THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

And Evening Chronicle

Published Week-Day Afternoons And Sunday Mornings by The News Publishing Company, Inc.

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● W. C. Dowd, 1865-1927 ●

The only edition of The Charlotte News was established in 1888. The Sunday edition was added in 1910. The Evening Chronicle established in 19031 was purchased by and consolidated with The Charlotte News May 8 1914. The News desires to be notified promptly of errors in any of its reports that proper correction may be made at once.

MEMBER ASSOCIATED PRESS

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES	One Year	Six Mos.	Three Mos.
By Carrier	$10.40	$5.20	$2.60
By Mail	8.00	4.00	2.00
Sunday Only	2.00	1.00	

20 cents per week by carrier.

FRIDAY, MARCH 1, 1940

Pipe Line

The Destination Of Most Of That Kentucky Hooch

North Carolina gets 60 per cent of Kentucky's liquor exports, according to Revenue Commissioner H. Clyde Reeves of the Blue Grass State.

Well, and do North Carolina's 27 wet counties explain that? It does not seem quite probable on the face of the matter. All the wet counties, save Durham, lie to the east of Raleigh. And all of them are so situated that their most obvious and easiest source of supply is the liquor-producing cities ranging northward from Baltimore along the Atlantic coast.

Nor is there any evidence that the Eastern Tar Heels are finicking souls who resolutely refuse to wet their whistles on anything but bourbon straight from the Dark and Bloody Ground.

On the other hand, the dry counties mainly lie in the western half of the state. And for them, Kentucky happens to be the nearest and easiest source of supply. And that is especially true of the dry counties of which Mecklenburg and the thriving town of Charlotte are the center. A short and perfectly legal ride across Tennessee, and there you are in the blooming land of prohibition with a load of the oh-be-joyful, presumably and quite legally headed for South Carolina until you draw up a few miles short of the border in Charlotte or Gastonia or Shelby or Concord.

And lest there be any doubt about it, Commissioner Reeves himself reveals that Kentucky's annual revenue from taxes on liquor shipped to dry territory comes to $450,000. Sixty per cent of $450,000 is $270,000.

It is a pretty fair indication of just how prohibition prohibits, and the staggering cost to North Carolina of attempting to maintain the pious fiction that it works.

Servants

Training Should Solve The Problem In Upper Levels

A recent story in The News on the Negro servant problem prompts Edward W. Brice, president of the Clinton College for Negroes — a normal and industrial school at Rock Hill operated on the same lines as the famous Tuskegee Institute in Alabama — to advise us that his institution has inaugurated a course for the training of domestic servants.

The servant problem in the South is not simple or easy of solution. That the general wage level is too low to furnish the Negroes engaged in the trade an adequate living is obvious. However, it is to be said also that many thousands — perhaps the majority — of Southern people who employ servants for full or part time belong to economic levels which in the North do all their own work. They make little money, and must take account of every extra dollar — employ servants precisely because wages are low.

And any general wage increase would certainly drive many of them to doing without servants — thus decreasing employment.

What the solution may be, we do not know. But the Clinton College plan seems a sensible approach to at least one angle of the case. Employers in the upper economic brackets can afford to pay wages better than the average have generally paid them even for half-efficient servants. And given an opportunity to secure fully trained and efficient servants, many of them will certainly be willing to pay in proportion.

Compromise

S. C. House Yields To Uproar Of Motorists

South Carolina's Legislature is exercised over a law passed at the last session, which provides for the safety inspection of automobiles. One member of the House told the Roads, Bridges, and Ferries Committee of that body that if he didn't get the law repealed, he'd have to move out of his county. Disgruntled motorists made it impossible for him to move from place to place, he said. The inspectors were tough, and the automobile-owners didn't like it.

The committee proceeded to approve a House resolution to ask the cops to relax the strict enforcement of the statute. It seems to us that they had better have repealed it outright and been done with it. A law which, by invitation of the law-making body, is not to be enforced, is worse than no law at all.

