THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1956

A Little Firmness & Passion, Please

DR. J. HARRIS PURKS, state director of higher education, spelled out the facts of political life to Charlotteans with significant bluntness this week.

Certainly, the Queen City is undercolleged, he said. Then:

"It's also perfectly clear that there's no use putting a college where the people don't want it. . . I have no doubt that expansion of college facilities here will come in time Charlotte must get behind it to get it, however."

The admonition was timely. Dr. Purks was in town looking at a site suggested for a state technical institute.

The additional facilities will not be handed to Charlotte on a silver platter. Things are just not done that way in Raleigh. It will take a massive thrust of civic pride and resolution on Charlotte's part.

Charlotte has never been short on pride but, with the chips down, it has often exhibited distressingly little interest in higher education in the past. Two years ago only 6 per cent of the city's voters bothered to register for a special election to determine the fate of a proposed two-cent tax levy for the support of the two community colleges, Charlotte and Carver. A whopping 94 per cent of the electorate was either too forgetful or too apathetic even to qualify as voters.

Charlotte's resolve will have to be firmer and, if you will, more passionate in the future if it is to escape its undercolleged status.

Judgeship Race: Stuck In The Mud?

ACADEMIC discussions of the art and abhorrence of mudslinging make interesting listening but do not help Mecklenburg voters decide who should sit on the Superior Court bench in the 26th Judicial District.

There is an old bromide in U. S. politics that goes something like this: "If your opponent calls you a liar, do not deny it—just call him a thief."

This sums up a traditional pugnacity that has characterized rough-and-tumble politicking since the earliest days of the republic. Many campaigns in the past have indeed appalled sober onlookers. The smear is a vicious and thoroughly repulsive weapon.

But somehow we expect competition on a higher level for a judgeship.

The office demands all that there is of dignity, integrity and respectability. The judge's hands should indeed be spotless if the scales of justice are to be placed in his keeping.

But these matters are well known. Most Mecklenburgers despise mudslinging with the same vehemence as Messrs. Campbell and Goodman. They realize, as do the two candidates, that a smear campaign for such an office can boomerang.

An extended debate on such picayunish points as what does and does not constitute a smear and when is a smear not a smear becomes merely tedious. It has some validity as an exercise in the semantics of politics but to the uncommitted voter it is little more than a digression from the main issues.

Surely there *are* issues more deserving of the attention of the candidates and the electorate. Let's get at them without further delay.

Inaccurate Talk From Charlie Wilson

DEFENDING an "austere" but "adequate" arms program, Defense Secretary Wilson labeled his critics "fear mongers."

That is stiff and inaccurate talk. Source of major criticism of the defense effort are former and present members of Mr. Wilson's own team—military men, not politicians. While the secretary is inclined to view these specialists as too dedicated and too greedy for their own special fields, they represent considerable skill and experience in the business of winning wars.

Who is right, whether the U. S. military muscle is tough or flabby, one hopes will never be decided since war alone can provide the ultimate answer.

In the meantime, military experts in or out of the Defense Department, ought to continue to watch the way Mr. Wilson plays his hand, and if they think his economies are cutting too deep they ought to say so.

That is not to monger fear, but to compel constant reexamination and comparison of U. S. and Soviet military capacities.

And if it was mongering fear to report Russia was outproducing the U. S. in long-range bombers, we take it that Mr. Wilson bought some.

He told a Senate Appropriations subcommittee production of B-52 intercontinental bombers will be increased from six to 20 a month.

Every defense secretary has to be a gambler with the security of the nation. He cannot spend wildly, as Mr. Wilson averred, in order to have more of everything than everybody. He must achieve a balanced, ready force with as much economy as possible. That is what he is trying to do.

But kibitzing can't hurt an expert gambler. Mr. Wilson has to expect criticism. It appears from his B-52 step-up that he is profiting from it.

What A Neutral!

BEFORE going into a banquet hall this week to praise Averell Harriman to the hilt, Harry Truman described himself as a neutral in the Democratic nomination race.

Mr. Truman has been called many things, but his worst enemy never called him a neutral in any endeavor.

