

Thomas L. Robinson... President and Publisher
Brodie H. Griffith... General Manager
Robert H. Lampe... Advertising Director
Carl Payne... Editor
Perry Morgan... Associate Editor
R. L. Young Jr... Managing Editor
Huey Stinson... Circulation Manager

MONDAY, JUNE 3, 1957

Omnibus Resolutions: Hold The Phone

IT WAS Meeklenburg's Sen. Spencer Bell who first sniffed the rich, pungent aroma of one of the gamiest political puddings to be set before the General Assembly in 1957.

He reacted with admirable speed and aplomb. Minutes later, an omnibus resolution petitioning Congress to enact the Bricker amendment and four other controversial measures was banished from the Senate's menu. By a vote of 32-12, the bill was tabled.

Sen. Bell had rightly argued that the Senate should not be asked to consider in 15 minutes schemes which would revolutionize national and international affairs.

He added: "I think we have enough to occupy us in North Carolina without memorializing Congress about matters requiring years of discussion."

It was a necessary and proper incident of an old legislative custom that has been sorely abused of late. The railroading of any resolution through the General Assembly is bad enough in this instance, only some fast footwork prevented a totally ludicrous situation.

First of all, the measure was introduced "by request" of U. S. Sen. Sam J. Ervin's secretary with the understanding that the Senate would not consider amendments contained therein.

This turned out to be all a mistake. Ervin did not favor the whole package. Realizing this rather belatedly, the bill's sponsors were perfectly willing to refer the bill to committee. But the Senate's majority properly decreed a funeral on the spot.

In addition to the Bricker amendment, the measure called for enforcement of a 23 per cent limitation upon income tax burdens exacted in exchange for a prohibition against federal deficit spending, a change in the method of naming political electors which some believe will reduce the influence of minority groups in national elections and a new method of amending the constitution by action of the states without action of Congress. All have the backing of the far right of U. S. politics.

There may be some merit in a few of the proposals but they will require much cautious scrutiny. They would radically change certain major aspects of the nation's political system and they are far too important for pep-meeting treatment by state legislators who are only dimly aware of their significance. Surely the Bricker amendment, a destructive scheme to tamper with the President's traditional treaty-making powers, has little serious support in North Carolina.

It was a close scrape with absurdity but it is to be hoped that a valuable lesson was learned.

People's Platform Senate Should Clean Its Own Glass House

It includes everybody, not just a segment, and harpessed taxpayers everywhere would like to see real investigation into the ways and wherefores of such colossal governmental expenditures.

Perhaps if the beam were cast from the Senate's eye in this respect it might be able to see more clearly how to get the more real investigation into the ways and wherefores of such colossal governmental expenditures.

Under Roosevelt, to combat the world trend toward communism, Congress passed some so-called liberal laws—unheard of before—to protect the interests of labor and the farmer. As a result, Roosevelt stayed in power quite a long while, much to the chagrin of the Republican capitalists whose Marxian concept of the ideal state is based on the undeviating principle of wage slavery.

With a Republican President, reactionary members of both parties in Congress began to cast around for the means to undo Roosevelt's work and fell upon the plan of destroying the confidence

of union members in their leaders by attacking their integrity and thus undermining the strength of organized labor in general. Hence, the investigation of Beck...

It will take many an investigation to over-balance all these benefits. So, the Senate in its haste to close the book on Beck...



DAVE BECK Labor Took The Rap

'Alas, Poor Yorick! I Almost Knew Him'



IN CHARLOTTE IT'S PIN-CURLS MAMA SHOULD SHUN SHORTS!

Mama Should Shun Shorts!

By ROBERT C. RUARK believe, it is the sloppiest bit of furniture it has been my misfortune to see. All they need is Army shoes to look like Broadway Rose. We pitched a Saturday party the other day at my old fraternity house, with two sets (two separate bands plus the juke box, and all the pretty Chl Omegas and Tri Dels and Tri Dels inas as showed up in sweaters, Bermuda shorts, long socks, and, actually, trimmies shoes. Twenty-old years ago we wouldn't have let them in the door.

Another thing that struck me as I drove through the suburbs of Washington, Wilmington, Charlotte, Richmond and other places is that women go out in public wearing those horrible pin-curl things and looking like a wrath that God wouldn't want to identify with. Heaven forbid that a girl must have had enough time snoring a sucker without getting harassed in a fratrigwig for public display.

