



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Lest Tar Heels Forget The Doldrums

Like a monitoring schoolmarm, Time magazine alternately pats or rebukes southern states as if they were mischievous urchins.

But this week, the old girl puts aside condescension to give North Carolina a big Grade A. Time's two-page spread, "North Carolina: The South's New Leader," hands out fragrant bouquets to Gov. Hodges and the economic flowering which has emerged under his leadership. The treatment is fair and generous, and unmarred by the racy quest for mere cleverness which sometimes peppers the magazine's pages with twaddle.

Signs of progress, as cited by Time, are familiar to those who have followed the disciplined but rapid pace North Carolina has picked up under Gov. Hodges: Ground-breaking for new colleges, record-shattering vaults in industrial development and investment, experiments like the Research Triangle, and not least the striving to comply tolerably with the educational order decreed by the Supreme Court's decision on school segregation in 1954. The news magazine, finally, acknowledges the passing of southern "leadership that Virginia wore so long, so proudly" to North Carolina, a transition which has been obvious to all save Virginians for some time.

"This is, admit, heavy stuff for the 'tale of humility.' This is the kind of celebration that Tar Heels have not often savored, and have sometimes even striven to avoid; and perhaps it is better that we study the sources of our new notoriety rather than revel in the moment itself.

Time gets at the sources — the reluctance to "live under a spell," the educational fever of Gov. Aycock, Chapel Hill, and the "financial oligarchy" of business leaders who made North Carolina's polity a "progressive plutocracy." But something needs to be added in this new day of "southern leadership," not so much as a corrective to what Time says but as a footnote.

It is true that Gov. Hodges and all his allies of the new order deserve every plaudits they get, but in all fairness the emergence from the vale of humility has not been a feat of legerdemain accomplished in a few months or even a few years. North Carolina could accurately

Sorry, But They Couldn't Be Louder

It was a strange line of falderal this week when an itinerant "angry young man" from Britain, met John Braine, said he doesn't hear "people giving their opinions out loud about issues."

Poor chap must not have a hearing aid in this week of grace.

New York: Former President Harry S. Truman, asked what the resignations of Sherman Adams, George Humphrey, and John Foster Dulles might mean for the administration, responded: "If I had been President, I'd have been very happy to lose those three fellows."

Richmond: A newspaper editor took Mr. Truman to task for other remarks on the same occasion, picturing him as "a small bore ignoramus" with "the mean, vindictive temper of a shanty Irish drunk."

Washington: Ambassador-approved to Brazil, Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, charged her tempestuous times in the Senate "go back some years when Sen. Wayne Morse was kicked in the head by a horse."

Morse retorted: "This is part of an old pattern of mental instability on her part."

From the Richmond News Leader

A NICE R. R. TODAY

This United States Weather Bureau has begun compiling a new index, designed for the statistical edification of those who complain that "it isn't the heat, it's the humidity." Everybody knows of this condition: When it's 110 in Arizona, the people are swearing they're happy; when it's 85 in Washington, D. C., the people are simply swearing. The difference, or so Arizonians insist, is that there is a "dry heat."

To put these claims and complaints on some sort of measurable basis, the Weather Bureau has evolved a formula: Add the dry bulb temperature to the wet bulb temperature, multiply by 0.4, and add 15. The resulting figure gives weight to both heat and humidity, and thus provides a useful and, as they say, meaningful bit of information.

But if the idea is sound, the nomenclature adopted by the Bureau strikes us as downright pessimistic. This index is to be called the discomfort index, and those who follow this retinement in the daily weather data are bound to slip into a melancholy state of mind. Every day, their first question will be whether they will be more uncomfortable today than they were the day before. The effect on the tourist trade must inevitably be depressing. "What's the D.I. at Virginia Beach?" "How bad is the discomfort at Miami?"

