



THOMAS L. ROBINSON President and Publisher
BRODIE S. GRIFITH General Manager
ROBERT H. LAMPERT Advertising Director
CARRI PARSONS Editor
PERRY MORGAN (on leave) Associate Editor
R. L. YOUNG JR. Managing Editor
JAMES McDOWELL Circulation Manager

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1958

The Most Marvelous Crisis Of All

These are the times that try men's souls. —THOMAS PAINE, 1776

NO, no, Mr. Paine. These are the times that try men's souls. Be not deceived by the outward calm of the citizenry. A crisis is upon us and it far exceeds anything we have faced in our day. Powerful emotions are churning behind the sweet and placid masks men wear along Tryon Street today. Two great power blocs are at each other's throats and the consequences are not to be taken lightly. As connoisseurs of crises, large and small, we have but one really vital editorial comment to make, to wit: "Play ball!"

involved are baseball teams and their respective partisans and nobody, but nobody, has any atomic intentions. Nor will the outcome have any political significance, thank heavens. Not with the sports of yesterday. The WASHINGTON POST reminded us the other day that a riot during the gladiatorial games in the Theater of Pompey in 52 B. C. had serious consequences in Roman politics. And in the Byzantine hippodrome a few centuries later a victory of the green chariot over the blue, or vice versa, might easily presage a change in dynasty. But when the late and unlamented DAILY WORKER attempted once to find subtle overtones of a class struggle in a series between the Yankees and the Dodgers it was giggled right out of the newspaper fraternity. Spare us, please. Let the crisis ripen and explode and let joy—and sorrow—be unconfined. We'll survive the whoop or the howl and find Quemoy, Lebanon, Little Rock and the congressional races waiting for us at home plate after the final out. Count on it.

Bus Strike Not Now

WITH city buses out of the running and their drivers on strike the traffic is a bit slower in Charlotte. But some 50,000 persons who use buses every day are not amused. It is suggested that the strike should be very much on the minds of public officials, who ought now to work for a speedy solution, is not, we think, to pry into an affair between strikers and management. The future wage of bums in Charlotte is for them to settle. But City Manager Henry Yancey's statement that the dispute leading to the strike is a "private affair" upon which it would be improper for him to comment is no longer welcome to the city public—particularly that segment of the public without transportation. Mr.

A 'Private Affair'

Yancey's attitude was perhaps proper before the strike began: it would be evasive of public responsibility, now that buses have stopped, for it to rule the thinking of public authorities. It might be helpful for city officials to recall that during the last such strike, in 1952, Mayor Victor Shaw took personal action and used the mayor's office to emphasize that in the public interest the future wage of bums should be settled as quickly as possible. That action might well serve as a useful model for steps which need to be taken today. It is certain that without doing this we are not helping the thinking of city officials can take steps to keep Charlotte traffic schedules from extensive wreckage.

For A Moment, They Hailed Dick Nixon

FOR a moment, they hailed Dick Nixon as a new hero, a defender of the State Department's composure under heading public clamoring. He had lashed a "saboteur" somewhere in the Department's bureaucracy for "undercutting" the secretary of state and his Far Eastern policy. This saboteur, or ring of saboteurs, had disclosed that of some 5,000 letters on the Far East, about 80 percent opposed present policy. Nixon was "shocked"—and even more than at the disclosure, he was shocked at "the assumption" that the weight of the mail rather than the weight of the evidence should be the controlling factor in determining foreign policy. Gray eminences of thought stroked their beards, and in a spirit of newfound adoration rushed forward to set laurels on his brow. Here was a wise Nixon, a Nixon reminiscent of Edmund Burke even, sticking up for the independence of a horrid public servant. Here was a new and luminous spirit who had thrown off the garb of the old heckler of Hiss and Acheson.

Life In America

WE OFFER without comment, two seraphic items we are pasting in our scrapbook of modern Americana. In Akron, O., a 58-year-old woman fell and fractured her left hip while whirl and around inside her hula hoop. In Clearwater, Fla., a woman willed the income from her \$23,000 estate to a Persian cat named "Baby."

