# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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## Knowland's Lean And Hungry Look

WHEN the hat of Sen. William Knowland came sailing into the GOP presidential ring this week it must have evoked a few audible murmurs of discontent at the White House. Mr. Eisenhower's brain trust, fretfully labeled the "palace guard" by GOP conservatives, has never had any reason to be enamored of the California senator.

KNOWLAND

Admittedly, he has supported *most* of the President's program. But he has often performed his chores as the administration's chief spokesman with such obvious anguish that his true loyalties have been subject to some suspicion. On several rather important issues, he has placed himself in outright and unblushing opposition to the President—to the enormous embarrassment of Leonard Hall and other Republican Pollyannas.

Surely the most uncomfortable aspect of the situation for the White House is the fact that the Senate leader of the Eisenhower Republicans is not by nature an Eisenhower Republican himself. He could be more accurately described as a kind of Chiang Kai-shek Republican. In fact, Mr. Knowland's activities as a China Firster have often been disturbing to the Ikemen—not to mention certain isolationist allies of the senator and, for that matter, the internationalist sets of both parties.

Mr. Knowland has never been able to live down his cloakroom nickname—"the senator from Formosa."

However, it must not be forgotten that in 1948 Mr. Knowland was a leader of a small but determined band of senators and representatives who threatened to scuttle the first appropriation for the Marshall Plan unless the Nationalists were cut in for some money. This group, known as the China Lobby, succeeded in getting $400 million to be used "in the general area of China."

Sen. Knowland almost—but not quite—pulled a similar coup two years later when he tried to block a $38 million relief grant to Yugoslavia until a like sum was granted to Chiang's republic.

It must be remembered, too, that Sen. Knowland voted against Gen. George C. Marshall's confirmation as secretary of defense because of Gen. Marshall's peacemaking efforts on a special mission to China in 1947. The general had sought to get an accommodation between Chiang and the Communist forces.

During the Korean War, Mr. Knowland was the Senate's strongest advocate of sending the Chinese Nationalist Army of 600,000 into the Korean battle lines (Gen. Omar Bradley, then Army chief of staff, told a congressional committee about that time that he doubted that as many as half of Chiang's men had shoes or had fired as many as 10 rounds of live ammunition apiece during the last year).

In 1951 alone, his office estimates, Sen. Knowland addressed the Senate no fewer than 103 times on America's duty to Chiang Kai-shek.

He blasted the administration's Korean truce terms as "a Far Eastern Munich."

He embarrassed the administration with war talk during last year's crisis involving China's offshore islands.

He criticized the administration's "willingness to negotiate with the Chinese Communists" and its failure to "realistically appraise the shortcomings" of the United Nations.

According to Congressional Quarterly tabulations, he split with the President on three issues last year, five the year before and six the year before that—including several aspects of the Mutual Security Act, extension and revision of the Reciprocal Trade Act, the administration's plan for financing federal road building programs, and important elements of tax, farm and conservation legislation.

Significantly, he also supports the proposed constitutional amendment to limit the President's treaty powers.

Mr. Knowland has often urged that nobody be designated "heir apparent" if President Eisenhower decided not to seek re-election. He speaks with good reason. He knows that king-makers of the party's Eisenhower wing are not likely to dub him their choice and he knows that his arch rival in California politics, Mr. Nixon, must not be allowed to ease into the nomination just because he is the "logical contender" as vice president.

But Mr. Knowland is jumping ahead of his own timetable. Earlier, he indicated that he would file in several state primaries if Mr. Eisenhower would make no decision by Feb. 15. Now, he has decided not to wait until Feb. 15. He is apparently anxious to launch a boom without delay.

The senator from California, however, will have to be fleet of foot and glib of tongue if he is to corral the convention support he needs. The crossfire will be fierce—Ikemen on one side and pro-Nixon conservatives on the other. Mr. Knowland is not as generously endowed as some of the GOP's other artful dodgers. We frankly fear for his safety.