On Friday as we returned from lunch, a perfect spring day was luring men from their ordinary labors. It was pleasantly

claim that she is now reaping the bounty of a long period of soul-searching which goes back to the early decades of the century. The seeds were sown in more frustrating days, as when Walter Hines Page exiled himself with the bitter lament that North Carolina had in several decades squandered enough brains and character to govern the civilized globe. Or when Wolfe, more the artist, brooded from afar on her fierce provincialism. The panty was not always full. There were times when the University at Chapel Hill, cited by Time, was untouched by Dr. Graham and his successors, when Dr. Swain's symphony orchestra, also mentioned, would have been thought an idle dream; when Dr. Odum's ventures into objective analysis of race consciousness and tenant-farming would have probably got him lynched. In the era of this elusive mood, North Carolina was probably most a vale of humility, reluctant to take up the precarious arrogance of her more stylish neighbors, yet woefully ill-equipped to assert herself economically. Yet, oddly enough, to these hopeless doldrums can be traced the discontent which prepared North Carolina's slow journey to the renaissance of 1950.

The doldrums gave the architects of the new leadership a certain unorthodox pride and a kind of desperate objectivity about themselves, the state, and the future.

Being at the end of a road with nowhere to go has a way of making people pragmatic. For North Carolina it brought on a shrewdness and an impatience. The state was drawn last of all into the Civil War, a conflict that cost her most in casualties and left her with least. From that point, an unconditional brotherhood with a region sulking in its ruins was unattractive. Finding uncensored education, self-scrutiny, and realism preferable, it was lost to the state in industrialization and the claims of the city. These became the road up.

It would be tragic if in days of plenty we forgot the lesson of the dead, boring days when we had nothing, were going nowhere, and Gov. Aycock found white and black alike "in a ditch." The legacy of desperate self-examination should not be sacrificed to the mediocre airs of the new notoriety. The state will have better ways to use its energy.

The Americans may not at this hour portentously debate paper-dry issues, but the verbal riposte, tomatoe, were never thicker. In Mr. Braine's home country they haven't had such an amusingly bombastic week of opinion since Mr. Macmillan became Prime Minister and a disgruntled Labor politician described him as "a jaded Edwardian who sits all night composing 'spontaneous' epigrams to be delivered in the House of Commons." Although, come to think of it, we did notice Mr. Macmillan said "boo to you" to some voter in Lancashire the other day.

Vanishing Americana

Flag-snatchers were out in force the other day in Washington.

Street employees reported 100 of 196 Irish flags stolen the day of a parade for visiting President O'Kelly.

However, knowing this country's souvenir habits, a trip to the nation's capital is always a pleasant surprise. We'd have thought folks would have carted off the White House, putting greens and all, long ago.

warm, a soft breeze was blowing, and a few clouds were visting around. But we called the Weather Bureau to inquire about these matters, and learned that as of that very moment the discomfort index in Richmond was 64.2.

Is that bad, we asked? No, said the lady at the Bureau, that's good. Discomfort isn't felt until the index hits 70, and then only 10 per cent complain. At an index rating of 75, half the people begin to wail. At 79, everybody suffers. So a D.I. of 64.2 is nothing to be concerned about.

But do get concerned about these things. Sixty-four-point-two of anything sounds like a lot of it, and we wonder if maybe the Bureau's approach could be reversed. After all, the Atomic Energy Commission, when it began measuring radioactive fallout, computed its findings in terms of "sunshine units." If the figures were turned around, and maybe deducted from 100, Richmond on Friday could have advertised to the world a Riviera Rating of 35.8, an index so nearly ideal as to attract visitors from far and wide.

The weathermen brood so much upon floods, tornadoes, monsoons and such that they naturally incline toward the dour point of view. The rest of us have worried, too; and when the going gets rough in Richmond this summer, we would as soon not be reminded so forthrightly of how discomfortable we are. "The RR is a little low," we could say, and August might seem a little more endurable.

Razor-Tongued 'La Luce' Is Her Own Worst Enemy

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON
This capital has seen many self-inflicted wounds. Sometimes they are and remain a riddle as in the case of Sherman Adams. It has rarely seen one more public and more dramatic than that Clare Boothe Luce wreaked upon herself, nor one which brought swifter and more telling vengeance in its train.

