

The Charlotte News

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We seek truth, that we may
follow it.

1841-1938

William Henry Harrison (Tippecanoe and Tyler too) had just be-
come President, only to die within
a few weeks. The new republic had
had only eight Presidents. Florida
wasn't even a state, and neither was
Texas. The War with Mexico hadn't
been fought, but already another
war, a bitter internecine struggle,
was shaping up when James Polk,
who died yesterday, was born.

Election Day

Like hawks in some market place,
the poll workers press cards upon
you. That is good for the printing
business, but if anybody's mind has
ever been influenced by this imper-
sonal solicitation, he probably
decided it before he put down his
mark. Inside, the election judges
and registrars, taking a keen inter-
est in the proceedings, since it is
early yet. Later, before their twelve-
hour stretch is over, they will look
upon every application for ballots
as almost a personal affront, and
before the long counting is over, they
will hate the candidates themselves
with a low and deadly hate.

In the curtained booths, much
scratching, both of tickets and of
heads. Gosh all heck! Who are
these birds? Never heard of half
of them? Do they all live here?
Ah, here's a familiar name. Oh, Mr.
Election Judge, is Charlotte Town-
ship the same as Charlotte? Well,
that's that.

The people who thus exercise their
franchise have the comfortable feel-
ing of having done their duty. They
taken part in the formation of their
governments. And it is essential
that they do so, for otherwise citizen-
ship becomes meaningless and effete.
But these casual voters, mestres,
are not the ones who carry elections.
They are too casual about it, and
only away the balance. It is the
political organizations, the cliques,
the tight little ward blocs, the groups
of 30 and 40 and 100 obedient voters
under the direction of some profes-
sional politician, who actually play
the greater part in determining the
issue. It is said, but it is true.

Duties Answer

In England, when they want to
get to the bottom of some complex na-
tional issue, they appoint what they
call a Royal Commission. That
commission holds hearings, gathers
and compiles the most minute infor-
mation, deliberates and ponders in-
dependent of any external pressure
whatsoever until finally it produces
a report which is the last and most
comprehensive word on the subject.
Something like a Royal Commission,
at least in superficial resem-
blance, is the Presidential Commis-
sion which is to go to England this
summer to examine the British
Trade Union Act. But there is a
fundamental difference. This commis-
sion is under orders to clear up what the
President considers to be a miscon-
ception of the British act prevailing

In this country. In 1926, it was
bringing in a directed verdict. And at
least one potential member of the
President's Commission, the CIO's
invited representative, is under im-
pression not to serve at all. The
findings of the commission are to be
related in any way to this country's
Wagner Labor Relations Act.

Marion Butler

His name was thunder and light-
ning in North Carolina once. In the
1890s, when in so many ways begin
to seem almost as remote from us
as the time when the great pyramid
of Cheops was building, a storm was
brewing—and raging for that mat-
ter. A storm which perhaps had in
it the promise of our own times.

It had begun with the Farmers'
Alliance movement in the 1880s. And
in the beginning, it was fundamen-
tally not to serve at all. The
test of all farmers both great and
small—in both the South and West
—against an economy heavily loaded
against them by the high protective
tariff system—a movement directed
at the Money Power in Wall Street
and at the trust which had con-
ceded to be the allies of that power at
home. Then the Populist movement
was cooked up in the West and the
Farmers' Alliance joined in with its
demand for such things as popular
election of Senators, anti-trust laws,
subsidies for farmers such as Mr.
Wallace deals out now, and Free Sil-
ver (that is, the coinage of silver at
a fixed ratio with gold of 16 to 1).

Aid over that program the tradi-
tionally conservative South and the
traditionally conservative Demo-
cratic Party split wide and wide.
The greater part of the bigger planters,
the industrial and commercial com-
munity, and many thousands of the
smaller farmers turned Gold Bug
and claimed the Democratic banner
for their own. And in North Caro-
lina, the leader of the conservative
and many of the tenants, who were
beginning to grow bitter after years
of steadily falling cotton prices, lined
up under the banner of the new Peo-
ple's Party, with Butler, who had be-
come a Georgia Senator in his later
days, he was won, as old men are,
more and more to re-live those times
with his few remaining comrades,
and the bare squad of them who are
left in this country will miss him.