## UNC Should Answer The Question

UNC student editors mistook the target, rather sillily, in greeting Coach Jim Tatum as a "parasitic monster of open professionalism" when he returned to the university. Coach Tatum now misstates the issue involved in a move to recall the editors as a result of their anti-Tatum stand.

Although Mr. Tatum properly speaks up for freedom of opinion, the basic question now raised is no "tempest in the inkpot" that would better be calmed by dropping the recall movement. The question is whether or not University of North Carolina traditions have become so anemic that the student body would stifle opinions of the editors it elected. Framed so clearly in the recall movement, the question deserves to be answered. Coach Tatum himself has already done the university a service by incisively defining the philosophy of the UNC fieldhouse, to wit: "Winning is everything."

A student vote to oust the editors who reject this philosophy would give university administrators, the students themselves and the state the best possible yardstick to define the inroads of the football business on the traditions, the intellectual atmosphere, and the democratic ideals of a great university.

The very fact that the question is raised as to which the university values more—the unruffled functioning of the football machine, or the right of student editors to question, to criticize, even to lambast that business which they consider a threat, as did former President Gordon Gray, to the university's academic advancement—makes it imperative that the question be answered.

If Coach Tatum is a "parasitic monster" he is one of the most genial dragons of our acquaintance. But, as the recall movement indicates, the "monster" appellation might very well fit his business. Let the students answer.

## Quick Stuff

THERE is a nice balance about snow.
It comes quickly. It goes quickly.
We like it, coming and going.

'Sit Down, Friend — You've Got Lots Of Time'

Eisenhower Under Pressure

## The Greatest 'Snow Job'

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON

THE GREATEST "snow job" in history is being directed against President Eisenhower by Republicans determined that he shall run for re-election.

Madison Avenue advertising geniuses presented the term "snow job" to the American vernacular and they are unquestionably master-minding the present example. Incidentally, the guiding spirits of the advertising world are Republican in their political sympathies or deem it expedient to be so. The Democratic Nationas Committee has had trouble getting a first class agency to handle its campaign account.

**GREAT ART**

A "snow job" is a method of propaganda by which the person or persons to be sold a product or idea is deluged with an overwhelming mass of material designed to persuade him that the world will stop in its tracks or his own status be irretrivably impaired unless he pursues a certain course of action.

Being propaganda, it is independent of realism though it must always bear at least the semblance of truth or probability and preferably have them mixed in it. It is the great art which mass communications have done so much to expand.

**IN THE SHADE**

Up to now the true government artists in it were in the Pentagon, as a weary army of ex-secretaries and independent committees, not to mention the Appropriations Committee of Congress, have often testified. The present Republican effort puts the Pentagon in the shade.

It is directed at the best qualities of the sincere and earnest soldier who now occupies the White House. Dwight Eisenhower is not cynical like Franklin Roosevelt, nor disillusioned by hard knocks like the less complex Harry Truman who learned a lot about life the hard way.

**VULNERABLE**

Eisenhower really loves and admires the people who are the moving spirits of the present effort. He has repeatedly shown that he thinks they know best in everything but the strictly military field. Because he would not himself be a courtier and is not a politician, the courtier and political aspects of the situation elude him.

Washington had recognized that come hell or high water a substantial element of the GOP including the business community, the Eisenhower circle and the National Committee simply do not admit his age, 65, or his heart attack, as a bar to electing him to another four years at the head of the government.

**PURE STEEL**

In all its careful planning and brilliant execution it burst upon them at the Salute to Eisenhower dinners. It was pressure in an attractive form—homage and the ardent participation of worthy people, successful and able in their chosen fields.

Its essential core, however, was pure steel. The managers of the enterprise are absolutely determined that Eisenhower and his family shall buy their soap. Not a single compassionate word was spoken, so far as has been reported or the television showed, for the man at the vortex as a sincerely troubled man, not as President.

