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TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1956

After Derby Day, A Secret Reward

BOYISH hands and a force known as gravity will supply the visual magic for Charlotte's 1956 Soap Box Derby. Hands have produced vehicles out of wood and metal. Gravity will supply a reasonable facsimile of horsepower.

There is a reward, of course. It lies partly in the pride of accomplishment and the thrill of competitive enterprise and—for one—the taste of victory over all others. But the true reward will be reaped later. It may not even be felt tomorrow.

The Good Old Congratulatory Message

If weather cooled off like politicians, there'd be snow and ice all over the Eleventh Congressional District tonight. The political temperature dropped that sharply when Hugh Gardner sent Basil Whitener a congratulatory message conceding defeat in their runoff contest. It happens all the time.

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These messages are the end pieces of all political brawls, and few winners are too corrupt or inept to receive them. The loser, even if he is hooked, crooked, or crooked, is supposed to send the message, paving the way for renewal of community harmony and good fellowship.

It is a legitimate point. It's fine for a losing candidate to send the winner a congratulatory word or two, but he ought not to ask his supporters to give up the pleasure of nursing their grudges for a week or two.

Was Michelangelo A Socialist?

WAS Rembrandt "soft" on atheism? Did Gauguin believe in integration? Was Michelangelo a socialist? Did Manet support the Popular Front? The way things are going it is not inconceivable that puppet bureaucrats will demand answers to these questions and more before they permit the unloading of any more art treasures on the New York docks. After all, how can we be sure we won't be politically contaminated by Mona Lisa's smile?

The American Federation of Arts, which selected the artists and put the show together, refused to participate if any paintings were barred by the government. "Art," said the federation's trustees, "should be judged on its merits... and not by the political or social views of the artists."

The Toughness Was Not Hidebound

If toughness is a virtue, Fleet Adm. Ernest J. King will be passed through the Peary Gates without need of visa. His grays were almost legendary in the Navy he served so well for so long. But it was an enlightened toughness, bred of the necessities of three wars and some inner carriage of high personal courage. He held the field, and later directed, the mightiest sea force the world has ever known and this was not a chore for timorous types.

He knew the Navy from stem to stern—and loved it. But despite the taunts and the "belly" in one of his poems, and a hidebound traditionalism. He envisioned a Navy streamlined for modern warfare. At 48, he won his wings and spent 12 years in naval aviation. His enlightened toughness will be missed by the Navy and the nation.

William Nelson In The Wichita Eagle

THE HEMINGWAY MYSTERY

THE same safe crowd which is trying to prove Shakespeare was written by Marlowe persists in other like errors. They believe, for example, that Hemingway actually wrote the novels attributed to him. It is obvious that a man who did not go to college, as Mr. Hemingway did, could not have written them. I conclude therefore that they must have been written by Ambrose Bierce.

vain into Marlowe's tomb to disprove Shakespeare has taken care of them and their pettifogging objections. I realize that the new school of Hemingway with nothing to do, but this is easily explained. Hart Crane did not even finish high school so he could not have written the poems attributed to him. He uses the word "belly" in one of his poems, and I don't know a single high school student who knows what this word means. Readers of Hoffman are already way ahead of me. Who wrote Crane's poems? Who wrote Mr. Hemingway's?

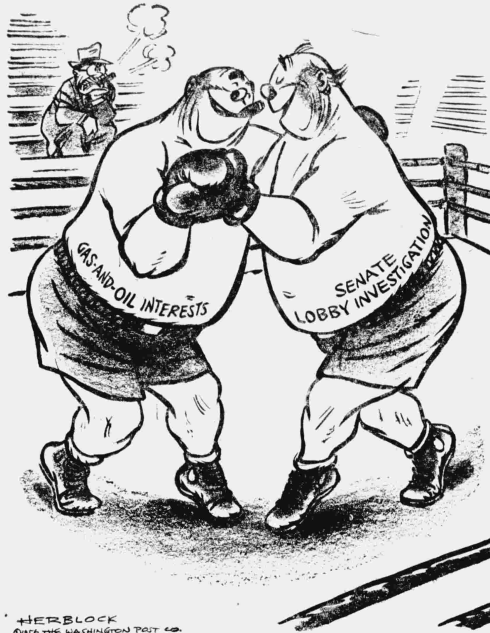
The death or disappearance of Mr. Bierce has never been satisfactorily explained. He had a literary reputation before anyone had even heard of Hemingway. My theory is that Bierce became a member of the then underground Mugwump party. Fearing chastisement from Theodore Roosevelt's Big Stick, he fled to Mexico where he turned his attention to writing Hemingway's novels.

