

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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McKeon & The Corps Belong Together

The Marine Corps ought to keep Sgt. Matthew C. McKeon's mistakes. His mistakes were enormous, and they resulted in the needless deaths of six men. He deserved the severity of the punishment a conscientious court prescribed in the face of Commandant Pate's attempt to direct a verdict of acquittal.

In the particulars of the punishment, however, we think the court erred by ordering the sergeant discharged. A longer prison term probably would have been fairer, and quite possibly more acceptable to the sergeant himself.

The Corps and McKeon cannot be separated logically.

He made his mistakes out of devotion to the service and in the practice of disciplinary methods the Corps knowingly depended on, while officially disapproving them. The mistakes were his own, but the situation that permitted

the mistakes to be made was imbedded in the tradition of and belonged to the Corps.

The court admitted as much by its refusal to convict McKeon on a charge of oppression of recruits. He was convicted not for marching the troops into Ribbon Creek, but for failure to take precautions against the dangers of the creek.

Discharge of McKeon would have two unfair effects: it would saddle him with entire responsibility for the tragedy. It would, beyond punishment, permanently mark him with disgrace.

The Corps has announced plans to reform its training program. To rid it of cruelties and safeguard it against such tragedies as that at Ribbon Creek, Sgt. McKeon should have an equal opportunity to reform, and to do it within the Corps he was trying to serve.



RAYBURN TRUMAN STEVENSON
Out Of An Old Enemy A Shot Was Fired.

Kefauver's Switch Cripples Strategy Of His Old Foes

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON—THERE were marked bullets in that last fusillade. Estes Kefauver fired before he put his Davy Crockett gun away. They bore some of the biggest names in the Democratic Party and they blasted their targets, too.

Kefauver performed a rare act of political grace in yielding to Adlai Stevenson well in advance of the first ballot at Chicago. Kefauver made Stevenson a free man—free of delegate deals bearing a price tag, free

to choose his vice-president. It does not vitiate this act to add that at the same time Kefauver paid off old foes Harry S. Truman, Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senate Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson this time, to paraphrase the old song, has consistently refused to open up their hearts and let old Estes in. Nor have they spared his feelings in the process.

From their separate points of vantage they were going to be knucklers at Chicago. The best they can do now is make trouble.

When the senator from Tennessee commented the solitary reflections which culminated in the surprise announcement of last Tuesday, the Chicago chess board was clearly in his mind.

He had lost. His momentum had ended with Stevenson's crushing victory in the California primary. The Kefauver delegate reserves were scanty and the till was empty.

Gov. Averell Harriman, with a full treasury (his own) and New York bedrock strength, was proposing that Kefauver join forces with him to procure a convention deadlock. The sena-

tor was assured such a move had Mr. Truman's tacit support.

FAVORITE SONS

Kefauver perceived that Stevenson's counter move to seek support in one or more of the big favorite-son delegations, most likely was Texas, which is firmly in Johnson's control and will propose him for the presidential nomination. Johnson is a political operator par excellence and he would have the astute support of the permanent chairman of the convention, his fellow-Texas Speaker Rayburn.

Kefauver had learned at firsthand and humiliate in 1952 what it can mean to have Permanent Chairman Rayburn for or against one. He had visions of his enemy, Johnson, or a Johnson choice—possibly Sen. Stuart Symington of Missouri, who is in effect a bridge to the South, in a general election and Johnson, in particular.

HARRY FIRED

At about this point Mr. Truman—and not for the first time—abandoned discretion and said Kefauver would not be his choice. It was clear that Harriman had to be the major beneficiary of a Harriman-Kefauver alliance.

A Kefauver manager who is

close to the former president has told Mr. Truman that this was the split straw. In any case, Kefauver decided to emancipate Stevenson.

LIBERALS ON TOP

The approach—much more than a chapter of the convention story. It is an important installment in the continuing struggle for control of the party. Just as Harold Stassen is trying in his anti-Nixon fight to insure the success for a liberal Republican, Kefauver has moved to keep liberal Democrats on top. Yet the split straw in their support between Stevenson, Kefauver and Harriman has helped create the possibility for a liberal Republican ally to help Stevenson free himself of the southern tag.

