THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Sports Supremacy Of The Carolinas?

Charlotte's gaudy dream of sports supremacy of the Carolinas lost some of its luster today.

Cancellation of the 1959 Carrousel Basketball Tournament robbed the city of its greatest homegrown athletic extravaganza. Even if the tournament is revived in 1960, its future is very much in doubt.

Charlotte has so much to offer — in facilities, in population, in enthusiasm— and it is offered so little.

This is understandable, for Charlotteans are seemingly a fickle lot. They have demonstrated an enormous appetite for major college basketball at two NCAA regional tournaments — but these are only temporary attractions. They will pay handsomely to see high-ranking Atlantic Coast Conference teams battle each other or major intersectional foes at the Coliseum — but have stayed away in droves when great teams from afar played in the Carrousel Tournament.

Professional baseball and ice hockey have had their ups and downs and there have been several unpleasant experiences with major college football.

Yet there is no reason why Charlotte could not become, in time, one of the sports centers of Dixie. We are convinced that there is a market for major athletic attractions here. That market is growing daily. But it cannot be developed in a haphazard, hit-or-miss fashion.

Obviously, an organized civic effort is needed to develop a balanced sports program for Charlotte. It should be broadly representative of the city's most energetic civic builders and it should concern itself with adequate facilities as well as adequate programming.

This kind of cooperative community effort would take time, great effort and considerable imagination. But, if it made Charlotte a more interesting and exciting place to live in, it would be well worth the trouble.

Back To The Shop For Adjustment

Hammers were still ringing on Mecklenburg's school consolidation legislation today to repair the damage done last week when the measure first passed the General Assembly.

Technically speaking, there was nothing wrong with the law itself. It was the public's enthusiasm for the law that emerged somewhat battered and bruised.

This was because of a curious clause which required a vote on a maximum supplemental tax rate of 60 cents per $100 valuation rather than on the precise amount which would actually be levied immediately. While the day may come when a 60-cent supplemental tax rate will be needed, it is more likely that the consolidated system would want to begin operating with a tax rate of only 53 or 54 cents—certainly no more than 55 cents. Obviously, it will be easier to sell consolidation if one of the more modest figures appears on the ballot. And it certainly makes better sense for the citizens to approve a firm figure for which there is an immediate need rather than a ceiling which may never be approached.

An amendment to a law that is less than a week old is therefore necessary. Rep. John Kennedy has undertaken the task of straightening out the problem, with the support of the entire Mecklenburg delegation in Raleigh. We wish him luck.

It is regrettable that the original law was drawn with the rather ominous 60-cent figure included, for it adds another element of confusion to an already topsy-turvy situation. But once Mecklenburgers are convinced that the proposed consolidated school system does not intend to milk the taxpayers unmercifully, their confidence will be renewed. This renewal of confidence is absolutely essential to consolidation's success.

Mental Health: An Ancient Approach

During Mental Health Week authorities remind us of maxims which surely would have sounded like platitudes to our distant ancestors. In essence, they amount to the ancient maxim: Know thyself.

Yet it is a conventional wisdom that has ceased to be conventional; and failing to apply it, millions of Americans go unstrung every decade.

Further, one might think we have been forced by the "complexities" of today to resign ourselves to a life of mental neutrality so long as we can stay out of mental hospitals. To say this is not to slight the valiant work of agencies like Mecklenburg's own Mental Health Clinic and Mental Health Society. It is, however, to say that, sadly enough, we are committed to a policy of containment. There is no thought of counter-attack; yet as a society which is scrutinized and diagnosed minutely every year, there is little reason why we should lack resources for such a counter-attack.

Beyond the cures of the psychiatric ward, there are hundreds of recourses against the emotional and mental poverty which are the real scourges of mental health. We do not need a Thurber to tell us to guard our sense of humor, or a Chesterton to tell us that we need custom more than fashion. We do not need to scale after pinnacles of perception through mescalin with Aldous Huxley, nor do we need Professor Schlesinger to tell us that reading is vital. To yield to the need for humor and custom, or to the creative promise for the mind which lies in merriment and myth is to yield only to what seems fitting. These needs should be as obvious as our need to know ourselves, the ancient maxim which is still the first prescription of the most up-to-date psychiatric clinics.

