THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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The Election: A Man And A Document

SIGNIFICANCE of Saturday's election gathers around a capable man in Raleigh and a largely meaningless document in Washington.

The man was Luther Hodges who had steered the state with wisdom and moderation through two years of unrest and uncertainty induced by the Supreme Court decision. The document was the SOUTHERN MANIFESTO, an ineffectual protest against the decision, which prized two non-signing congressman from office and forced a third into a mud-slinging struggle for survival.

That race prejudice was eliminated as a potent weapon in the gubernatorial campaign is a direct tribute to Hodges' record of sensible and thoughtful leadership in a period of great tensions. It also was a rejection of appeals that North Carolina turn to the windy blustering and angry ravings practiced in some other sections of the South. The governor's overwhelming victory offers new hope that North Carolina will solve a great social dilemma without demeaning its democratic heritage or destroying its public schools.

In congressional races in the Fifth and Eighth districts concern over the court decision doubtless was the telling factor in defeat of Reps. Thurmond Chatham and C. B. Deane. They paid the penalty for convictions that the SOUTHERN MANIFESTO was more harmful than helpful to the South's cause. While vigorous prosecution of their refusal to sign defeated them it did not elect in their places men unworthy of the offices. Neither congresmen-elect Ralph Scott, of the Fifth District, nor A. Paul Kitchin, of the Eighth, engaged in the vituperation of some of their supporters. Both are qualified by training and experience to make excellent representatives of their districts and the state.

That Rep. Harold Cooley survived a determined attempt to tag him as a "race mixer" probably was due to Cooley's fierce counter-campaign on the same level, and to the congressman's position of national influence on agricultural policies.

It may be said in sum that where race was a key issue a majority of Tar Heels reaffirmed distaste for the Supreme Court decision, but nowhere did they give a mandate for violent and self-defeating attempts to circumvent it.

Sensible and thoughtful leadership in **Raleigh** has received a vote of confidence. Capable and responsible congressmen are being sent to Washington.

The Longhairs Lost A Private Preserve

TOO MUCH music in America? A century ago, Walt Whitman wrote, "I hear America singing."

Ten decades later, says Jacques Barzun, the famous poet would "find his hopeful, baseless metaphor turned into a living truth."

But Mr. Barzun, a lively critic of American life, manages to find a few bugs in the broth, as usual.

He writes in MUSIC IN AMERICAN LIFE, published this week:

> The air is not yet saturated with it to the point where one more note would precipitate in crystalline form the nine symphonies of Beethoven but we are not far from this dangerous pass. One cannot drink a glass of beer without its dilution in Handel's Water Music, nor take a taxi without running the risk of Italian opera . . . The captive audience knows a new kind of servitude, which makes one regret the old punishment that went with the pillory—namely loss of ears.

What really irks Barzun and the smart set, we suspect, is that longhair music is no longer the private possession of the longhairs. It has simply "gone common," finding a mass audience and a mass appreciation.

Divesting a snob of his reason for snobbery is like robbing a fretful mastiff of a bone. Thus, the snob sees "danger" in the "generalization of culture."

As an amused critic once said, it is a curious thing that the very people who uphold the common man's rightness of political instinct deny him a similar potential capacity in the realm of taste.

Art, in any form, grows best in the open market. We see no particular sense in confining it to a private preserve where only hothouse flowers can be cultivated.

Now, if we could just have another round of that WATER MUSIC, maestro.

Our Very Own Southern Manifesto

WE'VE BEEN sitting up with a sick conscience these past few nights, brooding about the manifesto situation.

After that rhetorical thunderclap called the SOUTHERN MANIFESTO, a little rain has fallen into our lives from all over. Sub-manifestoes have appeared—masquerading as editorials, platforms, earnest THIS I BELIEVE appeals and other assorted affirmations. Most smack of the Upper Mississippi or Early Devonian school of political declaration, full of earnest conviction and something closely resembling omniscience (leaning heavily on such phrases as "history proves," "it is a fact that" and "we must all").

Caught in the age of manifestoes without a manifesto is like being caught in the Renaissance without a paint brush.

