



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8, 1959

The Democrats Should Fire Paul Butler

Paul M. Butler ought to be bounced from his job as Democratic national chairman post haste.

For five years he has served as a symbol of disunity and discord in the Democratic Party. His latest outburst against the Democratic leadership in Congress is typical of his tactlessness and unabashed boisterousness in a sensitive party post.

Enough is enough. He should get out or be invited out.

Mr. Butler is undoubtedly a skillful partisan with a fine instinct for the jugular in a political campaign. But the national chairmanship of a political party requires something more. The chairman must be broadly representative of the whole party, a unifying element, a man who can bring together warring factions within the party, someone who can speak reasonably for a common cause.

Paul Butler can perform none of these functions well and some not at all. He is a divisive influence rather than uni-

tying influence. He has alienated southern Democrats so consistently and so vehemently that it is not altogether certain that Dixie will ever vote solidly Democratic again. He has identified himself so closely with the party's liberal wing that he seldom if ever bothers to dignify the views of the party's more conservative members. His criticism of congressional Democrats is a bald attempt to discredit the only large body of party members currently serving in positions of responsibility and power in the federal government.

One may wonder who's side he is on. Certainly he is not serving the cause of a strong, unified Democratic Party. If he has any philosophy of political leadership at all, it is strangely out of joint for 1959, with a presidential election coming up. One can only feel that it is the wrong doctrine in the wrong party in the wrong year directed against the wrong enemies. The only right thing Mr. Butler can do now is resign.

What Is So Terrible About Beauty?

The fear at City Hall that Mecklenburg's new health center will be attractively furnished is probably justified — whoever gets the disputed contract.

All of the community's newer public buildings have beautifully and tastefully decorated interiors. It is one of the reasons these buildings are so inviting. It is also one of the reasons they are so admired by home folks and visitors alike.

Rather than something to be condemned or to be ashamed of, the beauty of local public buildings ought to be a source of pride. There is nothing sinful, un-American, undemocratic or anti-social about "esthetic values." Furnishings need not be regal. But they ought to be tastefully distinctive and, within prudent bounds, representative of the commu-

nity's cultural development and personality.

The best example of common sense on this question came not from the City Council but from Dr. M. B. Bethel, city-county health officer. Said Dr. Bethel:

"Oak benches or nail kegs would serve the purpose and be durable. But the people of Charlotte deserve something better."

"They have a right to expect beauty in a project that costs better than \$1 million."

Fortunately, there is a demand for beauty in Charlotte — and the designers of the community's newer structures have yielded to that demand. It is safe to say that these buildings would be less admired and less acceptable to the vast majority if they were less beautiful.

What Clio Did To The Editorial Pages

On the eve of the Fourth of July, scores of editorialists around the republic sat courting Clio, the muse of eloquence, beseeching her to grant them eloquence. This eloquence they used to sing the praises of Thomas Jefferson, his colleagues, and their Declaration of Independence.

By July 6, according to custom, all the noble rhetoric which that most versatile of muses supplies must be forgotten for a season. Perverse as we are, however, we took a certain devilish pleasure in looking back on what Clio and her editorial-writing sons were up to.

To the New York Herald Tribune, the framers of our Declaration of Independence in 1776 looked "beyond the laws and customs and social stratifications brought from the Old to the New World, to a nation dedicated, in Lincoln's words, to the proposition that all men are created equal."

Not so, says the Washington Post. "Equality . . . tends toward a general leveling of social, material and intellectual capacities to a common denominator. This was a prospect that was to appeal Hamiltonians and Jeffersonians alike . . . To insist on absolute equality is to . . . (draw) the individual spirit in a sea of mediocrity."

Such sharp exchanges hardly are surprising, when one tallies all the men and movements whose works are said to have buzzed in Thomas Jefferson's head as he wrote the Declaration. The Richmond News Leader throws in the Virginia pantheon — in the course of an editorial from which one would never guess that there had even been a Declaration of Inde-

pendence. There is Jefferson ("pensive, chin in hand"), Andrew Lewis ("in the fringed jerkin of a frontiersman, looking to the distant hills"), Patrick Henry, George Mason, Thomas Nelson. Unfortunately, only Jefferson and Nelson signed the Declaration.

The Washington Post sounds a staggering roll-call, which makes the youthful Jefferson's work fall not too far short of St. Thomas "Summa" as an act of synthesis. There are "Locke . . . Aristotle, the Stoics, the medieval scholastics, the 18th Century Spanish Jesuits, the Frenchman Jean Bodin, the English Puritan Milton and the Anglican prelate Hooker."