Call me an old soid, but in my day my girls, and all the other gals, made a slight fetish out of appearing as modestly as possible, and not appearing socially as a gymnastic major or a fugitive from the Russian shot-putt club. They wore skirts and trousers about their hair, and if at the beach they showed themselves in shorts, they were the shortest shorts that decency would allow, and you were suddenly struck with the impression that a vision of delight had appeared in a blinding flash on the horizon.

All I can say in warning to the younger set is that the best dancer on the floor, with the prettiest face, would have been a girl in a cream in a dress at that party the other night in the Phi Kapp house, but dressed in her sweat shirt, tennis shoes, and long shorts, she merely looked like a slightly active woman.

A Vision Of Delight?

Don't Tell Us A Tornado Has No Uplift

There was an archdeacon who said, 'May I take off my gaiters in bed?' But the bishop said, 'No, wherever you go, you must wear them until you are dead.'

EVEN as he lives in the eerie shadow of the hydrogen bomb, man has not forgotten his essential mission on this earth.

That mission, the evidence of the ages asserts, is to mind somebody else's business, generally the business of someone who feels quite capable of minding his own. It's no real fun to provide management for the person who seeks it. The object of the game is to provide unwanted advice, and to impose it if possible where it is resisted.

Thus in the verse above the Archdeacon of Halifax, England, was pointedly advised by a group of parishioners that they considered him insufficiently gaitered. The Archdeacon was compelled to advise his flock pliantly in an open letter that he wears his gaiters about 30 times a year and that's enough considering that they are extremely uncomfortable to wear in hot weather, intolerable.

Parallels are plentiful and uncomfortably close to home. The North Carolina legislature spent a shameful amount of time considering a proposal to sterilize morally errant women, but was shocked to its core by a counterproposal to apply the knife to

morally errant men. South Carolina legislators have been giving very solemn attention to a bill declaring that the undulations of majorettes are necessary to the quality of college bands.

Michiganers, however, bid fair to become the noisiest people in creation. Having lowered several pieces of fine literature into the censor's denouement in the past, they are now proceeding to pry against the Wizaor or Oz. "No uplift!" said the Detroit Public Library grimly as it banned the story about a little girl lifted up in a tornado and deposited in a never-never land inhabited by very respectable and kindhearted creatures.

The library, of course, was not referring to anything so concrete as a tornadoic uplift. "Uplift" means what the censor wants it to mean. "Uplift" means what it appears to mean to the ordinary soul, of course, the ancient and honorable practice of mudge-making must cease forthwith.

The Michigan legislature, meantime, busied itself with another kind of uplift. Fearing the stimulating qualities of alcohol on the state's legislative structure passed a bill which would make it a crime to sell soda pop to minors. After a lobbyist explained that "vanilla syrup, citrus flavoring—almost any flavoring—contains a trace of alcohol," the legislature decided to reconsider the bill.

We do hope they will. Here it is only June 3—with the official silly season nearly two months away. Archdeacons already must be gaitered in bed, and the Wizaor or Oz tossed into limbo for lacking uplift.

The Art Of Scrubbing Minds & Faces

"PEOPLE need to wash their brains as well as their faces in this changing world"—Chou Yong, deputy director of party propaganda in Communist China, as quoted in a Reuters dispatch from David Chipp in Peking.

"After three days and nights of beatings with sticks, straps and fists, and with a sword being held at my neck and being told I would die, I said, 'Sure, I am a spy'... I don't know all the circumstances, but I haven't got much use for these people in this country who condemned the American prisoners in

Korea for their confessions. I would say, let those who condemn go to China and experience just three months of interrogation!"—The Rev. Fungling Gross, American Catholic priest recently released after six years of imprisonment in Communist China, as quoted by an Associated Press dispatch from San Francisco.

Moral: Never jump to the conclusion that a mind has been laundered with soft-soap when a hard lick works twice as fast.

NIGHT IS FOR THE OWLS

THIS newspaper is kindly disposed toward birds as a class. It is benevolently inclined not only toward such ornaments among our feathered chums as cardinals, orioles and bluebirds, but also to the less favored as represented by magpies, crows and, even buzzards, recognizing that nature usually has a pretty fair notion of what it is doing and of what is needful.

This feeling has a substantial basis. Birds gobble up a lot of insects as they go about their daily chores. Their flight is poetry in motion. Their song has gladdened the heart of many a bard. They are exemplars of good parents, preparing a warm nest for their young, tenderly rearing them and teaching them the precepts required to grow up in a predatory world. The books balance nicely in favor of birds.