Someday, I am sure, someone will open an old Artlec tomb and out will roll Bierce's manuscripts of Hemingway's novels. Hemingway's manuscripts of Crane's poems, and, who knows, perhaps of Emily Dickinson. Has the title of Faulkner's famous story, A Rose for Emily, ever been satisfactorily explained? Let us hope that this tomb is quickly found and the second greatest literary hoax solved.

'It's Been Charming'

White Face A Liability In Newly Free Indonesia

By ROBERT C. RUARK



Coattails And Uncertainty

The High Price Of Politics

By MARQUIS CHILDS

WASHINGTON FOR 43 members of the House and 33 members of the Senate, the time has arrived when they must go out and ask for a new lease on the job. This makes for an uneasy restlessness in the last days of the Congress as representatives and senators try to keep one eye on the calendar and the other cocked in the direction of the hustings, where they must soon proclaim their sterling qualities.

candidate after another sliding away. Sen. George A. Southern of Florida finally agreed to be chairman, with Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey of Minnesota as vice chairman. Most of the hard work will be done by Leslie Bille, for many years secretary-treasurer of the campaign committee and an institution in Washington nearly as familiar as the capitol dome.

Letters signed by the President warmly endorsing Rep. Zloch and Sen. Barkley had been prepared for this fall. GLOOM THICK. But the President's second serious illness in nine months has put those fine plans in jeopardy.

Incumbents favored. All this tends to confirm the "do it yourself" pattern of getting elected or reelected that is a quelling grid—the senator or the representative is often overcome with despair. Is it worth it? He is likely to ask, thinking of the waves and nights of speechmaking, handshaking, baby-kissing that he ahead.

FREE SPENDING. The free spending by the natural lobbyist, with its political repercussions has made a Democratic leery of standing officially at the receiving end of the campaign pipeline. Shortly before his death Sen. Allen Barkley of Kentucky was persuaded by the Democrats to be chairman of the Senate campaign committee. The general, however, Barkley specified, however, that he would not raise funds. After a long search, with one

to handle the campaign?" "I'm not so sure it was wise to get an advertising agency to handle the campaign!"

IT was pleasant to see that nobody stopped President Sukarno of Indonesia, ordered him strapped and frisked, and suggested at machine-gun point that his camera would look better on the gun-waver than on Sukarno himself.



DR. SUKARNO Kept His Troopers

It was, indeed, pleasant that no body took a potshot at him from across the street and talking under the delusion that he was Chinese instead of Indonesian. It was nice that nobody scribbled unattractive signs on the hotel door, screamed rude words at him from the plane ramp.

I thought it particularly charming that there was not one exchange rate at the port of entry. There's a different legal rate and then double that in the black market from every cab driver and gunpoint cop you met on the street. Because you see, that is what would have happened to the innocent tourist in Djakarta for instance. I've been there three times in the last two years, and now I just don't go any more.

Peter said he never was much of a camera fan, anyhow. The cops on the docks hijack their own people who are trying to sell things to the tourists on shipboard. Some poor hum will mistake to see a wooden wiggy snake to a tourist for a pack of cigarettes, and the cop on him like a hawk on a June bug. The cop takes the cigarette and smokes them. The bunch of cops are leaving Indonesia in swarms, and so are the Australians, because it gets a little nerve-wracking to find a fresh throat scrawled on your door every morning. I was advised by an Indonesian NOT to accept the kind invitation of another Indonesian, very highly placed, to have a look at the bush. "You have a white face," he said. "No man with a gun in his bush will bother to inquire whether you are Dutch."

Nobody comes to Djakarta to steal the country. The average tourist just wants to rubberize around the irrigation ditches and maybe spot a native bane. He wants to spend a few dollars and snap a picture, and then go back to his plane or ship with a cheap sarong, a bad batik, a carved head. That he wants and no more.

