

THE STATE'S VOICE

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Senator Hill's Scheme Doubly Futile

Futility of futilities is Senator John Sprunt Hill's bill, professedly offered as a means of reducing the evils of drink in North Carolina.

In the first place, if the bill should become law the evil would still abide, intensified by a further dignifying or respectabilizing of the abominable practice.

Virginia's system seems to be that which has aroused the admiration of those who would abandon the far from successful attempt to prohibit the sale of liquor. That Virginia's system is failing to produce the result sought by Mr. Hill is evident from the figures given below in an editorial of the Religious Herald, of Richmond. Mind you, the figures given are official and must be fully accredited. Read them, Senator and other dupes with respect to the possibility of forwarding temperance by legalizing the sale of liquor. Here they are:

"Figures That Tell The Story"

"We now have the figures from the police report of the City of Richmond for 1934 concerning the prevalence of crime and more particularly the arrests for violations of the present liquor laws. They are nothing short of astounding. During 1934, 5,715 persons were arrested in this city, charged with intoxication. This is a gain of 2,002 over the number of arrests for the calendar year of 1933. The increase is 54 per cent. The State liquor stores began operation May 15, but the beer and wine stores, or at any rate many of them, were already in operation. Arrests of motorists, driving under the influence of liquor, numbered 280, 86 more than in 1933; 122 drivers' permits were revoked as compared with 56 for 1933. The low point for arrests in the prohibition period was reached in 1927, when 2,863 were locked up for drunkenness. Even these figures are probably too low, for under the general classification of disorderly conduct, there were 5,129 arrests in 1934, and it is highly probable that among these quite a number were chargeable to strong drink. In the matter of violent deaths, the number of cases rose from 22 in 1933 to 32 in 1934, while the charges of man-slaughter increased from 24 in 1933 to 44 in 1934."

In the second place, Senator, your scheme is futile because there is no hope of the people of North Carolina consenting to the ratification of the measure if passed by the two houses of the General Assembly.

You must remember that it is not merely the Democrats who will vote in the election for which your bill provides. There is no question that if the Democratic machine gets behind the bill at an election when the machinists are furnished with funds for bringing out the voters, the vote if left with Democratic voters alone would be quite in contrast with that of 1933, when the funds for hauling and the courage of proponents of repeal were at the lowest ebb. For I know that the men who do most to turn elections in North Carolina are looking for a quid-pro-quo, and are willing to let the country go to heck if the funds are lacking or if the leaders fear to take a positive stand, as was the case in 1933. I know all that, and that a hundred thousand Democratic votes would be polled for your bill that were not polled for repeal.

But remember, Senator, that the Republicans of North Carolina will vote almost solidly against your bill and that any appearance of the bill's being a Democratic measure will bring out showers of them that didn't appear in the election of 1933. Your bill would die, but the funeral would be too costly. The members of the 1933 session, in the Raleigh atmosphere, suffered themselves to be fooled into thinking that the sentiment developing about Capitol Hill was significant of the prevailing sentiment in the whole state. They found out their mistake later, but their asininity had cost North Carolina \$50,000.

Your measure can be buried all right, and will be if it comes through the two houses of the General Assembly and is offered to the people for ratification, but North Carolina needs money too much to waste it in any such futile manner.

Now, your sincerity is unquestioned by me. I know you have contributed more liberally than possibly any one else in the state to the war

chest in the battles against Demon Rum. You don't like the result. I do not either, but let's not jump out of the frying pan into the fire, as Virginia seemingly has. Just let those forty states carry on their experiments. Two years from now it will be possible to determine if any of them has found a panacea for the evil you and I both hate. If any has really discovered a successful scheme of control—one that has proven the temperance measure you hope yours would be—then we all can heartily accept that plan.

Thus far such a panacea is not discovered. Thirty-two men and women died a few days ago in New York state as a result of drinking bootleg liquor. Such a happening before repeal would have been echoed for weeks as propaganda for repeal. Two years ago it was prohibition that had to defend itself; this year it will be legalized liquor, and the incriminating evidence against the wretch will be ten-fold stronger than that paraded by the State of New Jersey against Hauptmann. Honest temperance men who voted for repeal were anticipating improvement; when they find out that the legalized whiskey devil is ruining more men, women, and children, filling the highways with additional swarms of drinking death-dealers, and in every way intensifying the evils they sought to avoid, some who have jumped from the frying pan into the legalized liquor flame will repent. The anti-prohibition sentiment is right now at its climax, if I know the way North Carolina people think and act. You legislators are subjected to the full force of the existing sentiment. You think it is a general gale; 1933 solons made the same mistake.

Quit now and put North Carolina to no other worse than fruitless expense. If you should get what you seem to want you would be disappointed, and you are surely going to be disappointed if you expect a majority of the voters of North Carolina will consent to a partnership with distillers of the curse of the ages.

Your effort, Senator, is doubly futile. Your bill will not become law, and if it should would prove a disappointment. Legal liquor gathers about it more devilry than blockade booze ever dreamed of. The latter is not a politician. Legalized liquor is an adept one.

A Man-Size Job.

