THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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'Big Two' Tours Serve A Purpose In A Period Of Portent And Promise

The exchange of visits by President Eisenhower and Premier Khrushchev represents a calculated risk in an era of choking urgency.

Great dangers are involved. But there are also great hopes.

It would be worse than folly to pretend that face-to-face meetings between the heads of the world's two superpowers will result in solutions of today's great issues. But certainly the one long-range hope of preventing a nuclear calamity lies in an evolution of attitudes toward each other by Soviet and American leaders.

The best that could logically be expected from the visits would be an increase in understanding and good will on both sides.

* * *

This alone would be a remarkable achievement at a time when some form of equilibrium or "co-existence" is the goal of statesmanship — two worlds agreeing to disagree and living together under a code of international law. Peaceful co-existence may appear to be a modest aim since it is so far from the "one world" ideal. But even this would represent a significant achievement. The danger of nuclear war is real. The Berlin crisis remains. So do other important differences between the West and the Soviet bloc which could lead to an armed conflict. Furthermore, attitudes have hardened within the past year.

Vice President Nixon was aware of these elementary realities when he said the other day:

"... the moment we place either one of these powerful nations, through an ultimatum, in a position where it has no choice but to accept dictation or fight, then you are playing with the most destructive force in the world."

Even if it seems doubtful that a solution of the substantive issues between East and West will result from Big Two talks, such meetings nevertheless will offer a period of grace, a welcome reprieve from momentary disaster. How long it will last will depend to a large extent on Mr. Khrushchev himself and upon his motives in seeking an invitation to the United States.

If the Soviet premier's American trip is to be merely an exercise in propaganda, and if his talks with President Eisenhower are fruitless, the resulting disappointment and anger could make the situation worse than if he had never come at all. But if he comes in search of knowledge and mutual understanding, and if some of his obvious misconceptions about the United States are corrected, then some good could come out of it after all.

* * *

The greatest tragedy of all in the present crisis is that neither nation understands the other to any significant degree. Both are the victims of fears and shocking ignorance. If each pushes its claims and fears to their ultimate logic, the collision will be disastrous for both. And if the struggle is fought out to the end with nuclear weapons, the only prospect is world suicide.

If the obscurity is to be pierced, and the world saved from disaster, there will have to be many contacts and much opening of eyes and of minds.

Neither side will be "won over" in this way. In fact, coexistence will really mean a peaceful but exacting rivalry in the struggle for ideas. America with its free, creative personality and its stubborn belief in individual freedom will have nothing to fear in such a rivalry.

What we are now entering is a period of portent or of promise — depending on the use the leaders of the world's two superstates make of this time of grace. To a frightening extent, the world's fate is in their hands.



Isn't There Some Other Way?

Herman Hoose: Young Man With Ideas

"A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country . . ."

The words are from Matthew and they have a universal application. But in Charlotte, they are singularly appropriate for one Herman J. Hoose, city traffic engineer.

To the astonishment of some, Mr. Hoose has just been presented his fourth national award yesterday "for outstanding traffic engineering" from the Institute of Traffic Engineers.

Mr. Hoose, it seems, has seldom been rewarded for his pains locally. If he is recognized at all it is in the form of horn-honking abuse by some citizen who doesn't believe in arrows.

The fact remains that Mr. Hoose is a superb engineer and richly deserves all of the national honors he has received. Were it not for his ingenuity, Charlotte would have succumbed to hardening traffic arteries long, long ago.

We have growled often in the past about The Queen City's congestion and the need for bolder measures to speed the flow. Our quarrels, however, have seldom been with Mr. Hoose. He appears to know precisely what should be done. But, too often, his plans have been shunted aside or watered down by the prisoners of orthodoxy and timidity on the City Council. This has resulted in palliatives rather than cures.

Nevertheless, Mr. Hoose continues to battle bravely for his ideas. We shudder to think what the situation would be like without some of his innovations. The point is that much more remains to be done and it is up to the new City Council to put considerably more faith in the judgment of its nationally recognized young prophet. The whole city would profit.

Civil Rights: Shirt-Splitting Can Wait

The enfeebled civil rights bill pried out of a Senate Judiciary subcommittee yesterday is hardly worth the commotion some southerners are making over it. To regard it as some kind of legislative goblin is extravagant to say the least.

