



## THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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### Milk Producers Can Stand Competition

Last week when the House Agriculture Committee approved a bill to empower the state Milk Commission to fix price floors under milk "in emergency situations," a heated battle stood among the embattled losers. The bill was bad, he said, because it was bad for "private enterprise."

We share his feeling that the bill is bad. But we're afraid our minds aren't quite nimble enough to understand the argument. How could it be bad for "private enterprise" on the dairy farm when the vast majority of dairymen — the "enterprisers," one might say — supported the bill?

Save your breath, Mr. beef farmer. What the House Agriculture Committee did, by the 102-0 vote of 2-2, only confirms again that "private enterprise" is magnificent in theory but often inconvenient for even its most vocal champions in practice. Twice over so, whether your "enterprise" is drilling oil wells, running planes or railroads, raising wheat or cotton, or making rockets and other armaments for Uncle Sam.

If the bill passes the General Assembly, the real victim will be the much-harpooned consumer, who increasingly yawns at the theoretical refinements about "free enterprise" and asks, rudely, cynically, how much it will cost him.

The answer is, it remains to be seen.

When some competitor begins to undersell the 27 cents-a-quart milkman, the Milk Commission, at its discretion, might decide to put a floor under price. It is rumored that Winn-Dixie stores are thinking about bottling milk and selling it at "reduced" prices. Other supporters of the price-fixing bill were less bold in explaining their enthusiasm. Some seemed to think it would serve as a charm to shroud vicious Yankee or other competitive undervaluing or "dumping" in North Carolina. In fact, that's already taken care of. The Milk Commission Act, amended in 1955, states: "The sale of milk by any distributor, producer, or retailer below cost for the purpose of injuring, harassing, or destroying competition is hereby prohibited."

We can think of no measure which would more quickly injure, harass, or destroy competition than one enabling the Milk Commission to prop up the price of milk. In some farm staples, the hazards of nature and planning, and the unpredictability of fortune from year to year make the questing of supports at least an open one. A better case could be made for many farm products now unsupported than for milk. Milk production is both predictable and as able to stand the free market as durable goods, so that the free market brings a lower price to the home so much the better.

### King's Heads That Haunt Gen. De Gaulle

In English history at the time when Whig partisans of the House of Orange feared a triumphant return of the Stuarts, a "King Charles' Head" meant a political fear.

Americans were afflicted with a King Charles' Head when Sen. Joe McCarthy waved scraps of paper bearing the "names" of Communists boring into Washington who never quite materialized.

Now while England and America are relatively free of King Charles' Heads (excepting, possibly, an unbalanced budget) the French are haunted by many.

In practically every balance sheet on the first year of Gen. de Gaulle's term in power, there is one great fear: That de Gaulle will pass from the picture he has created before he completes his work, and that if he does the Republic will fall to the greed of his less reputable hangers-on.

An American might better imagine the quandary of France if he imagined President Eisenhower before the picture he says that Eisenhower had not been elected, but had assumed power at the behest of frightened congressional leaders one day last June when large numbers of the Army and Air Force rebelled against them. Imagine a formidable black market in inflated American dollars in all

most every big city, at the same time that the Korean War, with its drain of money and life, continued. Imagine the every sort on whom his power depends but whom he must keep at bay because their political ideas are obnoxious to him.

Roughly, that is the dilemma Gen. de Gaulle faces. His time in office is sharply limited by his advanced years. His partisans include not only true believers in his essentially liberal principles but many rightists who do not find it hard 20 years ago to make their peace with Hitler. His enemies, on the other hand, include many patriotic democrats, like the virtually bankrupt Pierre Mendes-France, who believe de Gaulle has rendered the Chamber where the Tiger Clemenceau once sat as feeble and ludicrous as any rubber-stamp house in the most dictatorial country.

Only that cynic who totally lacks compassion, then, could resist putting his heart with Gen. de Gaulle as he celebrates the first anniversary of his reign. His striving toward a mystic idea of what France ought to be continues with much success. Nonetheless, King Charles' Heads litter the French political terrain. And it renders the general's task all the harder to know that the doubtful legitimacy of his coming put many of them there.