GRATITUDE

Democratic liberals are grateful. They will be particularly happy to see Sen. Johnson more or less isolated, for their view has deliberately obscured the party light on President Eisenhower. Some insist that he be another Democratic congressional conservative, would prefer the pliant Mr. Eisenhower, a strongly liberal Democratic president.

Nixon's Good Advice For Politicians

VICE PRESIDENT Nixon made some knowledgeable remarks on the South's race problem in weekend speeches to Tar Heel church groups.

Acknowledging the chasm existing between regional custom and the Supreme Court's determination of the law, the vice president said "political demagoguery will aggravate, not solve the problem."

It was good advice and the best we can hope for is that the vice president himself and other campaigners in the fall contest will remember it. We recall in sorrow his earlier advice to party workers to seek political benefit from the court decision he attributed to "a great Republican chief justice."

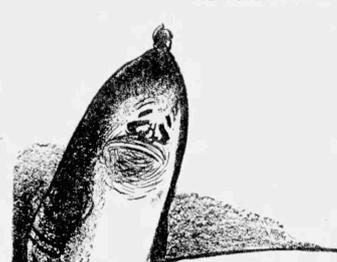
Demagoguery can become the tool of those who support the decision as well as of those who oppose it. This was

particularly apparent in the last session of Congress when racial riders were used as political weapons both to attract votes to the riders' sponsors and to defeat bills that deserved consideration on their own merit.

The solution of a great social dilemma needs more service to the "fundamental religious and moral ideals" than church groups alone can render. The impact of political leaders upon the public, particularly during the partisan strife of a presidential campaign, is great. Their power of leadership can rival that of churches.

What Mr. Nixon said in the Western North Carolina mountains about the political demagoguery sounded good. It would sound even better from the political stump.

Harness Race



A Thing Of Beauty From Baptist Hollow

YOU DIDN'T have to be a big league scout to see the possibility of a few years back. When Bobby Lee Brown was pitching over at Baptist Hollow—before Wake Forest got high falutin' and moved to the big city—there were plenty of bleacher fans who thought he had the stuff.

Brown's promotion to professional ball didn't make the headlines and he hadn't since—until Saturday.

He had turned in a good, steady job—the kind of pitching a learner should throw and doubtless the folks in Washington were quite pleased.

Then came Saturday.

It matters not whether it is Class C or major leagues, a no-hit, no-run game is a masterpiece. You can quibble about a hitter's prowess in the minor leagues

or a fielder's grace on a skinned diamond, you can't say anything about a no-hitter—except that it's a thing of beauty.

Bobby was it Saturday night.

The Augusta team, a second division Sally League outfit, was powerless against a good knuckler and a fast ball that "hopped" and a good "slow curve."

The baseball fan sees his Babe Ruth or his catlike Marty Marions, but not often does he see his no-hitters.

Bobby Lee, 22 years of age and brimming with ambition, gave them an eye-fall Saturday night. It was the sports event of the summer.

Those folks who saw him tossing in the Big Four gardens of Wake Forest, Carolina, State and Duke thought he had the stuff. He did.

People's Platform

McKeon Wronged

Charlotte Editors, The News: OUR MILITARY leaders have thought of a new low now that they have convicted and sentenced into disgrace and hardship Marine Sgt. Matthew C. McKeon and his family by general court martial at Parris Island, S. C. This court has convicted Sgt. McKeon of a so-called crime that in actuality was an unfortunate accident that could have happened to anyone ever assigned and trusted to directly command troops in any service.

Marine officers directly supervising the recruit training are responsible for this accident, not Sgt. McKeon.

Officers are always directly responsible for supervising and directing the activities of enlisted personnel regardless of the rank or assignment of such men. With the exception of Marine Gen. Puller, it appears that the Marine officer corps in its entirety has lost that so widely advertised courage and has failed to defend and protect an enlisted Marine who followed an age-old military policy.

