



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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

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The Pudding's Proof Is In The Tasting

Has the City Council's Big Four been dissolved as a political partnership? Obviously, the proof of the pudding is in the tasting.

But it seemed rather appropriate that Councilman Gibson L. Smith should be the first member of Charlotte's successful Better Government slate to rebel publicly against the label Mr. Smith is an individualist. He is known for his sturdy principles and deeply-held personal convictions. In short, he is the unlikely "rubber stamp" we have yet encountered in municipal government.

Under these circumstances, it was hardly reasonable to suppose that he would be found trotting meekly in harness with any real or imagined voting bloc.

Personal independence and the free exercise thereof are desirable in any political arena. Charlotte has wisely

shunned the party system of municipal government, thereby freeing councilmen completely from any ideological ties or peculiar loyalties. It is true that "tickets" are often formed during local elections but they have had little or no durability. In the final analysis, it is the application of the individual intelligence that counts. A councilman is responsible to his own conscience and to the citizenry at large. He will not be identified as a part of a bloc or faction unless he votes that way rather consistently.

So far, Charlotteans have been treated to only one important example of factionalism. That occurred during the search for a new chief of police. The meeting of minds on this matter was hardly coincidental. But there will be hundreds of other tests and, on the basis of those tests, the records of seven individual City Councilmen will be made.

Adenauer Shows Traces Of Bismarck

Looking back over his decision not to quit as German chancellor and become president, Konrad Adenauer explains to an interviewer that he did it in the name of Western "unity."

"I want to know that my work will be carried on," he said.

The West, it's true, owes much to this old man from Cologne, who established new faith and credit for Germany in the post-war era.

Yet our confidence in Dr. Adenauer's bold statecraft should not distort our estimate of what he did in the name of "unity," nor cause us to ignore its effect on green German democracy.

It was Adenauer's design to preserve his grip on West Germany even beyond the next election (where his age would be an issue) by raising himself suddenly to presidency and putting a virtual puppet in the chancellery. But he quickly found that his economies minister, Dr. Erhard, enjoys great confidence in the Christian Democratic Party; and that he is consid-

ered his heir-apparent by so many that he could not be brushed aside for Adenauer's own personal choice without an embarrassing and divisive party feud.

No one outside Bonn, probably, is equipped to say why there is bad blood between Adenauer and Erhard. Some say personal rivalry. Others say their differences spring from discord over the larger terms of the East-West struggle. Adenauer is almost as bluntly anti-Soviet as the late John Foster Dulles, and insists that Germany must be reunited in "free elections." Erhard is said to believe that the just-approach to German unity (if such a thing is possible) may prove less effective than the approach by way of trade, cultural intermingling, and travel.

But there's no getting around it. Chancellor Adenauer, however vigorous his belief in democracy, has betrayed a tinct of the Teutonic strong man, a trace of the same vanity which led Bismarck in his day to equate himself with Germany and revile his parliamentary opposition as "enemies of the Reich."

Yes, Isabel, There Is A Bear Out There

We have been accosted by a little girl named Isabel who wants to know if a bear is really roaming Mecklenburg County like it said in yesterday's News. It appears that all her friends read the Christian Science Monitor and do not believe in bears.

Isabel, your little friends are wrong. They have been affected by the skepticism of a skeptical age. They do not believe except they see. Yes, Isabel, there is a bear out there.

Gracious! Didn't Vicki the elephant

room this same terrain only a few short years ago? Didn't big game hunters come from all over to join safaris venturing far across the Douglas Municipal Airport runways? Isn't the Beast of Bladenboro been rumored in the neighborhood for months? Don't you even believe in the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence?

Of course, there are bears in Mecklenburg. And maybe giraffes, too, not to mention heffalumps, slithy toves and registered Republicans. Your little

can't really exist in our clime but they are wrong — dead wrong.

Not believe in bears? You might as well believe in the House Un-American Activities Committee.

