



LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

Communications designed for publication in this column must be signed by the writer and address given. Anonymous letters will not be printed.

Opposed to Prohibition.

To the Editor of The Times: I have been a daily reader of your paper for the last ten years. I liked it, for your predecessors made that paper worth reading, not only for its news but more so for the liberal, common-sense way of looking at current events.

But I am disgusted that you apparently approve or condone the way prohibition is enforced. You know or should know that prohibition is nothing but fanaticism, enforced fanatically, most brutally, and is, of course, beyond human power to enforce, for the simple reason that man cannot change the handiwork of the creator, that is make us feel that drinking of alcoholic beverages is a crime, for we all know in conscience, that there is no sin in it (provided we use it moderately, of course).

From my childhood to a few years ago, and I am over fifty, I used either brandy, whisky, wine, cider or beer daily, and I think that I am no more guilty than Jesus Christ himself, who drank wine.

There is no sense in prohibition. It is wrong to punish all because a few abuse it.

I suppose there was need of some law to regulate the sale of alcoholic beverages but why not use some knowledge of human nature in framing the law?

Are Americans so befuddled by the quest for riches and pleasure that they cannot devise something as intelligent as our neighbors, the Canadians? The Boston demonstration was not reckless, as you call it, but a timely show that should be repeated in every town of the country if that be the only means to awaken the torpid mind of our countrymen, and bring about the repeal of a stupid, shameful law. If the only means to make my protest effective be to refuse to receive your paper in the future, that will be my line of action.

JOHN M. HENAFF. Hartford, Jan. 8.

Disagrees With Another Writer.

To the Editor of The Times: My soul is exceedingly vexed. The Waterbury writer must have experienced great relief after getting the contents of his letter of December 4 off his chest. He reminds me of a well-spurred rooster strutting around with his eye cocked for battle. Your correspondent says, "I have been a reader of The Times for a great many years." I, too, have been a reader of The Times for a good many years, but the "many" in my case means over forty years.

However, when such a letter as the Waterbury writer furnished is hurled at The Times and its editor, I myself take it as a reflection on my intelligence. Your correspondent calls you a "narrowback"—whatever that is—and a "fanatic." For my part, I'd sooner go without a meal any time than to miss a single issue of the good old Times.

FRED JOSE BUZZELL. Hartford, January 8.

Data on Canadian Liquor Law.

To the Editor of The Times: Gifford Gordon of Philadelphia has received a letter from Elmore Philpott, editor of the Toronto Globe. Mr. Gordon invited the editor of The Globe to answer certain significant questions. Here are the questions with their answers.

- 1. Is it your opinion that government control makes for real temperance? No.
2. Does government control decrease or increase the consumption of liquor? Liquor consumption has doubled in Ontario in two years.
3. Does government control decrease or increase the number of drunken drivers of automobiles? Drunken drivers have multiplied by ten, while the number of cars doubled.
4. Have deaths from accidents due to drunken driving increased under government control? Yes, enormously.
5. Have industrial accidents decreased under government control? No. Increased 7 per cent. faster than pay rolls.
6. Has government control eliminated the bootlegger? Large bootleggers eliminated, but small bootleggers multiplied.
7. Has government control proved any benefit to the young people? No. This clearly shows how untruthful some propaganda is.

C. E. B. Rocky Hill, Jan. 7.

DR. MOTON OF TUSKEGEE.

(New York World.) The Harmon Foundation's gold medal and honorarium of \$1,000, awarded biennially for achievement in the field of race relations, goes this year to Dr. Robert R. Moton, the Principal of Tuskegee institute. The honor has been worthily bestowed. To fill the place once occupied by Booker T. Washington is no easy undertaking, but Dr. Moton has met its requirements effectively and without ostentation, showing the same sort of common sense, tact and organizing ability which characterized his predecessor.

Though the Harmon Foundation has made numerous awards to Negroes for distinguished achievements in education, business and the arts and sciences, this is the first time that its highest award, that for contributions to the betterment of racial relations, has been made to a Negro. To preside over Tuskegee institute, established in the heart of the black belt of Alabama and devoted to the industrial education of

Letters of General Joseph R. Hawley

Hero of the Civil War, Hartford Editor, Governor of Connecticut, Congressman and United States Senator.

