**The Charlotte News**

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SUNDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1937


## *Tomorrow and Tomorrow*

The budget, as everybody surely must understand by now, is going to be balanced — next year. It was going to be balanced when this year was — next year, and it was going to be balanced when the year before that was — next year; but never mind that. What interests us at this immediate juncture is this year, the Federal fiscal year that ends next June 30.

The deficit for this eighth successive year of deficits the President estimated the other day at $895,000,000. But there is no obligation on the Government's part to reach this goal or to meet this quota. Indeed, the less this year's deficit, the better it would be for the balancing of next year's budget, for deficits cost money. One has to pay interest on them.

Let us say, then, that the time to begin balancing next year's budget is now. And having said that, let us turn to the record of Treasury receipts and expenditures for October 19, 20 and 21. For convenience's sake, these have been consolidated into one ironical set of figures showing that on these three days the Treasury —

Took In .....$ 96,895,630.16
Paid Out ..... 111,426,694.94

## *Dave Believes Everything*

The Parent-Teachers of Central High, Dave Clark insinuates in a letter on this page today, are making an effort "to instill Communistic doctrines into the minds of high school students." Exhorted by that arch Red, Comrade Mrs. Patsy Goodwin, 1200 Queens Road, last week they had Prof. Rice, "president of a Communist institution," address them. Mr. Clark is convinced that Comrade Mrs. Patsy knew and that the Parent-Teachers generally didn't know what Prof. Rice was up to.

Good old Dave! He believes everything. Somebody told him that Black Mountain College was newfangled and that no class room holds were barred there, and immediately he concluded that the venture was subversive. Mebbe so. But there are a couple of reasons we know of why it ain't.

The first one is that Black Mountain charges its matriculates 1,200 smackers a year — and it's precious few of the seething masses Prof. Rice gets in his clutches at that rate. The second reason is Prof. Rice.

Dr. John Andrew Rice, rector of Black Mountain College and a former Rhodes Scholar, is a gentleman of considerable ally wit, and it may be that he pulled a few academic legs in his address here. He isn't above it. He cheerfully tells his young men and young women at Black Mountain that there are positively no rules of deportment there — and has had to send one or two of them packing because . . . "You know," he explained, "the damned fools actually believed it!"

## *Still in Character*

As a matter of fact, talk about Signor Mussolini's honor is pretty idle. He not only has no honor as we understand it but is immensely proud that he hasn't. The official philosophy of Fascism is basically the philosophy of that Machiavelli about whom Signor Mussolini once wrote a doctor's thesis. And under that philosophy, lying — or murder — for the achievement of an end is not only allowable but glorious. Honor, so far as it exists under the code, consists precisely in the ruthless achievement of one's ends by murder and lying.

Such being the case, what happened at London yesterday was the most natural thing on earth. Having given his most sacred word, early in the week, for the withdrawal of "volunteers" in Spain, he began yesterday, and characteristically, to prove that he was once more lying. First, he wouldn't sign the agreement unless Russia agreed to recognise Franco as a belligerent, though he knew when he gave his word that Russia had already refused that. Then — he would not be bound by the findings of the commission which the Non-Intervention Committee is to send to Spain to determine the number of "volunteers" on each side — which, of course, is to say that he means to insist that he has only 40,000 troops in the country instead of the 100,000 he is known to have. And which, of course, reduces the whole agreement to nonsense.

More and more the gloomy fact emerges that the only representations the Signor will ever understand are the representations of sixteen-inch guns.

## *Don't Blame the Politicians*

The Western North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, yesterday went on record with a demand for the scalp of "every public official who has consented directly or indirectly to the betrayal of public trust" by "promoting the sale" of liquor in the State.

The wisdom of such a demand may be greatly doubted. If ever there was a dying horse on earth, that horse is the effort to make anything sacrosanct out of Prohibition. And the horse is dying — because opportunist politicians have sold out to the devil and "betrayed public trust?" Rats and nonsense! It is dying purely and simply because the people of North Carolina have found out Prohibition for what it is—a colossal failure, a breeder of crime and a seed bed of hypocrisy. And somehow we can't see much reason in swearing vengeance on politicians because they haven't the nerve to fly in the face of the evidence of thirty years and contend that Prohibition yet, somehow, can be made to work. That is merely to maintain merit resides in a refusal to face the facts, to place a premium on obtuseness.

