

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Cities Are Like The Old Woman's Shoe

THE flicker of gaslight still radiates from American thinking on municipal problems.

In an electronic age of booming urbanism, when some 70 per cent of our people live in cities, it is astounding that the federal government could spend more each year on potatoes than on urban renewal.

Yet that was part of the evidence of gaslight thinking submitted by Mayor Richardson Dilworth of Philadelphia at the American Municipal Association Congress in Boston this week. The lowly spud draws more financial attention from Washington than polluted air, degrading slums, clogged streets, poor planning and zoning, and all the other odious trappings of "modern" American cities.

Like the old woman's shoe, American cities perform services for which they were not designed and find themselves stuffed beyond belief with inconvenienced humanity. Built for the residence of merchants and as perhaps once-a-week stop-offs for the country folk who surrounded their corporate limits, exploding cities will require a lot of planning and going to fill their new destiny.

sortment of problems. Metropolitan complexes which by comparison dwarf Charlotte are agonized by hopeless rail connections between business, shopping, and office districts and suburban housing. The Municipal Congress has called for legislation at Washington to provide long-term low interest loans for renewing transportation equipment—to match in speed and growth the relentless pressure of the traffic to suburbanize.

Another crying need, one with which cities are powerless to cope until they have active cooperation, is for an end to the gradual pollution of urban air. California's League of Cities—understandingly enough—has sponsored a resolution at the Congress asking the automobile industry to report constructive accomplishment on control of exhaust fumes. Investigators discover every day new evidence that exhaust fumes rank first among deadly poisoners of urban air.

City fire hazards, for another, constitute an almost untouched potential for human misery.

Charlotte should concern itself about all of these possibilities, not simply about those which are peculiar to her situation. Every American city, confronting outdated political arrangements which served a vanished era, where cities are content to grow increasingly aware of the need for common action.

This is not a simple matter of "progress." Rather, it is the very complicated matter of making the cities, where America's majority have chosen to live, tolerable. Certainly we must agree with Mayor Dilworth that the matter is of greater urgency than potatoes.

Charlotte is already the possessor of a \$50,000 federal grant for administration and blueprinting of urban renewal—with more to come.

But more is needed and Charlotte is not alone. Every growing city in America has its Brooklyn, brutalizing urban life for slum inhabitants. There are other heights, many of which cannot be remedied by even the loftiest efforts of their victims. The Municipal Congress, at this week's meeting aired a wide as-

A Happy Ending—But Without A Twist

ONE clerk in the First National Bank of Austin, Tex., was a wined, shy little man, long to periods of staring out through the front door. Police said he wrote short stories and poems on the sly, but what they really didn't know was that he was a counterfeiter. He was the best counterfeiter in the trade, and for years he had circulated his money without being challenged.

A particular merchant, who was his only close friend, was the only person in Austin to whom he passed real money, and to supply his meager needs (he lived alone) he used his tiny bank salary. It so happened one Christmas his funds were out, he was in debt, and yet he wanted an expensive item from the merchant's store. He agonized for days about whether he should try to pass off his counterfeit money to the merchant, but he finally decided, rather than slyly an old friend, he would run a grave risk.

He soon had juggled his books and receipts so that he was exactly \$874.98 cents to the good—and that was just the price of what he wanted to buy. He kept the embedded cash in a bag which he had the amount, being careful not to confuse it with his counterfeit bills, and finally one day went down to his friend's store and bought what he wanted.

A few days later, a policeman came to his door.

"You are under arrest," he said.

The wined little bank clerk stared at the floor. "Then the bank has found me out," he said. "They know I'm an embezzler."

The policeman looked puzzled. "Embezzler?" he said.

Now it was the little clerk's time to be puzzled. "But isn't that what you're arresting me for?"

"Not at all. The other day you paid a local merchant the amount of \$874.98."

"It was counterfeit," the policeman said.

No, it's not true. . . . But that, we suspect, is something like the story O. Henry, the North Carolina-born short story writer who was convicted and served time for embezzlement in Texas, would have written about himself. Such twists of irony were the distinguishing feature of his stories. They gave a new term—the "Henry ending"—to the literary world.

Now in something less than an "O. Henry ending" the State of Texas has asked President Eisenhower to grant a posthumous pardon for the embezzlement conviction of 60 years ago. The evidence never was conclusive.

We hope the pardon is awarded. It would be a happy ending—but nothing like the ending O. Henry would have added if he could have written it.

Progress

A UNIVERSITY of Chicago project dealing with the gifted adolescent insists that a high IQ represents only one "area of giftedness." Other "areas": Cooperativeness, energy, character, health, creativity, achievement and humor.