Written to

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER

His Lifelong Friend and Associate in Newspaper Work.

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NO. L.

Sherman had completed his march to the sea, begun after the capture of Atlanta, and was preparing to turn north against Johnston, after disposing of him to join Grant in the attack on Lee.

Hawley was somewhat dissatisfied with his lot at the moment. His friend Terry was absent, winning a glorious success at Wilmington, although Hawley did not then know it, and Hawley felt ill at ease with the new officers with whom he was associated and scarcely found his corps commander, Major General Gibbons, congenial. He was tempted to try to secure transfer to Sherman's army. So he wrote on January 16:

A. M. First Div. 24th A. C. In the Field, Jan. 16th, '65. Dear Charley:

Though we are very stupid about getting news here and by our duties and the awful mud are closely confined to our several headquarters, while the centers of news are miles distant, yet you may possibly be interested to know how we feel here on various topics. First, as to the Butler removal. (General Benjamin F. Butler.—Ed.) I was sorry to see those signs of timidity in the administration—that desire to throw the responsibility on Grant, etc. It was the confident belief in the army that Butler would have been relieved directly after Drewry's Bluff if he had not been so influential as a politician. You may not recollect, but we do very well, that the order was made out and virtually issued which gave him duties at Fortress Monroe only. I think it would have been best for the army had he been so retired.

His approbateness may be called morbidly large. He magnified the dividing line between the "Army of the James" and the "Army of the Potomac," spoke sneeringly of the latter; by some fatality like that which beset Banks and Fremont got a miserable staff of quacks and lickspittle around him (save a few latterly—Gen. Turner and Col. Smith and Capt. Sealy), kept lying newspaper correspondents as Barnum might, lied downright about some of his operations, "attacks" by the enemy, claimed as successes what were notorious defeats, hounded out every correspondent that frankly told the truth even when they were totally devoid of any personal motives or partialities, dismissed or promoted or chained or imprisoned at will—bullied and stormed, puffed and blowed.

Butler "Unscrupulous As Satan."

He is a bad, corrupt man, unscrupulous as Satan. All that is passionate and selfish in him is enormously strong; he has little or none of the high moral faculties, though as an intellectual lawyer he perceives and conceives of moral rules.

Civilians As Soldiers.

What do you think of that sort of management? He is no worse, I presume, than many leading politicians. I am not one of those who believe that civilians cannot make able generals. Washington was not trained to it from boyhood. Scott began life as a lawyer.

The despatch of Cadwallader from City Point announcing the removal of Butler (a most carefully worded, well prepared and true statement) told the truth. Civilians have not succeeded and never will who jumped into high commands at first. They should begin with a company—at least with a regiment—and study, work and fight their way up. And furthermore, the same is true of regulars—they ought to begin at the bottom—Napoleon did—Wellington did—Napoleon's best marshals did—Scott did—Grant did—Butler didn't nor Banks nor Schurz—nor dozens of others of our political generals who disgraced the earlier period of the war. Birney did and worked this way up to a high position as a Major General; though he was by no means a great man.

Praise For Terry.

I affirm there are not a dozen better generals to-day, civilian or regular, of any grade than Terry nor twenty who are his equals. Terry is a good civil engineer, a good chess and whist player, a good lawyer, and a steady student, with a good, clear head and a very fine memory. He knows what troops can do and what they cannot; he comprehends the topography at a glance—the wood, the under wood, the marsh—he feels his weak points, what would be the shrewdest thing for the enemy to do he takes it for granted they will try.

Butler can do none of these things. Drewry's Bluff and Charles City Road (Oct. 27th) were of his planning; therein, in many things he showed great incapacity. Dutch Gap is a strange story. I don't think Butler could be a great general. Great things may be done in law and politics by simple force of bulldog—magnetic will—in words, I mean—that is worth little in war except at particular places and moments. A man can bully a convention; he can't bully infantry twenty miles in five hours, or bully the enemy into firing wild all day. Now, don't be surprised when I say that after all, your article of Jan. 12th is eminently just and sagacious. Excepting only your shade of encouragement to the idea that only regulars can be good soldiers, it is the best article on the subject that I have seen.