An unimpassioned Senate had confirmed Mrs. Luce as ambassador to Brazil despite well-documented evidence of her

political extremism. Within hours she had coupled a terse-firm "I am grateful" acknowledgment with a direct and personal insult to Sen. Wayne Morse, chief spokesman for the doubts of the 11 senators who voted "No."

YENSE SCENE

She then heard from the Senate in a tense and emotional scene which veterans say has not been duplicated in that historic chamber.

Sen. Morse had read Mrs. Luce's statement to the colleagues and had replied to it equally with a touch of humor and a sober prayer for her success in her new post. With his customary blandness, Republican leader Everett Dirksen sought to pass off the incident as mere jest.

LAUSCHE OBJECTS

But Sen. Frank Lausche, the Ohio conservative, saw it differently. In short, powerful sentences, he sketched a chilling vignette of "an absence of

rationality so serious that if she had made that statement before the vote was taken, I would not have voted in favor of her nomination."

Lausche insisted the Senate could not "stand idly by despite the power of this lady," even though he professed to believe that she had proved she had the power to harm individual senators and would do so. It was a direct challenge to the whole publishing empire of her husband, Henry Luce.

OTHER COMMENT

Another aye voter, Sen. Ralph Yarborough, spoke in more homely vein. "We are sending to one of the largest nations in Latin America an ambassador more skilled in investment than in diplomacy," he said. Still a third, Sen. Gale McGee, expressed the hope that the President would withdraw the nomination.

Curbsome opinion is that it is too late now for the Senate to act and the President has indicated that he will not let Sen. Morse show, his political doubts to the Luce's are many and heavy.

POLITICAL VENDETTA

In New York, Luce said he had asked his wife to resign because her usefulness had been impaired by a "political vendetta" in the Senate. The story followed the outbreak occasioned by her statement but did not refer to it, so it was not immediately clear whether or not the outbreak triggered the statement.

In any case, Mrs. Luce's folly in so needlessly provoking the Senate is an every tongue and can only injure her in any diplomatic role.

RAZOR TONGUE

Mrs. Luce's worm's-eye view of the human race has been famous since, as Clare Boothe, she wrote "The Women," in which every woman but one was a cartoon and that one was not smart. In the political field, her razor tongue too often seemed less the product of honest anger or hot partisanship than a cold aim for the jugular.

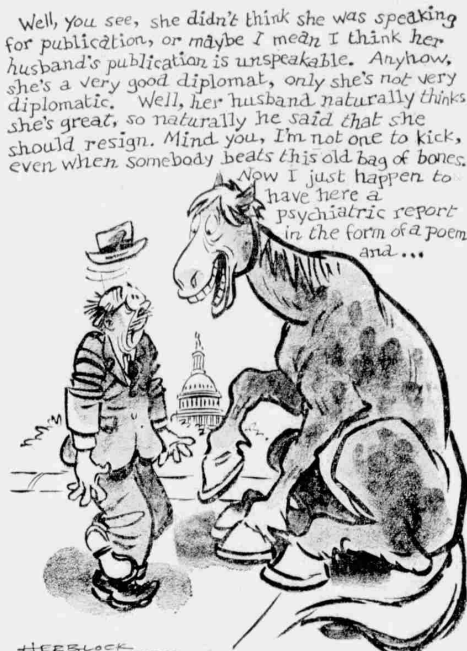
BIG BURDEN

She was confirmed for many reasons. Historically, the President is given the benefit of every doubt about the wisdom of his appointments. No senator, without compelling reasons, picks a fight with Time-Life. Fortune. Many senators felt she did a good job as ambassador to Italy. Some who voted to confirm her for Italy felt obliged to stand on that verdict.

EMOTIONAL EXCHANGE

Meanwhile, on the second day of debate, Senate reaction to Mrs. Luce's snarls indicated widespread support for the Morse charges of "instability." Mrs. Luce, clearly stung, returned to the attack with a demand upon Senate Republican leader Dirksen to clear her emotional name. Dirksen read to a sober Senate the statement of Mrs. Luce's doctor that she was not and had not been under psychiatric care, a question Dirksen charged Morse with evading last week.