## *All for Art*

It's a hard world we live in, mates. Consider, for instance, the sad case of Mr. John McDonnell, 33, of New York.

Mr. McDonnell is an artist. Or at least Mr. McDonnell essayed to practice as one for a number of years. But this world, alas, was unappreciative of his genius, the belly asserted its crass tyranny over his artist's soul, and when Mr. McDonnell perforce applied to the WPA for the making of his bread, that organization, by a curious whim quite unparalleled in its annals, proved unsympathetic and so far from setting him to work at his art, actually insisted on making him a carpenter!

From that sardonic fate, however, Mr. McDonnell still had one refuge. He still had his artist's clothes and he still had his beard — his beautiful spreading Boule Miche beard. When he looked at himself in his cracked mirror in the morning, when he caught sight of himself in a show window, Mr. McDonnell's exacerbated soul once more knew peace. After all, he did remain an artist, blind though the cruel world might be.

But — once the gods begin to illuse a man, they know no restraint, one day, while Mr. McDonnell was riding the subway to his carpenter's task, a chit of a shopgirl took it upon herself to laugh out loud at his beard. Mr. McDonnell's artistic gorge rose at that and he called her a "mutt." A chivalrous bricklayer came to her defense — and Mr. McDonnell landed in police court for fighting and insulting a lady.

Well, and was the judge sympathetic to Mr. McDonnell's plight? He was not. He thought Mr. McDonnell would be a better carpenter without his beard, and that he had better shave it off. And when Mr. McDonnell would not — when Mr. McDonnell declined to yield his status as an artist — he sent Mr. McDonnell to the workhouse.

## *Brothers Under the Labels*

Sixty-five jobholders who had been tossed off the payroll of King's County by New York's Mayor La Guardia have been restored to their happiness — by the Democratic Board of Estimate. And in consequence the budget is going to have to be expanded.

All of which suggests that the New Deal's teaming up with Tammany to back the Democratic candidate for the mayoralty against La Guardia is working out to be more and more natural. As everyone knows, the New Deal is committed — lock, stock, and barrel, to Great Ideals and Clean Government, just as Mayor La Guardia is, too. And everyone knows on the other hand that Tammany isn't — that the 65 jobholders in question are only a few of a vast army of entirely useless persons placed at the public trough by Tammany for purposes anything but idealistic. The naive, *ergo*, have been inclined to think that the New Deal was a little fuddled, and was plainly betting on the wrong horse.

But, of course, it isn't so. As we have pointed out before, the New Deal and Tammany do after all belong to the same Democratic lodge, and elections are won only if lodge brothers stick together in thick and thin. The first business of a politician is to help his side win, no matter how little it may deserve to win. Only after that, if at all, is the time to look into Great Ideals and Clean Government.

## CROWD FEAR SET IT OFF

By HUGH S. JOHNSON

WASHINGTON, D. C.—If anyone could either trace the precise cause or prophesy the future of the stock market crash, he could make Monte Christo look like a piker. I have talked to several of the best experts on its cause. No two completely agree and the explanations are so technical that after working a couple of hours trying to put them into language for this column that adds up to make sense, I gave up.

One explanation that makes less sense is that a pool of plotters staged a bear raid to embarrass this Administration. That is just as absurd as that any such scoundrels connived at the crash of 1929.

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**THE THING IS IMPOSSIBLE**

No amount of capital that could possibly have been corralled in one pool could have pulled off an operation that wiped out half the value of this year's entire national income and erased 60 per cent of the gain in American industrial values since 1933. No such colossal capitalists could have worked such a "short" operation in a few stocks without losing more than they could gain in the decline of others.

Directly and indirectly, this crash has slaughtered the savings of millions. It is bound to result in a business slow-up that will give us a new unemployment problem, new relief problems—a greater or less dip back into the depression. It was a St. Bartholomew's Eve for the middle class with some savings, but most of them can at least carry on. The real pinch will come on those who have little money and no jobs. It will dry up a considerable part of the funds that would have been available by donation for local or community help. It will cut away an even larger part of the stream of federal revenue available for relief and recovery.

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**BUT THIS IS FOOLISH, TOO**

There is only one thing more absurd than that any Roosevelt-haters contrived this disaster. That is the rumor, also current, that the Administration contrived it—or at least is indifferent to it.

