THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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THE CANDIDATES' RELIGIOUS BELIEFS

A LETTER in the adjoining People's Platform today, from members of a men's Bible class, raises the question of the religious beliefs of the principal candidates. Our answer may be unsatisfactory to them. But here, to begin with, is our information on the church affiliation of the Presidential and Vice-Presidential candidates:

Who's Who In America, which publishes personal information as furnished by notables, lists Democratic Vice Presidential candidate John Sparkman as "Methodist (district lay leader)." Republican Vice Presidential candidate Richard Nixon is listed as "Member, Society of Friends" (Quaker).

No church affiliation is listed in *Who's Who* for either Presidential candidate. However, a brochure published by the Illinois Committee, Stevenson for President, says "Stevenson is a Unitarian by faith."

The church the Eisenhower family attended when the general was a boy was, according to *Current Biography*, "the Swiss-founded Brethren of Christ, a sect with which both maternal and paternal sides of the family had long been associated as preachers." To the best of our knowledge the general holds membership in no particular church.

We would not attempt to compare the religious beliefs of the candidates, or evaluate them. Membership and work in a church, as churchmen well know, does not necessarily indicate devoutness. And a comparison of the statements of individuals can be misleading and meaningless. Hypocrites may speak piously. A humble dedicated man may or may not belong to a church. And he may or may not choose to proclaim the innermost thoughts regarding his relationship with his God. Our forefathers acted wisely when they guaranteed us the free exercise of religion—not only of the Christian religion, with its diverse faiths—but the right to worship or not to worship as one pleases.

We don't think the candidates' church membership will figure much in this campaign, despite the occasional remarks one hears reflecting on the denominational affiliation of one candidate or the other. North Carolinians will well remember the baseness of the Hoover-Smith campaign in 1928, when a candidate's religion seemed so important to many voters.

A man's religious beliefs are difficult for he himself to put into words. He is not required to put them into words. Nor, even if he aspires to the highest office in this land, should he be so required.

OLD FOGIES FADE OUT

NOT ONLY is it time for a change. The changes are being accomplished, in primary after primary. And most of them seem to be for the better.

In the major upsets, first to go was conservative Sen. Owen Brewster, the Maine Republican with 18 years in Congress. He was defeated by Gov. Fred Payne.

Then aged old Sen. Kenneth McKellar of Tennessee, dean of the Senate, was defeated, by Rep. Albert Gore, a fourth-term Congressman.

And rabble-rousing Rep. Eugene Cox, who went to Washington back when Cal Coolidge arrived there, was beat by Rep. Tom Abernethy, a 10-year man.

Then from the sands of Nevada came word that Pat McCarran's man, former Attorney General Alan Bible, was edged out for the Democratic Senatorial nomination by an upstart newsman who just went to Nevada a few months ago, with the express purpose of meeting McCarran's man.

So far there aren't enough samples to note a movement toward or away from the Fair Deal or Old Guard. A governor has won, and so has a political novice, for what consolation that will be to partisans of Ike and Adlai. But there does definitely seem to be a trend away from old fogies. And that we like.

NEXT CONGRESS FACES SLOW START

THE federal financial outlook promises to be more confused than usual next January, regardless of which party is victorious. This is so because the outgoing President will chart a financial course by delivering the budget message and will possibly also appraise the nation's economic health and lay down a legislative program in an economic report and state of the union message. A few days later the incoming President, who will certainly disagree with the incumbent in some of these matters, will move into the White House.

Such a situation has been possible since the "lame duck" 20th amendment became law in 1933. It changed the Presidential inauguration date from March 4 to Jan. 20 and the date Congress convenes to "the third day of January, unless they shall by law appoint a different one." But since 1933 the incumbent President has always been re-elected, so the man who delivered these key messages was responsible for them during the year.

Although the state of the union message and economic report have been delivered previously at the beginning of a new session of Congress, they could be delayed. The budget message, however, according to law, is supposed to be submitted within 15 days after Congress convenes.

