



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Charlotte Gets A New Storm-Maker

Charlotte's brand new city manager, William J. Veeder, rides here from Fort Lauderdale, Fla., on a storm cloud.

City Council's unanimous verdict yesterday left one thing clear: It approves of Mr. Veeder's storm.

If so, what kind of storm has he generated? As city manager of Fort Lauderdale, Veeder seems to have suffered the strains of a trained professional whose progress-mindedness was thwarted by local politics. For advocating a 5 per cent pay raise for city employees in Fort Lauderdale, painfully close to election time for city commissioners, he has been put on 90-day probation. In the fracas the city attorney

resigned; and Veeder has told the commissioners they can have his resignation "any time." They may have it now.

Mr. Veeder is to read the signs, no timid man. He is a professional administrator, trained in politics, educated in the art and craft of government. His energy for good municipal government is apt to be lightning-like. It is of a kind which flourishes only where the elected public officials respond to professionalism and give it play to do its work. In Charlotte's City Hall, we think he will find the atmosphere he needs — for progressive storm-making of all kinds.

Jesse (R.) James Comes Galloping In

Constant harmony has ever been a dangerous tune to hear from government. The vigorous advocacy for both Ernest C. Selvey and Jesse R. James in Charlotte's quest for a new police chief was good to hear.

In his years of service, and as acting chief, Mr. Selvey made a creditable record as an officer and — it was plain at the City Council meeting yesterday — many friends and partisans. It is understandable, then, that his supporters

wished to be heard and no mistake about it.

Yet after due weighing of the case for each side the majority decision of the Council has given Charlotte, in Jesse R. James of Burlington, a trained chief who will bring law and order well. Disagreement? Charlotte can use as much of it as City Council can muster in good spirit. Factionalism? That can be discarded with no loss at all to good government.

An Earthquake Challenges In Raleigh

The tremor that shook-conscious Tar Heels claim is there finally broke the serene crust of Gov. Hodges' budget Friday.

In the House, school forces and legislators, piqued for various reasons against the administration, narrowly amended the 1959-60 budget bill on Tuesday and reading to include \$10 million for teacher salary increases.

But today, the Hodges budgeteers will be lying in wait for this threat to what Sen. Joe Eagles Jr., liaison man from the executive mansion, calls "a good sound budget."

With respect to teachers' salaries, the budget is as firm as a house built on a rock with no furniture inside. The school system will hardly collapse under the status quo, but North Carolina loses teachers by the same fatal bleeding which every year draws more of her brighter college graduates northward and westward. One disgruntled native North Carolinian who has been teaching in Guilford County gave his story to the papers the other day. It seems he can teach in North Carolina for 10 years without passing the \$4,000 mark. But since he has a wife and child to support, he plans to decamp this year or next for a state where he can both teach and live. "I can't do that in North Carolina," he said. "They don't have enough respect for a man who teaches to give him enough to provide groceries for the family."

Recent months have seen many educational proposals: "Merit" pay, revision of teacher certification, vague talk of a budget surplus from which there would

be handouts. There was even a proposal to help the spendthrift pedagogues control their budgets by giving them an option on a 12-month check schedule. If the sky weren't falling on American education, these pretty licks might do the trick. In present circumstances, one can only count red herrings.

North Carolina now lags some \$1,000 behind the national average in teachers' salaries, even \$600 per year behind Virginia. Numbers of potential teachers, trained in North Carolina colleges, are joining the flight out of the state with the disgruntled young man at Guilford High School.

The division of lines on the budget bill today is not all it should be for this vital show-down. Legislators like Rep. Watts Hill Jr., who have talked much of education in past weeks, oppose the amendment. The debate is muddled, too, by the ticklish question of whether Gov. Hodges can scrape through for another two years without seeking new tax sources.

Yet this drama in the dying days of the General Assembly will surely show how much of this talk about more and better education is genuine, and how much is merely flapping. "Don't be impatient," seems to be the motto of the administration, but it may be that 1959 is a good time for impatience. North Carolina can ill afford to utter a "manana" and lie down for a two-year siesta. There are more and more teachers, like the man from Guilford who was waiting to see whether they can stay — or whether it would be wise to pack their suitcases and get out.

In A Deck Chair At June's Jungle Edge

He wore no sun helmet and he had nearly tripped over the camel saddle as he dragged a deck chair through the door onto the tiny back lawn and settled down comfortably to read in the rich June sun.

