THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1954

The Report Of A McCarthy Committee

"McCARTHY committee" is a term as confusing as is "Pine St. in Charlotte." One has to establish which committee (or which street) he is talking about in order to keep his readers with him. Even so he'll be lucky if they stay with him on the McCarthy issue, about which most have heard more than they want to. But some things need to be said in connection with the "Army-McCarthy" hearing, that tumultuous, rambling affair that many of you saw on television, and on which six participating senators made their report Tuesday evening.

As expected, particularly now that an election is near, the report was along party lines. The Republicans said McCarthy should have disciplined his staff but that he used no improper influence on the Army. Democrats said both McCarthy and his counsel, Roy Cohn, were guilty of "inexcusable actions" which merit "severe criticism." However, one of the Republicans, Sen. Charles Potter, joined Democrats in criticizing sharply McCarthy's use in public hearings of material from a secret FBI document, and his invitation to government workers to give him classified information from the executive branch.

The important thing to remember about the report is this: The points at issue in this hearing were (1) the charge of Army Secretary Robert Stevens and Army Counsel John Adams that McCarthy and Cohn had tried by improper means to win favored treatment for Pvt. G. David Schine, and (2) the countercharge of McCarthy and Cohn that Stevens and Adams has used Schine as a "hostage," in an effort to blackmail the subcommittee into quitting its professed search for Communists in the Army.

In other words, this committee which used up so much time and money did not go to the heart of the McCarthy matter. It dawdled on the periphery dealing with relatively unimportant charges, giving them undue significance. Committee members created many more additional issues as they went along haphazardly. Some of the points developed during the hearing, like McCarthy's invitation to government workers to violate the law and his unauthorized use of FBI files, were more important than the original charges.

The "new" McCarthy committee, the one headed by Sen. Arthur Watkins and instructed to consider a number of specific charges against McCarthy, is proceeding in a more logical manner than the "old" McCarthy committee did. The Watkins committee might get to the heart of the issue. That it will render a useful verdict, on the eve of an election, is doubtful. The Senate merely passed the buck on McCarthy to this committee, and neither the full Senate nor its committee will be inclined to put principle above politics at this time. Which means we are still of the opinion that there are too many McCarthy committees—and too many Pine streets.

The South Loses A Leader

BURNET RHETT MAYBANK is dead but his name will be deeply chiseled in the history of his state and his region. Neither South Carolina nor the South will soon forget the ruddy-faced aristocrat who defied tradition time and time again as he rocketed to political fame.

Mr. Maybank was a Charlestonian. This was quite enough in itself to jinx any candidate on a statewide ballot in the 1930's. For instance, no governor had been elected from Charleston since the Civil War.

Mr. Maybank was also a patrician. This would appear to doom his cause beyond any hope. On his mother's side he was a member of the noted Rhett family, prominent in South Carolina society since the earliest days of the republic. His father was a distinguished physician.

The political pundits warned against it, but Mr. Maybank *would* run for governor in 1938. He bucked all the old taboos, the state's built-in sectionalism and prejudices—and won. He even broke a South Carolina tradition by winning the governorship on his first try.

Of course, as mayor of Charleston, he headed a political machine equipped for the efficient handling of the lowland vote (he received 90.9 per cent of the ballots cast in Charleston County) but he proved himself adept at rough and tumble political battling throughout the state. He spoke in every courthouse town in South Carolina and many other communities off the beaten campaign track. He received many votes from sections remote from Charleston where the average office-seeker from the old city would have drawn a blank.

During his administration as governor, Mr. Maybank advocated electric cooperatives and other progressive programs. He urged coordination of South Carolina's law enforcement agencies, fought for lower rail freight rates and unsuccessfully sought the use of state highway funds for school purposes and for the support of charitable, educational and penal institutions.

He went to the Senate in 1941 as a staunch supporter of President Roosevelt. Like many another southerner, he broke with President Truman over civil rights but stuck with the national Democratic Party in 1952 when Gov. James F. Byrnes backed the GOP's Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Had he lived, Sen. Maybank would have been a congressional fixture for years to come. Like Sen. Johnston, he had become an important figure on the southern political scene. He had already earned a reputation among his Democratic colleagues for his ability to guide bills produced by the Senate Banking Committee (which he headed from 1948 to 1952) through the legislative mill.