### Look Out For Grandma Moses' Brush

The works of American artists scheduled for the fair in Moscow's Sokolniki Park have credentials almost too good to believe. The State Department and the United States Information Agency, headed by North Carolinian George Allen, picked a four-man panel of distinguished critics and artists who in turn picked the works. President Eisenhower approved the art in February. Vice President Nixon is to open the fair July 25.

Yet, to hear Rep. Francis Walter of Pennsylvania tell it, this exhibition so impeccably chosen will only confirm the Soviet propaganda offensive. He charges that a good many craftsmen whose paintings or sculptures will be shown "have prostituted whatever talents they possess to the foulest conspiracy in the history of man." Rep. Walter was especially hot about "Welcome Home," by Jack Lavine, which he said "shows a gum-chewing, stuffed-shirt American general."

Caricature, which began long before Brehugh made it great, seems to have no place in Mr. Walter's catalog of legitimate art. The congressman didn't make it quite clear whether his objection was to the caricature of the general, as such, or to the fact that his artist, Lavine, has flirted with Communist friends. If he heeded his fuming about caricature, every American artist, practically and certainly every American cartoonist would be ineligible to show in Moscow. Grandma Moses is clearly subversive, while Herblock is a Benedict Arnold.



A Herblock Caricature Of Rep. Francis Walter

Perhaps a compromise could be made. We suggest that art critic Walter might be comforted if, at this late hour, we left the exhibition intact but added a few canvases which would more nearly accede to his idea of patriotic art. Perhaps, let us say, Gen. Douglas MacArthur slaying the dragon, J. Edgar Hoover among the birds and flowers, or Clare Boothe Luce on the sea-shell.

From The Chicago Tribune

### DINER'S LAMENT

It sometimes occurs to us that restaurant patrons would be better off if the people who write the menu knew more about cooking in general, and about their own chef's cooking in particular. The qualifications of a good many menu writers today seem to be limited to a knowledge of certain French phrases and an ability to make a given dish sound like all things to all people.

There has come to our attention a menu which announced "oven-baked fried chicken." This is confusing enough, although we are informed that it is technically possible, but our informant says that when he was served the chicken—or rather his share of what once was a chicken—it was broiled.

To a man brought up on Indiana fried chicken, this suggestion of frustrations

assumes the proportions of a national calamity. Chicken is either fried or it isn't, and when it is spring chicken it should be fried or else. What is more, a chicken should be a chicken—not just a drumstick, wing, or breast. When an experienced diner thinks of fried chicken, he visualizes a platter giving him his choice of the segments of a whole chicken, together with cream gravy, and mashed potatoes—with lots of butter. To him, a mere fraction of a chicken is nothing but an appetizer.

Some day we should also like to know what menu writers mean by "fresh frozen" strawberries; if they are frozen, how can they be fresh? But this is too important a matter to discuss in this small space.

## 'Boguslaw' Is The Password To A Poet's Speakeasy

By JOSEPH ALSOP

WARSAW — The approach to the speakeasy is through a rubble-strewn courtyard, under a rickety scaffolding, and then up a flight of uneven steps. If one of your party is known, you are admitted with no questions asked; otherwise a friend's name must be mentioned.

But it is enough to murmur "Boguslaw sent me," and you are welcomed to the tiny two-room apartment.

Nothing quite like this apartment exists anywhere else in the world. No single piece of furniture has not been gravely maimed or wounded at some time in its past. But this hardly matters; most of the many visitors, whether young or old, blue-jeaned or bourgeois, are content to sit on the floor.

ART NOT YODKA

The wares the speakeasy offers are at least hinted by the apartment's decoration. Abstract paintings, strange and menacing constructions of wire and masking tape, great numbers of fragments of Polish baroque church-sculpture, two damaged but still magical Polish Byzantine icons, the remnants of a beautifully tender late Gothic altar piece — all these and many other objects are hung or strewn about. And indeed the speakeasy's patrons do not come for vodka but in search of art, or culture or a new esthetic insight, call it what you will.