We expect Mr. Truman to reassure his friends by disproving his claim to neutrality at the strategic place and at the strategic moment.

After The Classifieds—Maple Milk

THE cafe was crowded. A hurried waitress offered a cup of coffee, but said we'd have to wait to give our order.

We took the coffee and a newspaper left in the booth, and were down to "livestock" in the classifieds before she came back and said there'd be another wait.

There was coffee left, and classfieds, too. When they ran out we turned to the woman's section to see what advice American mothers and homemakers are getting. Perhaps there'd be a recipe to suggest something good for lunch.

We read 'em—in this order:

"Chili patties, rhubarb pinwheel puddin', creamy dips, maple syrup milk, coffee apple pie, and tomato roses."

And when the waitress finally came and asked what it would be, we told her it would be turnip greens, hash fried potatoes, corn bread and buttermilk, and no dessert whatsoever, thank you, ma'm.

From The Reporter

FREEDOM FROM SPEECH

WE HAVE our own little proposed addition to the Bill of Rights—freedom from speech. The WALL STREET JOURNAL reports a distinct contribution to this freedom out in Tabiona, Utah (many of the great advances in the human cause have started in places like Tabiona, Utah). The telephone people out there have added a device to their infernal machines that, on party lines, helps to get people to shut up. After four minutes of talk, an automatic warning is given. If anybody really has anything to say, he had better say it then. A minute later the new gadget cuts off the connection.

It's a great idea, and one that should be spread to all telephone conversations all over the country. But electronics has now developed to the point where it could do much more: Maybe there could be installed not only in every telephone, but in every microphone, Dictaphone, Ediphone, and whatever-phone, a device—let us call it a phony-phone—that, at the proper moment, would not just shut the thing off, but would emit a pointed, irreverent, disapproving sound. The proper moment would be when a nominating speaker used the word "integrity" for the third time, or when a candidate said, with Al Smith, "Let's look at the record," or a friendly-type politician referred to his audiences as "folks," or an advertising man used the word "so" in place of "very" ("It's *so* delicious . . .").

It could do a great service in this political year if the device would give a warning growl at "crisis," "crucial time," and "nation's destiny"; declare itself unalterably opposed to "unalterably"; groan at the pattern of discerning "patterns," snort at the description "distinguished" for every man who won an election, yawn audibly at the second and third references to "human rights" or "individual initiative," and sniff at the claim that every program was "bold, new. . ." This bold, new gadget, better than a Teleprompter, might be sort of a Teleheckler, chortling impartially at glowing references to "the party with a heart," "the middle way," "the party of the people," and "dynamic conservatism," and giving an especially loud and dubious sound at all the forthcoming references to a "great victory next November."

The training that we taxpayers are giving to drum majorettes may not be entirely wasted. After all, twirling a baton isn't very much different from wielding a dust mop. — CHARLESTON (S. C.) NEWS & COURIER.

The Main Chance Comes

Johnson's Future

By STEWART ALSOP

WASHINGTON

SENATOR LYNDON Johnson's smashing victory over Gov. Allan Shivers in Texas is one of those events which shake up and transform the whole political scene.

His victory makes Johnson one of the two or three most powerful men in the Democratic party. It renders a southern bolt at the Democratic convention, on which some Republican strategists fondly counted, far less likely, since Johnson stands squarely for party loyalty. At the same time, the Johnson triumph assures him a very strong, perhaps a decisive, voice at the convention.

All this is obvious enough. But it leaves unanswered the most interesting question: Is Johnson himself now to be considered a serious contender for the nomination?

THE SOUTH'S HIS

Johnson can have virtually the entire Southern delegate vote without lifting a finger. He can certainly have the 1956 equivalent of the 294 votes for Senator Richard Russell, the southern candidate in 1952. But his supporters claim that he can go well beyond that.

He has important support in the West, where he is much admired by such men as Sen. Mike Mansfield of Montana and Gov. Ed Johnson of Colorado. Even before his Texas triumph, Johnson got important offers of financial help for a presidential candidacy from Massachusetts, California and other states he turned them down politely. Since his victory, such offers have of course multiplied. Johnson admirers are now talking about his going to the convention with 400 delegate votes or even more.

