

# CAPITAL REPORTER

Scott Summers

RALEIGH. It gives me great pleasure to announce that at last—some 90 years late—the South is beginning to win the war, suh.

I have heard our governors, senators, and plain citizens cite how higher freight rates in the South are discriminatory. But now comes a howl from the Yankees.

Seems their beef is we ain't payin' enough—at least in the textile salary field.

One Seabury Stanton, a New Bedford, Mass., wearer-of-the-blue, wants Congress to lift minimum wages in the textile industry "to wipe out a competitive advantage the South has over the North."

Ole Wet-Eye Stanton says he has to pay an average of \$1.06 1-3 per hour, against a lower figure of 75c an hour in the South. This, he says, gives us an unfair advantage.

Not only that, but he complains

because he says the Southern worker "is more flexible in his thinking," blames Southerners' willingness to handle more machines to the fact that most of them are "first generation textile workers" trained on automatic machines. Says further that a modern mill of 450 looms would require 158 workers in the North as against 118 in the South—where the folks apparently still believe in trying to do an honest day's work.

Seems Ole Damykanee Stanton is worryin' about the textile industry movin' South, suh. Don't worry, podnuh—weun' is so lazy, so far behind times that it takes us a little time to understand all about that ole feather-beddin'. Jus' give us a little time, suh, an' we'll be just as onery as them damyankee workers—an' you can pay us twice as much for half the job. We'd-a l'arned it by now, suh, 'ceptain' you named that there labor organization a "union."

A newspaper is supposed to be a public servant, and I have just seen an edition of one that certainly is trying to be just that—Miss Addie Mae Cooke's Cherokee Scout, published at Murphy.

More than 7,000 voters registered in Cherokee county. On November 2—two days before challenge day—Miss Addie Mae printed the name of every one in her paper.

"The following copies of the registration books at the close of registration in the precincts as shown are published to enable the voters of the county to check the lists for possible illegal voters," Miss Addie Mae wrote.

"Saturday, November 4, is challenge day, and names of illegal voters may be reported at that time."

The press is supposed to be vigilant to see that the rights of citizens are not trampled upon. If graveyard names were used in Cherokee, it is not the fault of Miss Addie Mae and her paper. She used up some 70 columns of her newspaper printing names for voters to check. The best I can figure it, from her own rates, this space would have been worth \$840 to Miss Addie Mae, if she had been charging for it—which she wasn't. That doesn't include cost of paper, setting type, etc. Miss Addie Mae, I salute you—as a first class citizen and as a true newspaperman, who remembers your obligation to your community, county and State.

There's an interesting little rumor floating around Raleigh. It's to the effect that a certain State Senator will present a bill or resolution in the coming legislature calling for an investigation of the Scott administration.

The probe would start with the paroles commission, go to the prison division, and from there on wherever the fancy might strike.

This young senator—so the story goes—has the idea he will be named head of the investigating committee, which he plans to stack with anti-Scott senators.

Not that he really expects to find anything, it's just another



harassing move in the Scott-anti-Scott fight.

Around Capitol Hill the yarn is causing nothing but chuckles.

Speaking of the paroles commission brings up the differences between Commissioner T. C. Johnson and Acting Assistant Hilda Carpenter.

Seems the Acting Assistant didn't approve of a lot of things that were going on in the commission: such as the borrowing of office electric fans during the summer; the elevating of (what to her seemed to be unqualified) certain employes and assignment of a State auto to him; and the way paroles were being given. She even objected to some of the things in Commissioner Johnson's personal file in which she had made herself at home.

Well, when you're top man in an office there's always a way to end such confusion.

Last week Dr. Johnson announced that Foil Essick, one of the commission's oldest and most capable officers, had been named Assistant Commissioner—no more need for an Acting Assistant.

A new, likely candidate for Governor of North Carolina in 1952 bobbed up in all of the pre-election, love-and-kisses campaigning by warring factions of Tar Heelia's Democratic party.

