



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Are There No New, New Democrats?

HENRY ADAMS said practical politics "consists in ignoring facts," and Estes Kefauver probably would agree. The Tennessee seems to be troubled little by the fact of two successive defeats for the Democratic presidential nomination. And he does not ignore public opinion polls which rate him more popular than any other potential candidate for the 1960 nomination. A recent poll gave him a six per cent margin over Sen. John Kennedy, his opponent in the also-ran division of the 1956 convention. Kefauver found this poll "very interesting," which is to say perhaps that campaigner Kefauver will have with us always. On the basis of past performance, however, it seems he never will be the campaigner, never the nominee.

This poll, like the hope doubtless burning in the Kefauver breast, seems too previous to us. Besides, it reflects only the choice of voters between the names of potential candidates supplied them — Kefauver, Kennedy, Johnson, Clement, Symington, Humphrey, Williams and Muskie. What we wonder is how many Democrats would really prefer none of these—but a new face, one which is not typed as to his political position and one which is not tired from repeated appearances in the prints. There seems to be something to the theory that voters like new political products as well as new soap chips.

There was, for example, a "new Nixon" in the 1956 Republican ticket. You may have forgotten in what respects he differed from the old Nixon, but no matter. It appears there is to be another

"new Nixon" on the 1960 ticket unless old, unchanging Bill Knowland from California takes his place. At any rate, Look magazine has undraped the 1960 model Nixon in an article entitled "The Big Change."

"He used to lean," says Look, "toward Republican conservatism. Now he leans toward Republican liberalism. He used to hunt Reds at home. Now he conquers them abroad. He used to be called 'Tricky Dicky.' Now he's known as the 'smartest' politician in the GOP." Witness The Big Change in Richard Nixon—a change that could lead to the White House.

Perhaps the Democrats are just sticking-in-the-muds. There's nothing new about Kefauver, Kennedy, Johnson, Symington or Humphrey. People know pretty much where they stand. Kefauver is a southern liberal, Kennedy is a northern liberal, but not too liberal for some southerners. Johnson is a middle-of-the-roader. So is Symington. And Humphrey is a northern liberal whom southerners don't dislike as much as they once did. But all of them have something in common. They have changed very little. None of them have that sweeping design, or any of that chameleon quality that reputedly makes a new candidate out of the same candidate every four years.

"Perhaps it is just as well, however, a 'new' Johnson or a new Kennedy might be accused of lacking convictions. And convictions frequently are common among politicians, particularly among losing politicians.

The West Must Not Muff This Play

IN 17 days, the West will have an opportunity in the United Nations General Assembly to mount a most important propaganda offensive against the Soviet Union since Korea.

The occasion: Consideration by the Assembly of a U.N. fact-finding Commission's story of how the Hungarian revolution was suppressed.

For once, the United States and other free nations will be in a position to return full measure the Kremlin's own special brand of verbal torment.

The opportunity must not be muffed. Representatives of the free world must be treated to all of the sordid details of how the "spontaneous national uprising" was crushed by a "massive armed intervention" by the Soviet Union "with the avowed intention of interfering" in Hungarian affairs.

The raw materials are present for a damning assault upon the integrity and intentions of the USSR. U.S. information specialists have already made use of the report abroad in exhibits, radio broadcasts and printed material. But the full impact of the evidence will not be felt

until it is considered by the world body. Together with evidence of Soviet interference in Syria, it should convince even the advocates of "positive neutralism" of the Kremlin's utter lack of scruples in dealing with world neighbors.

As a U. S. deputy representative to the United Nations said in June, the Hungarian peoples' plea for liberty and basic human rights must "live to plague the Soviet rulers from now on in everything they do."

The world ought also to engrave in its memory the last words broadcast last fall by Hungary's Premier Imre Nagy: "I should like in these last moments to ask the leaders of the revolution, if they can, to leave the country... They should turn to all the peoples of the world for help and explain that today it is Hungary and tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow, it will be the turn of other countries because the imperialism of Moscow does not know borders, and is only trying to play for time."