—C. A. WILDER
Ex-Army Officer
World War II, Korea

Keep Rolling Rolling Instead Of Standing

Charlotte Editors, The News: ROLLED into Charlotte on June 30, 1955, and have watched Charlotte grow which was one of the old slogans and this one has held good.

It is just a shame we have to read our visitors home and for them to tell their friends that Charlotte has four hours six days each week of no man's land.

When will we get the no left turn in the territory that will keep the city moving instead of standing as of now. Can or will the City Council try and get this through on the traffic calculator ideas for foreign praise.

Let's keep them rolling, instead of standing.

—S. C. VAUGHN

No, You Can't Get Plastered Anymore

THE U. S. tippler takes his choice. He can either get oiled, boiled, fried, juiced, soaked, souped, potted, pickled, primed, poached, frogged, cooled, crooked, skunked, stoned, stinking, stupefied, booted, befuddled, blind, lit, lushed, looped, limp, loaded, liquored up, tanked, tight, inebriated, intoxicated, or just plain drunk.

He must not, however, get plastered. The Arizona Lath & Plaster Institute says so. This august body maintains that the word offends the dignity of the plasterers' profession and should therefore be sacred.

Well, sir, we hate to be a common scold but a sharp protest is in order. First thing you know the oil industry will be filing a complaint. Then the potters, an association of chefs, the crock-makers, stone masons, skunk farmers and possibly even the pickle lobby will get into the act. A linguistic battle royal will result and the whole nation will either have to go on the wagon or give up its colorful speech for fear of

offending some puritanical special interest group.

The only other alternative we can think of is the invention of a whole new terminology. Perhaps an old soak could get *trancheed* without soiling anybody's honor — or *boasting*, *beth-whacked* and *bestilled*, as the saying goes.

We are prepared to do battle for plastered, however. Scholars on the St. Louis Post-Dispatch have already produced evidence linking the term to the old custom of "plastering" wine. It consists of treating wine with plaster of Paris, "to impart its color and increase its alcoholic content."

What additional evidence the Dead Sea Scrolls will produce we can only guess.

But the Arizona Lath & Plaster Institute had better count its blessings. What if some disconsolate luth in, say, Hoboken announces loudly to one and all that he is going out and get lathed—and it catches on?

The Wild Times At Chapel Hill

By ROBERT C. RUARK

Young people are coming to. In my day . . .

My parents informed me that the fox trot, when it entered the scene, was a thing no nice girl, old and dancing cheek to cheek with little slant of seduction as a menace to the communal, what they would have said of the rumba, which is nothing but sexual symbolism based on black magic, I am agnostic to think.

But I know that my group, which was of the painted slicker, wide-bottom trousers and flower era, raised just as much hell as the moderns. We crashed theater doors in crowds of hundreds, usually after a football rally. Every year there was a pitched battle between hundreds of students when the juries tried to rush the sacrosanct senior steps.

OUTS RUNNING

We stole gasoline from strange cars, and I once went to jail for one night as punishment because I chickened out and quit running when a cop started pegging 45 slugs at me. (At that time I was 19 years old and had been graduated from the University of North Carolina the night before.)

The Carolina kids used to drift over to Durham and beat up the Duke lads, and vice versa, and I imagine that I painted the statue of old Buck Duke blue at least 10 times, personally.

TASTY GIN

We drank bootleg booze and fought at dances. I not only drank it, but made it. I got the raw alcohol from Texas Guitlan's kid brother in Durham, and took over the Chapel Hill branch of the business. Some said I made very tasty gin in Grimes Dormitory.

We "necked" and we "petted" and did most of the other things college students are known to do.

NOT "BAD"

Yet we were not "bad" boys. Most of us are lawyers, doctors, senators, bankers, and businessmen today. One of us recently married Margaret Truman, and several have become ministers of the gospel and of the state. The one abstemious one I recall, recently shot his wife, while he shot himself to death after practicing for weeks on tin cans with a pistol.

I don't think "rock 'n' roll" can be called catastrophic in its effect on modern youth. Youth always has been a little nutty, and generally grows out of it into stodgy sanity.

