolf is, but it was only the other year that he was, and the only reason he isn't today is that the Vatican finally decided to swallow such peace terms as he offered. Moreover, it is perfectly clear that the philosophy of Fascism — the philosophy wherunder the chief end of man is worldly glory achieved by war and conquest, and whereunder murder is an openly avowed instrument of policy, is as completely anti-Christian as that of the Nazis.

But perhaps, even at that, it is not the difficult to understand the Pope's speech. The European correspondents have long been pointing out that, while Mussolini professes ardent love for Hitler, his interests in many respects really run exactly counter to Adolf's, and that he is exceedingly anxious that this latter should not grow too great. And—the Pope's domain lies in the heart of Mussolini's capital. North, south, east, and west, stretch many miles of Italian territory, and many hundreds of thousands of Italian troops ready to bring Vatican City to heel at the Duce's word.

NOTES ON THE SLUMP

By ROGER W. JOHNSON

WASHINGTON—Who stopped buying the automobiles that were selling so merrily in the first half of 1936 and thus making much of the business spurt in that period? Were those people the tail that wags the dog? If they were, the measurements got mixed. They were not the 4-inch tail of the 100-inch dog. In the early part of the year, there appeared the most uniform, as well as the strongest, market since 1928, and it stopped suddenly in all parts of the country at about the same time.

The slump in employment appeared first in the needle trades. Who stopped buying garments suddenly—only a mere handful of economic royalists? They don't wear many more clothes than the "rest of the folks," and the needle trades depend on the patronage of everybody.

Farm Expert's Views On Business

Home administration authorities are taking big business to task for not having confidence and investing their money or buying to take up the slack due to a slowing up of government spending. Mr. Wallace wants to know why business men can't separate the long time "future of their industry from the joy or gloom of the immediate short time pessimism . . . During periods of pessimism they make no provision for future plants and often do not replace depreciation."

How can they do that? Under the undistributed profits tax they can't have reserves. Depreciation is a reserve—a book figure so far as cash is concerned. Mr. Oliphant thinks that, although they must distribute all their earnings, they don't need reserves because they can go out into the investment market and sell new securities. But, under New Deal policies, there has been practically no investment market for new securities. And who would buy new securities in a slump? Who sold old securities to produce the stock market crash? And who is it that doesn't come back to buy securities either old or new today? Answer—the same people who stopped buying automobiles and garments—not the 4-inch tail, but everybody.

All Of A Sudden They Stopped Buying

Half the explanations and practically all of the alibis and accusations on all sides about the cause of this slump won't stand analysis. Inventories are high because people stopped buying. "They" stopped buying everything and "they" were everybody.

In all the reams of papers and millions of words of talk, I have never heard any explanation of why they stopped buying that made sense—except the certainty that people buy when they feel confident that it is safe and sensible to buy, and stop buying when they have not that confidence. There is no room for arguing that, but when you go from that to ask why they lost confidence so suddenly—echo answers only "why?"

But They Had Been Buying Before

Did government action do it? If so, I don't know just what action at just what time. Present government policy leaves no certainty or stability about anything, and that is always impossible for good business—but that condition was with us both before and after the slump in about equal degree.

Only government can restore confidence by going off a "24-hour basis" on every principal policy and putting some element of stability under the whole business system.

Visiting Around

Shouldn't That "Wrapped" Be "Wrapped?"
(Richmond County Journal)

He drug out a heavy object wrapped in a blanket, according to the witnesses.

Is 1890 the Year or the Score?
(Golf Item, Sandhills News-Press)

Christopher Calloway, father of Harold, who will assist Donald Ross during the busy part of the season, probably as starter at the Number 3 course, has just received a very cheery letter from the renowned J. H. Taylor, dean of British professionals. Taylor refers to the happy days "when we were boys together, playing exhibition matches as far back as 1890."

Bob Reynolds Is After The Aliens Again

Those Who Advocate "Subversive" Doctrines Ought To Be Sent Home.

Dear Sir:

When is an American citizen not an American citizen? Our Boy Reynolds says that it is when he is a naturalized citizen who advocates "subversive" doctrines. And so he has introduced bills proposing the deportation of these non-citizen citizens. He must not consider them citizens for he had made two speeches directly at them, the one entitled "Feed Americans First," the other, "Jobs for Americans First."

Senator Reynolds' attack against "alien" Americans is not being made by him for the first time. He is renewing an old fight of his. He isn't saying send the non-naturalized alien who is engaging in a career of crime back to his homeland. He asks the deportation of certain naturalized citizens of the United States because of the advocacy of political doctrines subversive to the best interests of the United States. By this principle it is natural to suppose that Senator Reynolds would also deport such men as Senator Bailey, and others who do not fall in with the New Deal's way of thinking on all issues.

