



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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The Council Runs On Four Cylinders

There is one consolation for City Hall's woefully depleted Old Guard. It can still get quick action — of a sort. "Trot out your man," challenged City Councilman Steve Dellinger on Monday when the Big Four blocked another Old Guard attempt to reappoint E. C. Selvey as chief of police. Some 48 hours later, out trotted Jesse Roland James of Burlington. Needless to relate, he was wearing the Big Four's colors.

It goes without saying, too, that Mr. James will be appointed. The power of four votes is absolute on Charlotte's seven-man City Council. As long as Councilmen Hilt, Babcock, Smith and Myers operate as a team they will rule the roost at City Hall. This is a fact of political life which the Old Guard, and the people of Charlotte generally, will have to become accustomed.

So far, the Big Four have used its power prudently. Whatever may be said

about the manner in which the name of the new police chief was leaked, it must be conceded that the choice itself was excellent. Mr. James is an experienced lawman with a superb record of achievement. He is highly qualified both personally and professionally to become the head of Charlotte's police force. We have every reason to believe that he will make a fine chief.

It was probably not the Big Four's intention to offend anyone's sense of political propriety by forming an opinion in advance of a regular session. However, it is often interesting to know exactly how Councilmen arrive at particular positions — whether they vote as blocs or as individuals. There is always the possibility, too, that seven Councilmen can explore an issue more thoroughly and productively than four. Ideas, too, are often more numerous, and necessarily limited to the majority faction.

Rep. Frank Sneed Drafts A Bad Bill

Any resemblance between North Carolina's Alcoholic Beverage Control system and a house of cards is hardly coincidental. Both are strangely susceptible to false moves.

We fear that Rep. Frank Sneed just made one in the 1959 General Assembly. The Mecklenburg legislator introduced a bill yesterday designed to give blanket authority for towns of more than 1,000 population to vote on establishing ABC stores. In other words, the bill would extend to municipalities provisions now limited to counties for calling liquor elections.

The measure invites the wrath of militant dry forces who would cheerfully shut down all ABC stores allowed under the wise and proper county liquor system. The prospect of liquor stores in any and every hamlet — without even the necessity of getting a local bill through the legislature — would seem to many Tar Heels to be too much of a good thing.

Fill The Leadership Vacuum First

The necessity for a strong, united front on city-county school consolidation was driven smartly home to both boards of education and the Chamber of Commerce yesterday. It ought to be the end of an unfortunate era of drift on perhaps the most important educational issue Mecklenburgers have faced in decades.

Oliver Rowe, one of consolidation's earliest advocates, put the problem in focus for assembled schoolmen and Chamber representatives. There is dangerous confusion, he said. Voters don't even seem to know what the school boards and the superintendents themselves stand on the question.

The uncertainty has spawned wholly unwarranted fears and suspicions in both the city and the county. Obviously, the time has come to answer this epidemic of apprehension with reasonableness and candor.

This is precisely what schoolmen intend to do.

Cousin Wayland & Le Marquis De Sade

Mecklenburg's Rep. Ernest Hicks may have persuaded the North Carolina House to pass his "spanking bill," but as one who obviously grew up in the innocent age when Santa might leave switches instead of Freud, he couldn't have foreseen the comedy it would evoke.

Some critics have put Mr. Hicks down as a fossil who, in proposing to legalize the old paddle in North Carolina classrooms, is proposing only slightly less than that tot's punctured in iron maidens or stretched on the rack. School marm and principals stand revealed: A pack of Beebeez, eager to pitchfork their victims; molls and toughs who learned how to sling a lead pipe on Chicago's south side.

Sly "Cousin" Wayland Spruill has no doubt come closest of all to alarming public indignation by raising the biggest possible hubbub: psychological injury. If you make a practice of whipping a child for everything he does," Cousin Wayland drawled to the House, "he'll grow up with that very stuff in his system and you'll make a sadist of him."

Somewhat, all the alarms strike us as improbable and just a bit absurd, especially Cousin Wayland's suggestion that an occasional paddling may drive

children into the haunted world of the Marquis de Sade. So do the alternatives to spanking which the avant-garde child psychologists offer. For instance, the teacher, seeing Johnny splash little Ruth with purple tempera paint is urged by one advocate of psycho-soothing to "hug" him or wink at him, and "try to draw his attention elsewhere." If his next caprice is to cut Ruth's curls off, perhaps, severe "disapproval" should be imposed by the "withdrawal of affection."

Frankly, Mr. Hicks' bill seems more than likely to pass, in the face of all the comic horror of its enemies. We care little for fanatics, we are opposed to sadism; we view brutality with alarm. Yet we harbor a vague fear of the grown-up child who was in his minority emancipated from the rod so long that his character is neutralized.

We are a little fearful of him, too. Suppose he decides it would be good fun to splash a neighbor's face with house paint. What's going to happen? Alas, the neighbor may be one of those "sadists." Cousin Wayland warned about, who might even be so sadistic as to give the emancipated one a slug in the jaw. And that, Cousin Wayland, would be bad for his psyche indeed.