President Truman has not indicated how he will handle this situation, and we doubt he will do so until after the election. He may deliver, in a last effort to put across unenacted programs he has long cherished, a slam-bang series of addresses which would dismay Governor Stevenson or be repudiated by General Eisenhower. He may deliver only the required budget message, and defer to his successor for the other two. In any event the prospect is that Congress, which never hurries into its work, will delay even longer than usual. For these three messages have long been its guide, and it will probably wait on the incoming President's reaction to them, or action on them, before getting busy.

This likely procrastination will point up, again, the inadequacy of Congress in carrying out its legislative functions. The usual Congressional disagreement over the messages will be complicated by the fact that one administration has assembled the reports, another will act on them. Congress, seldom hesitant to spend more than the President asks, despite its cries for economy, still has not equipped itself with machinery for assembling and analyzing fiscal and economic facts. So once again the Congress will start "cold" from the reports presented by the President, whenever they are delivered, instead of having its own information at hand.

Meanwhile, we may hope that the outgoing and incoming President make the best of a bad situation, even if they are of opposing parties, by co-operating sufficiently to lessen the confusion and minimize the procrastination which will surely result from this situation.

A GOOD INVESTMENT

MECKLENBURG County's commissioners, with their reputation for frugality, know a bargain when they see one. We compliment them for agreeing this week with the City of Charlotte to the initiation of a planning survey, to be conducted by the University of North Carolina's Dept. of City and Regional Planning.

Chairman J. Spencer Bell of the County Planning Board has estimated that it would cost about $25,000 to bring in an outside "expert" to make such a survey. But under the plan approved city and county will each put up $3,000. That's all. In January, 10 graduate students from UNC will come to Charlotte to make the preliminary studies, working under one full-time faculty member. They will make a detailed study of complex problems of the community such as flow of traffic, growth of the industrial area, water and sewage, trend of development.

Their reports, to be issued at intervals, will enable local residents to better understand, and in some cases anticipate, community problems. This survey will suggest courses of long-range planning. The material collected and presented should be of considerable interest to the industrialist who considers locating in this area, to the prospective home-buyer. It will be particularly useful to those persons charged with administrating the government of our rapidly-expanding neighborhood. And, perhaps most important, it will provide Mecklenburgers with an overall picture of our community, and show what needs to be done to improve it.

From The Twin City Sentinel

PINOCCHIO WINS AN ELECTION

AN ITALIAN newspaperman named Carlo Lorenzini wrote "Pinocchio" 70 years ago. It was the story of a puppet whose nose grew prodigiously when he lied.

Now Pinocchio has helped defeat the Communists in Pescia, where Lorenzini wrote his story. The Christian Democrat candidate for mayor, Rolando Anzillotti, had strong Communist opposition. He promised that if elected, he would get a monument to Pinocchio for the town. He won overwhelmingly. Now school children—including some in America—are sending in their contribution for the monument.

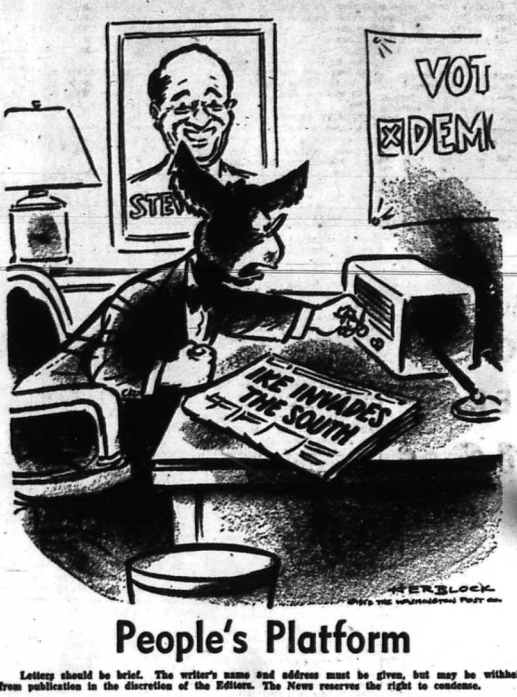
It is, of course, purely coincidental and no doubt irrelevant that the basic Italian currency is the lire. But there is some valid symbolism, perhaps, in the modern usage of the word "puppet", which has come to mean a government which has no mind of its own. The Communists like that sort of government. Now a puppet has struck back at the Communists, who lie and lie without any noticeable growth of their noses but with a quite evident and reassuring shrinking of their prestige.

