

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1957

Let's Reserve The Cheers Or Tears

THIS was the day the first U. S. satellite was to zoom up into the space first homesteaded by the two Soviet Sputniks.

The hopes of all Americans were centered on the technicians and their instruments at Cape Canaveral. It would be pleasant and heartening to hear a "beep, beep" transmitted from on high by a made-in-the-U.S. transmitter. The suspense fell along the main streets and shared along the avenues of many foreign capitals. Unfortunately, in a sense, this test had become a symbol of this nation's "inning" in the missile and satellite race. Actually the outcome of today's test—whether it succeeded or failed—is not nearly so important as it appears.

A failure, for instance, might be nothing more than Soviet scientists experienced in their attempts to get Sputnik I up. Moscow reports only the successes it scores. A successful firing, on the other hand, would be no basis for the enormous glee and satisfaction bound to greet it. There is, in the first place, no propaganda mileage to be gained in being second best. No one remembers someone has said, who discovered America after Columbus. In the second place, the really crucial test of U. S. determination to forge back ahead of the Soviet is going on in Canaveral and minds of Americans instead of at the

concrete launching pads at the test site.

The outcome of this human test will be apparent only in the future when the administration and the Congress get down to the dollars-and-cents questions involved in increasing U. S. military readiness at the possible expense of civilian luxuries. The outcome will be reflected in the success in inspiring and uniting Americans behind a long-range, continuing program to make the nation capable of resisting the threats and intimidations of Soviet tyranny.

If the first American "moon" rose today, well and good. If an subsequent administration's success in inspiring and uniting Americans behind a long-range, continuing program to make the nation capable of resisting the threats and intimidations of Soviet tyranny.

The sheets of flame thrusting under the satellite at Cape Canaveral today threw very little light on this point.

The Best Laid Plans Gang Aft A-Gley

POETS and pundits have been saying it since 1786 or thereabouts: The best laid plans of mice and politicians gang aft a-gley.

It has been the comfortable and considered opinion of Tenth District Democrats for some time that Congress would permit North Carolina another federal judgeship. Part of the reasoning that Rep. Charles Raper Jones would be named to the bench as a reward for heroic service to the Republican cause in Tarheel and, consequently, the Democrats would not have a contest with his major name on another ballot for the U. S. House of Representatives. They like to think that with Mr. Jones on the sidelines the much coveted House seat would be a cinch for almost any Democratic contender.

So far, so good. But the Tar News pointed out yesterday, the U. S. Constitution provides that no senator or representative "shall, during the time for which he was elected, be appointed to any civil office under the authority of the United States which shall have been created . . . during such time." The Democratic-sponsored bill creating the additional judgeship has passed the Senate. It goes next month to the House, of which Mr. Jones is still a member in excellent standing.

A judgeship for the congressman is

not impossible, we hasten to add it would require some political acrobatics that do not seem to interest Mr. Jones now at all. "I have never gotten excited about the possibility of this new judgeship if created," he told Tar News. "The constitutional provision indicates I would probably be ineligible in the first place."

Democrats, who have been excited all along about the prospect of having Mr. Jones safely out of the way, are a trifle blue today.

Their political public should not share the gloominess Mr. Jones' qualifications for a judgeship need not, for the moment, be scrutinized. The fact is, however, that he is an extremely well situated congressional incumbent and is virtually the only hugely popular political virtuoso the Republicans have in the Tenth District. If he seeks re-election it will take an especially strong Democrat to beat him.

These are precisely the conditions that should prevail.

Our political institutions seem healthiest when strong men with strong convictions clash in good, clean, hard-fought campaigns. If they desire to win the Democrats ought to meet the champion with the best of them.

It begins to look as if they will have to do just that.

They Call It The Tombstone Vote

THE ATLANTA JOURNAL, which once won a Pulitzer prize for proving that a sizable number of votes were cast in a Georgia gubernatorial election by permanent residents of a cemetery, is still haunted by the problem.

It seems that the number of persons voting in one Georgia county in the 1954 election was larger than the total number of persons of voting age in that county. The Journal had the apparently reasonable view that registration books ought to be rid of the names of those who no longer are among those present."

One says "apparently reasonable" because the Georgia Elections Laws Study Committee has come up with a new test

for Georgia voters including such questions as these:

"What is the difference in the constitutions of the United States and Georgia regarding the suspension of the privilege of the writ of habeas corpus?"

"What legislative acts of the General Assembly of Georgia are void?"

"How may a new state be admitted into the union?"

"What is a republican form of government?"

If a registration test including these questions actually is adopted, Georgia might need all the graveyard votes it could get. Many wouldn't be many live people voting.