We've actually had little use for the things since Mencken and Nathan wrote their AMERICAN CREDO in 1920 but will bow to the demands of the hour with smile on face and pen in hand. We solemnly proclaim these truths, self-evident as they indeed are, to be a part of something we will temporarily call MANIFESTO IN PROGRESS—BEING A SYSTEM OF BELIEFS AND DISBELIEFS WHEREIN LIFE IS EXAMINED FROM A TO B.

That catnaps are too good for cats.

That there is *some* good in all politicians.

That gall is divided into three parts—Republican, Democratic and Southern Democratic.

That the Great Seal of the United States is actually a mammal.

That a stitch in time hardly saves anything at all anymore.

That watermelon is best eaten with a fork.

That the Scotch-Irish are the salt of the earth even if they have lived in this country for only a couple of hundred years.

That the quality of mercy is, too, strain'd.

That winters aren't as cold as they used to be but summers are hotter.

That Sherman was right.

That life is a trap.

That going to bed early and getting up early hasn't got anything to do with health, wealth or wisdom.

That most women are good drivers.

That postmasters in small towns don't read *all* the postcards.

That there are people out there—watching.

That everybody ought to live within their income even it they have to borrow money to do so.

There it is and we'll stand by it, by jing.

Eric Sevareid In A CBS Broadcast

SMILE, PODNUH, WHEN YOU SAY THAT

THEY—and we mean the ominous, mysterious They — are trying to emasculate and degrade that time-honored guardian of the daily, pillar of our past, ideal of all right-thinking, red-blooded American youths—the Western Cowboy. The first frightening inroad by this un-American idealogy, this ism, came when they turned the tobacco chewing, hard ridin' woman-hatin', leather-lunged cowboy into a clean-shaven, white-hatted fancy-dan moonin' around with a guitar in the ranch house patio.

That practically destroyed the true vision in the minds of one whole generation of Saturday night movie-going American kids, and you would think they would leave the present generation of television kids with some shred of faith. But no. The television cowboy hereafter is going to be, not only a sentimental square who sends his sombreros to a dry cleaner, he's also going to be wholesome; any lack of a resemblance between the cowpuncher and the local scoutmaster will be purely coincidental.

They, in this case, is a posse of vigilantes in New York state called The Joint Legislative Committee to Study the Publication and Dissemination of Offensive and Obscene Material. This posse has taken the laws of history and tradition into its own hands, has ridden into the Big Town and is now shootin' up Madison Avenue so hard that law abiding TV executives are either ducking behind their office bars or rushing to the front stoop in surrender. They haven't even sent a Pony Express rider off with a plea for help from Fort Dodge, or the President, though they must know that Ike likes his westerns straight and would dispatch the federals immediately, even if he can't saddle up Old Paint himself, no more.

We would have said, "any more," but we thought we'd try to put some heart in the craven executives by an example of courage; the posse, you see, is making the TV people promise that hereafter cowboy heroes will use proper grammar. Instead of "Them's fightin' words, stranger," they will say, "Sir, we have not been introduced, but my inference must be that you are impugning my integrity."

This ain't all. Buck will now meet his pals, associates that is, not in bars or poolrooms, but, (to quote NBC for the first time in our life) "in railroad stations, post offices and other innocent places." We can see it now: Buck is just extracting his copy of the CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR from his mailbox when Two-Gun Peter dismounts from his sorrel, Man-O-Peace, and says, "Are you in the mood for a quick lemon squash at the Y?"

People's Platform

Noisy Business

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

I NOTED with interest your brief editorial of May 24, on the proposed auto racing in the stadium.

The Parks and Playgrounds Commission is apparently all enthused over the prospect of leasing the stadium for this purpose, and with such a lease for five years, of course, certain stipulations are to apply, especially since there will have to be a rather heavy expenditure of money by the lessor in preparation.

Such auto racing will create noise, and for some 15 minutes, such noise can magnify and expand, and become persistent and irritating.

This is a thickly populated section and if the noise becomes enough of a nuisance, there would no doubt be laws or ordinances that could be invoked to halt this racing.

