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People's Platform

Editors: The News
YOUR Aug. 29 edition head-lined a statement of Judge F. Stukes' endeavoring to lower the penalty for carrying a knife with a blade longer than three inches.

Having not read the law on

Men Armed With Knives Are Potential Killers

such matters I am only assuming that the statutes indicate "concealed weapons" and do not limit exposed carry carried for proper intentions.
I suppose the law allows parking a sheathed blade of more than any lengths and shapes for the purpose of rabbit hunting but I dare say it has been years since

a live rabbit has been seen at the corner of McDowell and 2nd Sts. or in most any given section of town.
If Judge Stukes had ever been on the receiving end of a long or short blade knife he would not even consider nor regard the penalty of blade wield-

ing as exorbitant.
The statutes do add prestige to his office to advocate reduction of the penalty for this misdemeanor.
If his job is becoming dull with the monotony of handing down the penalties for intended murderers (and for what other personal reason would a civilian carry such a knife) then perhaps it is time he was "promoted" to another job which has his direct answer to the public.

—GRAHAM C. REICH.

better. It actually makes you sick.
We have a certain number of citizens that call themselves Democrats—first, last, and always. For them I feel sorry because if they are true southerners, the recent Democratic convention with its platform that would not only keep the South as it is fighting for, including the right of filibustering, which has been one of the South's great weapons, leaves them only a few crumbs which were left after the NAACP, ADA, Urban League, E. J. Royce, Harry Truman, Harriman, Stevenson, Kefauver, Walter Reuther, "Isopay" Williams, E. J. Brennan, Humphrey, and other left wingers, Socialists, and Communists or Communist-minded had gobbled up the real meal. For myself, I do not want such leftover crumbs.

Certainly, we southerners have been kicked in the teeth and the cheekbones long enough by the national Democratic Party and it is time for us to wake up and do something about it. Mississippi, Alabama, and Louisiana have already qualified independent electors and are working hard on this movement. If the Democrats and Republicans are to have any say in the general election and it appears now that it will be close and especially so if several of the southern states go independent, these independent southern states could very easily hold out their own votes to throw the presidential elections into the House of Representatives and then the southern states could very easily block the election of either a Democratic or a Republican president and vice president.

It is worth working for and fighting for. When this happens, then the South will be recognized for the first time since the War between the States.

—GEORGE W. WARING
President, American Educators Inc.

Critic Of GOP Paid Party A Compliment
Linton
I WOULD like to take this opportunity to thank one of your contributors for the wonderful compliment he paid the Republican Party in his letter to this paper's platform.

This compliment, as I was able to interpret it, stated that the Republican Party was the party of the patriotic citizen, which was to say the Republicans were the only people with sense enough to run a business into a Big Business.

It seems a Big Republican Business takes all the profit while a small Democratic business divides its profits among their employees and citizens of the community.

There is one thing I want to know, is there a no Big Democratic business, then who will they get to run the big business of the U. S. government? Maybe the Democrats of the present, who have made several millions out of the little oil business, or Gov. Harlan, who has made quite a few million out of the little business of railroading.

I must take issue with the Democrats being the only Christian people of this nation, and that they have always kept this as a Christian nation, and I don't believe there was no big business in the Democrat administrations.

There is one thing I do know, The South has had Democratic government for the past 75 years, and they are at the bottom of the ladder in every standard of living and economic appearance, in which it excels over every other section of the country.

In my opinion, the Democratic Party needs to develop some men of vision who can cope with the problems of the present and the future instead of being arm-chair generals who try to second-guess the past. I am sure how the Civil War should have been fought and who are still running for office on the 1929 depression platform.

—DAVID EUREY.

The Bitter Fruit Of Southern Violence

THE EMOTIONS that breed malice toward some in Tennessee and Texas this week were not pretty. Implementation of the Supreme Court's school desegregation decision was the immediate cause of the disturbances. But hate and frustration, generations of grinding pressure, fear and other perjuries of the human spirit provided the framework for turmoil.

In Clinton, Tenn., a professional agitator from faraway Washington was at work in Mansfield, Tex., it seemed to be just a case of mob rule.

The South cannot justify its traditions and principles by violence. It cannot win the sympathetic understanding of the remainder of the nation by a willingness to live outside the law. Indeed there is something terribly wrong in a society which accepts direct, forcible action as a proper means of

resolving individual differences, meeting community crises or enforcing moral taboos.

The trouble in Tennessee and Texas emphasizes in stark detail the inflammatory nature of the segregation problem in some areas of the South. It should serve as a grim warning to those who would recklessly speed up the transition from segregated to mixed schools.

