



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

Brodie S. Griffith Editor and General Manager
Cecil Prince Associate Editor
R. L. Young Jr. Managing Editor

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Windiness, Insolence, Evasion, Delay

In the crucial issue of civil rights, lengthy petition has its place. But the two weeks of grace which Sen. Sam Ervin has gained for the Hennings Senate subcommittee on constitutional rights is not likely to bring forth testimony that will shake the earth.

It is no wonder that we commonplace observers of the Babel of civil rights lean to cynicism. Rarely have so many voice boxes vibrated so stridently to produce so little. Men like Attorney Gen. Malcolm Seawell and Gov. Coleman of Mississippi, whom Sen. Ervin will bring before the subcommittee, have talked sense before. They may talk sense again in support of the "southern" viewpoint.

But if we judge correctly, those who talk sense and those who really want to do something in civil rights apart from the profit or loss of politics are bent low by other voices and events. Since 1957, when Congress passed a Civil Rights Act prudently designed to work on the viable level of voting — and seemed to be headed toward progress — the public conscience has been jaded by a battery of talk and political maneuvering.

Several new bills have been thrown into congressional hoppers, notably one by Sen. Douglas for the punitive c.a.p. another by Sen. Lyndon Johnson of Texas who now sits ostentatiously with the so-called "Western" caucus in the Senate. Both these bills, significantly, were introduced before the investigating commission set up by the 1957 act had reported its findings to Congress. Meanwhile, the commission itself has been stalled in Alabama last fall when brass polli-wadders and election registrars refused to bare their

records on Negro registering and voting — or its absence.

In the field of talk, Democratic Chairman Paul Butler, in unusually fit form last week-end, presented a good example. He predicted that the 1960 Democratic convention would write "the strongest statement that's ever been written on human rights" — a meaningless blip of 100 per cent political bravado. But it served a purpose. Up flared Sen. Ellender of Louisiana for the southern Democrats — on whom Butler has seemed to be closing the party door for some time. Not content with a wrathful Democrat, Butler went on to charge Vice President Nixon with "all words and no action" on civil rights. This charge nettled him an angry Republican, Sen. Scott of Pennsylvania, who added his own bitter mouthings.

So the vapor swirls on, thickening as time passes. Crossfire between parties and pot-shooting inside parties mounts. The bureaucracy of congressional committees, subcommittees, and commissions grows bafflingly intricate — only to be largely ignored.

What has it all gained for civil rights? We have yet to see exactly. But in general, very little. Hamlet complained of the insolence of office and the law's delay. If we add windiness to insolence and evasion to delay, his words apply remarkably well today. Either all the talk and the superstructure of committeeism is a big joke and merely conceals the license of Mr. Butler, senators, election officials and party waltzers to cavort at will. Or it is a tough, soul-trying struggle by serious compromise and debate to broaden the enjoyments of democracy among minorities.

There is no twilight area where noisy grandstanding and progress can combine.

One Sure-Fire Way To Get Publicity

The five freshmen on Charlotte's City Council learned their first political lesson yesterday.

To wit: Anything — but anything — that smacks of "secrecy" in municipal government usually ends up on Page One under a banner headline.

The five-councilmen gathered together last Sunday by Councilmen Babcock, Hitch, Myers, Smith and Whittington, who no doubt motivated by the purest intentions. In fact, the wide-eyed innocence of the participants was something to behold. We just thought we ought to get oriented," said Councilman Myers.

The orientation was somewhat more complete than was expected. The new councilmen have learned, for instance, that there are no hiding places for public officials. Almost everything they think or say or do about the public's business becomes public property.

The old council awakened to this great truth a little tardily. In late 1957 several attempts were made to hold secret sessions on important zoning matters. It didn't work, of course. Even the wisest uttered behind closed doors

somehow found its way into a reporter's notebook. The next day, it was all in the papers.

The incident illuminated the most imposing argument against governmental secrecy of all — that there is no such thing. Public bodies can close their doors but they can seldom close the mouths of their members. There are all kinds of leaks and the human one is perhaps the most predictable. Every good and dedicated newspaperman has his own leaks and a system of getting at some form of the truth. Of course, as all newsmen know, members of public bodies simply do not have a choice between the fullest secrecy and the fullest publicity. They have a choice between complete, accurate and honest reports of a proceeding and distorted, catch-as-catch-can and occasionally inaccurate reports of a proceeding.

Councilmen Babcock, Hitch, Myers, Smith and Whittington, who weren't trying to hide and who hid nothing, were plainly amazed to find themselves so suddenly in the soup. But it was a valuable experience. Even one to remember. Publicly, of course.

