

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1957

The Public Will Remember Mr. Hoffa

JAMES R. HOFFA's memory lapsed 111 times before the Senate rackety committee one day last week. He just couldn't seem to remember the details of his dealings with convicted racketeers. As far as he is concerned, his forgetfulness may have been a very healthy thing.

As far as the public is concerned, we suspect, it couldn't matter less. The public also is forgetful of details. And in response to other questions about his activities as a Teamster vice president and his apparent to Dave Beck, Hoffa had remembered enough to create an image of himself for the public eye.

That image is a bad omen for organized labor. If Hoffa succeeds Beck the image will be magnified a thousand-fold. If Hoffa succeeds Beck and is not repudiated by the AFL-CIO high command, the image may very well blind the public eye to labor's legitimate claim that the errors of the few shouldn't be blamed on the many.

It now appears that Hoffa will succeed Beck. If so, the head of the Teamsters Union will be a man who has admitted he:

Has helped loan union money to com-

panies represented by a man from whom he then borrowed money.

Has borrowed, usually without interest, from his own union and lost some of it on speculative ventures.

Has borrowed a total of \$120,000 from Teamster local union officials and businessmen since 1952, and has repaid only \$70,000.

Has bought stock in firms with which his union has done business.

Hoffa's admissions do not picture him as a law violator. They do picture him as a man trying to feather his own nest by virtue of holding a post of trust and responsibility. Similar admissions on the part of a government employe or an official of an ethical private enterprise would result in on-the-spot dismissal.

And then, of course, there is the matter of Hoffa's hasty manner. An ability to remember that he had not dealt with racketeers and hoodlums would seem a fair requirement for anyone seeking a position of trust.

If rank-and-file Teamsters cannot prevent Hoffa's ascension to Dave Beck's seat, the AFL-CIO will have to act.

The public may forget the details, but it will remember Mr. Hoffa.

The Senate's Sheep Has Four Legs

THERE was once a political sleight-of-hand artist who called on Abraham Lincoln to obtain White House help in hoodwinking the public on a particular issue.

Lincoln studied his caller gravely for a moment or two.

"How many legs will a sheep have if you call his tail a leg?" asked the President.

"Five," came the answer.

"You are mistaken," said Lincoln laughing, "for calling a tail a leg does not make it one."

Likewise, calling Senate Bill 2702 an "Immigration Act" does not make it one. What the Senate has passed is more in the nature of an anti-immigration act, a bill which would preserve intact most of the major flaws and discriminatory principles of this nation's basic law on the subject.

All the Senate has done is to provide relief in some "borderline" cases. Virtually ignored are the sweeping revisions urged by President Eisenhower and the more enlightened leaders of both the Republican and Democratic parties.

The outmoded quotas, idiotic red tape and imperious "envisaged" system. It is this system designed for 1920 conditions, still a system which actually encourages undesirable immigrants to enter this country en masse while excluding desirable immigrants. The Senate would even refuse the administration's proposal to grant permanent U. S. residence to 25-000 Hungarian refugees already here.

In no way does the Senate's "immigration" bill measure up to the aspirations of those who have fought for immigration laws liberal enough in this field.

No, the Senate's sheep has four legs.

The Giants Just Need The Giants

Oh... somewhere men are laughing, And somewhere children clown; That somewhere, friend, is Frisco. The Giants are coming to town!

WITH THE New York Giants moving to San Francisco and the Brooklyn Dodgers contemplating a Los Angeles address, major league baseball has finally entered its westward hot or Horace Greeley stage.

A change of air, it is reasoned, will make fandom more appreciative and renew the game's Midas touch.

It is not Frisco or Dallas that the game needs, but a few more Ty Cobbs, Honus Wagners and Mel Ott's.

San Franciscans are said to be bubbling over with excitement and anticipation. Baltimore was bubbling over, too, when the St. Louis Browns became the Orioles in 1954. They remembered the Orioles of yore, who won three straight pennants—1894-96—and boasted such immortals as Third Baseman John ("Mugg-

sy") McGraw, Shortstop Hughie Jennings, Catcher Wilbert Robinson and Outfielder Wee Wee ("Heavenly One") Koster. But they did not get the Orioles of yore. They got the same tired old Browns in new uniforms.