For this is the apartment of Myron Boguslawski, the most hermetic, the most experimental, and among the youths the most admired of the newer Polish poets. Even before the Stalinist times ended, Boguslawski began to offer clandestine readings of his poetry and performances of his satirical plays at an earlier apartment-theater. It was illegal then. It is legal now. Yet the speakeasy atmosphere survives from the early times. Nor is this atmosphere wholly false, since the fruit consumed though not forbidden, so to say it, is at least strongly disapproved.

The performance itself is a minor marvel of style and ingenuity. Sacking and black pa-

per make the backdrop, designed by a leading Polish abstract painter. The curtain is sacking, too. The menacing constructions of wire and masking tape turn up as quite wonderful mask-addresses that transform the actors into faceless bureaucrats, or a Kafka-touched dramatic poem.

INSTITUTION

Young Boguslawski himself and a group of Communist actresses, Ludmila Muranska, are the chief mimes. The whole performance is quite plainly marked by a strange mixture of wit near-lunatic wit, deep world-sadness, and Alexandrian hospitality to all imaginable cultural influences. So much is legible in the general style. But of course one cannot read the true meaning of highly experimental work in any language.

In any case, the important point about this semi-speakeasy of culture is not the literal meaning of the plays and poems that are mimed there twice a week to a tiny but full house. The important point is simply that such an institution should exist on this side of the grim line that divides the world.

As Boguslawski's poetic and dramatic writing is wholly apolitical, the existence of his apartment-theater is perhaps less surprising than the existence of the "Stodola." This is another theater, supported by the Warsaw Polytechnic students, of all people, erected by another brilliant young poet, Jerzy Janusz, and housed in a barn that defiantly faces Stalin's monstrous gift to Warsaw, the Palace of Culture. Here, in the frightful shadow of the old tyrant's ghost as it were, plays are offered that briskly mingle the most experimental writing with sharp political satire.

The "Stodola" in turn is still less surprising than the recent enormously successful publication of the book on Spinoza called "Antinomies of Freedom" by the leading Polish philosopher, Leszek Kolakowski. Around his study of his mighty predecessor, Kolakowski has

woven a bold dialogue on freedom, morality, and government. His book, reportedly, is a seminal and innovative masterpiece. The West will soon be able to test this judgment, since French translation and publication of the book have already been arranged.

TOO SAD!

This is not to say that the intellectual life of Communist Poland is wholly free. The poet, Adam Vazak, has been denied a passport to travel abroad, and so have two or three other writers. The censor sometimes

wields a heavy hand, especially on writing that is judged "too sad." Moreover, the party authorities, whose taste in the arts must rather closely resemble the taste of Presidents Eisenhower and Truman, are quite visibly bewildered and horrified by Poland's rich intellectual and creative life. But it must be admitted that the minister of culture himself strongly recommended a visit to the "Stodola."

By the same token, the Russian intellectuals who come here are either shocked and frightened out of their wits or

totally intoxicated. Many Russians have learned Polish, in order to reach such writers as Kafka and Joyce who have only been published in Polish in the Communist world. Visiting Russians continuously sweep Warsaw clean of the reproductions of modern Western painters that are produced here. As for the Poles, one wonders whether their intellectual and creative life is not so rich and vivid precisely because they are stimulated by "fear of the great dread on the edge of which we live," as one of them put it to me.

### The Genie



Brass Band

### Pentagon Fights For Tests

By MARQUIS CHILDS

WASHINGTON — The intensive propaganda campaign being conducted by the Pentagon to prevent an agreement on the ending of nuclear tests is an understandable reflex of those who believe America's security lies in piling nuclear armaments of every kind higher and higher.

It is aided and abetted by certain distinguished nuclear physicists, conspicuously Edward Teller, "father of the bomb," and by impassioned advocates of limited war fought with small nuclear weapons. The advocates usually range from the fatalism of an inevitable war and that good, old military dictum about getting there fastest with the mostest to a holy crusade against communism with a nuclear showdown, in which in some fashion God will save the West and scourge the East.