Legislators everywhere may as well make up their minds that if they have any serious intention of controlling the prevailing traffic anarchy and reducing the appalling toll of human life annually taken by it, they are going to have to ignore the roars of many motorists.

Traffic experts are universally agreed that the two worst factors in the situation are (1) speed, and (2) the fact that 75 per cent of the automobiles are constantly in such condition as to constitute a menace. But the average motorist will not admit it.

Oh, yes, it may be dangerous for somebody else to push a car over the road at 80 miles an hour, but not for an expert like himself. Oh, yes, his brakes may be a little worn and out of alignment, but his hands and eyes are quicker than most people's, and he knows a lot of ingenious little tricks most people don't know. And he has been doing this so long that he considers it a gross violation of his rights if you attempt to stop him.

But if there is to be any safety on the roads, he will have to be stopped soon or late.

Lebensraum

Our Mr. Welles' Visit Is Likely To Obscure Facts

The Welles visit to Europe promises to have the single result of affording Adolf Hitler a chance to sound off and pose as a bleeding martyr — to the conviction of a great many pussyheads in America and elsewhere.

Already the Hitler cohorts have begun to shout that all they want is *lebensraum*. And what is *lebensraum*? According to the gentle Nazis, it is:

". . . that middle European region in which German people for many centuries have conducted constructive economic, cultural, civilizing activities . . .

"It is the space within which the German people desires to live and work securely without interference . . .

But by the record, it is something a little different from that, to-wit:

That Middle European region occupied by the Poles, the Czechs, the Slovaks, the Croats, the Slovenes, the Serbs, the Rumanians, the Greeks, etc. in which Nazi Germany claims the rights —

(1) To destroy their autonomous and native culture and replace it with the new barbarism with which it has already replaced the old highly developed cultures of Germany and Austria;

(2) to set up the doctrine that the Germans are by blood a master race and that it is the business of other peoples humbly to obey and serve them;

(3) systematically to exterminate the intellectual leaders of these people;

(4) to confiscate the property of these people and give it to Germans;

(5) to humiliate these people by such devices as making them tip their hats to Germans, stand out of the streets for Germans, wait humbly to be served after Germans, wear yellow crosses on their backs, etc.;

(6) to cow these people by mass murders, concentration camps and devilish tortures; and

(7) finally to enslave the whole lot of the survivors for the enrichment of Germans.

Walter Scott
Howard Conway
David Smith

People of the city read with sorrow yesterday of the deaths of three of its well-known, esteemed men: Howard Payne Conway, Walter Scott, David B. Smith. Though they varied in ages and interests and associations, the three had in common one striking quality. They set store by friendship.

And to their fellowships they brought, each of them, charm and wit and good spirits which made them the most delightful of companions. Conway of the inimitable stories, Scott of the keen humor, Smith the conversationalist — they were welcome to any gathering.

One thing more they had in common, and that was ability. In its expression, this varied; and each of the three was not to be distracted from the main business of life, which they saw as living. But ability they had, and it carried them to success in their endeavors.

Yet the dominant characteristic of these three to whom death came at once was always that good fellowship. They contributed to the enjoyment and the safety and the understanding of their friends, and that is a heritage which any man would be proud to leave.

False Alarm

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON. — As Senator Wheeler says, President Roosevelt is acting suspiciously like a Presidential candidate. Mr. Roosevelt's failure to withdraw his name in Illinois looks, on the surface, as if he has decided to claim squatter's rights on the White House.

Nevertheless, it is still a good guess, and the best one, that Mr. Roosevelt will not run.

Even if he wanted to run, he could not do so now without causing a demoralizing upheaval in the Democratic Party organization. Conditions have developed to the point where it is certain that a party riot would result if Mr. Roosevelt tried to reverse Thomas Jefferson and make it three terms. There can be no unanimous draft of Mr. Roosevelt. For him to take a third-term nomination on any other basis would be madness.

THIS WOULD BE MORE THAN A WALK

Any speculation about this must start with the assumption, which I believe to be warranted, that Vice-President Garner and Postmaster General Farley are opposed to a third term. Mr. Garner already has given notice that he would remain in the race at the convention, no matter what candidate was in the picture. It has been printed that Postmaster General Farley is dead against a third term and you won't hear that denied. The Irish can be just as stubborn as the Dutch.

