

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1954

### Progress In Suburbia, But Midtown—??

DURING recent months four huge commercial developments have been undertaken around the edges of Charlotte. First was the Cotswold development on Old Sardis Rd. Second was the Park Rd. development. Then came the one on Wilkinson Blvd. This week plans for developing Thompson Orphanage property into a five million dollar shopping center were announced. What does this horizontal commercial expansion mean in terms of the city's future? It means that suburban residents to

the east, south and west of midtown will be able to do much of their buying without going near the square. The area will become increasingly important. It also means that midtown businesses may suffer—or move to the outskirts. This business build-up in suburbia is certainly welcome to many potential home owners. Commercial establishments, and of concern to city officials and taxpayers. It underscores the need for street parking, the setback program, urban redevelopment—for a long-range program to integrate the expanding community.

### Hoseman M'Gettigan, Ladder Man Flocko

GEORGI MALENKOV, Soviet premier, becoming a military hero. He's not at the front now. Instead, Soviet historians, doing their continuous rewrite job to glorify present Red leaders, are telling how Georgi helped win World War II. Possibly some Russian editor has already found that Georgi Malenkov served on the eastern and western front, and ran things from the Kremlin, all at the same time. But he knows enough to keep his mouth shut in a society built upon fiction. We're surprised, though, that the Russians haven't claimed they invented "Hoseman M'Gettigan" and "Ladder Man Flocko." The city editor arose with that baleful look that only city editors have. "M'Gettigan and Flocko just died," he belated. "The next time one or both are hurt in a fire, the whole damned staff is fired." This business build-up in suburbia is certainly welcome to many potential home owners. Commercial establishments, and of concern to city officials and taxpayers. It underscores the need for street parking, the setback program, urban redevelopment—for a long-range program to integrate the expanding community.

WASHINGTON  
FOR a number of reasons, the meeting of the Democratic National Committee in New Orleans on Dec. 3 should prove interesting. The meeting is to choose a new chairman for the committee, to replace Stephen Mitchell, who was appointed by Adlai Stevenson in 1952. In several ways, whether he likes it or not, Stevenson's political fortunes are involved in the New Orleans meeting.

Specifically involved are the relations between Stevenson and former President Harry S. Truman. Truman still has a great deal of power in the Democratic Party. Indeed, in a way, he becomes more powerful as time passes and old wounds heal. UNDERGROUND BUSY The ill-organized but large anti-Stevenson underground in the Democratic Party would like nothing better than to see an open break between Truman and Stevenson—or, failing that, sore feelings and ruffled feathers. To a large extent, the anti-Stevenson underground has pinned its hopes—

at the very least its hope for ruffled feathers—on the New Orleans meeting. If Truman and Stevenson agree on a man to take Mitchell's place, his election in New Orleans will be strictly a formality. If they cannot agree, there may be a fight. And as of the moment of writing, they have not agreed.

For a time, some days ago, it seemed that they had their man. Former Secretary of the Air Force Thomas D. Butler seemed a perfect choice, since it is very close to both Truman and Stevenson, and he has been against it. But in the past month, the President has gone along with Churchill, at long last, on the idea of a big four meeting, including the President, Truman, Churchill and the Soviet premier. It was announced that a big four meeting would get underway. Furthermore, the speech of Mendès-France, also proposing a big four conference, was made only with the OK of the White House—on OK for the French, in return, promised to push for complete agreement with Germany over reparations. All this leaves something of a co-existence diplomatic puzzle in Washington. It's to help solve this puzzle that Ambassador Bohlen has returned from Moscow following his friendly talk with Premier Malenkov at the recent "Rus-

### 'What Was It We Came Back For?'



### Democratic Manhunt

## The Search For A Chairman

By JOSEPH & STEWART ALSOP

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With Finletter out of the running, the possibility of friction is naturally very greatly increased. Mitchell, who of course has a good deal to say about the identity of his own successor, has long wanted National Committee man Paul Butler of Indiana, a close personal friend, to have the job. It is not only the key political job in the Democratic Party, it is a valuable job in other ways, since it pays \$30,000 a year and gives all sorts of opportunities for exceedingly useful political contacts. Mitchell has made something close to a promise to Butler, and when Finletter bowed out, Mitchell went back to work for his friend. Not long ago, he received a telephone call from the ex-President. Truman told him, in a friendly but exceedingly firm fashion, that Butler was "unacceptable" to him. It seems that Butler is accounted a political enemy of his fellow Indian, Frank McKinney. McKinney was Truman's native candidate. He was ousted by Stevenson in 1952, which by no means pleased Truman. But Mitchell is still pushing Butler—at least so the Trumanites darkly suspect. Stevenson has been attempting to remain

