THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

THOMAS L. ROBINSON ..... President and Publisher
BRODIE S. GRIFFITH ..... General Manager
ROBERT H. LAMPEE ..... Advertising Director
CECIL PRINCE ..... Editor
PERRY MORGAN (on leave) ..... Associate Editor
R. L. YOUNG JR. ..... Managing Editor
JAMES McDOWELL ..... Circulation Manager

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1958

Down South, A Whole Has Many Parts

WHEN conflicting views on the segregation question disrupted the conference of southern governors in Lexington, Ky. this week, resident newsmen could hardly wait to share their astonishment with their readership.

SOUTHERN SOLIDARITY SHATTERED whooped the headlines. SOLID FRONT ON SEGREGATION HITS SNAG.

What solidarity?

What solid front?

Contrary to journalistic folklore above and below the Mason-Dixon Line, there never has been any real solidarity on the race question down South—not even among the politicians. Nor should there be.

Certain tendencies are strong. But popular and political attitudes toward the many aspects of the problem vary from state to state and even from community to community.

Hodges of North Carolina would differ in certain essentials with Griffin of Georgia. Collins of Florida would no doubt find much to dispute in the philosophy of Faubus of Arkansas.

Obviously, many measures which are workable in North Carolina are not workable in Georgia. And vice versa. Tar Heels would certainly not stand for some of the extreme legislative hocus-pocus popular in Georgia on racial matters.

The mood of the South might be described as a strange complex of ancient fears, present problems and future hopes of apathy and vigor of fatalism and determination, of permanence and change. It is a whole made up of complicated parts. Each governor knows, or thinks he knows, his own state. He ought to be left free to perfect his philosophy and adapt his ideas to his own area. There is no skeleton key approach that will fit every state nor is it reasonable to attempt to fashion one at this time.

Each governor has great responsibilities and an interest that is higher than his own. It is significant perhaps that Gov. Collins of Florida was moved to quote Jefferson in this regard this week:

> "Those who accept great charges have a duty to risk themselves on great occasions when the safety of the nation or some of its high interests are at stake."

A tortured and profoundly troubled region can ask no more of its governors than that.

Can The Democrats Revive By Blowing Brains Out?

By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.
In The New Republic

RECENT events in Connecticut, in Pennsylvania, and now in New York are bound to disturb liberal and independent voters who have come in the last generation to regard the Democratic party as a reliable guardian of their interests.

I refer to the choice of Thomas J. Dodd over Chester Bowles and William Benton for the Democratic senatorial nomination in Connecticut, to the choice of David Lawrence over Richardson Dilworth for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination in Pennsylvania, and most recently and shockingly to the choice of Frank Hogan over Thomas K. Finletter for the Democratic senatorial nomination in New York. These events form an evident pattern. Few people in our day and nation would have been more superbly qualified for the Senate than Finletter, Bowles and Benton.

THOMAS FINLETTER
Rejected By Hicks

Yet in states as presumably mature politically as New York and Connecticut, the Democratic organization preferred to nominate mediocre party hacks. The case in Pennsylvania is less clearcut, since Mayor Lawrence is as thoroughly qualified for the governorship as Messrs. Hogan and Dodd are not for the Senate, yet the elimination of Dilworth too seems part of the broader pattern.

REVOLT ON LOWER LEVELS

The essence of this pattern is plain enough. It is a revolt of the lowlevel professional within the party organization against the New Deal and post-New Deal leadership of the Democratic party. If it continues, it will transform the character of the party and destroy its prospects.

I suggest that this revolt began on the lower levels. I doubt whether Carmine De Sapio, the party boss in New York, or John Bailey, the state chairman in Connecticut, would have incited these uprisings. In a sense, they too are among the victims. Both De Sapio and Bailey have been relatively "modern" politicians, liberal in their public utterances, willing in the past to work cheerfully with the Harrimans and Bowleses.

But both are evidently weak men, frightened by rumblings from the local clubs and disinclined to fight for the principles they so fervently espouse on ceremonial occasions. Congressman William Green, the boss in Philadelphia, is another matter; he is the Know-Nothing revolt incarnate.

