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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1940

new Caps Moan

By Hugh S. Johnson

NEW YORK CITY—MAYOR La Guardia wants to mobilize the Pullman porters for the New Deal fight. He knows about the Pullman porters. They are railroad employees. Neither NRA nor the National Labor Relations Board can touch them much. Certainly the Mayor would have hard time getting them to join the union. Both the red caps and public opinion are against them. The Wage-and-Hours Act is not applicable to them. They don't like it. Before the Mayor's idea came to them, while there was Adam Smith's doctrine to guide them, they had their maximum hours and minimum wages and no competition on the passengers. They took 10 cents for every package loaded, they found the traveling public reasonably generous. They didn't tip until it was a real load. Sometimes it was only a dime and sometimes nothing. But these were exceptions—usually old ladies and the bankers of the David Harum type.

A compulsory dime for every package is an experiment. Now the red caps had never been tried even if the public doesn't mind they pay their minimum wages in full, their employers—the terminal or railroad companies—have to make up the difference.

NRA'S BOSS TURNS LAINEZ-FAIRE MAN The boys variously estimate it that it has reduced their incomes on the average from 10 to 25 per cent. They would prefer Adam Smith's doctrine of laissez-faire to the Henry Wallace thesis of regulate everything. They want no big government.

I don't believe the story some of them tell of getting arrested for a swanky orchestra when they had a dime for wringing out a windy day. It is said to be two city blocks with a great big building, his male collected a bunch for carrying three picnics and a couple of flutes. I don't believe it, but it shows how they are getting on.

FLAME MR. ROOSEVELT Mr. Roosevelt, as a recent experience of our first lady, who has been sufficiently impressed with what the party and the public think and that the passenger service is not so good as it used to be, she is said to be thinking of giving up her job. She is said to be thinking of giving up her job. She is said to be thinking of giving up her job.

WHEN MARS WILL ALA. BE THINKER The red caps think they are a tendency to fewer but more pieces of luggage if not why? It has always seemed to me that there are a great many of them. The general practice of traveling with a single suitcase increased for the red caps as big as a Pullman trunk is much more convenient. Couple that with a little better case you can carry in your hand and under this new organization, your carrying charges will be cut down to a dollar—and all the red caps will get out of the line of duty.

The new system is also convenient to both the public and the porters. The red caps will be able to carry more luggage and they will be able to carry more luggage. They will be able to carry more luggage. They will be able to carry more luggage.

Note in Pitt Sixteenth Daily In our country with polite bias we have found them notably content and as a result, they would be very unhappy under German rule as it obtains.

The German Mind Chester Reporter Parliament, private members' speech, bombing, etc. It is a right and clearly justified. It is a right and clearly justified. It is a right and clearly justified.



Letters to the Editor: Cross Section of a Class?

Dear Sir: Maybe I am wrong but I am under the impression that I represent a sort of cross section of some class of the great American public.

I said maybe I'm wrong, but whatever the true state of affairs is, here are my views: Mr. Franklin D. Roosevelt is far too big a man and he has done much too much for the people who elect him to the office which he now holds to have to be subjected to the kind of stuff that this 'Windmill' Willie put out Monday from Butler, Mo.

Mr. FDR needs only to remain silent and let the "Windmill" run its course. The office of dog-catcher would be beyond Willie's ability to handle effectively. He says that Mr. FDR doesn't trust them he is surely taking a big chance with them by letting them try the "so called" impossible feat of making him President for a third term.

What would "Windmill" Willie do with the American military aspect? Publish them in the daily papers? That might be just what some of our foreign countries would like, but it doesn't seem to me that it would be a particularly bright thing to do.

If that Missouri speech is a sample of the stuff Willie is going to turn out then I for one will sign "LARGELY IS A LOVELY WAY" — E. L. MACDONOUGH, 413 W. 7th Street, Charlotte.

An Open Letter on The Apocalypse Dear Sir: This is an open letter to Mr. H. R. Cary, Rock Hill, S. C. Dear Mr. Cary: I am writing you this letter on your own. I do not claim to have a super-abundance of knowledge. Also I am not a fanatic. I am not an individual person. I prefer a friend to a man. I have to say to one man's opinion. That's a privilege everybody should have.

Gloomy News Fayetteville Observer Sam McGee, who was well known to many a person who couldn't begin to identify Sidney Lanier or Walt Whitman, has in the idiom of gold, multi-called his life. And the dispatch which tells of his death is not dated anywhere in Tennessee.

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Little Girl's Doll Gastonia Gazette One little English girl refused came ashore in New York the other day proudly displaying her new doll. It was a parachute-soldier. Objectively minded seemingly so far as the purchase was concerned. Objectively minded seemingly so far as the purchase was concerned.

Today's Bible Thought Light is sown for the righteous, and gladness for the upright in heart.—Psalm 112:11.

Side Glances... "Would you kindly tell my waiter to come over here—the one with the far-away eyes."

