THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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National Game: Political Po'-Mouthing

IN New York Gov. Averell Harriman and Nelson Rockefeller are practically hitting each other over the head with money-bags in their gentlemanly joust for the governorship. In Massachusetts Sen. John F. Kennedy, son of multimillionaire Joe P. Kennedy, seeks another term.

The consequence: We are now hearing it proclaimed that riches are no longer a stumbling block in American politics. "A new phase seems beginning," exults a writer in the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR.

Rah. But since when has this been a new phase? For a long time one of the interesting little backroom games we have carried on in connection with our politics centers around this very thing. We all participate, we all play. "Our politicians are all po' boys." When the credibility of the game is challenged we rare up and haul out the thumb-worn story book about how old Honest Abe Lincoln, rail-splitter, rose from log cabin to White House.

But behind the parlor game and the falderal about Honest Abe (who was himself always making reference to his momma's genteel Kentucky folk who weren't exactly poverty-stricken) we have strangely hidden a naked truth about our politics. The tradition of moneyed public servants is old, even venerable, here. We have elected many rich men to office and they have often served us well. But admit it? Never.

George Washington, first in politics as in everything else, is a good man to start with. We can take with a grain of salt H. L. Mencken's characteristic charge that Washington, at the time of his election, was the richest man in the country. But like many of the great Virginia planters of that day, George had piled up a packet in land speculation. If he owed a London bank 2,000 pounds at the outbreak of the Revolution — well, it was a gentleman's debt.

In late years, for instance, FDR and Herbert Hoover both possessed private fortunes when they went to live on Pennsylvania Ave.

But in the teeth of this obvious truth, even the richest American politicos will go on playing pauper. Just the other day Gov. Harriman was photographed pretending to be po' shirt-sleeves folks at a friend's house.

What is the basis of the game? We guess it may be a reluctance, dating to the beginnings of this republic, to seem European. "Decadent" Europe had long witnessed a linkage between money and power and Alexander Hamilton probably wrote an execution order for his faction when he proclaimed with uncommon frankness that the chore of government should be left to "the rich, the well-born and the good." Of course the liability was doubled by aristocratic notions, of which we have an equal horror. The coupling of money and power was so obnoxious to progressive historian Charles A. Beard that he wrote a book in effect charging the Constitution to the "money power."

If what these current commentators are really saying is that rich men in politics have become more candid about their wealth, it's a healthy sign. Financially independent public servants are not tempted to sell themselves out. And anyway this rags-to-presidential cloak game is getting plumb tiresome.

A Quixotic Note On Mr. Phillips' Bible

LET the good vicar beware. The good vicar we're talking about is an Anglican priest by the name of J. B. Phillips, who has just "translated" the whole BIBLE into modern-day "colloquial" English.

Let him beware of picayunish literary cranks like us. We're great admirers of Stuart and Elizabethan English — the English of the King James version of THE BIBLE.

Our prejudice revealed, let's look at what Mr. Phillips has done. He feared that to his parishioners the outdated language of the King James version is "dead language." So he has undertaken to render THE BIBLE in the breezy, comic strip patois in which people talk to each other.

Example: His translation of the BEATITUDES. Does it really lend light, we wonder, to render "poor in spirit" as "humble-minded"? "They that mourn" as "those who know what sorrow means"? And, most hideous of all, "the pure in heart" as "the utterly sincere"? We are sure that with the best intentions Rev. Mr. Phillips translates the simple grace of "Then Paul stretched for the hand, and answered for himself" to the pulp-novel argot of "So Paul, with that characteristic gesture of the hand, began his defense . . ."

If, as Mr. Phillips says, this magnificent old English is "dead," could it have been slain in the ears and minds of an unlettered age which can't distinguish between good tongues and bad tongues? The assumption of the modern-day bowdlerizers of good Biblical prose seems to be that spiritual meaning can be conveyed with the same unerring directness as a good detective story. But the King James version is a profound work in its simplicity; its infinite second and third-level insights cannot be evoked with story-book narrative.

