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Stevenson Could Be Unity Candidate

THE design of a Dixie coalition for the 1956 Democratic convention still looked like any other conference table doodle when southern governors closed their convention. The idea had a shape—a southern hand resting on a chosen candidate and writing regional views into the party platform—but was too abstract to convey any real meaning.

label and will be again if, as is unlikely, he should run again. What candidate, other than a regional loser, can the South get together on? From this point it appears that Adlai Stevenson will be the best bet. At present Stevenson has two leading opponents, Estes Kefauver and Averell Harriman. Kefauver has more support in the West than in his native South. Harriman is a down-the-line Fair Dealer. There are other possible candidates, Kerr of Oklahoma, Symington of Missouri, Lausche of Ohio, but none of them offers the public stature and popularity attributed by the opinion polls to Stevenson. And politicians, even southern politicians, will want a winner.

No Feather For Ellender's War Bonnet

ONE of the cleverest essays penned by the late William T. Polk compared George Washington's 1787 statement, "Let us raise a standard to which the wise and honest can repair," to Theodore Bilbo's 1934 comments about an opponent ("a cross between a hyena and a mongrel begotten in a Nigger graveyard at midnight, suckled by a sow, and educated by a fool"). Mr. Polk was documenting the decline of southern politics. Dixie is on the way back from Bilbo but it has not quite reached the crazy

Washingtonian heights of wisdom and decency. Witness Sen. Allen J. Ellender's (D-La.) denunciation of Averell Harriman. The senator said Harriman would "give away the Indian chief on top of the Capitol dome" if he becomes the Democratic presidential candidate. The Louisiana legislator's suspicion of Mr. Harriman's respectability is exceeded only by his ignorance of the Capitol dome. The "Indian chief" is a 14,965-pound bronze Statue of Freedom.

Ortega & The Revolt Of The Masses

COMMUNIST intellectuals shouted "Fascist!" High priests of Spanish fascism branded him an arch villain. To monarchists, he was a traitor. But Spain's bent and bald-headed Jose Ortega y Gasset thumbed his highly sensitive nostrils back at them all. In the end, his fame as a writer and philosopher spread throughout the world. He died at 72 this week in Madrid, in the sixth year of his "armed truce" with Dictator Franco. The world lost one of the great thinkers of the 20th century. It was Ortega who years ago saw a new kind of mass-man emerging in the world, and saw the dangerous possibility that he would supplant the individual. By mass he did not mean a particular social class but the kind of "spoiled child of civilization" found in all social classes and who consequently represents the age. To the constant struggle between communists and fascists, he taught that the

mass is essentially evil because it tends to crush everything that is different, individual or set. It is of course, the all too familiar problem of conformity. In an age when any form of nonconformity or dissent is subject to some suspicion, he had an important lesson for America. When he visited Aspen, Colo., in 1949 to attend ceremonies in observance of the 200th anniversary of the birth of Goethe he spoke feelingly of the need for constant soul-searching in civilization. I do not recall that any civilization ever revolted from an attack of doubt. Civilizations usually die through the ossification of their traditional faith, through an arteriosclerosis of their beliefs. It is a pity that the voice of Ortega has been killed. The echoes of that voice have been heard for a very long time, however.

Waiting Is Hazardous In N. C. Politics

IT LOOKS like an honest-to-goodness mirage. There it is shimmering before your eyes. You blink twice, look east, but the political image is still there. Is it 1951 or 1955, voy say, for there he is sitting there in Cedar Falls as big as day and saying nothing. That would be Doc Jordan. Henry to his friends, trying to decide whether he's going to run against Bill Umstead or not. That's 1951. You look again. There he is once more, trying to make up his mind whether to run against Luther Hodges. This is 1955. In January of 1952, Doc said No. So Bill Umstead made it to Raleigh. Hubert Olive was tossed into the campaign that time. He was just too cold, too fresh to do the job. He was gaining fast toward the end and they say it may have been a different story had he the advantage of a full campaign. But Doc had waited so very, very long to decide. And now you're in October, 1955. Doc is out talking with friends, making noises