Senator Reynolds also advocates a bill which would provide that it shall be a criminal offense to advise, advocate or teach principles of government based in whole or in part in opposition to or discrimination against people of any particular race or creed. How he can reconcile one of these bills with the other is hard to see.

S. A. R.

Charlotte.

HE LAUNCHES INTO A FAVORITE THEME—THE DRATTED COMMUNISTS

Dear Sir:

"Walk into my parlor said the spider to the fly." Communism is thoroughly athletic, and no one should need to be told that Communists despise the name of Christ and the Church of Christ. What conclusion, therefore, should be drawn, when church leaders receive letters inviting them to participate in their conferences and social affairs? Their sinister design is obvious, and the Communist instruction leaflets give in detail the plans for subtly winning our youth away from the churches.

One of their official leaflets says: "Every religion, especially the Christian religions, are the worst enemies to Communism and must therefore be completely destroyed." Earl Browder in his book, "What Is Communism?" says "We stand without any reservation for education that will root out beliefs in the supernatural, that will remove religious prejudices which stand in the way of organizing the masses for Socialism." "It is significant," says Browder, "that the Communist party has been able to achieve successful united fronts with church groups . . . by going among the religious masses, we are for the first time able to bring our anti-religious ideas to them."

Can it be possible that there are patriotic and intelligent Christian young people who would walk into such a nefarious trap? There is only one diabolical purpose—to undermine the faith of our boys and girls and deceive them into atheism—to make them traitors to their own country. Let parents, teachers, courts, legislators, let all beware of the trap. Remember that members of the Y. C. L. are now joining church societies for the willful and wicked purpose of sowing their poisoned and deadly seed.

Dunn. R. L. GODWIN.

A Left-Handed Compliment

(Statesville Daily)

The Charlotte News, which features General Johnson's column, always literally alive with "ants in its pants" (the column, not The News) takes the General to task for "mistaking a general ill feeling among business men towards the administration for a reasoned opinion" and chides him for not making allowance for the perfectly human trait that small business men strive earnestly to model their attitudes and opinions after those of large business men. And further:

"There are a great many acts and policies of the New Deal which we detest, and we reserve the right to condemn them. At the same time, it is primarily the business men who have gone wild in the intensity of their opposition to Roosevelt, and the big wild men have chanted their hymn of hate until they have the little wild men chanting it too, without knowing precisely why they have taken up the refrain. But they can sing as loud as the next one."

Now that's what we've been using column after column, trying to say, and couldn't. Business of beating our breast! To think that this comes from one whom we feared had strayed off among the mavericks—beyond recall, to say nothing of redemption. There are times, Ed, when we think if you'd move a few blocks up the street—away from the center of gravity—you might amount to something yet. And then there are times when we don't.

But if the Charlotte News hasn't, in three short sentences put its finger on how come we now have a business slump, then we're one of General Johnson's dead ones.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT . . . By Ripley

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

Explanation of Today's Cartoon

THE MOVING BULLET—Four years ago, when Robert Burnett was living with his family in Greenville, Alabama, a playmate accidentally shot him in the left temple with a rifle. A physician could not find the shot, but told the parents he knew it did not enter the boy's skull. In the course of time, the Burnetts almost forgot the matter until the last week of September, 1937, when the boy discovered the bullet under the skin of his left hand. Doctors say the bullet moved through the boy's body without doing any harm whatever.

IT SEEMS TO ME

By HEYWOOD BROUN

JOE ALSOP won the prize. It was a sort of confessional cocktail hour at the National Press Club, and a little group of newspaper men were swapping stories on the general topic of "The most tactless thing I ever said." Joe Alsop told of an argument he had with Senator Vandenberg of Michigan.

"We were talking about John L. Lewis," Alsop explained, "and Vandenberg was questioning the sincerity of Lewis. I said that in my opinion Lewis was utterly sincere, and the Senator objected that the CIO leader was ambitious. 'But,' I answered, 'those things don't necessarily war with each other. The personal ambitions of Lewis go along the same road as the cause to which he is committed.'

"'I think,' said Vandenberg, 'that we do not define the word sincerity in the same way. At some point in his life every man stands at a crossroad and he must choose the path which leads to fame and fortune and to evil, or take the road which leads to self-sacrifice and righteousness. I, too, have stood at the fork in the road and made my choice.'

And What Did The Senator Reply?

"And it was right there that I made my little mistake in tact," added Joe Alsop. "I didn't do it on purpose. It just popped out. I asked, 'Senator, which road did you choose?'"

To me the National Press Club, and particularly the bar, houses the greatest deliberative body in the world. Surely the veterans of the working press know far more about the business of government than the average Senator. And the House just isn't in the same league.