It would be like trying to render T. S. Eliot's "April is the cruellest month, breeding lilacs out of the dead land . . ." into something like: "April is a hard month to go through when you're not feeling so hot because when everything begins to grow again you begin to wish you had some of the old vim back." Manifestly, the impact is not there.

A perfect example of what we're talking about was pointed out by a critic of the REVISED STANDARD VERSION of THE BIBLE. In one of his epistles, St. Paul writes (King James) "See that you walk circumspectly, redeeming the time." The REVISED version puts it something like "See that you walk carefully, *making the most of your time.*" No objection here, except that the Greek metaphor, in which time was to be thought of as a pawn which had literally to be redeemed, was thrown away.

Literary Quixotes will note and quarrel about Mr. Phillips' BIBLE. Linguistic snobbery? Perhaps — but better that than linguistic slobbery.

A Reflection On The Tragedy Of Fire

ITS chroniclers since Aristotle have recognized that one of the potent elements of tragedy is that so much disaster can arise from the most trivial suspense of judgment.

That holds true for the tragedy of fire. A cigarette casually tossed from the window of a speeding car can destroy acres of valuable timber.

An overloaded household electrical circuit can with grim impersonality claim the lives of a family.

Unusually large clothes with flowing sleeves or sashes, especially on elderly persons, can take a life.

A box of matches left within reach of small children can level an entire residential area.

In all of these cases, and many others, the verdict of flame is out of all proportion to the instant of carelessness — the tragic flaw — which ignites it.

That is why it is not the better part of wisdom to ignore yearly Fire Prevention Weeks, which stress the truth that so much can be saved which is lost if we can only remove that negligent moment.

This year's Fire Prevention Week (Oct. 5-11) is a good time to reflect on the tragic element in fire.

From The Richmond News Leader

ON THE BEST BIB AND TUCKER

IT is a public service, every now and then, to retire an outworn joke, and we have been reflecting since reading Dagwood this past week, that it is time to shelve the hoary notion that men hate to get into evening clothes. Here were Dagwood this past week, that it is time bobcats to avoid donning dinner jackets while Blondie and Mrs. Dithers were dressed to the teeth and obviously having a wonderful time.

Well, every gag has its day, and this gag has had it. In the day of the detachable wing collar and the boiled-front shirt, there was some basis for male resistance. The collars had a way of shrinking from year to year, and they could get downright uncomfortable before an evening ended. But evening shirts these days are pretty much like other shirts, and old objections no longer are valid.

Besides, getting into evening clothes has a therapeutic value not to be minimized. All decked out for a black tie affair, a man feeels about twice lifesize. He is, after all or so he tells himself, a handsome fellow, elegant, debonair, a man of distinction, a little wittier than usual, a devil with the ladies. Visions of Richard Harding Davis and Adolphe Menjou and Charles Boyer go flitting through his balding head. All day long he has been selling soap chips or insurance or slaving away over a hot typewriter, but now — ah, now, the inner man emerges, immaculate in black and white, a cultured man of the world.

We are told that in the days of the Empire, Britons dressed for dinner even in Peshawar and Khyber and there was method in their seeming madness. Evening clothes were a tie to tradition, a link with civilization, and Victoria's remotest ambassadors clung faithfully to the rules of order even in the wilds of India. In our own disordered time, tradition and civilization are slipping away too fast as it is, and we wish Dagwood would leave the black tie alone.

People's Platform

Can Mecklenburg Have Its Cake And Eat It?

Charlotte
Editors, The News:

STATESMANSHIP is the exercise of accepted principles in the government of state. Politics calls for a knowledge of those principles and requires conformity with established procedure in their application to a specific situation for the purpose of accomplishing a certain desired result.

NIXED

A man who reads a party platform and then goes out before the public and orates about it may, in popular esteem, be classed as a politician but superficially. Here politics is referred to in its most effective, though sometimes invisible, form as where men who may, for personal or business reasons, take no public part in writing of party platforms or operation of campaigns, but who by private advice, direction and financial contribution guide public sentiment for accomplishment of results commensurate with the interests of themselves and their class. These qualify in that area of politics beyond the cognition of the average local political heeler.

We may apply this fact practically to the politics of Mecklenburg.

