THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Gov. Luther Hodges Is Off And Running

The national image of North Carolina's Gov. Luther Hartwell Hodges grows bigger by the hour.

For a man who supposedly has "no future political plans," he is behaving suspiciously like someone waiting for lightning to strike.

The vice presidency? A 1961 Cabinet post? An ambassadorship? A seat in the United States Senate? It's anybody's guess, protestations to the contrary notwithstanding.

Just back from a well-publicized tour of the Soviet Union with eight other U. S. governors, Mr. Hodges has been busily winning friends and influencing politicians in California. There have been speeches in Los Angeles and San Francisco and a significant huddle with California Gov. Pat Brown today in Sacramento.

The California speeches have contained something more than the stock amenities expected of a visiting governor. Much is being made of the "a-businessman-governor - looks-at-the-business-of-government" theme. This same "businessman governor" pitch is also a part of the state's current advertising in national magazines —advertising that certainly cannot do Mr. Hodges any harm politically.

* * *

Furthermore, the governor has been extremely canny in his relations with other ambitious Democratic leaders. In the past, he has been a fervent admirer and supporter of Adlai Stevenson. He supported Sen. John Kennedy's bid for the vice presidential nomination in 1956 and has been friendly to Kennedy ever since. But he has made a point of not closing the door to Sen. Hubert Humphrey and his conference today with California's Pat Brown, another presidential hopeful, has interesting implications.

Undoubtedly, Gov. Hodges will control North Carolina's delegation to the 1960 Democratic Convention. He emerged unscarred from the 1959 General Assembly, to the enormous consternation of some of his enemies. His popularity in the state is great—greater than it was, say, a year and a half ago after the Jordan appointment to the Senate.

* * *

Nationally, his record is surprisingly clean in the eyes of Democratic chieftains. North Carolina has avoided the bungling on the segregation issue of Virginia and Arkansas. Locally ordered limited desegregation has saved the state much embarrassment and has been generally successful. Significantly, Gov. Hodges was doing some pointing with pride to "our North Carolina approach of moderation" yesterday in Los Angeles. Only when he attempts to speak for the entire region ("The southern point of view means a certain kind of conservatism . . .") is Mr. Hodges somewhat unconvincing. For his administration and North Carolina's own point of view reflect important differences from the traditional conservatism of the Deep South. Tar Heel conservatives of the Hodges school are not reactionaries. They welcome reform. They know they have to apply conservatism's principles constantly to current reality in a way which will not only conserve but create. In fact, Gov. Hodges would probably agree with old Edmund Burke, who would "reform in order to conserve."

But Luther Hartwell Hodges is a worthy representative of the new South. We are happy to witness his emergence on the national political scene. Whether he wins an important office is, as we said, anybody's guess. More important is the fact that here is a southern governor who is not content merely to sulk in his tent but who is contributing a sound and vital core of ideas to the mainstream of American politics. We wish him well.

Put A Stop To The Young Primitives

The knife attack on two youths as they were walking home with their dates after a movie Saturday night has stirred Charlotte profoundly.

The police moved swiftly. Arrests have already been made in the case. But smoke is still pouring from the community's ire. It is because more is involved here than one act of violence committed on one summer night.

Saturday's attack was part of a pattern of adolescent terrorism. Youngsters troubled and adrift in the community have been threatening this sort of raw criminality for a long time. The signs have been easily discernible in certain after-dark hangouts, at drive-ins and around restaurants favored by Charlotte's young primitives. There have been many examples of "minor" acts of violence, all the more frightening because they were so casual. In fact, what is notable in these scattered instances of juvenile mischief is an atavistic impulse far more terrifying than civilized avarice.

Local authorities are at a disadvantage because all police work must naturally be conducted upon the assumption that the great mass of citizens of every age are law abiding and, even among the rest, criminality is occasional rather than chronic. But, in certain Charlotte areas, there seems to be the danger of an explosion every minute of every hour of every evening. This sort of primitivism is both boundless and unpredictable.

We do not pretend to know the indisputable answer. We do know that the troublespots must be patrolled, that the cooperation of proprietors will be required to enable police to prevent further violence and that the law must be stern in its application to acts of senseless brutality and terror. Beyond that, one job remains. It is the cure of this deep and universal spiritual malaise to which our impressionable young are suddenly so susceptible.

The Wit And The Horse Who Couldn't

Show us a politician and we'll show you a critter who takes himself too seriously. Well, anyway, nine times out of ten.

The tenth man is Rep. David Hill Campbell of Arizona. Out in Phoenix, he had a sign placed on his desk in the state legislature which said:

"Don't ask for any information. If I knew anything, I would not be here."