above the battle, but he is of course closely identified in all political minds with his appointee, Mitchell. Thus among the anti-Stevenson underground, hopes are rising for some sort of Stevenson-Truman trouble. A possible compromise is James E. Finnegan, Democratic leader of Philadelphia. Former Sen. Frank Myers has been the chief Finnegan-booster with Truman, and Mayor Joseph Clark of Philadelphia has been talking Finnegan with Stevenson. Finnegan is able man, and neither Stevenson nor Truman has any serious objection to him. But he has been ill. And there is also a good deal of feeling, said to be shared by Stevenson, that the national chairman should be a more or less non-political figure with a national reputation, like Finletter. There are literally dozens of other aspirants to the post. Former Price Administrator Mike Disalle is an active candidate. He has some western support. Truman has passed the word that he would take him. But he is not accounted a serious candidate. Neither is Washington's district commissioner, Jiggs Donagan. A more serious possibility is Sen. Earl Clements of Kentucky. Clements is not committed to backing Stevenson. But he has the backing of the anti-Stevenson underground, notably including Gov. Allan Shivers of Texas, and his election would be hailed as a defeat for Stevenson. The fact is that the political eye of Democrats who have not opposed Stevenson openly will hail the election of almost anyone to the chief party post as a defeat for Stevenson. When Stevenson appears in New Orleans to address the National Committee, moreover, he will be looking for any slip, any sign of weakness, and any practical way to end the fight. It is against him. This is, indeed, always the fate of the front runner, and this is why it is still a great deal to say that it is the signs, to say that Adlai Stevenson has the Democratic nomination in the bag.



THOMAS K. FINLETTER  
A Flat Refusal

### As Long As You Gotta Die, Treat Yourself With Brand X

By ROBERT C. RUARK

IT SEEMS TO ME that if the advertising boys don't get smartened up pretty soon, and return to the old days of what used to be called the "hard sell," that more than one commodity is going to suffer the same kick in the pants that the cigarette companies have dis-enjoyed in the past year. The "soft sell," as opposed to the technique of shouting the implied extra benefit against the threat of doom if you don't. All the nonsense about T-ones and doctor's recommendations and special laboratory tests finally painted the tobacco companies into their own corner, to where the latest official ruling was that there is a correlation between cigarettes and lung cancer. I doubt that you would ever leave come up if there hadn't been that negative approach to peddling the product—you make everybody else sweat it kill-you, but not our sort of thing. WAY ALL THE FUSS? I expect that the beer people in recent years have done themselves very little good with a massive campaign to plug the calorie-conscious of their own particular brews, since it starts people to thinking that all beer is fattening, else why make such a fuss about the calorie content? In an age when slimmers is a fetish, this is a cinch to drive quite a serious beer-drinker to the land of all suits, no matter what the claims.

I see now where one soft-drink concern is launching forth a big campaign to convince the world that a flock of anonymous university professors have run their researches to prove that you will feel better if you mix your booze with their fizz, thereby suggesting that if you cut the juice with anybody else's product, you're going to wind up with the mother of all flat ills. Now this is all very fine, and undoubtedly true, but I submit that you would get people to thinking about booze in terms of hangovers, or lack of hangovers, you are going to dry up a little fringe enthusiasm for the consumption of booze. If you get people to thinking about beer in terms of something else, you are going to lose a heavy section of your female vote, no matter how many ads you run about your delicious calorie-less suits. REACH FOR A LUCKY In point was a campaign some years ago when some genius got the idea that substituting cigarettes for sweets would start the ladies puffing like furnaces. Lucky Strike, in one of the smartest advertising campaigns ever rigged, began a slogan which said something like, "Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet." It doggone near put the candy companies out of business, and if I remember right, Luckies finally was enjoined to eliminate the word "sweet." The copy then read, "Reach for a Lucky instead of a Lucky instead." But I don't think the candy trade ever fully recovered. Being slave to all the less healthful habits, I can truthfully say that I want a cigarette. I will take my chances with lung cancer, and when I am thirsty for a beer, do not think about added pounds. When I wish to lie one on I do not dwell upon the overhang until the overhang drowns upon me. Then it is time enough to worry. But it is very depressing to think of nicotine in terms of hanging over in terms of obesity, and booze in terms of tomorrow's malaise before you have knocked off the first nice martini. I think I would like a little bit about this soft-selling, and get back to a technique who says something about liking our product because it tastes better or gets you stiffer faster or relaxes you like a thumb on the scale. Soreday, you'll see a full-page ad saying: "As long as you gotta die, drink something else." Scientists find it takes more time to kill you a little less horribly."