That old political bromide about the Presidential candidates being "hand picked" isn't fooling us. We recognize machine tooling when we see it.—*Rock Hill Herald.*

If you build a big business, you're a sinister influence; if you don't you're a darned failure.—*Greenville (Tenn.) Sun.*

Grandma had to kiss without chlorophyll gum, but when she kissed grandpa he stayed kissed.—*Ellisville (Ga.) Sun.*

Bring Me A Map Of Maine And Vermont!



People's Platform

Letters should be brief. The writer's name and address must be given, but may be withheld from publication in the discretion of the Editors. The News reserves the right to condense.

How About Candidates' Religion?

CHARLOTTE

Editors, THE NEWS:

WE the members of the Men's Bible Class of Hawthorne Lane Methodist Church, Charlotte, N. C., are concerned about problems confronting the world and our nation today and are anxious to exercise our voting rights in accordance with the principles of Christianity and in the interest of all mankind.

We believe that we should take into consideration in determining how our vote will be cast in any election the record of the candidates as Christians as well as their qualifications for the position for which they are running. We have been unable to obtain adequate information about the candidates who are running in the coming national election and we therefore resolve:

1. That it is in the interest of all Christian citizens of our Christian nation to know the religious belief and the church history of the candidates who are running for office in the national election.

2. That this information has thus far not been readily available to us.

3. That we request the local newspapers to make this information available to its readers.

4. That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the news editors of The Charlotte Observer and The News as a request to them that they obtain and publish in their columns a complete record of the religious belief and church history of the principal candidates for election in the coming national election.

This resolution was presented and passed at a regular meeting of the Men's Bible Class of Hawthorne Lane Methodist Church Men's Bible Class and was approved by the majority of the members present on this the 21st day of August, 1952.

—CHAS. H. DAUGHTRY, President
—B. H. THOMAS, Secretary.

(See editorial, "The Candidates' Religious Beliefs.")
Editors, The News).

A Mockery Of Prayer

LANCASTER, S. C.

Editors, THE NEWS:

FOR the first time in the history of our country there was brought into our living rooms the procedure of how this great nation selects the men who will be the President and the Vice-President of our country for the next four important years. To those of us who have always felt that God should and does have a hand in the selection of these men who are to hold these high offices, the lack of reverence on the part of the delegates, leaders and visitors, when those men who had been invited lead the conventions in prayer, was almost more than we could stand. It seems to be custom for these conventions to invite the representatives of some church to open each session with prayer.

We cannot think of any other reason why these should be invited except that they are ordained ministers of the church of God, and that those who have the responsibility of selecting leaders feel the need of stopping a few minutes to invoke God's blessing on our nation, and implore Him to guide us in the selection of our leaders.

Now, through television you could see that while these representatives of God were praying many of the leaders on the rostrum and delegates in the hall were walking around, talking and laughing while prayer was being made. We have always been taught that such an attitude shows a lack of respect and reverence toward the One who gave us this great nation. This lack of respect and reverence should make every true American bow his head in shame.

We sincerely hope that the next conventions will not invite representatives of God to lead in prayer, and if they do we hope that those who are invited will have the grace and the religion to refuse the invitation. It is much better not to have prayer than to make it a thing of mockery. When those who are supposed to be our leaders have not the time to stop and bow their heads in reverence, while one who represents God prays, then it is about time that the American people start examining the leadership.