This Is Carrying Liberalism Too Far

These are the times that try men's palates. Snails, canned rattlesnake meat and smoked eels we can tolerate — albeit gingerly.

We can even suffer through a social occasion where the hostess hustles fried grasshopper hors d'oeuvres, pickled octopus and chocolate-covered ants. That is, as long as the potato chips hold out.

We haven't tried but we might even manage some compassion on the subject of seaweed tea, rose-petal jam, broiled kangaroo tail and shark's fin soup. After all, we eat lobster don't we?

But enough is enough. We learn to our enormous regret that the "very latest things" among

"people of refined tastes" are broiled baby sparrows (packed four to seven in a tin), smoked skipjack tongues, fried butterfly eccons, fried roostercombs, chocolate-covered grasshoppers and squid in its own ink. This is carrying liberalism too far.

We propose stern measures: Organization of a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty To Dinners, sanity tests for cooks, a roostercomb tax, torchlight parades, maybe even a direct appeal to Bertrand Russell. Eventually, lobster may have to go, but we'll go after the baby sparrows lobby first.

Then, if our plan succeeds, southerners can once again settle back in safety and contentment with such sensible delicacies as chitlin's, ragout of possum, catfish stew, pickled pig's feet and cracklin' bread.

From The Raleigh News & Observer

SO LONG AS IT WAS BLUE

The graduation or promotion suit, as a reward for scholarship, seems to be stored in mothballs. The average child has so many clothes today the head of the cleaning establishment truckles to the kid, personally. A few years ago the commencement suit for the local school boy was as hallowed as the armor Arthur's knights tried to walk in. The lack of funds or scholarship precluded many suits, and the boy who got one treated the garment as if it were the offsprings of a righteous cause.

You could get any kind of color so long as it was blue serge. High school seniors wore white trousers with blue coats at class given parties, but the drier or flannel pants were separate gifts from an older brother or a rich uncle. The suit came straight off the merchant's rack. The town tailor made suits for the banker or doctor but otherwise he was chiefly a mender. The commencement suit was worn only on Sunday, at funerals or weddings, or some such spectacular event as a glebe club appearance at the school homecoming.

The merchant always threw in a tie to match the suit. The first time the boy wore the outfit, he glittered as royally as

a blue serge cloud passing through the green hands of Maytime. Everyone in town knew the suit was a badge of honor, and General MacArthur's campaign ribbons, on the general's palm-leafed day, never shone so lustroly. The old beauty was impervious to everything but lint and accumulated wear. The seat of the pants was tough as a green stick. You could see your reflection a year before a rip was even incipient. As the old soldier and the Wonderful One-Hoss Shay the blue beauty never died or wore out. No sir, it just dissolved, finally, the way the rain steals a downy cloud.

A group of Texans has purchased a monument to an English pig which drank up his owner's supply of wine, dying in a drunken stupor. . . . Why a monument to a pig, a man's man subject eligible?—Plainview (Tex.) Herald.

In Atlanta, a fellow lost control of his car and whammed into a wall. A sticker on his rear window read "Help stamp out women drivers." If there isn't any moral in this, at least it ought to give the girl's a little giggle. — Spartanburg Herald.

'Here—Speaking On My Behalf Is—'



Inflation Will Continue

Economists Sing The Blues

By WALTER LIPPMANN

WASHINGTON

It is still tough and go whether the President will get from this Congress exactly the budget he has asked for. But on the broad principles which he has adopted, he seems now to be assured of support. These principles are that the next budget shall be balanced approximately and that it shall be done not by raising taxes but by holding down military and civilian expenditures. For the time being the battle over inflation is going reasonably well, in that the price level is not on the whole standing still.

Nevertheless, the news from the money markets gives little support to the idea that the battle against inflation is going well. The Treasury is having to pay very high rates for very short term money. The long term bond market is depressed while stocks and real estate are booming.

CLASSIC SIGNS

These are the classic signs of inflation, that is to say, of a lack of confidence that money will conserve its purchasing power. When there is this lack of confidence, people prefer to own tangible goods as they do when they buy equity shares, to having what are promises to pay dollars in the future.

The behavior of the markets reflects the judgments of a great investing institutions with their expert advisors. These markets are, therefore, a kind of running Gallup Poll in which those who are questioned back their opinions with their money. They are saying that they expect a continuing inflation, whether or not the President wins his fight in this Congress about this particular budget.

NO SIMPLE ANSWER

When we ask ourselves what is the basis of this pessimism, we must begin by remembering that there is no precise answer to this question. We are dealing with a situation where a preponderant majority of investors not only in this country but also abroad have come to the same practical conclusion, through not necessarily for the same reasons.