Burnet Rhett Maybank will be missed.

'Thirty Days Hath September . . .'

NATURE waved her wand . . . and suddenly it was September. We never thought we'd make it. August was not only hot—it was downright dull.

Now, September is different. Things happen in September. Yesterday, for instance, was the 15th anniversary of Germany's invasion of Poland and the beginning of World War II. Monday is, of course, Labor Day. About Sept. 12, three centuries ago, America's first Jewish settlers arrived in New Amsterdam. On Sept. 16, 1620, the Pilgrims left England on the Mayflower. Sept. 17 is Citizenship Day, commemorating the signing of the Constitution in 1787. On Sept. 21, 1787, the first successful daily paper in the United States was printed (it was the PENNSYLVANIA PACKET & DAILY ADVERTISER and its most famous exclusive was Washington's farewell address). Autumn begins on Sept. 23—the same day in 1789 that the First Congress passed the Bill of Rights. Rosh Hashana, the Jewish New Year, begins Sept. 27. The Munich Agreement was signed Sept. 30, 1938—and, on the same date 11 years earlier, Babe Ruth hit his 60th home run to set a season record that has never fallen. September is Better Breakfast Month and has room for National Sunday School Week, National Dog Week and National Day of Prayer as well as the Miss America Beauty Pageant.

Welcome aboard, September. You're just the tonic we need.

From The Sanford Herald

THIS RUSSIA DID INVENT

AGRICULTURE experts have said lately that filter-tipped cigarettes are helping create what could become a tobacco crisis. Advertised as a protection against nicotine poison and lung cancer, the filter cuts the amount of tobacco placed in a cigarette. The result is a reduction in the public's consumption, and therefore in the cigarette manufacturers' demand, for the farmer's tobacco.

Do you know who is at the bottom of the situation? The Russians are, that's who. They invented the tipped cigarette.

Tyler Weymouth, of New York, vice president of the American Machine & Foundry Co.'s tobacco division, is authority for that. Around the turn of the century, he said, a Russian manufacturer began inserting a cigarette two inches long into a five-inch hollow tube. The purpose was to skimp on tobacco and cool off the smoke from the atrocious weed used in the Russian fag. Hollow-end cigarettes became a European standard.

Mr. Weymouth said history is in conflict over whether it was a Russian or German who first stuffed cotton into the tube for filtering purposes. The real point he was making was that American Machine & Foundry developed the first machine to make the cigarette and add the filter in one operation.

Well, it's our bet that a German was responsible for the cotton. The Russian would have saved that as evidence to his claim that he invented the cotton gin.

The Russians, as you know, are always saying they invented something that got its start in this country. It's right in line with their character that about the only thing they ever really did originate was something that's causing us trouble.

And we might as well tell you, Mr. Weymouth, that down here in the tobacco country, we don't think much of that machine of yours, either.

An incurable bureaucrat is a public official, usually appointed, who listens to weeks of testimony and argument and then decides a hearing should be held to go into the matter.—GREENVILLE (S. C.) PIEDMONT.

The navy is working on an atomic submarine which will stay under water four years, coming up just long enough for the crew to re-enlist.—LEXINGTON HERALD-LEADER.

"Always tell your wife the truth," advises someone—probably a manufacturer of dog houses.—CARLSBAD (N. M.) CURRENT-ARGUS.

'How Are We Fixed For Jet-Propelled Ideas?'

'That Do-Dah Strain'

The People Called It Jazz

By RUFUS TERRAL
In Americas

WHAT is jazz? It is often confused with blues and ragtime, since it takes both for its material, but blues and rags are forms of music, whereas jazz is a way of playing music. Music of the most improbable assortment came together in one synthesis and there exploded — into jazz.

Into the melting pot of jazz went melodies of French quadrilles, polkas, and waltzes; the music and instrumentation of the marching brass band; Spanish tangos; rhythms and tunes of Spanish America and the Caribbean and Africa; memories of the French Opera House; and United States Negro spirituals, chants, hollers and shouts.