The mind can be bedeviling; it has put an estimated 17 million Americans in need of mental hospitalization at present. But it can be more enchanting, too. Discovering that, perhaps the counter-attack against mental illness could be begun.

Spring Is A Woman Of Many Moods

Spring punctuates its advent with quicksilver moods. Dawns of rose and dawns of camouflage in grey, days of brilliant blue and days of gunpowder clouds, beating their way to home beyond the horizon.

This season is a woman, gay in dress, always promising, but able to crush her most ardent poet with touch of frost.

When she angers, it is a furious anger. Great wind-gusts of emotion, downpours which choke the creeks or steady days of rain which drive men close to their hearths. The earth saturates until it can hold no more, and yesterday's show of blossoms is beaten to the ground.

But, womanlike, when the storm abates, she is happiness. Blooms revive under her touch as raplers of sun slash the counterpane of cloud into disorganized retreat. Then, nothing is too good, no reward too great for the bearing of her tantrums. She hums the land a tune of summer's motherhood, fragments from the harvest score. It is magic to hypnotize the best when hilltop and shade reflect that brilliant smile.

Spring is the youth in all of us. A sprite, a young queen who can sentence us to the tower of despair, a secret lover to embrace on silky nights with only a shy moon as chaperone.

And man is a fool who builds his sandcastles at her feet. He believes in her, covets her company after winter's binding cold and seeks her hand.

Then, when he turns back, confident of her affection, she is gone.

From St. Louis University Magazine

'STORIES OF THE BONE AGE'

If it weren't for the dignity of his new position as dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, Father Martin F. Hasting, S.J., might be well advised to publish an unusual manuscript he has. It might outsell "Please Don't Eat the Daisies."

The manuscript is a large notebook which Father Hasting has been filling with boners taken from history test papers during his 17 years of high school and college teaching.

Father Hasting has a number of possible titles for the book, which he is illustrating with cartoons, but probably the one that fits best is "Stories of the Bone Age." The following bits of wisdom are presented here for the amusement of our readers, and with subjective certainty that none is among the authors . . .

Spain's government in America was a strict monotony.

Texas was wildly settled in the early 1800s.

The Athenians obtained their revenues by collecting taxis from conquered cities.

A polyglot is a many-sided glot.

Three early tribes in Italy were the Latins, Sardines, and Romans.

The English colonists wanted to collect rum and brimstone for the coughers of the kings.

Voltaire: inventor of the dry cell battery.

Liberalism: lazy fare.

American character might be described as a composite of heterogeneity.

Through the years, civilization became longer.

The old-fashioned girl blushed when she was embarrassed. The modern girl is embarrassed if she blushes.—**Waynesboro (Ga.) True Citizen.**

Whether or not manual training is an educational frill is a debatable point. But it does seem a little useless to teach a boy to make a bread board in these days of the pre-sliced loaf. — **Columbia State.**

Southern Senators Desegregated The Labor Unions

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON.

The turning point in the confused and angry debate over the Kennedy labor bill was the discovery of southern senators that in approving the McClellan "bill of rights" amendment they had apparently desegregated the labor unions. The

SEN. JOHNSTON
A Sneak Civil Rights Bill?

senator from Arkansas of course had no such intention.

Even those senators who were not entirely convinced that this would be the effect decided they would rather be safe than sorry. The impassioned charge of Sen. Johnston of South Carolina that the amendment was a "sneak civil rights bill" showed them what could be done with it in a campaign in the South.

NATION IS READY

It will take some time and study before an objective assessment of the bill's merits is possible. The Senate has little to pride itself on the manner in which it considered a bill not only important in itself but one absolutely necessary to calm the legitimate fears of the public.