like a man with a burning question in his mind. If he decides to make the race, it would give Gov. Hodges a most formidable foe. If he decides against it, the field is wide open for a score of the politically ambitious. Chances are, of course, that Doc couldn't beat Mr. Hodges anyway but it would be interesting. And as long as Doc keeps sitting there in Cedar Falls, the odds get higher and higher in favor of the man some call Luther the Lion-Hearted. The question today: Just what is Doc's waiting game? A more famous politician named Disraeli once said that everything comes to him who waits. Maybe that was in 19th century England. But Mr. Disraeli would have drowned in the mainstream of Tar Heel politics with such a dictum. Most old pols in North Carolina subscribe to the advice of their own Confederate, Nathaniel Bedford Forrest: "Get there fustest with the mosetest."

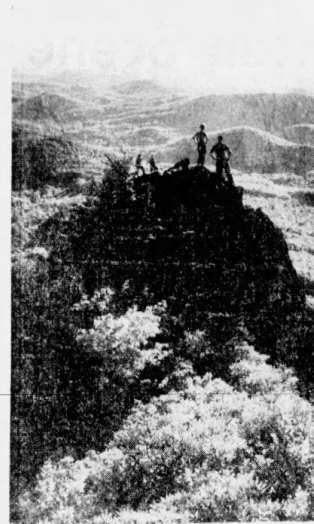
EQUINOX IN LOWER SUBURBIA

OCTOBER is here, and the trees are daily closer to the sere, the yellow, and darkness comes early. And in the dark, the chilly dusk, comes what is now the loneliest sound on earth. It is the ringing of a bell, fragile, shrill, and untuned. It is the hokey-tokey man, the ice cream man, forlornly winding his way through lower suburbia. But, ah, where short months ago he was surrounded by yelling children and the sound of his bell echoed among shrieks of youthful delight, now he is alone and forsaken. No more little young Richmond have its popsicle, its ice cream sandwich after dinner. Young Richmond is now abed, for children sleep and children rise according to the light, not the clock. Now Richmond mothers can hurry their young ones upstairs to bed long before the ice cream man comes around, and that brief interval between school and supper is all too short for the hokey-tokey man to get about. Once more together has the upper hand.

Once more sunrise and sunset are on her side. Gone are the early dawns and tardy sunsets when the ice cream man could roll in triumphal impunity about the town, pursued by hordes of "I wanna popsicle" and "I wanna nicecream sandwich." Now windows are shut and children are asleep. It is autumn, and it will soon be winter, and the voice of the hokey-tokey man calls in vain. Falls from ladders, stairs and other heights because the sockets were deep. His face drawn, his body emaciated. He had been sick a long time. He did not look like the dapper little ambassador who had solved a world-famous social controversy by escorting Dolly Gann, sister of the vice president, in to dinner ahead of Alice Longworth, wife of the speaker. He was Chilean ambassador then. The old man was fighting his breath now. And yet he wasn't old. His face was drawn, pathetically drawn. But his eyes were full of determination. On the wall were pictures of younger days when that determination had settled great crises. One was of Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg congratulating Davila on the final settlement of the Tacna-Arcata dispute. Chile and Peru had been on the verge of war. Troops were mobilized, skirmishes occurred. Davila proposed a few com-

Autumn Magic At Charlotte's Own Back Door

People's Platform Charlotte Editors The News: I HAVE lived in North Carolina for many years but, like so many things in life, I have somewhat missed a great deal during my residence.