THE DEMOCRATIC DONKEY
Sucks Eggheads

But whether slowly, as with De Sapio and Bailey, or joyfully, as with Green, the state leaders in the Northeast have begun a process of capitulation to the Know-Nothing elements in the lower rungs of the party organization.

In a state like Massachusetts, with a hopelessly evasive and mediocre governor like Foster Furcolo, and with Senator Kennedy understandably but regrettably staying out of local politics, the process of decay is even further advanced. Able young liberal Democrats encounter an automatic resentment in the lower ranks of the organization when they bear reprehensible names like Endicott Peabody or John L. Saltonstall Jr.

ESSENCE OF REVOLT

What is the essence of this Know-Nothing revolt? Leo Egan in an interesting piece in The New York Times after the rejection of Finletter, suggested that it was "a deliberate decision to limit the growing power of the party's 'eggheads.'"

The organization thesis, he wrote, "is that the 'eggheads'—the intellectuals and crusading New Deal elements within the Democratic Party as well as the Liberal Party — were exercising an influence over party policies beyond their strength." This anti-eggheadism is certainly part of the story. Another part of the story is an anti-Ivy League feeling which has been rankling for many years in the murky lower depths of the Democratic Party in the Northeast.

CURIOUS BLEND

Most of these state parties are a curious amalgamation of upper-class figures, Yankee, Protestant, college-trained, much concerned about political principle and public service — sometimes airy in their attitude toward the shabbier political realities — and lower-class professionals, Irish or Italian by origin, Catholic by religion, for whom politics is not a sometime avocation or a form of ideological combat but a business and a way of life. Often this background has produced some of the wisest and ablest leaders in the party; as often the upper-class amateurs are dilettantes. In any case, tensions exist between them.

For a time bosses like Jacob Arvey in Illinois and Paul Dever in Massachusetts, like (to a degree) Bailey and De Sapio — like, most effective of all, Jim Finnegan in Pennsylvania, whose death seems more than ever a calamitous loss to the Democratic Party—succeeded in bridging the gap between the two antagonistic groups.

But the links appear to be snapping. No one should underestimate the intensity of the feeling. Tom Finletter's defeat in Buffalo was the New York county organization's revenge against the Lexington Democratic Club.

The essence of the Know-Nothing revolt, in short, is to wipe out the transformation wrought in the Democratic party by Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal to recreate something like the Democratic party of the twenties. That party was a direct alliance of Northern city bosses and Southern Bourbons — a party in which the Ivy League and intellectual elements played a wholly decorative role. It was a party without ideas, program, energy or zeal. Its ceiling was Gov. Alfred E. Smith of New York. Smith was, of course, a great state Governor, and in 1928 even he proved too much for the pre-Roosevelt Democratic party. Smith's subsequent moral and intellectual collapse when confronted by the national issues of the thirties showed the feebleness of even the best of the party whose nominee he was in 1928.

What makes this Democratic turn the more ironic is that it comes at a time when the rest of the nation is belatedly awakening to the desperate need for new ideas, for intelligence, for leadership in our public life. Men like Tom Finletter, Chester Bowles, William Benton, Richardson Dilworth would have provided such leadership magnificently.

A party which seeks to qualify itself for responsibility in an age of national and international crisis is not well advised to begin to do so by blowing out its own brains.

Good-By And Don't Forget To Write

THE resignation of Sherman Adams leaves but two questions unanswered:

1—Why did it take him so long to pack his bag?

2—Why was it such a noisy exit?

The usefulness of the President's special assistant came to an end the moment his major indiscretions became public knowledge.

His continued presence in the administration was an embarrassment of intolerable dimensions because it compelled Mr. Eisenhower to come face to face with perhaps his most painful dilemma as President—to abandon a friend on whom he depended or to abandon the standards of public behavior with which he had been identified so long.

The President, with his famous "I need him" plea, seemed to expect the nation to let him evade the issue by keeping Adams and also his reputation as a champion of public virtue.

It would not do.