From The Washington Post & Times Herald

HUZSAZSA!

GOD created woman, as the advertisements on the movie pages have been reminding us for a week—and it is an undeniable fact; but, as they add with a significant leer, "the devil raised Brigitte Bardot." Those who have seen La Bardot in Eastmancolor cinemascope action tell us that she does her Gallic best to justify this theory of her nurture. Just who created or raised Miss Zsa Zsa Gabor, though, we are not quite sure; but we are beginning to suspect it was no other than her publicity agent, and a very shrewd cookie he appears to be.

By this time, no doubt, you have heard about the teapot typhoon occasioned by Gabor's casual remark in a television dress, made, it is said, from cloth dyed to match precisely the tint of her own much celebrated flesh and from a pattern devised expressly for her by one of Hollywood's male costume designers, and completed at a cost of \$6,000. It seems that La Gabor wore this dress during a recent night club engagement at Las Vegas, Nevada (a place where the two deadly sins of conceit and avarice engage in licensed and fruitful competition) and that the customers there "just loved it." What the customers really loved, however, may have been the fact that La Gabor (according to her own statements) wore absolutely nothing beneath it; and also the fact that (for the benefit of the more myopic) she had

thoughtfully caused the skirt to be slit up the left leg as far as the general region of the acetabulum.

Yet it seems that when La Gabor proposed to wear this costume on Mr. George Gobel's television show the other evening there was a howl of consternation from the high command of the National Broadcasting Co., which, we understand, a compromise was arranged whereby La Gabor agreed to permit the nation's wardrobe mistress to stitch up the skirt as far as the patellar region and to encase some of her circumambulatory expanses with the aid of a safety pin.

Or that, at any rate, is the story out of Hollywood. But La Gabor's press agent, you may be sure, took care to see that all the photographic services were well supplied with pictures of his client in the original unimpeded, un-stitched version and the pictures have been reproduced throughout this broad and chivalrous land. And if that isn't taking the publicity pitch away from La Mansfield, La Monroe, La Bardot, La Diors and all the rest, well, we are prepared to eat words due seasoning of course) what little there seems to be of Gabor's expensive chiffon.

Candy's Low Estate Frets Cigarette And Sow belly Fan

By ROBERT C. RUARK

WHATEVER became of candy? PALAMOS, Spain

Maybe I'm missing the ads, but I don't seem to run across the Whitman's Sampler these days often any more, and there was a time when you weren't supposed to go courting without a box.

Where's O. Henry and Baby Ruth? What's with Milky Way and Mars Bars and Martha Washington? You see some Hersheys and Peter Pauls and an occasional praline around the airports down South, but candy seems to have suffered a decline nationally.

Me, I like sweets. But there seems to have been some sort of organized propaganda against them ever since everybody went mad over diets. And I am now reading a printed piece by some documented s.w.a.b.ons which claims that sweets reduce blood sugar and lay you out to everything from polio to Asian flu.

DON'T BELIEVE IT

This, I just don't believe. All my young life I was told that a certain amount of carbohydrate was necessary to health, and that sugar provided a fast energy because it got burned up in the blood stream faster than most things. I have carried a candy bar in my overcoat bag or hunting kit ever since I was a nickel (or a dime) to buy one.

There seems to be some sort of conspiracy against sugar products engineered by the doctors and dentists, and it also seems to lack as much validity as all the claims and counter-claims about cigarette smoking.

REAPING THE WIND

The cigarette companies, who are now taking their lumps and are coming out with a new brand a minute, oddly and justly enough, are reaping the wind. They were

the first to jump bet-on on the candy industries. Remember "Reach for a Lucky instead of a sweet" which got obliterated when "When tempted to overindulge, reach for a Lucky instead?"

I have a kind of serious objection to all this doctor-interference in man's natural tastes from a public relations standpoint. A doctor or a dentist is, after all, only a kind of plumber-carpenter who works on the human frame, and he is subject to mistakes like all of us. A lot of doctors fake dope, drink too much, and make bum diagnoses that kill patients. A lot of dentists have bad breath.

LOST FIFTY POUNDS

And a lot of everybody — including me — experts too much, and I have a friend who writes that sweets increase susceptibility to flu. I can say this: Everybody in my court was laid waste by the Asian business, and some were felled so low that a great deal of artificial nutrition was urged. In our courted way we resorted to the lot with a mixture or less equal combination of protein and carbohydrate.

"Speaking only for myself, I took down with a spool of Kenra cerebral malaria last spring and peeled off 50 pounds in 14 days. I got those pounds back in a matter of a few days by embracing glucose, candy, preserved fruit (very late), hotcakes with honey, cookies and ice cream. This was apart from vitamins, fried ham, and liver extract.

