THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Say So Long To The Bad Old Days

Come now, and let us reason together.
Isaiah 1:18

A hush descended on City Hall today and the effect was almost eerie.

Ever since the election, the cat and dog fights between the Old Guard and the Big Four have been among the briskest yet recorded in the archives of faunal zoology.

As everyone knows, the atmosphere in the City Council Chamber is seldom Olympian and the arguments heard there often lack any real cordiality. But the row over the selection of a chief of police alone contained enough fire and ferment for an entire political season.

The one consolation is that such outbreaks of bad feeling are seldom permanent. They may assume particularly virulent and contagious forms but they can usually be expected to run their course.

It is the hope of sober onlookers today that this particular hollering match has been mercifully concluded once and for all.

Charlotte has an excellent chief of police at its disposal. It has found, in addition, a highly qualified city manager. Truly, it is doubtful that better men could be found anywhere who would be willing to fill the two important vacancies. It would serve the cause of good government and build confidence within the municipal family if all hands would now demonstrate by word and deed that the new officials will receive the whole Council's support and confidence.

We are not suggesting a truce on issues or principles. Healthy give and take on matters of genuine concern are essential to the common good. What we want to see dissolved is petty bickering, trifling factionalism and dissent-for-the-sake-of-dissent.

There are several good reasons why individual members of the City Council should be above this sort of thing.

• First, on the decisions Councilmen are going to make during the next [illegible] years will rest a sizable chunk of Charlotte's future. The gentlemen in City Hall are going to have to think hard and fast to make the right decisions. They have no time for fuzzy name-calling.

• Second, Charlotte is reaching toward metropolitan status today and its citizens are growing up socially, emotionally, intellectually and in several other ways we could name. Consequently, this changing population is going to be a great deal harder to satisfy politically than it was in the old days of easy promises and wholesale pugnacity.

These challenges will try the character of our people more than our institutions and resources. Furthermore, they will present a seemingly endless array of demands upon the energy, the fortitude and the capacity for selflessness on the part of the men in City Hall.

Charlotte has chosen good City Councilmen. They are all well equipped to do the tremendous job that still lies ahead of them. They will do well if they do not waste too much of their energy fighting shadows.

Poland's Intellectual Atmosphere Is Full Of Promise

By JOSEPH ALSOP

WARSAW

The dusty roads traveled by political reporters do not often lead to painters' studios, to experimental theaters, or to long evenings with serious philosophers. But in this strange city, the life of the mind is an exhilarating, even an irresistible spectacle.

Maybe it was self-indulgent, but I have spent almost all my time here happily exploring the life of the mind in the new Poland. Maybe it is presumptuous in a dust-begrimed political reporter; but I should also like to sketch an idea that this experience has suggested.

Stalin: Dark Memory

SOMETHING NEW

It is an idea intended to answer certain nagging questions. What is it that sets apart the artists and intellectuals of the new Poland from the Western intellectuals and artists to whom they so largely look for inspiration? Why are these Poles somehow more exhilarated and therefore vastly more exhilarating? Why in Poland does one not scent the smell of Alexandrian decay that hangs over so much of the artistic and intellectual life of the West?

The problem is difficult, precisely because it is a problem of human style and atmosphere. Polish philosophy, insofar as I understand it, has something new to say in a new way. But Polish painting, despite its powerful creative surge, is not enormously different from modern Western painting. In varying degrees, the same holds true for the other arts. It is the artists who are different, in short, rather than the arts they practice.

DREARY LIFE

To make the problem still more difficult, there are the wretched conditions in which most Polish artists and intellectuals live and work. Materially, life is much better in Poland today than in the Stalinist past. Yet except for the few with established reputations, who hold editorial posts or university appointments, the men and women whom I met were still living as very few Americans could bear to live.

Again, the life of the mind in the new Poland is quite astonishingly free — considering that this is a Communist country. One is amazed, for instance to see such a work as "Ubu Roi," by the French surrealist Alfred Jarry, being played in a Polish adaptation by a university theater group to a packed-jammed house. The brilliance of the production, largely staged and costumed with string, baling wire, and assorted underclothing, is still less breath-taking than the thing itself.

STILL THE CENSOR

In the same fashion, one is almost more amazed to see the most coveted university appointments going to the best men in their fields, rather than to men who are willing to parrot the official dogmas. But although one could go on for a long time piling up such illustrations, there is still the censor, sometimes heavy-handed. There is still the threat of party intervention to impose the official dogmas. There are still limits, known to all, which cannot be transgressed.