**MASS EMOTION**

It was a memorable experience to sit just below the dais here, close to the President as the waves of mass emotion beat about his lonely figure and in full view of the avid faces centered on him. It is perhaps too much to say the mob spirit lingered close below the surface, or a mass hysteria. But it would have taken a brave man to rise and suggest that perhaps things were being carried much too far.

No more poignant words were ever spoken at a political gathering than the President's:

"I could devoutly wish that there were some method by which the American people could, under the circumstances, point out the path of my true duty . . But it appears that this is a question that I alone must answer."

The President's best friends would not call him a master of the English language, but at this point one saw Abe Lincoln plain.

Now, by deliberate urging, the White House mail has been set in motion. It will without doubt mount; mass emotion is an easily communicable fever.

**BARUCH'S WISDOM**

For the philosopher, B. M. Baruch, wise as always, has long had the answer. To his friends, especially younger ones who often find their education in human nature disillusioning, he has always given one of his most favorite books, written in 1841, which he arranged to have reprinted.

Its title: "Extraordinary Popular Delusions and the Madness of Crowds."

IKE AND MAMIE ACKNOWLEDGE SALUTE
'Popular Delusions And The Madness Of Crowds'

## That Frostbitten Reformatory Has Simply Lost Its Magic

By ROBERT C. RUARK

SYDNEY, Australia

I SURE wanted to go to Russia, Mom, because all the other kids went, but I've seen "Porgy and Bess" so often the trip didn't hardly seem like it was worth it. I mean, "Summertime," a nice tune, and all that, but at 10 below I'd rather have "Baby, It's Cold Outside."

I always been sore at the Russians, for one thing and another, including borscht, but I do feel personally betrayed on this open-door policy that lets everybody in. The reason I am betrayed, Ma, runs thusly:

You know how it is when your typing fingers get splayed and blunt at the ends, and the editors mumble, "This didn't quite come off," and there is a shortage of bourbon in the cupboard, and the dogs are panhandling on the streets. That is when an old, work-worm writin' type needs a healthy gimmick for his last grab at the gettin'-old money.

**LAST STRONGHOLD**

I was saving up Russia, Maw, like all the other old bums do. The Russians being so unpleasant about visitors, it was the last stronghold of journalistic endeavor.

I mean to say, when you can't sell the pulps any more, and the movies sneer, and the next book turns to glue in the middle of Chapter One, that is the time to go to Russia. You wangle yourself a passport, after disclaiming any personal knowledge of the Republican Party, and you go winging off to the frozen-sinus country, and you write.

You write about what you saw, to wit: "Today I saw a cow. It seemed to be an ordinary enough cow. At least it didn't complain about the cominform's attitude toward milk production. (six pages deleted by censor.)"

**BEST SELLER LISTS**

In the book the writer writes when he is free and uncensored again, it turns out that what the censor cut was the simple question, "How now, Brown Cow?" and that puts it on the best-seller lists immediately. All you had to do, under the old regime, was to come home and tell ALL. Up to now I never read a Russian revelation from an outsider that could compete with a child's dairy, but the miracle of being in this frostbitten reformatory was more'n enough to sell the story.

I have always entertained a querulous and disdainful attitude toward the Russians. I never saw a modern Russian whose clothes fit. I never saw a picture of a modern Russian dame who didn't look like Broadway Rose. I was never an aficionado of their pointless movies, and ballet bores me unless it's got Jeanmaire in it. And she ain't no Russky.

'Summertime'? Br-r-r-r-!

How the Russians like their present government finds me strangely uncurious. How they feel about the United States leaves me strangely more so. Their tastes in art and literature I can consign to the circular file. I reckon when the White Russians cornered the cab-driving business in Paris, class left the country.

**ROBBED AGAIN**

To me, Russia has always been Short Overcoat, Nebraska, with droshies. The Russian soul, so much talked of, is the greatest bore since Barbara Hutton's marital career. I have tackled the writing types, from Turgenev to Dostoievski—let the spelling go, Mom, it don't make any difference—and find it a better sedative than hot milk laced with goofballs. I heard some of their music, too, and am unsent. Khatcha-whatever couldn't carry Johnny Mercer's tuning fork.