Communities of some parts of the western section of North Carolina are far ahead of communities in the eastern section of the state in economic advance and leadership. Though politically invisible and silent, these leaders would to a degree seek voice and representation in the conservative national political party which is the Republican. A vote in Congress identified with the national Republican Party and supposed to be representative of the economic advance of Mecklenburg and one or two western counties co-exists with the recent growth of the vote for the Republican candidate for Congress in the Tenth Congressional District. But other forces and considerations enter into this situation.

The legislature of North Carolina is Democratic and so far as can be foreseen will be for a long time. The same forces that have given the Republican candidate for Congress an increased vote in the last several elections seeks the choosing of two state senators from Mecklenburg. That would give the economic power in Mecklenburg a more powerful voice in state legislation and in the Democratic Party in the state. This in face of the economic drive toward the Republican Party and their effort (and success) in electing a Republican congressman.

The east is solidly Democratic and dominant in state politics. Would the eastern Democratic leaders assign another state senator to a county that is driving toward their political opposition? To do so would presage a political paradox.

Can Mecklenburg have this increase in state legislative representation and at the same time give a majority vote for the Republican candidate for Congress? Mecklenburg cannot have its cake and eat it.

A vote for the Republican candidate for Congress therefore is opposed to Mecklenburg's influence in the North Carolina legislature and, so long as Mecklenburg is Democratic, annuls Mecklenburg's influence in the Democratic Party in the state.

— HOYT EAVES

Jonas Represents The 'Select Few'

Charlotte
Editors, The News:

MR MAJOR, in his Oct. 1 letter to People's Platform gives justification to Mr. Jonas for his good and careful voting in Congress and, at the same time, is trying to impress the voters that Mr. Jonas represents them properly there.

My suggestion to the voters, particularly in the Tenth Congressional District, is to take cognizance of the facts pertaining to his record that I am about to illustrate.

On Feb. 25, 1955, Mr. Jonas voted against HR 4259 which would have allowed a tax cut of $20 to every taxpayer and dependent.

On July 27, 1955, he voted in favor of a bill presented by Republicans, a bankers' bill which called for the financing at high interest rates, of the Highway Bill which was to substitute for a bill introduced by the Democrats that required no interest rates.

On July 28, 1955, he voted on HR 6645 favoring exemption from federal regulations for the natural gas producers, so that they may have a free hand to raise the price for natural gas.

On July 29th, 1955, he voted against the construction of 35,000 housing units in the next two years (S 2126).

On July 21, 1956, Mr. Jonas voted in favor of the HR 12061 to kill the use of atomic energy for civilian use.

On March 27, 1957, he voted against a resolution submitted by Democrat Patman (HR 85) authorizing the Banking Committee to investigate administration policy on monetary and credit policies, rather than have the administration's own investigation committee.

On April 4, 1957, he voted in favor of an amendment to cut unemployment compensation in the amount of $12 million.

On August 1, 1958, he voted against S 3497 which would have increased loans to municipalities of all sizes from $100 million to $2 billion to build public facilities at a reasonable interest rate.

On August 18, 1958, he voted against S 3974 which would have required of unions to file with the secretary of labor and also furnish each member a detailed report on the organizational structure, membership rules and business procedure of that union. It did pass in the Senate by one vote, but it was defeated in the House.

On June 5, 1958, Mr. Jonas voted against HR 12738 which would have provided funds enough to keep the Army at its present strength.

There is no doubt in my mind that if the voters had familiarized themselves with the record herein outlined Mr. Jonas would have never been reelected at the last election and am sure the voters will not overlook it this time and these facts ought to convince them that he does not represent the average citizen, but the select few, and if they desire and expect true representation for all citizenry to vote for Mr. Clark.

— HENRY KAYE

What U. S. Needs Is Fewer Laws

Charlotte
Editors, The News:

WHAT this country needs is fewer laws, fewer committees, much less federal government and, above all, freedom for the South!

—MARK SINCLAIR

Federal Government Has Limited Power

Cheraw, S. C.
Editors, The News:

IT IS stated that the rulings and decisions of the Supreme Court represent the supreme law of the land. But the political theory of the Constitution is that no men or set of men should rule the people. The people should have all the power.