It was a cry for help. Not for Hungary but for the free world. For Hungary it was already too late.

Lo! How Quiet The Cereal Bowl

GINGERLY we poured the milk into the cereal bowl. Then, as is our custom on bad mornings, we leaned back to avoid the sound of explosions among fissionable flakes.

There was nary a sound. Neither a snap nor a pop. This was a silent cereal; we queried our source in amazement. It was, she affirmed, passing the package across the table. The package affirmed it, too. "No toys' no noise!" it said in bright

red letters, and it continued, guaranteeing that this cereal contains "no premiums—no whistles, missiles, rockets or rucks. No beanie-b's, heebies or jebies. Not a ball, but, heh, heh, in any package—strings, rings or things attached. Besides that, it tasted pretty good.

There'll always be an ad man, as the saying goes, and this one had brightened a day we had rued.

From The Greensboro Daily News

THE COFFINTACK DAYS

THE LEXINGTON DISPATCH has a point when, in referring to the charges that cigarettes are a major contribution to lung cancer, it recalls that in bygone days cigarettes were widely referred to as "coffin tacks."

Not only, as our Lexington contemporary says, was this appellation applied by "the elders who chose to chew, dip a bit of snuff with a black gum brush, or even draw upon a clay pipe stuffed with strong natural leaf." Cigarette smokers themselves frequently use it with a smile and with increasing consumption of the "deadly" product.

Many was the time, as a youngster working in a small-town drug store, we sold a pack to someone who called for "coffin tacks." Those who battled the "cigarette evil" would often put it more strongly than that: "Every time you smoke one of those things, you're driving a nail in your coffin," they'd warn. But sales mounted, and we cannot recall a single regular customer who was frightened off by the dire foreboding.

Those were the days, as the DISPATCH notes, when PREDMONTS cigarettes were the leading brand. Trailing below them, as we remember, were SOVEREIGNS, HOME RUN, OLD MILL, WHITE ROSE and high-brow MURAD and FATIMA.

It's PREDMONTS—frequently called "Predmoints"—that we recollect most vividly, largely because of two special connections. PREDMONTS put out the first cigarette pictures of baseball players, a major collectors' item among youngsters of the time. We don't think

we've ever been prouder than when we acquired the picture of Walter Johnson from another youngster at the inflationary price of a whole quarter to give us the first complete set of 150 in town. The other incident, much further along the years, is the fond remembrance that PREDMONTS ever remained the late Earle Godfrey's regular brand. He had a ritual before he began any writing stint; he'd go to the front window of his office, stare up Gaston Street for a brief period, sit down at his typewriter, light a PREDMONT, take several puffs and then lay his cigarette away in a well-burned groove on the corner of his desk. He might take a puff at intervals, but generally he never touched it again until he brushed the short butt and hot ashes away.

A fellow doesn't have to be a smoker to have fond memories of some of the old brands.

Admiration for a roaring exhaust and irritation over a body squeak is the difference between youth and age.—HAWKINSVILLE (Ga.) DISPATCH & NEWS.

Anxiety about the effects of cigarette smoking spreads and we confidently expect a revival of interest in cigar band collections.—NEW ORLEANS STATES.

The lawyer was badgering an Arkansas hillbilly on the witness stand. "Do you drink?" he snapped. "That there's my business," said the hillbilly. "Any other?" demanded the attorney.—LAMAR (Mo.) DEMOCRAT.

People's Platform

LET "Quiz Kids" Air—Condition Morningside Drive

Editors, The News: Charlotte

A FEW weeks ago this writer complimented Mr. Herbert B. Baxter on his genius. I do not wish to withdraw that compliment. I paid Mr. Baxter, but I believe I owe Councilmen Steve Dellinger and Ernest Foard an apology. I unintentionally slighted those two gentlemen. We have three very brilliant men on the City Council, namely Baxter, Dellinger and Foard.

With genius at such a premium, especially on TV programs, I do not believe we should waste such talent. My suggestion is to send all three to New York and get them on the "\$64,000 Question" program.