### People's Platform

Magazine Article On Charlotte 'Sin' Under Charlotte

Editors, The News: I AM a citizen of Charlotte, I wish to answer the magazine article "Sin With A Southern Accent." The whole story is untrue. We have as good a city as there is in the nation. Naturally, any town of 150,000 people is going to have some weak spots that 10,000 foreigners could not correct. But we have a police and sheriff's force that will match any in the nation when it comes to enforcing their duty in all kinds of conditions and weather while the people sleep. Let's not get angry because some person would publish a thing like "Sin With A Southern Accent" about our town. —WM. C. MCINTIRE

### Ervin And Lennon Harmed By Stand

Editors, The News: I AM very much surprised at our two U. S. senators from North Carolina, Mr. Ervin and Mr. Lennon. They do not seem to realize anything about their future political careers. Sen. Lennon, for instance, made a good impression on the people of this state when he ran against Mr. Scott. But in the last election here in the Tenth District, he spoke so independently to the independent voters that they certainly hurt him. I don't know if he should happen to offer his services for state or national offices, he will have to make up his mind in the Tenth District. While Sen. Lennon was here giving orders on how to vote, Sen. Ervin was in Washington giving orders to the Senate on how to censure Sen. McCarthy. It seems these senators are determined to

### Dear You And You And You

WE'VE puzzled over it long enough. Maybe some other letter writers can suggest something better. It's this business of proper salutations on letters. Sometimes you're writing to a lady, and you don't know whether she's a Miss or Mrs. The answer to that is simple—when in doubt declare her single. But what do you say when you're writing to a group which includes men and

women? "Sirs and mesdames" sounds stilted. "Ladies and gentlemen" suggests a political speech follows. We've solved the problem by merely going from the address into the body of the letter. If anyone knows a better way, maybe they also can tell us how to address a person with one of those names which may be masculine or feminine.

### Off To The Elysian Fields

ACCORDING to the automobile ads, the new model cars are either motoric, futuristic or merely dynamic. Colors range from a combination of cerise and white to chartreuse and forest green. Horsepower? Why, man, it is as high as 235 (maybe more). Va-va-voom! Can't you just imagine how the ads of the future will sound? For example: "Get a Star Jet Special now. Don't be forced to keep your feet on old terra firma when you can glide through the lower stratosphere." Or: "Our models have a speed only

a little lower than the speed of light and are as graceful as a drop of Venus dew." Or perhaps: "Our double jet afterburners get you off to a quick blast-off and our colors range from Martian Pink to Moonlight." Without question, today's population gets around in a hurry—not to the lower stratosphere, yet, but perhaps to the Elysian Fields, where it is hoped that you can move in a more leisurely way and the cares of the Atomic Age can be left behind.

### THE CRACKED GAVEL

WE SUPPOSE that even something as hard and tough as ivory has a right to crack up when the strain gets too much. So it's just as well that a new gavel handed on the vice president's desk last week as the old one was retired, full of honors and 165 years of Senate debate. That first gavel started out in the hands of Vice President Adams who, in 1789, carried the Senate through those early debates on the Bill of Rights and the duties of the new government, battles so fierce that old John himself had to vote some 20 times to break deadlocks. It was handed down to Aaron Burr, Jefferson's stormy vice president who, provoked by the arduous attacks against him, killed Alexander Hamilton and then returned to preside over the bitter impeachment trial of Supreme Court Justice Samuel Chase. That gavel was on the dais in 1856 when Sen. Sumner of Massachusetts unleashed his tirade against the character of Sen. Butler of South Carolina and all of his associates in the "crime against Kansas." A few days later all its pounding was unable to keep order in the chamber when Preston Brooks stalked onto the Senate floor and caned Sumner at his desk. It remained there while the debate raged over a Senate through those from Congress and during the two years that the chair of the injured Sumner sat