The McClellan Committee hearings have been attracting less and less attention, but this does not prove that the public has lost interest. What it does show, as the traveling reporter discovers, is that the public has bought the story the committee has told and is ready for the next step, which is remedial legislation.

Such legislation is after all the purpose of such congressional inquisitions. It has been shown repeatedly that no matter how sensational they are, they become repetitious. The public then begins to ask what the Congress intends to do about it and shows its anger when the answer is not satisfactory.

HUMPHREY'S EXIT

Some curious aspects of the Senate struggle just concluded are the extraordinary complacency of the Democratic leadership on the bill, the willingness of the Republicans to take an extreme right-wing position in so tendentious a matter, the ambiguous role played by Vice President Nixon and the failure of labor spokesmen to realize that they are so vulnerable to the shafts of their enemies.

Both Majority Leader Johnson and Sen. Kennedy assured Sen. Humphrey that it was entirely safe for him to leave a paired vote with Republican Sen. Capehart of Indiana and take off on his long-planned political trip west. Humphrey is a very active debater in this area and one not easily misled. He had misgivings but concluded that it would be Kennedy's show all the way, with the Humphrey ballot really not needed.

How wrong he was appeared Wednesday when Vice President Nixon cast a tie-breaking vote to put the original strong McClellan amendment into the bill. If Kennedy had been at all disingenuous in keeping Humphrey from the debate limelight, he paid for it in the tense hours he spent repairing the damage done, as described in headlines blaring "Kennedy Suffers Setback."

The young senator from Massachusetts did recover much ground and won admiration for the dogged fight he continued to make. He has learned a lot in the process both about legislating and about how tempting a target a candidate for President really is.

Sen. Johnson also seemed to realize that he was laying himself open to one of two indictments. He either was not a virtuoso conversant with what his big majority would do or he was letting Kennedy—and the Democratic Party — sink or swim on an issue important to a big segment of party strength.

The vice president sought to have it both ways. He pleased GOP right-wingers by breaking the tie in favor of the McClellan amendment. Then he sought to appease the liberals by backing Sen. Monroney's ruling that the McClellan amendment was open to revision.

The absence of well-known labor lobbyists during the clinches was a final surprise. It would seem incredible that they do not even yet understand how much on the defensive they have put their best friends.

'The Door Is Always Open'

People's Platform

Moral Responsbility A 50-50 Proposition

Rt. 6, Gaffney, S. C.

Editors, The News:

The letter from reader Jennie West (People's Platform, April 18) gave me quite a chuckle, especially her remark: "The reason for unwed mothers is simple — some man is back of it." Who on earth could argue with such cold logic? Even a believer in human parthenogenesis would be hard-put to think of an answer. 'Tis an absolutely unassailable statement she makes, stated succinctly and with little semantic window-dressing.

Unfortunately, however, it neither solves the problem nor offers any real reason as to why the problem exists. When she places the blame for illegitimacy entirely on the male of the species, Miss West is grasping at straws, and rather ephemeral straws at that. There is a moral issue involved here, and moral responsibility is — or should be — a 50-50 proposition. The only persons directly affected by an illegitimate birth are the mother and child; it is very seldom that the father is affected, either directly or indirectly. This fact alone indicates that the woman should be even more conscious of her moral obligations than the man. After all, it is she who has to pay the piper, not the man. I don't excuse the man entirely, of course, but I do think that the female is just as much to blame as the male. To put it another way: If you neglect to close a window, do you cuss the rain for wetting the floor?

As Miss West stated, the comments of religious leaders on the subject are indeed asinine. Since orthodox religious thinking has never solved any of humanity's problems, it is highly unlikely that it can solve this one. Instead, the problem of illegitimacy should be studied carefully in its sociological aspects and appropriate laws formulated which would provide heavy fines and prison sentences for male offenders and possible sterilization for his female counterpart. Of course, it would be difficult to always determine the actual guilt of the man, but surely some sort of procedure could be worked out by lawmakers and medical experts. It should be worth a try, at least.