To him, James Porter, all the honor
that is no longer existent nation can
bestow, and to them—Thomas N.
Alexander, A. S. Bealy, C. W. Ben-
son, J. E. Hoover, D. W. Hayes and
J. R. Paul—our continuing affection
and veneration.

Almost immediately, however, the
movement which made him was
spent. It fell dead nationally with
the defeat of Bryan. And it fell dead
in the South, and particularly in
North Carolina, because of the hor-
rible effect of the delivery of the
by the re-raising of the racial issue
and such incidents as the race riot at
Wilmington—that and the Red
Shirts. Butler served only one term
in the Senate, though while there
he did some useful work, such as
failing to deliver from the hands of
the South. And afterward he was heard
of only now and then as a Republi-
can politician. But once men in
North Carolina either cheered or
cursed when they heard his name.

The Long Faith

Cordell Hull was, for all immediate
purposes, the man of the hour last
night at Nashville when he once
more proposed the drastic scaling
down of armaments and the exten-
sion of agreements to "humanize"
warfare. When a Franco can delib-
erately murder nearly 500,000 poor
men lined up in the market place of
Valencia, described by the Associated
Press as "far from any military ob-
jectives," and when German airmen
can deliberately machine gun to
death 500 men, women, and children
in the village of Guernica, without
any military value whatever, it seems
idle to talk of "humanizing" war.
And with the Hitler and the Musso-
lini and the Franco preaching war
as the natural and single glorious
goal of man, it seems even more idle
to hope to scale down armaments.

And yet perhaps he is justified in
his faith that presently war will be-
come so odious to the conscience of
mankind that it will be relegated to
the limbo of things forgotten. As he
himself suggested, there have been
other things which men argued were
just as inevitable as they now argue
that war is. Chattel slavery, for in-
stance. It was as old in the moves
of the race as war itself. And at the
beginning of the nineteenth century,
the prospect of ever getting rid of it
looked pretty dark; for after a great
breaking of chains in the seven-
teenth and eighteenth century, it
was again enormously increasing in
the Southern United States and
among the English colonies. But
actually it was already in its death
throes—and perhaps the things we
are witnessing really represent the
last dying surge of vitality in the
war spirit.

THE JUDGE WHO WHIPS

By Heywood Brown

THE prohibition against "cruel and
usual punishments" should certainly
include in its scope such sentences as
may be inspired by some judge's de-
sire to see his name in the headlines.
It is well known that judges should
be human. Indeed, it is better so,
and among all classes of blighted bipeds
there are few who do not, enjoy being
mentioned in the newspapers when that
mention is felicitous.

Indeed, there are even those who
would rather be pilloried than secluded
under thunders of silence. There was
a man in our town who went around
displaying to friends and chance ac-
quaintances a mean dig which had
been printed about himself in a gossip
column.

HIS OWN RULE 'SHOULD HOLD FOR HIS HONOR

"Just that an outrage!" he would
exclaim each time he saw the clipping
out of a convenient pocket. Finally the
exhibit became so worn that he had
to buy a back copy of the offending
newspaper in order to get a clean clip-
ping of the insult which had been
bestowed upon him.

And so, while a certain decency must
be allowed to publicasters, even
though they be upon the bench, the
folk who wear the judicial ermine should
seek to discipline themselves to avoid
stunna, epigrams and funny sayings.

It is customary to rap for order and
threaten to clear the court whenever
any answer of a witness involves im-
pudence. And so it is the clerk should
be empowered to nudge his chiefship
at appropriate occasions and say in
audible tones, "No wipers, Your
Honor. Get down to cases."

AND THIS IS A POOR SORT OF PUBLICITY

One sure way in which a judge can
find his way into the limelight is to
read a lecture about sparing the rod.
For some interval two minor magis-
trates, who were farmers, respectively,
and another New York City, have put
themselves into a whirl of fame by
demanding that parents take youthful
defendants home and flog them by
order of the Court. I doubt very much
that such compulsion is a very effec-
tive particular punishment. But legal
standing whatsoever. Such sentences
certainly should not obtain in states
where whipping is not among the pen-
alties which may be prescribed under
the code.