Old Blair (Frank P. Blair, who launched an unofficial peace mission or two—Ed.) came down from Richmond night before last and hurried away toward Washington as if he had something on his mind. Twenty-three civilian and soldier refugees came in this morning. They tell great stories of course of dissensions, despondency and suffering up there. "Timeo Danaos," etc. I have no faith in any negotiation with Davis, until he sees that he is to be dethroned within a week.

Greeley Sublimely Idiotic.

How sublimely infinitely idiotic Greeley is sometimes. Occasionally I feel ready to swear that he is the stupidest fool in the universe. I wish the President would let him go to Richmond once and then I wish the rebels would fire crackers to his coat tails and put cowhage ("cowitch") in his bed. He said the other day that if the new 300,000 were only just put in the field and shown it would be enough, and again he reproached the World for sneering at these peace missions because it would exasperate the rebels and prolong the rebellion.

Bah—oh—oh!—haven't we got over that drivel yet? I tell you the rebels can fight yet. They've got a large army in Virginia yet; man for man it is superior to ours in morale to-day! I believe it. They can arm a portion of the slaves; they can collect a formidable force around Hood; they have a strong force across the Mississippi.

Unconditional Surrender Only Terms.

We want no terms that they will be willing to offer while they keep any armies in the field. "Unconditional surrender" are the only terms that decent men can listen to. They can have peace any day, and they know it, and they know that, save as to 25 or 100 leaders, our people would be all mercy and loving kindness in a minute.

I rejoice at the kindness to Savannah; I would fill their warehouses with fine gifts of all things good, and the same day hang a hundred men or women to the lamp posts if they gave valuable information to the enemy or attempted to fight.

Butler's report amply justifies the refusal to assault Fort Fisher; it would have been butchery, as I supposed. Put why did he go when Grant didn't order him and didn't expect it? And when the text of Grant's instructions was so plain why didn't he intrench and stay? Yet it is true, there are stronger questions. Why was the Navy unable to sail until the 13th, when the Army was ready on the 9th? And why was it still not ready on the 19th? Those are the fatal errors. It seems to me that Butler shifts the burden onto Porter's shoulders. (I cannot endure Butler's wilful way of doing business. The Tribune thinks Butler's farewell to his army dignified and modest. The first reading of it startled me for its insolence and insubordination, and braggadocio. None of these things have created any enthusiasm in the Army. The Army takes it all as you say in the Press of the 12th the people do.)

Grant "Common Sense Feller."

But we do believe in Grant. I should be very mad if I thought the prejudice against volunteers had much to do with these things. But I don't see it. I don't believe "Old Grant" cares two cents what a man is if he only "has no nonsense about him" and "takes right hold" with a will. He's a "dreadful common sense kind of a feller."

How about Gov. Buckingham's renomination? I like what the Press says about it. And what's the news generally? I ache to get a letter from you. You owe me ever so much.

Hattie is well, or was a few days ago, and getting along quite nicely, but I'm really afraid she is overworking. There is very little use in arguing with the good woman about it.

Tell me about your new press—how fast will it work?

Wants No "Soft Soap."

Let me tell you, in strict confidence for you only, that I'm thinking every day of silly managing to get into Sherman's Army and Slocum's Corps. I don't want to leave Terry and I wouldn't go without my A. A. S. Capt. Moore. The Tenth Corps is gone to the bugs; the 24th Corps is under Major Gen. Gibbons (late of the Second Corps) who doesn't look very inviting—a not very refined man—good fighter but not a scholarly or reading or cultivated or attractive man in any way; our old Tenth Corps headquarters staff and artillery all gone to the 25th Corps—all four of my regiments which used to be "bully good" New England boys filling up with pirates—it isn't very promising here. Rockwell, Col. of the 6th is going out of service soon—the last officer of cultivation and high social rank in the 6th or 7th. There are some jewels left, but they are jewels in the rough. By-the-way don't let that hifalutin chaplain of the 7th soft-soap me any more in the Press. He paints portraits with whitewash brushes and charcoal—don't frame any more of his pictures of me. Elide his eulogy of poor me.

