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Charlotte And The Arts: A Partnership

CULTURE'S stock rose to heady heights in Charlotte this week when Chamber of Commerce directors finally gave their blessing to an annual United Fine Arts Appeal.

It was a happy solution to a threadbare problem. Under the old go-it-alone system, major cultural organizations often found themselves working at cross purposes when they should have been working together on a common cause. Consequently, pickings were distressingly slim for many groups.

The united fund idea is a break for the contributor, too. In the past, he has been hounded around the calendar by any number of eager-beaver solicitors. Starting in 1959, he will be able to give once for all of the five participating organizations—the Charlotte Symphony, the Opera Association, the Choral Society, the Symphonette and the Oratorio Singers.

Just as it is with the United Appeal for Mecklenburg County's health, welfare and recreation organizations, there will be united planning and budgeting as well as fund-raising. Too with only one campaign organization, there won't be the terrible drain on voluntary leadership that has made the go-it-alone policy so disenchanting in recent years.

Fortunately for the cause, many cultural organizations who will not ask a share of the kitty have nevertheless endorsed the united fund idea and will work for its success. They include the Mint Museum of Art, the Little Theater, Children's Nature Museum, the Community Concert Association, the Broadway Theater League, the Guild of Organists and the Fine Arts Council. Obviously, this support will be needed if the annual campaign is to be a success.

The idea *has* been a success elsewhere —notably Winston-Salem. With bold, imaginative leadership Charlotte can do just as well and perhaps a little better.

Certainly, the project is a healthy, stabilizing influence in an area that has sorely needed some unity of purpose and effort. Charlotte's cultural heritage is worth nurturing. It is part of what makes us such a pleasant community. It will be pleasanter still if the citizenry unites behind this worthy cooperative effort.

Pius XII: Advocate Of Civilized Order

NORTH Carolina's John McKnight wrote his book, THE PAPACY, on the "assumption that nationalism is today man's greatest curse, internationalism—world union, of one kind or another — the last best hope of saving his civilization."

Nationalism, whether of Hitler's kind, of Russian empire-building in the mask of Marxist "destiny," or now of the militant African or Asian brand, has harassed the world stubbornly for 30 years. Mr. McKnight would find few to deny his assumption.

Pope Pius XII, who died Wednesday in Rome, warred with all the powers of his ancient office against that nationalism. Even among those not persuaded by the claims of a universal Church, he was venerated for his insistence that nations could be kept from bloodletting only on a basis of civilized order. He stressed an old and deep meaning of Catholicism — "affecting what is general and universal in human interest." He denied the temporal pretensions to power which had sometimes marked his Church as stoutly as he denied that of political tyrants, seeing it as "fundamentally false" to the Church's mission.

There is much to be learned from the literate sense of history Pope Pius inherited from papal tradition and gained for himself in long hours over his books: The lessons of unchecked political power which Lord Acton a Catholic of much the same temper of mind, feared. The necessity of some common assumptions about the dignity, the nature and the destiny of human beings, regardless of nationality.

Pope Pius will not be remembered alone for his fight against nationalism, which led him in his time to defy the common pomps and barbarities of totalitarian political creeds. Drew Pearson recalls his sense of humor. Mr. McKnight portrays him as a deeply human, if necessarily austere, man who was not above an uproarious laugh at four American Baptist leaders who accused him "mock-seriously" of trying to convert Mr. Truman. A man who told an American general apologizing for the noise of the First Armored Division beneath the Vatican's windows: "Any time you liberate Rome, you can make all the noise you want." A man who told Winston Churchill to "tell my son Joseph (Stalin) that he will meet my divisions in Heaven." A man who in his true catholicity even blessed a package of Tar Heel cigarettes which Congressman Thurmond Chatham pulled inadvertantly from his pockets during a papal audience.

When the personal recollections fade, however, there will still be much to reflect on in the late Pope's hostility to nationalism. As for us, need we turn to the grandiose ambitions of a Hitler or a Stalin to find the evils of nationalism?