Of course, he exists. Folks have heard him growling, haven't they? It wouldn't surprise us one bit if he walked right in and growled a little at the next City Council meeting.

He'd certainly feel right at home.

Hatched In Hate, Dissolved In Laughter

The South's sense of humor is still intact.

Take, for example, the "great crusade" of certain white supremacists against "The Three Little Pigs" and other childhood classics.

The campaign may have been hatched in hate but it was quickly dissolved in laughter.

Credit Rep. Jim Wright of Texas with a final note of droolery. He has

been regaling his countrymen with the story of a mythical move to require grocers to place the white bread and the brown bread on separate shelves.

And what possible significance could there be in the integration of loaves of bread? Congressman Wright's crusader fixes his questioner with baleful eye and says:

"Do you want your daughter to marry a heel?"

Ernest Rogers In The Atlanta Journal

CARMEN, FILTERED

Anyone who doesn't know the story of "Carmen" just hasn't been paying attention. It has been knocking around opera houses since making its first appearance, a flop, in Paris, circa 1875. Georges Bizet, composer of the music, died soon after the opera's debut without an inkling of the success it was to achieve eventually. Pity.

The story opens just outside a cigarette factory in Seville where the boys and girls are arguing about the effectiveness of filter tips and whether there is any connection between smoking cigarettes and diseases of the lungs.

"It's what's up front that counts," declares a flashy gypsy dame named Carmen as she shoots a meaningful glance at Don Jose, a young soldier who has just made corporal.

Don Jose gets the message and returns it P.D.Q.

"How do you like being a soldier?" Carmen asks.

"I'm not really a soldier," Don J. answers. "This is just a hobby with me. Actually I am a tumbler who appears periodically in an opera called 'Carmen'."

"I see," Carmen continues. "You're a man who thinks for himself while smoking filter tip cigarettes. Do you think everyone should sing tenor in an opera called 'Carmen'?"

"I think everyone should make up his mind for himself," Don Jose retorts.

Carmen is greatly impressed by this man who thinks for himself while smoking filter tip cigarettes and sets in motion one of the most terrific love affairs in the history of grand opera.

So smitten is Corporal Jose with this gypsy doll that he completely forgets a young lady named Micaela with whom he previously has been in love and goes off into the mountains with his new inamorata.

But Carmen is as fickle as a Las Vegas roulette wheel and soon gets a crush on Escamillo, a bull fighter. She is fascinated by the way he throws the bull. Furthermore, he smokes Torador regulars—a he-man smoke if there ever was one.

Don Jose, however, doesn't give up easily. He tells Carmen that if she will only resume her affair with him he will give up filters and smoke a pipe, cigars or even rabbit tobacco if she will only give her bullfighting the gate.

To all of Don Jose's pleas Carmen turns a deaf ear (her left one) and is waiting outside the bull ring to get the results of Escamillo's latest fandango with a he-cow when the corporal, now A.W.O.L., shows up dagger in hand and plunges the blade into the proud beauty who confronts him.

As Escamillo emerges triumphantly from the bull ring he sees Carmen lying there dead and Don Jose trying to rub the tattoo from the back of his right hand.

"L.S.M.F.T.T." Escamillo cries.

"L.S.M.F.T.T." Don Jose replies.

"Yeah," responds Escamillo. "Let's Smoke More Filter Tips."

The curtain comes down on an opera called "Asbestos."

'Stand Back-It May Be A Book'



Who Would Buy?

Down With Pale Lips

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain. I know I am prone to be hostile to hair-style, but the most beautiful lady I know, a Miss Ava Gardner, came calling to the house not long ago, and she wasn't as lovely as she used to be. Either she didn't have any lipstick at all, or she had on one of those new light shades that the Italians have made so fashionable.