TAR HEELS TAKE OVER

ALL sorts of new opportunities will open to Tar Heels after the schools of Virginia and our other southern neighbors have stayed that long enough to make their populations thoroughly ignorant. Sending missionaries into those savage parts will become a big enterprise. Daring travelers from the West and North will want to do the quasi-tutored natives go through their tribal rites, and will hire Tar Heels who know the region as guides. Packing charity boxes of cast-off clothing for Virginians reduced to poverty by their ignorance will keep many North Carolinians busy. All these specialties, in addition to the fact that any sane company that wants to set up a branch anywhere around here will do so in this state, where folks can read, write and figure. There'll be some drawbacks, of course. The University of Virginia may survive as simply the site of a football team, which would emerge as a power since the "students" would do nothing but play. At that, we could sticker 'em. They couldn't figure, so we'd say, "You make eleven touchdowns and that's 11, and we made two at six points each, and that's 12 so you win." And, finally, ignorance is closing schools under state laws. When its legislators

How Do Candidates Feel About Negroes?

Editors, The News: THE MOST important question since the War Between the States is on most everyone's mind and on many tongues. The general election is just around the corner. Yet no candidate for any office has had anything to say publicly about mixed public schools. Two years ago Mr. Jonas signed the Southern Manifesto. Two veteran Democrats failed to sign and were defeated in the primary. Mr. Jonas went on to win the general

People's Platform

Mr. Jonas Refused To Vote 'Blindly'

Editors, The News: IN A letter you published Sept. 18, Mr. George Adams expressed shock at Mr. Jonas' vote on a housing bill. Here is some information which should really shock Mr. Adams: Mr. Clark has been a member of the state legislature since 1951. During that period he had several opportunities to vote for legislation that would have made Charlotte eligible years ago to participate in the government slum clearance program. Mr. Adams might well ask Mr. Clark why he did not vote for this necessary enabling legislation.

College President Is Remarkable Man

Editors, The News: THE President of Livingston College is a remarkable man for these reasons: He secured a top education in spite of the obstructions and prejudices in his way. He is a thinker and a problem-solver of the first water. He knows how to work with people and to bring the best out of his co-workers who have accomplished anything of value.

Respond To Ike's 'Call To Prayer'

Cleveland, Ohio, Editors, The News: A Christian world is in a deep sleep. The world is on a lighted powder keg. Prayer can reverse trends. Christendom's only hope is in God. Revell is sounding President Eisenhower has proclaimed Wednesday as a "National Day of Prayer." In our time, he said, "buffeted by unprecedented changes and challenges of the modern world, we of divine providence, we have continuing need of the wisdom and strength of the Father in God, and we shall always find our highest satisfaction in a steadfast purpose to know and do His will."

Life In America

WE OFFER without comment, two seraphic items we are pasting in our scrapbook of modern Americana. In Akron, O., a 58-year-old woman fell and fractured her left hip while whirl and around inside her hula hoop. In Clearwater, Fla., a woman willed the income from her \$23,000 estate to a Persian cat named "Baby."

Do Republicans Lack The Will To Win In November?

By DORIS FLEESON Vice President Richard M. Nixon heads west this week to try to shore up his home state defenses now and for 1960. President Eisenhower will soon follow and spend at least two days here. All the Republican candidates want them to come and are confident that their receptions will be outwardly more than adequate. MARKED CONTRAST But in marked contrast to the fairly recent past, nobody expects either man to pass any miracles. Each is believed to have lost touch with the leadership roles they originally staked out for themselves. Also, the issues presented in the campaign are in sharp, stubbornly awkward and unmanageable.

the right-to-work bill, which is on the ballot—presents a problem both for Eisenhower and Nixon. The President will be asked whether he sides with Knowland or with the GOP Senate candidate, Gov. Goodwin J. Knight, who opposes right-to-work. An informed guess is that the President will insist it's a matter for the states. But California is Nixon's state, and it was in large measure those powerful business and press interests which made him originally that have persuaded Knowland

to come down so heavily as the right-to-work side. Yet, if Nixon sides with Knowland, the vice president is cocked with national labor interests—a circumstance hardly in 1960. A Nixon evasion will dispense his old backers. They are already cooling toward the new Nixon who thinks in broad international terms and so are the rank-and-file Republicans who liked him better as a superb hatch man. This is, in short, a hard place and time for an aspiring Republican politician to make a plea.