In each case the judge himself
threw in the towel, either by a self-
recommendation were not complied with.
To me this seems like publicity-seeking
and decidedly an effort to get around
the clear provisions of the law by in-
directness.

Magistrate Heller in New York, said
to a mother, "Is either little or a
big boy?" "You've got to prove to me
Thursday night that you gave your
son a good thrashing or I'll send him
to jail. Get a paddle, bore a hole in
it and make whips on the boy. Do you
think you can do it?"

A COURTROOM IS NOT THE THRONE IN HEAVEN

I think there should be public in-
dignation about such conduct on the
part of a judicial officer who has sworn
to uphold the law. Indeed, there ought
to be an official rebuke. Mrs. Mary
Bradley, the mother in question, was
by no means convinced of the guilt of
her son. Her son is sixteen years old.
It was up to the magistrate to bear
in mind not only the relationship of
the defendant to the community but
his relationship to his home environment.

He insisted on introducing a new el-
ement which might be utterly destruc-
tive of the feeling of an adolescent boy
toward his mother.

Judges should not undertake to play
God. There are domains in human life
where their intrusion is utterly un-
warranted. It is a beautiful thing
when men in power begin to talk things
about "raising will" and "sound thrash-
ings." Every man upon the bench runs
the risk of becoming cruel and callous.
I'm all for spilling the end and saving
our judges.

The Great Lover

(Hickory Records)
Not since he stood on the steps of the
Capitol in Washington and read a
man's most active for the benefit of
the American people, has "Our Bob" Sen-
ator Robert R. Reynolds exemplified his
blameless of heart as he did in an address
at Winston-Salem last Wednesday night.
"I've loved you all my life and will
love you whether you vote for me or not,"
the great lover is quoted in an Asso-
ciated Press dispatch today, as having
pledged himself amorously to his audi-
ence.

There's devotion and affection for you,
even if the sort of statecraft he demon-
strates does become a bit nauseating at
times.

And if you have been a little puzzled
in comprehending why he seemed to
prefer Ramblin' to tending his job in
Washington, he comes to you now at
election time with the explanation that:
"I had been to every county in the
state and I had elected to go to the
Senate, so I didn't want to go back
for pleasure but to study conditions
and better make laws that would benefit my people."
What a man! What a lover! What a
Senator!

Hosiery Union Is Defended By A Worker

Takes Up Goggles Against Penn
Reader Who Saw HWY As A
Menace To The South

Dear Sir:

I read with much interest the letter
published in your column by "A Reader"
from Potomac, Pa., on May 28, and quite
agree with him when he says that alums
are not confined to the South. I do
not believe any section or community
can afford to point the finger of scorn
at another until they have eradicated
their own.

As a hosiery worker, I worked and re-
sided in Pennsylvania for some time and
know that it has plenty to be ashamed
of in this respect. There are news-
papers there, the same as yours, that
do not hesitate to publish the same
concerning them. Notably the Philadelphia
Record, where Leeds Moberly happens to
be employed.

As a member of the Hosiery Work-
ers' Union of long standing, I resent
"Reader's" insinuations that "certain or-
ganizations" are going to come into the
South and disrupt "your" plans. Who
plans are going to be disrupted? Who
have these "promises" and "words of
welcome"? I do not believe any of
our civic bodies or newspapers promul-
gate these things, which "Reader" says
moved out of Pennsylvania to avoid "un-
ions and high taxes," any special privileges.
How "Reader" thinks North Carolina
can prevent hosiery workers from join-
ing or forming organizations of their
own choosing, as to interfere with these
things, I do not believe it would
settle down. I, beyond me, would
"Reader" have North Carolina secede
from the union as so not to comply
with the Wagner Act?

He says these firms are moving into
our state to "give the people of North
Carolina a living and a period of pros-
perity." This is a new wrinkle to me.
I had an idea when these firms spent
thousands of dollars to move they were
in search of cheaper labor and gener-
ally lower operating costs. Of course
I could be wrong.