But I was going to save all this for my old age, and write it from Inside Russia. You can't trust a Bolshevik, Mom. They have gone and robbed us seedy old bums of our last shot at solvency when they let down the bars and beckoned the night-club columnists and the jazzboos in for a visit. Like a bitter friend of mine just said, "It just ain't worth the pain any more if everybody outside knows it ain't worth the pain." But don't cry Ma. Before long Junior's going to Tahiti. That's worth the pain.

## People's Platform

**Letters should be brief. The writer's name and address must be given, but may be withheld from publication in the discretion of the editors. The News reserves the right to condense.**

### Charlotte Does Need Another TV Station

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

AS I see it Mr. Rousso is right. Why can't a large city like Charlotte have more TV stations? Do we or will we always have to listen to the same old station? Surely our city is large enough for more TV stations. There are thousands of people here in this city who feel the same way about it.

People here have TV sets that need repair, or probably would buy another set, but they mostly say: "What for? The same old station, same old programs. Why should we? Charlotte needs more TV stations with different programs."

It's good for Charlotte to have more stations and I hope that soon we can see more and different programs without having to buy a special aerial. Thanks to Mr. Rousso for bringing this to light.

— BILL FREEMAN

### South Not Alone In Racial Violence

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

JASPER LONG speaks very strongly, but does he act? Now is the time for action. Every person who believes in segregation should go hear Senator Eastland of Mississippi on Feb. 3 at Ovens Auditorium. We need all the information we can get on this subject.

Every person in North Carolina who advocates segregation should join and support an organization which is opposed to integration. In unity there is strength. Let Jasper work alone but let the rest of us unite to fight the evil of integration.

Many people deplore the violence which has taken place in Mississippi, Alabama and other southern states. But much more violence takes place against the Negroes in Chicago, New York, Philadelphia and Pittsburgh in one month's time than in the southern states in one year's time. It's there but those cities have newspaper editors just like these in Charlotte. That type news just doesn't get in the paper if it happens north of the Mason & Dixon Line.

Jasper, you be tolerant! I'll fight it and join with the other right-thinking North Carolina people to fight integration, the NAACP, the Supreme Court, the Ford Foundation, the radical preachers, you, if necessary, and even the dannyankees.

—WALTER LONG

### Act Of Faith

The great act of faith is when a man decides that he is not God. — From "The Mind and Faith of Justice Holmes, edited by Max Lerner.

From The Hartford Courant

## BRAVE BIRD WATCHERS

SAY what you will about bird watchers, they are a hardy breed . . . The kind of weather we've been having is good for neither birds nor men, but it is not enough to make an ardent bird watcher flinch. Undeterred they go forth to make their notes for the annual census.

The bird sections radiate from the Old State House, and the individuals who are assigned the task of making census right smack at the center have got their work cut out. For there you'll find as grimy a bunch of pigeons, starlings, and English sparrows as you'll find anywhere. It is not exactly a Skid Row for birds, but these are strictly urchins of the city streets, whose lungs get more carbon monoxide from Connecticut Co. buses than pure oxygen.

The bird census taker who covers Bushnell Park will also have a busy time. Here again is a group of active pigeons, a step above the Bus Terminal clan. One might almost describe them as lace-curtain pigeons, because they have their own private swimming pool and often dine on crusts from insurance girls' lunches. But they hardly ever stay put, and to the outsider it is a wonder how a census taker gets the proper count without getting some of the more hyperthyroid males in a couple of extra times.

But these are all difficulties that bird watchers must now be familiar with. It is entirely possible that pigeons, sparrows and starlings are not even considered as birds. If there is a class society among birds, certainly those three are not in the proletariat.

So if you see a fellow standing down by City Hall, or wandering over hill and dale with field glasses and other equipment, his business is strictly for the birds.

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Is there any significance in the number of TV shows which show fathers being made to look like dumbbells by their bright offspring?—KINGSPORT (TENN.) TIMES.