"The Rich, Full Color Of Autumn Was Everywhere"

I have always felt I knew our state well. I have visited on the coast, been to the mountains in the summer, seen our outdoor dramas. However, last weekend I enjoyed the most glorious spectacle of all. Our family decided to see what all the talk was about concerning autumn color. We packed up Sunday morning early and headed for Blowing Rock. The sun was just over the tree tops when we got to Lenoir and before too many miles had passed and we had begun to climb in earnest the rich, fall color of autumn was everywhere. At Blowing Rock we could look down from the roadside at a patchwork of brilliant color. The whole mountainside, instead of with the old weather, looked even more alive than when they are green. After a brief stop at Blowing Rock we drove to the old weather, but beautiful, road to Linville stopping at Grandfather Mountain to view the area from that vantage point. After a picnic lunch there, we drove the Parkway to Linville Caverns, and returned to Charlotte by way of Morganton. We reached Charlotte at sundown. The entire trip took a day of leisurely driving, but for eight hours we felt we were in another world, an enchanted, thrilling world of high mountains dressed in glorious color. I am writing this because I do not think many Charlotteans realize the beauties which lie at our back door. Within an hour from Charlotte there is a wonderful every Tar Heel should discover. You will come away feeling richer for the experience and with an even more fierce pride in our magnificent and varied state. —CHARLON SMITH

the federal government to deal sternly with these southern insurgents. For the germ of liberty is at a heightened condition when the blood of martyrs flows. —ROBERT F. WILLIAMS

So Much Talk, So Little Action

Editors, The News: As long as I have lived in Charlotte (about three years) I have heard officials of the city talk about the smoke problem. We had a smoke engineer once and then all of a sudden we didn't have one. But the officials kept on talking about the smoke problem and what they were going to do about it. Why all the talk and no action? Why don't we have a new smoke engineer? Why can't something be done. Everytime I come to work these cool mornings I pass through a thick smog bank that hangs over certain sections of town. It must be terribly unhealthy—maybe that is—the reason there are so many colds going around and so much flu. I think it is time that the people down at City Hall stopped doing so much talking about the smoke and actually did something about it. —ARTHUR H. BURKE

Autos Should Have Built-In Governors

Nashville, Tenn. Editors, The News: The automobile manufacturers of America really had a sense of responsibility to the public they would reduce horsepower and/or offer governors "at all except police and emergency vehicles—built-in, removable, nonadjustable governors holding us down to say, 50 miles an hour. —BRADLEY SCOTT

Citizens' Councils Are 'Un-American'

Monroe Editors, The News: THE UNGODLY and Un-American citizens' councils have become the pseudo-agents of Dixie-grown fascism. They are a dishonorable stigma that the nation cannot long afford to tolerate. They are anti-democratic forces

of a tyrannical order, and they are destined to travel the road that led to the burial ground of the tyrants. These fly-by-night hate-mongers (irrespective of their social status) are collections of ignorant bootleggers in the anti-social traffic of schismatic subterfuge. The citizens' councils are 11th hour chouras organized to sing segregation's swan-song.

Before rigor mortis sets in, the racists' councils shall have unwittingly done the cause of democracy more good than a thousand Supreme Court decisions, for as the economic pressure becomes more acute and widespread, the nation shall surely realize the need for FEPC legislation. When the violence inherent in fascist organizations erupt, not only national, but world opinion will force

What Makes You Think Dixie Didn't Win The War?

By CHARLES POORE In The New York Times

WHAT is the South? Mr. Faulkner's new book is "Big Woods." This is a superb arrangement of his best hunting stories—"The Bear," "The Old People," "A Bear Hunt" and "Race at Morning," which has not been in a book up to now. They show him at his best as a magnificent storyteller. His mastery of timing, of suspense, of significant detail was never so well displayed.