It just goes to show you how painfully old-fashioned the "Three Rs" are becoming. In the schools of tomorrow education can and will not consist of the "Three C's, Two H's, An A and An X" and they won't even be taught to the tune of a hickory stick.

From The Richmond Times-Dispatch

MARSHAL NEY LEGEND DEBUNKED

A NEW full-length biography of Marshal Ney of France, the so-called "bravest of the brave" and Prince of the Moskova from the pen of J. B. Morton, and published in England, dismisses as "obvious nonsense" the story that Ney was really never executed, but escaped to America. So far as known, this is the first responsible work on the great cavalry leader which has even recognized the continued currency of the American legend—or is it truth?

While Rowan county, N. C. has been held up as the one spot where the fugitive marshal, living under the name of Peter Stuart, was and being as a tutor in plantation families did there was an interlude in Mecklenburg County, N. C. Yet the pedagogue's brief tenure there at the home of William Nelson of Nelsons in the year 1829 was less dramatic than his supposed later years.

The New story is that the Duke of Wellington, through ties of Masonry, arranged that his death be a firing squad at the Closerie des Lilas in Paris, should be faked and that Ney, convicted of treason against Louis XVIII, was smuggled in a box out of Paris to Rowan county, where a "barque" took him to Charleston, S. C.

Mr. Morton in this new and exhaustive work— which incidentally debunks Ney, and classifies him as a brave embezzler from the leader of troops but with a very immature mind—charges him with falling from the Blucher defeat

at Waterloo into a rout it attempts to reveal him as a man who felt after the abdication of Bonaparte that the army would follow him against Louis—a mistake which brought about his arrest.

Not the least interesting phase of the complete rejection of the "North Carolina story" is the fact that Ney, seeing that he was in jeopardy, secured a passport for America and was seeking to escape when he was intercepted on the Swiss border and later tried.

But even if Mr. Morton makes short work of the possibility that "Peter" Ney was in fact the fugitive marshal, the New Association meets annually at a glassed-in tomb at Third Creek Presbyterian Church in Rowan, N. C., for a memorial service and clings with fidelity to the death bed scene when the dying man raised himself on one elbow and spoke his last words: "Je suis Michel Ney, maréchal de France."

Mr. Morton, however, finds this dramatic episode centering around "the thundering redoubt" as Ney was known, rather amusing.

In closing the biography, he adds an appendix note which says that "in 1819 a ruddy faced man, a good horseman and a first-class fiddler, appeared in North Carolina and said to Marshal Ney: 'The firing squad had used blanks and he (shamed death). An American clergyman wrote a book in 1885 confirming this . . . but the story must be obvious nonsense.'

Modern Mexico Is The Product Of Two Revolutions

By MARQUIS CHILDS

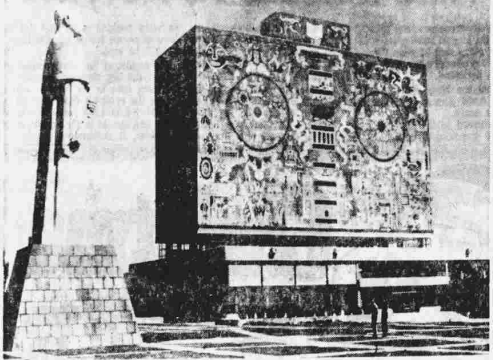
MEXICO CITY
 IN the short space of 30 years this country has gone through two distinct and totally different revolutions. The first revolution was to the left and the second to the right and strange, by enough, they are both a living force in the nation's life.

Lázaro Cardenas in 1938 expropriated all the property of the British and American oil companies. An outraged cry went up but Cardenas stood his ground and foreign capital took flight. The revolutionary president expropriated all the great haciendas, the landed estates that had come down, many of them from colonial times. In his six years in office Cardenas distributed more land to the peasant collectives than all previous administrations put together.

GEARS REVERSED

But the effect on the economy was disastrous. Cardenas' successor, Avila Camacho, put the gears in reverse. His inauguration in 1940 marked the beginning of Mexico's industrial revolution. The country was reorganized and foreign capital began to pour into the country as part of the development program. In the meantime, it has had few parallels in this hemisphere.

The extreme measures enforced by Cardenas were largely wiped out and particularly as those measures had put the church in the lead of the state. With the need for technicians and executives a middle class began to take root with a broad base in the swiftly expanding boom. Natural resources were developed, highways built, airfields laid out.



Hall Of Sciences At University City Symbolizes Mexico's 'Rerawakening'

With the highways came a flood of tourists from north of the border.