Jazz came into existence three quarters of a century ago, but so gradually and so anonymously that its origins are as full of mystery as its music. Its birthplace was New Orleans, the most French and the most cultivated of United States cities of that day, and at the same time the one spot on the North American continent most strongly permeated with the primitive culture of the West African Gold Coast.

The first jazz was almost exclusively rhythmic, having sprung from the drumhead. The small drum, made from bamboo, was called the bamboula, and gave its name to an African dance.

SPONTANEOUS MUSIC

After the drums came the banjo. Then tuba, cornet, clarinet, and trombone were added to the jazz band. Guitar, string bass, and piano became parts of the ensemble later.

"High Society" was a march once played by the bands of every French village. "When the Saints Go Marching In" was a spiritual. "Panama" was a French military piece. "Carolina Shout," a shout or holler that James P. Johnson heard in a southern cottonfield, a spontaneous outpouring of the Negro at work alone, to relieve his loneliness.

The special genius with which all this music was recreated into something new, and exciting, and often unrecognizable, was the genius for improvisation, and not only improvisation individually but — much more demanding — an entire group of musicians all improvising together at once.

Whether spelled jass, as at first, or jas, jasz or jaszz, as at various times, or jazz as now, "the Creoles of New Orleans used the word taken from the Negro patois and signifying excite, to designate a music of syncopated and rudimentary type," Lafcadio Hearn wrote.

LOUIS ARMSTRONG
Jazz Went Uptown

'SEX, SORROW, JOY'

Its subjects are few and primitive — sex and sorrow and joy. As Winthrop Sargeant perceptively says, "Its vocabulary does not encompass religious awe, tragedy, romantic nostalgia, metaphysical contemplation, grandeur, wonder, patriotic or humanitarian fervor."

The blues speak of the indomitable, unquenchable spirit of man, who cries out of the depths to address himself to the heights; but jazz makes use of blues with that language pretty much left out. It appeals to the motor reflexes, so that even those who profess not to like jazz, or actually to be offended by it, find their feet swaying or tapping to its undismissable rhythms.

For the dissemination of jazz, it was fortunate that in New Orleans at the shank of the century brass bands flourished as in no other city. They were street marching bands of gaudily uniformed Negro musicians, and they played for parades and funerals —13 of them marched in the funeral procession for President Garfield.

Accompanying a funeral to the cemetery they would sedately play an appropriate spiritual, perhaps "When the Saints Go Marching In." But as the procession filed out of the cemetery gates "the snare drums would roll, a cornet would sound its high imperious signal notes," writes Rudi Blesh, "and before the band was three blocks away it would be tearing into a syncopated jazz rendering of 'Oh, Didn't He Ramble,' referred to in the trade as a 'leaving - the - cemetery' tune. "And from there on home the erstwhile mourners strutted and jigged."

RIVERBOAT JOURNEY

In the opening years of the present century, the showboats that were replacing the packets on the inland rivers carried jazz wherever a paddle-wheel turned. Johnny St. Cyr's banjo and Louis Armstrong's trumpet and Baby Dodds' drum went on the showboats—the Capitol, the Sidney, the St. Paul—up the Mississippi to Memphis, Cairo, St. Louis, Davenport (from which the great jazz cornetist Bix Beiderbecke was to come), and St. Paul. The showboats turned off the Mississippi to follow the Ohio to Pittsburgh, the Missouri to Kansas City and Omaha.

By then jazz's big break had come. A new music needs a new audience with taste unconventional enough to appreciate it, and with money free enough to support it in the style to which it ought to become accustomed. Jazz found such an audience in New Orleans in brothels, as ragtime found it in the Missouri towns of Sedalia and St. Louis.

After the red lights of Storyville had burned hot and bright for 20 years, it was closed by order of Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels, shortly before the United States' entry into the First World War, because of its proximity to a naval base. Jazz musicians drifted from New Orleans to Chicago, which was becoming the new center of jazz.

AROUND THE WORLD

Meanwhile, jazz had long since started its trek around the world.