Suppose that at some time before the Democratic national convention Mr. Farley should announce that he is opposed to a third term?

Would that be merely another Al Smith walkout? Hardly. When Smith walked out he was merely a disappointed politician and took with him only the Du Ponts, the men who weren't there anyway. But Mr. Farley is chairman of the Democratic National Committee. He is a member of the Cabinet, although he probably would resign as Postmaster General simultaneously with any anti-third-term announcement.

He managed President Roosevelt's pre-convention campaign in 1932, and managed the two election campaigns.

MR. R. IS PROBABLY TOO SMART FOR THIS

Could President Roosevelt afford to go into a national convention seeking a third term against the open opposition not only of Vice-President Garner but of his own national chairman? Mr. Roosevelt is too astute about politics to be caught in such an unholy show as that would be, and leave himself standing before the country trying to snatch another four years with the resistance led by the Vice-President of the United States and the chairman of his party, his own manager.

I don't think it will reach that stage, because I believe Mr. Roosevelt always has had it in mind to retire. Otherwise would he be making private cracks about going back to Hyde Park, or about the people being tired of the Roosevelts? You have to assume that he is trying to deceive people if you assume he is scheming to run again.

BULL STOCK IS NOW IMPROVING

Most of the small politicians who are elected last for a third term are doing it because they are trying to play safe. The really big leaders in the party are keeping their powder dry, biding their time, allowing Mr. Roosevelt an opportunity to choose his own moment for speaking. But they are becoming impatient and puzzled at the delay. The situation is not likely to be allowed to drift until convention time. It will be forced to a head before that unless Mr. Roosevelt acts. Only his action can save the party from an affair that will be somewhat messy, leaving no one happy except the Republicans. Nothing in the foreign situation short of our actual participation in the war will unify the party leaders for a third term.

The nomination is pointing now in the direction of Secretary Hull than anyone else. Mr. Roosevelt has talked of Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas and Attorney General Robert Jackson but has received little encouragement from organization leaders. Although Mr. Farley is seeking delegates himself, if he saw that he could not be nominated he probably would throw his support to Secretary Hull, who is acceptable practically throughout the party organization.

In Clover

Billy Arthur, New Bern Tribune

Sometimes I believe I just don't realize what a lucky fellow I am. For instance, I'm always having lunch or dinner with the girls, sometimes one, two or three at a time. And their meals don't cost me a penny. Some luck, eh, what?

It works this way: I go into the restaurant and take a back booth. Pretty soon one of the waitresses comes over with her lunch, sits down and eats. When she finishes, another comes over, and after her, another.

They're great company, and what's more they let me eat what they don't want, so I usually get more than I pay for myself.

Servant Problem

Want Ad in Yankee

New England family of six desires the permanent services there in California of settled, refined, unencumbered, neat, clean, housekeeper, first-class cook. Must be Protestant, C. S. preferred. Good references essential. Tired, up, disgusted with incompetent Western help.

Sumner Welles Is Having Some Quiet Talks In Europe

—By Herblock

Letters to the Editor:

In Defense Of Mr. Weir

Dear Sir:

Referring to your editorial about the selection of E. T. Weir as finance chairman by the Republican National Committee, I assume you will frankly admit that Mr. Weir is entitled to his opinions in opposition to the New Deal policies, and that in keeping his mills running and making money, he at least contributed to employment of men and paid his stockholders something on their money invested, which provided pay rolls instead of "hand outs" to idle men.

Prize-Winning Letter

There is no record yet of Mr. Weir demanding anything as John L. Lewis did, not a "speakeasy" of his employees on dues which will be turned over to a campaign to elect a President.

All the "fat cats" are not, in the Republican Party nor the brains of the country in the New Deal.