That some New Deal policies have had an effect to destroy or restrct business—especially new enterprise and investment—there is no doubt whatever. That other policies have cut down or threatened profits in utilities and some industries, and thus depressed the value of their stocks is equally clear. But that this Administration knowingly invited or expected any such collapse as this is nonsense. It impairs Mr. Roosevelt's prestige and—what is harder for any man to take—it toppled over the good results of half his hopes and plans and work for the past four years.

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**MAINLY CROWD PSYCHOLOGY**

The cause? What was the cause of the tulip craze, the South Sea and Mississippi bubbles, the Crusades, the various dance manias and the Florida boom? Crowd psychology in a panic phase. It starts from some reasonable cause, but where it may go once it starts, nobody can guide or guess.

Its own effect to depress future business will justify a part of the drop it gave to values, but there are so many things this Government could do—or stop doing—tomorrow to release sound business and employment for a great advance that this crash has none of the elements of desperate hopeless helplessness of the 1929 disaster.

## Visiting Around

**Put Us Down for One o' Them Fancy-work Pies**

(State Port Pilot)

The King's Daughters will have a pie, cake, and fancywork sale on Saturday at 2 o'clock in B. M. Hornsby's office.

**How Early?**

(Hertford County Herald)

Jack Jenkins, of Washington, D. C., was a guest in the home of Miss Dolly Early Sunday.

**Let the Hens Do the Work; He'll Do the Crowin'**

(McDowell News)

Vernard Sleppe, who owns a small poultry farm at Old Fort, boasts of his egg production.

**Bad Dreams, Sheriff?**

(Shallotte Item, State Port Pilot)

Sheriff J. A. Russ had some sleepless nights last week as a member of the posse who has been chasing the desperado Melvin Mintz.

## *Rice, College Are Red, Says David Clark*

### Speech Here By Head Of Black Mountain School Branded As Communistic

Dear Sir:

Efforts to instill Communistic doctrines into the minds of high school students have been noted in many sections of the country, but until the past week Charlotte has been comparatively free from the movement. Under the auspices of the Parent-Teachers Association and the Central High School authorities, John Andrew Rice, president of Black Mountain College, a Communist institution, addressed high school students and their parents at the Central High School Auditorium last Tuesday night.

Communists have long realized that the greatest obstacles to their progress are religion and parental influence and their first efforts are, therefore, always directed towards elimination of those barriers. I am informed that the day before the appearance of Professor Rice, Mrs. Patsy Goodwin, president of the Parent-Teachers Association, addressed the student body and told them that they should insist upon their parents attending because it would be to their advantage to have Prof. Rice tell the parents that they should exercise no control over children and should never interfere with them in anything they wished to do.

Prof. Rice devoted most of his address to efforts to sell the students upon the idea that their parents should never control or thwart them in any way but he also ridiculed religion and asserted that Alice-in-Wonderland was much ahead of the Bible. Prof. Rice is recognized as a man of very little ability and few adults would pay much attention to his spoutings, but he is president of the only Communist college in North Carolina, if it can be called a college, and as such was available as a means towards encouraging Communism through his arguments against parental control and his ridicule of religion.

The statements of Mrs. Goodwin in her introduction of Prof. Rice and her comment in her talk which followed his address, left no doubt relative to her being aware that he was a Communist and that his address was primarily intended as a move to break down parental control and to discredit religion. When those two forces are destroyed, the path of Communism will be easy.

I cannot believe that the Parent-Teachers Association, as a whole, realize that the influence of the organization is being used to spread Communism in our public schools.

DAVID CLARK.

Charlotte.

**FIRM STAND AGAINST FASCISM NEEDED IF WAR TO BE AVOIDED**

Dear Sir:

"I am going back to America with more enthusiasm than before to awaken the heart of America in behalf of the Spanish Republic." Thus spoke Bernard, Congressman from Minnesota; and Mr. Dubois wonders how a representative to our national Congress could pledge himself to action in America for the cause of the Spanish Republic.

