THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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What Charlotte Needs Is 'Hard Choices'

"GOOD fences make good neighbors," said poet Robert Frost in one of his more perceptive moments.

In politics, it can be stated with equal emphasis that difficult choices make good government.

With Mrs. Martha Evans' bonnet in the ring for mayor, Charlotteans will be faced with at least one appropriately difficult decision. James S. Smith has already announced that he will be a candidate for re-election.

Unless some significant weight is added to other local races, the silence of the campaign is likely to be broken only by the innocent snores of the electorate.

There is still time for the element of strenuous competition to be injected. But the hands of the clock are moving swiftly.

It was only yesterday—or so it seemed—that the air was filled with waspish comment about municipal government. The City Council was being damned and praised with impartial fervor by highly articulate spokesmen everywhere. A great deal of free advice—some of it worthy— was being offered at the corner store, around the bridge table, at civic meetings and along Tryon Street. Now, in put-up-or-shut-up season, the latter alternative is strangely in vogue.

In the race for City Council, the field is not small. But mere size offers no assurance of real competitive ferment. The voters are not exactly being bowled over by stimulating ideas or earnest debate. Not a single serviceable issue is yet in sight.

It is not mere noise that we seek. Noise alone contributes nothing to the political health of a community. But we do believe the clash of opinion and the competition of ideas are essential to good government. It is from debate, discussion and the clash of opinion that voters learn about their problems and develop the ability to vote intelligently. Furthermore, we don't believe any incumbent is so good and indispensable that his policies and ideas do not deserve to be given a fair and public test. It is only when such tests are lacking that abuses develop.

For a city such as Charlotte, with so many problems of metropolitan growth bearing down on it from every direction, complacency is the worst possible sentinel. As many a political scientist has argued in the past, the time to worry about a country, a state or a community is not when its people are scrapping among themselves. For that is when democracy functions best. The time to worry is when all is absolutely, deadeningly and boringly quiet.

Allied Leaders Play Coy With Summit Meeting Ideas

By WALTER LIPPMANN

Editors' Note: Walter Lippmann has just returned from Europe, where he has taken a first-hand look at the Berlin crisis. This is the first of a four-part report on the situation.

WASHINGTON

DURING the month of March I visited London, Paris, Bonn, Berlin, and Rome, in order to learn, more or less at first hand, how our European allies approach the coming negotiations with Mr. K. Even in ordinary times interviews of this sort would have to be off-the-record. For at the start of any negotiations no sensible and responsible official will make public statements—even if he could do so—about his first and his final terms.

In the West where there are free newspapers as well as parliaments and elections, a statesman cannot safely do what Mr. K. does so often, which is to vary his tactics and to maneuver about in public. For if a democratic statesman speaks out, he is stuck with what he has said.

ALWAYS REACTION

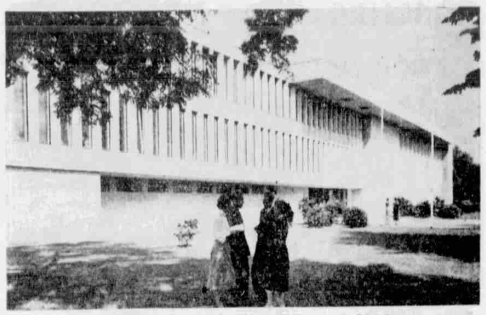
Once he has opened his mouth, he must expect to be judged by some influential part of his constituents as having advanced or retreated, as having won or lost, as having had a glorious triumph or as having made an abject surrender. For this reason the leaders of the Western democracies take refuge in those large generalities which, while they satisfy the emotions, make no unalterable commitments.

In a moment like this, when momentous negotiations are about to begin, the press must try to tell the truth without disclosing legitimate secrets. How is it to do this and keep faith both with officials who have spoken plainly off the record, and with its readers who have a right to know? What are "legitimate secrets"? For a rough and ready answer to this most important and complicated question, I would start with a remark made to me by a man who had quite recently had a long and free-swinging bout with Mr. K. about the German question.