As to juvenile offenders, the only thing that might help is to clean up the filth that is rapidly becoming an integral part of America's cultural and social patterns. Sex, in its more sordid aspects, is blared constantly from television and movie screens, and for a few cents any child can purchase magazines and books whose sole purpose is to excite the sexually ignorant or immature mind. Moral degenerates, loosely labeled "actors" and "entertainers," are elevated to the status of demigods through the dubious miracle of American advertising. Even the field of music has been invaded by sex consciousness, while advocates of "total freedom" continue to damn any form of censorship. Obviously ignored is the fact that freedom, when carried to extremes, becomes a form of anarchy — moral anarchy.

As I see it, the only solution to our immediate problem, as it pertains to the youth of the nation, is limited censorship, controlled by federal and state regulatory agencies.

—CHARLES L. MORRIS

Dixie's Politicians Are The Villains

Clinton, S. C.

Editors, The News:

How, just how, does anyone expect law and order in the South or anywhere else as long as politicians of the South openly advocate violation of the laws of the land?

It's not the ignorant mobs but the politicians who are to blame.

—TELLER SUTTLE

Rum-Running At UNC

An Ex-Bootlegger's Lament

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain

I felt kind of sad, the other day, when Oklahoma went wet and my friend Jim Lucas wrote about Pete the bootlegger feeling betrayed. Pete had been a bootlegger for 40 years and all of a sudden spurious morality yanked the rug out from under him.

Somehow, I always cottoned to bootleggers, possibly because for a short time I hustled a little bathtub gin myself when I was yearning for an education at the University of North Carolina. Also, I like the idea of the drunkest state I know—Oklahoma — having been legally sober for 52 years, going straight. I always fancied Mississippi, too, because when its Gold Coast was legally dry, you could buy mixed drinks in any saloon during the war, and the booze was always good. I know, because when I was learning how to be a naval officer, just outside of Gulfport, I lived in what amounted to a house of ill fame which was parked just in front of the main storehouse for the gulf's supply of bonded hooch and just behind a gambling joint.

NICE BUNCH

Somehow I seem to have written that one before, but in case you don't remember, Mama and I and a flock of other naval families couldn't find any place to live except this here motel-type fancy house, in front of the booze bin, and just behind the crap tables. I never met a nicer bunch of prostitutes and bootleggers and stickmen in my life.

The "ladies" actually babysat the naval officers' kids while the mamas went to town to shop, and occasionally lent a hard-pressed hero's family a little dough when the Navy forgot to pay us. The gambling gentlemen wouldn't let us in the gaming rooms, because they figured we were underpaid and they didn't want us squandering our sometime money—or borrowing too heavily from the pleasure ladies.

HIS FIRST WORDS

We got cut prices on booze from the wholesale barn out back, and a common sight was a Navy wife trundling Junior along to collect a bottle or so for Saturday night. He's a big boy now, possibly in college, but the first words young Christopher Irion of Alexandria, Va., ever spoke were "Ol' Crow," which his pappy, Lieutenant Giff Irion, fancied as a tipple at the time. Spitkit, which was young Christopher's naval designation, literally spent most of his early youth in a bureau drawer, like Kayoe in Moon Mullins, but that is another story.

Where was I? Oh, bootleggers. One time I went to Africa to make a movie and took a photographer with me. I mentioned that I had done a touch of legging in Chapel Hill, and that some of my supply came from a gent who was attending Duke University in Durham. It turned out that my photog of 20 years later was supplying the lad in Durham who was supplying me, which seemed to shrink the world considerably, as I learned this fact in between Mau Mau massacres and dead elephants in northern Kenya.