NO SEEKING

In the circumstances, it would hardly be surprising if Sen. Johnson began to think long and hard about making a real effort for the nomination. He tells all and sundry that he will not seek it, but "if it comes my way, fine." But he will not go further than that, and he is no man to show his cards before he needs to.

Even those very close to him do not know whether he intends to make a real try, although it is known that his wife, Lady Bird Johnson, heartily dislikes the idea, largely because the senator had a heart attack less than a year ago.

The heart attack is, of course, one of the great obstacles to a serious Johnson candidacy, if only because it would remove the "health issue" on which the Democrats are perhaps over-optimistically counting. Another, and more serious obstacle, is his reputation as a conservative among the northern liberal-labor groups.

IRONY

There is a certain irony in this reputation, since Johnson was attacked by the Shivers forces as a "stooge of Walter Reuther" and even as a pro-Communist. Johnson is certainly a liberal by Southern standards. His voting record (except on the sacred issue of oil) has a strong New Dealish flavor, and he was one of three southerners who did not sign the famous southern manifesto, for which Shivers violently attacked him.

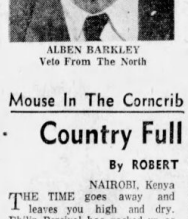
Even so, Johnson is no ardent advocate of Negro equality, and as a southerner he would probably alienate a big slice of the Negro vote, increasingly vital in the northern industrial states. For such reasons, the northern liberals could be expected to combine to veto a Johnson nomination, as in the case of the late Alben Barkley in 1952. Most political realists doubt that Johnson could ever get a convention majority.

A REALIST

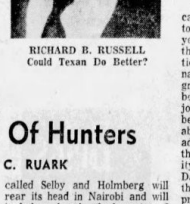
Johnson is nothing if not a political realist himself. Thus the best available guess is that his primary object in Chicago will be to wield his great power to assure a "moderate" ticket and platform. This might be good news for Sen. Stuart Symington of Missouri, the most obvious compromise candidate in a deadlock. Yet the most astute observers incline to the view that the Johnson triumph is likely in the end to be better news for Adlai Stevenson.

Stevenson is the original "moderate," even though he has been sounding rather less moderate recently. Moreover, Johnson's fellow-Texan, Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, to whose views Johnson listens with unfailing attention, is known to look kindly on the Stevenson candidacy. Shivers' desertion of Stevenson for the Eisenhower ticket in 1952 was a key issue in the fight which Johnson has now won.

Stevenson is, moreover, more acceptable to moderate southerners than the other two front-runners, Estes Kefauver and Averell Harriman. Thus the Johnson triumph may turn out to be the best thing that has happened to the beleaguered Stevenson for a long time — provided, of course, that the Florida and California primaries do not knock him right out of the race.



ALBEN BARKLEY
Veto From The North



RICHARD B. RUSSELL
Could Texan Do Better?

'When Do We Come Out With A New Model?'

Mouse In The Corncrib

Country Full Of Hunters

By ROBERT C. RUARK

NAIROBI, Kenya

THE TIME goes away and leaves you high and dry. Philip Percival has racked up as a professional hunter and all of a sudden his mioto, his apprentice and slavery, is now what the Africans call mzee—an old man full of dignity.

Harry Selby had his 24th birthday in my camp at a place called Mtowambu in Tanganyika when he was just getting under way as a professional hunter. Something like seven years have passed since and today Harry is the dean of the younger pros and has just pushed off on his own.

A CORPORATION

He's a corporation, yet and I find it hard to believe that the shy kid who first took Mama and me into the bush is a corporation.

Selby worked lovingly and well for a firm called Ker and Downey, which in recent years has bred most of the competent professional hunters out this way. But as of the first of the year a firm called Selby and Holmberg will rear its head in Nairobi and will include a bunch of characters I know named Auly Holmberg, Mike Rowboth, Reggie Destrow, Frank Bowman and maybe another desperado or so.

HARD BUNCH

I would hesitate to recommend any of these ruffians as possible candidates for the hand of your daughter, but as hunters for bringing the client back alive with his braggadocio intact, I reckon its a hard bunch to beat.

