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Moderation: Not One But A Multitude

A STORY is making the rounds about one of North Carolina's white supremacy organizations. When the group met to discuss the school segregation issue one member proposed calling in a well known minister to advise them. "There ain't a bit of use sending for him," said the chairman. "All he will do is give you the Christian solution."

That was emphatically true. But at least the question of school religious help was debated with a measure of dignity. If someone had suggested that a "moderate" be called in to help out the gathering would have erupted like Vesuvius. In such circles, ministers are merely distrusted, the so-called moderate is despised.

As a matter of fact, proponents of moderation are thrashed with equal vigor by integrationists and segregationists alike. Certainly the extremists on both factions will have no truck with compromise. And it is the hope of a reasonable compromise that keeps the southern moderate going.

Superior Court Judge George Patton lamented publicly in Asheville that there is no single spokesman for the moderates in North Carolina. One is badly needed, he said, to hold the middle ground between extreme segregationists and extreme integrationists.

Brave Judge Patton—and we only regret that he did not assume the role himself when he was North Carolina's attorney general a season or so ago. Perhaps there is still time for him to buckle

up his sword and saddle a white charger. But it is unlikely that Judge Patton or anyone else will emerge as the spokesman of moderation in North Carolina. What is more likely—and more desirable—is for the spirit of moderation to be nurtured by many Tar Heels who will work in their own quiet and rather humble ways to promote reasonable, calm and tempered leadership.

Fortunately for all of us, the seeds of moderation have already been sown in North Carolina. Men like Charlotte's Judge Fred Helms, Winston-Salem's Irving Carlyle and Raleigh's Mayne Albright have all contributed to the cause of moderation in the state—although they probably would not agree among themselves on a single, uniform course of action. There are moderate voices on the school boards of Charlotte, Winston-Salem and Greensboro. Moderation has found potent expression in the press of North Carolina, surely unique in the entire South. There are other voices, quiet voices, who can be depended upon to answer rant with reason if given half a chance.

We are confident that there are thousands of Tar Heels, white and Negro, for whom the extremists do not speak. Ultimately, these responsible southern voices will repudiate fraudulent leadership on the race issue. Speaking together they can give the state a new confidence in its capacity for social and economic growth. Half a chance is all they need.

Give Voters More Sense, Less Slogans

THE two national party chieftains exchanged far play pledges the other day, and managed to part company without parting shots.

This is grand progress. Paul Butler and Leonard Hall, representing the Democrats and Republicans respectively, almost hollered each other's head off the first time they met to vow tolerant and gentlemanly conduct of the political wars. But Butler and Meade Alcorn, who succeeded Hall, ran off the show the other day without a boggle.

It is a mite early to be handing out good conduct medals, you understand. More than a dusty scroll will be required to keep the November contenders from resorting on occasion to the tar brush. But considerable progress toward honorable debate has been made recently and, except on racial matters, the country

seems to be set against partisan excesses. The behavior of the last Congress suggested such an attitude.

In this tentative area of safety from the smear attacks, one might even suggest that the parties now pledge to give the voters more sense and fewer slogans.

Familiar as it is, the "modern Republicanism" bit never has been deciphered and now clearly is fit copy for a publisher of radio hour. As for "progressive conservatism" and "conservative progressivism," well, enough is enough.

One word in particular we would beg relief from—namely "new" as it is used to describe used candidates and platform planks.

When the man said there is nothing new under the sun, he made no exception of the world of politics.

On Letting A Tree Go Its Own Way

WE meant to exercise our pity on this dogwood with an axe, but something stayed the impulse and left it standing beside the door.

It came from the nursery last December: handsome even in its thick, thickly branched and thick-rooted, and so we planted it by the book, digging the earth deep and setting the tree high in soil said to be its liking. And although the dog occasionally dug at its roots and the boy stripped away some leaves, we have been faithful to that tree in our fashion. The dog was always removed and the earth replaced. As for the leaves, when they had dogwood tree ever complained of the loss of a leaf or a limb? Surely not in brushroom time—when, torn and ripped, they still survived.