Good for Rep. Campbell. We are grateful to him not only for his saucy wit but also for reminding us of our favorite baseball story. It is about a man who brought his horse to a major league club for a try-out.

The horse hit every ball pitched to him. Every swing of the bat produced at least a single. He hammered several over the fences for homeruns. Not only that, he also proved he could catch.

The manager was ecstatic. He signed him up immediately.

Then came the first game.

The bases were loaded when the horse came to bat. He smashed the first pitch to left center field but did not move toward first base.

"Run!" cried the manager. "Run, you fool! Why doesn't he run?" he shouted to the horse's owner.

"That's his trouble," the owner replied. "He can't run. If he could run he would be at Belmont."

From The Christian Science Monitor

AFTER THE GREAT VOWEL SHIFT, WHAT?

While frivolizing our way through the amusement columns of a paper that sometimes comes our way, we came upon a sentence that makes us realize we are behind the times in turning other parts of speech into verbs. It read:

"Michael Rennie, in the role of a debonair man-about-town, gifts Barbara Rush with a necklace . . ."

Previously we had thought this verbalizing (sic) movement was confined to such Madison Avenuisms as "formalize" and "finalize" (which have led us to wonder where "capsize" came from; and such showbusiness talk as "Jack Benny guested on the Dinah Shore show," or "Perry Como hosts the Ames Brothers."

Well, anyway, we were puzzled at the verb "gifts." Why didn't Mr. Rennie just "give" her the necklace? Was it because he wanted to make sure that she "receipted" it rather than merely received it?

Curious, we watched the play. But nothing out of the ordinary happened. Miss Rush did not at any point furniture her room. Debonair as he was, Mr. Rennie did not investment in any stocks, subscription to any expensive magazines, or even donor to any international charities. The two of them didn't even speech to each other or conversation back and forth; they just talked.

We suppose that ever since the Great Vowel Shift, linguists have been worrying about the changing of nouns into verbs — which, after all, is the way we got a great many of our best verbs. So it's probably foolish to fret about continuing the process. But making a noun into a verb when there's already a parallel verb in existence — that's too much for us. We just gift up!

It is again being urged that the United States adopt the system of grams and liters, instead of ounces and quarts. Cooks of course, will be allowed to retain the present units of pinches, dabs, and quite-a-bits.—Asheville Citizen-Times.

Sen. Humphrey (D-Minn.) says the country is going to produce so much corn this year that there won't be enough bins to store it. With an election coming up, we wonder what kind he's talking about. — New Orleans States and Item.

As if royal princesses don't have a hard enough time already finding husbands, Princess Margrethe of Denmark has signed up for an air force course that includes judo training.—Fort Myers (Fla.) News-Press.

Who Needs Talent?

How To Write Bestsellers

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain

I must confess, that after donkey's years in the writing dodge, I have been off on the wrong track. This thought occurs as I ruin what's left of my eyes on a new book that comprises four hundred thousand words of galley proofs.

To get this many clean words in type I must have written five million, at least. Certainly, encompassed 40 years, and the good Lord only knows how much reading time and awful travel. Nor would I like to mention the wear-and-tear on my liver. Suffice that if you can lift this book, let alone read it, you can qualify for the Olympics.

PERFECT ANSWER

In the process of my present birth pangs, I have encountered the perfect answer to writing. It comes in 95 pages, is written by some sort of modern-time genius called Jack Douglas, sells at $2.50, is published by Dutton, and contains no writing. It is also high on the best-seller lists. It is called "My Brother Was an Only Child."

When I say it contains no writing I am not kidding. Sample page: "Chapter 19. Every damn book you pick up has a Chapter 19." Nothing more.

"Chapter 26. Sunday. Shot the Easter Bunny."

"Chapter 28. For Men Only. Hold a lighted match behind this page."

"Chapter 29. What Every Young Girl Should Know. Hold a lighted match behind this page."

"Chapter 47. Lord Chesterfield's Last Letter to His Son. Dear Junior. Get lost. Dad."

LITERATURE?

All these chapters occupy whole pages.

I suppose in the half-life that America lives, glued to the TV screen, that this comprises literature, and Mr. Douglas, whom I am grateful not to know, is a fabulous character, since he has moulded the national mores via work for Jack Paar, Bob Hope, Red Skelton, Jimmy Durante, and George Gobel. But if this way-out stuff is funny enough to warrant a bestselling $2.50 per wafer, I am going back to George Ade. It isn't a sight gag, it isn't a spoken gag, and since nothing very much is written at all, the man is right about the title. I don't know about Douglas' brother, but certainly this book is an only child.

