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And Evening Chronicle

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THURSDAY, MARCH 28, 1930

The Magic Carpet

By Raymond Clapper

WASHINGTON—Times was when anyone about to travel by air climbed aboard the plane with the thought that it might be his last trip that at least he was taking a gamble. But today it is different. During the last year the world has seen more than 100,000 flights in the United States alone. The total of 2,024,817 passengers and 273,925,413 miles of flight without serious mishaps is a safety record not even approached, when volume of traffic is considered, in any other country.

Look Here, Now, Jim...

By Herbert

WASHINGTON—Dimes, the country's second most talked, Congress is going to cut the heart of the appropriations to moderate the army. That could result in national tragedy, but the army is not a national tragedy. Little Orphan Annie in our house. The army takes what it can get. There are several reasons for this. One is that the navy is our first line of defense. Nothing in this column should be construed as arguing against appropriations to build up the navy even faster than the present effort. But because so much stress has been put on the first line of defense, we forget that it is far from being our only line of defense, or, without a modern army, even a safe line of defense.



Starring The Army

By Hugh S. Johnson

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Another Eagle

Wage & Hour Law Appears Ready For The Boneyard

All our little scholars above the sixth or seventh grade remember what happened to NRA. The Blue Eagle became a dead cat and was buried hastily and unceremoniously, not that its skeleton might have a decent resting place but to get the damned thing out of sight.

It now begins to appear that the Administration, in its vaunted Wage & Hour Law, has another Blue Eagle on its hands. There has been much talk and discomfiture about the nuisance phases of the law but precious little evidence that it was to be taken literally. Its enforcement, that it has been a joke. And yesterday the point to this joke was given emphasis by the action of the House, which rejected the Appropriations Committee and refused to accede to the Wage & Hour Administration's insufficient budget a deleted item of \$1,035,000, mostly for salaries.

It takes would take personnel to enforce this most complex and detailed of laws, and to the request for personnel the House said no. More remarkable still were the remarks with which the Appropriations Committee had accompanied its report on the President's budget recommendation. There was a "confused administrative problem here," it said. Furthermore, the law needed amending.

And so they decided to let the under-taking languish while for want of funds which to carry out Congress's intentions as set forth in the Federal law books.

Dangerous

Getting The Reds This Way Costs Us Too Much

Martin Dies is plainly a man who needs a strong and persistent check if his activities aren't to be a greater menace than those of the Reds and Nazis. The doesn't much bother about these last; he is out to show up.

His latest move is to charge that the Communist Party in America is serving as a spy agency in the United States for Russia, and to demand that the leaders of the Party be forced to reveal the names of all members under penalty of being thrown into jail for contempt of Congress. This Committee and held them until they do reveal the names.

That the Communist Party is guilty of what he charges we haven't much private doubt. Nevertheless, the offense is one punishable by law. And if forcing the leaders to reveal the names of all followers is designed to turn up evidence of criminal conspiracy—as it certainly is—then it will be these leaders themselves who will be likely to suffer the consequences. The whole business, therefore, sounds most seriously like an attempt to force them to testify against themselves, in defiance of one of the first principles of American law.

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Word Saga

From The Politest Term, It Has Become An Insult

Words undergo strange changes in value sometimes. Consider that word, "darky."

It precipitated a storm at Texas Joe Robertson's Republican state convention in Columbia, yesterday. One of the white speakers had told several stories, one of which referred to "an old darky on my father's farm." A hubbub broke out among the Negro delegates. Then up rose one to say that they felt that they had been insulted by the word "darky"—demanded an apology. The white man hummed and hawed, finally gave in.

That represents a complete turn-about from the days of our boyhood. Then, we distinctly remember, the only really polite way to refer to colored people in their presence was to use discreetly this word "darky." Colored

Job For Joe

He Is Plainly Man To Run Stokowski & Co. To Earth

So far as we know, the Hon. Joe Starnes, Alabama Congressman, hasn't yet barged into that argument over whether Leopold Stokowski, the orchestra conductor, can be safely turned loose on the South Americans or not. But it is manifestly his meat.

The Hon. Joe is the man who once holly demanded that Christopher Marlowe be summoned before the Dies Committee as a Red Menace. But Stokowski is obviously better game than Kil, who would naturally have faded a little after 300 years in the grave.

We have made no investigation of Dr. Stokowski's politics. But the facts are plain. The man is a Pole by birth, and Robert Rife, a prominent long established the doctrine that a man of alien birth is necessarily a Communist, with all the clarity and precision with which Dr. Pangloss established the celebrated syllogism: "The more is manifestly formed for the bearing of spectacles, thus we have spectacles."

For word Dr. Stokowski has regularly scored to play (except for a fat Hollywood fee) the Hundred Per Cent Productions of Tin Pan Alley in favor of the works of composers with names like Tachakowsky, Beethoven, Verdi, Mozart, Saint-Saens, Debussy, Wagner, etc. What does he do for the Reds? Some of them have been dead only a few years, and since they didn't give off blue notes in their music, the assumption is that they must have been Red.

Joe should come out of his retirement to line up with the Hon. Gene Cox and the Hon. Ham Fish to save the Latin. And while he is about it, he might look into the matter of the Communist Party, which has been dead only a few years, and since they didn't give off blue notes in their music, the assumption is that they must have been Red.