The hunting picture has changed greatly, even in the short few years I've been coming out here. Where there formerly were only 20-some accredited white hunters, all bound strictly by their own organization, every third man on the street calls himself a hunter now. And some of them couldn't find a mouse in a corncrib.

The tendency toward shutting off more and more areas as national park land is manifestly leaving less and less to shoot in.

People's Platform

Bible Clubs And Quick 'Salvation'

Davidson

Editors, The News:

I AM a mite disturbed by the tidings from Myers Park High." I quote the lead sentence of a previous letter to The Charlotte News, though with different connotations.

One cannot help but be disturbed when something of this type takes on such awesome proportions. For, from a small group of intelligent young people with able leadership, our Charlotte Bible Clubs have regressed to pot-pourri of fresh "converts" striving to "convert" others at all costs.

Superficially, this may seem to be in keeping with our obligation as a true Christian, but study the phrase "at all costs." What does this entail? Does the somewhat nebulous end justify the often cruel means?

To a person who is not at all acquainted with this movement, the familiar disruptions and the psychological upsets of such an emotional movement are not fully realized.

Let us take the hypothetical case of young "Johnny" who is to enter Myers Park High next year. After the publicity given the Bible Club and Bible instruction courses, his parents are naturally a bit leery of the group and decide that he had best decline the invitation to join them. Johnny will probably be only 16 and won't be fully able to understand his parents' advice. Therefore, when asked the reason for his nonconformity, he can only say, "Mom and Dad won't let me." Immediately, the youngster is reminded of the priority of God's work over the opinion of his mistaken parents. The boy of this age is quick to grab on to anything new, and this seems to be the answer to his immature soul-searchings. But still his parents stand in the way to him, only the most ignorant (or at least heathen) of parents would stand in the way of his "salvation."

At this juncture when Johnny's childhood idols have revealed such an anti-Christian attitude, he feels that he is surrounded by, dominated by evil. Unless he is saved by quick-thinking parents from his "salvation," Johnny metamorphoses to a self-contained decalogue, with his own copious collection of "Thou shalt not's," ashamed to be alive in such a world of sin and scared to take his place in society, to be surrounded by those evils of which his parents are so exemplary.

This self-imposed virtue can easily cause the loss of an otherwise useful personality to society and can lose for Johnny's parents the cherished filial love.

So, it comes to this. Is Johnny to be exposed to the emotional, immature leadership of this group against the wishes of his parents, or can we have responsible, ordained men lead these groups in an orderly, realistic fashion?

"Come, let us reason 'ogether, saith the Lord."

—PRESTON NOWLIN
Davidson College

A Great Predicament Is Forcefully Defined

Roanoke, Va.

Editors, The News:

I HAVE just read the letter, "Song For The Negro; Peace For The South," in your People's Platform column.

I am sincerely sorry that the writer saw fit to have her name withheld. This is one of the finest pieces of prose I have read for many years. And what's more important, the message contained in the letter is of such great significance that it could well be required reading and re-reading in every school house in the South, white and black.

The author very simply and forcefully has painted a picture of the great predicament of our times: The rapid disappearance of the dignity and individuality of man. But she has come up with the right answer, which is supplied in the title you gave her writing.

—PHILIP CLORE, JR.

Mothers Deserve Honor Every Day

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

Sunday is Mothers Day and many of us have no mother to give a gift to. I think the sweetest and greatest gift a son or daughter could give a mother is to love, respect and live a Christian life. Mothers should be honored every day.

Boys and girls who are breaking their mother's heart will regret it some day. When God calls mother home, your best friend is gone; and when you look at her face for the last time, if you helped to give her many heartbreaks, you will think of all of this when you have to give her up.

I know that my mother is waiting for the last homecoming in Heaven and I wouldn't do anything to disgrace her precious memory for she lived a Christian life and taught me to.

Today I think of some precious mothers bearing heavy burdens with troubles caused by children. And I wonder if the children realize that one day they might not have a mother.

She stands by you when no one else will. I have lots of love for good mothers who have lived a Christian life and who have burdens.