They are all too present in our own lingering impulse to shrink from our community with the world, to hoard behind high tariff walls our own national wealth, to carp about a "sovereignty" whose meaning the ICBM has made exceedingly obscure, to shut out counsels of the rest of the world which in any way violate the image we hold of ourselves.

If it could cause us to take thought about any of our own nationalist foibles, the example of Pius XII could serve us well.

Faith Fled The Premises Too Soon

YEARS ago in gaming circles, there was a precept so sacred that it was considered a part of the dogma of the times, It went something like this:

Never bet against Joe Louis, Notre Dame or the New York Yankees.

But the Brown Bomber grew old and flabby and was no longer the "pregnant package of coiled venom" who could, in one round, cut a Nazi Superman down to size. In the end, a youngster named Marciano detached him from his senses and his invulnerability.

Soon, with Rockne and Leahy gone, even the Fighting Irish could be had on occasion. The "automatic victories" were automatic no longer.

First the Dodgers, in 1955, and then the Braves, in 1957, made bums of the Yankees and it suddenly seemed to the eagey set that indeed death and taxes were the only sure things running.

Ah, faith fled the premises too soon.

For a few magic moments in 1958 the *nouveaux riches* Milwaukee Braves made a Series of it. Then, when the chips were down, so were the Braves. As our sports department might say, a shoo-in like this at a horse park would get even the stewards ruled off. It had all the earmarks of a barney and it is something of a mystery that nobody yelled for the cops.

Anyway, the Braves played dead and the Yankees played Yankees and it was like history repeating itself.

There's a moral. Call it the new dogma. It is: *Never bet against death, taxes and the New York Yankees.*

Buffer Zone

"HOW thankful we here in Fort Mill should be," writes the FORT MILL (S. C.) TIMES, "for the four or five miles that separate us from North Carolina."

Body odor or bad breath?

From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

THE ART OF BACKTALK

THE art and science of disagreeing without blows is discussed by the Bureau of Business Practice in response to its own question and asser: "Doesn't your boss like 'yes men'? Then learn to disagree with him wisely."

There is here, it seems to us, a basic fallacy. The fellow who disagrees with his boss, wisely or otherwisely, because his boss wants to be disagreed with, is by definition a yesman, open, notorious and rampant. In fact he is, for our money, a lowlier knave than the yes-man who yesses his boss because he wants to be yessed—a relatively frank and forthright specimen by comparison. Let the Bureau of Business Practice leave these subtle sycophants out of the counseling, and we will guarantee business practice will be all the better for it.

What the Bureau of B.P. wants to put its mind to is advising the underling on how to disagree wisely with a boss who *does* like yes-men and who likes his yesses prompt, loud and enthusiastic. Here are the varlets who have got to be disagreed with if business practice is going to be worth a plugged picayune. Yet what wordy weaponry does the B. of B.P. offer, wherewith wisely to disagree with them? It merely advises the disagreer to avoid words like "idiotic," "ridiculous," or "nonsense," and to use neutral phrases such as "It might be worth considering . . ." "Perhaps you have not thought of . . ." etc.

Now, we are all for the methods of calm deliberation: the non-provocative word, the median tone, the open and hospitable mind. At the same time, one does not send a boy to do a man's job. Perhaps the Bureau of Business Practice has not thought of what idiotic, ridiculous and nonsensical characters these yes-devouring bosses are. It might be worth considering.

It's common talk today that modern girls do a lot of things that their grandmothers wouldn't have thought of doing. Our favorite teenager says that's why Grandma didn't do them — she didn't think of them. — MATTOON (ILL.) JOURNAL-GAZETTE.

'Use Your Head, Like Us, You Traitor!'

Anticlimactic Gold Brick

All That Glitters Is Not

By ROBERT C. RUARK

KENAI, Alaska

I HAVE BEEN probing into the gold business around these parts, and have discovered that all that glitters is not, et cetera, and that the cliche, "as good as gold" ain't necessarily so.