Esteemed Man

Mr. Jackson Hears What His Friends Think Of Him

The Rev. John Lord Jackson had a unique experience yesterday. In excellent health and with an even wider future in the ministry, he came up to him, he sat and heard himself eulogized to his face.

He had the satisfaction, too, of knowing that in this spontaneous tribute, there lay upon his words, not nothing of the multi-motivated nisi bona voluntas. The good man, for 25 years rector of St. Martin's Episcopal Church and of the ministry of what we have always imagined an English vicar to be, has almost and unconsciously endeavored himself to all his parishioners. For the city as a whole, he has rendered indefatigable service in active work with its social agencies. The record of his board and committee memberships reads like a roster of the Community Chest. Recruit at the departure of this minister is relieved by the pleasure that he is to become bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Louisiana, and sadness at the thought that to a man tempered by the thought that the community is fortunate to have benefited by his helpfulness for a whole quarter of a century.

The ingenious Nazi is now weaving suit fabrics of the skins of fish. Heretofore, only herrings have been utilized, in this twined.

Letters to the Editor: A Corner For Kangaroos

Dear Sir:

In a recent editorial you wondered how a pedestrian is supposed to cross the street at N. Tryon and Morehead, and your comments were certainly timely and to the point.

Maybe charity begins nearer home. Why not try crossing W. Trade just one block from your office some day when the dime cab boys are having a bad day. Leave one second count it after the light turns your way and you'll never make it; you've got to leave on the way out.

Would like to suggest some solutions. First: The News might use its influence with the Director of Safety to get him to turn off the traffic lights and adjust the time so that old people over twenty won't have to run.

Second: Ascertain what "Super-Man" in the serial drama section, feeds on and put us all wise.

Third: Get the Soil Conservation Service to plant some trees in the middle of the widest streets. Many of us have climbed tree back home to escape enraged pedestrians in nature and we could certainly do so again to escape bull-headed drivers. A lot of folks think the Soil Conservation Service could save more farmers this way than by planting trees in the country.

The immediate reason for this outburst is two very narrow escapes at the above corner when two drivers disregarding all the rules and apparently bent on killing me to pieces.

—PHILIP CALDWELL, 2245 Hopewell Avenue, Charlotte, N.C.

For Want Of Letters, Democracy Perishes

Dear Sir:

Everybody talking about democracy but nobody writing us letters about it. It is possible that some, at least, of these missing pages may be found and reprinted so that the Huguenot Church here may have a complete edition of this valuable book.

What's best and what's worst about U.S. democracy? Letters to be eligible for the \$5 prize, should not exceed 300 words in length, must reach this office before Saturday at noon, and must be printed on the correct name and street or rural address of the writer.—Editors, The News.

Leaves Missing From The Huguenot Bible

Dear Sir:

Will you allow me space to endeavor to account a matter of importance to the cause of Southern History and the Huguenot Church of Charleston, S. C. The Huguenot Church of Charleston is among the most magnificent shrines of America and the only Huguenot church where services are still conducted. The leading member of this church, Mr. Daniel Raveland, who was one of the French Bible about 250 years ago, printed, according to the New York Library, was a North Carolina, or lady of North Carolina ancestry. Mrs. Raveland, daughter of Jackson Heights, New York, who visited the Charleston church last Christmas.

This French Bible belonged to Mrs. Raveland's ancestor, Pierre Andre Breyard, who brought it to America with him in the latter part of the seventeenth century. The Bible was in perfect condition until after the Civil War but now

Mr. Billoppe: Vanity

Dear Sir:

You look into the looking glass and are depressed by what you see there. Why did fate give you a reading? No wonder people refuse to take you seriously. And those ears! Why should they have to stick out instead of resting in the head? If you were a woman you could conceal them with your hair. But you are not a woman and your hair is thinning. Isn't it true that cars continue to grow after the rest of the body has stopped? Unpleasant thought.

Your eyes look strained; You should do something about your eyelashes. The truth is that you ought to wear eyeglasses all the time. That is what the oculist told you years ago.

Your face looks dirty. Why should that invariably be you? You have to take your face to your face? You'll have to cut down on your food. You'll have to give up potatoes and go in more for salads. Confound salad!

That jab you gave yourself with the razor this morning hasn't improved your appearance. In fact, you look as though you had been in a fight. Why can't you shave with the rest of the boys? Well, what's to be done about it? You might grow a moustache, but that wouldn't help much. You would conceal your beard, always getting in the way, and, in summer, hot and uncomfortable. Imagine what your family would say if you just had to be done about it. You will have to remain as you are. You'll have your physical handicaps to the grave.

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—CHRISTOPHER BILLOPPE.

Side Glances

Room For Improvement

(Killy Bitteridge, who has been confined to his room for several weeks, is improving.)

It's a Standoff

(Bluff item, Marshall News Record)

Mr. James Connor spent Saturday night with his cousin, Mr. Ralph Holt. And Ralph paid James a visit Sunday night.

No More Fancies, Boys

(Bathory item, Seaboard Record)

We are sorry to report that Miss Grace Willford is now having to wear glasses.

From As a

(S. Lexington item, Lexington Dispatch)

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Peacock are all smiles over the arrival of another grandchild, born to Mr. and Mrs. Woodrow Peacock of Lexington Monday.

If The Feet Are All Right, It Ain't The Head And Mouth, Diseases

(Bath item, Shelby Star)

Continued to his home suffering with an infected mouth.

Visitin' Around

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