It was a man-size task undertaken by Representatives Lumpkin and McDonald—to prepare a substitute for the sales tax. As a whole it is a strong document, one the preparation of which required much knowledge and much labor. Lumpkin, with his long legislative experience and McDonald with his long study of sources of taxation, backed by thorough scholarship, made a most fit pair for the job. Their bill may not pass—is almost certain not to do so as a whole, but it is due and will receive much consideration. The one great danger is that a large part of it will be incorporated into the finance bill along with the sales tax, thus furnishing a few millions which will seemingly justify an extravagance heretofore considered impossible.

Rev. Theodore Partrick

No man seems to have won more quickly the love and esteem of the people of Raleigh, regardless of religious, political, or other associations, than had Rev. Theodore Partrick, and well worthy of that love and esteem was he.

It was Theodore Partrick, who when anxious to begin study for the ministry, called the editor of *The Voice* home from Louisiana to take charge of the *Sampson Democrat*, which the young man edited several years. I had known his grandfather, Captain Cornelius Partrick, who though a resident of the South for only a few years when the war occurred, had become so thoroughly southernized that he volunteered for service in the Confederate army, rising to the rank of captain. I had known the youth's father, the older Theodore, but the youth had grown up during my absence. Truly, it was gratifying to find him what so many others have since found him, a man of love for God and man, utterly void of cant and hypocrisy, and ready to give himself in real service to his fellow man.

His life was short, but full and vigorous. As in the case of our classmate J. C. Clifford, the fullness, the richness, and the achievements of his life, seem to have been enough, and thus forestall the natural call to regret his demise. As for the wife and children, the beauty and devotion of a few years should solace their grief and make them glad that he was theirs even for so short a period. Yet we know the depth of their bereavement and pray for God's comforting assurance for them.

Another of the Class of 1892 Gone

Younger people can hardly realize, that Wake Forest College had a larger enrollment in the late 80's and early 90's than any other college in the state, including the University. Moreover, the class of 1892 was the largest class that had graduated in the state since the palmy days of the University before "the war." Thirty-six of us actually got our diplomas that June day. But the fellows all too soon began to fall by the wayside. Probably Rev. J. E. Green, a man of robust physique, was the first to go. The last thus far is J. C. Clifford, one of the most all-round men in the group.

Dunn mourns the loss of this fine citizen, scholarly lawyer, and godly teacher of a great Sunday school class. I regret his passing, yet feel that he had rounded out a complete life and was ready to go. Of his class mates there were present at the funeral Rev. Dr. Cullom of Wake Forest, long Mr. Clifford's pastor, Dr. George W. Paschal, professor of Greek at the old college, and the writer, also John A. Oates, who began as a member of the class but had his course interrupted, graduating a number of years later.

Other members of the class residing in this section of the state are Banker W. W. Vass of Raleigh and Attorney John G. Mills of Wake Forest, and Charles E. Taylor, Wilmington banker, and E. S. Barnes of Wilson.

Casabianca Revivendus.

All old-timers should enjoy Mr. R. R. Clark's recalling the days of "The Boy Stood On the Burning Deck" and the statement of the historic basis of the poem, as published in the *Greensboro News* a week ago. Here it is:

THE BURNING DECK BOY.

Some of the older boys will remember the boy who stood on the burning deck, whence all but him had fled. If they didn't recite the poem in the "old field" school some Friday afternoon they heard other boys recite the popular favorite. At St. Nazaire, France, last Saturday, M. de Casabianca, judge of the Paris court of cassation, smashed a bottle of champagne on the snout of a 1,500-ton submarine and named the vessel *Casabianca*, in honor of the boy who stood too long on the burning deck more than a century ago, and who was a relative of the Paris judge.

As the poem is recalled the boy's pa, in command of a ship in a naval battle, placed his young son at a point on the ship and told him to stay there until he returned. The father meant well but he didn't figure on never getting back, which moved to the heroism that produced the lines in honor of young Casabianca. As the poem has it the father was killed or so severely wounded that he was unable to return for the boy or send him word. Trained in letter-perfect obedience the boy refused to leave without the permission that could never be given. Calling to his father in vain for leave to go the poet has him saying in despair, "My father, must I stay?" Presently there was an explosion and the boy and what was left of the ship were among the fragments that strewed the sea.

There may have been poetic license in Mrs. Hemans' poem about the boy refusing to leave without his father's permission. In this age he would probably be called a moron for not using his head and saving himself if he could. The historic account says Louis Casabianca was a captain in the French navy and commanded the flagship of the fleet, the *Orient*, that transported Napoleon and his army to Egypt. In the battle of Abukir, when the fleet was attacked by the English, Admiral Brueys was killed and Casabianca commanded the fleet. "Even when he was wounded and his ship caught fire he remained at his post. His 10-year-old son refused to leave his father and both were killed by the blowing up of the ship."

Whichever way it was the heroic quality was not lacking. Captain Casabianca was no doubt following the traditions of the sea and the boy imitated the father. But an undersea boat that is effective only as a sneak, that doesn't fight in the open but stabs in the dark, is hardly worth the name of Casabianca. Of course the undersea boat is recognized as a fighting craft by all the nations but modern implements of war and modern methods of war do not appeal to the heroic that fights in the open. The war trade is now centered in catching the enemy unawares and not giving him a chance.

We were surprised when that jury agreed so promptly on a death sentence for Hauptmann, but we shall be surprised again if he is executed within a year.