SITS SOOTHINGLY

The finest hangover cure I know of is one of the cola drinks mixed with ice cream. It may sound horrible, but it tastes fine. The slight caffeine and carbonation of the cola tones you up a touch, and

the ice cream sits soothingly on the stomach. Both commodities contain sugar.

I suppose a steady, unrelieved diet of anything — from lettuce to bubble — would have some detrimental effects on the body, but I cannot believe all this printed stuff the doctors emit about special foods being killers or sick makers. If too much fat encour-

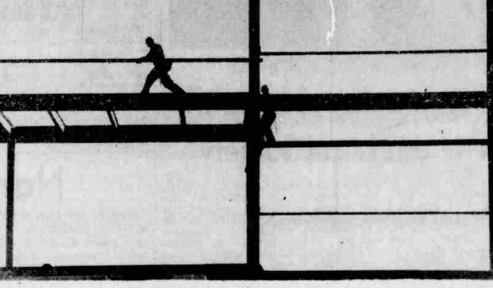
ages heart attacks, tell me about the people like Eskimos, who live on a steady diet of fat.

The worst nourished people I ever knew are Central Africans, and I never saw one that didn't have a magnificent set of sparkling, uncut-ed teeth — discounting always the Wakambas, who knock out the front fangs for ceremonial purposes.

I think the candy people have been getting a bum dose lately, and that there is altogether too much changing in the diet business, just as in French fashion. Candy is dandy, as Ogden Nash once said, but liquor is quicker. I will stand four-square for both and still continue to smoke cigarettes and season my beans with soyaboli.

ONE-MAN SHOW

By Jeep Hunter



(One Of A Series Of Camera Studies By A Charlotte News Photographer)

III—The Builders

Nixon Record Shows Shift Toward Political Maturity

By STEWART ALSOP

WHETHER by act of God or by design, the most probable next president of the United States is, of course, Richard M. Nixon. Even if he never becomes President, Nixon will unquestionably play a decisively important role in the three years which remain of the second Eisenhower administration. So this

seems a good time for a good look at Richard Nixon, plus and minus.

Consider the plus first. Every one is repeating hopefully that Nixon has "matured," without exactly spelling out what the word means. The best way to understand what the word means is to examine Nixon's role in the first year of the second Eisenhower administration.

For the part Nixon has played in the inner policy debates within the administration is highly significant for the future. Every one knows that Nixon was the first to recognize the full meaning of the response to the drama of the Sputniks. It is, on the contrary, absolutely consistent with the position Nixon consistently took 10 months before the Sputniks roared into space.

A good deal that seems mysterious in retrospect about the Eisenhower administration's backings and fillings in the pre-Sputnik era is explained by one simple fact. The ruling faction in the administration, led by Presidential Assistants and Sherman Adams, was determined to offer the voters a nice big shiny tax cut in the election year of 1958. The target was a tax reduction of at least \$5 billion.

WIDE OPEN

The dream of a tax cut in turn dictated the defense cutbacks and the arbitrary ceilings on defense spending, which in the post-Sputnik era have left the administration wide open to withering criticism. And it is most significant that Nixon was just about the only influential voice raised in the administration's inner councils against giving a tax cut first priority.

Tax-cutting, he repeatedly pointed out, was no political magic formula. To prove his point, he cited the 1954 elections, in which the voters rewarded the Republican administration for the biggest as-cut in history by electing solid Democratic majorities to both houses.

The real strength of the Eisenhower administration, Nixon consistently argued, lay in the voters' sense of confidence in the President's handling of defense and foreign policy. To give a tax cut priority over defense might destroy that sense of confidence, and thus the greatest Republican asset.

SPEECHES PROPOSED

Nixon of course had access to the intelligence reports showing the Soviet race far ahead of the United States in the missile race. But so did the members of the tax cut brigade. And Nixon seems to have been almost the only high administration figure who grasped the real meaning of the intelligence. Weeks before the Sputniks,

one knows that since the Sputnik launching, Nixon has repeatedly and fervently demanded an effective response to the Soviet challenge, in the economic as well as the military field.

What is not well known is that this position of Nixon's is not simply a good politician's instinctive response to the drama of the Sputniks. It is, on the contrary, absolutely consistent with the position Nixon consistently took 10 months before the Sputniks roared into space.

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'Follow Me, Y'All—What've You Got To Lose?'

LOS ANGELES

BASEBALL fans in Brooklyn plus taxpayers and other parts of the U. S. aren't going to like it when they learn the real story of how the Brooklyn Dodgers were inveigled out to Los Angeles.