Ample water and fertilizer this tree had, but even in spring, some weakness within it would not yield to the surging power that thrust tulip leaves through its earth. The dogwood leafed out, but the leaves were ill-shaped and sickly.

The branches turned green, but not the proper green. Surrounded by other things leaping to the fires of spring, this tree simply did not get the message. And so in summer it declined, shedding leaves and limbs on its own account, becoming more and more bedraggled, suffering in the sun and showing no response to rain.

Thus we said we'd get the axe and have it down, and its misery out of sight. A knife would have done, but it would dignify a tree so short of dignity to fell it with an axe. But, finally, nothing would do but to leave it standing beside the door.

And so in summer it declined, shedding leaves and limbs on its own account, becoming more and more bedraggled, suffering in the sun and showing no response to rain.

Nothing else on our fragment of suburbia has shown such confidence of spring. And even if this tree does make it through the fall, wearing that one amber-colored leaf it will go in glory.

From The Baltimore Evening Sun

'MUSHMOUTH' PLEASE!

THEY'LL be turning out a black and white dog with a Ivy League backpack the next thing you know, what with the way dignity has taken hold of the underworld. In recent testimony in Washington before the Senate rackets committee an underworld habitue was asked if he recalled a former hen man known to the committee, at least as Cockeyed Dunn.

"Cockeyed Dunn?" Mr. Baker replied stiffly. "I didn't know him as Cockeyed Dunn. He was John Dunn."

Is this really the new fashion in the reaches beyond the law? Have the mobs gone gray-flannel-suit? If so, it could come as nothing short of a shock to those old-time hearties as Greasy Thumb Guzik, Chicago Fats Salvo, Tough Tony Capone, Sam (Golf Bag) Hunt and Sleep-out Louie Levinson. What would Little New York Campaigna say? Or Murray (The Camel) Humphreys? The reaction of Loudmouth Hymie Levin and of Frank (Chew Tobacco) Ryan is barely to be imagined.

On the other hand the witness may unwittingly have let out a closely treasured gangland secret. Could it be that among thugs there never were such nicknames in actual use? Certainly, even the oldest-worst extortionists would be likely to flinch, in a simple social way, from any such gaudier as, "Please pass the salt, Scarface." Perhaps the truth is that Damon Runyon alone created all the characters, that fanciful policemen scat-

tered their nicknames among real criminals in order to glamorize the job of catching them and, in the end, the criminals themselves decided that for public appearances the names did add a certain dash.

Our exhibition at the Brussels Fair is criticized because it has no display related to our national sport. But the wisdom of the omission will be understood by anyone who has ever tried to explain baseball to a foreigner.—RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH

Half the world knows how the other half lives on hot summer nights because they can hear the air conditioners running.—ELAVILLE (GA.) SUN

The man at the next desk had hoped to visit his mother on his vacation, but her house is on the south side of the superhighway and he was headed west. He waved at her, though.—JACKSONVILLE TIMES-UNION

With all those tiny foreign cars being sold, never have so many moved for so little.—MIAMI HERALD

Any study of juvenile delinquency which begins with the notion that it is something new in our times denies itself the wisdom and the lamentations of the ages.—RALPH NEWS AND OBSERVER

By ALISTAIR COOKE In The Manchester Guardian

THE Eighty-fifth Congress has gone home with an excellent report card which the headlines agreed with mixed feelings. For though Dr. Eisenhower was flattered by the way in which the boys learned his lectures, especially on defense, reciprocal trade and farm policy, he cannot hide from the voters that much of the pupils and all the teaching staff, are his theoretical enemies.

All the signs from the grass roots, which the housekeeping Congressmen are now stooping to nourish, point to an eighty-sixth Congress much more heavily Democratic than the one now to compete for only thirteen seats.