CHESS ANALOGY

"You Americans do not always understand," he said, "that the game which is being played over Berlin and Germany is not poker but chess. In this game each player sees what pieces the other one has, and there is no bluffing about them. What is unknown is how each side will play his pieces." The analogy is a good one and it applies widely to the whole contest in which we are now engaged. Applied to the press, it may be said that our first job is to report what are the pieces on the board and where they stand, and to be clear in trying to spell out in advance how Eisenhower and Macmillan, de Gaulle and Adenauer, will play them.

Beside the need for some secrecy, which is inherent in almost all negotiations, there is another element in the present situation which makes it difficult to report it. This is the fact that Western policy on the German question, as officially proclaimed during the past 10 years, no longer represents the real expectations and practical hopes of the principal Western European governments. They do not say it but they have come to know that the two Germanys cannot be "reunited in freedom," that is to say by liquidating the Communist regime in East Germany. There are now two German states, and every responsible European statesman realizes that they cannot be united within any foreseeable future and under any conditions which are now conceivable.



Free University in West Berlin: Symbol Of Hope In An Edgy Era

NO BULLETINS

But while everyone in the know accepts this central fact, nobody is prepared to proclaim it. For there are powerful internal political reasons in Western Europe, primarily and particularly in Western Germany why the statesmen must shrink from the explicit public recognition of this central fact. A lot has been said recently about Mr. Macmillan and the coming British general elections. Perhaps even more important from the point of view of Western policy are the coming West German elections in 1961. For if it transpires that the reunification of Germany has been postponed indefinitely, and is for all practical purposes no more than a dim and distant ideal, there is a fair chance that Dr. Adenauer might be defeated by a coalition made up of those who put German unity above all other things.

This could lead to a profound alteration of the whole West European position. It could lead to German negotiations with Russia, to deals made at the expense of NATO and of the European common market. This, in any event, is the nightmare of the West European governments, and it is a compelling reason why they shrink from any open recognition of the fact that there are now, and will long continue to be, two Germanys. They are afraid that Dr. Adenauer's position in West Germany is not strong enough to withstand the shock of such a recognition.

In subsequent articles I shall have something to say about why German reunification has for the foreseeable future ceased to be practical politics and how this fact is at the root of the Berlin affair.

Farm Groups Maintain Three-Way Split

WHILE Secretary Benson's farm policies have come under great fire, it is a pity the farmers' groups cannot come to a definite conclusion for remedies.

The largest organization, and solid in the South, the American Farm Bureau Federation, wants gradually eliminated government controls.

Directly opposed is the National Farmers Union, which seeks a stronger government role. Stuck between the two is the National Grange, the oldest group, which asserts itself for "self-help, farmer, managed programs" and government help "only if needed."

It is interesting, too, to note the slogans of these organizations.

The Grange says of itself that it is "America's only rural family fraternity."

The Farmers Union speaks up as the "nation's one farmers' farm organization" and the Farm Bureau claims "three out of every four organized farmers."

It may be traditional that farmers are going to disagree with everybody else, and most vocally with other farmers. But with all their lobbying power (farm lobbies spent $279,685 last year) the three divisions still go their separate furrows.

In a sense, however, this may have kept Ezra Taft Benson in office. The secretary can point to almost any of his program and show that some group opposed it.

What farmers need to produce is a central council from the big three of agriculture. A united front would produce quicker results, save lobbying expense and bring farm problems into much clearer focus.

Life In America

THE La Plata (Md.) Volunteer Fire Department lost half its members recently when they admitted setting many of the fires they later doused.

Seems the department used teen-age members to fill the ranks, lost them after the lads admitted the arson to skip schol exams.