Not a cloud defaced the splendor of suburban lawn, tiny as it was, and it was not long before that splendor took on the wildness of an outpost beside the jungle. The honeysuckle which crept almost to his chair rustled with wild crashing and the chirp of wild birds. Then crashing ceased and from the edge of the honeysuckle a tiny rabbit emerged, its black eye peering, its damp fur unkempt, its nostrils trembling. In the pine tree which rose above him, a brown thrush flutted and laughed shrilly, then darted off through a breeze heavy with the smell

of evergreen. Around the suburban's bare feet, ants marched in legions, closing in. The hum of bees and hornets grew as his ear became keen to the sounds of the wild. At a distance he could see other noisemakers eating lettuce in a garden, across the lake and yellow splashes of light that laced the wood shadow. He sat motionless. It was perfect, too perfect for reading.

Then around the corner a tiny figure boiled in a cowboy suit. He screamed delightedly, he fired his cap pistol, and everywhere the rabbits and birds streaked into the thicket. There was a crashing, the hoarse laugh of the thrush once more, and suddenly the jungle had vanished. Suburbia was back.

From The Manchester Guardian

BROTHERMANSHIP

When President Sukarno visited Ankara recently the Jordanian communiqué referred to "Turkey's brother nation Indonesia." They are both Moslem countries; otherwise their close kinship would not have occurred to most people. From the Communist world, we are constantly hearing about the warmth of feeling between such traditional friends as, say, North Korea and Hungary. But it was the Shah's visit to London which evoked the most splendidly perverse discoveries of unsuspected relationships. Thus the BBC pointed out that the head of Mithras unearthed in the city demonstrated the influence of Persian culture among us 2,000 years ago. The prize for ingenuity, however, must go to the writer of an article for top people:

"Perhaps it is something to do with a shared subconscious mind stemming back to the remote days of a common tribal life that makes us ask so easily, 'What is it like in Persia today?'"

To confuse common linguistic origins with common racial origins is an enduring error that the undoing of its most notable exponents has not sufficed to kill. And even if Dr. Goebbels had been right, it is at least five or six thousand

years ago since the ancestral Aryan was spoken. Those who stuck to Fitzgerald were on safer ground. Persia, of course, is a rather severe test for speakers and journalists; other countries are easier to deal with without the aid of Jung. Britain's oldest ally is not an original phrase, but it is always serviceable, and Sir David Eccles in Hanover could hardly fail to praise the Queen's German blood. But suppose it became politically expedient to cultivate, say, the Mongolian People's Republic? A common claim to love horses? A taste for mutton stew shared with the Welsh? Colorful interest in Kubla Khan? We writers would not be defeated. This suggests a new party game: in what way might Britain be the natural ally of Morocco, Guatemala, the United Arab Republic? Perhaps it would be topical to start with the German Democratic Republic.

Earlier generations also had "beatniks" — young men who didn't work, cared little for clean clothing, bathing or shaving and were content to eke out from others a livelihood. But they weren't called "beatniks." They were called bums — Greenville Piedmont.

Jazzy Friendships

Mr. Rooney Is A Square

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain
I observed the feature space that old Sidney Bechet reaped when he died in Paris of cancer a bit back, and I am betting that it is more space than Rep. John J. Rooney (D-N.Y.) will collect some distant day. And you had to be a real jolly Roll Morton boy to die of old Sidney's soprano sax, because Sidney had been an expatriate for about 20 years, on and off.

But I will guarantee that American jazz music has made us more friends and less enemies than anybody or anything we ever appointed to go out and spend money. I have seen "King" Cole fill a 15,000-seat-capacity stadium at a \$10 per three times a day and turn 'em away in Australia. Sinatra has done the same thing, and we ain't even at war with Sinatra. And these cuts were charging money for music.

UNION
Rep. Rooney, obviously unhappy, is now questioning a few thousand bucks allocated to sending Jack Teagarden, a transatlantic man from around Asia as a goodwill gesture to some of our teenybop listening brown brethren. It was supposed to cost \$66,350. It cost, as the demand extended for Jackson and combs to remain at popular request, \$102,000. The stretch stretched out to three months and covered 17 countries.

I will not be square enough to hit this square Rooney with \$12,500-a-year administrative assistants, or any details at all about the new Senate Office Building and all that wait-to-wall-jive, or even about a 10-to-15-hour front-porch administration, or sneaky

franking privileges, or any of that other legislative jazz. Not me. Any member of Congress with a conscience these days, in light of farm subsidies, is too far out for me to die. They ain't got 'em bread from me.

More Friends
But I will guarantee that American jazz music has made us more friends and less enemies than anybody or anything we ever appointed to go out and spend money. I have seen "King" Cole fill a 15,000-seat-capacity stadium at a \$10 per three times a day and turn 'em away in Australia. Sinatra has done the same thing, and we ain't even at war with Sinatra. And these cuts were charging money for music.

