The Charlotte News

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and Sunday Mornings by
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We seek truth, that we may follow it.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 23, 1938

Wait a While

South Carolina's Legislature, which meets every year, is running almost too smoothly. The House has got half through the appropriations bill, increasing items here and there, voting down amendments to reduce other items, taking time off to pass a bill eliminating the State's five-mill property tax, and in general acting like a body that knows where it's going and wants to get there as soon as possible.

Ah, but this, we know from past experience with legislatures, especially South Carolina's Legislature, is too good to be true. Increasing appropriations and taking off taxes is good work, as long as it lasts, but there must be, in the nature of things legislatorial, an end. That will come when the Legislature has to lay its finger on new revenue to cover the higher appropriations and to replace the discarded property tax. And at every spot it touches there will be a raw nerve exposed, and a resulting great outcry of pain. And that will be when legislating ceases to be fun and becomes a downright bother.

In Nature's Chapel

Not, apparently, from any sudden righteous impulse, but merely to make its regulations conform to the general law of the State, the Board of Conservation & Development has drawn up a rule against hunting on Sunday in North Carolina. And the rule is well substantiated by the more basic law, which reads:

Anybody found hunting on Sunday with a dog or, except in defense of his own property, found off his premises with a shotgun, rifle or pistol, is guilty of a misdemeanor and may be fined not exceeding $50 or sentenced to jail not exceeding thirty days.

The sabbatical hunting day is probably a good thing for the continuing supply of game birds in this state, and beyond that it is the preference, in all likelihood, of most people who live in the country. But suppose the landed proprietor didn't mind, or, better still, that the huntsman owned or had leased the preserves over which he shot — is there any reason justifiable in morality or simple seemliness of behavior to forbid a man and his dogs to take to the fields in the hope of finding game or, in rarer cases, food?

We trow not. And as for religious worship, which cannot be made compulsory, even by indirection, our Sunday huntsman might well retort to the arresting game warden that, in the love of Nature, he was but holding communion with one of her wholly visible forms. The game warden wouldn't understand, but the Board of Conservation & Development, it is highly probable, would.

We Learn About a Senator

Before this, nearly all we have known about Senator Ellender of Louisiana was his name and his political origin. But the Congressional Record for Monday, January 17, gives us a very large dose of the Senator. The whole Senate report, running to 21 closely-packed pages, is devoted to the Senator and his filibustering speech against the anti-lynching bill, together with the remarks and questions of the numerous gentlemen who accommodatingly interrupted him.

The Senator, it is manifest, has a goodly gift for words. Indeed, and though he filled up considerable space by the device of reading letters and telegrams and quoting from various reputedly learned books, he may be described accurately as a fluent word-spout. The Senate, as a whole, was tired and bored and sick of the whole business. But it could not, politely enough, tell Mr. Ellender to sit down and be quiet. It could not, politely enough, tell him that his speech was irrelevant, immaterial and impertinent to the issue before the Senate. It could not, politely enough, tell him that he was talking through his hat. It could not, politely enough, tell him that he was a windy, conceited, self-righteous, self-deluded, self-glorifying bore.

But it could, politely enough, tell him that he was talking against time, that the time was short, and that if he talked long enough the bill he was opposing would die on the calendar when the session of Congress ended at noon on January 22. And it could, politely enough, let him talk himself out, and so it did.

The Senator, it appears, is a man of some parts. He can talk, he can read, he can think on his feet, he can quote from his memory, he can be witty, he can be sarcastic, he can be dignified, he can be impudent, he can be polite, he can be rude. He can be a statesman, he can be a demagogue, he can be a gentleman, he can be a boor. He can be a man, he can be a mouse. He can be a lion, he can be a lamb. He can be a patriot, he can be a politician. He can be Tom Lewis, he can be Jim Hamilton, he can be Jim Farley, he can be Huey Long, he can be Joe Robinson, he can be Pat Harrison, he can be Carter Glass, he can be Josiah Bailey, he can be Hiram Bingham, he can be Hattie Caraway, he can be Rex Tugwell, he can be Harry Hopkins, he can be Harry Byrd, he can be Harry Truman, he can be Harry Lee, he can be Harry Hawes, he can be Harry Hull, he can be Harry Lane