

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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A Vicious Alliance

The 18th (Prohibition) Amendment to the Constitution of the United States was submitted to the States by Congress December 18, 1917. After it had been approved by 36 states, (Mississippi being the first, January 8, 1918, and Nebraska the 36th, January 16, 1919) it became effective January 16, 1920.

The Amendment read as follows: "After one year from the ratification of this article the manufacture, sale, or transportation of intoxicating liquors within, the importation thereof into, or the exportation thereof from the United States and all territory subject to the jurisdiction thereof for beverage purposes is hereby prohibited. The Congress and the several States shall have concurrent power to enforce this article by appropriate legislation."

The enforcement law (commonly known as the Volstead Act) was returned to Congress by President Woodrow Wilson with his veto message October 27, 1919, and immediately passed both houses over the veto.

The enforcement of the law proved to be impossible. Smuggling and the illicit manufacture of liquor were practiced successfully on a large scale because of the widespread public opinion hostile to prohibition. The campaign for the repeal of the 18th Amendment came to a victorious end in 1933 when the ratification of the 21st (repeal) Amendment was proclaimed by President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

The real strength of the repeal movement was not in people who wanted prohibition overthrown so that they would be free to drink whenever and whatever they wanted. It was in a highly respected company of men and women, leaders in government and politics, in business, in education, in law and medicine and other professions, who saw the bad consequences of national prohibition.

I have recited this record because, although national prohibition began only 38 years ago and repeal came only 25 years ago, there has sprung up a new generation to whom these events are no more familiar than ancient history. Indeed, they are probably less familiar. No doubt there are today millions of high school and college students, and graduates who could come nearer to answering questions about the Greeks and the Romans of 20 centuries ago than about the bitter, all-absorbing controversy of the 1920's.

Everybody who has given the subject any serious thought knows that there is no perfect solution of the liquor problem. The best solution that can be devised is bound to be a compromise, a choice of evils. When national prohibition had been in force a little while, or was supposed to be in force, a growing number of good citizens, themselves no cravers of liquor, became convinced that it was doing more harm than good.

For example, Nicholas Murray Butler, president of Columbia University, said in a public address in Boston in April 1927:

"The 18th Amendment must come out of the Constitution because it does not belong there. It affronts and disfigures it. It contradicts every principle upon which the Constitution rests, and the difficulties, the embarrassments, the shocking scenes reported daily from every part of the land are the natural and necessary result of the inner contradiction between the Constitution as it was and the 18th Amendment added to it in 1919.

"We talk of law enforcement. You cannot enforce conflicting laws—something must give way; and, when it is the 18th Amendment and the legislation based upon it on the one hand and the whole body of the Constitution, the

Bill of Rights, the whole of political English and American history on the other, which do you suppose will have to give way? It must be the new and invading element in our public law."

I quote this passage not because of its substance—I suppose it could be answered plausibly by a clever advocate of another view, just as any statement can be—but because the speaker was a university president. Hundreds of persons of equal rank in their vocations, and uncounted thousands who, though not so prominent, were just as highly respected in their communities, were advocates of repeal. If it had not been championed by this element of the best repute, if it had depended upon the noisy favor of drinkers, it would not have had a chance.

People had become aware of the heavy drinking that continued to go on, of the farcical yet tragic failure of the Volstead Act. They hoped and believed that a system of control would be introduced, after the repeal of national prohibition, that would reduce the volume of drinking.

They approved the part of the repeal amendment which said: "The transportation or importation to any State, Territory, or Possession, of the United States for delivery or use therein of intoxicating liquors, in violation of the laws thereof, is hereby prohibited."

It would seem just as reasonable to forbid also the transportation into these areas of periodicals carrying liquor advertisements, but the proposal to that end was defeated. If it had been successful the liquor manufacturers could not now be using the mails to spread their advertisements throughout the country.

The freedom to do this, which they now enjoy, is entirely contrary to the purpose that the opponents of national prohibition had in mind when they advocated repeal.

The liquor manufacturers employ the best talent, in drawing and painting and writing, to produce advertisements that encourage the drinking habit. These advertisements are not at all necessary to persons who want to get liquor. Their only purpose is to increase drinking and to create new armies of drinkers, for the profit of the distillers and the advertising media.

The effort to prevent the use of the mails to take liquor advertisements into the states where there are laws against the sale of liquor would have been easily successful if it had had the support of the press. But the press did not support it, and now the newspapers and magazines are receiving many millions of dollars every year from liquor advertisements. (There are some who refuse to accept these advertisements.)

The people of the United States see every day when they turn the pages of their newspapers and magazines, evidence of a vicious alliance between the liquor manufacturers and the press. —L.G.

