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Democrats Field Their Strongest Team

THE Democrats have nominated the strongest ticket possible. Stevenson and Kefauver are the party's best known figures, and both are proved voters. They already have traced many of the routes they will now retrace in search of a victory, this time with praise for each other. They clearly will be their own men. Nomination of Kefauver, long scorned by Harry Truman and others of the old pros, was the clinching blow against the old guard. The party is now in the hands of men who either have lost, as Stevenson has, or never had any identity with the Fair Deal days. Oddly enough, the old pols might have picked a more capable man. Better talent was available, we believe, in Sen. Gore or Kennedy. But it is doubtful that either could pull the votes like the gangling man with the big hand. Kefauver, perhaps, will be resented in many sections of the South because of his refusal to sign the Southern Manifesto but that fact will draw votes in other areas where primaries have shown

him better liked than Stevenson. The same goes for his pro-labor record. In other aspects, the choice of Kefauver will strengthen the party's prospects. It will save the still stinging hurt inflicted on his supporters in '52 when many felt he was cheated of the presidential nomination at the direction of Truman and with the aid of Stevenson. That Kefauver was the convention's choice—freely and openly arrived at—lends still more fresh appeal. And there was a neat orientation in the sense that Stevenson exerts a pull on the right, Kefauver on the left. The question is, will they exert any real pull on the mass that moved to Mr. Eisenhower in 1952? All the polls and the signs say no—that moderation can't be beaten by moderation. Still the polls can be wrong and the proof of that is Mr. Truman's only contribution to the convention. As Stevenson and Kefauver make ready to beat their drums, the only big issue in sight to raise their hopes of success will be the health of Dwight D. Eisenhower.

By THE ALSOPS CHICAGO FOUR individuals have made the chief contribution to the smooth success of Adlai Stevenson's bandwagon operation. In their peculiar order of descending importance, they are Dwight D. Eisenhower, James Finnegan, Eleanor Roosevelt and Estes Kefauver. Eisenhower must come first because he created the moderate political climate in which Stevenson has flourished. The insistence of Harry S. Truman and Averell Harriman that you really have to fight a political campaign, and that basic issue matter like the devil, fell on deaf or positively hostile ears here at Chicago. The great majority of state leaders simply did not want that Truman-Harriman kind of campaign this time. They wanted the Stevenson kind, because of the climate that Eisenhower has created. Jim Finnegan came second among the engineers of the Stevenson victory because this quiet-spoken, deliberate-acting, cool-headed and intensely professional Irish politician has utterly transformed the Stevenson high command. The turning point for Stevenson, in fact, was when he called his campaign manager—from the hard training ground of Pennsylvania politics. ENTHUSIASTIC CREWCUITS Obviously, to be sure, the Stevenson entourage has not been very greatly changed by Finnegan. The group of enthusiasts that the political professionals always call the "crewcuts" (with a decidedly bitter intonation) are still in there enthusing. So is the companion group of prosperous, idealistic ladies. But behind this familiar facade, there is no more of the fantastic "enthusiasm" that reigned four years ago in the Stevenson headquarters in Springfield. Instead, there is the smooth-whirring efficiency that goes with IBM machines. The mechanics used by Finnegan were familiar enough—the detailed card file of delegates and alternates, with every listed including names of wives and preferences in liquor; the intelligence operatives in each region and each state; the method of daily polling the detailed information transmitted by the field men. But all this usual machinery was brought by Finnegan to an unusual pitch of perfection. Finnegan's machinery provided the data on which to base confident judgments of conspicuous astuteness. After the California primary, for instance, Finnegan already forecast that Mr. Truman would probably intervene on behalf of Harry Harriman. For this reason he angrily warned the Stevensons against relaxing their efforts. But at the same time, Finnegan also forecast that if there was no relaxation, nothing would take the nomination away from Stevenson. So he and Stevenson together could set the target of getting the nomination without making any deals with anyone—which was a bold thing to do. SUPREME TEST The correctness of the judgment, the efficiency of the machinery, received their supreme test when Finnegan's prediction of Truman's intervention was duly fulfilled. That day, at the regular meeting of the Stevenson high command, the crewcuts were apprehensive and cast down. But Finnegan turned to his able intelligence