I know what Ambassador Satoh has done when he has allowed them crazy Russian cats to dig him the most, and when I tell you that I have a boxer dog who lives in Spain, whose name is Satoh, nobody asks me his last name. His mother, who lives in Madrid, is named Ella, and nobody says: "Ella, and nobody says: Lena, and nobody says: Horre?" If there was another dog in the litter named Rooney, I'll guarantee somebody will ask: "Mick-ey?" Instead of John J.

If I were to nominate somebody to the cultural side of Congress, apart from Congress-

man Rooney, to whom I seem to have taken a violent dislike, I think I would nominate Jack Crystal, of the Commerce Music Shop, which alas, is no more. America led off the solid jazz that Crystal and Commodore issued over the years, and the careful selection thereof is almost our proud banner of the American art form abroad.

ART FORM

Even back in the deep depression, when the horn-blowers didn't have it to eat, Crystal and Commodore were in there showing out that non-quare Americana, which is sold abroad today as the only original Al-rican art form, and which makes us appear abroad as something other than monsters.

You would be surprised what you hear over the local radio stations in little places as far out as Indian dakhis in the outback of Kenya, on the little tired radio stations of small towns in Spain, on the bigger things in England and France, on the tiny gramophones Arab bazaars from here to there, to yonder. You hear American jazz, and a great deal of it is stuff that I've got in the streets, but you will still be able to hear



Ambassador Satoh Is Dug Around The World

Teagarden's sliptone or Satchmo's trumpet or Wild Bill's trumpet or the easy piano grace of Joe Bushkin.

If you think I'm kidding, I know President Eisenhower. I had a personal letter this week from Mr. B. M. Baruch and I have dined with Winston Churchill. But my biggest claim to fame is that Artie Shaw lives down the road apiece,

and often drops in for tea. Man, I'm the most in Spain. Even though Artie don't like stick no more.

I think we just better scratch Mr. Rooney as a bad player on this jazz hit, and turn on somebody else, who really digs how much solid good old solid American jive has done us abroad. And you got to admit I do travel.

Political Plum Embassies Mystify Foreign Friends

By MARQUIS CHILDS

WASHINGTON
What does it take to be an ambassador? The cynical answer is a judicious compound of money and political influence.

The United States has today 31 career and 24 non-career or amateur ambassadors in 73 embassies around the world. The ratio of professionals to amateurs goes up or down a little, depending on how many of the well-heeled and politically faithful are in line.

When the present administration came in with President Eisenhower's vast prestige and his supposed respect for professionalism as a career man himself there had been some hope that the ancient practice of passing on political ambassadorships would be stopped.

President could have asked for enough money to run the big embassies, thereby removing

the need to appoint a rich man to London, Paris and Rome. In the first flush of the Eisenhower triumph Congress might have gone along.

HORSE NEWS

But the practice has remained. With such spectators as the row between Clare Booth Luce and Senator Wayne Morse and his horse it gets into the news now and then.

The real damage to the morale of the foreign service as the professionals see most of the important and desirable posts go to the amateurs is less spectacular. There is damage, too, in the clinkers that the amateurs, and even the best of them, so often manage to drop.

No one would make a hard-and-fast rule. The distinguished citizen who is not a professional

diplomat frequently has a role to play as ambassador in a highly important post such as London, Bonn or New Delhi. But it is when the plum goes for no other reason than as a political reward that the damage goes deep.

LUCK MYSTERY

What is mystifying in retrospect about the Clare Luce nomination is that she should have wanted to be ambassador in Brazil where inflation is raging like a forest fire and a political explosion can come any time. Even more mysterious is why the administration should have offered it to her.

Mr. Luce is credited with having done a good job in Italy. But many Italians resent what they said was her persistent advocacy of the right of American oil companies to develop oil fields in Italy. From

a professional diplomat, acting under instructions from his government, they might have taken the same arguments without resentment.

TAYLOR TANGLE

President Eisenhower defended his appointment of Henry J. Taylor, businessman and news commentator, as ambassador to Switzerland on the ground that Taylor was a good friend whom he admired. Despite his professional knowledge of foreign affairs, Ambassador Taylor supplied a newspaper friend with sensational information on Switzerland as a center of international intrigue and advertised the fact that he had been the source. Reacting violently the Swiss came close to demanding Taylor's recall. He smoothed things over, according to leading Swiss, by succeeding in calling off an American investigation into certain Swiss banking practices.

enforced a ceiling on the entertainment allowance of ambassadors. It means that only rich men can afford the big posts. But since they deduct the extra cost from their income-tax return Uncle Sam in fact pays the bill



Reid: A Late Plum

REID ROW

The Senate Foreign Relations Committee had a row over the confirmation of Ogden Reid Jr., former publisher of the New York Herald Tribune, to be ambassador to Israel. The vote for confirmation was 10 to 4, with Chairman J. William Fulbright insisting no proof had been advanced of Reid's qualifications.