I am sure each one could win \$25,000. Which would be a total of \$75,000. They could then get on the "\$64,000 Challenge" and challenge Teddy Nadler or one of the other quiz masters. Nadler doesn't know a thing about the technical problems of a city engineer. It is quite possible that our brilliant trio could win a million dollars.

They could make the million dollars tax-free by donating it to the city with the stipulation that the money be used to enclose and air-condition Morningside Drive. If there is any money left, it could be used for installing a few more traffic lights on the highway entrances. I believe everyone would be happy with this arrangement.

—CAROL B. MULLIS

Klan's Threat To Go Unheeded In Monroe

Editors, The News: Monroe

ON THURSDAY night, Aug. 8, my wife received a telephone call at our home, stating that the Ku Klux Klan had met that night and that they were coming to get me the following night—Friday. I consider this a threat to my life by a person or persons unknown. I also consider this a threat on each and every other individual in this community who loves peace and harmony. I believe that this was designed to frighten me and to influence my thinking in matters pertaining to my community life. I feel that when the community life is such that a person is not free to voice his opinion in matters concerning his existence, as a human being, and as a citizen of the United States, someone has overstepped the bounds. When one person can be threatened by another simply because there is a difference of opinion, then somewhere a continually widening living is going to be disrupted.

I feel that, in the main, the threat was made because of the stand that I have taken relative to the recreational program which has been instituted for the Negro of Monroe for many years, and also the outlook that is cast on the program in the future. The fact that the Negroes have no swimming pool, in this area, has been brought to the attention of the public and to the Parks and Recreation Commission of Monroe in numerous ways. My interest sprang from the fact that a Negro lost his life, needlessly, in an unsupervised swimming-hole earlier in the summer—before the season had even begun for him to swim. This fact was called to the attention of the public and the Parks and Recreation Commission through the means of a letter to the editors of the local newspapers, a copy having been sent to the commission. Later, a committee of Negroes went to this commission asking that something be done to remedy the situation. The commission recognized the problem but offered no solution, stating that nothing could be proposed within the next few years. It was pointed out that the present pool is segregated and supported by public funds—these funds being derived from taxation of total population.

In an effort to conform to the status quo, it was suggested that the Negroes be allowed to use the existing pool a portion of the week on a race-graded basis. The commission thought that this could not be worked out and stated as such. Later a group of teenage Negroes presented themselves at the pool for admission and were denied the same. This action is contrary to the ruling of the Supreme Court of Nov. 6, 1955, outlawing segregation in recreational facilities supported by public funds. This action on the part of the City of Monroe denied these Negroes rights given them by the Constitution of the United States. I am bitterly against this action.

If for this stand I have been threatened, I expect to expect many more in the future. I feel that if I am to be threatened because I seek fulfillment of the



CHARLOTTE CITY COUNCILMEN BAXTER, DELLINGER AND FOARD. "I Do Not Believe We Should Waste Such Talent!"

rights guaranteed citizens of the United States under its Constitution, then I will accept the possibility of threats gladly. It must be understood that in threatening me many other Negroes are threatened. The time has come

when a threat by the Ku Klux Klan or any other subversive organization or hate group no longer carries with it the weight of fear that it once did. I feel that it was intended that I be frightened or perhaps take flight; this

has not happened and will not happen in the future. My position is strengthened by the attitude carried by my clear-thinking fellow man whether he be black or white, who has expressed to me — by word and deed — his desire to

'Shouldn't You Sort Of Be Out Front?'



The Negro Vote What Does Harlem Think?

By STEWART ALPOP

THIS enormous NEW YORK in-city is now in the process of making up its collective mind on the following question: Which party, Republican or Democratic, deserves most credit or blame for its role in the civil rights fight?

This reporter, accompanied by the experienced political analyst Louis Harris, has spent many foot-sore hours ringing doorbells here, trying to find out what Harlem thinks. It has been a fascinating experience, the more so because the way Harlem, and the many smaller Harlems in the key northern states make up their minds, may determine the political balance of power for years to come.

