THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

Thomas L. Robinson ——— *President and Publisher*
Brodie S. Griffith ——— *General Manager*
Cecil Prince ——— *Associate Editor*
R. L. Young Jr. ——— *Managing Editor*
Huey Stinson ——— *Circulation Manager*

THURSDAY, AUGUST 16, 1956

Mr. Truman: The King Of Contradiction

IF CONTRADICTION is a virtue Harry Truman should be king.

The political compass hasn't enough points to record the Missourian's shifting stances since his train pulled out of Kansas City the other day.

He left his long-professed neutrality at the depot.

He came seeking unity, and proceeded to divide.

He made a mild civil rights statement, then advocated to a passing reporter punitive legislation against the South.

He came to ginger up the party's will to win in November, and then stuck a "can't-win" label on the party's probable nominee.

Mr. Truman was shaking hands with a well-wisher when Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt uttered the few words of wisdom the convention has heard so far—her warning against too much reliance on party elders and her plea for imaginative thinking and planning by the new leaders of the party to meet new issues and new problems that have arisen since Mr. Truman "retired" to Independence.

Had he heard and heeded Mrs. Roosevelt, Mr. Truman would have helped himself and the party. As it is, he can claim no credit for any Democratic victory in November, but must receive partial blame for any defeat.

Both heirs to Franklin D. Roosevelt's political fortune, Mrs. Roosevelt and Mr. Truman afford an interesting comparison. She is encouraging new merchandise—more recognition and responsibility for Democratic leaders elected on their own hook during Republican years. She supports Stevenson, the choice of the new leaders, and their efforts to update party philosophy and programs.

As Walter Lippmann observes across the page, Mr. Truman is waltzing furiously with the past, and his partner is Harry S. Truman. The battles he is fighting now have already been won. His program in large measure has become the Republican program. His candidate is a hand-me-down whose main effort has been to sell himself to Mr. Truman, rather than to the public.

We are confident that, if Mr. Truman ever lets the dust settle, historians will rank many of his achievements as the acts of a statesman.

His performance at Chicago will not be one of those achievements.

The Building Boom's Solid Foundation

IN MECKLENBURG'S phenomenal housing boom—a 40 per cent increase of units in five years—lie some civic lessons.

The rapid growth does more than to justify long and successful efforts to extend planning and zoning to the bulging perimeter area. It poses the need for local authorities to continue their recently admirable support of a planning and zoning program that works.

Just six months ago, while the new houses were popping up like daisies and daily underlining the need for a thoughtful pattern to be imposed on subdivision development, enactment of a subdivision control ordinance was still being postponed. Enabling legislation had been passed a year before, and there were reports that "certain projects were moving to be the ordinance's effectiveness." But after three weeks of skirmishing the ordinance was finally enacted.

Since that time City Council and planning and zoning authorities have been working in harness. There has been noticeable public support for proper controls on physical growth.

The building boom is continuing, adding to the building of a great regional center. New neighborhoods spring up on rolling hills, and the service establishments—shopping centers, stores, filling stations—follow them as they go.

Had Charlotte failed to get and use the tools of planning and zoning the announcement of such steady growth would have been occasion for serious worries as well as pride. Haphazard growth is the incipiency of slums. The marks of that type of growth are evident in all of the great cities of today.

The city has the tools and is using them, and the hammer of the building boom is striking against solid foundations of a progressive city that recognized growth without order is a bad bargain.

An Old Story With Underlying Sadness

ON A QUIET, syrupy summer night a man stretches out of a canvas-backed chair on a side porch and lifts his newspaper. He reads it carefully for it is late and there is only time left to spend of the day.

He reads of politics and foreign affairs, local government and hurricanes, baseball and fashions.

And, finally, his eyes rest on a story of human suffering and need.

The story, he tells himself, has been written a hundred thousand times before, but he is drawn to it like the suction of quicksand.

This one is local, so he reads on.

It tells of several communities in Burke County which are rallying around a family in need of help. Little Gary Saunders, the story says, needs an operation—an expensive operation—and the folks in Drexel and Morganton and Valdese and other points think the Saunders family needs them.

Moose lodge members decide they'll organize a drive and immediately the response is good. They need $2,500 which is far, far more than the average budget can carry.

So the people turn out.

It is an old, old story. It recently happened in Florida when a youngster was about to face an operation which would leave him blind. The cares of the rest of the world were put aside while a nation prayed for him.