With one exception. Maybe two. That is the mockingbird. And possibly the rooster. Mockingbirds sing at night. Not just after dark. After midnight. And they encourage roosters to crow when they should be snoozing.

Just as the weary householder is about to drop off to sleep the mockingbird in the tree outside will run up and down the scales. It is about as noisy as a fat

man lumbering up and down stairs. Off in the distance, the bird gets an answer. For the next hour they discuss their wives, their ailments, their neighbors in various necessary to carry several hundred yards.

Just as they decide they were exhausted all topics of conversation, they are joined by a rooster, pleased at this sign of life in an otherwise somnolent vicinage. Then, "Cin, as joined by another... then another... then another."

It all adds up to another member for the Birdwatchers' Club. So as to be able to identify a mocking bird, find his nest, stand under it, and HE goes to sleep, then see how he likes to be shaken out of his slumber with all the din a garbage can struck by a frying pan can induce.

"Dad, let me take the car tonight to do my driver's training homework." — RALPH NEWS AND OBSERVER.

It is said that nothing is impossible. That doesn't apply, however, to some of the people one meets.—LAUREL (Miss.) LEADER-CALL.

If movies continue to grow lengthier, a lot of people will start checking into theaters with their baggage.—GREENVILLE (S. C.) PIEDMONT.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON The nation last week peaked wreaths of freedom on the graves of heroes who fought for freedom. Out near Joliet, Ill., there is a backdrop for a baseball diamond. Once it was a monument to those who died for freedom. Once Wendell Willkie, candidate for president, dedicated it. Millions of Americans acclaimed it. Newsreels and newspapers featured it. It was a monument to 173 Czechs murdered by Hitler.

Rebellion For Freedom They had rebelled for freedom in 1942, shortly after Pearl Harbor, the people in the little Czech village of Lidice had given shelter to other Czechs

Lidice's Heroism Forgotten In America

who had killed Reinhard Heydrich, the Gestapo deputy chief, the headman of Nazi-occupied Czechoslovakia. In revenge, every man in the village of Lidice was rounded up by Hitler's SS Elite Corps. There were 173 of them. Troops surrounded the village, cut off all roads, and then moved in. Women and children were piled into trucks and carted to concentration camps. The Nazis called them. The 173 men were lined up before a wall and shot.

development near Joliet, Ill., "Lidice," Wendell Willkie, who came to dedicate it, said: "This is a symbol of freedom we have sworn to remember." Franklin Roosevelt telegraphed from the White House: "On June 3, 1942, I announced the murder of 173 innocent Lidice. In the United States we have adopted that word. The name and town Lidice now bring to our minds the memory of human freedom."

But in Lidice, Ill., he found that reminder serving as a baseball backdrop. Around its base were not wreaths, but cigarette butts and waste paper. And the youngsters who stepped up to bat had no idea that a few feet away stood a monument to 173 heroes who were shot so that youngsters here in another country could play baseball in freedom.

Village Destroyed The village of Lidice was wiped out. The free world revolted against the massacre in America, the late Gael Sullivan proposed naming a new housing

Survivor Returns But the other day a Czech refugee, Charles Burian, who survived Hitler and escaped the Communists, went to Lidice,

Memorial Deified But in Lidice, Ill., he found that reminder serving as a baseball backdrop. Around its base were not wreaths, but cigarette butts and waste paper. And the youngsters who stepped up to bat had no idea that a few feet away stood a monument to 173 heroes who were shot so that youngsters here in another country could play baseball in freedom.

Those Who Pick Bottle Will Suffer

Charlotte Editors: The News: I WAS reading a letter written to The News last week about whisky, church members and other things. Every word was true. But when you talk to people who drink it doesn't seem to do any good.

When I see a woman or a man drinking I wonder why they get so far away from God that they would rather go to the bottle than to God sooner or later they will suffer for it. The Bible says you reap what you sow.

We have Sunday school teachers, many officers of the church who drink. They are losing the world but not God.

—MRS. MAYME BARGER

Memorial Deified

But in Lidice, Ill., he found that reminder serving as a baseball backdrop. Around its base were not wreaths, but cigarette butts and waste paper. And the youngsters who stepped up to bat had no idea that a few feet away stood a monument to 173 heroes who were shot so that youngsters here in another country could play baseball in freedom.