whose chapters, I believe, first appeared in The Saturday Evening Post long before he won the Nobel Prize. UNCONQUERABLE The most profound feeling Faulkner gives us in his stories of a perpetually ravaged, forever unconquerable South can be expressed in two words: Paganity and dynasty. The pagantry is in the Confederate battle flags, the ruined pediments, the memory of the ancient days of British, French and Spanish rule, the plunderers who in successive generations have overcome the pioneers. DYNASTIC PUZZLE The sense of dynasty is only partly encompassed in the suc-

cessions of landed gentry and land-hungry interlopers. It extends to the Indians who ruled Mississippi before them and still have lines of discernible descent there in Mr. Faulkner's stories. You see that the Indians are the link in the tales of the hunting expeditions and experiences and exploits of the book's hero, Ike McCaslin, and Major de Spain, and Boom Huggins, Beck and General Compton, Sam Fathers, the Sartories and the Edmonds, Termie, Jim, Issett, beta and Mokeba. The obsolete and the dispossessed, dispossessed by those who were dispossessed in turn because they too were obsolete—all part of the Faulknerian dynasty of the South.



H. L. MENCKEN "Liberal Whim-Wham"

The MacArthur Papers



estimates the breadth of Southern hospitality. What would have happened if the South sided with the Civil War? That is the challenging question H. L. Mencken considered in a wonderful piece called "The Calamity of Appamattoc." He wrote for The American Review long ago. Now Alastair Cooke is looking up his splendid sortie into Menckiana, "The Vintage Mencken." TRIUMPH OF SIN On the whole, Mencken decides things would have worked out fine: "by now the two Republics would be getting on pretty amicably" with the South, as he would have it, "vaccinated against both Wall St. and the liberal whim-wham." Slavery, he thinks, would have been abolished long before the century's turn: "the triumph of an idea would have stimulated and helped to civilize both sides." That's all very well. But a reviewer, satchel in the endless cascade of books about the South splash across his desk, isn't sure the South didn't win the Civil War anyway.

Quote, Unquote

Wife: "How are we going to celebrate our 25th wedding anniversary?" Husband: "How about an anniversary of silence?" —Carlsbad Current-Argus

There is very little sympathy for the Kentuckian found by federal officers passed out near his still after he had sampled his own product. He should have known that stuff's made for selling, not drinking. —Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.

Some small farmers are doing all right, and they have factory jobs. — Knoxville News-Sentinel.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Ground

A GREAT man lay dying. He did not know it. And for a time, the world, unknowing, did not seem to care. The October sun filtered through the blinds of the bedroom and fell on his bed. Children's voices came up from the street below. Carlos Davila's eyes still burned bright as I sat beside him. They seemed even brighter because the sockets were deep. His face drawn, his body emaciated. He had been sick a long time. He did not look like the dapper little ambassador who had solved a world-famous social controversy by escorting Dolly

A Great Ambassador Died This Week

Gann, sister of the vice president, in to dinner ahead of Alice Longworth, wife of the speaker. He was Chilean ambassador then. The old man was fighting his breath now. And yet he wasn't old. His face was drawn, pathetically drawn. But his eyes were full of determination. On the wall were pictures of younger days when that determination had settled great crises. One was of Secretary of State Frank B. Kellogg congratulating Davila on the final settlement of the Tacna-Arcata dispute. Chile and Peru had been on the verge of war. Troops were mobilized, skirmishes occurred. Davila proposed a few com-

Dynamic Crusader

Outside, in the fading October sunshine, the brilliant Inca tile of the Pan American Union, which he now headed, also seemed faded and discouraged. The Union would be more faded when Davila died. But the parrot in the palm tree in the patio seemed just as cocky, just as unconcerned as the children who played in the street outside. He had (football scores are wrong) in through the window and children played outside in

Dynamic Crusader

had watched diplomats gather to prevent the war in the Chaco, had been awakened by the news that Carlos Davila as director of the Pan American Union summoned 21 ambassadors to meet all night long in the grand ballroom of the Costa Rica Hotel. Davila had stopped that war. Other memories came crowding back now. How it was that he had the White House in 1940 to get a plane to take his wife, dying of cancer, back to Chile, to her native land. How it was that he had, band, dying from the same dread disease, lay very quiet while the final (football scores are wrong) in through the window and children played outside in