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"Madam," said the salesgirl to the cantankerous customer, "do you want to take this purchase with you, or should I send it direct to the exchange department?"—MATTOON (ILL.) JOURNAL-GAZETTE.

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Parents would be very wise if they could learn as much as their teen-age children think they could teach them.—HAMILTON COUNTY (TENN.) HERALD.

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Of course, a person who is foolish enough to take a cold shower on a cold morning is also dumb enough to think it's something to brag about.—JACKSON (MISS.) STATE TIMES.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

## Deft Lobby Pushes Natural Gas Bill

WASHINGTON

WHETHER you are for or against the bill to exempt natural gas from federal regulation, you can't help but rub your eyes at the clockwork precision of the lobby which is bent on pushing the Harris-Fulbright bill through Congress.

### Too Powerful

Never in the many years I have covered Washington have I seen such a skillful job of backstage manipulation. Whether the public wants natural gas regulation or not, it probably isn't going to get it.

They have organized themselves into a lobby which two years ago began operating very quietly for the present Senate showdown. No detail was overlooked.

### Top Priority

There was only one thing the lobby didn't figure on—the heart attack of the able Senate leader, Lyndon Johnson, the real godfather of the bill. Without his deft guidance, the bill missed out last summer, but Johnson has now made it the first order of business in the current Senate.

First, Sen. Lyndon Johnson asked Eisenhower to appoint a Cabinet advisory committee to study the question of energy, including natural gas and its exemption from federal regulation. Second, Lyndon switched his Texas colleague, Price Daniel, though a freshman senator, from the Interior Committee where he had helped to pass the tidelands oil bill, to the Judiciary Committee, where he could help pass the natural gas bill.

Meanwhile, Eisenhower, taking advice from his Texas friends, pretty well stacked the advisory committee with friends of the gas industry.

### Propaganda Machine

This committee, at this point, proceeded to raise a total of $1,500,000 with which to pressure and propagandize Congress.

Next step was to get their bill introduced in Congress under the best possible auspices. To do this they picked Percy Priest of Tennessee, chairman of the House Interstate Commerce Committee.

Introduction of the bill was timed to coincide with the report of the Cabinet advisory committee, which in view of its heavy industry membership was sure to recommend against federal regulation.

It did.

The lobby slipped up on one minor matter, however. Congressman Oren Harris of Arkansas was finally picked to be author of the gas bill, instead of Priest. Harris has long been close to the Arkansas public utilities and Pan American Airways. His wife was even the recipient of nylon stockings from Ham Moses of Arkansas Power & Light during the war when they were scarce.

So Harris introduced the gas bill, while Priest pushed it. Priest did a remarkably efficient job. He not only maneuvered the bill through his committee by a razor-edge one-vote margin after the bill at first was tied, but he voted for the bill both in committee and on the House floor and he was the only congressman from Tennessee who did so.

When the final vote come up in the House, it squeaked through by a 209-203 vote margin only because it had the powerful support of popular Speaker Sam Rayburn and Republican leaders.

Sam called the House into session two hours early to pass the bill and pressured eight key congressmen to change their vote.

The fact that Rayburn was for the bill was easy to understand. He comes from Texas. And the big oil boys have long been able to redistrict Rayburn's congressional district and defeat him if Sam doesn't go down the line for gas and oil.

### GOP Gets Busy

With Republican leaders, however, it was different. Ex-Speaker Joe Martin comes from Massachusetts which needs cheap gas. Charley Halleck, the assistant GOP leader, comes from Indiana, also in need of cheap gas.

However, they came bustling down the House aisle as the vote was being taken, whispering to fellow Republicans, urging them to get in line for the gas bill.

### Intimidation

"There'll be plenty of campaign funds to support any congressman who votes right," was the word passed through the lobbies. It was likewise insinuated that gas money might be put up to defeat those who voted wrong.

It took all these high-pressure tactics to whip enough congressmen into line to give the gas bill a six-vote margin.