A five-year contract is a long time and much can happen; putting such a contract in effect could create unforeseen consequences that I hardly believe the adjoining population realize and the Parks and Playgrounds Commission does not care to consider in view of the revenue they hope to derive.

The City Council should consider carefully and well if an agreement is contingent on their consent.

—Name Withheld By Request

Is Man Still Stuck With A Jungle Law?

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

WHAT IS the current trend of world thought?

People in the same room will talk with each other; science has eliminated distance and made plain that the earth is not owned and lived upon by a nation or group, but by a race of heretofore diverging humans.

Fronting the truth are we too weak to accept it? The nations loaded with war taxes boasting their armies, navies, and bombs swagger in this little arena of earth like highwaymen dividing their booty, or wolves snarling over a dead body.

And for what? The resources of earth and the produce of labor—the material is worth more than the intellectual and moral.

What was first? The family. Then the tribe. The tribe grew. Communities occupying different regions came into being. Thereby was developed different cultures. Thus civilization proceeded. In the West Rome arose, perfected the art of government; disseminated the learning and culture of the then civilization into the western world and by the force of corruption within and pressure of barbarism without, passed.

Then came the intellectual advance of the western peoples of Europe; Italy, France, England and later Germany of the civilized West. Because of tariffs the assertion of different cultures, the existence of different languages, the aspiration of race nationality became the trend of the western civilized nations in the 18th and 19th centuries.

What came with nationality?

Wars, tariffs, exploitation, colonization, wealth and power on the one side; poverty, helplessness, and isolation on the other. (Also patriotism, national pride, standing armies, navies, high taxes, exploitation of nation by nation and peoples by peoples, imperialism, bombs, and the real possibility of the destruction of humanity).

What begins to show on the long dim horizon of history as the final safe condition for humanity? Some world arrangement capable of solving the problems of mankind and instituting equity among the peoples of every race in every clime. Due to science this concept is now dimly penetrating the minds of the peoples and the nations.

The physical universe exists conformable to the balancing of natural forces. When man is able to universally balance responsibility and right there will be peace in the world and man will have advanced to a mental, moral and spiritual condition from which he may accentuate realization of the beautiful and the good. Nothing is clearer or more reflective upon the present world picture than the blood upon the historic mile posts.

We have passed the signs of serfdom, slavery, feudalism, colonialism, and imperialism, but still in the way stand certain obnoxious forms of nationalism, racism, creeds, language and habit of thought. The enigma posed to present humanity is: Can one nation or a group preserve its progress and leave others behind? Or, must others be destroyed that we may monopolize equity and justice? Do we still live by the law of sacrifice that one must die that another be sanctified?

Shall it be us or another nation or people? And is that courage, or fear, or greed, or a state of mind that fails to take up the burden (or blessing) of virtue? Is it necessary that war intervene between our present state and a better one? Has man's struggle for knowledge given us nothing better than the power to wreak vengeance?

Are we still after struggle, yearning, longing, aspiring, laboring, hoping, to find nothing better for humanity than the law of the strongest — the law of the jungle?

Do we live on a level with the brutes of the forest?

Yet we teach logic and reason in our schools. We attempt to found our laws upon principles of equity. We pray in our churches.

—HOYT EAVES

Names Are Needed For Queens' History

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

SEVERAL of us who were students at the Presbyterian College (later renamed Queens College) in its early days, are compiling its history, which we hope to have completed before long. We have the names of the first graduating class, and would appreciate it very much if anyone who has a list of graduates of the second and third classes would send them to us, or publish them.

We have a copy of the charter issued in 1896; and also of the Mecklenburg Presbytery Minutes, giving full detail of the establishment of the college.

—MRS. JAMES D. MARTIN

Sharon Play Program Gets Financial Boost

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

OUR records have now been completed and we know that the continuation of the recreational program at Sharon School is assured for another year. The barbecue held last month was financially a success, even though there were many hardships and difficulties caused by the most severe and heaviest rains we have experienced in Mecklenburg County in many years.

However, there were almost 6,000 people who braved the inclement weather and we do not know of any one who left without being served.