The same conclusion they have come to is quite evident in the battle against inflation. The President has not produced a policy that is good for more than the next budget. He has no policy which is good

fought to bring these conflicting commitments into balance. There is no reason whatever to think that we shall be able to spend less on defense. On the contrary, almost surely we shall feel compelled to spend more. In the field of civilian expenditures, there must be a substantial increase over the present level unless by some unlikely miracle the huge agricultural subsidies can be done away with or at least drastically reduced. It is virtually certain that the public money spent for public facilities will rise steeply in the years to come.

THE FUTURE

The growth of our population is one reason why these expenditures must rise. The growing concentration of our growing population in big cities is another reason why the expenditures must rise. Moreover, owing to the World War and the Korean war there is a backlog of necessary public expenditures for schools, hospitals and many kinds of projects to conserve and develop our natural resources. If a third world war is averted, as we can count on for certain that the decade of the sixties will see a movement toward peace, the New Deal of the thirties, to modernize the public facilities of this country.

The prospects in defense and in internal civilian improvements make it virtually certain that with our present tax structure and our normal rate of growth, there will be a heavy pressure against the balance of the budget. A consideration of these realities may account for the pessimism of the money markets.

UNSPEAKABLE TRUTH

Is there a remedy? Certainly there is no simple and easy one. What must come first, however, is to stop pretending that the 1960 budget is a genuine and adequate answer to the problem of inflation. Then we have to begin defining and posing the real questions which will confront us. They derive from the fact that in order to balance the budget against the rising expenditures which are inevitable, we must brace ourselves to the grim, politically unpalatable and unpalatable truth that we shall have to raise more taxes.



Must The Burden Be Increased?

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON

The lengthy cross-examination of Adm. Lewis L. Strauss to be secretary of commerce is being described by Sen. Hugh Scott of Philadelphia, former campaign manager for Thomas E. Dewey, as picking up the thread of a "journey into the territory of trivia," he calls it.

Two Questions

Most senators, however, disagree. More and more who have followed the testimony feel that it boils down to two all-important questions. They are: Had Strauss deceived the President, the American people, and the Congress in his activities as chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission? If so, Senate critics believe he would also be deceptive as secretary of commerce.

—Has Strauss so broadened the question of "executive privilege" that both Congress and the public are de-

'Chateau Poor Mouth' Has An August Guest

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain

I do not expect Mr. Arthur Godfrey's temporary indisposition with this cancer bit to spoil my bookings for August in Spain, and this is one manner of informing him. There is some correspondence here which indicates that he has formed a firm intent to invade my poor shack this summer, and since we are booked pretty tight on the Costa Brava, I ain't gonna permit a cancer to wreck plans which seem to have been thoroughly endorsed by Mr. Godfrey, Mrs. Godfrey, and the chateau of Chateau Poor Mouth.

INTO THE OPEN

I am being equally firm with a Mr. Rex Smith, who has attempted to wreck my summer plans for seeing some bullfights and drinking a little nutritious sherry by having a cancer. I have written at length to Mr. Smith, the writer, post-military man, pheasant shooter, and airline executive, that in future he will please have his cancer in the wintertime, when the weather in my end of Spain is lousy, and I am generally off to Australia or Africa.

I know of no subject which lends itself less readily to humor than another man's sickness, unless it is a personal ailment, and so from here I get heavy. Ten years ago you wouldn't read that a man had cancer, as has been the coverage on Secretary Dulles, Arthur Godfrey, and Rex Smith. The evil thing has finally come out into the open, to where you can write about it. I had two granddaughters who died of cancer, and the evil said, "I am from a lingering illness."

I can also remember when venereal diseases were called "social diseases," a rather apt description if your humor is warped, and I can remember when tuberculosis was either spoken of as "golfing contagion" or was just referred to as a hacking cough which sent you off to Asheville or Tucson or some place. Always it was spoken of behind the hand. People who went nuts were suffering from "nervous disorders," if that was mentioned at all.

MAJOR STRIDES

In my brief span I have seen syphilis and gonorrhea coupled with an infection. A friend of mine in London who had a case of TB which feverishly would have kept him flat on his back for 10 years, is at work after a month's treatment with some of the new drugs. They have done almost impossible things with insanity and heart surgery. And the conquest of cancer is just around the corner.

Mr. Godfrey has been a patriotic man, as has been Mr. Dulles and Mr. Smith, but all of Arthur's work for naval aviation, all of Foster Dulles' work for the State Department, all of Mr. Smith's excessive contributions to warfare, journalism, bullfighting, poetry and literature, have not amounted to the sum of their contribution in this cancer thing. The lurking beast that only needs the correct "tracking" I have brought out into the open, to



ARTHUR GODFREY A Safari To Consider

where cancerous illnesses can be covered by news services, and not covered up by the wailing "long illness" or "lingering illness."