The story, the reclining reader says in the darkness of a Charlotte evening, has been written a hundred thousand times before—the same story of good and warm-hearted people offering help.

That's why, he says, it is—even in its underlying sadness—a good story.

From The Richmond News Leader

HOW SNUG THE DOG

AS THE dog grows, the dog's bed becomes smaller. The cardboard carton which has served to house the dog now cramps the dog's style, especially when the dog insists upon sharing his bed with old bedroom slippers, chocolate-flavored rubber mice, small brushes, and pieces of kindling wood. Soon the dog is forced to curl itself into a tight ball in order to get into the bed.

On hot nights, the dog does not like to curl itself into a tight ball, and so the dog begins bedding down for the night on the sofa or the easy chair. The dog's mistress does not care for this development, and she scolds the dog and takes care that when bedtime comes, the dog is made to sleep in its bed, not on the sofa. But when morning arrives, and the dog's master and mistress arise, they find that the dog has during the night gotten out of its bed and has spent the greater part of the evening on the sofa.

So the only solution is to get a larger bed for the dog. It is furthermore agreed that when winter comes, the dining room floor will be cold and the dog will not enjoy sleeping in a cardboard box. The thing to do, then, is to purchase a bed for the dog—one of the wicker jobs on sale at pet stores, with specially constructed, resilient cushions and small legs that keep the bed off the cold floor.

So that while the master of the house feels this is pampering the dog, and that in his childhood dogs did not require wicker beds with specially constructed cushions, or even beds at all, he obeys orders and goes shopping for a dog bed. He finds one, and it is more expensive than he figured, but after all, it is a substantially built affair, and it does look good, and since the dog has ceased to grow and the bed will last the dog for the rest of its life, he purchases the dog bed.

When the dog bed arrives, it is hastily made ready and placed in the kitchen in the place of the dog food box. It is roomy, yet not so spacious that the dog will feel lost and lonesome. The cushion is soft and springy, and the cedar stuffing inside gives off a cool, clean odor. It is all that a dog could ask, so it is with some satisfaction that the dog is picked up from where it is taking its afternoon nap, and deposited in the new bed.

The dog sniffs the new bed, and turns around in it, and grunts with pleasure as its body sinks into the resilient cushion, and the dog goes back to sleep, happily contentedly. The dog's owners look at the dog sleeping there, and no longer do they regret the expenditure of funds. For this is a superior bed, and this is a durable bed, and the dog will sleep in it happily for years to come, until it is a very old dog. This will be the dog's very own bed, and in the family it will be an institution, a lasting fixture.

That night when bedtime comes, and the dog has finished romping around the room and racing outside and enjoying itself, the dog is placed in the new bed again, and again the dog grunts with pleasure, and again there is solid satisfaction in the hearts of its owners as they go to their own beds. The family group is provided for.

But in the morning when the dog's owners arise and go into the living room, it scarcely is necessary to recount what they see. The first thing they see, sound asleep on the sofa, is the dog.

Dark Horses Saddled As 'Can't-Win' Tag Hobbles Adlai

By MARQUIS CHILDS

Editors' Note: Marquis Childs' column was written before the favorite son delegations switched to Adlai Stevenson and shoved him rapidly toward the nomination.

CHICAGO

THERE is now more than a likelihood that the Democratic convention will be deadlocked and that out of the deadlock will come one of the dark horses that are maneuvering for position.

This, it is more and more evident, is the net result of former President Harry S. Truman's effort to throw the nomination to his friend and protege, Gov. Averell Harriman of New York. The power of decision, or at any rate the veto power, has been seized by the conservative wing of the party and it is being exercised by a skilled ambitious Texan, Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson, the majority leader of the Senate.

If Johnson is not himself a serious candidate for the nomination—and he is making all the gestures of one who takes himself with deadly seriousness—he will be in a position to dictate to the Stevenson camp on the civil rights plank in the platform, on the vice presidential candidate and other vital points.

UNEASY FEELING

The uneasy feeling is beginning to circulate among the delegates that Adlai Stevenson has, indeed, been stopped.

This uneasy doubt has infected even such staunchly loyal supporters of the 1952 standard bearer as Speaker Sam Rayburn who had been saying up until two days ago that there was no doubt about Stevenson's nomination. Now Rayburn, along with a great many rank-and-file delegates, is wondering who will get the nomination after four, five, six or seven futile ballots.