KING'S CONQUEST

Recently, too, I have been fascinated by a book, called "Mine Enemy Grows Older," by a TV-editor-author-artist type named Alexander King, who could qualify as a very good writer if he could forget the word "dopey," which hagrides his copy.

King is currently way up in the best-sellers, as he gleefully recounts how he has been several times a narcotics addict, an arrested criminal, a con man and a general bum. He also once was an editor of Life Magazine, and is certainly adept at gnawing the fist that fed him.

He is rather proud that he was only married four times, and only jumped outside the stable once (he says) which lends a curious morality to perhaps the most amoral book I have read in years. I cannot care much for his subject matter, but the man does write a salty prose reminiscent of Ben Hecht of 30 years ago, and at least his pages have words.

PRICE OF NORMALCY

As a fellow who reads a lot, I cannot quite follow America's tastes in entertainment these days. Possibly one pays a price for normalcy. I have never been a dope addict, or a lady drunk, or the mistress of a feeble drunken writer, or a drunken actor's daughter. I have never been a lisping homosexual from the Deep South. And I was brought up to think that blank paper should contain words—not mere wispy suggestions of wild ideas or reverse cliches that Falstaff would have scorned as unworthy.

Mostly I do not care for the success of these excursions into personal frailty or lack of inventiveness, any more than I like the nasty wall-scrawlings of female French juvenile delinquents or the memoirs of gangsters who should have hit the hot seat instead of public acclaim as prize fighters. The delicate young angry persons of Europe, and the beatniks of America, all combine to make me sore. They have nothing to offer but noise, and in the case of Jack Douglas, not even noise.

Some of us weary professionals resent the intrusion of amateurs with nothing but flash and illigree to peddle. And I can vouch for one thing for sure. My brother was NOT an only child.



Alexander King: One Pays A Price For Normalcy

Party Bigwigs Want More Politics, Less Nonsense

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON

A growing number of organization politicians in both parties are unhappy as they square off for the big 1960 push.

To suit them there is far too much conversation about policy and programs and not nearly enough partisan politicking and cold maneuvering to take advantage of the other side's mistakes. It may seem too early to the outsider, but the pros know that decisions taken now may affect the outcome and almost surely will tell who is going to command each party, win or lose, when it's over.

Republican conservatives eye sourly the Eisenhower-blessed GOP Policy Committee headed by Charles Percy of Chicago which will report to the President around Sept. 1. They have been tipped off that it will announce goals they dislike to vote for or against.

A growing number of Democrats find equally distasteful the controversy between National Chairman Butler and the southern congressional leadership. They want both sides to train their guns on the Republicans, Vice President Nixon and the Eisenhower administration. They will throw in Gov. Nelson Rockefeller as soon as they see the whites of his eyes.

So far as they are concerned, neither the Rayburn-Johnson record in Congress nor Butler's carping on it are doing any good for the Democratic candidates who run next year, including that mystery man, the presidential nominee.



A Good Old-Fashioned Brawl Is Needed

It is interesting that neither of the major party headquarters here has organized to deal with the fact that the 1960 campaign is going to be very different from the seven which immediately preceded it. It was almost a foregone conclusion that the depression issue would elect Franklin Roosevelt in 1932. Thereafter came six presidential campaigns dominated by depression, war or cold war, and the powerful personalities who dealt with them for Roosevelt through Truman to Eisenhower.

GONE FOREVER?

It is not exactly true that "them days are gone forever," but all elective politicians have sensed that they are increasingly confronted with a changed electorate and conditions for which old heroes and old devices have little meaning. Some of the most astute ones simply retired from Congress; others were beaten last fall.

Yet Washington, which might be expected to produce a national sense of direction, is more bogged down than usual in stale bickering over ideas that either did or did not serve their turn. Neither party is leading public opinion or even following it.

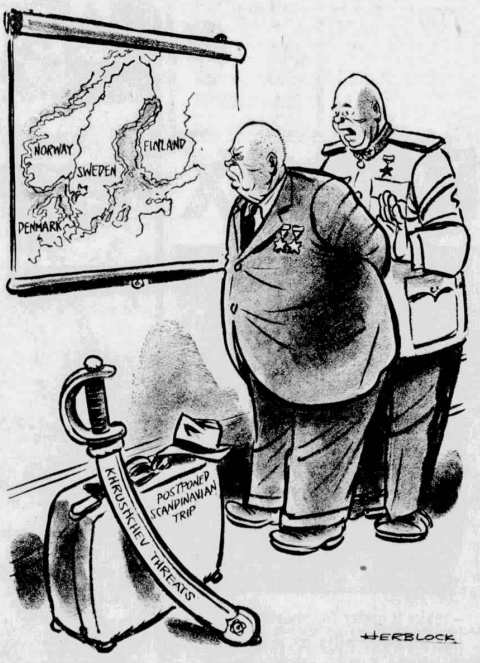
GOP Chairman Morton concentrates on keeping the peace in his ranks. His opposite number, Butler, has another system; he keeps the conflicts alive in the apparent belief this will be accepted as proof of creative vitality. Neither is getting any dazzling results.