The Solution To The Mystery Of Biston Betularia

By JOSEPH ALSOP

WASHINGTON

EVERY so often, it is pleasant to escape from the squalid puzzles of political life into the larger mysteries of life itself. The excuse is offered, since it is the only possible excuse for writing about Biston Betularia.

Biston Betularia is a speckled, light-colored, woods-dwelling moth which inhabits the British Isles. By night, Biston Betularia takes wing, to feed and to make love. By day, Biston Betularia rests on the lichen-covered trunks of its sheltering trees. And there, since Biston Betularia is colored to resemble a patch of lichen, the little moth is almost invisible to the insect-eating birds which are its natural enemies.

The mystery of Biston Betularia, which has its grain of meaning for every dweller in the modern industrial world, is fairly simple as mysteries go. In brief, in all the industrial areas of England, Betularia has now changed into Carbonaria. In these areas, in other words, Biston's speckled, light coloration has been abandoned in favor of a novel, coal-black dress.

This localized blackening of Biston was bound to cause raised eyebrows in a nation of bird-watchers and moth-watchers. In fact, it provoked an inquiry on a most formidable scale, which has been described by the British biologist, H. B. D. Kettlewell, in the always admirable Scientific American.

In industrial areas and in non-industrial areas, the woods were full of eager Britons, all Biston-watching with the utmost fervor. At one moment, 20,000 separate moth-observations were made by no less than 170 voluntary observers. Knotty points were at issue, too. The mothwatchers maintained that birds snatched Bistons during their day time rest on the tree-trunks, whereas the bird-watchers held that birds only took moths on the wing. In the end, the moth-watchers confounded the bird-watchers by taking moving pictures that proved their case.

OTHER FALLOUT

Once the case was proved, the mystery was unravelled. Its root cause was the other kind of fall-out that began in earnest with the beginning of the industrial revolution, long before mankind found the secret of the atomic nucleus. Since the industrial revolution began, as Kettlewell notes, "large areas of the earth's surface have been contaminated by an insidious and largely unrecognized fallout of smoke particles." The enormous fallout of smoke-particles, washing down the tree-trunks, both tends to kill the tree-growing lichens and blackens the trunks themselves.

In this manner, over huge areas of England, the conditions of moth-life were radically altered. In the few remaining untouched haunts of cool and hern, tree-trunks are unblackened, lichens still flourish, and speckled, lichen-imitating Bistons are still invisible to the preying birds. There they still survive.

CHANGE MADE

But in all the woods subject to smoke fallout, light-colored Bistons were condemned to early death. There only dark-colored, or black Bistons, the formerly very rare "melanistic mutants" in the technical phrase, had a good chance to survive and breed. Thus a new process of natural selection began in Charles Darwin's own time, and under his very nose if he had only known it. It caused Biston Betularia to be transformed into Biston Carbonaria in all of England's smoke-dark woods.

The question remained, why Biston was still so fortunately producing an occasional dark-colored or black form when the industrial revolution finally started. Kettlewell got the answer in Scotland's Black Wood of Rannoch, one of the few patches of the dark-primeval forest that covered much of prehistoric Britain. There too, black moths were fairly common. The rare genes of black coloration that let the race of Bistons adapt itself to the new environment created by industrial man, were in fact survivors from the time before man began to fell the trees.

LIFE CONTINUES

There is something wonderfully satisfying about the story of this little moth's brisk color-adaptation to the industrial age. It seems to say that life will still go on, somehow or other, no matter how the follies and the triumphs of mankind alter the face of our planet.

But there is something disquieting, too, in the vision of these imperceptibly darkening woods, and the ensuing darkening of the creatures of the woods. Prometheus man is reckless in his works, and does not stop to count their cost. The tools he now possesses are immeasurably more terrible than the tools that made the English black country. Will it be a little moth next time, or will it be some other species, that must radically adapt itself to the deep but late-perceived life-changes that the new tools of man will no doubt cause?

A Spectacular Event For Summer

NOW that you mention it, there was a practical reason for the writing of HOW TO BUILD A SWAMP (Haunted House, 662 pp. $19.98).