With a Democratic President, they could ride hard on the squealing Republicans. With a Republican President, they could succeed himself, and therefore has little to lose by asking for what he really wants, the Democrats can move or less dictate what he can have and what they must deny him. Thus the Democrats will in all probability run the Government for the last two years before a Presidential election. It is their ambition to win so definitely in the autumn that a Republican President in charge will appear an absurdity the voters will hasten to correct in 1960.

Therefore the Democrats will be using this year's election as a trial run of trotters for 1960. For when the conventions assemble two years from now, most of the politicians who do the actual work lean by instinct towards the men who ran up thumping majorities in the off-year elections. In the three biggest states New York,

GOVERNOR LEADER
One Young Turk . . .

California, and Pennsylvania, — which together can stampede a nominating convention by sheer numbers, there are some fascinating races.

NO TIMBER

In New York the two parties have chosen their leaders. The Democrats unanimously picked Governor Harriman to succeed himself in November, the Republicans chose Nelson Rockefeller to fight him, and in the Senate race, the Republicans salvaged Kenneth Keating, an old war-horse, from the House of Representatives, to run against a new name in Democratic politics: Mr. Frank Hogan, who at this moment is a battling District Attorney with an aggressive, muck-rack record.

New York, however, can hardly boast any Presidential "timber." Mr. Harriman would dearly love to pronounce himself "available" in 1960 but by then will be in his seventieth year, and even to his admirers he will be available for a pension and a scrub but not much more.

Pennsylvania has a far more promising stable. It is at present in revolt against its Republican Governor, who is a very popular Governor in Mr. Leader, who is expected to win the Senate seat and pass the Governorship on to an impressive liberal, David Lawrence, who is now the Mayor of Pittsburgh. Lawrence, indeed, is tipped by the more bloodthirsty of the younger Democrats as a natural Presidential candidate, but the Stevenson wing of the party has long had eyes for a high-born and literate man who rolled up

an impressive majority in the last election and is now the state's most distinguished Senator, Joseph Clark.

No Republican in his right mind would look to Pennsylvania for its next President, but westwards the land is bright, for there lies California, and there lies Richard Nixon. It is the consensus of the Republican leaders in California, of all the politicians and their victims (the people), that no Republican in sight is likely to dispute with Nixon Eisenhower's crown. The Democrats are giving all their energies, therefore, to spoiling Nixon's opponent in the coming elections and then to grooming and sanctifying him in the next two years.

SPECIAL MEANING

California has a special meaning for them this year, for it is there that the Democrats hope to run up such a majority for Mr. Pat Brown against Sen. William Knowland in the election of a governor, that it will register also a frightening protest vote against the two giants, Eisenhower and Nixon, who are not running at all. If Brown succeeds, even beyond their best hopes, it is not likely that he will thereby emerge as a Presidential front-runner. He is a Roman Catholic and the best hope could hope for would be a Vice-Presidential nomination. Senator Kennedy of Massachusetts, easily the outstanding Democratic runner-to-day, is also handicapped by his faith, although there is a vast amount of liberal literature which belittles all anti-Papist talk and sees a new and shining Amer-

ica that the late Al Smith would never recognize.

EMPTY STALL

In spite of it, the Democrats' Presidential stall is still empty in the stables, unless its occupant is the blackest dark-horse in history. Every time the Democrats take a peek in there they see a cheerful ghost, that looks uncommonly like Stevenson. They argue among themselves that this must be a mirage, that never again could a responsible party put up a two-time loser for a third maccie. It happened, though, with William Jennings Bryan, and the stubborn polls go on showing Stevenson as the only Democrat who could make Nixon run scared and stumble, perhaps, on the last lap.