Visitin' Around... Mrs. Bradshaw, We Eshkan (Dillon) Item, Lenoir News-Topics Mr. Bernard McLean killed a large rattlesnake last week near Mr. and Mrs. McLean's house.

In Jail

By William L. White

KANSAS STATE PENITENTIARY, Lansing, Kansas.—I to the warden if the boys would really like to hear something about the war in Europe. I would be more than glad to tell them about it. So after Sunday dinner, we walked across the prison yard to the chapel. On the platform half a dozen women with kindly faces were seated. They were the wives of the men. Most of the 200 prisoners were sitting. When they were through, I was to talk for half an hour, and then another religious denomination would conduct another service.

The chapel was full. I was told that, although some of the men were not religious, they came because it was something new, and made Sunday different from the other prison days. Maybe only a new face among the religious leaders on the platform. Maybe a hymn they had not sung for a long time, with freshly unfamiliar words. But usually something.

When you speak often, giving more or less the same talk, you can soon see up an audience by how still they sit in their seats at the ten o'clock, and how quick they are to get the little jokes. A MAN WHO GOT AN EXTENDED SENTENCE This was one of the faintest crowds I have ever had. Because not much that is new ever happens to them. When it does, they get right on the edge of their chairs and almost think ahead of the speaker, so he has to keep on his toes.

Unless you are used to speaking to prison crowds, you usually get one or two quick laughs you hadn't planned on, such as the one a Kansas governor got, about ten years ago, when he opened to the warden the introduction to his regular campaign for governor. Being around the room, told the boys, "I am very glad to see so many of you here." Then I got a chance to talk to my old friend who has already done seven years of his 63-year sentence. This was the first time in his 63 years, an unusual occasion for the warden, being around the room, told the boys, "I am very glad to see so many of you here."

There is nothing to laugh at here. My friend who is doing his 63 years also noticed how the boys had laughed. "That's something you wouldn't ever see," he said, "unless you're in one of these places. Nobody ever gets to laugh." "Don't they allow it?" "Nothing ever happens to laugh at. Now you or me, five times a day, you probably laugh three or four times a day. But I'll bet none of the fellows here had laughed for a week. Because there's nothing ever funny about these places. If you're in for a short time, you think how awful it's going to be when you have to get out and face all the fellows you know. And you're in for a long time, you're wondering how long the folks on the outside that still write to you are going to live, or how soon they will cut getting a kick out of writing to a fellow that's in the penitentiary and forget all about you. And then you hear something about you, you wonder whether by that time everybody you ever knew will be dead or more away.

HELL BE TURNED LOOSE AT 11 "It's not what they do to you in these places that makes them so tough. It's not that they ever beat you with clubs, or starve you. That would be something new—you could get mad about that. It's just being in them, and the same thing happening, day after day, nothing ever funny and knowing it will go on just the same year after year. So naturally the boys in here get a big bang out of a talk like yours that gives them something they can really laugh at."

But now of course I exaggerate a little. For while my friend is a maximum sentence of 63 years, in point of fact with good behavior he may get out when he has served his minimum of 21 years, ready to start life anew at the age of 76, after having paid the penalty for having done, seven years ago, a very silly, stupid, crazy thing, and for not having been smart like Richard Whitney was, or Tom Pendegast was, or Al Capone was.

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Judge & Jury

Herewith a Diagram for Worried Drunken Drivers

So you've been arrested for driving drunk. Wh? The cops have picked you up and they are ready to arrest you. You stand a good chance of being convicted. Fined and having your driver's license revoked for a year? Don't worry. All hope is not fled. A way out is diagrammed in the case of a man arrested for drunken driving by two County officers on Aug. 24. They considered him drunk then and the one of them we have checked with insists now that he was drunk.

The case was called in County Superior Court. The officers were there to testify. He demanded a trial by jury, which automatically carried the case up to Superior Court. It was docked there. That, now, was on Aug. 24 and 25. Yet on Sept. 30 Solicitor Carpenter moved for a retrial. The judge, in the case, which came up from the lower court on the defendant's demand that a jury sit on it, he is not-prosecuted. It was so ordered.

The alleged drunken driver thus goes scot free and keeps his driver's license, as he may have been justly entitled to. But not by the verdict of a jury. Not by the weakness of the testimony of the arresting officers, who weren't even notified that the case was to be called up and wiped off.

By the overbearing lenience of the Solicitor of this district whose desire to be accommodating and whose inefficiency have led him to constitute himself a not a man could be expected whose resolutions are held in his chambers. First Defeat What Hitler Does If His Invasion Is Postponed It is too early even yet to assume that Adolf Hitler positively will not attempt to invade England this year. The hints in the German press that the English and their vigilance. And so may all the apparent effort to direct attention away from England to the Axis conflict in Rome and its "pinns" for a "new order" in the Mediterranean and the Near East.