They are not too young to have their own people to fore-igners and to each other, but he said they were too young in democracy to know any better. They are not too young to have their own people to fore-igners and to each other, but he said they were too young in democracy to know any better.

It is difficult to spend any money in Djakarta, because of the constant interruptions by the gun-toters. You are so busy dressing and undressing while they search you—and, really, too—that there's little time to shop. A friend of mine on an Australian ship stopped three times in two hours. He also received a gun in front of his nose while the camera obviously advised his camera.

It is a reek after this piece I'll never get back into Indonesia. And if you want to know something, I'd like to care less. But this is nice that nobody made President Sukarno take down his pants to see if he'd smuggled any guns into America.

Tell-Tale Changes

Stroke's Handwriting

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON THOSE DOCTORS who are disagreeing about President Eisenhower's newest illness—his health prospects are not going to be allowed to have the last word on themselves. The President's signature, written from his hospital bed June 12, shortly after his latest operation, has been in the eagle eye of Harry O. Telscher, the handwriting expert. Telscher's book, "Handwriting," published by the reputable G. P. Putnam's Sons, went into its fourth revised edition this year.

He is consciously or unconsciously, depressed and uncertain about their future. In a recent Coronet article, written in collaboration with Dr. W. Eliasberg, a psychiatrist, Telscher stated that "tell-tale changes" had appeared in the Eisenhower handwriting just before and after his heart seizure. He said: "More pressure in writing and it has a pasty look. The strokes descend, the capitals are more distinct, the writing seems disjointed."

Telscher realizes that an old fan of his, the Citizens for Eisenhower Committee, which quoted from his admiring analysis of Mr. Eisenhower's handwriting from the 1952 campaign, is not going to make him their pupin man of 1956. Nevertheless, here are his views, based on the presidential signature with White House Press Secretary Walter Jenkins's signature flourished before reporters June 12. The signature was attached to an order allocating federal funds for civilian defense. It was reproduced by the newspapers the next day.

His conclusion: "The President is still a weary and often tense man. Adlai Stevenson, like Mr. Eisenhower in 1952, got excellent results on the handwriting from Telscher. Perhaps fortunately for Stevenson, the present Democratic campaigner has not signed his 1956 model any place where the expert can get at it.

"The President's signature is still rather uncharacteristic, as was one written in August, 1955, before his heart attack which showed he was wrestling with incipient fatigue and depression. "There is a shrinkage of letters in the middle zone. It has many depressive features. The whole writing descends and dwindles in size while the last stroke is sharply downward. "There are characteristic features of the writing of people who

surprised the experts, all right, that November.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON ON Thursday, June 7, the day before the President's personal doctor, demanded an incident occurred which bears on the question of whether those around him had been keeping from the public the true facts about the health—perhaps also from his himself.

Suppression. In brief, Maj. Gen. Howard Snyder, the President's personal doctor, demanded that this column suppress news that the White House had been given an emergency oxygen inhalator to be carried in the car when the President was on his plane.

President's Doctor Plans The Censor

lent of a portable oxygen tent. This was the emergency treatment given the President when he became ill in Denver. When I learned that the emergency oxygen inhalator company had supplied an inhalator to the White House, I checked the details further. He talked to Donald Demarest, a salesman for the company, and confirmed that the company had given an inhalator valued at \$117.90 to the President on the encouragement of Dr. Paul D. White, the Boston heart specialist.

Would Hurt Ike

Anderson asked by this time Snyder was getting around and rough. "What would the Democrats say?" he barked. "It would give the impression the President needed to be helped. It would work to the worst interest of our President if anything is said about this," he repeated.

Snyder Demands

Later Demarest telephoned to say that Gen. Snyder wanted Anderson to call him. Anderson promptly called. Gen. Snyder, who spoke in the tone of one accustomed to giving orders, said he didn't want any publicity about the emergency oxygen inhalator. "Where did you get this information?" he also demanded. Anderson said he was sorry but he could not reveal his news source. He

Changes Mind

At first I decided to accuse to Gen. Snyder's wishes and not publish the relationship. The fact that the White House had an emergency inhalator, however, in reviewing the conflicting and confusing statements Gen. Snyder has made about the President's health, his attempt to suppress this relatively unimportant news item becomes an important part of the news suppression picture.

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