The usually resourceful savants of the Greensboro Daily News, writing on the spark that links Tom Jefferson and Boris Pasternak across two centuries, came through with Thomas Hobbes. Sorry, boys, but we're afraid Tom Hobbes doesn't make this team. Hobbes, it must be remembered, was an apologist for Stuart monarchy. He taught gloomily this mother is said to have been scared shortly before his birth by the invasion by the Spanish Armada that in the "state of nature" every man is at war with every other man; that they had all better surrender to a state, any state, to avoid the "solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short" life outside government. He was anathema to Locke and also, we suspect, to Jefferson.

The most one can gather from this pleasant stroll through Clio's garden, off season, is that in the house of history there are many mansions — a mansion, in fact, for each writer to treat Jefferson and his Declaration to his taste. It's probably a good thing.

What On Earth Happened To Chicago?

Though her own subjects in Canada have turned a rather cool cheek, Queen Elizabeth found in Chicago Monday a gauc reception which must rank with her coronation parade. Two million Chicagoans packed the streets for 20 miles to wave and gaze at the Queen of England.

It leaves us wondering what on earth has happened to the city of Col. Robert R. McCormick.

To the colonel, late publisher of the Chicago Tribune, such an orgy of Anglophilia would have been a sign that Chicago has sunk into an ultimate decadence. While he lived, Col. McCormick was one of those mythical midwesterners — apparently a dying breed now — who subscribed abjectly to our earliest statesmen's warnings against "entangling alliances." He traced most of America's ills to the fact that Washington has stooped

to do business with the mustachioed machivellians in striped pants of the British Foreign Office. He banned mention of the British peerage from his Tribune ("An American Newspaper for Americans") and one of his editorial writers, complying, wrote of the British "House of L—ds." Of the Marshall Plan, designed to pull the British, among other Western Europeans, out of post-war starvation, Col. McCormick said, "To hell with it. It's really a snob plan."

We took issue with the colonel on almost every point, yet there is a note strangely sad in the abrupt decline of his ideology. To judge by the welcome lavished on Elizabeth II, the fickle Chicagoans will be the next joiners of the British Commonwealth. Even in Paradise, where the old gentleman doubtless resides at this very minute, that would be hard to bear.

From The Laurel (Miss.) Leader-Call

WHY WASTE IT ON THEM?

One of the most remarkable things about youth is that it is always attractive. A skinny figure — no curves.

Big feet. Stringy hair, the minimum of soft curls.

Freckles and sunburn, instead of peachy skin, the texture of an infant's. Clothes that hide not a deficiency, but emphasize them all.

Just how girls can manage to be pretty and attractive in pants that were

never made for the feminine figure, skirts that hang out of the belt — goody, goody, goody, your shirt tail's out style, — is hard to understand.

But they still do.

It's just because they are fresh and young. That's the reason, and none other, and we are drawn to agree once more with that wise crack of the late George Bernard Shaw, when he said that youth was such a wonderful thing. It is a pity to waste it on young people.

Bullfighting Is A Ritual Of Blood, Ballet And Beauty

By ROBERT C. RUARK

BARCELONA, Spain — I took Rex Smith's overcoat and a pretty girl named Lani Logan to see a bullfight in the rain here the other day, and Ernest Hemingway was sitting across the way. One of the fighters was the son of Nino de la Palma, around whom Hemingway wrote a classic book called "The Sun Also Rises."

The other torero was Luis Miguel Dominguez, who was a crash and bright figure. The day Manolete got killed in a place called Linares, when the failed Manolete was in the afternoon of his career, working against the flashy young fighter, Dominguez, with the crowd against him (Manolete).

IT WAS HER FIRST

The young lady from Delaware, Miss Logan, had never seen a bullfight, and she also loved horses. The reason I took Rex Smith's overcoat was because Rex should have been here to see the greatest competition since Luis Miguel and Carlos Arruza and Manolete tried to outdo each other. Rex was the premier bullfight expert in the world, and he was supposed to spend the summer here, but unfortunately a cancer got him.

So I took his overcoat — which, incidentally, I stole years ago — because if Hemingway was there something of it should have been along, too. Rex used to work Spain for the Associated Press when Papa Hemingway was first writing bulls. Just for luck, in addition to Lani and the overcoat, I took young Harry Taylor, one of the best foreign correspondents in the business — a man, I should imagine, much like Rex might have been 30 years ago.

NOTHING LIKE IT

I know a lot of people disapprove of bullfights, so we will dismiss these people now. But when there is general accord between bull and man, and the man and the animal are doing

and ballet and music are all intermingled.