Gold sells at $35 the ounce, legally, in the United States, on a taxable basis. Gold sells for a much as $70 an ounce in places like Tokyo and Hong Kong, on the black market, of course. But gold sells, illegally, in Alaska for as little as $20 an ounce. This averts the tax on its sale, and some old sourdoughs are happy to accept an inflated twenty-dollar bill for an ounce of the precious stuff.

GOLD AMONG GLOVES

I have just enjoyed the unusual experience of having a man reach into his glove compartment and haul out a five-pound block of gold, which has been debased only by melting into its alloy one silver dollar, the presence of the silver destroys the gold's identity; i.e., you can't tell where it came from when it's been slightly flawed by the baser metal. This keeps the legal bird dogs from sniffing it back to a peculiar rock formation in a particular locality.

SQUIRRELED AWAY

There is some thought that the square price of gold is going up one of these days, and, against this rise, Alaska is loaded with treasure trove of already mined, and often refined, gold bars. There is one doughty gentleman of hoary years who has some nine thousand ounces of gold carefully squirreled away against the day of the price rise. My arithmetic is shaky, but at the black market price of $70 in the East, he has burried some $630,000, and at half the price, there is still a sizable bunch of loot stuck off far from harm's hands. If you asked me this gentleman's name I am quite sure I couldn't remember it.

FAST BUCK

I am told that the reason Alaskan gold commands so much money in the East is that Red China's currency isn't very sturdy in purchasing hard commodities, and so the necessity of bartering in that pretty yellow stuff has become a thriving racket. At least, I know some other people who turn a fast buck by gold-peddling, and their names escape me, too.

When you think of all the lives that have been lost, all the murders committed, all the wars waged, with gold at bottom, a sudden hefting of a five-pound chunk of it comes as anti-climax. The bar I dandled in my hands was a sort of dirty, black-ish yellow, and connoted nothing of the shining five-or-ten-dollar pieces favorite uncles used to give you for Christmas.

DING STATUS

A long time ago in Tangier I used to see the bankers accepting consignments of glistening gold bars, and of eagles and double eagles and sovereigns, and it seemed a valuable commodity. It has taken Alaska to reduce gold to its proper dingy status; something you wash out of the dirt and collect in crumbs and grains; something you sell for less than its value; something you adulterate with silver to mask its origins; something you peddle on the black so the Reds can buy a tractor or a tank. I must say I like it better on a bracelet or a watch.

Gold, it appears, has suddenly become as phony as a great many other things. It is either worth less than it's worth, or more than it's worth, but not quite as much, in the honest middle, as it's worth. And then you get down to what is a socially-registered pyrite worth anyhow?

RUSTY VISTA?

The only thing that has disappointed me in this vibrant Alaska so far is the gold business. Somehow it seems wrong to take, casually, from the glove compartment of a battered heap, five pounds of stuff that dreams are made on, without having bothered to lock the car overnight.

I always had the idea that when you struck gold, it opened a rusty vista for the future. Here they just mine it, and either undersell it, black market it, or shove it in the mattress while waiting for the future to declare how much the stuff is actually worth.

And what makes me basically sore is that I never got the slightest thrill when I had five pounds of the purest metal — bar one silver dollar melted into it — in my hot little hands. In times past a five-pound chunk of the stuff would have provided license to shoot up the Red Dog saloon, and no hard feelings.

Reducing Gold To 'Proper Dingy Status'

Quemoy No Test Of Courage But Just A Minor Nuisance

By WALTER LIPPMANN

WASHINGTON

THE move made by the Chinese Communists, which is to order a cease-fire at Quemoy for seven days, is a spectacular reminder that the game at Quemoy is primarily political, and that the Peiping government, which holds the high cards in the offshore islands, knows how to play them skillfully.