NO SHIFT YET

The Stevenson strategists continue to say firmly that their delegate strength of 530 to 600 remains unimpaired. Technically, this is true, since there has not been any great shift to other candidates as yet.

But the seepage has begun as a consequence of corrosive doubt on Stevenson's ability to win in November. The little group of Truman associates who had so much to do with persuading the former President to go all out for Harriman have done a highly organized job of spreading the poison that Stevenson, running for a second time against President Eisenhower, would not carry a single state that he did not carry in 1952.

They began this propaganda drive with Mr. Truman himself. Random delegates from at least 20 states, anti-Stevenson and leaning to Harriman, were brought into Mr. Truman's suite by Samuel I. Rosenman, former counsel to the president. Their theme song was in each instance the same.

"I'm just a little grass-roots politician and I don't know anything outside my own state. But I know that fellow Stevenson can't carry any state. He's just too highbrow and the farmers don't like him.

This was, of course, what Mr. Truman wanted to hear, since all along he has been opposed to Stevenson.

The same technique is now being used widely with leading Democrats and with the heads of delegations. There is nothing which makes a politician more uncertain and uneasy than the suggestion that his man lacks vote-getting appeal. This is why the Harriman wrecking operation has been so effective. It is very hard for the Stevenson camp to counter this propaganda.

HARRY TRUMAN
Liked What He Heard

At the same time, political leaders outside the Harriman entourage have no illusions that the New Yorker can get the nomination or that, if he got it, he would have a chance to win. Rayburn, at dinner with Mr. Truman, put it on the line.

SAM'S REPORT

"Harriman won't get a single delegate in the South, and outside of Oklahoma he won't get many in the border states," Rayburn told the ex-president in the sharp, earthy language out of Mr. Truman's own political lexicon.

"And what's more, he wouldn't have a chance to win if he was the candidate, since he couldn't carry a single southern state, and this time we're going to have to have the South to win. This isn't 1940."

BEWILDERMENT

But like others long loyal to Stevenson, Rayburn is confused and somewhat bewildered. He still has the feeling that Stevenson is the only candidate with a chance to pull the party together and a chance to win in November.

But along with many other Southerners he continues to be resentful over Stevenson's hasty sidewalk statement that he was in favor of upholding the decision of the Supreme Court on integration.

If the dissolution that seems to be taking place is in fact a real erosion of Stevenson strength—concealed as yet by the troubling uncertainties of what happens after the former Illinois governor is sidetracked—then the most conspicuous beneficiary is Sen. Stuart Symington of Missouri.

INOFFENSIVE

Symington is acceptable to the South. He has managed to offend almost no one. And he is standing in the wings ready to make the appropriate noises of a compromise candidate accepted after the heat and the fury of a bruising contest.

The role that has fallen to Johnson is one most congenial to his temperament and his political technique. He loves to exercise power with a tight-lipped, tight-reined inscrutability, leaving almost everyone, including his closest associates, to guess what his course will be until the last minute.

POKER FACE

On the first few ballots, if such veterans as Rayburn are correct in their predictions, Johnson will show a sizable strength. Then, playing his cards close to his chest with a true poker face, Johnson can determine whether he himself has a chance for the nomination.

And if he decides that he cannot get it, he has the power—or so it seems at this moment—to throw the nomination either to Stevenson or to his old friend and colleague, Symington.

It is an enviable role for one who likes to exercise power. It is truly the role of kingmaker in which Harry Truman had thought he was cast.

'Here's Mr. Truman Taking His Morning Constitutional'

No Martinis For Nikita

A Sobriety Test For Statesmen

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain

AS AN old sociologist, I have been intrigued lately—frightened would be the better word—by "Martini statesmanship."

We all know that certain forces exert certain pressures on certain groups — I think Oswald Spengler, or maybe Tim Costello, said that —according to time, tide and the baying of hound-dogs on moonlight nights.

We got so much death-dealing dandruff around now that I am about to call for sobriety tests on statesmen, large and small, and I would like a United Nations ban on the Martini for working history-molders. Especially Mr. Nikita S. Khrushchev, the boar-coon of the Russians. So far as I can gather, he's been loaded ever since they kicked him upstairs.