The people took from the states certain powers and gave these powers to a new government called the United States which represented them all as individuals. But the people did not give all their powers to the federal government. When they adopted the Constitution they still left many powers to the states to be used in local matters.

The federal government and the federal courts are supreme in the exercise of the powers granted to them. But they have no authority beyond those powers granted by the people — contrary to recent rulings by the Supreme Court and the federal circuit courts of appeals.

We the people feel the time has come to withdraw some of the powers granted the federal government and the courts, especially where these institutions have overstepped their authority under the U. S. Constitution.

Under our form of government, everyone has the right of freedom of choice as to who we may choose to associate with or mingle with.

Actually, our Constitution provided only the framework of government and left Congress to work out the details. Lately it appears that the Supreme Court and the federal circuit courts have taken over the duties of Congress and made laws and interpreted law to suit their own beliefs regardless of the wishes of the states and the majority of the people.

The people want their right of choice. The courts should consider such claims of rights on their merits. If the Constitution had intended to give these rights to the courts it would have said so. . .

It is time that we as citizens petition our government and courts to refrain from invading our state's rights. Furthermore, we should ask our Congress to curtail the actions of our courts and all others who would deny anyone his freedom of choice.

— J. A. GRAHAM

Teamster

Adrift In Alaska

The Wet-Eared Cheechako

By ROBERT C. RUARK

ANCHORAGE, Alaska

I AM not entirely certain that there is not a plot afoot to murder me for my money. People have been acting very suspiciously lately, and I smell something.

Some fairly disreputable people I know have kidnaped me off on a fishing trip in the back end of nowhere in this brand-new 49th state of ours. A likelier lot of war criminals I never saw collected under one roof before, and while they describe themselves as editors, oil magnates and bankers, I don't believe a word of it. All I know is that I've been sleeping every night with my wallet under my pillow, and a police whistle strapped to my wrist.

MAMA'S ATTITUDE

What has got me puzzled is Mama's attitude. She knows some of these ruffians, and was most cheerful about packing me off with them while she gallivants off to Monte Carlo or Miami or some such.

"It'll do you good to get off with the boys," she said. "You've been working too hard lately. Go and catch some fish, and while you're about it why not shoot me a bearskin rug? You looked so cute on a rug in those baby pictures. Get me a nice light colored one, mind you. Not too big."

PLAID SHIRT AND ALL

This is not at all like the warden's usual reaction to a hairy safari, especially in company with this crew. But, in any case, here I am in Alaska, a wet-eared cheechako. Man, I got that crazy plaid shirt, and them wild mukluks, and a fur cap like Davy Crockett, and enough armament to sink the Red navy. The only jarring note is that I'm the only character who ever went off bear-shooting in an Italian silk suit.

No exaggeration, this I was going to economize on city clothes, and since it was hot in Seattle, I decided to wear what I had on and leave the rest in the hotel. Figured simply enough that I'd be switching to long-handled drawers and mackinaws as soon as I climbed off the iron bird. Turns out I was wrong, as usual.

"He was too large to make a rug"

COCKTAILS FIRST

Far from encountering any Dangerous Dan McGrews, the first thing I encountered was a cocktail party, with everybody clad in decent black except old sporty, here. Black shoes are de rigeur after dark in Anchorage. But in a way I was right. They've been having an unseasonable summer, and everybody was sweating but me.

We went first, as a pack, to inspect a stuffed bear in a department story called Monty's, in order for the hunters to locate the aiming points. This bear seems to stand somewhere between 15 and 20 feet tall, and was broad proportionately. It was my unspoken opinion that he was much too large to make a rug for any baby smaller than Primo Carnera.

PRETTY REDHEAD

A kind soul named Ray Petersen, who owns Northern Consolidated Airlines, entrusted us to the tender loving care of a pretty redheaded thing named Effie Coffee, who chaperoned us as far as a place called King Salmon on the Alaska Peninsula, from whence we were decanted into an area called the Katmai National Parks, where the aim was to lay waste the rainbow and smite the salmon hip and fun. Mr. Petersen, who seems to own a good portion of this large chunk of real estate, deposited us by proxy at one of his lodges, at Brooks Lake, and scarcely had the Bourbon bubbled before the excuses began to flow.