In sum, Polish artists and intellectuals, though astonishingly free, are still less free than their Western comrades; and their material rewards are poorer too. Why then should they be more exhilarated and exhilarating? Why should they seem, in a curious way, more serious and more successful?

HISTORIC MISSION

The answer lies, I think, in the simple act that unconsciously or consciously, all these men and women are moved by a deep sense of historic mission. That is what they have, which their Western comrades do not have. Their sense of mission is justified, moreover. These men and women who live the almost free life of the mind in Poland are playing a great role.

"The Life Of The Mind Is An Exhilarating Spectacle"

BANNER-BEARERS

The young painter finishing his abstract picture, the youthful philosopher finding his way through the labyrinths of Wittgenstein, the poet writing as he feels with no didactic purpose, may or may not be doing work that will be remembered forever. But whether his work is good or bad (and some I saw seemed to me very good indeed), it is always an assertion of the free life of the mind. And in Poland this assertion has a value that is lacking in the West.

It is this, of course, which makes one feel about these people as one feels about an army with banners. They are human. They are not united except by their hatred of Stalinism. For where will you find intellectuals and artists undivided by cliques and jealousies? Some may be geniuses but some are certainly fakers. For when and in what country has the creative life lacked its share of fakers? Yet all are banner-bearers, all the same.

Whether they are resigned or convinced, none of these men and women seriously expect a change of regime in Poland. They bear their banners, they assert the mind's free life, not to change the regime, but to keep the regime what it is today. And in this sense, even the most hermetic Polish artist or intellectual is not "alienated from the masses."

'Oh, By The Way, Can You Let Me Have An Extra Few Billions On The Debt Ceiling?'

Uncle Sam's Credit Falters Again

Cartoonist Herblock once again today attests the abiding truth of the Nationalist Chinese teaching — one cartoon is worth 10 editorials.

President Eisenhower bemoans the Democratic "spenders," talks as if putting the budget out of balance would prove fatal, and alarms the nation to the dangers of inflation. Yet, for the third time in two years, he has asked Congress to extend the national debt ceiling — now to $288 billion.

He has found this way to economic retrenchment — which he professes to want — so much easier than the way which lies through suggesting logical and realistic cuts in national expenditure.

The real center of the administration's fiscal hypocrisy lies in the Treasury, where George Humphrey stamped his mark so indelibly. All the time that Mr. Humphrey, now gone, and the President talked of tightening the national belt, the Treasury was in the costly process of "refinancing" large portions of the national debt at the highest interest rates it has paid since the Thirties. This week, the President is asking Congress to abolish the 4½ per cent ceiling on bond interest rates which has prevailed since 1918. The meaning is clear. The government must pay enough to sell new bonds to replace those which are falling due.

There is little that is alarming about growing indebtedness or higher interest rates, so long as prosperity lives and so long as the national income grows. Debt oppresses only when times cease to be good.

But the hardship which the administration now experiences selling Treasury bonds and notes does make twaddle of Mr. Eisenhower's insistence that he is going to lick inflation or cut government expenses. If the gigantic banks which absorb most of the fancier government gilt edges thought so, rocketing interest rates would not be needed to entice them to buy. As things stand, however, Uncle Sam's credit is not good where men have millions to invest in bonds; and it clearly testifies that big bond buyers are skeptical of the administration's will and finesse in the task of keeping prosperity in harness.

'Mr. Humber's Museum' Receives A Gift

Many singular institutions that grace North Carolina bear the stamp of one man.

It is not just the North Carolina Symphony we speak of, but "Dr. Swalin's Symphony."

The Institute of Government grew from a once-famous hole in the ground at Chapel Hill at the insistence of Albert Coates.

"The Lost Colony" at Manteo, now endowed by North Carolina, will always be linked with Paul Green.

As the Kress Foundation comes through with its lavish $2½ million gift of painting and sculpture to the North Carolina Museum of Art, it is a good time to note that this museum also owes most to the vibrant energy of one man — Robert Lee Humber of Pitt County.

Properly, it was Sen. Humber who announced to the Senate Monday night the culmination of his multi-million dollar vision in a museum which few, if any, states can match.