No one but Mr. Eisenhower himself and a circle of peculiarly insensitive advisors really seemed to believe that it would. It apparently took the GOP's resounding defeat in Maine, where the Goldfine scandal was an issue, to convince the President that a choice would have to be made. A new motto, attributed variously to Vice President Nixon and other members of the White House family, was born: "As Maine Goes, So Goes Sherman Adams."

Maine went Democratic. Mr. Adams goes back to New Hampshire.

But Mr. Adams chose to announce his departure with a bitterly partisan political attack on the Democrats for paving the way.

Naturally, the Democrats made much of the Goldfine-Adams scandal. That is the way it is with politics in the United States. But if the Democrats fanned the flames it must be remembered that the flames were already there to be fanned. The favors Mr. Adams accepted from Bernard Goldfine were improper. Those damnable hotel bills actually existed. They would not go away. The President himself called Mr. Adams imprudent. Americans looked with extreme disfavor upon imprudence during the Truman administration. They are no readier to tolerate it today.

Consequently, Mr. Adams' truculence was self-defeating. In refusing to go quietly, he only encouraged the Democrats to parade their partisan piety up and down the streets for one final blowout.

It was a shabby show from start to finish. But perhaps important lessons have been learned by all hands. Both parties must certainly be well aware now that attempted compromises on questions of public propriety and public virtue are unprofitable politically and generally unacceptable to the nation as a whole.

Funny Coincidence

IT MAY HAVE been purely coincidental but the time of Sherman Adams' resignation broadcast on Monday was assigned in THE NEWS' television log to "The Rascals Club."

More Than One Juvenile Heart Is Secretly Rejoicing

By ROBERT C. RUARK

CHICAGO

I BILL hasten to say that I regard the postponement of the opening of schools in various segments of the country only as smart and deplorable.

But unlikely as it may seem, I have been a child myself, and I know kids, for being self-centered little beasts, and I imagine that more than one brave juvenile heart — especially among the boys — is secretly rejoicing that the ordeal of returning to school has been postponed, no matter what the reason. Short of personally burning down the schoolhouse there would have been few catastrophies. I would not have welcomed it if it meant a temporary respite from the forced accumulation of knowledge.

HAPPY TIMES

I have had some happy times, but the happiest time I ever had as a chapped youth was when an epidemic of something or other — whooping cough followed by measles — hit my high school in Wilmington, N. C., and they had to close down for a couple of weeks. This was in December, and by the time the quarantines were lifted, it was so close to the Christmas holidays that they decided not to bother opening up again until after New Year's.

Everybody took sick but me, and I took to the woods. With my head untrammeled by such sordid things as solid geometry, chemistry, Chaucer, Shakespeare, ancient history and city government, I hiked morning, slept through noon, and resumed the chase in the afternoon. Occasionally I fished.

YOUTHFUL BLOODTHIRST

The rabbits and the quail and the doves and the squirrels and the bluefish were on the point of signing a restraint order against me. I had never had a really free hand at youthful bloodthirstiness before, and I made the most of it.

I had no thoughts for my poor schoolmates, all freckled out with the measles, and poor Miss Clifford, the redheaded history teacher, whooping her head off with a disease she should have had when she was a kid. I could think of the principal on his bed of pain, and as the pulp magazines say, A grim smile played around the corners of my mouth.

LITTLE MONSTER

Grandpa referred to me as a little monster, and so I was, but I was the happiest little monster you ever saw. They used to have to drag me out of the bed by one leg to pack me off to school, but now I was up in the black dawn, planning another onslaught against the palefaces. The fact that my education was being hamstrung did not occur. For the first time I knew the true meaning of the old saw: He don't care whether school keeps or not.

I suppose things have changed now, in days when 15-year-olds make cyclotrons and build jet engines, but the only thing that concerned me about school was how to avoid it. Alongside of me, Huck Finn was a green grind. And don't you think we fugitives didn't have our own underground.

There was a very pretty young lady, older than us ruffians, who was our refuge from education. When we cut classes, we always wound up at her house, and she could forge a parental signature as pretty as you please when we needed excuse for the classes we cut. (I was talking to her kids the other year, and they say Mama is a holy terror about their missing classes. Probably a guilty conscience, late blooming.)