The measure under consideration is limited to extending the life of the Civil Rights Commission and to requiring the preservation of voting records for inspection by the attorney general in connection with alleged denials of voting rights. That's all.

The alternatives are far less pleasant and far worthier of stout opposition. It is increasingly clear, however, that some sort of "rights" bill is going to pass the 86th Congress. The bobtailed version under consideration in the Senate Judiciary Committee is preferable to a much stronger measure taking shape in the House of Representatives and ought at least to be subjected to calm and dignified debate. The shirt-splitting can wait.

From The New York Herald Tribune

NEW ELEPHANT, OLD TRAIL

If Hannibal could cross the Alps with thirty-seven elephants, we certainly thought that John Hoyte could make it with one, especially an animal as willing and well equipped as Jumbo. That emigre from the Turin Zoo was outfitted for the trip as carefully as any two-footed mountaineer. She had special leather boots, a heavy coat and a big supply of Vitamin B, and no hostile Gauls rolled boulders down the slopes as she came within range —a definite improvement over conditions in 218 B.C.

Unfortunately, when Hoyte and Jumbo reached the Clapier Pass last week, it was blocked by a snowslide, and now they are trudging dolefully back down to France.

Hoyte, as every Hannibal fan (and elephant fan) knows, was trying to prove that the Carthaginian general took the Clapier Pass rather than the Mont Genevre Pass, which most historians favor in guessing at the route. We are sorry that he failed. We admire scientists who try to prove their theory of a bygone feat by re-creating it, as, for instance, quite a few students of the Polynesian migration have recently done. Of all the great feats, few have exerted a longer fascination over the ages than Hannibal's audacious crossing of the Alps, against severe hardships, with 26,000 soldiers, many horses, and ungainly elephants that could hardly squeeze through the narrow passages.

Perhaps Hoyte will try again one day when the snows melt. Though anybody can cross the Alps now by car or plane, the man who follows Hannibal's steps is the true adventurer, sharing with that remote warrior a bond that is still strong after 2,000 years.

Freedom is being able to do what you please without considering anybody except a wife, boss, state, federal and city laws and the neighbors. — Greenville Piedmont.



News Staff Photos by Scheer

At Fairmont's Tobacco Market, A Full Year's Labor Hangs Breathlessly, Hopefully On The Chant Of A Perspiring Auctioneer

'They Offered Their Lifeblood ... A Crop Of Tobacco'

By JULIAN SCHEER
Charlotte News Staff Writer

FAIRMONT

Just before the first sale, a clap of thunder rolled across the sky and rumbled down into the deep and hollow bowels of the high-ceilinged warehouse, and the rain came quickly.

The rain came quickly and heavily and all that was heard on the floor below was a drumming, drumming, drumming on the steaming hot roof. Trucks low geared into the building, driving up a ramp, pulling in between wooden pillars, some drivers having heeded the cries of a cane-carrying barker outside who yelled, "Right this way, folks, right this way. Top dollar." Others came back by habit, for their granddads dealt here before and their daddy's had done business here and you always got a good deal.

TEMPLE AND SHRINE

They came back this week to their temple, their shrine. Here with the pungent, nostril-filling odor of tobacco, the flies, the noise, the smell of sweat and the slick wide-planked floors, they offered their lifeblood, a crop of tobacco. Here they learn today if bills will be paid, if a tractor is replaced, if it is Christmas. Here they offer a year's labors and hang breathlessly, hopefully on the almost incoherent babble of a sweaty man with a handkerchief tied about his neck who tries to push the price to 62 cents a pound.

TODAY'S THE DAY

This is the end. Today is the day. The battles with sun and rain and hail and bugs — it is all over. The nights of tending curing fires, of pulling, of hanging, of tying are over. The long journey over mud roads with a sleepy family is over too. Now they stand off to one side, hang back, wait for the warehouseman-starter to come down the line, set a starting price. Then the auctioneer begins the chant and they wait. They wait a few seconds for the slurred, "Sold" — and they pray.

"Help my friends, fellows," the starter yells. "Give me a real good price. This stuff's sweet as honey, sweet as honey. What say 62."

And the auctioneer: "62, 62, 62, 62, 63, 63, 63 . . ."