The present reign is a recrudescence of Dixieland, a white jazz imitative of Negro jazz and first played in New Orleans about 1885. While Dixieland is not noticeably different from any other jazz, its ascendancy — coming at the same time as a revolution in the phonograph record business — has proved a boon to jazz-lovers. Many fine jazz records that had for years been collectors' items have now been reissued on the new microgroove records.

With all these treasures accessible, the jazzophile can truthfully say that while the Golden Age of his particular kind of music may be situated at some distance in the past, he personally has never had it so good.

Cooper Battles The Odds In Kentucky's Senatorial Race

By STEWART ALSOP

LOUISVILLE, KY.

THERE is one man who has almost as much at stake in the outcome of the election here as the candidates themselves. This man is Dwight D. Eisenhower.

The Republican candidate for the Senate, John Sherman Cooper, is very closely identified with the Eisenhower wing of the Republican Party. He is one of the very few Republican candidates who is flatly and unequivocally on the record against Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy. His defeat would thus be hailed with glee by the anti-Eisenhower underground in the Republican Party—all the more so because the President has laid his prestige square! on the line for Cooper.

By the initiative of the White House, a parade of administrative bigwigs is to descend on Kentucky on Cooper's behalf — Vice President Nixon is expected, and so are such figures as Speaker of the House Joseph Martin, Sen. Everett Dirksen, and Secretaries Weeks, McKay and Thomas. The President himself may make a second "non-political" foray to Kentucky, as he has done once already. In any event the bottomless coffers of the Republican National Committee will be open to Cooper, and everything the Administration can do to help him will be done.

OBVIOUS MEANING

The meaning of this public Administration commitment to Cooper is obvious. If Cooper wins, in this normally Democratic border state, it will be a great triumph for Eisenhower and the administration, enough in itself to balance a number of setbacks elsewhere. But if Cooper loses, the administration, and the President himself, will lose face painfully and even disastrously.

In this political gamble, the Eisenhower administration has just one major asset — John Sherman Cooper. Cooper is a most unusual politician. In a state with a tradition for high-flown oratory sketching back to Henry Clay, Cooper tends to mumble on the speaker's stand looking the while as though he were wishing devoutly he were almost anywhere else.

NAMES MEAN VOTES

This is also a state where remembering people's names is considered the key to political success—Cooper's opponent, former Vice President Alben Barkley, has brought this to a fine art, while former Sen. "Happy" Chandler has even gone to the trouble of memorizing the names of the voters' livestock. Cooper constantly forgets names. He forgets to shake the hands of the voters whose names he forgets. He even forgets to show up for speaking engagements — which hardly seems calculated to endear him to the voters.

JOHN SHERMAN COOPER
A Slim Chance

Yet when Eisenhower lost Kentucky in 1952 by the ridiculously tiny margin of 700 votes, this same mumbling and forgetful Cooper romped home with a majority of almost 30,000. The Cooper magic appears to be a combination of personal charm, a genius for the small town "visiting" which plays an important part in Kentucky politics, evident sincerity, and a middle-of-the-road political position which attracts Kentucky's remarkably high proportion of independent voters.

AGAINST THE ODDS

Yet, magic, and all, the smart money here is laying heavy odds against Cooper. Historically, Republicans win here only under two conditions. Either the Democrats get over-confident and put up a really repulsive candidate. Or the two Democratic factions (there have been two factions ever since the days of gold and silver Democrats) fly at each other's throats.

This year the Democrats have in Alben Barkley a candidate who has never been beaten by a Republican since he first began running for office half a century ago. Both Democratic factions are all out for Barkley.

Germany Has Political Ills Despite Economic Recovery

By DORIS FLEESON

BONN, West Germany

POLITICALLY speaking, Germany is a patient with a bad case history whose allied doctors have all but turned her loose to achieve whatever place she can in the world.

They have long since ceased to worry about her physical condition. It is precisely because the German economic recovery has been so remarkable that the area of her political freedom has had to be enlarged. Such healthy, virile and productive people could not be coerced into the defense of Western Europe; they had to have their own clearly defined stake in it.

Acting on the principle that interest never lies, the allies have virtually freed the Germans to handle the problem of their own freedom. It was a risk they felt they had to take but it was and still remains a risk.