I started out to make a moral of illegality, and it has so far evaded me, but the obvious moral is that it's more fun if it's illegal. When I was going to sea as an ordinary seaman I was in the cigarette-smuggling trade in and around Hamburg, Germany, and made a power of money selling sea stores at high prices to the Germans. I made so much money that I put it all on Joe Louis to whip Max Schmeling in the first fight, and when Max dotted Joe on the whiskers after the bell of the 12th round, I figured that crime did not pay, as I suddenly was completely out of money.

JEWISH GRANDMOTHER

But it did not bother me that I was completely out of money because I had been stealing the money from Hitler anyhow, and even that far back I figured Adolf was up to no good. If I had honestly earned the money I might have shot Schmeling, who, after Louis destroyed him in the second fight, certainly turned out to have a Jewish grandmother insofar as the Nazis were concerned.

When I am in Spain I know that the cigarettes I smoke and the whiskey I drink are smuggled, and that gives me pleasure, for the smuggling gives employment to people who would otherwise be forced to work at a duller trade. There is a moral here, as well, and it all goes to prove that Oklahoma should have stayed dry, and not put honest criminals out of work. After all, there are only so many Stork Clubs for ex-Okie bootleggers to run.

Drew Pearson's
Merry-Go-Round

Two Big Dinners Slated For Strauss

WASHINGTON

Adm. Lewis Strauss, who chafes restlessly before the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, has two interesting dinner invitations this week aimed at building up sentiment for his confirmation as secretary of commerce. Reaction to the two dinner invitations is mixed.

Timetable

Here they are, together with the reaction:

Dinner No. 1—Tendered April 30 by the American Good Government Society to present a medal to Adm. Strauss and Sen. McClellan of Arkansas.

Dinner No. 2—By the American Physical Society May 1 at which Adm. Strauss is to be the honor guest.

Invitation Protested

In the case of Dinner No. 2, hundreds of letters have been written by scientists protesting the invitation to Strauss and blaming the invitation on Robert Huntoon, who works for Strauss as deputy director of the Bureau of Standards. Huntoon is in charge of local dinner arrangements.

Behind Dinner No. 1 is the American Telephone and Telegraph Co., plus leaders of the National Association of Manufacturers and other business groups.

Big Promotion

Significantly, ex-Congressman Ed Gossett of Texas, now working for the telephone company, has been offering blocks of tickets to friends to attend the Strauss dinner. Grover Sellers, former attorney general of Texas, also working with the telephone company, has been helping promote the dinner.

Special Interest

The telephone company through its subsidiary, Western Electric, operates the Sandia Corporation at Albuquerque, N. Mex., for the Atomic Energy Commission; is also recipient of some of the biggest government contracts, including the Sage early warning system in the Arctic.

The American Good Government Society is an interesting organization which has a propensity for bolstering conservative public officials, sometimes when they seem to be in most trouble. It was this organization which gave a gold medal to Gov. Allan Shivers of Texas just as he was running in a hot race against Ralph Yarborough and right after his land commissioner and two insurance commissioners were being prosecuted.

Who Gets Medals

It has also awarded medals to Congressman Howard Smith of Virginia who time after time has bottled up bills opposed by the National Association of Manufacturers; another medal to Congressman Bill Colmer of Mississippi, who invariably joins Smith in his bottling operations; also to Sen. Karl Mundt of South Dakota, unflinching champion of the late Joe McCarthy; and others.

The second dinner invitation to Adm. Strauss, that given by the American Physical Society, has caused one group of scientists to organize the "Last Straws Committee," a play on the manner in which the admiral pronounces his name—as in Straws. This committee has sent 12,000 post cards to every member of the society asking what they think of Strauss as a spokesman of the physical world.

Vigorous Protest

The committee includes such scientists as Jay Orear of Cornell; John De Wire of Cornell; William Higinbotham of Brookhaven Laboratories; Edwin Salpeter, Cornell; Hartland Snyder, Brookhaven, George Vineyard, Brookhaven; and Robert R. Wilson of Cornell.

One of the most vigorous protests against the Strauss invitation came from a former president of the American Physical Society.