PAUL BUTLER
A Boring Sideshow

Hence the outcry from the organization men who seem to feel that the practical solution is to persuade the voter that everything is the fault of the other party. They at least have a point in the absence of ideas and agreement.

'Don't Worry, Boss. They Didn't Like Hitler Either'



People's Platform

Nation's Only Hope Lies In 'Patriotism'

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

I am grateful for the reply by Mrs. Joe McCarthy published in your paper on Friday, July 17.

It is a shame and disgrace that men such as Joseph McCarthy have not been publicly praised in our newspapers and periodicals.

All the appeals made by our government, especially military, are made on the basis of selfish gain instead of patriotism. Joseph McCarthy was a true patriot. Our newspapers above all else can once again call Americans to real patriotism, patriotism that makes such a demand upon the lives of Americans that each and everyone of us will consider it a privilege to live or die for our country.

Unless we return to real patriotism there is absolutely no hope for our country. Communism has advanced so fast and strong in the past few years simply because they have demanded everything from their people and, whether we like to admit it or not, the people have responded to their communistic call.

—KYE HARRIS

Reader Praises McCarthy Fan

Dillon, S. C.

Editors, The News:

I commend J. R. Cherry Jr. of Charlotte for his recent letter to The News on the greatness of the late Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy.

It is refreshing to know that there are a few real Americans who do not like communism and appreciate the late Sen. McCarthy.

—J. A. SMITH

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

FBI Chief Nixes Gangbuster Squad

WASHINGTON

Attorney General Bill Rogers is bowing to J. Edgar Hoover by disbanding the special squad he set up to fight organized crime. He will explain to congress that he is integrating the anti-rackets squad into the United States attorneys' offices around the country. Each U. S. attorney will be asked to assign one man to concentrate on organized criminals.

However, the outgoing head of the anti-rackets squad, Milton Wessel, has protested privately that a central bureau is definitely very much needed to direct the drive against the crime syndicate — even though J. Edgar Hoover is opposed.

Attack On Bohlen

Jerry Persons, the chief presidential aide, has pleaded with GOP Senate Leader Dirksen and GOP Policy Committee Chairman Bridges, to call off their attack on Ambassador Charles Bohlen as prospective Russian adviser to Secretary of State Herter. Persons assured the senators that Herter will talk over his plans regarding Bohlen before he makes up his mind, so they agreed to ease up.

Meanwhile Bohlen, now in the Philippines, has decided to take a private business job and write his memoirs. He's tired of politics.

Belligerent Congressman

Congressman Ben Franklin Jensen known to colleagues as "Big Ben," is a hefty, likable, 66-year-old Iowa Republican who is more conservative in his politics than in his behavior on the floor of the House. Twice recently he has been on the verge of a fist fight.

The first began as a finger-pointing contest with Democrat Clarence Cannon of Missouri over some criticism Cannon had leveled at Lewis Strauss, President Eisenhower's rejected nominee for secretary of commerce. The exchange became so acrimonious that news reporters thought it might erupt into fisticuffs, even though Cannon is 80 years old. However, colleagues placated the two men and nothing happened.

Another Blow-Up

A few days later Jensen again was in a combative mood. Democratic Rep. Barratt O'Hara of Illinois objected to spending $250,000 for a new dining room in the State Department, requested by the Eisenhower administration.

O'Hara's Invitation

"I do not think that is any worse than spending $900,000 for a cafeteria for House members and employes," exploded Jensen. "I have not heard the gentleman complain about that."

"Let the gentleman come out and argue with our fists," suggested O'Hara who is 77. "I am willing to revert to fisticuffs, even at my age, on the issue that no dining room in the State Department is worth $250,000 of the taxpayers' money in order to impress foreign diplomats. We can build many homes in Illinois for that."

"Let us not get into a fight," replied Jensen, "I have never touched a man with my fists since I have been married."

Washington Pipeline

David Greenglass, the atomic spy who testified for the government, has appealed for parole. He has served nine years of a 15-year sentence in Lewisburg Penitentiary and is eligible . . . The House Armed Services Committee is investigating whether military women are necessary. A staff study will recommend whether to abolish the WACs, WAFs, and Waves and confine the armed services to men only.