Now I offer this as a proposition. Miss Gardner needs much less help than most ladies to appear beautiful, and since she and Mama and I are old clowns, maybe she didn't figure she had to be glamorous and put on a face when she came calling in her slacks. But I got a sneaky hunch it wasn't that. I got a hunch she is wearing that shade of nothing but white shade of lips that all these European film stars have inflicted on the public.

RED FOREVER

You kids know how I am when I take a stand. Ruthless. Well, I am ruthless against white lipstick, pale-pink lipstick, orange lipstick, lemon lipstick or any other kind of lipstick that ain't red. By golly, when I get caught coming home with evidence on the collar, I will be out to be hung for no lamb. I like it red, and I like

lots of it, and if the handkerchief people get rich off me, I just plain don't mind.

The chief wardman around here had lunch with the top editor of Harper's Bazaar in New York not so long ago, after a long snafu in Siberia, or some place. Said Mama to Miss Mary P. "What's the matter, sweetie, have you got cold sores or something?" And the boss editor said, "No, it's the chic new lipstick these European film queens have turned into high style." Mama said she felt terrible because she had red lips, but she also said she felt healthier.

REVERSIBLE

A very pretty girl I know from Denver, named Darlene, turned up in Africa to go on safari with us a while back. Darlene is the fashion editor of one of the papers I work for. She had one of these new lipstick jobs, except here was reversible. You could lighten or darken the pink with white, or something.

My head man, a Swahili gentleman named Juma, asked me the same thing he always asks in the morning when we've been up too late, and Juma, a Muslim, footballer, disapproves. He looked at Darlene and said:

"Wassamatter Memsah, she see?"

I explained as best I could in my faultless Swahili that the Memsah was not sick, but she was just carrying out the dictates of high style. Juma muttered something about not caring that she didn't have a ring in her nose, but he did think that girls with lips ought to have red lips. Otherwise, nobody would buy them because the natural assumption was that they were not well, and were unable to work. Having been accustomed to Juma's logic for 10 years, I worried out of it by saying the Memsah was rich and already had a husband.

WHITE-LIPPED WIFE

"Hmph," Juma said, wondering what manner of man would be a factor in the 1960 presidential battle. On one side there are those who contend that Kennedy's election would mean Vatican rule in this country; on the other side are the optimists who believe that he could win the votes of Catholics who might otherwise ride the Republican elephant. Being an atheist and completely immune to religious brain-stuffing, I'm taking no sides in the argument.

Nevertheless, I believe I have a solution to the whole sordid mess—a solution, I might add, which has not as yet been suggested by any of the political multi-millionaires in Washington. It's very simple—nominate an atheist. Since an atheist has no religious affiliations, neither Protestants nor Catholics should be offended. The country would be more or less neutral as far as religion is concerned, ergo, not a step out of the Pope. Of course, it would be difficult to find someone with the intellectual fortitude to admit publicly that he is an atheist. Difficult, but not impossible.

Take me, for instance. I'd make a fine candidate, since I'm young, energetic, good-looking, and play a guitar (that should corral the squealing female vote). I'm also unmarried, which means I could get along on considerably less than \$125,000 a year, thereby saving the taxpayer's money. I don't care for Cadillacs or helicopters—an old Ford or a Piper Cub would suit me just fine. And being a layperson, I'd rather watch television than play golf; the living room is nearer than the Georgia country clubs. In keeping with the usual campaign custom, I could promise two cents in every car and each garage full of chick-

ANEMIC

Perhaps these women who wear this atrocious pale make-up with the rag-mop hairdos think it makes them look young, but it doesn't. It just makes them look unwell, pathetically, and very, very anemic. That Greco dam looks like something you'd find in a gypsy cave in the low-land areas of Andalusia.

I note that one lipstick firm has got 12 shades of lipstick to sell in a four-color, double-track, slick-paper advertisement, and none of the shades are red. If I'm going to get clobbered for accidentally not being red, I want to be red, not orange, blue or toffee shortbread or vanilla.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON. Thirty-three top Republicans in the House of Representatives are hoping to keep it secret, but they have worked out such a hard-and-fast deal with Southern Democrats that you would think they belonged to the same party.