Yours as ever, JOE.

I do sincerely mourn the death of Louis Weld. He was an honor to the state emphatically. Connecticut has some first rate officers in the black corps.

(Continued To-morrow.)

Twenty-five Years Ago To-day

JANUARY 9, 1905.

Connecticut's seven presidential electors, Francis T. Maxwell, Rutherford Townbridge, N. Harvey L. Roberts, Winchell Senator Philip Corbin, N. Frank B. Weeks, Middlebrook Representative Floyd Cranska, P. Isaac W. Birdseye of Bridgeport the office of the secretary and cast votes for Roosevelt banks. Former representative B. Holman of Saybrook chosen to carry returns to Washington. Charles Wesley Hills of under firm of Hills and Marchant dies at 72.

Joseph K. Folk inaugurated as governor of Missouri. Frank Sherrie arrested in Hartford state police for murder of Mrs. St. Kulas in Somersville.

Electric Vehicle company of H. makers of Columbia automobile thirteen models to the New York. The Rev. Dr. Edwin Pon completes forty-five years as the South Congregational church. Mayor Forster of Rockville annual message to council establishment of municipal Edward J. Keating elected president of Ancient Order of Hibernians in Hartford.

The Once Over BY H. I. PHILIPS

BACK TO OLD IRONSIDES. The corset is coming back! Pray that women have no real sense that fashion is a revolving platform.

Hour-glass figures may soon be again, and during 1930 there is a possibility that the well-shaped and dressed woman will not be satisfied unless she has the contour of a bass or Chinese urn or baronial hack.

This is great news to the corset-makers who have been starving for the last ten years. They have been through a tough decade with the boyish figure the calory-counting craze and the fashionable edict that no girl was well built if lumps showed anywhere.

Women have been regulating their figures on the theory that a straight line was the shortest distance between two joints.

Young girls have been shaped like buggy-whips. Their mothers, ever imitative, have been going into physical declines in a mad effort to wear children's and misses' clothing and cast a minimum shadow.

It has been a boon to the Turkish bath, massage and vegetarian interests but a prolonged headache to owners of corset shops.

Ever since the war women have been dodging full dinners, skipping breakfasts and regarding three leaves of lettuce as ample lunch. It has been the Great American Grapefruit Era. The vegetable dinner had become a symbol of female life in America. The old-time suitor brought his lady friend a box of candy but the more recent boy friend pleased her by coming across with a basket of fresh vegetables.

No girl ordered food without a careful calory count and it was a rare family where milk was used except by the baby or the kitten.

Since 1918 the potato crop had been ample in America even when it was a total failure. Markets sold butter only to women who had become discouraged and had decided to let nature take its course, double chin or not.

But fashions run in cycles. Now curves are again in style. Hips are considered proper and even necessary. The girls are even eating rich soups and meat once more and putting sugar in their coffee!

The back of that bedroom chair is again holding a familiar contraption. It is not a girdle. It is not a corset. It is a corset, a real old-fashioned corset with bones, laces and everything.

American womanhood is going to suffer again. And gosh how she loves it.

What? What?

Primo Carnera, Italian aspirant for the heavyweight crown, upon landing in America looked at the skyscrapers and said, "At last a city where I can stand up!" Well, this is at least a laudable ambition.

Carnera is six feet eight inches tall, weighs 287 pounds and has such enormous feet that he can use a motorcycle with side-car attached on each one as a roller skate. His chances for the heavyweight crown are somewhat enhanced by the fact he knows no Shakespeare.

Senator Jones says the wisdom of the dry act is something over which the Law Enforcement Commission will have no concern. That's a great break for any commission.

A golfer who couldn't play very well has found that a bullet in his spine was responsible. Maybe that's what's the matter with the writer's form.

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To Boast of a Daily Bath Is to

joyed their triumph to the fullest, they treasure the memory of it and retell the story as proof of their superior wit.