Morse replied that he had investigated such reports and



The License To Steal

Down With Tax Collectors

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain
Mr. A. A. Vautier was still in the jailhouse when I wrote this, and I hope he stays until his lawyers accumulate enough evidence to make his brave case stand up strong and proud in court. Editors' Note: Mr. Vautier is now out on bail, pending settlement of his case.

Mr. Vautier, if you do not know, is a gentleman who lives in Pelham, New Hampshire, and comes to work in Boston, Massachusetts, where he has several Cabots, Lodiges, Kennedys, and a state income tax. Vautier has a wife and three children in N. H. He has a job and an income-tax liability in Mass.

Let us inspect Mr. Vautier, who ain't no weak guy. He's a civil engineer who bought his knowledge the hard way, including the CCC camps, and fined down his learning in places like Ireland and Tripoli. He has the gaze of a man who looks at you instead of around you, and he's big enough to fight his way out of the average barroom brawl.

Briefly, Massachusetts, in 1935, decided that they could pick up some fresh loot for the politicians to graft on by taxing people who lived outside the state but worked in it. Vautier went commuting to work in Boston in 1935. Two years before the tax.

LICENSE TO STEAL

The back-tax man wasn't much, only \$140.80 for 1936, but Mr. Vautier said damn your eyes, I'll go to jail before I pay. He might have posted a simple bond, but the principle was higher than the money involved. Somebody has got to straighten out these state tax things, which can amount to an unlimited money demand.

Up to now I've been in no jails, but I would like to provide Mr. Vautier's lawyers with two instances of real professionalism.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON
Sen. Jack Kennedy, who did a masterful job of piloting his labor law bill through the Senate, has been leading the presidential polls as Democratic nominee for president. The Democrats have long contended that the polls didn't mean much when they pertained to Republicans, and now a secret letter has come to light which indicates they don't mean too much regarding Democrats.

Bailey's Memo

The letter is written by John F. Bailey, Democratic state chairman of Connecticut, on the stationery of the Democratic State Central Committee of Connecticut, 325 Main Street, Hartford. It is written in the form of a "memo" to all delegates and allies

at a little room for argument there, maybe I am living in Spain and Africa and Australia and England and all like that there.

And these New York creeps still try to shake, years after I've left. I shake on pretty good, because I refer them to the Bureau of Internal Revenue, which knows where I live and how much I am expected to pay, and never sort of goes on the shake. I just asked the Bureau to tell those minor-league gangsters where I lived, and what I owed, and the fact that if bloody well certainly was paid in Washington, D. C., in the Province of Gerona, in Spain, in England, France, Germany, and a flock of other places where they strip you of royalties, I know a certain thing. I don't pay in California, and I don't will don't pay in New York, because I simply don't live there. This is a matter of record, but you would never know it if you talked to the state tax people, who evidently thumb through any one's checkbooks and choose up anyone who looks likely as an easy chump.

TAKE A LOOK

A bulb-nosed man named W. C. Fields once made a very funny call. I think, "You Can't Cheat an Honest Man," and he was basically right. Since my taxes, if you care, are paid in Washington, D. C., in the Province of Gerona, in Spain, in England, France, Germany, and a flock of other places where they strip you of royalties, I know a certain thing. I don't pay in California, and I don't will don't pay in New York, because I simply don't live there. This is a matter of record, but you would never know it if you talked to the state tax people, who evidently thumb through any one's checkbooks and choose up anyone who looks likely as an easy chump.

"If you receive such inquiry may I suggest that you answer it, stating emphatically that you are for Sen. John F. Kennedy—no secret choice. This will be appreciated."

The other one was a gorgeous thing, lawyers take note. I haven't lived in New York for six years, but I kept getting really expensive tax demands from the state. I mean money, man. And nasty notes. Now mind you I am not living in New Jersey, because there is

ing through. I mean, I might have written a couple of columns with a Price dateline, or been in a hospital in Oakland as a Naval officer, but I never owned a car, a house, or even a rent-house in the sunny land of fog and smog. But even so they billed me, and didn't shut up until I wrote this kind of piece about what is the license for your gun?