Mr. Barnard went to Spain and saw the destruction of innocent people, men, women and children. He saw Fascism and war in action. He saw hospitals and nurseries being destroyed. He saw a whole nation being destroyed because of the lust of maddogs for power and territory. I think a statement like that from Mr. Bernard is very praiseworthy. It shows that Mr. Bernard is sincerely on the side of democracy, and is determined to do his share in the struggle for peace in America. But unlike Mr. Dubois he sees the impossibility of playing the ostrich and keeping out of war.

From what has already happened we can well believe that Hitler and Mussolini will stop at nothing. Mussolini went into Ethiopia to take his "civilization." He slaughtered the Ethiopian people like so many pigs. He conquered in Ethiopia but he didn't stop. He hopes to conquer in Spain, but he will be fooled. If he should conquer in Spain don't think for a moment that he would stop his campaign there. America nor any other country would not be safe as long as they pursue an isolationist policy of keeping out of war.

The American public has demonstrated its desire for peace, it is true Mr. Dubois, but it is attempting to do something more than wish for peace. The peace organizations connected with churches, The American League Against War and Fascism, the trade unions, are all taking part in a campaign to keep war out of America, and one of their biggest steps has been the boycott of Japan which is doing the very same thing in China that Mussolini did in Ethiopia.

BELLE LOGAN.

Charlotte.

## Check One

(Richmond Times-Dispatch)

In December, all Russia goes to the polls. They say Stalin will put this question to the sovereign elector, "Am I right or am I right?"

## ON THE RECORD

By DOROTHY THOMPSON

### *A Confidence Game*

IN ANY free or semi-free economic system, the psychological factor is of great importance. Prosperity or depression, whether the curve moves upward or downward, depends to a large extent on what course people think it is going to take. For on that basis they take their risks or refuse to take them. Any system of free enterprise, depends for expansion on the willingness of large numbers of people to take risks in the hope of gain. Risk is an element of its nature.

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It is also an element of any other economic system. Prosperity under any form of collectivism can, theoretically, be ordered and controlled. Theoretically, under collectivism, there should never be any depression. This is the appeal of collectivism to the orderly and non-predatory mind. But all experience shows that collectivism by no means eliminates risks. There are risks which no body of supermen can control or foresee, since they cannot yet absolutely control nature. There are risks which lie outside the area of their control, but have repercussions upon it. And there are the greatest possible risks in the minds and characters of the controllers.

Not being gods, nor even supermen, but perfectly ordinary politicians, themselves running constant risks of cabals from other ordinary but ambitious politicians, they also move this way and that, improvise and experiment, are sometimes wise, and oftener—men being men—in error. They also guess, and they guess without a thousand fine signs that in a free economy tell them whether they are hot or cold. If they guess right, there are profits.

And if they—the controllers—guess wrong altogether: if they misestimate the effects of their actions—then, in place of profit there is loss, and that loss is also socialized. Everybody shares it. If the mistake is big enough, millions starve. That also has happened in Russia.

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Capitalism is risky, collectivism is risky. But of all risky systems, that which is partly one and partly the other is the riskiest.

Actually the whole civilized world lives under such a double system, and actually, such a double system has thus far added most to the health, wealth, and happiness of mankind. We pay taxes into a collectivist fund, and put savings, if any, into some form of private stocking. We drive privately owned and manufactured automobiles on publicly owned and manufactured roads. But the mixture is risky. Because government economic activity operates under quite different conditions from private economic activity, with certain advantages and other handicaps, and for somewhat different purposes. The risks cannot be eliminated. But they can be enormously mitigated, or they can be enormously enhanced.

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Now, in this country, and at the present moment, the risks have been enhanced. And by a simple fact. No one, today, knows what rules he is playing under, or whether today's rules will be tomorrow's. He is not even clear in his mind what the objective of this government is; in terms, that is to say of realism, and actual policy. He does not even know who his governors really are! Is the government the cabinet? Its members rush out into the street to buy the newspapers and see what the President's policy is today. No one in the cabinet, with the exception of Mr. Cummings, knew of the President's plan to reorganize the Supreme Court. No one in the cabinet, with the possible exception of Mr. Hull, knew that the President intended to reverse the American isolation policy—until he did it. We are governed by ghosts. We read books issued by responsible Government authorities, but written by somebody else. We listen to speeches, uttered in high places but prepared by semi-anonymous people and privately denounced by official supporters.