San Francisco, alas, will get the Giants, a team that would find it difficult to beat the Horners with any consistency.

Despite the vigor of a few Mantles and Williamses, major league baseball is losing its color because it is losing its colorful practitioners. All that is left are the actuaries of the game who are making it the most statistical of all mystiques. They can tell you how many tons of earth batters may knock out of their cleats while waiting for the catcher, the pitcher, the manager, the base coaches and the suggestion-box type of infielders decide how the ball is to be thrown at him. But they can't conjure up just one Dizzy Dean! Nope.

The Giants don't need a change of air. The Giants just need the giants.

Robert C. Smith In The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot

DELIBLE IMPRESSIONS OF A COUTH MAN

EVERYONE has come across an uncouth scoundrel at one time or another, but how many can claim a couth gentleman among their acquaintances? And if a body is necessarily inert, why can't we have lively, erpt people?

Once upon a time there was a couth man. Because he was couth, because his dealings were always licit, and because his appearance was prepossessing, everybody liked the couth man.

Early in life the couth man decided to be an electrician because he was mechanically ept. He went down to the Electrical School to enroll and that is where he met his future wife, a woman of effable beauty.

She had been serving as an assistant stenographer there for 20 years and had not been promoted because she was clearly a defatigable worker.

The clatter of typewriters in the outer office produced a cessant noise and during one of the breaks, the couth man spoke.

"It may be that some exorable force has brought us together," he said. "But, will you marry me?"

It was the first time that anyone had ever made a decent proposal to the woman of effable beauty and she accepted immediately, believing in required love and realism that her decision was irrevocable. "After all," she said, "we can always get a divorce, even if we're compatible."

triable. The couth man was studying to be an electrician and the woman of effable beauty continued to type up the notes of the owner of the school wrote to his creditors.

But in reliving time their problems did not all prove to be superable. While the couth man was a continent drinker by principle, his principles were peach-able. He began staying out late at night after his classes and coming home drunk and only slightly regenerate.

The woman of effable beauty tried to reason with the couth man. "One of these nights," she said, "you will get in by an automobile while you are hit by the notes of the owner of the school."

She had a fidei came to the mortgaged home of the couth man and the woman of effable beauty. His manner was pertinent and his ways were tentative. With the fallible logic of woman, she decided that the couth man's love for her was measurable and straightway took up with the fidei.

One night as the couth man wended his way homeward from a bar, winking to himself with repressible laughter at a poor joke, he stepped in front of an automobile. It was a truly advertent error and his injuries were certainly detestable.

The policeman explained it to the woman of effable beauty. "It was a matter of a resistable force meeting a movable object," he said.

The woman of effable beauty turned to the fidei and was smiling at her side. "It's a good thing," she said, "that he was imitable." And so, her grief proved consolable.

Purge Of The Powerful Could Shatter Labor Merger

By MARQUIS CHILDS

WASHINGTON
 AFTER months of hearings before the Senate committee investigating labor racketeering, with evidence of gangsterism and corruption on a wide scale, organized labor in this country is faced with an unhappy choice.

The AFL-CIO must purge itself of those who have hidden behind the Fifth Amendment to conceal the wrongdoing uncovered by committee investigators, as well as of those who have brazened out the tactics of violence and coercion developed in the hearings. Big labor's executive council is faced with the demand to discipline and perhaps purge such powerful moguls as Maurice Hutcheson, of the Carpenters Union, and James R. Hoffa, who seems likely to replace Dave Beck as president of the Teamsters Union.

But to do this threatens to rock the uneasy balance of power within the organization. The unions involved were the bulwark of the AFL before the merger with the CIO. If the teamsters and the builders should resist disciplinary action by walking out, the CIO and the industrial unions would be dominated by the CIO.