Yet Cardenas, one of Mexico's six living ex-presidents, whose revolution was reversed when it had too patently failed, is still a beloved figure. For the masses he represents a dream, an aspiration and if the dream of a simple peasant economy on a communal basis failed to become reality the memory of what might have been is still cherished by millions of simple people.

The Mexican artists who have won world renown, Diego Rivera, Orozco and Tamayo, invoke the symbols of this revolution in their work. They are collectivist, Marxist symbols, and the drama in most of Rivera's striking murals is the exploitation of the peasant and the worker by the capitalist exploiter. This engineer is almost always represented as a foreigner, an imperialist, more often than not a Yankee, a gringo, or someone in the pay of the foreign capitalist.

While this has made for great and dramatic art it is today almost entirely a myth out of a past that is now legend. Hundreds of millions of dollars in foreign capital, a great part of it from north of the border, have been pouring into Mexico at the urging of Mexican businessmen large and small and the Mexican government. The Export-Import Bank, which has been a pioneering agency in Latin-America, has loaned a total of \$67,591,000 in Mexico since 1934, most of it since 1940.

The native species of capitalism has flourished along with the rising middle class and some of the most prominent capitalists have been found among the leading politicians. Miguel Aleman, president from 1946 to 52, was reputed to have left the office as the fourth richest man in the world. While this may be a gross exaggeration he is said to be the largest single stockholder in Mexican industry.

One of the strong motivating forces in the Cardenas revolution was nationalism. It is still a powerful force. Mexico, which is one of the United States' best customers for autos and other products of advanced technology, does not intend to rely lying down on increased tariffs and quotas imposed on the raw materials which this country must export to obtain foreign exchange.

NO IDLE THREAT

U. S. businessmen have been told frankly: Either you buy what we have to sell or we will stop buying your goods. And this is no idle threat. Recently Mexican sugar growers insisted on obtaining, and the Congress in Washington finally granted, a greatly increased quota on imports of Mexican sugar.

It is a far cry from the Mexico of Viva Villa and the wild disorders that followed the passing of Porfirio Diaz. In 1914 Uncle Sam, the colossus of the north, thought he could with impunity send armed forces into Vera Cruz to put down the trouble. While that incident has not been forgotten it has been overtaken by the close working relationship which began after 1932. Mexico is a friend and neighbor. Pride in the independence of that friendship is part of the cement that holds the two countries in close relationship.

Can The Democratic Party Really Lead The Country?

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON
 THE month of December, 1938, is one of the most crucial ever to be confronted by the Democratic Party.

In a whole country has given an unprecedented vote of confidence. It is peculiar characteristic is that it is a vote of confidence in the party itself. No outstanding person or a political figure appeared at the head of the ticket anywhere; no overriding affirmative issue aroused the emotions of the voters.

WHAT VOTERS SAID

As nearly as the voters could be said to speak with one voice, they told the Democrats to lead the nation. The vote was overwhelming and non-sectional; virtually every where the party gained.

Democratic leaders are acutely aware of their burden of responsibility. The National Committee will meet this week here in Washington, but a great many Democrats who are not members of the committee are covering on Washington who want to be heard in the discussions.

The immediate aim is to avoid a party-splitting fight which will start the Congress with an enervating filibuster over civil rights, thus casting doubt on its ability to govern itself, much less to deal with the one thing all Democrats can be very sure.

It is that Republicans are looking to such a move as a give them a base from which to launch the rebuilding of their own party.

Their own reputation of all ambitious Democrats, including the men who hope to be President and those who hope to serve with them, will be at stake in this settlement. It is obvious to them, as it must be obvious to the South, that no mere face-saving compromise will be satisfactory at this juncture.

PROCEDURAL BATTLE

The fight over the Senate rules is procedural only. There is no civil rights bill of general acceptance in the Senate, and no one today can say what form such a bill might take. What is at stake is the ability of the Senate to deal with a bill when it comes before it.

A filibuster against changing the rules of the Senate cannot, in the present situation, succeed; it can only leave an ugly blot on the ability of the senate to transmute its will. The quality of such an effort is demoralized by

two facts: The times are too dangerous to allow it, and the voters are there to beat it.

What Democrats are up against is the difficulty of finding a solution in good faith with one another which will serve the needs of the times the nation and the party as well.

The tendency has been to translate the problem into terms of what Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson wants. But on Nov. 4 last, the players and the rules of the game changed. The gambits by which Johnson was successful in the past no longer apply.

Although Congress has tended to regard itself as a law unto itself, regardless of party, it is perfectly obvious today that the voters have given the Democrats the most complete a unique mandate and a responsibility almost unparalleled in the nation's history.