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SENATOR CLARKE
. . . And The Other

Alliance With Chiang Entangling, Based On Untruths

By WALTER LIPPMANN

AT THE weekend it became clear that the military actions of Red China around Quemoy have limited objectives, that they are strictly controlled and carefully calculated. After a week of bombardment, the Red Chinese had proved that they could blockade Quemoy. They had forced Chiang's government to admit that without American intervention Quemoy with its large garrison was surrounded and lost.

As a result, the President had been faced with a decision he himself had hoped not to have to make, and all the world, our own people included, have been made to see that we might have to go to war for a fiction, for the pretense that the island of Quemoy is necessary to the defense of Formosa.

Having scored these points — which illustrated Chiang's weakness and the American entanglement — Chou En-lai turned off the military pressure for some two days while he proposed negotiating with the United States. The President jumped at this chance to put off the burden of possibility of having to fight for Quemoy.

No doubt it will be argued that what caused Chou En-lai to propose negotiation was the decision taken at Newport by Mr. Dulles

to fight for Quemoy. But to argue this way is, I believe, to misunderstand the fundamental character of the Red Chinese policy in respect to Chiang and in respect to the United States as an ally.

When Red China says, as it does on every occasion, that it will "liberate" Formosa, it does not mean that it can and that it will invade and conquer Formosa. It means that there will be a revolution in Formosa against Chiang and against his successors, and that Formosa will be taken out of the American sphere of influence in much the same way as Iran was recently taken out of the British sphere of influence in the Middle East.

We, on the other hand, having no answer to this kind of declaration, have concentrated all our attention on defending Formosa against what cannot and what will not happen—namely, the invasion and conquest of the island. This is a military impossibility. The Formosa Strait is a hundred miles wide and the water is rough. Red China has no navy, the United States has a great navy, and the Chinese and Russian Communist leaders are not fools.

Why do we concentrate our attention on the fictional problem of the defense of Formosa? Because the President has legal authority from Congress to defend Formosa, and everything Mr. Dulles wishes to do in the area—such as shifts to keep up the morale of the Chiang regime—has to be justified as somehow related to the military defense of Formosa.

Thus, in Quemoy, the real issue is not whether the Communists are to have the island as a stepping stone to the invasion of Formosa, which eventually has to do with the invasion of Formosa or with the defense of Formosa—except that Chiang has recklessly linked up a third of his army in Quemoy. If he lost that army, the rest of his army, which is in Formosa itself, might overthrow him, and so Chiang has Mr. Dulles entangled in Quemoy. If Mr. Dulles is lost, the army is lost. If the army is lost, Formosa is lost. If Formosa is lost, southeast Asia is lost, etc.

POLICY OF UNTRUTH

All this comes of founding a policy on untruths: on the untruth that the Red Chinese are planning the military conquest of Formosa, that the untruth that the offshore islands are related to Formosa, not to speak of the still higher untruth that the real government of

China is in Formosa, and that it would some day move back to the mainland.

American policy in eastern Asia has become a holding operation, a rear guard action, centered upon Chiang's government in Formosa. According to the official apologists, we have gotten ourselves into a fix where our influence and prestige in eastern Asia depend upon an old man who presides over a feeble government which has been driven off the mainland. So entangled are we that we are not allowed to consider among ourselves much less to explore it publicly, what is to become of Formosa when Chiang departs. The open discussion of such realistic possibilities, it is said, would demoralize Chiang's government. Thus our diplomacy in eastern Asia is paralyzed.

CHIANG NOT IMMORTAL

In the diplomatic contest with the Communist world Red China is able to act on the conviction that eventually Formosa will come to terms with the mainland. But we have no conviction about the future on which we can act. We are deterring Chiang and we are depending on Chiang. But Chiang is not immortal, and Chiang will not let us talk about what might come after he goes. Thus we are unable to propose anything in the nature of a constructive policy. All we can do is stand by Chiang until the day comes when there is no Chiang to stand by.