Tom Turner In "The American Seen . . . By Others"

IT'S ALL A MASONIC PLOT

Georges Olivier, a Frenchman who sees a Freemason for every man in the devil under (every politician's bed, examines FDR by his particular optics in "Franklin Roosevelt: L'Homme de Vain." This work, according to the Australian review "Edge," has been translated into Italian and Spanish but has not yet appeared in English, except for excerpts in "Edge."

M. Olivier asserts that "nearly all Americans of any importance belong to the Freemasons," and that Mr. Roosevelt in particular "was a member of numerous secret societies: the Eagles, Phi

Beta Kappa, the Royal Order of the Elk . . . — all quite sinister to M. Olivier.

History abounds in such villains, for, as M. Olivier confidently reveals, all three French revolutions, the Russian revolution, the Spanish civil war, and our own revolution of 1776, as well as the New Deal, were the work of the busy Freemasons.

Little girl: "He's not shy. He's never had a necktie one before and he thinks he's tied to something." — Atlanta Constitution.

Polish Painters Enjoy The Light Of Day At Last

By JOSEPH ALSOP

WARSAW

"In the Stalinist times, we all made the journey to the end of the night together. So now you must not be surprised if we enjoy the light of day." The returners from this journey to night's end are the artists of Poland—the painters who are now producing such a remarkable creative explosion here. I had had a long day with some of them, a day set apart from any ordinary day by its special combination of gaiety, easy companionship, and serious intellectual passion. And this quite wonderful combination was explained at the day's close, by the remark above-quoted.

HAPPINESS & MEANING

Happy experiences are rarely meaningful and meaningful experiences are rarely agreeable. But as this experience was both so pleasant and so full of inner significance, it may be worth trying to describe.

The occasion's organizer, then, was Prof. Urbanowicz, a gentle, wise man who teaches fine arts at Warsaw University and is also an abstract painter of note. The only member of the party who will paint the objects as he put it, was Jan Cybis. But Cybis "paints the objects" in a manner which has caused something close to apoplexy in Moscow when his paintings were recently shown there. For this same reason, the others called him "our father and son."

The rest were younger men like the shy, strikingly talented abstract expressionist, Jan Lebenstein, and the vigorous,



"For Good Art, The Individual Cannot Be Submerged"

boldly experimental Alexander Kozel. Our day together began around a luncheon table at the best restaurant in Warsaw, a place which sadly proves at least half the truth of the glib pronouncement of the leading Soviet writer, Ilya Ehrenburg: "Alas, comrades, socialism with all its virtues cannot produce good cooking or good poetry."

OLD MAIDS

But the greasiness of the cutlets did not impede the effectiveness of the conversation. The gaiety and the comradeship was the first feature that struck one. The art world of the West tends to be tacitly uncompanionable as the source of old maids' tea party. But these men, widely different in age, were still united by their shared past trials. And that trial had ended in daylight, and not in the gray prison-willows of Budapest.

With the vodka, there were jokes. But the joking of friends reunited was soon forgotten when I asked the question about the fate of the arts in Stalinist times. All but one of those present had tried his hand at official Communist painting. Practicing that "socialist realism" which so wonderfully illustrates the French saying, "There is art — and then there is official art," only the young Lebenstein had laid his brushes aside and quietly subverted for a while into the derelict life of a Warsaw bum.

IS IT TRUE?

"At the beginning," said Urbanowicz quite simply, "we were impressed when the party told us, 'you are outside life, divorced from masses; and now you must paint differently.' We asked ourselves, was it true or not?"

But long before Wladyslaw Gombrowicz came to power in Poland, "we knew this socialist realism was not art; we knew this was worse than savagery," so another continued. When the

Stalinists still gripped Poland, in 1953, the first pictures were shown that flagrantly defied the official convention. Those who showed them, like the brilliant, tragically dead Wroblewski, are still thought of as heroes.

SERIOUS BATTLE

Yet by rejecting the official realism, did the Polish painters not feel cut off from the masses now? This question provoked a perfect babble of deeply serious talk. If you can imagine a serious babble, "For an artist," said Lebenstein, "it is the personal truth that matters. When I do work that seems true to me, then I feel in accord with others, and if some who see my work also feel this accord, it is enough."

"In war, in a great revolution," put in the burly Kozel, "the individual is lost in the great struggle of the mass. But in art, the individual must discover himself, so for good art the individual cannot be submerged."

'And Why, Pray Tell, Do You Want To Stop Me?'



People's Platform

Pay \$15,000-Plus Only To A Wizard

Editors: The News

As one of Charlotte's oldest citizens, 80 years old, in behalf of the taxpayers, I protest paying any new city manager over \$15,000 to start. If he proves his worth, then increase his salary \$2,500 after two years. Unless anyone applying for the job is a wizard, that is all he is worth to start with.