Miss Lani Logan, who was horrified at the horses and the blood for the first four fights, suddenly came alive when Luis Miguel found a brave bull and handled him well enough to collect two ears and a tail, which is rather like winning the Pulitzer and Nobel prizes for the same book. By the time Luis Miguel had finished — including a fantastically beautiful and dangerous placing of three pairs of banderillas, while using the little red cape perfectly, and killing the bull perfectly — Miss Lani Logan was a bullfight fan.

HORSES FORGOTTEN

She was now waiting to see what Antonio Ordenez could do to top his brother-in-law. She had forgotten about horses. She was now watching the man's feet instead of the bull's horns. And Antonio, who can be the most beautiful floating state in the world when he's right, and this bull was right, went to work like nothing you have seen lately for frightening beauty. He had less luck than Luis Miguel in the killing, because Antonio kills from a long distance, and the bull moves to meet him. It is called vol-a-pie, or "flying feet," and is more than a calculated risk to make yourself look bad, since it is more or less like trying to thread a charging needle.

NO SPARE SEAT

There was no spare seat in the Monumental. Barcelona's big bullring, and the scapers had been getting rich for days. Out of a possible six, Miss Logan saw two magnificent exhibitions and another which would be called good for these times, a period of great decadence in bull and men.

Torero: Classic Hero?

everything right, there is no sight quite like it in the world. It combines Shakespeare's best tragedy with ballet, and blood

'They're Not Good Enough For You, Dear. I'm Waiting Till They Invent One That Does Everything'



People's Platform

Too Many Taxes In South Carolina

Editors, The News:

The Palmetto State is again experiencing the burdens of taxation for the benefit of a few politicians who are, it seems, bent on increasing the hardships of our people.

These people — from many walks of life — are not enjoying the joys of life as they should due to the determination of officeholders to spend our tax money on the naughts of the state.

At present our people are among the lowest paid in the nation yet we have the largest tax bills to pay. It seems to be the purpose of the federal, state and county governments to tax the people until they have nothing left to live on but promises. It's time for our people to wake up and realize where we're headed.

Now, we are asked to vote so that some of our school districts can borrow over half a million dollars for the building of new classrooms. Why vote for this while we are collecting millions every year due to taxation for said school programs? What's being done with all these millions of dollars by state officials? I haven't seen

that much improvement in our school system so far.

—J. A. GRAHAM

Ike, Helicopter, Gettysburg, Golf

Editors, The News:

Eisenhower says that America must preserve her freedom by being alert, and then flies back to Gettysburg.

Eisenhower, helicopter, Gettysburg, golf. . . . If America wants to save her freedom, she must be alert, helicopter, Gettysburg. Oh, where the hell will it end?

—TELLER SUTLIE

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON

It would surprise no one in the know regarding Louisiana politics if crores of embattled Gov. Earl Long weren't deliberately releasing him from hospital care in order to hasten his exit from political life or even from this terrestrial scene altogether.

The real fact is the governor is quite a sick man. And continued activity can only cause a serious, prolonged breakdown — or even his death.

He Needs A Rest

The doctors who have examined the governor know this. So do his closest friends. He was examined many times while in the hospital. The examinations showed that Long had suffered a series of small strokes. Unless he is

required to take complete and prolonged rest this could result in rapid deterioration of all his bodily functions.

Whirlwind Campaign

Instead of this rest, the governor is holding press conferences at the rate of two and sometimes three a day; made 40 telephone calls from his bed in one evening, some of them from an oxygen tent, and is planning campaign speeches and extensive trips.

Anything Can Happen

In private talks with his psychiatrists, the governor has made remarks about his close associates, which, if true, could send them to jail. In a state where Long's brother, Huey P. Long, died



Death Is Always Just A Hairbreath Away

And the odd thing is that she knew what she was seeing, because she had seen a horrid example of a bad bull, a coward, which a torero named El-cenveda had risked his life to rebound into a fightable animal. She had seen Luis Miguel attack a comeback as a literally old man, and fighting with the bravado of a youngster, although his face was drawn and old. And she saw Antonio Ordenez, the son of Nino de la Palma, justify his rightful reputation as the best living bullfighter in Spain, although he was just out of the hospital from a grievous wound inflicted by the same family of bulls he was fighting.

The crowd went nuts, and carried both Antonio and Luis on its shoulders, to the Ritz Hotel, where half a thousand people thronged the doorway to see the matadors come out. Finally, the cops came and chased most of them away.