Also, there was a highly sympathetic dentist who was pretty good about manufacturing acceptable alibis, and we used to play poker in one of his consulting rooms. If they ever took a head count at school, they probably would have found that I had at least 150 alleged fillings in four years.

PRETTY SORDID

I know this is all pretty sordid stuff, and that children are not so vile any more, in a mild way, being too busy knocking off each other with zip guns. But I am still willing to bet that when the announcements were made that school wouldn't keep for another spell more than one little, tortured teen-aged heart leaped up.

Goatpower? Spare Us The Details

FOR ten years, every U. S. editorial page with red blood in its veins has been lamenting the passing of the Army pack mule and the horse cavalry. All of this unabashed nostalgia followed a fairly predictable course. There was a great deal of nonsense about "these mechanistic times" and "the atomic era" and how all of the "romance" was going out of our military establishment. To many of us it seemed the Army was retiring its "last" cavalry horses every year or so just to allow the bathos boys to keep their reflexes in good shape.

So, what happens? So the ARMY NAVY JOURNAL reports that 25 goats have been taken on by the Army at the Fort Benning (Ga.) Infantry Center to keep the grass and brush cropped. "Goat units" may even be permanent fixtures in the Army for years to come.

We are not sure if there is any romance to be found in goatpower. But trust the sentimentalists of the Ivory Tower to discover some when, years hence, the Army retires its last billies and nannies. All we ask is that we be spared the details.

It is not that we mind shedding editorial tears for mules, horses and goats. Not at all. It is just that we've been shedding so many tears for man during the past decade that we're all cried out.

People's Platform

So Little Is Done To Stop Staggers

Charlotte Editors, The News:

STAGGERING sums are being spent for liquor in our city. Some of them stagger down the street. Yes, we put them in jail, but we do so little to stop the source of the staggers.

One of our men in Wilington, appealed to vote to stop an $200,000 liquor appropriation for consulates and ambassadorial entertainment abroad, says liquor is legal now, protected by the law of the land. So nothing can be done.

When Prohibition was the law of the land, the liquorites did not accept it but disobeyed it, and called it a violation of individual freedom.

Today we not only outlaw individual freedom, but some liquorites have the state by the throat unwilling to give a chance to see what the people want. . . .

Liquor can never be made respectable, even though sanctioned by some churchmen and imbibed by the so-called "elite."

We want Prohibition so there will be Inhibition of liquor's Exhibition!

—SNEED OGBURN

Quote, Unquote

"A letter is an unannounced visit, and the postman is his the agent of impolite surprises." — **Nietzsche.**

"I am convinced there can be no regeneration of mankind until laughter is put down." — **Shelley.**

"The qualities of a fine gentleman are to eat a la mode, drink champagne, dance jigs and play at tennis." — **Thomas Shadwell.**

"When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings." — **Jonathan Swift.**

"I don't like drinking. It's for ordinary people." — **Oscar Levant.**

'—In Arriving At This Decision—'

From The LaGrange (Ga.) Daily News

NOTE ON FLAGPOLE SITTERS

LIKE federal government agencies, a major news service gets all kinds of requests. One service, for instance, got one from the chairman of the Jackson County (Ohio) Apple Festival, asking for information on the whereabouts of a flagpole sitter. The festival chairman wanted to obtain one for the county occasion. The answer gives an interesting insight into the flagpole-sitting profession.

Replied the executive editor:

"There is some urgency in your getting in touch with Mr. Leo Grund, 15 East 48th St., New York 17, N. Y. Mr. Grund is a theatrical agent and at the moment he has one flagpole sitter at liberty. But naturally he will book his man for the first offer that becomes available.

"It might interest you to know that Mr. Grund says 1958 has been one of the worst years for flagpole sitters. They are exposed to the rigors of weather day and night and the exceedingly heavy rain this year has been a severe test of their stamina. Mr. Grund says no young men are going into the flagpole-sitting business these days and he foresees the time when the art may become extinct. You will recall, of course, that during the 20's and 30's flagpole sitting was the national rage and there was an abundant supply of talent.