JAMES FINNEGAN Professional Man

chief, John Sharon, who placidly announced that Truman's declaration for Harriman would cost Stevenson precisely 23 delegate votes. In the upshot, Sharon was one vote low. In these circumstances, Stevenson could afford to wait, while his bandwagon seemed to slow and check, until the big, uncommitted Northern states finally climbed aboard. But there might well have been no bandwagon at all without the senior political professional in



DWIGHT EISENHOWER Created A Climate

the entire Democratic party, Anna Eleanor Roosevelt. FIRE-EATERS DOUSED Stevenson himself has said that Mrs. Roosevelt turned the scales in the California primary, where Stevenson's big win stopped Estes Kefauver dead in his tracks and put Stevenson far in the lead. Mrs. Roosevelt was also the dominant personality in the complex negotiations to compromise the civil rights issue. When she spoke up for compromise, and even provided the language of the original compromise, civil rights plank here in Chicago to the Supreme Court, the heart went out of the northern fire-eaters. And when Mrs. Roosevelt came to Chicago to help her man win the Stevenson camp seized upon her as a sort of human talisman, and made her wear the hard for three days as though she had been a candidate herself. ESTES' WORKED The fourth man on the list above, Estes Kefauver has to be included, not because he withdrew from the race against Stevenson. His campaign debts forced that decision. Kefauver has to be included, rather, because he is the only man who worked day and night to bring his own fundamentally anti-Stevenson delegates into the Stevenson camp—and did it, too, without asking any firm commitment that he would get the vice presidential nomination in Chicago. Add up the list. They make an odd group.

Rocket Sputters As Boy Succeeds

JIMMY BLACKMON is, indeed, a remarkable young man. If there were any doubts, his leveled-headed appraisal of the hullabaloo concerning his rocket after the show was over, "They went to a lot of trouble for just about nothing." Jimmy, of course, gives little credit to himself. It was "something." Not the rocket, but Jimmy. He is a remarkably bright and articulate young man with both feet fixed firmly on the ground with his eyes—not his head—in the clouds. His rocket was an unusual project and he deserved all the acclaim he received. No one should be belittled for heaping plaudits on the Charlotte boy who built a missile in his basement. But Jimmy is right in his cool sum-

mation of his month of excitement. The Civil Aeronautics Board and others became unduly nervous and the Army stood upon the idea as a means of publicizing the human side of the red tape brigade. Neither need be censured. The Army and its smart officials should be commended for steadfastness in public relations—although they fumbled once. The Army's sensible investigation could have concluded that the rocket wasn't going to fly. But a great deal was made and an interesting, though slightly over-drawn, story resulted. We're all guilty and we had fun. It would have been tragic if Jimmy had swallowed the whole thing. He didn't. As we suspected all along, he came out on top.



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The New Deal: Death Of A Slogan

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT was winding up his first acceptance speech in Chicago when he said, "I pledge myself to a new deal for the American people." Somewhere in the past some other man had first spiced "new" and "deal" together, with no spectacular results. The morning after F.D.R.'s address, New Deal had been capitalized in a newspaper cartoon. The phrase has worn its capitals ever since, as one of the most solid pieces of the political vernacular. It has endured the adoration and anathemas of repeated usage through two decades. All of which is by way of pronouncing its benediction. With more flourish the words at the crowds in convention hall this week only a rippling of applause came back—none of the old hallelujahs that once arose. The slogan was just another tired platitude. No punch. The death of that slogan leaves the U. S. political scene without a single crowd-etcher. Fair Deal went over no

better than the program it described. In these Eisenhower years the President has talked about "dynamic progressivism" and "progressive dynamism" or some such but his program has never produced a slogan despite the available talents clustered along Madison Avenue. Mentioning a man who might have come up with a long-lived phrase for the GOP passed away in Philadelphia. J. Henry Smythe ran a slogan mint. His offering for 1924 was "Keep Coolidge. He Keeps the Faith." He stood at Al Smith's 1928 with "No ConTammination of the Nation," and his sigh-of-relief for the Hoover campaign in 1932 was "He Kept Us Out of Worse." That didn't help in '32 and neither did "Let's Make a Landonslide" in 1936, but Mr. Smythe was in there trying. With New Deal dying and "progressive dynamism" stewing in its own juices, there's not a slogan in sight—unless, and it's a comforting thought, Mr. Smythe left one in his will.