The success of this large event was made possible to a great extent by the assistance of your very fine organization. Since it is not practical for us to attempt to tell each one of your people of our appreciation, we ask that you, if you will please, do so for us.

The children who won prizes for selling tickets are: first prize, Jane Diltz; second prize, Sandra Moore; third prize, Andy Scales; fourth prize, George Shaw; fifth prize, Peggy Palmer.

—GEORGE F. JONES
News Chairman
Sharon Barbecue Committee

Rose Show Aided By News Reports

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

ON BEHALF of the Charlotte Rose Society I want to express our appreciation for the publicity given us in connection with our fourth annual rose show.

The cooperation received from you and your staff was very helpful in making our show a success.

—A. C. THOMES
President

CD Conference Reported Well

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

THANK YOU for the excellent reporting of the recent southeastern conference for women leaders in Civil Defense.

Although this was a Federal Civil Defense Administration sponsored conference we, of the local Civil Defense Organization, join with FCDA in expressing our appreciation for your cooperation.

—CHARLES E. CULLEN
Director
Civil Defense

Sense Of Humor

IT IS almost as dangerous to an author as to a politician to show a sense of humor, which is, to say, a capacity to discover hidden and surprising relations between apparently disparate things, to penetrate to the hollowness of common assumptions, and to invent novel and arresting turns of speech. All dolts envy him this capacity, and hence dislike him.—**H. L. Mencken in "Minority Report."**

'Oh, Joyous Day'

Chasing Voters With Adlai & Estes

Yawning Indifference In Florida

By MARQUIS CHILDS

HOLLYWOOD, Fla.

"GET FREE hot dogs and hear Sen. Estes Kefauver."

This sign, stretched over the entrance to the local community center, had drawn about 200 people, young and old, when the senator arrived toward the end of a long day of campaigning for Florida's 28 delegates. They ate their free hot dogs and baked beans while he spoke, primarily to the elderly—the "senior citizens" — on the need to raise social security payments to the aged and the needy.

PUZZLEMENT

In the face of a vast yawning indifference, some bait is necessary to get anyone out to listen. Both Kefauver and Adlai Stevenson are pursuing the voters, running them down to every crossroads and shopping center, every town hall and barber shop. And often their audience seems reluctant to stand still, a little puzzled at what the fuss is about.

INDIFFERENCE

Less than three months from the Democratic convention and five months from the election in November, this is an astonishing phenomenon. There are many reasons for the indifference that seems a part of the warm, sunlit air of this cluttered playground. Yet the fact that the two leading contenders for the nomination of one of the major parties should virtually have to tie people down while they talk to them is a curious commentary on the times.

One reason is the fact that there is no run-off primary for the governorship to stir voter interest. For the first time in Florida's history, Gov. LeRoy Collins won a clear majority for re-election over four opponents in the recent gubernatorial contest. His opponents used the crudest kind of facist appeals while Collins championed moderation and respect for law.

WARMING UP

But far more important is the bland assurance expressed in a variety of ways that President Eisenhower is going to win another term in November, no matter what anyone says or does.

SEN. KEFAUVER
Hot Dogs Free

MR. EISENHOWER
A Family Man

This being so, there is not much use in bothering about what any Democrat says. Stevenson and Kefauver are like two runners warming up for a track meet, the outcome of which already has been determined.

"I'm going to vote for Stevenson (or Kefauver)," the filling station attendant says, "but I think I'll vote for Ike again in the fall."

THE SYMBOL

The blind faith in Mr. Eisenhower is not unlike that which Franklin D. Roosevelt enjoyed in the '30s. This seemingly has little to do with what he does or says about public issues. It is the man as a symbol, as Great White Father, that inspires the belief that his very presence in the White House somehow insures the national well-being.

It is scarcely a secret, either, that voters are swayed by the kind of photograph of the President and Mrs. Eisenhower and their grandchildren that was printed recently throughout the country. They're such a wonderful family, the little lady at the notions counter says.