Charlotte

Year's Publicity Is Appreciated

Editors: The News

In behalf of the Mercy Hospital Guild, let me thank you deeply and sincerely for the

Charlotte

Personal Friend

Here are some of the senators who have made up their minds and some who haven't, plus their background motives.

Sen. Stuart Symington, Missouri-Waverling: Heconfides: "Adm. Strauss is a social friend. It would be embarrassing not to vote for him."

Sen. Richard Neuberger, Oregon-Waverling: "He's a personal friend of my family."

Sen. Wiles Robertson, Virginia-For: The dominating senator from Virginia, Harry Byrd, has set the line for Strauss, and Robertson always follows Byrd.

Sen. Jennings Randolph, West Virginia-Waverling: He used to be vice president of Capital Airlines which has transportation problems before the government. Secretary of Commerce Strauss is now trying to bring the whole field of transportation under his authority. Randolph denies, however, that this influences his position.

Sen. Albert Gore, Tennessee-For: His great friend and political benefactor, Bernard Baruch, is for Strauss. Albert votes for Baruch.

Tight Control

Sen. Jack Kennedy-Waverling: Jack doesn't say so, but in the back of his mind is the possibility that if he becomes President he will have confirmed troubles. On the other hand, his fellow Catholic colleague, Sen. Eugene McCarthy of Minnesota, has warned that any presidential hopeful

who votes for Strauss will stamp himself as a tight-control president not likely to cooperate with Congress.

One-time Oil Ally

Price Daniel of Texas was considered a dyed-in-the-wool champion of the oil and gas companies when he served in the U.S. Senate from Texas. With Daniel back in Texas today as governor, however, the oil and gas companies are funneled into spluttering against their longtime friend.

What Gov. Daniel has done is demand that the big pipeline companies pay more to share of the tax load for the state of Texas.

Compared with the pipeline companies of Louisiana, the Texas pipeline companies get a much lower tax slay on the wrist. If they paid taxes at the same rate as in Louisiana, Texas would have a hundred million dollars' surplus in its treasury.

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It Was No 'Mistake' To Intern The Nisei

By ROBERT C. RUARK

LONDON

To be very rudely blunt about it, I did not care very much for a piece of bootlicking public relations that somebody told Attorney General William Rogers to make the other day when he besought forgiveness from a few thousand Japanese (72,000) who got uprooted from their West Coast diggings and chucked into concentration camps just after Pearl Harbor. That we called them relocation centers and didn't make lamphades out of anybody made them nonetheless concentration camps.

Speaking in the name of the United States government, Rogers said that a program to restore citizenship to about 6,000 Nisei (Americans of Japanese ancestry) who had renounced their citizenship as a gesture of anger (naturally, after Japan lost the war) was "an attempt to make up for a mistake our nation made toward a group of its citizens."

CHARITY

And Assistant Attorney General George C. Doherty hoped the Nisei "would have the charity to forgive their government."

I hope so, too. But I hope my government will beseech a lot of us to recall the inconvenience, not to mention death, torture, and brutality that the Japs caused a great many people all over the world. People who were caught in Malaya and Singapore, and who died in death marches and under the clubbed butts of guns. None of our impounded Nisei suffered overmuch.

RECONSTRUCTION

Everybody is so prone to fall in love with Germans and Japs these days that I must painfully reconstruct a few facts. The Japs attacked Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941. We did not attack Japan on December 7, 1941. We engaged in battle with the Germans for quite a spell, after having been unofficially at war with them for some time. This war took a good few years out of the lives of many millions of us, and it took more than a good few lives away from many millions of us. As I recall, Hitler's chosen people exterminated about six million Jews. This apart from folks that merely got bombed to death in London.

NO 'MISTAKE'

I have a great many Australian friends who lived through Jap internment, and they ain't quite right, yet. Those that lived I don't think our ingenuitous Nisei had much to complain of in their internment. I saw some Occidental skeletons, barely alive, coming out of various occupied portions of the East when the Japs started losing their conquered ground. They weren't very pretty.

But there was a threat of actual attack on the Pacific mainland, and a man named Milton Eisenhower, related to a brother, was delegated to remove some Japs from strategic areas as much for their own protection as for the possibility that blood would be thicker than foreign water and a good solid "bantani" might rise over a beef in a rear cook-pot or gardener. I remember this rather clearly as I went along to interview him about the time his brother was being named No. 1 in Europe, and just before they gave me my sailor suit.

We interned these people since, after all, we were at war, and until "Sue Wong" and "Flower Drum Song" came along, Orientals had a decided facility for remaining Orientals in heart and head. This was certainly before Japan was discovered to be a gallant ally which did not attack Pearl Harbor at all. This was a time of the great double-cross when old Kurusu was coming Roosevelt while the Japs hit Hong Kong, Malaya, Guam, the Philippines and Pearl Harbor all in one day. Great. And Japan had recently signed a nonaggression pact with the Russians.

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