They have organized whips and assistants to work together on at least six major economic and social measures, whether Eisenhower favors them or not.

Ironclad

Several Dixiecrat-Republican coalitions have operated in the past, but never with such ironclad discipline as the one now operating. The 33 Republicans have even agreed to meet reg-

Republicans & Dixiecrats Gang Up Again

ularly with 33 Dixiecrats on major issues before the House. At the same time, a tentative strategy will be worked out, a "nose count" made of the prospective votes, and whips instructed to whip each side into line.

'Two Cadillac' Leads

Significantly, the leader of the coalition is none other than Ike's own GOP leader in the House, "Two Cadillac" Charlie Halleck of Indiana. The Democratic leader is Congressman Howard Smith from northern Virginia.

Significantly also, Halleck, though Ike's leader, is vigorously opposing Ike by pushing the Supreme Court over-kill. This bill, introduced by Congressman Smith, would drastically cur-

Bombs Write An Epitaph For Massive Resistance

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON. The Joint Committee on Atomic Energy is about to give citizens a preview of a Soviet nuclear attack on the United States. It will be gruesome reading for the public.

The principal purpose of this action in an all-out war is to point up that the doctrine of massive resistance is out of date. The hearings may end up proving a good deal more than that.

A subcommittee headed by Rep. Chas. H. Wiggins will begin hearings June 22. The committee will be liberally provided with maps showing likely Soviet bomb drops, the size of the bombs required by the size of the target. The dispatch of Washington will, for example, require one big bomb and another medium size. It will take, according to calculations, three big hydrogen bombs to demolish sprawling Los Angeles.

THE NUMBER GAME

Nearly every reporter in Washington will be able to give his story about the hearing the local touch. It will take, according to the U. S. experts, about 224 bombs of assorted sizes to bring us to our knees. In contrast, Soviet Premier Khrushchev recently was quoted to the effect that Western Europe could be put out of commission with 18 hydrogen bombs — all apparently big.

What the committee will be attempting to drive home is the fact that with bombs of present size, and the means of delivering them rapidly being perfected, the odds are all with an attacking power. It thinks that if the United States waits, under all circumstances, to be hit before it retaliates, it will be able to deliver only about 20 per cent as much damage to the aggressor as the aggressor is inflicting on the United States.

OUT OF DATE

Military potentialities have changed considerably since the late Secretary Dulles enunciated the doctrine of massive retaliation. The balance of military power notably shifted in the direction of the Soviet Union. Of late both President

Gaffney, S. C.

Editors, The News. Later, there has been a lot of controversy as to whether Sen. John Kennedy's religion would be a factor in the 1960 presidential battle. On one side there are those who contend that Kennedy's election would mean Vatican rule in this country; on the other side are the optimists who believe that he could win the votes of Catholics who might otherwise ride the Republican elephant. Being an atheist and completely immune to religious brain-stuffing, I'm taking no sides in the argument.

CHARLES L. MORRIS

pro bono public.

Can't Charlotteans

Handle City Hall?

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

I have been concerned for some time about our city politics. Up to now, I've always felt that I should go along with the choices made for city officials, but recently I've been choosing of a new police chief and a new city manager made me think.

It has been only a few months since our outgoing mayor was appointed to uphold the law. To me, he was doing a good job. To my utter surprise and amazement, I read that he was to be replaced by a man not from Charlotte, but from Mecklenburg County.

We are to have a new city manager, all fine and good if the need be; but why do we have to choose someone from Florida to come here and run our city? Why not someone from our own home town, county, or state?

It seems that our local government presumes that there are no men or women here in our Queen City capable of handling the jobs that running a city calls for.

—DAVID BENNETT

Water Lilies

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