How this "Reader" from Potomac
gets any comfort from your editorial
on this subject is strange, too. Your
view have been fair, unbiased, liberal,
impartial and consistent. If he received
comfort from the Lester Adams affair,
which you so clearly analyzed in your
editorial of May 16, I hope you can
give him more.

VAN MCGORIE
Charlotte

A Last Year's Editorial

(From The News of June 4, 1937)

IT'S WONDERFUL!

In the Washington column Senator
R. R. (Robert) Reynolds turns out
for these North Carolina papers that
came to him. This is a new wrinkle to
me. I had an idea when these firms
spent thousands of dollars to move they
were in search of cheaper labor and gener-
ally lower operating costs. Of course
I could be wrong.

One of the most hopeful signs
is the fact that our citizens are be-
coming more realizing the fact that in-
crease in taxes is not the answer to
increasing revenue. We cannot spend
and economize at the same time.

Ab, what a profound truth is con-
tained in these few words, and how sim-
ply stated. Contemplate it! The more
you spend, the more it takes. You can-
not spend more than you make unless
you begin to make more than you can
spend. This way to economize is a
path to let it sink in to economics.
The fact is that it is a fact that so.

But we disagree with Robert in a
rather important particular. One of
the most hopeful signs is not "the fact"
that our citizens are more realizing
the fact that increase in taxes is not
the answer to increasing revenue. We
cannot spend and economize at the same
time.

When the people ask me, "Where will
we find the money?" I reply, "Where
did we find the seven billions that we
spent last year?"
By George! Maybe he really didn't
know!

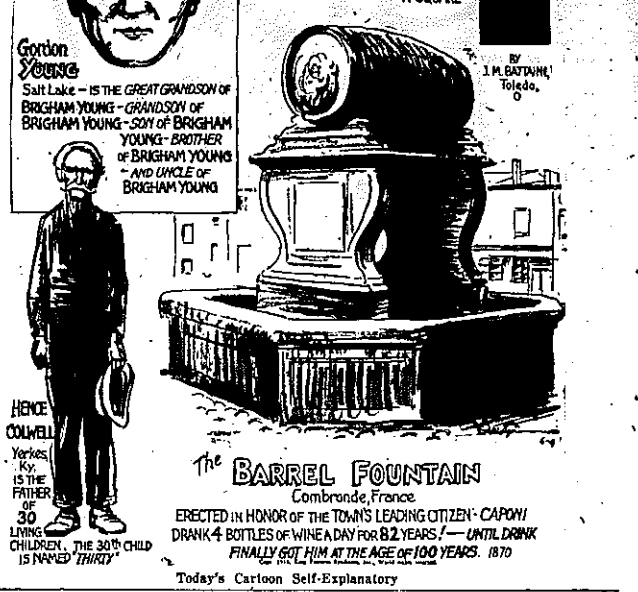
Visiting Around

"Mama, Here's These Men Again!"
(Columbia Item, Hickory Records)
How Lawrence and Charlie Grant, and
Charlie Grant Jr., guards at the Catawba
County prison camp, spent the week-end
with their respective families here.

Come, Come! He Couldn't Have Been
In Two Places
(Hickory Item)
Miss Margaret Moore of Charlotte
spent the week-end here with Mr. and
Mrs. J. P. Henderson.
Miss Margaret Moore of Charlotte
spent the week-end here with Mr. and
Mrs. Frank Smith.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT By Ripley

On request, sent with stamped, addressed envelope, Mr. Ripley will furnish proof of anything depicted in this cartoon.



The BARREL FOUNTAIN
Combronde, France
ERECTED IN HONOR OF THE TOWN'S LEADING CITIZEN - CAPOMI
DRANK 4 BOTTLES OF WINE A DAY FOR 82 YEARS - UNTIL DRUNK
FINALLY GOT HIM AT THE AGE OF 100 YEARS. 1870

Today's Cartoon Self-Explanatory

Apathy and the Airport

BY DICK YOUNG

CHARLOTTE occupies an enviable po-
sition on the nation's aviation map
and the people of this city should be
awake to the fact that a kind Providence
has placed us where we are and has
given us such good flying weather. If
the citizens of Charlotte appreciated
this, we would let nothing interfere with
our progress. In other words, we would
not be content with less than a first-
class airport with facilities sufficient to
meet the requirements of the largest
planes.