Congressmen are in Washington today and back in Pascagoula, Miss., tomorrow. Washington correspondents are seldom fired, never resign and die infrequently. They constitute a very tough audience for the flag-wavers. The Cotton Eds of the upper house are just lint upon the lapel as far as the newspaper men are concerned.

The Story, Not The Cause, Is The Thing

Aside from the little group of commenting columnists, Washington reporters are not particularly politically-minded. I mean that few of them have any passionate personal convictions about contentious legislation, past or present. They carry salt, since they seek the little bird which whispers to a Senator, and very rarely pay much attention to the noble motives which an orator assigns to himself when on the rostrum.

All political figures are divided roughly into two groups—real people and phonies. And the children of darkness vastly outnumber the children of light.

Some of the judgments are snap judgments and far from fair. Frances Perkins, for instance, is a woman of great ability and is better informed about her own field of activity than any Secretary of Labor in recent years. And yet her effectiveness has been seriously impaired by a bad press. She earned a bad press by her tendency at conferences to lecture newspaper men said women as if she were a professor talking to a somewhat backward group of freshmen. That has not helped.

When Sanctum And City Room Disagree

Of course, a Washington notable may get a very bad press as far as editorials are concerned and still be very highly regarded by the factual reporters in the nation's capital. I would cite John L. Lewis, for instance, and also Mr. Justice Hugo Black. A reporter who specializes on the court told me last week that in his judgment the new recruit had already become the leading liberal on the High Bench and had won a great respect from his colleagues.

Black is certainly popular with newspaper men, because he recently wrote a dissent in English as plain and simple and clear as a good running story on the first page. And, naturally, reporters take to those who speak English. And it is a finer tongue than that invented by Mr. Blackstone.

A Century of Progress?

(Source Unknown)

There are persons who constantly clamor. They complain of oppression, speculation and pernicious influence of accumulated wealth. They cry out loudly against all banks and corporations, and all means by which small capitalists become united in order to produce important and beneficial results. They carry on mad hostility against all established institutions. They would choke the fountain of industry and dry all streams.

In a country of unbounded liberty, they clamor against oppression. In a country of perfect equality they would move heaven and earth against privilege and monopoly. In a country where property is more evenly divided than anywhere else, they rend the air shouting agrarian doctrines. In a country where wages of labor are high beyond parallel, they would teach the laborer he is but an oppressed slave.

Sir, what ails such men want? What do they mean? They can want nothing, sir, but to enjoy the fruits of other men's labor. They can mean nothing but disturbance and disorder, the diffusion of corrupt principles and the destruction of the moral sentiments and moral habits of society.—Daniel Webster, to United States Senate, March 12, 1828.

Earlier Days

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

JANUARY 17, 1863
75 YEARS AGO

THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE

We print this document in full today and may safely say that, with the exception of a single point, no more able and timely paper has ever been presented in any country on a similar occasion. The exception to which we refer is the argument about the right of secession, as to which we have seen no reason to change the opinion that this is a revolution and not a secession. This, however, is not now of any practical importance, whilst the President's statement of the treatment by the Confederacy from foreign powers and from the United States and of the conduct and determination of the people and government of the Confederacy under all their trials and wrongs from both, is as clear as a sunbeam and presents a claim to the world's consideration and respect such as was never surpassed by government or people in any nation under the sun. The questions of privateering and blockade are presented in a manner to reflect injuriously for all time upon the governments whose selfishness induced them to act with such gross inconsistency and injustice.

Another sanguinary phase of the war is the President's determination to turn over to the states all captured officers that they may be punished according to the laws of those states for inciting insurrection. This is manifestly just and proper, for why should one of our own citizens be liable for punishment for such a crime and one of those foreign monsters go "unwhipped of justice"? It is just and proper, we say, but it may lead to very terrible results on both sides, should the war continue. On the subject of Lincoln's proclamation, by the way, nothing could be more conclusive than the President's statement of its inconsistency with all previous declarations and admissions of Lincoln and his party.

—Fayetteville Observer.

JANUARY 17, 1938
100 YEARS AGO

The picket ships, England, Captain Waite, and Garrick, Captain Flames, arrived yesterday morning in company, having sailed from Liverpool.

The commercial advices are favorable. Cotton, it will be seen, still commands an advanced price, and stock was considerably reduced when the picket sailed.

The Revolutionary troops in Canada continued to attract considerable attention in England and the Liberal party seemed to be prepared to take part with the Liberals in Canada.

—Fayetteville Observer.

Motion

(Editorial Caption, Raleigh Times)

JUDGE GRADY GOES TO TOWN AND MRS. COLWIN GOES HOME