Congress has a lot to answer for in this practice. Rep. John J. Rooney of New York, chairman of the State Department Appropriations Committee, has

and the economy argument is hypocrisy. If, for example, the ambassador to London spends \$10,000 a year of his own money he takes it off the income tax. Since he is in the 60 to 90 per cent bracket he entertains with \$100-200 dollar parties.

Why the richest nation in the world should play this kind of game is a mystery to Europeans. But for all its absurdities the game promises to go on.



Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

LONDON
I have attended a great many international conferences as a newsman, but this Atlantic Congress is the first I have attended as an official delegate. I hope it won't wreck the conference.

Pieces of Paper

If so, the only consolation will be that other international conferences have ended in pieces of paper called treaties which were torn up shortly after they were signed. This one won't end in a treaty because the 60 delegates from 14 NATO countries can't sign a treaty. But they can arrive at a better understanding which can't be torn up overnight.

One of the first conferences I attended resulted in the Kellogg Pact to out-

Shades Of Old Conferences Linger

law war. The sun shone very brightly into the Salle Horloge that August day in 1928 as the statesmen of the world gathered in Paris to put their signatures on the solemn paper pact pledging their governments to outlaw war. It was a day of hope, but only three years after Japanese troops poured out over Manchuria in violation of the pact, six years before Mussolini's Black Shirts marched across Ethiopia and 10 years before Hitler invaded Poland.

Stimson's Failure

At a later conference, in London in 1930, I watched Henry L. Stimson, secretary of state under Herbert Hoover, struggle valiantly all winter to persuade the U.S. navy to limit its fleet to 10,000-ton cruisers. He failed. His fail-

ure was because his chief in the White House cut the ground from under his proposal of a consultative pact agreeing only to consult other nations in case war threatened. There was no pledge to help, merely to consult. Yet leaders of the Republic Party and Hoover wouldn't agree.

Naval Vessels

Yesterday I walked by St. James' Palace where Secretary Stimson had negotiated so patiently for three long months to bring about that naval agreement. He had changed. Her Majesty's guards, in scarlet jackets and bearskin headgear, still pace up and down as in the chorus from "The Chocolate Soldier."

But actually, everything has changed.

The naval vessels that Stimson tried to limit are now out-of-date, automatically limited by modern missiles. The consultative pact on the definition of war has been replaced by the hard-and-fast NATO alliance pledging not slow, deliberate consultation, but instantaneous mutual aid with U. S. armies stationed in Europe on the alert and ready to enforce that aid.

NATO Dated

It has been only 20 years since Hoover refused to consult our allies in case we were threatened. In that short period of little more than one generation, American isolation has become well-out-of-date. It's only 10 years since President Truman pledged instant aid through NATO, but already it is partly out-of-date.

ing at school, is quite another thing. Our child, of course, will be taught on the definition and difference between the two offenses.

Let me not, however, leave the slightest impression that our daughter is apt to conduct herself in school so that a spanking by the teacher is even a probability. On the contrary, conservative odds are ten thousand to one that it'll never happen. You see, we have a little girl we're extremely proud of as well as fond of. From the cradle and we should continue to civilize at that point she has been inculcated with discipline, attentiveness, spunk, discipline. And discipline, Noble, is the golden treasure which, given to all normal children, will not only serve to civilize them, but bring them to the security, spiritiveness, and happiness which they require for normal and admirable moral and intellectual development.

—J. R. CHERRY JR.

People's Platform

Discipline Is Golden Treasure

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

Congratulations on your June 5 support of Mecklenburg Rep. Hicks' school "spanking bill." Again, a News editorial sounds a note of hope that some day, perhaps, your "right eye" might consistently be better than your "left eye."

Not only do my better half and I fully support Mr. Hicks' bill in a literal sense — we shall also support it in "spirit" — at home — with respect to our own 7-year old. That is to say, should the young'un get a spanking at school, in all probability she'll get another one at home. No, you howling confused eggheads out there — this is not tantamount to "double jeopardy." Getting a spanking at school for being unreasonably unruly is one thing. Getting a spanking at home BECAUSE it became necessary for the teacher to administer a span-

king at school, is quite another thing. Our child, of course, will be taught on the definition and difference between the two offenses.

Let me not, however, leave the slightest impression that our daughter is apt to conduct herself in school so that a spanking by the teacher is even a probability. On the contrary, conservative odds are ten thousand to one that it'll never happen. You see, we have a little girl we're extremely proud of as well as fond of. From the cradle and we should continue to civilize at that point she has been inculcated with discipline, attentiveness, spunk, discipline. And discipline, Noble, is the golden treasure which, given to all normal children, will not only serve to civilize them, but bring them to the security, spiritiveness, and happiness which they require for normal and admirable moral and intellectual development.

—J. R. CHERRY JR.