—REV. R. H. SHOWALTER.

There Are Dogs—And Dogs

CHARLOTTE

Editors, THE NEWS:

I HAVE been a subscriber to your paper ever since I can remember, and have always read the People's Platform. In answer to J. R. Long's letter about a dog I want to just let him know that all dogs aren't alike.

The glad some people agree with me that a dog is a man's best friend. I agree with J. R. Dean 100 per cent. We have had a garbage can for two years with the lid on, and we have yet to see it be turned over by a dog.

We have always had a dog and now have one called Duke who is a world of good and help to us. Dad is in the TB sanitorium and I'll guarantee you that no one steps his foot on our property at night without our knowing it by Duke's barking. Mr. Long probably has never had the opportunity to see how loving and how much company a dog can be.

Again I say all dogs aren't alike. We have always had a dog and they have been different and acted differently every time. Believe me, I know.

—SHIRLEEN DIXON GODFREY.

Dean Defends Press

LINCOLNTON

Editors, THE NEWS:

THOSE who advocate government control of the press advocate the downfall of democracy and the end, the definite end, of liberty and justice for all mankind.

Therefore, should I decide to become a candidate for governor in 1956, I shall fight for a free press, first, last and always.

—J. R. DEAN.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON

A paper bag of rabbit food is on my desk . . . a broken slingshot, a book called "Trigger" (Roy Rogers' horse) . . . A pair of swimming trunks is on a chair . . . a pair of dirty shoes, very small shoes, are under the couch . . . my room is a shambles, littered with remnants of my vacation—reminders of a small boy who spent the vacation with me.

He is a small boy who isn't interested in Eisenhower or Stevenson . . . who doesn't know the nation is about to hold an election, who has no idea that this election could shape the destiny of the world, perhaps decide whether some day he himself will march off to war.

This small boy had the faculty of making his grandfather feel both very young and very old. His energy was inexhaustible, his questions endless, their scope limitless . . . "Why do mosquitoes make you itch, grandfather? . . . "Who teaches little calves how to get milk from their mothers?" . . . "Can eagles fly away with little boys? . . . Can hawks . . . Can buzzards?" . . . Why do pigeons always eat your alfalfa seed and not other people's, grandpa?" "Why does Harry Truman (our bull) always break down and cry sometimes . . . I have had hundreds of questions fired at me in public forums or by irate readers, but none so difficult to answer—though so pleasant.

Pleasant Exhaustion

IT has been said that if a college athlete attempted to follow the exact antics of a two-year-old in crawling, walking, running, for one full day, he would be exhausted.

My grandson is five, not two; and I am no college athlete. But I can attest that the above theory must be approximately correct. For never have I had so much exercise; never at the end of a vacation have I been so exhausted—so in need of the comparative peace of the political arena where one merely badgers politicians and is called names by Presidents.

Nevertheless, I would not have exchanged this two weeks for a dozen trips to the Adirondacks, Maine or Alaska.

My daughter will never forgive me for spoiling him, and when she sees the way the barber shaved his locks while I wasn't looking, I'm afraid she'll never let him come again.

I had intended coming back to the columning business with a reverberating scoop on world affairs. But the truth is I have scarcely looked at a newspaper. My typewriter is unopened; my bulging brief case untouched.

Far Removed From Corruption

SO before I get back to the grind of being the tough, hard-boiled poker under the political rocks looking for the worms of corruption, I hope I may be forgiven if I say just a word about life with a young man who has scarcely heard the word corruption and who aside from "influencing" himself out of taking a bath at night wouldn't know what the word means.

For if you ever want to relieve your youth . . . if you ever dream of the birds' nests you used to find, the trees you used to climb, the garter snakes you used to catch and take to Sunday School to scare little girls . . . The frogs' legs you used to fry in a skillet out of doors . . . The streams you used to dam up to make a waist-high swimming hole . . . The giant hay-lands you used to ride, sitting way-up so high you got scratched by the branches as you came up the lane to the barn . . . Or the baby rabbits you used to catch after the mowing machine had uncovered their nests in the hayfield . . .