The story involves a city commission's strong-arm box and secret checking accounts containing \$57,570 together with a \$4,720,000 gift to Los Angeles by Uncle Sam for the land on which the Dodgers will build their ball park. In other words, the taxpayers of Brooklyn as well as the rest of the U. S. are helping to pay for transferring the Dodgers to Los Angeles.

But perhaps most shocking of all is the fact the 3,000-tenant families in Los Angeles were kicked out of their homes by condemnation on the excuse of putting up a new modern, public housing project. Instead their land is now being turned over to the Dodgers.

Parking Rights

Furthermore it is being turned over under a contract by which Walter O'Malley, the Dodgers' owner, gets the parking

rights, the concession rights, and even half the oil rights. Oil has already been discovered all around this area. In addition O'Malley will control and operate the parks, playgrounds and junior ball diamonds in the entire area turned over to him by the city of Los Angeles, thanks to the \$4,720,000 banana handed Los Angeles by other federal taxpayers.

In San Francisco, Mayor George Christopher retained parking rights and concessions in San Francisco's contract with the San Francisco Giants, but not Mayor Norris Poulson of Los Angeles.

The story of this amazing baseball deal goes back half a dozen years when public housing officials in the sprawling-out city of Los Angeles were trying to clean up the Negro shacks and Mexican tenements that contrast with the flower-bedded swimming pools of red—picture stars. Under the City Housing Act, Mayor Fletcher Bowen and the City Council seemed to hold a housing project and make L.A. look more like the city of the Angels.

In unkept, crowded Chavez Ravine, land was condemned, families ousted

Suddenly City Councilman Ed Davenport switched his vote. This together with another wavering council member turned a bare majority of the City Council over to the side of the real estate interests which had been trying desperately to stop public housing.

Later City Councilman Davenport died. In his safe deposit box was found \$30,000 in crisp cash. In three checking accounts was found \$27,570. The total, \$57,570, was more than the \$7,500 annual salary he had drawn from the City Council in his eight years in office. Davenport had lived at the swank Park Wilshire apartment house into which he moved shortly after taking office, yet after drawing a salary of \$37,000 he had \$37,570 left.

Later his wife made a formal statement but still admitting the money had come from the real estate lobby. The \$57,570, she informed Internal Revenue, was "gifts of money" to her husband. Since you can't give gifts of money illegally to a city official, these were bribes.

Los Angeles Internal Revenue agents started a thorough investigation with a view to finding out who paid the bribes.

They were called off by higher-ups in the Eisenhower administration.

Reversed At Polls

Meanwhile friends of the realtors plus beef-moved had reversed Mayor Bowen on public housing. Bowen, a liberal Republican, was defeated by Congressman Norris Poulson, a conservative Republican who had voted in Congress with the real estate lobby.

Nixon proposed to the President a series of speeches laying the facts on the line.

Nixon was overruled — until the Sputniks. But what is interesting about this episode from the recent past is not so much that Nixon was right — although being right about such matters is a real habit in a potential President. What is interesting is the political nature of the arguments Nixon advanced against giving a tax cut first priority.

Nixon is a politician to his fingertips — which is also a good thing for a potential president to be despite the current saying myth that a president should be "above" politics. But there are, essentially, two kinds of politicians.

The first kind of politician sees the purpose of politics as getting elected, by promising the voters anything they seem to want, and by using any means at hand to destroy the opposition. The second kind of politician sees effective government, responsive to the realities of the domestic and world situation, as the best kind of politics in the long run.

MINUS SIGNS

Almost any politician is a mixture of the two. But in his early years Nixon was certainly predominantly the first kind of politician. Especially during the last year, he has become predominantly the second kind of politician. The difference is the difference between political immaturity and political maturity. There are big minus signs in the Nixon ledger still, which require further examination. But surely the difference between the old Nixon and the new is a plus sign, and a very big one indeed.



SHERMAN ADAMS Tax Cut Was Target

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round How The Dodgers Got Their Land

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The Chavez Ravine housing project was dead. Several thousand people had moved out, their shacks and tenements torn down. The real estate lobby had won. However, the city of Los Angeles-owned federal taxpayers about \$3 million and to get Mayor Poulson off the hook for this amount, Vice President Nixon and Sen. William Knowland, both potent on Capitol Hill, discreetly helped permit a rider in the 1954 housing bill permitting Los Angeles to unload the above Chavez Ravine housing project on Uncle Sam for the knockdown price of \$1,279,000. This was \$4,720,000 less than the government had advanced Los Angeles.