"Whatdaya Mean, 'Out'? That's Only Three Strikes"



This Is Alaska

Too Marvelous For Words

ANCHORAGE, Alaska I AM sore afraid that the nation of Texas had better raise a self-protective fist to defend its titles. I have seen some lands of incipient homes, the barn, oil in the ground and cattle in the bank, but this new 49th state, being in somewhat short supply of carpet-baggers, and between us we've covered most of this vast terrain, and the verdict seems the same: HAPPY PEOPLE This is the land of the happy, relaxed people. They work hard, but they don't rush at it. And marvelous to behold, the men and women actually seem to like each other. In some indefinable way, Alaska has perfected an equality of the sexes, through work, respect and love, when the first glance might indicate that the ladies, being in somewhat short supply, might become impossibly arrogant. That's so. They make no pretension of their advantage, and they do not generally seem to come here with the cold idea of trapping the best bit. After the pinched faces of New York, it is refreshing to hit a place where nobody seems to be mad at anybody. There is a certain democracy I have seldom seen outside of Texas. The waitress, the cab driver, the parlor

Money Is Tossed Around Like Crazy

to see, at a private party, the young lady who fettered you the breakfast eggs. FANTASTIC SALARIES The salaries earned are slightly fantastic, the prices to match. Most of a large comforters are roughly 40 per cent more expensive in Alaska than stateside, but nobody moans too loudly. A hair cut is \$2.50, for instance, but a barber in business for himself will average 40 bucks a day including his tips. The good bartender will make about the same, on a base wage of \$30 per day. I know one waitress who holds two jobs—she waits on table by day and sells booze in a liquor store at night. She has a Cadillac, a boat and

Draw Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON THE third biggest electoral state in union—Pennsylvania—has elected Republican governors in all except three cases since the Civil War. It is time to continue that tradition, the Republican high command this year picked a relatively unknown pretzel manufacturer, Art McGonigle, in preference to Harold Stassen, hard-working state to President Eisenhower and negotiator of disarmament. McGonigle, as published as a self-made, clean-cut businessman would bring a businesslike government to the State of Pennsylvania.

Colloquy In Court

As the suit was settled for \$138,500, the following colloquy took place in court: "Counselor, are your clients suing me for this \$138,500?" asked Milton Selig, representing Integrity Management Co. "Lawyer's Reply" I want to say we are putting up a considerable portion of it," replied John S. Rhoda, attorney for the McGonigle brothers and their companies, Redding Baking and Pretzel and Bachman Bakeseries.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round All-American Success Story Exploded

What Really Happened? That, however, was not exactly the circumstance under which the GOP candidate for governor of Pennsylvania got his start as a prosperous pretzel magnate and he left Bachman Bakeseries. Republican leaders who fought Stassen and picked McGonigle have been quaking in their boots lest the true facts leak out. They Got Twisted It happens that the true facts are a matter of court record and therefore not subject to the vagaries of Republican leaders who fought Stassen and picked McGonigle have been quaking in their boots lest the true facts leak out.

Appointed Receiver

Here is the story which Pennsylvania's anti-Stassen politicians don't want published: McGonigle was appointed March 23, 1958, as receiver for Bachman Bakeseries. In reading a company of which he had been vice president. "Fictitious Purchaser?" Eight days later, March 31, McGonigle turned round and sold Bachman's to Herbert Fields, of the Laurel Distributing Co., for only \$5,140. The asset had been valued at \$81,675. Later it was charged that Laurel Distributing was a "fictitious purchaser." This charge was made—and tacitly admitted—in federal court before Judge William H. Kirkpatrick Jr., when A. L. Hall, a shareholder for American One and Pretzel, brought suit against McGonigle, his brother, and associates.

He Likes To Talk

McGonigle is stocky, ruddy, pleasant and personable. He looks successful, and he likes to talk about his success story. "I managed to scrape together \$300 and my brother Ray got the same amount," McGonigle said of himself in a highly laudatory article published by the Philadelphia Inquirer Sept. 21 which told how McGonigle got his business start. "And with some very necessary help from a bank," he continued, "We took over." What Really Happened? That, however, was not exactly the circumstance under which the GOP candidate for governor of Pennsylvania got his start as a prosperous pretzel magnate and he left Bachman Bakeseries. Republican leaders who fought Stassen and picked McGonigle have been quaking in their boots lest the true facts leak out.

Lawyer's Reply

I want to say we are putting up a considerable portion of it," replied John S. Rhoda, attorney for the McGonigle brothers and their companies, Redding Baking and Pretzel and Bachman Bakeseries. That's the American success story of the candidate for governor of Pennsylvania. Putting up a good part of \$138,500 plus \$50,000 attorney's fees, was not business. For the McGonigles later sold Bachman Bakeseries for a reported \$330,000. It has cost them \$5,140 plus \$800 for fees and commissions.