The Symphony Needs Quality Leadership

Concord Editors, The News: M. ELLI Davidson may be no music critic, but it seems to me he knows how to size up what he hears. I heartily agree with his sentiments in favor of the Charlotte Symphony Orchestra and his somewhat different feelings as to the leadership of James Christian Pfaff. He and I differ in at least one respect, however, since I've stopped listening to the "Carolina Hour."

Charlotte is a large enough city to merit a first-rate orchestra leader. When Charlotte was smaller, when I lived there in the late 1940's, we were proud of the fact that we at least had an orchestra which had its own conductor.

But by now it looks as if it were time for Charlotte to think more of quality. The fact that the present conductor was able to help the Charlotte Symphony in its growing stages does not, necessarily qualify him as its leader today. Orchestras of repute have been known to outgrow their conductors.

The day that Charlotteans are given the steady opportunity to

WHEN THEY'LL SHAKE

IN ENGLAND, one must not speak to a royal person until the royal person speaks first, and touching a royal person is a criminal offense. Mrs. James Forrestal, widow of the former secretary of defense, discovered this rule at the Ascot race track when she addressed Queen Elizabeth and reached out to touch the royal arm. Two secret service men immediately seized the offender and hustled her away.

The same thing happened recently at Coney Island Park where several youngsters, carried away by enthusiasm for baseball royalty, barged onto the playing field and tried to shake hands with Mickey Mantle. They, too, were seized by the police and booted out of the park.

Anyone who craves to shake hands with a notable should pick out a political candidate like Messrs. Stevenson and Harriman who delight in this rite. Richard J. Stengel, the Democratic candidate for United States senator in Illinois, has shaken 212,000 hands since last March and he is out to make it a

million by November. A clocking device in his left hand records every shake.

Many politicians have won high office by the hand shaking method, regardless of their other qualifications for public office. Then like the Queen of England, they have held tight to keep the peasants from bothering them.

"This is a funny world," observed the observer. "The typewriter was invented to get away from the use of script, now they're putting it on a typewriter. It's just like when a person decides his furniture is old and he must get some new. So he buys antiques."—CHAPEL HILL WEEKLY.

Harry Truman, the least neutral man who ever occupied the White House, said recently he wants to "remain neutral" on the Democratic candidates. Then he proceeded to apply the hatchet to Sen. Kefauver's hopes. There's nothing so fatal politically as some of that old Truman neutrality.—CHARLESTON NEWS & COURIER.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON—JIMMY ROOSEVELT of California, whose work as a congressman has been more effective than his work as a radio personality, has a new confidant. Interest case inside the Ike administration. Conflicts of interest have been one of Ike's bitter mores, and this one involves the biggest monopoly in the nation—American Telephone and Telegraph.

Roosevelt has dug out the fact that a total of 29 American Tel. and Tel. employees or retired employees are either employed or have been employed inside the Eisenhower administration and that they influenced the Justice Department in setting an antitrust case against their own company.

This case, one of the most important brought under Truman, showed an inside deal between AT&T and its wholly owned subsidiary, Western Electric, to freeze out other electronics manufacturers, who electronics vital to guided missiles and national defense today, its all-important to have as many electronics firms in business as possible.

Roosevelt Scents New 'Influence' Deal

However, after the antitrust division had spent several years preparing for a showdown trial, Attorney General Brown negotiated a face-saving consent decree permitting the telephone company and its wholly owned subsidiary, Western Electric, to continue their monopoly relationship. They were not divorced.

Congressman Roosevelt now contends that this consent decree was an inside job, similar to the placing of Adolph Wenzell inside the government on the Dixon-Yates case.

The Justice Department has now publicly admitted that the Dixon-Yates case was a conflict of interest. But it took two years to make Brown admit this. For months, the fact that Wenzell had been working inside the Budget Bureau was carefully hushed up. Attempts by Congress to subpoena information about him were refused. Inquiries by this column at the Budget Bureau and the White House were rebuffed.

But last month, Brown, in an official charge before the U. S. courts, labeled Dixon-Yates a conflict of interest.