But there is no justification for lawlessness—ever.

There is no statute that says people cannot hate in concert, in private and in peace. But when men convert their emotions into public violence it is the duty of society to blow the whistle.

If the awesome problems in the South are to be solved at all, they will be solved by reasonable people working together within the limits of law and justice and common decency.

Phony Oratory Won't Change Votes

EVERYBODY and if every state and every act is "great," then the speaker is a Democrat.

If they are "of all time" and "dedicated," the speaker is indubitably a Republican.

That is News pundit Walter Lippman's vest pocket system for immediately distinguishing the difference between a Democratic and Republican orator.

A lot, perhaps most of the oratory, "canned and packaged by automaton," is difficult to take, says Mr. Lippman. Certain exceptions must be noted. They include the speeches of Adlai Stevenson, whose notable effort to "talk sense to the American people" has been appreciated by supporters and opponents alike. They include many of the President's own addresses—particularly those in the loftily hopeful vein of his acceptance speech in San Francisco last month.

These, as we said, are exceptions. The rule is a raucous cacophony of stale clichés and fuzzy name-calling.

Politics is the art of gaining power—and holding it. There are two ways of accomplishing political goals. One is to shoot your way into office. The other is to talk your way in. The latter system is currently in style in the United States. In a particularly hot campaign, however, words can be almost as disreputable as bullets.

Trapped in a certain discrepancy between deeds and former words, the late Wendell Wilkie once excused himself by

saying that the words had been "just campaign oratory." It was unfortunately illustrative of the low value U. S. politicians put on truth in an election year. It is a waste of time and emotion to look for facts, logic or reason in this kind of talk.

Yet politicians place inordinate faith in the power of campaign oratory. They seem to believe sincerely that a rousing speech will change opinion and win large blocs of votes. It almost never does.

In 1944, the Republican Party concentrated a continuous verbal attack on President Roosevelt in Chicago. It brought in many of its best speakers and set them loose in this old Democratic stronghold. It had the Chicago Tribune solidly in the GOP's corner. The huge newspaper shouted continuously against FDR and his policies. Yet the decline in Mr. Roosevelt's vote in the Chicago area from 1940 to 1944 was only 1.5 per cent, less than the total national decline during the same period.

Words are indeed weapons. But the American people have learned by experience to take political oratory with a grain of salt. Their cynicism is both heartening and tragic. It is fortunate that they don't follow every handle of political verbiage that goes piping down the street. But it is rather terrible that the art of political oratory has sunk so low that it does not deserve the public's respect.

Take That Plunkety-Plunk Out Of Here

IN AN editorial buck and wing entitled "Ring, Ring the Banjo," the RATION NEWS & OBSERVER salutes the return to favor of what has been not inaccurately described as "America's only national instrument."

The essence of this eulogy seems to be contained in the second sentence: "All we can say is welcome, thrice welcome, old friend; you shouldn't have stayed away so long."

Having voted the straight anti-banjo ticket since 1922, we would like to file a mild dissent to the Old Reliable's ill-considered endorsement of a musical Frankenstein.

No noisier stringed instrument has ever been strummed by man—unless you count the electronic whimper of the Hawaiian guitar, another elaborate dud in James C. Petrillo's arsenal.

The banjo's plunkety-plunk may have inspired of mass hysteria to great heights of cotton chopping but now a day it inspires nothing nobler than a cry of highly commercial anguish from

a professional hillbilly.

For a mere musical hybrid—a rather unlikely cross between a guitar and a tambourine—it can produce the lustiest and most unpleasant clangor this side of the original Dallas Jug Band.

It is blatant, obstreperous, shrill and unrefined.

And the tuba are probably what kept American jazz so long in the tenderloin district and out of polite society.

Despite Farland's impertinence in performing Bach sonatas on them they have never been accepted in the world of serious music—even after the equally unorthodox saxophone crashed through the sound barrier in 1927 and won Maurice Ravel's okay.

The news that the banjo has not satisfactorily faded after all is singularly disturbing. Between this little monster and those pipe drivers Wachovia has been using in mitigation it may be the noisiest season in years. What next? Callopes?

From The Goldsboro News-Argus

SAND ON SANDWICHES

THERE is no explaining on purely logical grounds our pre-occupation with weekends or weeks or days at the beach.

Eastern North Carolina in the summers lives for the beach. Half the business men are beach widowers, and the other half hear about it because they are not. To go to the beach is to go heavenward, the idea maintains.

But look carefully. The beach when the wind happens to die away is about as hot as any place this side of hades.

The beach when the wind is from the wrong direction can be filled with multibillions of whining, biting, hungry mosquitoes.