UNHAPPY CHOICE

Confronted with this unhappy choice and with the shocked reaction of the public to the disclosures before the McClellan committee, some AFL-CIO leaders are now saying that, after all, the trade union movement is a business like any other business and why should anyone expect unions to have higher ethical standards? Big business, so the argument runs, is more corrupt and more ruthless than big labor, and so why should labor be put on the defensive about its alleged wrongdoing? Officials have been corrupted?

Al J. Hayes, head of the International Association of Machinists, said in an article entitled "Critics in the Street," that he would not know why there should be such indignation against organized labor when corruption in other areas has gone almost unnoticed.

"Perhaps moral indignation," Hayes wrote, "like charity, should begin at home. Corruption as I have noted before, is a disease which infects society at large, and its manifestation in the labor movement is merely part of the total picture. I cannot accept with good grace much of the criticism which emanates from others who show far less concern for cleaning their own houses than the labor movement."

SEVERAL INSTANCES

He went on to cite several instances of corruption in business that got little attention in the press.

But for many in the labor movement it is not enough for the pot to call the kettle black. These leaders who insist the AFL-CIO must clean house are making an issue of the Hutcheson case.

A sharp skirmish occurred at the recent council meeting in Chicago when, with some reluctance, the council agreed to take jurisdiction in the Hutcheson matter but to postpone action.

WAS IT FRAUD?

Hutcheson's allies in the building trades pointed out that he was not accused of misusing

the hands of the district school boards.

The decision of the Charlotte, Greensboro and Winston-Salem school boards arrived at through secret collusion was a denial of major proportions that broke with the long and deep-rooted traditions of our Southland. It was a betrayal of the southern people, both white and Negro. Under our southern way of life, the Negro has made fantastic progress, not equaled elsewhere in history, and relations between the races have become constant by moral cordial—until Bie Monday, 1954.

What North Carolina desperately needs is positive and dynamic leadership favoring segregation and the preservation of our way of life. Simons cannot expect this of our governor. There surely must be some one of statewide political stature who will give voice and leadership to the pent-up feelings in the grass roots. I nominate Dr. Beverly Lake, formerly assistant attorney general.

—ROGER WINBORNE

With Loving Friends, One Is Never Alone.

Charlotte
 I AM sure no one is really happy who is living in sin. Today, we see many people act as if they are miserable. They just don't have the love that Christ lives in their hearts. I know no one is perfect but when you have not lived in sin, you have tried to be a friend to everyone, you can sleep when you go to bed at night for you have no conscience worrying you.

I may have enemies, but I know that God is the only one who helps us. I love everyone and I have nothing between me and God.

So many loved ones are troubled today over sickness and sorrows, but when you see friends standing by you with love and sympathy, that is the sign of a Christian friend. That helps us bear our burdens for, with Christ as our comforter and loved ones for friends, we are never alone.

—MRS. MAYME BARGER



Painting The Lawn

The Drought On Capitol Hill

By FREDERICK C. OTHMAN

WASHINGTON
 PECULIAR local climatic conditions featured by gusts of hot air must be the cause of our drought, now entering its fourth straight month. There can be no other answer, and the locals are praying for Congress to go home.

All around us there has been rain. Here and on your beaten-up acres in nearby Virginia there hasn't been enough moisture to fog a monocle. The flowing dogwood in the foreground of a lawn leading down from a handsome old manor house.

TREMBLING HAND
 So there was a man with a trembling hand, who was the producer from Paramount Pictures in Hollywood. He was worried about his costly actors dilly-dallying and accomplishing nothing while their wages soared. This was because of the paint for the grass. It hadn't arrived.

He said when he'd rented the riverside estate some months ago, the lawn was as beautiful as Cecil B. DeMille's. When the actors arrived here to do their emoting on the grass, it was yellow. This wouldn't have mattered so much except that it was a particular epic was in Technicolor.

SOPHIA LOREN
 A Senator Protests

So the producer told his assistant to tell his assistant to wheel in 50 barrels of green grass paint. There wasn't any such stuff here. Telegrams went out, and from various ends of the nation, where grass has got to be green by whatever means, paint was shipped.