EXPERTS' VIEW

It is all very well for the experts to say that modern weapons are so totally horrible that no man would use them, but this reckons without the straight-vodka and neat-gin boys. You can't spray enough vermouth into either beverage to smooth off the corners sufficiently to insure international amity.

There never has been a satisfactory analysis of the fall-out properties of the Martini, nor a reasonable explanation of its lethal propensity against, say, a gin-and-tonic or a Screwdriver, which is vodka and orange juice. Or even a Bloody Mary, which is a society ladies' breakfast food, being tomato blood liberally injected with gin or vodka plasma.

NET INTAKE

I am a great admirer of gin in all its phases and especially the Martini family, but now that I am old and sick, sad and gray and ugly I try to keep the net intake down to two, and then make a lunge for the vitties. A Martini is a harmless, not to say delightful, house pet when kept on a leash and fortified by stout protein and starch, such as steak and Idaho potatoes. It will come when you call, look after the children, and change the records on the machine.

But unleash him and he out-Hydes Dr. Jekyll's companion. He has a deceptive air of gentleness and seems to grow weaker whilst growing stronger, even as the Russians do. And all of a sudden —whomp! You are not your own man. Svengali has taken over, and Friiby has done went away.

OLD BLADES

More domestic battles have been born on the extra Martini than ever came out of scotch, mint juleps, and even such a nauseous mess as an Alexander. There is something in the formula which renders down to boxing gloves and old razor blades, a maniacal gleam in the eye, and a delusion of being Alexander the Great.

FURRY TASTE

Which is why I am worried about Nikita S. Khrushchev. One day this boy is going to get up with that furry taste, clap hands to a spinning brain, down a couple of quick ones for his liver's sake, and then begin to brood. Martini hangovers are great brood-builders.

He will knock off another six to clear his head, and then is very apt to feel so charged that he will go around pulling handles and pushing buttons. Boom!

Truman Brawls With Past As Adlai Looks To Future

By WALTER LIPPMANN

NEW YORK

MR. TRUMAN, for all his legendary reputation as a practical politician, has got himself into a strange predicament. If he loses his fight to stop Stevenson, he will have made a very sizable contribution to Stevenson's chances in running against Eisenhower. For Stevenson is now free of the charge that his election would mean a restoration and continuation of the Truman administration. It is against the Truman administration's record that Eisenhower won a landslide victory in 1952.

If, on the other hand, Mr. Truman wins his fight in Chicago and is able to stop Stevenson, he will have made it as certain as such things can be that no Democrat can win the election. It is hard to imagine the convention nominating Harriman. But if it did do so after a violent and divisive struggle, it is still harder to imagine how Harriman could win the election. Not only is he unacceptable to a very large number of Democratic politicians and voters—he would be identified with sectional and class conflicts, and he would be the perfect foil for the image of Eisenhower as a unifier and healer and a man of peace.

LOSING ISSUE

Mr. Truman's legendary reputation as the smartest of them all is based on his victory in 1948—a victory won despite all the politicians and prophets and the pollsters. This was such a spectacular performance that it has become impossible for Mr. Truman, and difficult even for many professional observers, to remember that after 1948 came 1952, and that in 1952 the issue was the Truman record. Because of what the country had come to think of that record, no Democrat could in 1952 hope to be elected. For there was a great majority, including a large number of Democrats, who had made up their minds that no Democrat, not even Stevenson, could make a clean break with the Truman administration.

Mr. Truman seems to believe that 1948 provides a formula of victory which he, or someone he prompts and manages, can apply again and again.

MAIN SPEAKER

Thus he complains in his memoirs that in 1952 Stevenson avoided as best he could letting him run the campaign and be the main speaker. He seems to think that he could have won in 1952. Now he would like to apply the same formula in 1956.

What reason is there for thinking that the formula which worked in 1948—just worked by a freak of circumstances—would have worked in 1952, and would now work in 1956? It was one thing for the heir of Roosevelt —after the victory of World War II and before the Korean War—to give hell to the Republican governor of New York. It is quite a different thing for the Democratic governor of New York to give hell to the President of the United States who is Gen. Eisenhower.

MAIN DIFFERENCE

The main difference, it seems to me, between Stevenson and Truman is that the one is living in the present while the other is living in the past. This applies not only to election strategy but also to the issues. Mr. Truman is forever wanting to fight again the old battles of the New Deal and of the Fair Deal and of the Stalinist era of the cold war. When he talks about a "fighting" candidate, it is thinking of his own fighting days.