"If Only There Was Some Way We Could Stamp Their Stuff 'Secret'"



People's Platform

Spare The Rod, Spoil The Child

Charlotte Editors, The News: DORIS STELL was wrong in his sermon on bomb threats and fires. Why didn't this preacher quote the Bible: Spare the rod and ruin the child. It is a pity that he should have to suspend from school boys involved in these incidents. Were he a boy of mine he would set his head at the mantle of the school superintendent. I would have taken my belt and set his rod end on fire and let him go on to school. . . . To put him out of school is all wrong. And for a preacher to belly-ache about taxes is all wrong, too.

I was brought up under a mother raised in the country who could use the hickory limb to perfection. As a result, I was never drunk in my life. I don't smoke or chew, don't gamble, never played cards, shot craps or pool in my life. I was raised to work and I am 79 years and 5 months old. I would have been I was milking cows at seven years old.

She was a good mother who believed in this discipline, bless her soul. That hickory limb saved me from the bad life. Eisenhower and the child. That's in the Bible. Why didn't Dr. Stell quote this? To whip an unruly girl or boy: That's the teaching of the Bible. Talk to a hard-headed kid does no good.

—W. C. MCINTIRE

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON
 A DIRTY-COLLAR crowd of hate-peddlers, roared in the Louisville Liberty Hall, barred all outsiders from their third-floor meeting room and started a "hot" hell-raising revival.

The bizarre affair was billed as a "closed convention" of the National States Rights Party, called by Louisville Dr. Edward Fields. Fields brought together the nation's leading racial agitators to unite in a common crusade against minority groups.

Here's What Happened
 This column can now report what happened behind those closed doors. States and the mother crowd was last, scowling John Kasper who was given a standing, stomping ovation every time he spoke. He delivered the main speech, opening up with smugling talk on Knoxville's Judge Robert Taylor who had sentenced him to jail after he incited riots in Clinton, Tenn.

'Hanging's Too Good'
 "Hanging is too good for him," Kasper denigrated the judge. "In the old days hanging had been hanging, then taken down and drawn and quartered. And

Behind The Scenes At A Hate Rally

then they would have hoisted him on pikes above the city walls and let the cross eat on him three or four weeks.

Jaws Blasted
 Kasper next launched into a tirade against the Jews who, he charged, were behind dope racketeers, corrupt labor unions, and school integration. He claimed that Jews control Congress, the Supreme Court, and "the Kike" Eisenhower.

"When we knock down the Jews, we won't have any more Negro problem, that's for sure!" Kasper belted.

Past Explained
 He tried to explain away his own past association with Negroes in New York's Greenwich Village where he once threw interracial parties and dated Negro girls.

"I used to think all our problems would be solved if every nigger would kill a kike," he explained. "That is what I was doing working with them in New York. But I find that I overestimated the nigger mind."

Against Violence?
 After confessing this murderous doctrine, Kasper blandly insisted he was against violence.

"I don't believe in violence, chiefly

because I don't think we can win that way," he said. "When we had our meeting in New York, we had a crowd of about 10,000 people, and they were ready to go. If I had said, 'Come on, let's go clean out nigger town,' they'd have gone. It would have been one of the biggest mass murders in history. But we didn't do that. We just wanted to do things the legal way."

The Confest
 Kasper also paid his respects to Governors "Happy" Chandler of Kentucky and Frank Clement of Tennessee.

"Happy Chandler and Frank Clement are in a contest," he snorted "to see which one can outnigger the other one."

Anti-Catholicism
 Later in the proceedings, Kasper introduced a New York associate, J. Dan Kurts, who began a long harangue about this being a Christian country and the Jews ought to be kicked out. Then he made a tactical error; he mentioned that he was a Catholic.

Apparently he didn't realize that the anti-Jewish, anti-Negro crowd was also anti-Catholic. For his announcement was greeted with disapproving howls and impatient shuffling.

In the back of the room, Dr. Fields

gestured vigorously to Kasper to make the old man sit down. But Kurts talked on. Finally Kasper handed him his pipe. The old man took the big, clammy pipe in his overextended mouth, and slyly took his seat.

Crommelin Nominated
 Kasper and Fields appointed to the assembled agitators to set up their political activity, organize every precinct and make their movement powerful political force. They nominated retired Adm. John Crommelin, one-time hero of the Navy brass for leaking secret information against the Air Force, as the National States Rights Party's candidate for president.

At one point, someone called for the pledge of allegiance to the flag. Everyone dutifully arose and recited the pledge. But half of them gave the stiff-arm, hell-Hitler salute.

Under One Banner
 The group has adopted the lightning-bolt insignia of the defunct Columbians, up by the governor in 1946. They have formed a united front bringing under one banner the hate movement's professional agitators, disgruntled disciples, and assorted crackpots.