Nevertheless, the evidence does favor the belief that the attack by sea is not to come now. And if Adolf Hitler does not invade England this Fall? Then he has suffered the first defeat of his career, and a tremendous psychological reverse. On Jan. 1, 1940, he promised his people positively that he would end the war this year. And after the attack on France, Germany's military hubbly rushed into print with pronouncements that the doom of England was already at hand.

On June 22 a "responsible spokesman" told Louis Luchner, of the Associated Press, that England was "ripe for storming"—"an ideal subject for attack." "The set-up for quick, destructive air attacks and blockade." On June 23 Admiral Raeder ostentatiously inspected his navy to assure himself that it was ready for the destruction of England. And so it went, in rising crescendo throughout June, July and August. The fate of England was heard was to be finally sealed by Sept. 1.

And if Hitler fails to make good this threat, it is obviously going to react powerfully on the psychology of his people who have so far believed that they were "irresistible." But the more dangerous is going to be the reaction upon the psychology of the outside world. In Asia Turkey has been waiting watchfully to see how the battle of Britain went. In Africa Egypt has been playing the same game. In the Balkans Greece and perhaps Yugoslavia also wait upon the same issue. And in western Europe Spain has lain low to observe the decision. Turkish statements are on record as believing that if England did not succumb to striking its superior resources and sea power, that the ultimate fate of the Axis would be the Egyptian undoubtedly believe the same thing. And so quite probably do all the rest.

Sentimentality

A Seat in Congress Is No Family Heirloom To Pass On

A new American custom which ought to be nipped in the bud before it becomes fixed is that of appointing the widow of a Congressman to fill out his unexpired term or nominating her to run for the full following term. That is not to say that a good many wives of the Hon. Senators and Representatives couldn't do about as well as their lords, but it is to say, positively, that there is no vested interest in this office which it may rightfully or even wisely be bequeathed to a surviving spouse.

It is the rule in Congress to elect a full year's pay to the widow of a deceased member. That may be all right. At any rate, a year's pay is only money, whereas the bequest of the job itself is the widow of a Congressman to fill out his unexpired term or nominating her to run for the full following term. That is not to say that a good many wives of the Hon. Senators and Representatives couldn't do about as well as their lords, but it is to say, positively, that there is no vested interest in this office which it may rightfully or even wisely be bequeathed to a surviving spouse.

Such as Mrs. Florence Bankhead, widow of the late Speaker. Her name will be recommended by a district committee in Alabama to the State Democratic Committee for nomination as the candidate for the full two-year term commencing in January, to which her husband had been nominated for his lamentable death. True, she would be only one out of 435 Representatives, and doubtless would vote as she was told to vote and introduce no measures on her own hook save of the type to relieve distress or to enlighten some works at the Federal expense among her own immediate constituents.

But such sentimentalities as nominating Mrs. Bankhead are hardly calculated to emphasize the vitality of democracy as against that of the dictatorship. Indeed, this is no time for petitions in the Government. The sentimentalism of the hour, not sympathetic gestures by politicians to show their love and respect for a late colleague. Citizens War Cause of This Fraud Is Dim But It Seems Powerful Ghibelline and Gueph, Capulet and Montague, seem to have met in the case of Mrs. Hill and Powellville. The two players in the drama of the Associated Press are in Bettie County, which lies about the lower corners of the Chitauqui, the Cashie, and the Chowan. However, of Mrs. Hill (not the Madison County Mrs. Hill) we can discover nothing in the atlas, a road map of North Carolina, or the omniscient if S. Postel Guide.

Powellville, on the other hand, enjoys the dignity of a post office empowered to issue International money orders and is located prominently upon N. C. Highway No. 2 at a distance of seventeen miles from Winston. Five from Asheville. The word that is the explanation of the quest for the out of town is in alluding Athens across the greater and more celebrated city of Winston-Salem before Charlotte. Anyhow Mrs. Hill now contends Powellville with all the force determination with which Rome were contended by Carthage, Florence, Pisa. And the matter has already drawn blood threatens now.

It all began when the State decided to abolish Mrs. Hill High School and consolidate it with Powellville High School. But the Mrs. Hillians would have it as one of it and played all the ground combination of their epigonalousness. So Mrs. Hillian, they announced with finality, would ever detain to rest in a Powellville school. Yes, while the question was pending, they were permitted to continue to go to Abnokie High School. English seems to be in Hertford County seems bound to be farther from Mrs. Hill than Powellville. But consort with Powellville they would not.

Wednesday, two young champions of Mrs. Hill boarded the office of the superintendent of public education in Bettie, proceeded to emphasize their emotions by giving him a licking. So first blood was drawn. As the war develops we shall try to keep our little readers informed. "Epigonalous non-partisan and no additional charges for this service.—Editors, The News." A classified advertiser in the returned New York Times wishes to rent "a reputedly haunted house." Well—there is the League of Nations palace at Geneva.