People's Platform

Make Parking Ban Permanent

Charlotte Editors, The News: ENCLOSED is a copy of a letter I have sent to Mayor Van Every and the City Council. —JAMES C. TAYLOR JR. Gentlemen: Why should the taxpayers of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County continue to provide parking space for uptown merchants? This is especially ironical during the rush traffic hours at the inconvenient, delay and additional expense of both public and private transportation who need and must have the traffic lanes. Have the uptown merchants stopped to consider the fact that some, perhaps a very large number, of these people who have suffered during years of countless delays and inconveniences might decide to do their shopping at suburban stores if forced to relegate to it. THERE IS A POSSIBILITY their loss of business would be considerably more than during the one

hour of parking restrictions while they are normally open. Why not poll the people who work in uptown offices or find it necessary to pass through the center of town and from work. I am of the opinion such a survey would indicate the advisability of making the ban permanent. Other towns, many smaller and nearly all larger than Charlotte have done so without financial catastrophe. The only failure of your "peak hour" parking restrictions is that the people are not warned through the medium of signs of the towing ordinance and it is not strictly enforced in some areas other than uptown. James C. Taylor Jr.

Charlotte seems to go modern as of this day and time. Let's hope that the Southern will go modern and go around the Queen City at some future time, as the money flow grows, so will Charlotte and the new ideas. —S. C. VAUGHN

From The Mattoon (Ill.) Journal-Gazette

ANOTHER PASTTICE

IN OUR YOUTH a favorite character on the scene was the huckster and his visit once a week or so was an event for both young and old. Now he is gone and his passing was without a cry. The huckster, or traveling general merchandiser, just quietly stopped being as more modern sales methods advanced. His periodic visits went something like this: A whoop and holler from the children as they spied the big blue truck beeping down the dusty country road gave way to a honking horn as the van chugged to a stop in a swirl of dust. By the time George or Joe descended from the truck—the huckster's name was always a friendly George or Joe—to fit his big stature and friendly smile—the country housewife was on hand with a grocery list and grimy children's hands were outstretched for free candy. A little candy was always free. His truck, or van, usually was blue, enlarged by much cutting and unsightly welding and lettered on the side in bright orange. Inside, where only one could tread, the huckster's wares were jammed in compact rows of shelves that would make a supermarket manager shudder. His counter was the tail gate of the van and across it passed the "anned goods, cloth, patent medicines, knives, kitchen utensils, cold meats and candy, in fact, just about everything worthwhile to the young mind. The man himself was large and often judgy, with a ready smile and glib tongue. He was one of the best salesmen in the world. With cheery service and a little coaxing and cajoling the wicketest once filled a need of rural America now fulfilled through that impersonal of business places, the self-service supermarket. This visit ended like it started, with a

swirl of dust and a rattle and roar but for the rest of the day and the next it was a topic of conversation. The news wire said that fellow in Miami who has lived through 55 snakebites is trying to figure out a way to keep from getting bit again. He might try leaving the varnishes alone.—TALLAHASSEE DEMOCRAT. A librarian reports that western stories are still more popular than science fiction. Decreased gravitational pull would make it impossible to roll cigarettes in a space ship, and who wants to read about a hero who can't roll cigarettes?—RICHMOND TIMES-DISPATCH. A stranger was talking to an old-timer in a small Alabama town. "I don't like the looks of those clouds. . . look just like some we had back in Texas just before a tornado struck." "Was it a bad one?" asked the native. "Bad? How do you figger I come to be in Alabama?" —CARLSBAD CURRENT-ARGUS. The little woman from Quincy, Mass., near Boston, was taking the train home after visiting her daughter in Western North Carolina. She confided to me that over the past weekend she had gone with her daughter and son-in-law to a ham radio operator's convention in Virginia. "I never can remember the name of the place," she lamented. "It's Mathematics or something like that." The name failed to register. "You know," she prompted, "where your Gen. Lee surrendered to our Gen. Grant?" "I haven't been able to figure out whether she wanted to get in that dig, or if she honestly couldn't remember Appomattox."—ROCK HILL HERALD.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