John L. Lewis certainly was paid off for his contribution of the workers' money for six years as shown by the testimony of the committee investigating the NLRB, and some of the "fat cats" contributing to the election of the New Deal who never ran a business successfully like Mr. Weir, nor employed as many men at so high a wage have been rewarded like Mr. Jimmie Cromwell, whose rich wife forked over her unearned money; Mr. Joseph Davies, who married into the Dodge millions; Mr. Kennedy, who made his money out of the stock market; Mr. Lewis, the rabble rousing political turn coat who also married his money.

Give me please, good Americans, he they rich or poor, instead of so many unpronounceable names of recent European origin and doubtful political faiths. If the Democrats are in, let's have tried and true Democrats holding the appointive jobs. If the Cromwells, Davies, and Kennedys are competent, as good Democrats and proven Americans, rich or poor, reward them as party men.

I call imagine worse things morally and politically than rewarding Weir as an outstanding successful American business man. I have not read in your paper in the past year any defense of Mr. Roosevelt's rewarding Lewis, nor Black (he of doubtful moral and legal ability for the Supreme Court) nor Cohen and Corcoran, nor Kelly, Hague, and Earl Long in the second and third Louisiana purchase. And may I remark in closing that Mr. Weir tried and did keep his men at work, and Mr. Roosevelt still has to use the taxpayer's money in keeping ten million on the anxious seat.

—E. F. LOVELACE.

Selwyn Avenue,
Charlotte.

(Note: Mr. Weir, in company with other steel men, undoubtedly demanded (whether directly or indirectly does not matter) and got plenty under Republican administrations. If anybody doubts it, let him take a look at the tariff rates on steel in the 1920's.—Editors, The News.)

A prize of $5 will be paid by The News for the best letter from its readers to the editors in answer to the question posed in the letter of Mr. Gerow.

Question is:

What, in your opinion, is the most fundamental need in the lives of young people of America today?

The contest begins immediately, closes Saturday, March 9. All letters, to be eligible for the prize, must reach this office before noon on the latter date. While the contest is in progress, the daily prize of $1 for best letters will not be offered.

Clip sheets of the letters will be forwarded to Mr. Gerow.
—Editors, The News.

Views Aid To Finns As Being Murderous

Dear Sir:

Last night I dreamed that I walked the streets of Moskva. Children ran through the streets weeping and wailing. They were cold, hungry and without shelter. I asked from whence they came, and was told they were the children of a company of Communist soldiers that had just been killed by the Finns. The thousand girls had been lost. Six thousand homes were made fatherless.

And the scene shifted, as they do in dreams, and I was walking down Tryon Street in the Friendly City. I looked through the windows and saw men making merry. Wine was flowing, there was feasting, and there was great rejoicing at the news that 6000 Reds had been killed with their aid. It was indeed strange to see the hard-hearted rejoicing.

I passed a church and heard the prayers. "Oh, God, keep us out of war; keep our youth at home. But let us give our aid to Finland; let us give till it hurts." I walked on.

And then I seemed to stand before the Ivory Tower. There was a crowd of newspaper folk gathered there. I asked a bystander the meaning of the crowd, and he told me that they were hanging a man named Robert Rice. They were hanging him for wanting to deport aliens. I couldn't stifle the insane laugh that came to my lips. Robert Rice only wanted to deport foreigners, while the mob was giving their support to the murder of the friends and kin of the same foreigners.

It was too much. I turned away and fell from my bed.

—A DREAMER.

1541 Jefferson Street,
Charlotte.

Mr. Billopp:
Ides Of March

Mother tells the children to be as quiet as possible and not disturb their father. She says he is a trifle upset. She says they must pay no attention to the language he uses.

She advises them to keep out of his way; and, if they have to go into the room with him, to walk on tiptoe and on no account to turn on the radio.

By all means, she warns them, they must not remind him of allowances he hasn't paid, of clothes they need or other items which call for the expenditure of money. She admonishes them not to take seriously their father's abuse of the United States Government, of its elected officers and employees, or to infer therefrom that he is actually disloyal.

She says she is sure he doesn't mean it when he says he wishes he had been born a Hottenot, an Abyssinian or a Patagonian rather than a citizen of these United States. She says he is given to overstatement when his emotions are aroused.