OLD FORMULAE

But those were the days before Eisenhower took over the welfare state, before the Supreme Court and made desegregation in the public schools the law of the land, before the death and degradation of Stalin, before Geneva and the atomic stalemate, before the epochal challenge and competition which the Western world must now meet. The dominant issues cannot now be solved by the old formulae of the New Deal and the foreign issues cannot be dealt with by the old formulae and slogans of the cold war. The one thing that can be said with certainty about the next four years is that it will be a period when old policies will have to be reappraised, revised, and reformulated.

NO COIN FLIPPER

The great virtue of Stevenson, as compared with the other candidates, is that he is a man used to thinking deliberately, carefully, and thoroughly, not one to flip a coin, not one to leap to a conclusion, not one to be satisfied with a rubber stamp opinion. To one of Mr. Truman's temperament this capacity for deliberating seems like indecision. But Stevenson is not an indecisive man. In 1952 he was bolder and more decisive on more hot issues than almost anyone it would be possible to name who ever got within sight of the White House.

This capacity for taking thought has never yet been considered a fault in a statesman, and it is no fault in 1956. The times we live in are very difficult, and we cannot hope to come through them successfully unless we think our way to them. The fact that Stevenson has brains, and that he knows how to use them, will—since he is so thoroughly available on all other counts that matter—count heavily in his favor.

Quote, Unquote

Best sellers on the seed racks are radishes and zinnias, proving that the simple things count most when people start digging up their own back yards.—**Laurel (Miss.) Leader-Call.**

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Symington Is Truman's Second Choice

CHICAGO

THIS is the day when delegation after delegation gets its brief moment before the TV cameras to announce its vote for the man who may become president. It's also a day when you can hear any rumor you want to hear for any candidate and when you can start a rumor of your own and within an hour get it repeated back to you as the gospel truth.

The Line-Up

In this writer's opinion, however here's how the candidates line up at the start of the balloting:

1. Stevenson is definitely in the lead. He and Kefauver have a friendly, firm alliance. The Tennessee senator has been working night and day to swing his own ex-delegates to Stevenson. There is no commitment from him on the No. 2 spot.

2. Harriman has put up a heroic fight but it's an uphill fight. Harry Truman, his best backer, will throw to dark horse Sen. Stuart Symington, when the chips are down. Truman used to refer to Symington as Little Lord Fauntleroy when Stu was firing Harry's friends out of the RFC in the days of hams and mink coats, but now they're palsy-walsy.

Holding Operation

3. Sen. Lyndon Johnson, the long, tough-trading Texan, is conducting an astute holding operation. He wants to pick the vice president, also put his assistant Jim Rowe in as national chairman. In return he will throw his delegates to Stevenson. Lyndon and Speaker Sam Rayburn don't want Kefauver on the ticket under any conditions; they'll take any other vice president. If Stevenson doesn't buy this Johnson package, he'll continue his holding operation and try to throw to Symington.

Anything Goes

That's the way the players line up before the opening whistle in a game where there are no ground rules, where anything goes and where the stakes are the presidency of the United States.

Adlai Stevenson got some blunt answers during a private huddle with Sam Rizzo, chief of the Wisconsin delegation.

"Do you want to carry Wisconsin in November?" asked Rizzo.

"Yes, of course," said the Democratic hopeful.

"Okay. Put Sen. Kefauver on the ticket, then you stay out of Wisconsin, and the Democrats can carry the state," Rizzo told Stevenson to his face.

"I don't operate with a gun at my head," replied the ex-governor of Illinois.

Big, bald Jim Farley, the political mastermind of the Roosevelt era, huddled privately with Adlai Stevenson's lieutenant, Hy Raskin, after ex-President Truman came out for Gov. Harriman. "It won't change ten votes," Farley told Raskin . . . A pretty girl handing out Stevenson pins didn't recognize Gov. Harriman walking by. She sweetly offered him a Stevenson badge.

"No thanks," smiled the governor. "I am Ave Harriman" . . . Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler has been withholding convention tickets from Harriman supporters. In order to get tickets, Harriman headquarters advised several supporters to hide their Harriman buttons, go to Stevenson headquarters for tickets and claim they were Stevenson supporters. It worked.