ONE of the most important results of the Democratic convention was a revamping of the leadership of the Democratic Party. When Harry Truman was elected, he did not cross his candidate and failed, it marked something more than a personal defeat for Truman. It meant a defeat for big money, for big bosses and for necking the candidate in a smoke-filled room. Barren Bean Nowhere in a position of power at the convention was the famed big city boss who ran party machinery in the past. Ex-Mayor Curley of Boston, now made famous by the "last hurrah," was present, but very much out of the picture. The shiny baron of genial Jim Farley was to be seen in the TV ads, but he played no part in the backstage party. Gone were such familiar faces as Mayor Ed Kelley of Chicago, Boss Ed

New Location Needed For Railroad Terminal

Charlotte Editors, The News: WHEN we read the future outlook for a new passenger station for Charlotte, we may look ahead for as much as two to five years. The plans look and sound good, but we are of the opinion that the present location will not be used for the new station and the surroundings of the old one will not fit the picture in the days ahead. The highway may get so full that some of the people may want to go by train for the air will soon be too full of planes for all to want to go up high for a ride. When we get a round town railroad or a west side main line of the Southern, then we will have many spots to choose for a new passenger station of the latest model, possibly better than the New Orleans, La., station. Charlotte seems to go modern as of this day and time. Let's hope that the Southern will go modern and go around the Queen City at some future time, as the money flow grows, so will Charlotte and the new ideas. —S. C. VAUGHN

Adlai Beat Big Money And Big Bosses

Flynn of the Bronx, Jim Pendergast of Kansas City, Mayor Frank Hague of Jersey City, the men who swung the real balance of power in the Democratic Party in the past. Likewise out of power or more modest in their demand were some of the southern leaders who have swayed the party machinery. Jim Byrnes, who walked out of a Chicago convention in 1944 when he failed to get what he wanted, was not around this time. The South Carolina delegates who represented his state were anxious to cooperate. Oil Out Gov. Earl Long of Louisiana, brother of the famed Kingfish, who once electrified conventions, helped pave the way for Stevenson. He also wanted Kefauver. The big Texas oil and gas men who pulled wires behind Gov. Allan Shivers in 1952 had no power at this convention. Sid Richardson forces were behind Lyndon Johnson's brief and sudden bid

Quote, Unquote

Do you remember when you dreamed of earning the salary you can earn today? Or when Uncle Sam could live well in his income without the help of yours? Or when an umbrella was not a novelty thing that could be put away for a rainy day?—Lexington Leader. For 15 miles the frustrated motorist by tried to pass the stalled personal. Stevenson's driver. Finally, at a stop light the motorist pulled up beside him. "Well, it's not a bad thing that you're doing important," said the motorist. "I know what you are. I just wanted to see what one looks like."—Memphis Press-Scimitar. Changing times: Remember the good old days when presidential candidates had oldtime "American" names like Tom, Harry, Al, James, and Joe? Nowadays we are faced with names like Adlai, Estes, Dwight, Averell, Lyndon.—Tallahassee Democrat.

National Committee. He commanded Stevenson forces on the West Coast. Wilson Wyatt, former mayor of Louisville, a leading Kentucky lawyer, not a professional politician. A Pro David Lawrence, mayor of Pittsburgh, one of the chief professional politicians behind Stevenson. Steve Mitchell, a Chicago attorney who, green at politics, took over the Democratic National Committee in 1952. He made some credit, but can be given considerable credit for the act that the South was cooperative at this convention. Mitchell traveled all over the South, visiting with its leaders, getting their support on mutual problems.