NASTY NOTES
I don't suppose Mr. Vautier needs any heavy help in his battle with Massachusetts. If he wants a precedent, I think I can dig up some printed copy in which I told California and New York State to go and get very rudely lost, and I ain't heard a word from the gentlemen since, let alone lawyers.

Ribicoff's Backer
John Bailey is the Democratic boss who backed Sen. Ribicoff to rule out ex-Gov. Chester Bowles and ex-Sen. William Benton, Democrats, for nomination to the Senate in favor of Tom Dodd who was elected. Dodd is a fine senator. Ribicoff and Bailey were criticized for

shutting out two distinguished candidates, Benton and Bowles, because they are Progressives. In California nomination is by convention which the bosses dominate.

Pauley's 'Reward'

Ed Pauley, the big California oilman and close friend of Harry Truman, is on the way to getting a grip on the Democratic national convention to be held in Los Angeles in 1960. Pauley underwrote part of the \$250,000 expense of the convention in order to bring it to Los Angeles. Now he demands as his reward \$500,000. This is enough tickets to paper the house with friends of the candidate. Pauley wants to nominate. After tickets are given to official delegates, there

CLARE BOOTHE LUCE

A Cold Aim For The Jugular



A Cold Aim For The Jugular

only accidentally found himself talking to Mrs. Luce's press secretary. He had to do it not pursue the subject with the physician. An emotional exchange developed over such use of medical opinion.

CARROLL'S REMINDER

Sen. John Carroll of Colorado removed some of the tension with his common sense reminder that thousands of investigations were made of federal employees in sensitive positions which rightly dealt with the problem of their emotional stability. Carroll also brought out that Morse did not raise the question in committee hearings on the Luce appointment.

But senators were uneasy for various reasons apart from the obvious one that such debates could do Mrs. Luce little good in her diplomatic role. They have grown very familiar with modern means of propaganda appropriating millions annually for research in it. There is no stigma attached today to psychiatry; the implication there might be inappropiate to many senators. The free use of medical opinions in the policy of this administration was mentioned, though gingerly, in debate.

RESTRAINT

That the Senate itself is sometimes not a model of emotional stability is equally unadvisable. This is a short one in which restraint is in order. On all sides, little restraint was in evidence.

Two questions are still unanswered. One is whether the "out" given his wife by her husband was devised in anticipation of a heavier vote against her confirmation than the 110 votes actually cast, or whether it was thrown into the breach left by her post-confirmation comments. An informed guess says the former.

FUCKED RAW

The second question is what inflamed the lady to the point where, for the sake of two state goals, she threw prudence to the winds. It could be that her defender, Sen. Dirksen, flunked her on the raw with his entirely inadvertent remark, "Why beat this old bag of bones?" which convulsed the Senate and got headlines.

Here any woman of any age, race, religion, politics or record, and any man will be on Mrs. Luce's side.

Poetry And Horses

Over Obstacles Of Reality

"Poetry," he said, "has been to me like horses. Though I was often cheated in consequence, I never enjoyed anything more than a horse, walking around it, feeling its heels, looking at its teeth, and then seeing other people ride it. A horse meant little to me until I could feel it under me, between my thighs, walking with the rhythm of its galls, rise over fences with it, and lean over its neck in the exhilaration of its galloping victory."

"And so a poem means nothing to me unless it can carry me away with the gentle or passionate pace of its emotion, over obstacles of reality into meadows and covers of illusion."

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will be 7,000 left. Of this Pauley wants 5,000.

Packed Deck?

This could mean that Pauley expects that show for their candidate that he could stampede the convention. At the 1954 Democratic convention in New York, Al Smith friends almost stamped him into the nomination. In Philadelphia in 1940, Wendell Wilkie's friends packed the convention hall and he won. Pauley was one of those who worked backstage at Chicago in 1934 to break up the Wallace demonstration and nominate Truman for vice president. However, when the Cabinet, he has been a president-maker, now he's reported to favor Sen. Stuart Symington of Missouri.

Do Presidential Polls Mean Anything?

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