If you have, and want to recapture your youth, then just take your grandson out on a farm for two weeks and all those memories will come crowding back, more vivid than ever. And you'll be so tired at night, you won't lie awake thinking about the problems of the world.

Beside The Potomac

MY two weeks were spent on a farm on the banks of the Potomac where the stone forts of the Union Army once looked across at the Johnny Rebs on the other side in Virginia.

The sharpened trees that were pointed down the hill toward the river to keep the Johnny Rebs from crossing are gone now; but some of the stone ramparts still remain. And sitting near them in the moonlight on those nights when it was too humid even to sit, I could almost see the ghosts of men maneuvering for position in the shadow of the oak trees in that bloody, futile war 90 years ago.

The Potomac still flows on serenely in the moonlight. The fish jump in the moonlight. And if you toss a pebble from the cliff alongside our farm, its ripples spread out in the moonlight as if no blood had ever stained its waters—as if no war or fear of future war ever ruffled its surface on the way past Washington, past the White House to the sea.

I do not know how many sons and grandsons have marched forth to war as a result of decisions made on the banks of the Potomac. I cannot predict how many more may march in the future. I only know—as I am left with strict instructions on how to feed two rabbits—that we of the present generation have a greater obligation than perhaps we realize.

And if we can instill among our fellow men some of the love and faith of our grandchildren; if we can banish hate, deception, fear; if we can truly remember the teaching "A little child shall lead them," then the wars that have been fought along the Potomac and elsewhere some day may be no more.

Grandpa Pearson Finds Fountain Of Youth

Red A-Bombs, Planes Contrast With Our Poor Civil Defenses

By STEWART ALSOP

WASHINGTON

TWO FORBIDDING words are commonly used in papers prepared by the government specialists in air defense. The first word is "crippling." This is used to describe the kind of atomic attack which would greatly reduce, but not eliminate, the military potential of the United States. After suffering this kind of attack, the United States might be compared to some huge and very powerful animal, still capable of fighting back in its rage, but most severely weakened by the wounds it had received.

The second word is "catastrophic." This is used to describe the sort of atomic attack which would eliminate the American military potential — which would, for all practical purposes, kill the animal. The experts do not believe that the Soviet Union will be capable of mounting a "catastrophic" attack on the United States in the immediately foreseeable future. But they do believe that the Soviets will be able to mount a "crippling" attack by 1954, unless the most far-reaching counter measures are undertaken. And this is bad enough.

The first reason for this country's growing vulnerability to atomic attack, is of course, the Soviet Union's growing atomic stockpile. The best guess is that the Soviets now possess the equivalent of 120 to 150 atomic bombs of medium power. This is not believed enough for a "crippling" attack. This is because the Soviets must expect high operational losses; they must count on hitting a number of bases outside the United States including our air bases abroad; and they must keep a prudent reserve of bombs in their stockpile.

By 1954, however, it is believed that the Soviets should have between 275 and 370 atomic bombs, plus perhaps a very small number of hydrogen bombs. This nuclear stockpile should be sufficient for a "crippling" attack on this country, provided the Red air force could deliver enough bombs on target. Here we come to the second reason for this country's increasing vulnerability.

Gen. Hoyt Vandenberg, Air Force Chief of Staff, pointed out in a speech last week that "recently. . . Soviet military development had emphasized long range atomic striking power." No doubt Vandenberg had in mind reports that the Soviets are now building long range four-motored jet bombers, and have probably reached the prototype stage with huge six-motored jet bombers.