The beach comes right into your shore quarters and goes to bed with you. You wage a ceaseless and frantic battle to keep the sand out of the house, but to no avail. You kick off your shoes and you get your feet covered with sand. You can't picnic on the beach with any happy carefree attitude. There is sand and sand and sand. It blows and it creeps and it flies and it covers the sandwiches. There is sand on your hands and you get a bit of it into your mouth and you may get to sharpen your teeth.

You have been in the house for weeks and months and you prate of the wonderful relaxation of the sun's rays. You sun, just a little, and you fight in the waves just a little. When you get back

to the house you are astonished that your skin is red as a beet. Before a couple of hours you realize you are on fire with sunburn.

So you turn to soda and lotions. But it gives you an increased standing among your fellows. You have been to the beach. You can talk about how the cured the burn for a week or so. Or until the next beach trip.

You are headbeated but you bring back in your hair enough sand to make sandpaper. You were careful to shower at great length but you can't get all the sand off your person it is so thick.

Everything considered, you could all the time be more comfortable in the privacy of your own home.

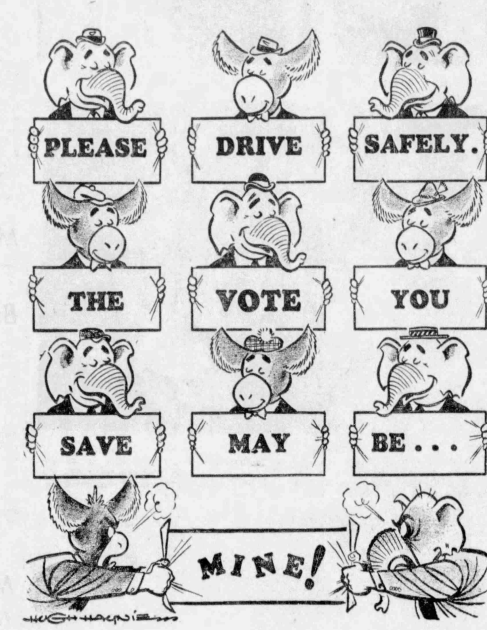
This beach idea, though, has been sold completely.

Its continued popularity is explained not by logic but by the spirit. Beach going takes on the same sea again. There on the sounding shore the spirit lifts up and looking far to sea one mounts to the stars.

P.S. Excuse me while I pack for a long weekend at the beach!

How come we see those knobby knees below those Bermuda (ugh) shorts going to class on men students, and the rules say that the girls have to call up. Much rather see the girls—TALLAHASSEE DEMOCRAT.

Holiday Notes



Silliness Over Suez

Indians Are Lousy Arbiters

By ROBERT C. RUARK

settlement of the Suez business. Meon gave all indications here of speaking officially for the absent Egyptians, almost as if some body sent him in the game with a set of instructions. This now puts India on three sides of the fence—left side, Russia; right side, Western Powers; and middle, Egypt. And you can't even call it playing the ends against the middle. You can just call it Indians out of their depth in too many directions.

Basic feeling here too is that, since things have cooled off a bit, there won't be any fighting—if only for one reason. Fighting would naturally bring the French into play, and any war is difficult enough without having the French helping you. Between the Indians and the French, a serious military action would be nearly impossible.

Nasser has more than one thing going for him, more than one thing going against him. The canal is in Egypt, and all he really did was jump the gun on appropriation. Basically, traffic through the canal hasn't changed, except for pilot shortage and blocking of funds.

But he has not yet considered the hostility of the oil-rich sheiks of the Middle East, who have become accustomed to subsidized Cadillac and fancy French women—plus air-conditioning, hospitals, roads and caviar. They will not let the French have control of the oil lands whose produce must travel through the ditch.

Nasser's Pan-Islamic threats still have to contain the kids in Kuwait and Bahrain, and the hundred sons of Ibn Saud. They've gotten used to Cadillac and comfort, when just yesterday they were single camel had saddle sores. They don't want to be poor no more.

We got the full flame here at first for the chumminess between Egypt and Russia, for refusing to sell arms to Egypt to the Jews with, and for withdrawing our offer to help Nasser build his Suez Canal. John Foster Dulles' latest visit seems to have retrieved some of the losses, and certainly he and Australia's Bob Menzies calmed down the nervous tension which might have led to a fresh war.

But I think that the French deserve fullest credit. The horror of contemplating them as an ally was enough to cool off the hottest head—even among the Russians—giving room to quiet parole.