He's Hubert Olive of Lexington. In many respects, his career parallels that of Senator Clyde Hoey. He's served in both houses of the Legislature, and he's a prominent Baptist. The Superior Court judge right now is heading a fundraising campaign for Wake Forest college.

Bill Umstead of Durham either got off to a running start in the '52 for Governor sweepstakes, or else was pushed out as a blind by conservative forces of the party. Charlie Johnson proved an early sprinter didn't always last until the finish. Umstead has lots of friends and supporters, but would have to overcome the dual handicap of being once-beaten for Senator plus the old east-west tradition. Some folks say he can do it, others say he'd be the easiest man to beat the conservatives could offer. And you can forget talk about a deal for Kerr Scott's support for Umstead, far as I can find out 'tain't so.

D. Hiden Ramsey, the Asheville editor mentioned as an entrant, says "no." Says he has private plans that preclude such. That's smart. Doesn't pay to show your cards too early in the game, whether you plan to call the bet or not. But few men can refuse the siren song of a "public draft" to run for office.

Capus Waynick of High Point, current ambassador to Nicaragua now temporarily heading the Point Four program, suffered a blow to his potential candidacy with the death of T. V. Rochelle of High Point. Waynick has made no secret of the fact that he'd like to ride in Number 1 for four years. Rochelle was slated to handle finances for the Waynick campaign, however, and a suitable replacement will be hard to find.

Along about the middle of the 1951 General Assembly you can expect a statement from Waynick as to what he plans to do. He's up for a bigger ambassadorship—either Mexico or Spain—if he stays with the State Department. A deputy sheriff from Alamance county tells an interesting story. Says some top industrial boys from his neighborhood—who donated heavily in the

May and June Democratic primaries—pitched quite a wad in the Republican pot in the November general election. Says those November donations were not made on a "local level," either.

This week's orchid goes to Joe Crawford, warden at Central Prison here.

Not too many weeks back, Joe was just about everybody's target. The McCormick prison report had labeled him as a man who didn't know his job. That same report said in effect no should be given the heaveho.

But Joe took the bull by the horns. He set out to learn what he could, do what he could. He cornered his chief critic, McCormick, and asked advice. He built up Central Prison's recreation program. He fixed a prison library. He and the boys put together a nice reception room for visitors waiting to see prisoners. He okayed and helped develop a radio show from the prison, using prison talent.

And now, there's an altogether different attitude at Central Prison. Used to be you felt like you were walking into a city of the damned when you went through the gates. Now you get the impression that the boys serving time are beginning to have hope—hope that they will get back into society; hope that they will be able to lead a decent, law-abiding life, many of them for the first time.

Many folks say a prison should have some aim beside punishment. They say it should aim for rehabilitation. Joe Crawford seems to be trying to do that, and seems to be succeeding.

Nice job, Joe.

Here are some notes from the

Governor's press conferences:

He thinks a psychiatric wing should be added to the UNC hospital at Chapel Hill. "It will help us train, and give refresher courses, to our personnel at State hospitals," he says. The Governor pointed out the need for more trained personnel at State mental institutions. "Why, there are some patients who have been there a year or more without treatment," he said. "They have been given custodial care, and that's all—because we don't have the trained manpower to do the job."

He thinks the Legislature should give the Budget Commission authority to add funds to building programs already authorized. Some are being held up because bids are higher than funds provided.

He thinks new money must be forthcoming from somewhere—either an added penny gas tax or an upped license, tag fee—if the State is to take over building and maintenance of city streets.

He thinks elimination of sales tax exemptions would be fair and just—and raise needed money.

He thinks folks who holler for more State services should be willing to pay the bill.

Ralph Fisher, Transylvania county Republican who tells some of the tallest tales you ever heard, will be back in the Legislature come January 1951. He's gunning for leadership of the minority party, too. If he wins, that could mean that he'll hold the balance of power in strictly pro- and anti-administration legislative snarls.