Since they hold the military initiative at Quemoy, they can turn on the bombardment or turn it off, as if it were a water tap. By turning off the bombardment without waiting to negotiate a cease-fire, they have put Chiang in the position where he can hardly refuse to supply the garrison and civilians on Quemoy, yet must do that only as a favor granted to him by Peiping. This is, and no doubt this is intended to be, a very dramatic way of demonstrating to the Chinese on Formosa that Red China is militarily predominant in the area of the offshore islands.

GAMBIT

The Communist gambit became possible when Mr. Dulles acknowledged publicly that the United States would not carry the war to the mainland in order to raise the artillery blockade of Quemoy. The real issue here is not always well understood in this country. All the talk about "defending" Quemoy and about not "retreating" has contained a large dose of naivete in view of the real attitude taken by the Administration. What we have been gritting our teeth and clenching our fists about was the decision to defend the island against an invasion. There are no indications that the Red Chinese have intended to invade the island. Our declarations and defiance have never meant, however, that we would defend Quemoy against the bombardment itself — that we would authorize Chiang to lead us into an aerial strike against the artillery positions in Fukien Province.

The fact of the matter is that the President and Mr. Dulles have been willing to accept the bombardment of Quemoy and to answer it only by measures to run the blockade.

Their decision not to make war against the mainland gave the Red Chinese the initiative at Quemoy. It is this initiative which Peiping is now exploiting politically.

The political objective of the Communists is to convince the Chinese in Formosa that their future lies with the mainland and not in continuing to be a client of the United States. The cease-fire, which they have just instituted, is accompanied by an offer to negotiate with Chiang about a settlement of the offshore islands. It is probably implied in the statement that Peiping wishes to negotiate with the United States at Warsaw about the specifically Chinese-American issues.

THRONE IS LOST

The offer to Chiang follows closely upon, and is no doubt related to, what was said by President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles at their press conferences last week. They said a lot. They knocked out the idea that Chiang will return to the mainland, and in doing this they destroyed the fiction that he is in truth the legitimate government of China. For a sovereign who has no hope of governing is like a king who has lost his throne. Peiping has been quick to point out to Chiang and to the Chinese on Formosa that their choice is between exile in Formosa and a deal with the mainland.

SEEDS OF A DEAL

This does not mean that there will soon be a deal between the two Chinese factions. There will be much maneuvering, no doubt, both publicly and privately. But it does mean that the ground has been prepared and the seeds have been planted for a Chinese deal. This should surprise no one. It has long been most probable that as we were playing the game with Chiang, the end would be a deal in which we would be left on the outside.

The fatal error of our policy has been refusal to see that the military threat to Formosa was negligible, given our indisputable command of the sea — but that Formosa could not be saved from absorption by the mainland if we staked everything on Chiang. Without a policy disengaged from Chiang and designed to maintain some kind of autonomy in Formosa after he departs, we have no tenable policy of our own. We are tied to Chiang and what happens to our interests will be determined by Chiang or his successors.

Our misleading preoccupation with the military defense of Formosa has been and is a grave handicap to lucid thinking in this field. The President, for example, has no legal authority to use American power in Quemoy except as he can say with a good conscience that what happens at Quemoy is related to the military defense of Formosa. Mr. Dulles tried for a while to construct a legal position for him. The President was to say that although Chiang had "foolishly" locked up so many troops in Quemoy, Chiang would be lost if the troops surrendered. Therefore the United States must prove its courage and its resolution, no matter how negligible and foolish the reason which occasioned it.

NO DOUBTS ABOUT COURAGE

As for the United States having to prove its courage, or to lose all its friends, I would say that what we do about Quemoy is a test of the courage of the United States only if we announce to the world that we regard it as a test of our courage. The world knows that we have fought three big wars in the past 50 years and the world, friendly, hostile and neutral, will have no doubt about the courage of this country.