Our relations with Chiang are a classic example—the most far reaching in our history—of an entangling alliance. Far from its being, as the official apologists say, indispensable to our prestige and influence this entangling alliance is an enormous liability which, if it does not entangle us in war, is surely and steadily losing us the respect and confidence of our friends.



People's Platform

Slow Down And Let
Little Children Live

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

RE Emery Water's Sept. 5 feature story on the "unhappy 29 bypass. It readers humbly thank you for what could happen to the children they pass going to and from Thomasboro School. I am a mother who knows what they are fighting for on the crossing for their children. My child was hit at the Tuckasee crossing on May 26. He was in the hospital three weeks with a metal pin in his leg, then a body cast in weeks. Now he is only able to move a little . . .

The signs are to aid the children, but some are too small to

read or to understand when cars fly by. I have sat and watched them. The traffic laws can't touch the motorists until the highway is turned over to the state.

We the drivers have got to put our children first. We don't know what they will do. It is the grace of God our child is alive today. It could have been someone else's.—MARY HANKS

Quote, Unquote

"The love of economy is the root of all virtue." — George Bernard Shaw.

"To be 70 years young is something more cheerful and hopeful than to be 40 years old." — Oliver Wendell Holmes.

Drew Pearson's
Merry-Go-Round

SHERMAN Adams seems to lead a charmed life. Two months ago he was sorting through his papers, cleaning up his files, preparing to leave the White House. Today he's sitting snug as a snapping turtle in the sun. First the Near East crisis saved him. Then the crisis in the Far East continued to save.

Today the administration figures the public has pretty well forgotten the string of friendship between the sanctimonious, lightbulb New England ex-governor who runs the White House and the textile manufacturer from New England who figured he could win his way to the top by giving favors to people at the top.

Neither the American public nor people in other parts of the world, however, have entirely forgotten the Sherman Adams incident. Here are two recent illustrations.

It was the gift and loan which Bernard Goldfine gave to Sen. Fred Payne, Republican.

From Asia, where we have been trying to root out corruption in high places, came so many letters wanting an explanation of the Sherman Adams case that Tran Van Ky, correspondent for the Viet Nam press in Washington, took the letters to Jim Hagerly at the White House. Van Ky, friend of the United States, wanted an explanation of the double standard of morals—one for a high official in the White House, another for high officials in Asia—which he could give his newspapers.

Pile Of Mail

Hagerly, faced with this difficult explanation, took the pile of mail in to Sherman Adams and let him solve the problem. Adams wrote a letter to Tran Van Ky. It completely dodged the issue, just as Adams dodged when he testified

before the Harris committee. But it was polite.

"I regret the inquiries you have received from abroad," Adams replied, "but I humbly thank you for your graphic and warm reply. I hope the unfortunate publicity will soon subside so that we may get on with the business of the day."

Political Justice

It's interesting what you can do with grand juries. The Federal Commission on the Judiciary Department for political purposes. Here are some cases of political justice: Case No. 1.—Last February, Attorney General Bill Rogers called a grand jury to investigate clear-cut evidence that Richard Mack, a member of the Federal Communications Commission had received money from Thurman Whitehead who had an interest in the Miami Channel 10 case. Commissioners Mack cast the deciding vote in favor of Whitehead's client, National Airlines.

It is against the law for any public official to receive money from anyone with an interest in a case coming before that official. However, six months have passed and the Justice Department has pushed no indictments before the grand jury.

Case No. 2.—At about the same time, this column's Commissioner of Education George McConaughy and John Doert of the FCC had taken trips paid for by the FCC. Mr. Doert was then turned round and charged Uncle Sam for the expense of these trips.

Case No. 3.—Morris S. Pierce, labor advisor to President Eisenhower served for some time as advisor of the speech on labor, and during the Presidential campaign, he brought Dave Beck, then head of the Teamsters Union, to the White House where he conferred with Sherman Adams. After the conferences, Beck announced that a large sum of labor could be for Eisenhower.