Sunday as you give mother her gift, give her your love and kindness from then on, every day, for she deserves it. One of these days God will call her home. He did mine. And it will be too late.

—MRS. MAYME BARGER

The Music Ceases Before Midnight

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

I RECENTLY read where a mother said that she would not want a child of hers staying up at a rock 'n' roll show 'til all hours of the night. Well I don't see how she could blame late hours on the show for they are usually over around eleven or after.

—ROBERT L. DAVIS

Blomberg Excites Mind And Memory

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

The many people who braved the threatening weather last Thursday and Friday evenings were, I am sure, very much enlightened as to what the human mind, be it young or old, can absorb and remember if the person has some training in "How to Improve One's Memory."

Mr. Sigmund Blomberg, through the sponsorship of The Charlotte News, was a most entertaining personality and in the space of a few short hours of instruction was able to improve considerably the memory of those attentive persons present both evenings. I am sure there were many in the audience who would wish to continue the training, and hope that it may be possible for such interested persons to meet occasionally as a group.

I want to take this opportunity to thank The Charlotte News and Mr. Blomberg for his visit to our office, at which time he demonstrated what his memory course can do. The several of us who took the course are already reaping the benefits derived from it.

—EVERETT ESCOTT
Sales Manager
N. G. Speir Inc.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

New Chapter Of Nixon-Chotiner Story

WASHINGTON

MORE is leaking out regarding the gentleman whom The New York Times describes as Vice President Nixon's "anchor man," Murray Chotiner. All of it indicates both the closeness of Chotiner to Nixon and the interesting manner in which Chotiner's law practice zoomed from coast to coast after Nixon became vice president.

Fair Chance

Here are some additional close associations Chotiner had with the man who has a fair chance of becoming President of the United States:

Just before the 1952 GOP convention—Chotiner sent 23,000 letters out to leading Californians under Sen. Nixon's frank, taking a poll regarding Eisenhower and Gov. Warren. It had the effect of cutting the ground out from under Warren, thus paving the way for Nixon for vice president.

During the GOP convention—Chotiner, according to Mrs. Nixon's magazine memoirs, was with her husband in his hotel suite when Brownell called to say that Nixon had been picked for second place.

After the election—When Nixon asked Truman to let him go to Mexico for the inauguration of Ruiz Cortinas, Chotiner went along as his assistant. Truman was still in office, and at Nixon's request space was made on the government plane for Chotiner to ride from Washington to Mexico City.

Signed Letters

Before the coming GOP convention—Chotiner acted for Nixon in selecting one-third of the California delegates to attend the convention. According to the San Francisco Chronicle, Chotiner sat in the St. Francis Hotel on the night of March 2, just two months ago, and, with Bernard C. Brennan of Los Angeles, represented Nixon in picking the Nixon-California delegates.

Chotiner has also signed letters acting as the attorney for the vice president as recently as March 22 of this year.

Thus, some of the most intimate events in Nixon's life have been connected with or entrusted to Murray Chotiner, right up to the present.

Chotiner's Clients

Here is the background of some of Chotiner's other clients:

Marco Reginelli of Philadelphia and Camden, N. J., was arrested 16 times between 1917 and 1942. He was convicted six times, ending in three prison sentences and three fines. When his citizenship was challenged, he retained a man of influence, Chotiner, to block his deportation. Chotiner had nothing to do with it, but the character of his client is shown by the fact that deportation proceedings touched off gang warfare and killed five men in south Philadelphia and south New Jersey.

Five Killed

Five men—Joseph "Joe Italy" Suero; Joseph "Joe Bananas" Bellona, Marshall Venerale, Anthony Benedetto, and Emanuel Gottobrio—were killed in the battle to take over Reginelli's numbers racket.

The Philadelphia Police Bureau in a confidential letter dated July 19, 1949, reported that the New Jersey Italian mob was "headed by Marco Reginelli, alias 'The Little Guy,' who is absolute czar of the Italians in the south Jersey and Philadelphia area."

The Federal Narcotics Bureau furnished the Kefauver Crime Investigating Committee with a list of Mafia members. On the list was Marco Reginelli. He was also included on a list of notorious racketeers that the Justice Department turned over to the Kefauver Committee.