empty as a mute protest against this violation of a senator's right to have his say. Somehow it survived the bitter debates of the Civil War, the Reconstruction and the impeachment proceedings against Andrew Johnson. It was still on hand when Sen. Walsh was exposing the motives behind Teapot Dome. It lay on under Hill in Maria Doves and the blows that Vice President Garner struck for freedom. It was only slightly worn by the fight over the Supreme Court and the acrimony of the 80th Congress. But the last session of the Senate was too much. It cracked up. And now the senators assembled in extraordinary session will have to be kept in order by a new gavel tipped with the ivory of India. Well, the fiddling is getting a good baptism. But it'll need a lot of stamina to go the next 165 years of Senate debate without cracking.

A sociologist's survey in Illinois shows that farmers are getting fewer and older and have a life expectancy of 65 years, which may mean that they have a much better chance of enjoying social security than they ever will of realizing 100 percent parity.—LEXINGTON HERALD. One way to make people want to stand up on buses would be to forbid them to do it.—GREENVILLE (S.C.) PRESS-STAR.

### Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON  
WHEN Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge expressed his regret at the death of Soviet Delegate Vishinsky it meant considerably more than the usual official condolence. Privately Lodge went further. He said it was a shame that Vishinsky passed on at this particular time when he had done his best to be against it. But in the past month, the President has gone along with Churchill, at long last, on the idea of a big four meeting, including the President, Truman, Churchill and the Soviet premier. It was announced that a big four meeting would get underway. Furthermore, the speech of Mendès-France, also proposing a big four conference, was made only with the OK of the White House—on OK for the French, in return, promised to push for complete agreement with Germany over reparations. All this leaves something of a co-existence diplomatic puzzle in Washington. It's to help solve this puzzle that Ambassador Bohlen has returned from Moscow following his friendly talk with Premier Malenkov at the recent "Rus-

### Vishinsky's Death Creates A Puzzle

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sen, who handled workmen's compensation cases in Milwaukee some years ago. A former University of Pittsburgh law dean, Larsen has written a hefty two-volume legal study of workmen's compensation and accident prevention. He's now writing a model law for the guidance of states and tells friends his heart is set on straightening out the workmen's compensation law before he leaves government service. FFC Filibuster Figuring there's more than one way to skin a cat, the Senate commission has found a new tactic for ducking the job of regulating natural gas prices. Finally it refused to be bothered. But early this week the Supreme Court bawled the commission out with an opinion ordering it to begin regulation. So far, however, nothing has happened. Though the commission is pretending to follow the court's orders, actually it is stalling a filibuster just as phony as Joe McCarthy's. fifth amendment. By making a big issue of every detail and holding hearings on a series of trivia, the commission is stalling until Sen. Lyndon Johnson of Texas, champion of the oil and gas industry, can push a law through Congress to cut off FFC's regular estimate to cost \$4,500,000. Note—it was Johnson who saw to it that FFC did not get \$300,000 this summer to start fixing rates. Thanks to Johnson's making sure FFC appropriations, the commission can't even begin to answer all the mail it's receiving.

Democratic Congress, they figure, will do better by them than the GOP Congress that roughed them up during the past two years. It was McCarthyite Congressman Fred Busby of Illinois, they recall, who cruelly and so desperately needed an early study of Osk-Arkie migrant farm labor. Secretary of Labor Mitchell begged the Budget Bureau for this money, but from his key spot in the Appropriations Committee, Busby yelled, "Socialism!" And only the full weight of the White House and the Senate managed to reverse him to the paltry extent of \$50,000. Now Busby is defeated. Unsecretary Arthur Larson, a good Republican, bitterly remembers how GOP congressmen grilled him for two solid days on the plan to liberalize unemployment insurance on an order of 100,000 more workers' insurance benefits. His cry this time was, "A violation of state rights!" Democrats came to Larson's rescue and paved the way for enactment of part of the plan. The Labor Department's big pitch this year is to cut down industrial injuries and improve workmen's compensation laws. Secretary Mitchell started on this job, but he believes that public opinion is building up to prevent the nation's 2,000,000 annual accidents and 45,000 deaths from costing \$4,500,000. Mitchell points to the 44 percent drop in the injury rate in North Carolina last year after the safety program started there. He says that a real force behind this campaign is soft spoken, determined Undersecretary Lar-