It figures that Mr. Hemingway was happy to see something once again he only remembered from youth. It figured young Miss Logan was happy, because she is an artist, and she had just seen a new art form. And I reckon old Rex's overcoat was pretty happy, too, because, man, this was a bullfight, and you don't see many good bulls or bullfighters any more.

Rocky Fades

Nixon's Big Lead

By JOSEPH ALSPOP

HARTFORD, Conn.

Last week, the Republicans of Connecticut's seventh district, which is all of northern Connecticut west of the river, had a dinner meeting in the pleasant little town of Simsbury.

Threading his way through the throng of town chairmen and committee women, First Selectmen and the like, was a visitor from a much higher political sphere, former Republican National Chairman Claude A. Alcorn. "Who'd you like, Nixon or Rockefeller?" was Alcorn's question. As Alcorn tells it, Vice President Richard M. Nixon was the universal choice. Among these people who constitute the entire working Republican organization in their part of the state, none favored the presidential candidacy of New York's Gov. Nelson Rockefeller.

One veteran Republican First Selectman seemed to speak for them all. He began with the routine remark, that Nixon would be a good President and a good candidate too. He concluded, with an emphasis that implied severe criticism of Dwight D. Eisenhower: "And by God, Nixon would (really) build up the Republican Party, and how we need it!"

WHERE'S ROCKY?

Other less rock-ribbed parts of this state showed results differing a little from the results obtained at the seventh district clambake. But there is no sign of active support for a Rockefeller candidacy anywhere in Connecticut, except among the exurbanites of Fairfield County which is really a dependency of New York City seething with men in gray flannel suits. And although the state's Republican leaders have made a pact among themselves to keep their mouths shut and their eyes open for a while, there are plenty of signs of active support for Nixon all over Connecticut.

THE WILL TO WIN

Connecticut's decision does not make a convention decision, anymore than one swallow makes a summer. But although this is a small state, it is a state where the Republican candidate can win very badly. In 1958, they succeeded in transforming a state legislature majority of just under ten into one into an actual majority. This unprecedented political

feat satisfied the recurrent Republican hunger for lost elections in a rather too ample way. Furthermore, this is a state where Rockefeller ought to show strength, if the New York governor has real strength anywhere. In the three great Republican struggles since the Hoover debacle, Connecticut was for Landon in 1936, for Willie in 1940, and for Eisenhower in 1952. There is a hard core ex-Taftite minority here, of the sort that is automatically pro-Nixon nowadays. But these people have never controlled the state in any show-down fight. Rockefeller sentiment could be expected to be visible here, too, because of the state's proximity to New York, and Nelson Rockefeller's many personal links with Connecticut leaders in both politics and business.

IT'S A SURPRISE

The absence of such sentiment is surprising to a visitor from Washington. To the Washingtonian, so accustomed to the endless, airless political debate in the capital, it even comes as a bit of a shock to find massiveness of the vice president's lead in the grass roots.

Back in Washington, half the experts — perhaps rather more than half the experts — were their hands and sagely predicted, "You want and see; the Republican choice will be Rockefeller." Out here where the hunt for delegates is already in progress, it is hard to see how the Republican choice can be anyone but Nixon, except in two special sets of circumstances.

WATCH THE POLLS

If the public opinion polls again begin to favor the New York governor, the seemingly massive Nixon lead may prove pretty flimsy. As for the other circumstance that may destroy the Nixon lead, it is a major foreign policy disaster. After Nikita Khrushchev's grim remarks to Averell Harriman, no one can rule out the possibility of a really major disaster in the foreign field in the next 12 months. President Eisenhower may be caused to look like a hand-me-down Stanley Baldwin instead of a golfing Prince of Peace. In that case, although Nixon has often urged stronger foreign defense policies on Eisenhower, the vice president will suffer, like the rest, with the brush of the President's failure.

Was Long's Release Part Of A Plot?

Young Turk Democrats in Congress want to keep their rebellion secret, but it's building up steam in regard to education, a labor bill, and particularly an increase of interest rates on government bonds. This was what suddenly caused the Ways and Means Committee to stop the so-called interest rate "compromise" in its tracks.

Too Friendly?

Some Young Turks privately felt that the vote on the interest rate bill was becoming too much beholden to his fellow Texan, Secretary of the Treasury Bob Anderson, who has offered to raise \$200,000 to help operate the Rayburn library at Bonham, Tex.

Age And Autocracy

Both indicate that the older a man gets the more autocratic he gets. Both are putting members on the great careers of two much revered elder statesmen.