All Harlem, like all Gal, is divided into three parts. At the top, there is the small aristocracy of the prosperous and well-educated who live in places like the comfortable, private Tiverton apartments. These people constitute an impressively articulate and knowledgeable community. At the bottom are the dwellers in Harlem's rat-infested, festering slum tenements. And in the middle are the occupants of the government-subsidized housing projects, like the modest but decent Lincoln apartments.

VIEWS SEEP DOWN

Harlem's way of making up its mind works on the Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance double-play principle—Tiverton-to-Lincoln-to-tenements. People like the occupants of the Tiverton are, by and large, the opinion formers, and their political views seep down through the Harlem hierarchy.

That Minority Leader William Knowlton got virtually no credit at all for his stubborn fight for a strong civil rights bill. By the same token, Sen. Jack Kennedy

Tiverton are having a difficult time making up their minds. When we asked them the question cited in the first paragraph, they would pause thoughtfully, and say, "That's a very hard question to answer. The reason it is a hard question to answer was suggested by their answer to another question — in the last 50 years, who had done most for the Negro people? Almost without exception, the answer was "Franklin D. Roosevelt," and when they pronounced the beloved name, their faces lit up.

NIXON GETS CREDIT

The people in the Tiverton, in short, are New Deal Democrats, and by a margin of at least four or five to one. It is thus very hard indeed for them to give credit to the Republicans, on the civil rights issue. Yet an increasing number of them are doing so.

And this is exactly one who had the slightest interest in, or understanding of, the disputed jury trial amendment, about which so many millions of words have been written. This ignorance of the legislative details of the civil rights battle was as true in the Tiverton as in the tenements.

That Minority Leader William Knowlton got virtually no credit at all for his stubborn fight for a strong civil rights bill. By the same token, Sen. Jack Kennedy

got no blame for his vote for the jury trial amendment — no one was aware of it. And yet, somehow, the image of Nixon as a staunch fighter for civil rights has emerged very clearly.

There is not much mystery about that "somehow," either. People remember the pictures of Nixon with Rev. Martin Luther King, leader of the Montgomery bus strike, and with Kwame Nkrumah, Prime Minister of the newly independent state of Ghana. In terms of political salesmanship, those pictures were worth more to Nixon than reams of close-typed pages of brilliant and impassioned oratory in the Congressional Record.

MAJOR SHIFT

Civil rights is not the only issue which will determine how Harlem makes up its mind. Especially in the tenements, there are many people who hardly bother their heads about civil rights, and who pass passionate instead about social matters as housing, rent, and above all, rising prices. There is much more depression, or even a mild depression, the gains the Republicans have made among northern Negro voters could vanish like the mist at sunrise.

Yet those gains are unquestionably real today. Harlem, which has voted overwhelmingly Democratic for a quarter of a century, will not vote overwhelmingly Republican tomorrow. But the Republicans have for the first time a real chance to reduce the Democratic majority among northern Negro voters close to the 50-50 mark. If they do, it will mean a major shift in the whole national political balance of power. And as of today, the major beneficiary of such a shift will unquestionably be Richard M. Nixon.

face this thing squarely, and if need be, to fight to the bitter end for what is right.

I feel that there is only one way to meet a threat and that is with opposition — to destroy the one who is weak enough morally and politically to be intimidated. If a threat will change the situation, I feel that we should take first things first, and I would welcome the opportunity to assist anyone to carry out his ambition, and in this case, a threat.

The fact that the Ku Klux Klan met in Union County is a sad commentary, I think that "good citizens" who welcomed the meeting, and those citizens who stood idly by, and were amused at the fact of the meeting, fall in the same group. I think that this group is to be pitied in light of their stupidity. It must be understood that the meeting was called by my power to destroy any organization or individual who feels that I will be denied my constitutional rights, and I will do my utmost to see that the Negro, collectively or individually, is not humiliated or intimidated. It is an impression that I have received from the local law-enforcing agency is that this whole situation was initiated, instigated and executed by pranksters, and should be ignored. It was pointed out to me that the law-enforcing agency is for the protection of the citizens and enforcement of the law, which has been promulgated by the legislative bodies of our city, state and federal governments. However, I can't help but think of the "separate but equal" doctrine that has been in law in this Southland for all these many years and has never been enforced. I feel that the segregation pool for whites and schooling for the Negroes is separate but equal. This is the law that the white southerner looks to for salvation, but has fulfilled this law? At the present, the law of the land is integration and I think that the law should be carried out to the letter.