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Is the Government out to remedy egregious abuses in the economic system, or does it believe that these abuses are integral to the economic system and that the system itself must be profoundly modified? If so, how? Is a hearing conducted for the purpose of ascertaining facts, or is its object punitive and propagandist? Who is, at the moment, conducting affairs? The personnel of important posts changes with kaleidoscopic speed. Yesterday this office was held by a man friendly to business—reasonable and cooperative. Today it is suddenly in the hands of a man on a crusade. Or vice versa.

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The artificial enhancement of the sense of risk simply means that the lovers of risk come out on top. It is the conservative business man who becomes afraid to move. The speculators are never afraid. They have trained themselves to live dangerously. And some speculators will have been very happy during the past few days. A few, probably, will shoot themselves. Denouncing them won't do any good. Whether they thrive is a matter of climate. War was always the hunting ground of profiteers, and a struggle between public and private enterprise is also a form of war.

## Report on Dotty

(Elizabeth City Advance)

"This may be just a trip to the rest of you folks but it's an adventure to me," carrolled Dorothy Knox, peerless columist of The Charlotte News, who writes under the caption "I Believe Everything," but who, according to Josh Horne of The Rocky Mount Telegram and the Board of Conservation and Development, trusts nobody.

Josh ought to know. He monopolized the lady all the way from Edenton to Elizabeth City last night, including the period when the lights were off.

But that's a digression. What we started out to explain is that Dorothy is doing the Carolina tour with the other writers, editors and travel executives and the quotation attributed to her appeared in her column in The Charlotte News one day this week.

Dorothy is original, generally speaking. But that remark about the trip wasn't. She was quoting one James H. Lee, travel editor of The Miami Herald, but in such a way as to make it clear that them were her sentiments also. And The Daily Advance dares hope that them is the sentiments of everybody on the tour.

## Coon Dog Gone

(Wilmington Star)

Just a little commentary of the times: one that will bring tears to the eyes of animal lovers; one that teaches a moral. Let the story unfold, there is no need for added comment:

Alonzo Whitecock of Unionville, Va., went back to the hills today with $6 in his pockets and an ache in his heart.

Alonzo, you see, had said goodbye to an old friend—his coon dog, Queenie.

The parting came at Fredericksburg's dog mart, started by the Colonials and Indians back in 1698 and revived 10 years ago.

Alonzo arrived with Queenie early yesterday. He chained her to a tree and then stood around gloomily, first on one foot and then the other.

The band played gaily, but if Alonzo heard it he didn't smile. Every now and then he leaned over and gave Queenie a pat on her old brown head.

Finally came the auction.

Auctioneer Nathaniel Bacon Kinsey, ringing Mary Washington's ancient dinner bell, mounted his white pine platform.

The time had come

Like a man leading a friend to execution, Alonzo nudged Queenie toward the auctioneer.

"Coon dog, moon dog, coon, dog," he cried, "what am I bid, what am I bid for a coon dog?"

Somebody shouted "one dollar," and Alonzo held his breath.

Two, three, three and a half, four, five, five and a half—and finally six from W. M. Knight of Arlington, Va.

"Going, going," shouted Kinsey. "The coon dog's gone."

What got Alonzo was the word "gone." He hung his head before the 3,000 onlookers, and tears tumbled down his cheeks.

Somebody asked him why he sold Queenie.

"I needed the money," he said softly, needed it mighty bad."

## Sunday Britches

(Asheville Citizen)

Our friend who went to Elf on Shootin' Creek for his vacation, it appears, went to other places too. He spent one night at a village on the banks of the Hiawassee River and woke to find that beautiful stream flooded to high water mark. The swollen creek rolled by, brown and roaring, full of floating logs and rubbish.

Walking along the banks for a better view the visitor was surprised to hear a frequent phrase from the villagers, "The river's got its Sunday britches on." What, he inquired, full of interest in mountaineer expressions, did that mean?

"Well, you see," came the reply, "The river is goin' places, and whenever we mountain folk put on our Sunday britches it means that we are off for somewhere. So that is why when we wake up and look at all that brown water shootin' past we say the river has on its Sunday britches."

## Feasting Their Eyes

(New York World-Telegram)

No wonder the Rodeo is packing them in at Madison Square Garden. It isn't the steer-roping or the bronco-busting that's attracting people; right now it is the cheapest way to see a good-sized piece of meat.