There's a rumor going around that Frank Taylor of Wayne has the House speakership "in the bag." Opponent Fred Royster, Vance county tobaccoist, reportedly plans to hit the road in the west to see what gives. One so-called political expert observed the other day that "if Fred finds out what they think of him in the west, he won't even let his name be mentioned at the (Democratic) caucus." I dunno. Out of some 108 Democrats, each side is claiming more than enough to win. Could be this is a nice spot for a dark horse.

You see some interesting things in the daily papers. One item recently talked about how the farmer's income is way down. Said cash returns from January through July were quite a bit below the same period last year. Said didn't expect total cash receipts to go over \$600,000,000—a fourth less than record year 1948 and \$105,000,000 under 1949. Then a few days later comes a story that the U. S. Agriculture Department has "revised upward" its estimate of the country's production of fluecured tobacco. That's our big money crop, and

prices this year are better than ever. So, if I can add, it looks like the farmer might hold his own financially—speaking this year.

From Washington, via pony express:

Britain probably will request Uncle Sam to waive first payments on the 1945 loan from the U. S. due at the end of 1951. Seems to us we've heard that song before—say back in the '20's. Wonder what would happen if "Unc" got tough, for a change.

Report that Capus Waynick is fighting with Willard Thorp, assistant secretary of state for economic affairs, over who'll have the say on Point Four. Add to that President Truman's "appointment"—later changed to a "high post in"—of Nelson Rockefeller as Point Four director, and you have quite a mess.

Out of the fuss, Washington grapevine says, is likely to come a snatch of Point Four from the State Department, latral-passing it to a merger with a reorganized ECA after the current Marshall Plan expires in 1952.

North Carolinians like to see their sons stay home and succeed. But sometimes, I think, they like to see their sons go out and make good in other corners of the land—just to prove that it can be done, if for no other reason.

Well, a Louisburg native is doing all right out Kansas way. He's John Staley Holden, son of the late Ben T. and Willie S. Holden of Louisburg. His father was a State Senator, an able lawyer, loved by many throughout the State, and a man listened to in Democratic circles. His mother took over raising the family when her husband died, was active in civic and political affairs—representing Franklin county on the State Democratic Executive committee.

John started out studying law at Wake Forest. Uncle Sam beckoned, and he spent several years in khaki, came back after the war and finished his law at Duke.

He decided he didn't want to set up practice in his home town, because he felt he would be trading on the reputation of his parents. He looked around the country, picked Cimmaron, Kansas, as a likely spot for a fledgling attorney to try his wings. He passed the bar and pinched his pennies, living in a storm cellar—actually—while he made friends and began to get clients.

The county he had settled in was Republican, but when 1945 rolled around that didn't bother him. He ran for county attorney on the Democratic ticket. He stumped the county, calling for votes for "Honest John." He won such a good campaign that the Republican Governor came down to personally give his opponent a hand. But John won the election, anyhow.

As county attorney (similar to our county solicitor here) he fined and jailed friend and foe when they ran afoul of the law. He made friends, and—of course—he made enemies. Not too long ago he married a Kansas girl.

Then came campaign time again. John wrote back to North Carolina saying he didn't much expect to win Off-year, and so forth. Strong Republican county. Concerted drive to get rid of him. But when they counted the votes, old "Honest John" Holden had won again!

He carried every precinct but one.

Tar Heels, naturally, would like to see such boys stay home. They can be proud of them, though.

### HALF THE EX-GU'S BUYING HOMES PAID NOTHING DOWN LAST YEAR

(Continued from Page 1) the highest price levels. Under these regulations the vast majority (around 90 per cent) of the houses secured by VA-guaranteed loans (both first and second liens) in these areas would have required larger down payments than made in 1949. Also, 60 per cent of the homebuyers having FHA financing exclusively would have had to put more money down or buy a less expensive house than they selected.

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