It sells for 64 cents a pound and the line moves to the next basket and the next and the price is pretty good. This is not the best, they'll be back with it when they harvest it next week.

They look at the buyers, a tall skinny man from Richmond with a sweat band around his hairline, a youngster from South Boston on his first tour, a fat little man who has been coming here 20 years for Imperial, a bald-headed man who keeps his fist clinched and holds it high over his head, always bidding, wanting the lemon and buying it in quantity.

DRINKS FOR THE KIDS

They take their receipt and go to the wired, cage window on the edge of the warehouse. It will take a few minutes to get the check. "You kids go get a drink," he says, and the youngsters walk to a drink booth and buy a big one and sit on an empty dolly and drink it. Behind them is spread the warehouse. The floors are wood, slick, wide-planked. The walls are rough with signs saying "Welcome Growers" or Camels or Luckies. The rafters are miles above the floor, it seems, and wood and hold up a peaked ceiling. The outside it is frame and warped and there are four doors with ramps hanging from them like tongues. Now the trucks from the plants back in, load up, haul the tobacco off to be packed—green prizing—or to redrying plants on the edge of town.

An air conditioned car pulls in and a chauffeur gets out and waits for the "big boss" from Durham as he talks with his buyers. Laborers hang around the entrances looking for work. A water boy offers a buyer a cup and a dipper for water. A warehouseman says to a buyer, "Whatcha let Universal get that good batch from you for?" And the buyer says, "There'll be more" and there will be, today, tomorrow and next month, millions of pounds of it.

Across town a dripping, white-haired Negro man stomps on a pile of tobacco, shoving it deeper into a hogshead. A trucker from Lexington backs up to a loading ramp, ready to load and drive all the way to Louisville, Ky. A merchant pulls a lady's dress from a rack and shows it to a new-rich customer. A restaurant advertises "Cook Wanted" and a family-style boarding house has the smell of green beans coming from the kitchen. A woman moves her sons from a dark, corner room and rents it for five dollars a night to a buyer.

ANYTHING GOES

"Momma, get the kids," he says. And he opens the doors to the faded blue truck and they climb in and he heads down Iona St., and goes to the bank. "Harry," she says, "do we want to just take a look at that stove today? I know we are not going to get it till next time, but we can look." And he says, "Anything you want, Momma. I'm going to take Jimmy to get a hair cut."

"Can I get a shine, Daddy," the boy asks.

"Sure, boy, sure," he says.

And they all laugh.

Dewey Advises Rocky To Start Campaigning

By JOSEPH ALSOP

NEW YORK

Former Gov. Thomas E. Dewey, State Chairman Judson Morehouse, and Republican National Committeeman George Hinman are all advising Gov. Nelson Rockefeller to get out and work more actively for the Republican presidential nomination — of course without becoming an avowed candidate.

It will be a political development of the first order, if Gov. Rockefeller takes the advice of these other leading New York Republicans. They want him to abandon his self-imposed rule against appearances outside his own state, and to make a series of speeches in other key states during the autumn months. The purpose, inevitably, is to stimulate stronger support for a Rockefeller candidacy.

It is already political news of considerable significance that former Gov. Dewey is among those who have proffered this advice to Gov. Rockefeller. Whether Rockefeller sought the advice, or Dewey volunteered it, is not known. But in either case, by the simple act of giving such advice, Dewey would appear to have made what amounts to a commitment.

HUGE IMPORTANCE

A Dewey commitment to Rockefeller has much potential importance, in turn, because of the former governor's intimate knowledge of the Republican organizations all across the country, and his wide net of connections with party leaders in other states. Given the fact that Dewey is a New Yorker, the thing was probably inevitable. But before the great surprise of Rockefeller's election to the governorship, Dewey was quite solidly committed to the rival candidacy of Vice President Richard Nixon.

Behind the advice given to Rockefeller by Dewey and the others, there is the following rather simple reasoning. First, Vice President Nixon is already as close as any man can be at this stage, to having the nomination really sewed up.

BAD NEWS

Second, however, Nixon's apparently impregnable position is still very vulnerable, because of the exceptionally poor showing of the Republicans in the public opinion polls. The Gallup poll has just given a Democratic ticket composed of Adlai Stevenson and Sen. John F. Kennedy a whopping 56 per cent of the vote, against a Republican ticket composed of Nixon and Rockefeller. But this is only one example. More such bad news, and worse news, is expected.