It was Sen. Humber who persuaded the North Carolina Legislature, almost ten years ago, to appropriate matching funds for those of the Kress Foundation. The Kress Foundation has more than kept its word and has amply justified North Carolina's investment in its cultural future.

Mr. Humber's love for art and learning touches the whole of his crisp character and brilliant mind. His accomplishment for art in North Carolina is not surprising. On his own, he has moved ahead of slower channels to buy art for the museum. Just last Christmas, he was able to report a fascinating purchase from under the envious eyes of the Louvre and the National Gallery in London.

The art museum is the work of many hands, and a project which speaks well of all North Carolinians. But to a fitting extent, it will always be "Mr. Humber's museum."

From The Baltimore Sun

NOW, CASH IS CHIC

What's the matter with credit? Why it's old fashioned.

Charlie, you're an anvil salesman. Does your firm give credit?

No-o-o-o Sir

Cash for the merchandise—Cash for the button-hooks—

Cash for the cotton goods—Cash for the hard goods . . .

This nostalgic colloquy between salesmen in the opening number of "The Music Man" sets the mood of 1912 magnificently. What a far cry to anvil salesmen and cash on the barrelhead in these days of the TV huckster and the ubiquitous credit card. What's the matter with cash in 1959? Why, it's old fash— But wait. What's the newest card carried by the expense account swaggerer? An all-purpose document entitling the holder to buy everything from a wallaby to a water main on the cuff? Not at all. If the Discount Club of America succeeds with its new plan the latest thing will be a "Cash Card." Flash this identification, pay cash, and get 10 per cent off at stores, restaurants and other establishments participating in the plan.

Already some 2,000 retailers in the New York area are said to have signed up and new ones are coming in at the rate of 200 a week. In short, credit cards seem to have multiplied to such an extent that, convenience aside, they no longer have the special snob appeal they once offered. Oh, to quote an older musical,

> **In short, whoever you may be,**
> **To this conclusion you'll agree,**
> **When everyone is somebody**
> **Then no one's anybody!**

So, in this topsy-turvy situation, the new prestige—and discount as well—will go to the man who pays cash. Credit's old-fashioned again as the riders to River City proclaimed in 1912. But a trace of nostalgia still lingers, for the good old days when cash on the counter didn't have to be validated by an identification card.

It is rare that a person lives up to the expectations or down to the suspicions of his associates.—Gastonia Gazette.

Joe Garagiola, former major league catcher who now broadcasts baseball games, once said of Stan Musial: "He's a real nice guy. Every time he comes up to bat, he asks me about my family. But before I can answer, he's on third base."—Memphis Press-Scimitar.

People's Platform

There Is A Place For Carver College

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

Please permit me to make one comment about your editorial of May 21, entitled: "Is there a place for Carver College?"

My answer is a very definite "yes."

I would also like to say a few words in answer to Mr. Harry S. Jones, executive secretary, of the Charlotte-Mecklenburg Council on Human Relations who it seems was taking to task the editorial writer of The News for being in favor of both Charlotte College and Carver.

Mr. Jones wants just one college for both white and Negro. Now perhaps that would be just fine for the NAACP and CMCOHR, but unfortunately even for this most "progressive" state of North Carolina its a mite too speedy for just now.

The NAACP, and now the Mecklenburg Human Relations Council, are not satisfied with the "Moderate approach" to this integration "thing." They want everything now.

Yes, Mr. Jones most people in Charlotte and Mecklenburg County believe that all young people should be provided first-rate educational opportunities — but for the present and quite a few years to come there will still be need for separate colleges.

— G. ALVIN TUCKER

Democrats Nix Attempt To Pack The Galleries

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON

The great wrangle over the spectator seats at the Democratic National Convention is subsiding in terms about as follows:

The host committee of Los Angeles will receive 1,500 tickets to take care of the local angels who guaranteed the convention expenses, the local political dignitaries, including the Republican mayor, and assorted other luminaries of the vicinity.

The Democratic State Committee can count on a thousand tickets to distribute among the party's big wheels. It is said to have plans to raise money by selling choice pairs of this selection for $1,000 each. The host governor, Pat Brown, a favorite-son candidate who takes his chances with increasing seriousness, gets a relatively small personal allowance as well.