THEY CHICKEN OUT

"I don't think I'm mad at no bears," said Texas. "I am a fisherman at heart. Anyhow, I got to be back home pretty soon."

"That Spaniard must have known something," said Denver. "He went to Tokyo instead."

". . . Heavy editorial crisis in Washington," said the editor. "A few fish, and then I got to get back to the plough."

"The bank just cabled that all the shares were caught in the forsteris, and the outstanding debentures are imdemnified in the off study," said Chicago. Then everybody looked at me.

OFF WE GO

"I shall uphold the honor of the expedition if it kills . . . no matter what the other fellows say," sezzi. "Don't worry about me, lost in the forest with all them bears."

Stifling a sob, I went out into the great unknown, clad only in courage and an Italian silk suit.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Air Force Officers Bag Five Moose

WASHINGTON

BEARING proof of their prowess as biggame hunters, five Air Force brass hats recently flew back from an "official" trip into the northern wilds with enough moose meat to feed much of the Pentagon.

They bagged five large moose, loaded them into an Air Force plane, and flew them from Harmon Field, Newfoundland, to Bolling Field, Washington. Then government trucks picked up the meat and delivered it to refrigerators.

Hunting Junket

The expedition was led by Maj. Gen. M. A. Preston, director of Air Force Operations, who was accompanied by Col. G. H. Fulcher, Col. W. A. [illegible]nsford and Maj. H. F. Howard, Preston's officer. They first went to Alaska, were joined in Newfoundland by Maj. Gen. Mark Bradley.

Fast Plane

Preston's party stopped in Newfoundland at the end of a 10-day inspection trip of Arctic defense installations. They flew in a C-130, a fast but not fancy cargo plane, which Preston ordered brought up from Stewart Field near Nashville, Tenn., for the hunting junket.

The plane crew bolted down some armchairs and tables to make the trip more comfortable for the general.

Bad Fishing

In Alaska, Preston started to take a day off to go fishing. He loaded his fishing gear aboard the plane and ordered it to fly to King Salmon, a small air strip in Alaska's southwest corner. However, the general wasn't satisfied with fishing conditions and spent the day inspecting a near-by installation instead.

Bradley Joins Party

By the time the plane touched ground at Harmon Field, Preston was dressed in his hunting togs and ready for action. An amphibious plane, No. 012, was waiting to fly his party 35 miles into the woods to a hunting camp. It was here that Gen. Bradley joined the group.

While the brass hats hunted, the C-130 crew sat around Harmon Air Force Base drawing extra per diem pay.

Taxpayers Foot Bill

After each officer had shot a moose, the party returned from the woods, spread brown paper on the floor of the C-130 and loaded the carcasses aboard.

The intrepid hunters and friends will eat the moose meat, but the American taxpayers will pay the bill.

Man Into Space

One year after Soviet science knocked the first home run into outer space, the Pentagon has information that Russia will astound the world once again by shooting a man into orbit and bringing him back alive.

Glum Warning

Air Force technical intelligence has reported that Russia possesses both the rocket power and the man-carrying sputniks necessary to perform this breathtaking feat. The same warning adds glumly: "The United States won't be able to duplicate this for a year or probably longer."

Converted Sputniks

The Russians have converted a couple of giant sputniks into virtual spaceships which will keep a man alive while whirling around the world. These sputnikships can also be guided back to earth through the heavy atmosphere without either burning up or frying the man inside.

U. S. Tries To Catch Up

This is what realists in the Pentagon figure Russia has up her sleeve one year after she sent the first sputnik beeping across the heavens on Oct. 4, 1957.

Meanwhile, U.S. military scientists are working frantically to catch up. Both the Army and Air Force are working on rocket engines capable of generating 1,000,000 pounds thrust, the power necessary to launch a satellite the size of Russia's 3,000-pound sputniks. But, at the earliest, these won't be operational for another year.