We decided long ago we must write with knowledge, hence our creation of Heckhole Swamp. Actually, we constructed and wrote at the same time, with double-barreled purpose.

Now that our volume is 76th on the non-fiction list with an assured future, one goal has been carried out. And since we have a swamp, we are ready to promote another sure-fire attraction.

This year we will sponsor the first annual Lowland Games, to be held, naturally, in the swamp. That name may sound suspiciously familiar. We must admit we're following a successful pattern and imitation is sincere flattery. There are, however, significant changes.

Athletic events are to include the 50-yard swim, tossing the 'gator, putting the shot glass, nitpicking for editorial writers and an endurance hike up Grandmother Knoll.

There will be singing of the traditional songs. "Sweet Bagels From Lox," "Flood Gently, Sweet Catawba," "Lowland Ladder," "Panetella, Robert Byrnes?" and "Bonnie Yale Lock."

And the dancing. The lowland freshwater reel, cottonmouth slither, bullbat swoop, high-cotton reach and the golfer's shag-bag.

Don't sell us short on music, either. From the beaches will come the Original Drums and Sandpipers, the mountains are to provide the K'woodie Pipe Band and we're hoping to get the Northeast Dismounted Police Kazoos.

All this should produce a real wowser of a day.

Of course, to make the faithful feel at home, we can only pray for rain to produce that timele's atmosphere.

No Letter Home

WE'RE glad to record that Pfc. Elvis Presley doesn't have to weary himself with long letters to the home folks.

Seems Elvis has a castle-type villa rented out for his father near his duty station in Germany.

'Hear! Hear!'

From The New York Times

A NEW NATION IS BORN

IT is easy to imagine how we would all feel if a great new nation, with an entirely new population of, let us say, ninety millions, were to appear on the face of the earth. Yet this is approximately what happened in the two years 1957 and 1958, as reported by the Population Reference Bureau Inc. This rate of increase rests on an annual world population growth of about 1.6 per cent. This growth, in turn, is based on an increase in birth rates and a drastic decrease in death rates.

Modern medicine and sanitation have almost everywhere increased the expectation of life. In all the countries in the Western World there has been a dramatic lengthening of life since the turn of the century. In this country, for example, a baby born about 1900 could count on an average life of a little under fifty years. Today, according to the latest life insurance tables, the figure is a little over sixty-eight years. The average death rates, in what we call the underdeveloped countries, have also dropped tremendously. The USSR NATIONS YEARBOOK reported an average decline of over 40 per cent in the death rate in twenty-three countries between the Nineteen Thirties and the Nineteen Fifties.

One could go on indefinitely analyzing such figures. What they point to is a healthier and more vigorous world population, and an increasing pressure on the means of subsistence. That gloomy clergyman, Dr. Malthus, might take some satisfaction, not so much in what has happened, as in what can happen. Current predictions put the world population close to 7,000,000,000 in the year 2000, if present trends continue. Yet, as the Population Reference Bureau points out, "the world has not begun to feed, house, clothe and educate its present 2.8 billion people properly."

Mankind has its work cut out. One way of reducing population is by famine, pestilence and war. These are the recourses toward which today's world sometimes seems to be drifting. But there are better ways: a lasting peace, goodwill among men, and all the scientific knowledge we have, to supply mankind's needs.

A socially ambitious young woman made her husband's life miserable trying to get him to rent a more expensive apartment. One evening he came home in a good humor. "Good news, dearest!" he cried. "We don't have to move. The landlord just raised the rent!"—CARLSBAD CURRENT-ARGUS.

The old-fashioned housewife's menus were carefully thought out; the modern woman's are carefully thawed out. —GREENVILLE (S.C.) PIEDMONT.

People's Platform

The Right To Work Should Be Preserved

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

ALL workers should be free to join unions if they so desire, and likewise they should be free not to join if they wish; if forced to join by any means whatsoever, then abject slavery of the worst kind exists.