Travel

From the Autobiography of Michel de Montaigne

I love change and moving about. The lust for new things and the unknown contributes for my desire for travel, but other circumstances lend a hand to it. I am glad to drop the cares of governing my house and my estate. There is, I confess, a pleasure in ruling something, if only a barn, and in being obeyed under your own roof. But it is a monotonous pleasure and is spoiled by a multitude of vexations; now the poverty and oppressive conditions of your tenants, now the quarreling between your neighbors, and again their encroachment on your rights. All in all, God scarcely sends a spell once in six months when your bailiff doesn't complain.

Taking one thing with another, no outsider can know what it costs you to maintain the show of order which is seen in your home.

In any event, the damage caused by my absence is not such, as long as I can stand it, as to warrant my refusing any opportunity to slip away. Something is always going wrong—useless worries, or sometimes useless, but always a worry. It is misery to be in a place where everything occupies you and bothers you. I seem to enjoy more freely the pleasures of another man's house than those of my own. Diogenes was asked what wine he liked best and he answered: "Somebody else's." When I am absent from home I would be less concerned at the collapse of a tower than, when at home, by the fall of a tile.

"North And South They Knew Our Fame! Gray Ghost Is What They Call Me—But Luther Is My Name"



Now and Then

By Bill Prouty

There's a man hereabouts who used to plant a fine garden every spring until the years finally caught up with him. He told me with a twinkle in his eye one day as we looked over his plot: "Bill, I never plant more garden than my wife can tend."

He didn't either. And his wife tended it with loving care. He did his work and she did her's; I never saw a happier couple.

Today, such a statement, though it might be admired by incredulous males, would surely be the butt of derisive comments by their wives. The trend, Sir, is definitely in the other direction!

For instance, did you see in Monday's papers where a Columbia professor told a wholesale grocers' convention that Ma has Pa so busy washing dishes and baby tending that he has no time for world problems?

"No other civilization," said Miss Margaret Mead, "has let responsible and important men take care of little babies to the extent American culture is today." If this is true with "important men" how about the "unimportant" men like you know who?

Miss Mead, who is an expert on primitive cultures, told the grocers that our gadget-filled modern home looks efficient "but it takes all of father's time as well as mother's to run it."

Now, there's nothing particularly startling about these words, though, coming from a woman, they are somewhat thought-provoking. The handwriting has been on the kitchen, nursery and home laundry walls for many years for all those harassed males who had time to look.

And there are those among the ladies who will note that Miss Mead, being single, could not possibly know what a rough time modern home keepers and mothers have of it. Others might point out that, being an expert on primitive cultures, Miss Mead would naturally find the contrast between women's part in the old and new civilizations worthy of comment.

No matter from which angle you view it, though, the fact remains that Dad is spending more and more time with Ma's problems, or problems that used to be her's exclusively, and proportionately less time with his own.

There's no doubt, then, that the gadget, with which man has sought to lessen his mate's burden, has done just that; but at the same time, it has added to his own burden. It's as if the man of whom we spoke, who planted the small garden to be sure that his wife could tend it all, suddenly found that he himself had to tend it, and that he's planted much too large a plot!

But whether or not you contend that man's taking over more and more of woman's burdens is for the betterment or the detriment of human society, the fact remains that the gadget is just another tool by which man is burying his once predominant position. The gadget is a by-product of our changing society, not the cause of it. The real culprit (from man's viewpoint, of course) is a little piece of folded paper upon which is printed a mumbo-jumbo of legal-sounding and scarcely intelligible sentences.

It is, of course, the life insurance policy—the little garden planted by man which, instead of being tended by his mate, has kept him so busy scratching for a living that he has hardly noticed that he has handed his spouse the world on a silver platter.

Often it goes something like this, in the United States anyhow: The young married man, or even before he's married, in order to impress his mate or future spouse, feels compelled to load up on life insurance with her as the sole beneficiary. This, of course, is okay with the young lady, who in many cases would have settled for less.

Then come the children—and the insurance salesman. There must be educational policies, of course, and though the extra premiums will be a burden, Dad will somehow see it through.

He does. And after forty years of slaving, figuring, re-figuring, tightening up on the finances, borrowing money on the policies, begging for raises, doing homework, badgering his wife to spend less money, and in general making himself miserable, he finally pays out the policy.

Also himself. At 67 he dies quietly and unexpectably, safe in the knowledge that he has provided for his family and that his children have been educated and are married. His widow, of course, outlives him by several years, and sometimes takes a trip to Europe. And if Dad's policy was big enough, she sometimes even marries again.

When man signed the first life insurance policy, he doomed himself to second place among the sexes. This is in no way meant to belittle life insurance. It's good stuff. If it weren't, insurance salesmen wouldn't load up on it, working themselves to an early death selling it to other men.

No, American men brought it all on themselves, through the mistaken and ridiculous idea that their women were not able to take care of themselves. They didn't even ask the women if they could. And the womanfolk won it all without saying a word. For this, they deserve everything they gained.