Third, Rockefeller is at present unable to exploit Nixon's weakness in the polls because he has done no better himself. Through the spring and early summer, his showing was even worse than Nixon's — a fact of which the Nixon high command has made much. Yet Rockefeller has the power to change his own standing in the polls very greatly, by showing his remarkable campaigning talents to the country at large. What is wanted, in fact, is half an issue of Life magazine, full of pictures of Rockefeller engulfed by his admirers, with some such headline as: "Rocky Wows Them in Duhuque."

Fourth, if Rockefeller can draw ahead in the polls in this manner, he will at once be able to use the "Nixon-can't-win" slogan, which he is now barred from using. A rise of a few percentage points will be enough for his purposes, even if he still runs well behind the Democrats; for Rockefeller can also point out how he came from behind to defeat Averell Harriman.

Fifth, Rockefeller must act soon, because it will be too late if he waits to take this kind of action until after the New York Legislature meets next January.

'Say, What Ever Happened To This Quiz Program?'



People's Platform

Now, Even The 'Outs' Have Feiffer

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

Is nothing sacred?

Some time ago a close knit circle of intellectuals got together and started digging Feiffer the most. At that time, Feiffer was un-syndicated (ugly word) and his comparative obscurity in this neck of the woods made him definitely IN.

Now you've gone and made him OUT. I no longer feel comfortable reading Feiffer when I know that literally multitudes of News subscribers are also persuing his esoteric idiocy.

Do you realize that my friends and colleagues have spent hours sorting through "little" magazines, various leftist leaflets, and privately published collections of risque free verse, just to accumulate a good coffee table display of OUT reading? Our pyramid is toppling: already your paper has forced us to disown Feiffer; and of this, we are regretful, indeed. Someone has fearfully suggested that we may have to discard beloved copies of the Village Voice because Feiffer is so much in there.

Tell me, are you openly attacking us? Refusing us the joys of the hard-working, "little" magazine-sorting intellectual? Or is this your way of showing us that The News is IN and we can display our yellowed copies of same alongside Harper's and Atlantic and Furor and Mutiny and San Francisco Review?

—JAN ORTH

Editors' Note: It's just getting tougher to be IN, that's all.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Brass Wined In 50 'Hospitality Suites'

WASHINGTON

At the Sheraton Park Hotel, right under the nose of Congressman Hebert's investigating committee, the munitions lobby has set up some of the most lavish Army entertainment seen in Washington for some time.

Big Spenders

Fifty companies doing business with the Pentagon have reserved 50 "hospitality suites" to entertain procurement and contract officers during the Army Association convention this week. This is an expense which the average small business firm can't afford, and is one reason why more and more business goes to the big firms, less to small firms.

Sen. John Sparkman of Alabama revealed last week that 20 big corporations get one-half of all defense contracts. Official Pentagon figures also show that 100 firms get 74 per cent of the contracts. This is partly because of the retired admirals and generals employed by the big companies, partly because competitive bidding is largely out the window, partly because the big companies can afford to keep regular lobbyists in Washington and entertain lavishly.

Here's How

Here is how they are entertaining for the Army this week:

General Electric, which is the nation's No. 3 defense contractor, has reserved the Madison Room at the Sheraton Park from Sunday morning until Wednesday night for free liquor and entertainment. It is also throwing a big cocktail party in the Burgundy Room Wednesday. GE got $954 million in defense contracts last year and employs 35 retired officers.

Other Giants

General Motors, which did $282 million business with the Pentagon last year took the Burgundy Room for a reception and dinner yesterday.

Hughes Aircraft reserved the Burgundy Room for a cocktail party today. It got over half a billion dollars in defense orders last year ($565,700,000) and employs seven retired officers.

Sperry Gyroscope and United Aircraft are throwing rival cocktail parties Wednesday afternoon. United Aircraft got $400,500,000 in defense orders last year and employs 15 retired officers.

Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone, a subsidiary of the giant American Tel and Tel with $702 million of defense orders, is throwing a big dinner and reception.

Just One Reason

No congressional committee will be able to put the finger on any actual contracts negotiated during these "At Homes to Pentagon Officers," but they are one reason why big contracts to big corporations get bigger and bigger.