Otherwise, the problem of Quemoy is a practical problem which could and should be treated not as if we stood at Armageddon but coolly, calmly, and with common sense. Quemoy is not like Berlin any more than it is like London, Paris, or Washington. Evacuating Quemoy is not like the appeasement at Munich. For Czechoslovakia was an independent nation which was set up by a treaty and guaranteed by the Allies. Quemoy is an island of no political significance within a harbor on the Chinese mainland. Czechoslovakia was a country which contained the strategic bastion of Central and Eastern Europe. Strategically, Quemoy is negligible. It is negligible for the defense of Formosa. It is negligible for the defense of the mainland. It is merely a minor nuisance.

People's Platform

Vote For The Man Not For A Party

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

I WANT to say a few words in regard to the re-election of our congressman. Since 1952 I have supported Jonas and as long as he is the Jonas of tomorrow as well as of today he shall get my vote.

In conversation I find a few who will say Jonas is a fine man and has made a good congressman but he is a Republican. We knew that in 1952 and we know it now. But I want to tell everybody there will be just as many Republicans in heaven if not more than there will be Democrats.

A farmer told me last week Jonas was a good man and he did not believe Clark could do any better but it was the party. So I asked him if he had a mule or a horse that knew just where to walk near that cotton or corn whether he would trade the experienced animal off for an inexperienced one. He said he wouldn't and the same applies to our friend Jonas. He went to bat for us in 1952 and is still in there slugging.

I want to say a few words to the laboring class of people. Every man and woman who carries a union card should support Jonas, for he is the working man's friend. We should vote for the man, not the party.

—L. L. CHILDRESS

Answering Hate With Love Takes Courage

Salisbury

Editors, The News:

MANY Christians are so busy with the details of modern living that they forget about or neglect the principles of Christianity.

It is so easy to go to church socials, meetings and other gatherings. But it is not so easy to put in practice the great principles of Christianity.

Doing good to those who hate me and despitefully use me takes more courage than I have sometimes. Then it takes much of the real strength out of me and leaves me as weak as water. But from this weariness there comes a new kind of strength that I had not known many times in my life.

—JAMES W. JEWELL

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Pardoner's Tale Of Dapper Hugh Scott

PHILADELPHIA

REPUBLICANS are unhappy over a new conflict-of-interest case of the type that has plagued the Eisenhower Administration. This one is highly embarrassing because it involves a Republican congressman now running for the Senate—dapper, delightful Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania.

Coming on top of the Sherman Adams-Goldfine conflict of interest which forced Adams out of the White House and on top of six other conflict-of-interest officials who have been forced to resign, the Hugh Scott revelation brings no smiles around the Republican national committee.

For it's now discovered that congressman Scott, who used to be chairman of the republican national committe, received $2,000 for getting a pardon in 1954 for Nicholas Marcello, convicted of robbery of a liquor warehouse and then deported to Italy. Shortly thereafter Scott introduced a private bill in Congress to permit Marcello to return to the United States. The bill passed Congress.

It is a criminal offense for a member of Congress to take a fee, directly or indirectly through his law firm, for introducing legislation of any kind.

Congressman Scott's conflict of interest came to light through an ironic twist of political fate. Pennsylvania Republicans had been charging that Governor George Leader's pardons board had been granting a large number of pardons. Gov. Leader, Democrat, running against Scott for Senate, replied that there had been fewer pardons under him than under Republican Governor Jim Duff and only half as many as under Republican Governor John Fine. Then he revealed that Congressman Scott himself had appeared before the pardons board in 1954 when Fine was governor and received a $2,000 fee for fifteen-minute plea for Marcello, the south Philadelphia deportee, then living in Italy.

Congressman Scott was fully aware that as a congressman it was questionable for him to introduce a private bill for a man from whom he took a legal fee. For he told the Pennsylvania pardons board that Marcello would apply for admission to the United States but that "such procedure would have to be handled by someone other than me."

"The fee charged was ten times the normal fee for an appearance in such a case before the state pardons board," Gov. Leader asserted. "Certainly everybody knew that the pardon would be worthless without the subsequent private bill."

Republicans are now moaning privately that they never should have raised the question of pardons.