As I say, it still hadn't arrived, and that was why I go to gaze upon a Loren. I could have talked to her, too, but I was too busy looking. My man said, interrupting my contemplation, this wasn't all. When the paint did get there, it would have to be sprayed on the grass and then he'd lose another day while it dried. If he didn't, his actors would get the soles of their feet painted green and since they'd be wearing bathing suits and no shoes, they wouldn't do in a color movie, either.

Our drought, as you easily can see, is serious. The Virginia milk producers are grumbling

threat about raising the price of milk because they're also fresh out of grass; they'll have to import hay. The Capitol gardeners, who stay on the payroll all year round, haven't had to turn a lawnmower in months.

This, in a way, is good; they are busy now drilling holes under the Potomac River and inserting water hoses. We've had some superb displays of lightning, with black clouds and high winds, but the rains somehow have skirted to one side.

LONG MIST

One day it misted for 12 hours straight. This wet down the streets and kept windshield wipers going, but when the sun came out I dug under one of my own bushes and found the moisture had penetrated one quarter of an inch. Beneath was dust.

The Potomac River above Chain Bridge has dwindled to a trickle. I do believe I could walk across it, stone to stone, without getting my feet wet. Downstream where the river widens out because of tidewater backing up, it seems like a pond. Smelly in spots.

From Capitol Hill the hot air continues to rise. One senator even complained bitterly about the drought. He said he was entering the galleries and disrupting the proceedings. Her feet weren't green, either, but I don't think she was the matter with the man, unless it was the drought.

Editors' Note: Frederick C. Othman is substituting for Doris Frieson, who is on vacation.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON
 THERE would be no Hoffa headlines, no TV sets turned on to the Senate Rackety Committee, no sure bet that Jimmy Hoffa would be president of the Teamsters, if it hadn't been for a quirk of fate in Michigan four years ago.

Four years ago Hoffa was before an other congressional committee. Much of the same information was being exposed about his personal loans, his race track, his police record, his deals with friends who benefited from union welfare funds, his attempts to muscle in on the juke box business, parking lots, and other enterprises far removed from the Teamsters.

Called Off

Then suddenly, the hearing was called off. It was called off by very high-up Republicans, and many signs pointed to Arthur Summerfield, now postmaster general and a power in Michigan politics. He now denies this. But, in return, Hoffa supported Sen. Homer Ferguson, Republican, for re-election later supported Mayor Albert Cobo, Republican, for governor against Democratic Governor "Boss" Williams.

The mysterious question mark is: Who

worked out the deal to save Hoffa? Who called off the congressional dogs? If that probe had proceeded, Hoffa might not be the power he is today.

Stopped Dead

The question has met with denials all over the place. But it is true that they were stopped dead in their tracks from investigating Hoffa. Michigan made a dozen speeches pointing the finger at unnamed high-up Republicans.

On Jan. 19, 1954 he said, "It takes courage sometimes to try to probe the racketeers in your own home city. . . . Mr. Hoffa testified under oath that his local had a million dollars in the treasury and that they had given him—Hoffa—authority to spend such part of that million in elections as he desires."

Gets Warning

"In my own committee I was stripped of any authority to continue these investigations, except for a limited period of days in two localities. Why?"

On Jan. 21, 1954 Hoffa continued: "I had been warned that retaliatory action would be taken if I investigated Teamster racketeers."

Too Close

On Feb. 23, Hoffa protested: "The fact of the matter is they tried to cut me out. . . . We were getting along all right except the racketeers and the extortionists, but we got too close to some politicians and some of the gentlemen. We were stepping on their toes. They said, 'cut that old man Hoffa out of the picture.'"

On March 24, Hoffa, still anxious to investigate Hoffa, charged that his committee had been "killed" by a "national-gal" that encouraged racketeering and extortion.

In Detroit, as hearings suddenly folded, Congressman Wiet Smith of Kansas looked at the ceiling and said: "The pressure comes from so high that I can't even discuss it."

Soon Silenced

Said Committee Counsel William F. McKenna: "We were silenced before we could make public the important financial aspects of the Teamsters operations."