"So it looks like flagpole sitting is headed in the route of its more elaborate cousin the tent circus. Barnum and Bailey said the tent circus was abandoned because too many people were watching TV. Maybe the flagpole sitters are convinced the living room is more comfortable, too.

See by the newspaper where Frank Sinatra, who witnessed a wreck involving other Hollywoodians, was yelling "Mayday" on the international distress call over his two-way car radio when police arrived. This action suggests an idea which could be used by the professional Rebels who fly the Confederate battle flag from car radio aerials. When in distress, fly the flag upside down. Wonder how one of them would look upside down?—LEXINGTON HERALD.

Feature of the U. S. exhibit at a Turkish fair is a demonstration of improved poultry methods. Meanwhile, discussion continues as to whether we laid an egg at the Brussels show. — JACKSONVILLE TIMES-UNION.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

No Speeches On Labor Day Disturb Ike

WASHINGTON

PRESIDENT Eisenhower had a significant talk about labor with two of his cabinet officers the other day. It showed that he was troubled because of labor's opposition to his administration.

On Labor Day Eisenhower had asked his staff what other Presidents had done on Labor Day and was told that other Presidents usually addressed labor rallies in Detroit or other industrial centers. Ike asked if he had received any invitations to speak before labor groups and was told that he had not.

Following this, Eisenhower saw Secretary of Labor Mitchell and Secretary of Commerce Weeks on one of his trips to Washington. The fact that he had not been invited to a labor rally must have been on his mind, because he asked why no invitation had been received from labor groups during the five years he had been in the White House.

Ike also asked Mitchell why he himself did not speak to a labor group in Detroit on Labor Day. The Secretary of Labor hedged. But the Secretary of Commerce, Boston bluebood Sinclair Weeks, did not. Obviously the reason Mitchell did not speak, he said, was because he had not been invited.

This got the Secretary of Labor miffed. He does not get irritated easily, but being needled in front of his chief did irritate him. He replied that on Labor Day he had been on "Meet The Press" and "Capitol Cloakroom" to discuss labor problems.

"That's a fair answer," replied the President, "but, after all, panel shows are not quite the same thing as addressing a labor rally."

No Members Spoke

Once again Ike asked how come no members of his administration spoke before a labor group on Labor Day. He said he had been led to believe by the Secretary of Labor that he, Mitchell, had been wooing labor all these years and it seemed strange that no talks were given by any official of the Labor Department before a big labor group.

Secretary Weeks, who doesn't like labor any more than Gov. Faubus likes Thurgood Marshall, again applied the needle.

"All of the wooing by the Labor Department," he said, "simply has not paid off."

"Some of the business groups are not in love with the administration either," retorted Mitchell, "so maybe you've got some wooing to do too."

Ike then changed the subject.

Note—His staff was rather surprised at this discussion. They had not realized that the President was interested in what went on during Labor Day. What neither of his cabinet members told him was that probably he is the first President since the establishment of Labor Day who has never given a live talk to a labor group on that anniversary.

After wooing the Polish government for three years and spending about $90 million a year in food loans to Poland, the American embassy in Warsaw got a kick in the pants from Gov. Lindsay Almond of Virginia.

Governor Almond refused to join with Polish diplomats in celebrating the 350th anniversary of the arrival of the first Polish settlers at Jamestown in Virginia. Almond said he would not attend because the Polish diplomats present represented a Communist government.

This was about the best break the Governor of Virginia could have given Nikita Khrushchev in Moscow. Khrushchev has had a difficult time with Premier Gomulka over the growing friendship between Poland and the United States. At one time Khrushchev spent three days arguing with Gomulka in a retreat on the Polish border, urging him not to accept an American loan. Gomulka ignored the advice.

No Dumbbell

Khrushchev, who is no dumbbell, is quite aware of the fact that there are more Poles in Detroit and Buffalo than there are in Warsaw. But Gov. Almond apparently is not.