There are those of my race, namely the Good Lord city (Harlem) who do not agree with me, and openly state their convictions. I wonder if they, who have been denied their rights since time immemorial, honestly feel that I am wrong in seeking my rights no matter what the cost? I feel that these individuals, thinking as influenced by a desire for personal gain and urban recognition, it is evident that they do not have the interest of the Negro at heart, and should be labeled as traitors to the cause, and allied to the Ku Klux Klan.

—ALBERT E. PERRY JR., M.D.

Givers Never Know Where Money Goes

Editors, The News: Charlotte

THE United Appeal drive started several years ago in a small way and has grown each year until it has reached the million mark in Charlotte... Imagine a million dollars being needed in Charlotte for relief for the needy. The Salvation Army, a very worthy organization, raises its own money for the needy.

I wonder if the people who fork over their dough every year ever stop to think how all that money is spent. If the people who get as much as 10 per cent, it would be enough to take care of them, many matters as housing, rent, and above all, rising prices. There is much more depression, or even a mild depression, the gains the Republicans have made among northern Negro voters could vanish like the mist at sunrise.

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—PARKS A. YANDLE

News' Pictures Were The Best

Editors, The News: Mooresville

I AM writing to congratulate you on the series of pictures of Dorothy Brown of Mooresville that appeared in your paper last Wednesday. They are the best I have seen anywhere.

I surely hope the titles, "Nature Girl" and "Long Sam," will be dropped as of now. Like Dorothy, I am both.

I think just plain "Dorothy" as used by the Salisbury Evening Post is the most appropriate.

If I should be allowed to make a suggestion of a title it would be "Miss Catawba River."

Dorothy, has as much poise as Queen Elizabeth II of England or her sister, Princess Margaret, and she is as beautiful as either of them.

I think her decision to further her education was most wise.

—HANNAN BROWN
(Definitely not related to Dorothy)

Draw Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

SEVERAL backstage factors, hassles, and wire-pullers caused all the backing and filling over the civil rights bill, the House says.

Johnson of Texas got so much credit for putting across the Senate bill that the Republicans are trying to expect more credit. One way was to stall and claim that the Senate bill was a bad bill.

Nixon's Wire-Pulling

Another factor was Vice President Nixon who consistently and energetically pulled wires for delay. He had fought hard to defeat that same bill, but lost that fight, and felt that if the civil

Martin's Pride Injured In Rights Fight

rights bill went over till the next session of Congress, the Senate would be in Republican hands and he could then win. It was Nixon's California friends in the House Republican Conference who fought hardest for a tougher civil rights bill.

Another hassle was between Republican factions. In some respects they were almost as split as the Democrats.

That Minority Leader William Knowlton got virtually no credit at all for his stubborn fight for a strong civil rights bill. By the same token, Sen. Jack Kennedy

told the four Republican members of that committee that he didn't want them to do anything about getting a vote on civil rights until Speaker Sam Rayburn

was wounded.

Real fact was that good old Joe Martin, supposed to be as tough a politician as ever served in Washington, had hurt friends. He would never admit this, but he was a fact. Perhaps it was a justified.

For when the battling over civil rights reached its toughest point in the House of Representatives, Joe Martin sat down at breakfast with Clarence Mitchell, Washington representative of the National Association for the Advancement

of Colored People. Name by name they went over the list of wayward Republicans.

These were the 60 to 70 Republicans who planned to line up with the South on the jury trial amendment. Joe knew these men intimately, told Mitchell how to influence their vote. He himself also went to bat to win their vote. And it was his own energetic work that the jury trial amendment was overwhelmingly defeated in the House.

But today, having used his personal efforts to defeat the jury trial amendment, Joe is in the position of having to swallow it. That's why he's irked and waited for his old friend Sam Rayburn to approach him first.