It should not be forgotten, of course, that a great many of us went around the country in 1948 discovering that the Republican candidate, Thomas E. Dewey, would inevitably defeat President Truman. But today's phenomenon is, in the view of this observer, quite different. For thing, Mr. Eisenhower is in the White House and that, in itself, is an enormous advantage.

The experts who have been following the Florida presidential primary at close range believe Stevenson has an edge in part because he has much more organization support. They qualify this by saying that many northerners who have migrated here are, at heart, Republicans, although they have registered as Democrats to participate in the Democratic primaries. They might deliberately vote against Stevenson to kill him off as the principal contender.

TOTAL VOTE

The guess is that the total vote will be only about 450,000, which is roughly half the number who voted in the election for governor. The total Democratic registration is 1,275,000; Republican, 162,000.

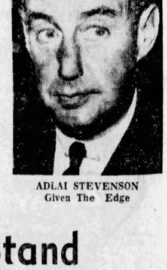
In the presidential election four years ago, Mr. Eisenhower got roughly 55 per cent of the vote and Stevenson 45 per cent. Those who know Florida politics from a relatively objective viewpoint believe the state will go for Mr. Eisenhower again against any Democratic candidate now visible and by about the same ratio.

CHANGING SCENE

Perhaps one reason Stevenson and Kefauver find it so hard to make themselves heard is because they have so little to say that seems relevant, either to the swiftly - changing scene typified here at home by Florida's fantastic growth or to the vast and overpowering forces unleashed in nuclear fission and fusion. As in their debate, so widely billed and on the whole so disappointing, they both expressed right and good thoughts that have a liberal sound.

But these thoughts about colonialism and anti-colonialism, about monopoly and small business, do not seem to get beneath the surface of the lives of people busy and distracted by the thousand and one distractions of the modern world.

This could change — and quickly — if the current prosperity were to be shaved off a little more, as it seems to be with the automobile layoffs in the North. But as of today these two earnest men, candidates for the highest office in the land, are going into the remotest highways and byways looking for someone to listen for even just a few minutes.



ADLAI STEVENSON
Given The Edge

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Adlai Hurt By Old Age Pension Stand

WASHINGTON

LONG - distance telephone lines have been burning up between California, Chicago and Washington over the question of Adlai Stevenson's record on old-age pensions when he was governor of Illinois.

The Veto

First to pick up the telephone were harassed Pat Brown, attorney general of California, and worried Paul Ziffren of Los Angeles, both top strategists of Adlai's California campaign. They called Dick Finnegan, Adlai's campaign manager in Chicago, to say that George McLain, powerful leader of the old age pension movement in southern California, had published in his "National Welfare Advocate" scathing review of Gov. Stevenson's pension record, showing that he had vetoed a bill for a 10 per cent raise in Illinois' aid to the needy.

Brown and Ziffren were worried sick over what this would do to the vote for Stevenson in southern California.

Buttonholed

Dick Finnegan promptly did some telephoning of his own. He called Congressmen Jimmy Roosevelt and Cecil King, both from southern California, both Stevenson delegates, and both friends of older-statesman-champion George McLain.

Roosevelt and King promptly buttonholed McLain in Washington. They were in a good position to do this because both have introduced his bill to overhaul the entire public assistance section of the Social Security act. This pertains to aid for the aged, the needy, the blind, the physically handicapped, and dependent children.

The Shame List

What puts Stevenson somewhat on the spot is that Sen. Kefauver is the sponsor of this same bill in the Senate.

Quite a hassle followed between McLain, King and Roosevelt, despite the fact that McLain has been a stanch backer of both congressmen, and went down the line for Jimmy Roosevelt for governor in 1950.

Finally McLain compromised by publishing a statement by Congressman King praising Stevenson's record for old age pensions. McLain also omitted a previously planned account of Stevenson's record in okaying the "shame list."

However, McLain also ran a full-page photo of Kefauver on page 1 of his paper over the caption "Kefauver — Friend of the Needy," while on the editorial page he ran a letter from Warren Lamson, president of the Illinois Pension Union giving Stevenson's record on pensions and on the shame list. The latter is the list of oldsters receiving government aid, which is made public in Illinois, and which oldsters bitterly resent.