He certainly also had in mind the capabilities of the existing Soviet force of several hundred TV-4s, the Soviet's somewhat improved version of our own B-29s. With one air refuelling over Soviet-controlled territory, the TV-4 is credited with a range of well over 5,000 miles—enough to reach major American targets from existing Soviet bases. It is also credited with the power to act, without significant loss of range, as a "Mother plane" to the light Soviet two-motored bomber, the L-28. Thus even today, using Kamikaze techniques, the Soviets could send high altitude, high speed L-28 jet bombers over major American target cities. Most of these target cities, moreover, unlike the inland Soviet targets, lie close to our frontiers, on our seacoasts or in the northern belt of industrial states.

The third reason for our vulnerability is that, throughout the period of our atomic monopoly and even thereafter, our air defenses were neglected. The Air Force, its funds severely limited throughout this period, had no choice but to concentrate almost exclusively on the long range striking force. This time-lag, which has been by no means made up, accounts for what the planners sometimes call "the gap" in our defenses. This is the gap between the building of an effective Soviet long range striking force and the creation of a mature American air defense.

Show For Griffith Sets Old Sports Scribe Reminiscing

By ROBERT C. RUARK

NEW YORK

EACH MAN LIVES once in his own era of sports, and only once. The big ones who come later seem as strangers. I contrived a large lump in the gullet the other day, when the old-timers came to town to perform in Yankee Stadium in honor of grizzled old Clark Griffith, who used to manage the Yankees when they were called the Highlanders, and who has been the head guy in Wasington for more years than I am old.

Griff undertook my raising in the mid-thirties, and we went along until the war broke out and emancipated me from sports. The athletes I remember with respect were the big men of that time — the slightly-after-Babe Ruth era. It comes as a shock to see the living ones now classified as "old-timers," brought back with thinned middles and bald heads to perform briefly, and happily, at an annual picnic.

THE OLD-TIMERS

The guys I broke in on were Dizzy Dean and Arky Vaughan, who drowned the other day, and Pepper Martin and Joe DiMaggio and Bill Dickey and Red Ruffing and Lefty Gomez. I recall the aging Rizzuto as a rookie in Kansas City. I was around for the last couple of seasons of Lou Gehrig, and was parcel of the Al Simmons, Mike Cochrane, Tony Lazzeri, Jim Foxx, Mose Grove group. Tommy Henrich came along as a rookie in my time, and Charlie Keller — now an old-timer — was playing at Maryland when I was covering college sports.

Joe Louis and I came out of the cotton patch at about the same time. I saw Bronko Nagurski playing for the Bears and watched Sam Baugh break into pro football. I bumped into white-headed Buddy Baer the other night and remembered when he belted Louis into my lap in Griffith Stadium too many years ago ("You should have hung onto him," Buddy said. "Maybe I could have gone a little bit farther as a boxer.")

These are not an old codger's reveries, because I am still but a weedy youth in years. But it is vaguely disquieting to bump into a section of your early professional upbringing and find them all turned out to pasture. And it makes it almost impossible for you to accord any great respect to the young ones coming up.

Watching Bill Dickey for a couple of innings behind the plate the other day reminds you that no other catcher has ever approached the menace of his quick wheel and threatened throw on a potential base stealer. None of the new crop, not even the evidently wondrous Mickey Mantle, will ever look as threatening at the plate as Jimmy Foxx, with those tremendous biceps bulging from under short sleeves with no undershirt to hide them.

TED AND BOB AGED NOW

No man looked as sinister on a mound as the mellowed Mose Grove. The Ted Williamses and Bobby Fellers all came up in my time, and they looked different from the ones who came in today. Feller is nearly done, an old man in baseball, and I recall him as a small, awkward child who practiced pitching motions in his hotel room and who wore his baseball cap with his street clothes.

All the old boys looked more natural in their positions, despite paunch and creak, in the exhibition the other day than their latter counterparts looked later on when the Yanks took the field for serious. I guess each man's motion gets graved on your consciousness when you are young and nobody ever quite lives up to the first impression.

There is no actual point to this piece except I am finding more and more white hairs in the mustache, less and less hair on top of the head, and don't seem to worry about the waistline any more.