She tells them she is confident their father is merely in earnest when he declared that he would willingly volunteer to lead a group of state citizens on Washington and clean out the whole kit and kaboodle of jobholders, and that he might just as well be living under the rule of a Hitler or a Stalin.

She says they need feel no alarm over the possibility that their father has lost his reason.

She says experience has taught her that their father is behaving in a perfectly normal manner and that they must expect it regularly every March when he makes out his income tax return.

—CHRISTOPHER BILLOPP.

Side Glances

"What a party! The women are arguing about politics and the men are arguing about how to mix a salad!"

Querying England

By Hugh S. Johnson

WASHINGTON.—Here are some hunches I got while traveling and couldn't get sufficient dope to expand into columns.

If the British can search an American airplane clipper in a British port and take off her mail to censor it and can stop an American ship on the high seas and force her to go to some English port to be searched, why can't they stop an American clipper on the high seas and force her to go to some English base? If the British can do that, why can't the Germans? If either of them can do that, what are we going to do about it?

It would be just as easy for a high speed fighter to force big passenger planes to jump through hoops as for a surface warship to dragoon a merchantman. If international law permits that in the second case it permits it in the first. The truth is that international law permits it in neither case. By act of Congress, we voluntarily gave up most of our neutral rights on the high seas to avoid "incidents." But we didn't give them all. Is it right for our State Department to give up by acquiescence what Congress did not yield by legislation?

WHY DOESN'T ENGLAND BOMB KRUPP PLANTS?

We seem to have avoided the Bermuda issue by causing our trans-Atlantic clippers to fly non-stop across the Atlantic. But, if a stop at Bermuda for fuel was advisable in the interests of safety, are we risking ships and lives to avoid insisting on the inviolability of our mails? If we are, what is going to be the feeling in this country if one of those fine ships is lost?

That is one hunch. Here is another: Why don't the Allied air forces drop a few explosive eggs on the Krupp works at Essen? There was a lot of smelly rumor after the World War about the immunity from any kind of attack on German munition plants in which the French had financial interests. I am reluctant to credit any of that ghoulish stuff but it is hard to understand this inactivity.

GERMANY GETS AN EASY OUT HERE

An explanation of why the Germans haven't attacked English docks, harbors and industries by air is that they are not yet equipped with enought fighting planes with sufficient range of action to protect their bombers. But that explanation doesn't go for the French and British living off the Krupp plant—which is the very heart and lungs of German army equipment. It is within easy bombing distance from French bases and a few well-placed pineapples could at least seriously annoy it and Mr. Hitler.

It isn't our business to give any kibitzer advice about a war in which we have no part. Also, there may be a perfect explanation of this inactivity. But if there is such an explanation and it is not inconsistent with some other vital military interest to give it, it certainly would be good public relations practice — so far as this country is concerned — to make it known. The odor of phoniness in and about many aspects of this war gets richer as the weeks go by.

CONCERNING THE TACTICS NOW IN USE

I can't agree with Walter Lippmann that it is all to be explained by a return to Eighteenth Century strategy when battles were few and inside baseball of economic and diplomatic hijacking and poker-playing decided the result. In those days, armies were mere fragments of warring nations. Wars without battles could go on for years without shattering whole economic structures. That is no longer true with entire nations mobilized for war. New nations must seek prompt military results or promptly collapse from internal weakness.

Visitin' Around

Cure By Linotype

(Alexander Item, Forest City Courier)

Mrs. W. J. Edwards and son, Arnold, have been very ill for the past several days, but are improving nicely at this printing.

Your Nose Knows

(Davie Record)

——, the popular fertilizer salesman of Stony Point, was in town Thursday.

Everything's Fine, Yes Sir!

(Hemby Bridge Item, Monroe Journal)

The rain sure is fine for us farmers (or diet rooters, as one city gal calls it). Yes, sir, some rest is what we need, and wet weather also. I am as usual with bad luck. Up with a busted knee, had does it hurt! I can't walk much, and everyone has gone visiting this afternoon but myself, and I have the "lonesome blues."