A proposal is under consideration for
extension of the route of the Eastern
Air Lines from Houston to Brownsville,
Texas, giving direct connection with
planes to and from Mexico City. A
small contract between Houston and
Brownsville is now open and if the EAL
is awarded that contract it will extend
its lines, thus covering a route from New
York to Brownsville. Piling in that
gap between Houston and Brownsville
on the EAL route will mean that pas-
sengers can fly from New York to Mexico
City, coming through Charlotte. Along this
route, which is the shortest from Texas
to New York, there is more flying time
because of the lack of weather distur-
bances, fog, etc., and traffic along the
line is expected to be materially in-
creased. This route has no dangerous
mountains over which planes must fly
and this coupled with our excellent
weather has made flying speedier and
safer.

By some means or other, the pro-
posed extension of the runways at the
Charlotte airport should be carried out,
so that when the 42-passenger Douglas
airline takes to the skies on regular
commercial routes, we will be equipping
to afford safe landing and take-off.

HOW THE TREASURER IS MOVING WORK

Step by step, Charlotte's financial rat-
ing has improved under the guidance of
Treasurer L. L. Ledbetter. The public
generally and some of the municipal
officials do not appreciate the manner
in which the Treasurer has performed
his duties of office and has labored in
season and out for the betterment of the
City's credit standing. Just recently,
Charlotte's bonds were declared legal
investments under the strict require-
ments of the Massachusetts banking law.
There are few Southern cities that have
attained this favored rating. For many
years Charlotte's bonds have been listed
for investment under the New York sav-
ings bank law. And now comes the rat-
ing under the Massachusetts law, which
is stricter than the New York law. The
next step will be listing under the Con-
necticut law, said to be the most rigid,
and it's venture the guess that before
long the determined Treasurer will see
that Charlotte meets that requirement.
During Mr. Ledbetter's regime Char-
lotte's credit rating in Moody's Manual
of Investments has been the accepted stand-
ard of appraisal of securities has been im-
proved from Baa to A.

A VERY YOUNG VETERAN IN THE CITY SERVICE

At 31 years of age, Clarence Under-
wood, office engineer of the Water De-
partment, is a veteran in the municipal
service. He has just rounded out fifteen
years as a governmental worker. . . .

Earlier Days

News of 76 and 100 Years
Ago From Files at
State Library at Raleigh

JUNE 4, 1863
15 YEARS AGO

NOVEL EXCHANGE

At the recent fight in Kentucky, Gen-
eral Morgan sent over a dispatch to the
commander of the forces at Somerset,
asking to exchange prisoners for coffee,
salt and the like. So many prisoners
were to be given for a sack of coffee
and sugar. It is however remarked in
the dispatch that he did not suppose they
would give much for them, taking into
consideration the disgraceful and cowardly
manner in which they deserted the
poor fellows when he attacked them.
—Fayetteville Observer.

JUNE 4, 1863
100 YEARS AGO

A FAST PRESS

The New York Courier and Enquirer
was issued on Monday last on an en-
larged sheet with new type and was
printed by the steam press. Great West-
ern, which is capable of throwing off
8,000 copies in one hour.
The Courier is now the largest daily
newspaper not only in the United States
but in the world and has a more exten-
sive circulation and patronage than any
paper in the country.
—Fayetteville Observer.

Not All God's Chillun

(Mrs. Rens Drum, Shelby Star)
At the dance recital in the High School
auditorium Saturday evening, in which
the sherrill stars put their auditors
through their paces, it was interesting
to note that, even among the students
in the baby class, some had rhythm and
some had none. All of them, from the
babies on up, went through their tricky
little steps with a precision that amaze-
me—some even danced like profes-
sionals—and it would be hard to put
one's finger on the difference between
the rhythmic and the non-rhythmic, but
some danced as if they were born know-
ing how and others as if they were doing
something they'd been taught to do.

Peculiarities Of People

By F. Romer