750 CLUB

The National Committee gets a block of 750 well-placed seats to take care of its 750 Club, an elite group so loyal and/or well-heeled that its members are putting up $1,000 apiece to pay off the party's old deficits so the 1960 campaign can get underway. The committee will also get the remainder of about 1,000 for distribution among the other 49 state organizations.

This arrangement was described in detail by National Committeeman Paul Ziffren in a private conference last week end with congressional Democrats. When he concluded his explanations, even his severest critics among them said they were satisfied.

PAULEY'S DEMAND

Democrats here and in California had been aroused by the demand of oilman Edwin Pauley of Los Angeles for 5,000 tickets to take care of the city's host committee, which he headed. Nobody denied that Pauley had raised money in amounts sufficient to persuade the National Committee that its pioneer Los Angeles convention would be a solvent one. It was a potent argument for the always-broke Democrats.

But the politicians did not want to put any one man in a spot where he might be tempted to pack the galleries. In addition, Pauley, though personally loyal to former President Truman, is a highly controversial party figure, especially in Southern California.

HANDS OFF

"Nobody's reading Pauley out of the party," Ziffern was told at the conference here. "But he can't run anything or we'll have the worst fight on our hands we've ever had. Just let him work his passage back."

Another burning topic of the conference was the relative strength of the large and growing list of Democratic aspirants for the presidency, most of whom have lately toured the state. All were agreed that their governor's million plurality last fall had been transmuted into a presidential virus of remarkable intensity.

RUN-DOWN

Most felt that sentiment for Adlai Stevenson was still very strong and that Sen. Hubert Humphrey was its destined heir. It is believed that Sen. John Kennedy has a good following of his own and that Sen. Stuart Symington has still to make an impact on the rank and file.

All convention ticket situations are potentially explosive. The Los Angeles one is especially so because it is widely expected that the convention delegates will really decide the outcome for a change.

Brown: Favorite Son

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

A-Bomb's Specter Hangs Over Britain

LONDON

The atomic bomb today hangs over Britain. You can feel it in talks with British statesmen. You can sense it in reports from Geneva, where the foreign ministers are conferring. It is very much behind Selwyn Lloyd's determination to compromise with Andrei Gromyko, Russian foreign minister. You can detect it in the speeches of British labor leaders, or when 75,000 people crowded Trafalgar Square as they did on Easter to urge abolition of the bomb, and again when stodgy General and Municipal Workers Union members voted as they did last week that "the next Labor government should take a unilateral action in ceasing the manufacture of nuclear weapons and prohibiting the use of all such weapons on British territory." This would ban U. S. H-bombers from British bases.

You can also understand it when you see the gaping holes in blocks of the city of London—holes still unrepaired from the awful terror of Hitler's buzz bombs and the V2s which almost knocked out England before the end of World War II.

War's Havoc

I could, when I dined with Earl Attlee at the House of Lords last night. Nearby, another bomb — an old-fashioned one—had come through the House of Lords chamber in Hitler's war. The damage was slight, the chamber is now reconstructed. Also nearby, another of Hitler's bombs had completely wrecked the House of Commons. That historic chamber has now been faithfully and carefully reconstructed. But, if there had been an atomic bomb then, there would have been nothing left to reconstruct.

Clement Attlee, onetime Labor Prime Minister, now an earl, is more stooped than in those days when he came to San Francisco toward the end of World War II to help organize the United Nations. Now 79, Attlee looks as if the burdens of Britain have dragged heavily on his shoulders.

At Scientists' Mercy

"We are at the mercy of the scientists," he said. "Excellent people—these scientists. But they are always inventing something and then leaving it to the politicians to bail them out.

"Science has made what seemed a distant dream come nearer," Attlee continued. "I have seen many things come to pass in the last 50 years that had seemed impossible. Peace, thanks to the terrors of science, may now be possible."

"What is possible is never very far away from that which is necessary," said Andre Maurois, famous French writer, "and it is necessary for us to avoid nuclear war."

A few blocks away, trains were pulling out of Charing Cross Station, carrying weekenders—young weekenders who had forgotten the days when those same trains brought the bloody and wounded from the battlefields of Ypres and the Marne.

Price Of Propinquity

The stooped but sprightly former Prime Minister of England, however, had not forgotten. Sitting there with the burdens of Britain almost visibly on his shoulders, Attlee said, "Science has brought the world very close together. The price of propinquity is a surrender of part of our sovereignty."

In other words, the peoples of the world must be prepared to work together in a common community for the sake of peace.