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Dick Pope, the publicity man for Cypress Gardens and a lot of other Florida enterprises, also likes Chapel Hill. He spoke at the last Thursday session of the Southern Short Course in Press Photography. He finished about 3 o'clock and began packing to catch a plane back to Florida.

"Got to go," he explained. "I like the weather here so well that if I get much more of it, I might stay."

Hank Halbert tells about being flattered while in Atlanta several weeks ago at the same time Johnny Weismueller was there.

"I walked into an elevator, and the operator asked, 'Ninth floor?' I told her no, the sixth. She looked at me and said, 'I beg your pardon, I thought you were Tarzan.'"

I don't know why Orville Campbell got miffed at me the other morning. He telephoned to say that he would have to break our luncheon date because he had a business appointment at 1:30 in Durham.

All I said was, "I hope you're on your game today and have a good 'round.'"

Have you noticed the hitching posts on the campus? They've put down a line of them in front of South Building.

I understand they're going to put up a chain between them to keep students from walking on the grass and make 'em use the brick walks.

That'll be the day! In the first place, the chains will be just low enough to jump over and just high enough to stoop under.

Folks around the University evidently have forgotten Frank Graham's philosophy. His was that where the students walk, there should be a brick walk. That's the reason that today we've got some nice short cuts. Maybe putting brick walks where students cross the grass wouldn't make a lovely symmetrical picture from the air, but who's going up there to look at it?

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CHAPEL HILL CHAFF

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ment came as a big surprise to the Alexander family in Chapel Hill. Before it got to them many people in the village knew it, for it was the custom in those days for the telegraph operator, whose office was out at the railroad depot, to acquaint the community with any interesting bits of news that his instrument ticked off for him.

I remember how excited everybody was. The number of diplomatic posts were far less numerous then than they are now. One man would represent the United States in more than a single country. Mr. Alexander's resounding title was: "Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to Greece, Roumania, and Servia."

The loveliest of spring days. Looking out now and then at the sunshine and the flowers and the budding trees takes part of the curse off of having to write something for the paper. A chirping, or maybe I should say twittering, anyway a chain of bird-notes, comes from the bamboo hedge.

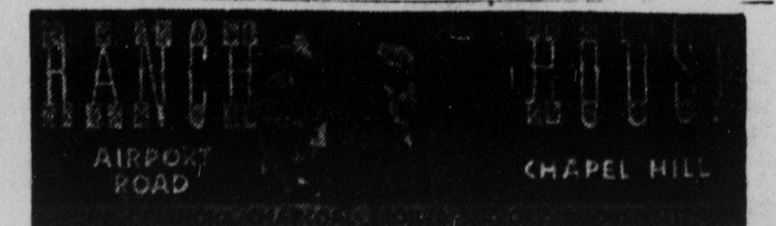
A cardinal, whose flaming red coat marks him for a male, drops from the foliage, lights on a tiny statue, and peers down into the bird-bath that is sunk in the grass. His mate, less spectacular but in her olive coat no less handsome, flapping her wings and making a spray that sparkles in the sunlight, rises into view. That makes me know he is there as a protector, to warn her against an enemy, for visiting cats like to lurk in the hedge as they seek prey. She goes into the bath and comes out three times, flapping and spraying, as he stands by. Then they decide there has been enough bathing and fly off.

The calendar and the flowers say it's a spring day, but the heat, with the mercury up in the 80's, says it's summertime. This sunny east end of our place is comfortable enough for birds but too hot for human beings. So, when Miss Mary Thornton and Mrs. Shipp Sanders drop in, chairs are placed in the shade under the blossoming apple tree at the other end of the house, way away from where I bang on the typewriter. I've got no business being there, I ought to stick to my work, but I join the gathering for a few minutes.

Suddenly there is a chattering on Battle Lane, beyond the high rock wall, and a moment later five little girls, in gay-colored frocks, burst in upon us. They are three Kysers, Kim, Carroll, and Amanda, and their guests, Ashley and Emmy Oettinger. They make a charming sight as they frolic about and then go to the porch and plunge their hands into a can to get seeds to spread around for the birds.

But this is not until they have come and spoken to everybody in the company. They are as sweet-mannered children as I have ever seen. I say to myself as I've said before when we've had these same visitors: "Somebody's been doing some good raising." But of course somebody is not the right word—it ought to be a plural: parents, and whoever else may have given help.

But whom have we here, these two other visitors who have just joined the gathering? They are the cardinals, the same who were a little while ago at the bird-bath. We know they are the same because only one pair of cardinals live on our place. They are almost at our feet, beside a row of violets, eating the food that the five little girls put out for them.



BUFFET EVERY SUNDAY — 5:30-7:30