UNCLE SAM'S DOUGH

Maybe this is what we need now to get this government of ours to spend as much dough on cancer research as they spend on shoring politicians and ungracious, selfish strangers in foreign lands. The American Cancer Society has been great, but private money can't carry the load alone.

All cancer needs to remove it as a nuisance is enough money and room to grow. I would the laboratories until one day a population as simple as aspirin will pop up. I don't suppose that Dr. W. H. Auden's ravens, in whose clinic at Albuquerque the human candidates for the space shot were recently examined, and the evils said, "I am from a long-ago conversation." "All we need," Randy said, "is enough money and enough room." This has been repeated to me by every sincere research physician I know. Enough money. Enough dedicated men.

SUSH AND GRUFF

God alone knows what we've spent on wars, on foreign aid, on space, on stock, on grain or money down the drain, on abortive rockets and spitballs and nuclear silos, but one thing is clear. We have spent one hell of a lot more on methods of killing people than we have spent on methods to not kill people.

We talk blithely now about how to raise outer space, and how to raise the space to the moon. We are into an age where commercial aircraft will go 1,000 miles an hour, and where the world will live months under the ice of Antarctica. But we have not yet put a finger on what makes a human cell burst, and we have not yet put a finger on what makes a malignancy in man not derived from the soul. We had best get cracking on this, government. And, it is the meantime I am expecting Mr. Godfrey and Mr. Smith to arrive in Spain, which is just outside Barcelona. Because Mr. Smith and I have some bulls to wean, and Mr. Godfrey and I have a safari to consider.

People's Platform

Was Constitution Murdered In 1948?

By R. J. Charlote

Editors, The News:

Was our Constitution of these United States murdered in 1948 when the United Nations Charter was ratified?

Is it true the United Nations Charter overrules the United States Constitution?

—A. BRANDT

Editors' Note: No.

From Ike London,

A Note Of Thanks

Rockingham

Editors, The News:

The News is certainly right here, editorially, judging by

the number who have spoken to me and phoned me. You were most gracious in your May 11 editorial ("The First 20 Years Are The Hardest"). My very pleased regards.

—ISAAC S. LONDON

Editor

Rockingham Post-Dispatch

We'll Be Pushed

Clinton, S. C.

To Communism

Editors, The News:

The negotiations now going on between the union and the steel companies are going to expose some glaring and embarrassing inequalities in our industrial system, and that too, will push us further toward communism.

—TELLER SUTTLE

Secrecy Is Big Issue In Strauss Case

Washington

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—Has Strauss so broadened the question of "executive privilege" that both Congress and the public are de-

nied their right of knowing what the executive branch of the government is doing?

Censorship

In other words, will the government continue to operate in a goldfish bowl as during most of our 176 years, or will it operate in a Kremlin?

The restrictions placed by Adm. Strauss on giving information to Congress are the most severe ever imposed by a high official in time of peace. They set a high water-mark for peacetime censorship. Many senators want to make sure the government constitute a precedent, and Senate approval of the admiral to be secretary of commerce probably would.

Here are the facts: Adm. Strauss operates on the theory that whenever he talks to a member of the White House staff about any subject whatsoever, then he is automatically excused from giving Congress any information

on that subject. In other words, all he, or any other bureaucrat, has to do is pick up the phone and call a member of the White House staff and discuss a matter on which Congress may want information. After that, they are vested with the right to deny information on the subject to Congress.

New Doctrine?

Reason senators are alarmed is that this is a brand new doctrine; second, it can be used as an all-embracing cover-up of anything embarrassing to any bureaucrat.

For instance, when Sen. Clinton Anderson of New Mexico served as secretary of agriculture, he was asked by Congress to give it the names of those speculating in the grain market. This was embarrassing to the White House. For President Truman's personal physician, Dr. Wallace Graham, had been speculating.

Anderson, however, got a ruling from the attorney general that he, Anderson, should give Congress the information, and he did. He believed there was no "executive privilege" regarding commodity speculators merely because the information involved the White House.

Adm. Strauss, on the contrary, has flatly refused to give Congress information regarding the Dillon-Yates contract, the biggest conflict-of-interest case since Teapot Dome. And he still refuses, though the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee recently, he stated that even if the attorney general rules that he should testify, he would not do so.

Unbudgeable Admiral

His counsel, William Mitchell, was asked whether Strauss was following his advice.

"I can tell you, senator, I did not advise him on this," Mitchell told Newsweek of Tennessee.