THE KEY

With the Geneva talks on nuclear test suspension resuming, the Pentagon is likely to be intensified. The Pentagon is reported to be holding private briefings for those ready to carry the test, the test suspension, which includes a ban on underground tests, will jeopardize this nation's security.

The underground tests are the key, since limited-war advocates believe they are essential to perfect small nuclear weapons. As the talks are resumed the American delegate, James J. Wadsworth, is likely to go forward with a secret paper prepared under the direction of physicist Lloyd V. Berkner.

This is, in effect, a scientific analysis of methods by which

agreed quanta getting around the veto — which will be so high that the Russians will never accept it.

But the choice should at least be made clear. It is between the beginning of an inspection and control system as a first small step toward disarmament and more and more of the nuclear arms race into an indefinite and highly uncertain future.



Wadsworth: Talks Bombs

By Teller it would be done through "decommissioning," a new word added to the scientific jargon growing out of this enormously complex subject.

Through decommissioning the atomic waves set off by a nuclear explosion will be muted and entirely blocked.

Some say this will be taken as an argument against any agreement. These same objections will argue for a number of inspections — under an

agreed quanta getting around the veto — which will be so high that the Russians will never accept it.

But the choice should at least be made clear. It is between the beginning of an inspection and control system as a first small step toward disarmament and more and more of the nuclear arms race into an indefinite and highly uncertain future.

LIMITED WAR?

Increasingly, however, the whole limited-war thesis has come to be doubted. As Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey, chairman of the disarmament subcommittee that has done the only searching inquiry into these matters, said in a Senate speech, limiting a war to small nuclear weapons is most unlikely. Each side would quickly raise the ante.

Those who know at least as much as the best-informed sources in the Pentagon believe the consequences of failure of the Geneva test talks — failure on an impossible demand by the West — can be grave indeed. It will seem that the Pentagon option has prevailed and it could well usher in a period of danger far greater than any we have known thus far.

### Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Editors' Note: While Drew Pearson is serving as a delegate to the Atlantic Congress in London, his column is written by his associate, Jack Anderson.

WASHINGTON — Although his reputation is built on scoops and scandals, Drew Pearson at heart is a crusader. He is now in London pursuing his favorite cause: People-to-People Friendship.

But what readers won't remember, because Drew never wrote about it, is that he talked to the early American people-to-people campaign to penetrate the Iron Curtain. They chatted privately at a luncheon where he presented Drew with the Father-Of-The-Year medal.

Prediction

At this luncheon, Drew predicted he would become President of the United States, and tried to sell him on the need to win friends among the common peo-

### Drew Plays People-To-People Diplomats

ple, not the commissars in Communist countries. Drew pointed out that dictators could start a war without worshipping at a consecrated altar, or a free press. But even dictators had to consider their people. Consequently the best guarantee against war, he said, was to reach the Russian people.

Little Interest

He showed little interest in the idea which 10 years ago was considered revolutionary. It was one of the early days of the late Sen. Joe McCarthy attacked Drew on the Senate floor. But undeterred, Drew kept flailing away at his idea in the columns of the radio, among government officials. He even took a trip along the Iron Curtain from Turkey up through Yugoslavia to Berlin, trying to organize a European committee to help friendship messages to the Soviet and satellite peoples.

Some thought Drew was becoming a

Wars, during a private, 40-minute White House conference. The young, live-wire commandeer stressed the need for a 300,000-man Army and 200,000-man Marine Corps to meet the threat of limited war.

He removed his glasses and slammed them down on his desk.

Things That Float

"Well, I'll tell you about limited war," he snapped. "If three Army divisions, two Marine divisions and those ..."

"He stumbled for the right word," he said. "He said 'float' on the water and launch airplanes—what do they call them?"

"Aircraft carriers," Mr. President," said an aide.

"Aircraft carriers," echoed the President. "If they can't handle it, we will try for our conventional forces."

By the "big one," it was clear he meant the H-bomb.