KRISHNA MENON
Tougher Than The Boss Wanted

Drew Pearson's Army Ordered To Furnish Fishing Gear

Editors' Note: Drew Pearson is touring the Middle East. During his absence the Merry-G-Round is being written by his junior partner, Jack Washington.

CONGRESSMAN Adam WASHINGTON (D-N.Y.) who is supposed to be inspecting Europe for the House Education Committee, recently ordered for him in Germany.

Berchtsgaden Junket
In a letter that wasn't meant for publication, the handsome Harlem congressman explained he would be in Berchtsgaden, Hitler's former playground, from Aug. 4 until Sept. 1. The letter was addressed to Capt. Florence Nicholson, Army liaison officer, who was supposed to make official arrangements for his trip.

It would like to s-t fishing Aug. 5 and would like full equipment including, fatigues and boots. Powell instructed, "I would also like two seats for the Suezburg festivals two or three times each and would appreciate your selecting the best available."

He delivered while vent fishing during the Democratic Convention, as previously reported here, because of another letter he had written to Vice President Nixon. In this letter, Powell offered to campaign for the Republicans this fall.

The reason he gave was the Democrats' schizophrenia over the civil rights issue. Another possible reason: Powell is under income tax investigation by the Internal Revenue Service. Powell has already been convicted, two more indicted.

Younger's Ideal Deal
When the fog lifts south of San Francisco, you can see the name "YOUNGER" spelled out on the hillside in huge,

Sunday Movie Ban Should Be Restored

Rt. 4, Matthews.

FOR many years my consuming interest has been the well-being of the children of Mecklenburg County. Therefore, the has-by-repeal of the Charlotte ordinance restricting public amusement during the evening church hours Sunday shocked me.

Most of the boys who are sent me for care through the juvenile court have never been to a movie. I have given a boy who has been deprived of going to movies.

Children are going to pattern their lives after someone. I prefer to give them a good example as Dr. W. M. Boyce, Dr. Henry Pressly, Dr. George Heaton and the like. The church needs all the encouragement they can get.

Charlotteans who agree that our worship is our creation, the Almighty Dollar, can insist that evening church services in the young people's groups be restored to the good graces of the Council. I hope they do.

DIXIE'S BEST ANSWER: Independent Electors
Hartsville, S. C.
IT is very pleasing to learn that self-respecting citizens of South Carolina who believe in constitutional government, states rights, segregation, and our way of life that our forefathers fought and died to preserve will now be able to vote in the general election and not have to vote for scallawags, carpetbaggers, the NAACP, the socialists, and the Communists which are so greatly influenced by the national Democratic and Republican parties to the extent that they are refusing to support either of these parties.

Some masses of self-respecting citizens are refusing to support either of these parties. They are the only answer to the political future of South Carolina and the South.

For my part, I am 100 per cent behind the independents. Frankly, I could not vote for such as Stevenson, Kefauver, Eisenhower, or Nixon and look my two granddaughters and myself straight in the face and keep my self-respect. For this reason, I commend these great patriotic gentlemen who have stepped over time to set up the slate of independent electors. Their work will help to protect our future generations and our constitutional rights. I appeal to all of the citizens of this great state, whether they be Democrats, Republicans, States Righters, or independents, that they give deep consideration to this independent movement. Truly, this is the only way we can express our disapproval of the socialistic or Communist trend that both of the major parties have been following in recent years. Eisenhower and the Republican Party have proven their dishonesty to the South. He and they promised us support on state rights, and then with the South helping to put them in power, their first steps were disintegration in all government institutions within our state. Certainly we could not afford to support the second time with such dishonesty.

Then when we look to the Democratic Party with such leaders as Stevenson and Kefauver with their background and their stand on integration, civil rights, we see nothing

of office. Secretary Dulles returned from London furious at India's roving Ambassador Krishna Menon. Prime Minister Nehru had promised that Menon would be compensated with the United States. But Menon was his usual insulping, filibustering self.

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This column continued to Helen Ames Lee's column, had contributed to Harold Stassen's "Six Nixon" campaign. She sent Stassen advice, but not money. "I'm sorry," she says, "but his timing was off and he was too late. I also suggested that Adlai Stevenson's example be followed regarding the election of a vice presidential candidate." . . . Another column stated that our Spanish air bases won't be completed until the end of 1956. . . . Not according to the Air Force. John M. Ferry, special assistant in charge of installations, wrote a report, "Progressing generally, but not as rapidly as anticipated," on the four Air Force bases at Torrejon, Zaragoza, San Pablo, and Mon. . . . The line and land will be ready for operation on a limited scale in the spring of 1957 and all four bases will be completed by the fall of 1958." . . . We're happy to set the record straight.

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