Any and all workers, individually or collectively, should have the right to quit work; likewise any and all who want to work—need to earn a living—should not have that right interfered with by picketing thugs, by legislation or by the courts.

Violence, beatings, rock throwing, overturning automobiles, blocking sidewalks and highways or gates of entrance or exit should not be tolerated; those who violate these fundamental rights, or engage in dynamiting homes or transportation facilities should be dealt with to the fullest extent of the law.

Strikes, allegedly, against employers, are in reality against the public, the consumer—all of us.

Token resistance usually by employers, crumbles into surrender to demands — not bargaining. Wages, already high, are raised and the tab is passed on to us, the ultimate victim, the consumer. Usually the price hike is more than the wage hike makes necessary. Therefore we the people are caught between the devil and the deep blue sea.

—S. T. MOSER

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Frosh Senator To Be Unpopular Figure

WASHINGTON

AS senators come back to work tomorrow, freshman Sen. Steve Young of Ohio will not be a popular man. He has set a precedent, by publishing all his stockholdings and selling some, that has long been advocated by another none-too-popular senator, Wayne Morse of Oregon.

Thomas A Start

The question of where a senator's pocketbook interest stops and the public interest begins came to an active head in 1946 when this column revealed that Sen. Elmer Thomas of Oklahoma had been speculating on the cotton market at the same time he was making Senate speeches influencing the price of cotton.

Sen. Thomas denied this, called me a liar. But official publication by the Agriculture Department of commodity trading showed that Thomas was speculating in various commodities which he influenced as chairman of the Senate Agriculture Committee.

The voters of Oklahoma promptly took care of Sen. Thomas. He was defeated.

But nothing was done in the Senate about further conflicts of senatorial interest. I talked to Sen. Morse and George Aiken of Vermont about a "truth-in-Senate-securities act," somewhat similar to the "truth-in-securities act" which created the Securities and Exchange Commission. The two senators introduced resolutions to that end, requiring all senators to make public their various holdings, but nothing happened. Senatorial courtesy, not senatorial integrity, prevailed.

Gas From Kerr

A few years later, another Oklahoma senator, the very able Bob Kerr, got into the limelight by leading the battle for a natural gas act, despite the fact that he is one of the nation's affluent independent oilmen. Some senators felt Kerr should disqualify himself from voting on the gas bill under Senate Rule 12 which provides that any senator having a pecuniary interest in legislation should disqualify himself.

Kerr, however, did not step aside. He debated, buttonholed colleagues, and voted for the gas bill.

Poke At Others

Most people don't realize it, but Sen. Young's stock disclosure is a sidestep at two other Ohio senators, one the man he defeated—John Bricker, Republican; the other his colleague with whom he refused to walk down the aisle when he took the oath of office—Frank Lausche, sometime Democrat.

Bricker was dubbed the "Pennsylvania Railroad senator" because his law firm in Columbus received an annual retainer of $35,000. Meanwhile the senator served as either chairman or ranking member of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee with great power to influence legislation for or against the railroads.

This Bricker did with brazen frankness. He worked against the St. Lawrence Seaway when most Ohioans were for it—except the railroads. He also put his two administrative assistants, Robert W. Minor and Charles A. Webb, on the Interstate Commerce Commission where they could help regulate the railroads. Minor even jumped from ICC to be vice president of the New York Central.

So when Steve Young gave up conflicting personal investments, it was in vivid contrast to John Bricker's operations.

Railroads Benefit

In vivid contrast also to Young's publicity is the operation of the other Ohio senator—Lausche. When Lausche was defeated for governor in 1946 he became counsel for the New York Central at $50,000 a year. When Lausche was elected governor again, he helped put through an axle mileage tax on trucks, which greatly benefited the railroads.

And when he came to Washington as senator he was appointed to the Interstate Commerce Committee which passes on rail legislation.