A GREAT POWER

Americans need to realize that: (1) Germany is a great power today regardless of what the allies do next; (2) her splendid economic recovery, so obvious and so attractive to Americans, does not represent any guarantee of her political health.

The patient's mood requires watching. No matter how fractious the French are or how many Britons choose to travel behind the Iron Curtain, little can be taken for granted here.

Officially, the United States sees no evil, hears no evil, speaks no evil of Germany. Chancellor Konrad Adenauer has been given a free hand and is being helped in every possible way. He never calls on the United States high commissioner; the high commissioner calls on him. The wheels are greased, in fact, for the high commissioner to become an ambassador as soon as possible.

KONRAD ADENAUER
A Free Hand

Exactly a year ago this prospect appeared unflawed.

Chancellor Adenauer had proved his touted European point of view by embracing the French concept of the European Defense Community and he had won a sweeping mandate from his countrymen in a free election in that election the reactionary right and reactionary left both were voted down and out. The chancellor also got a parliamentary majority that President Eisenhower might envy.

On the first anniversary of that famous victory, EDC was dealt a near-mortal blow at Brussels, with all that means to the chancellor who adopted it as the best solution for Germany. At the same time two defections to the Russians by important officials of the government, one appointed and one elected, raise grave questions about its internal administration.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Underfed Jungle People Free Of Cancer

By FRANK EDWARDS

(Editors' Note: While Drew Pearson is on a brief vacation, the Washington Merry-Go-Round is being written by several guest columnists.)

WASHINGTON

WRANGLING jingoists make the headlines—but quiet researchers make the progress.

LONDON. . . In a gigantic hangar used as a factory during World War II a select group of eight British scientists are conducting closely guarded tests of a radically new type of automobile. If it lives up to their expectations, it might revolutionize the industry.

The new British experimental job uses a very small engine which operates a tiny hydraulic pump. The pump delivers the power to the wheels by activating a transmission filled with mercury. The British are so jealous of the car that they test it indoors in the daytime. Take it out for sprints on the air base only after dark. Since it is light, fast, and has surprisingly few moving parts, the British hope it will open new markets in areas where price and dependability are of paramount importance.

BRAZIL. . . A recent discovery in the war against cancer has upset a theory and replaced it with a question mark.

In South America teams of biologists are probing deep into the jungle in search of the answer to cancer. They are studying the living habits of isolated communities where cancer is unheard of. By our standards, the people are underfed. They ofttimes lack even rudimentary medical care. They have poor sanitation standards. But they do not have cancer. Why? The biologists are checking the water supply, the food, the air and the soil in hope that somewhere in that combination they may find the factor which enables these people to withstand the cancer scourge. Research under those circumstances is grueling, heartbreaking work, but it goes on 24 hours a day.

Paradoxically, the discovery of these cancer-free communities in remote South American areas deflates the theory that cancer might be caused by exposure to cosmic rays from outer space. These people in the borders of the jungle get the same dosage of cosmic rays as the city dweller receives. But certain groups of the jungle dwellers do not have cancer. Why? Thus far, nobody knows, but patient researchers are trying to find out.

CALIFORNIA. . . One of the best-kept secrets of the aviation world is the fact that we have been flight testing a ram jet plane for the past three months. Ram jets are the so-called flying stovepipes; with no moving parts, they are nothing more than a tube with a fire inside, fed by fuel pumped in at high pressure.

Joker is that the ram jet cannot operate until a comparatively high air speed is reached. Our designers have whipped that one by equipping the test planes with convential jet engines which get the plane into the air and moving at the required speed. Then the pilot turns on the mighty ram jets, cuts off the ordinary jets, and goes streaking away at speeds in excess of 1,600 miles per hour.

Test pilots have been flying the ram jet jobs regularly on a course that takes them several hundred miles out to sea off the west coast. They are in constant touch with radar stations which track them every inch of the way. In case anything goes wrong, Uncle Sam wants to know all about it as quickly as possible.

Test speeds of today become the schedule speeds of tomorrow. As you fly over the Mojave Desert in today's passenger plane at 300 miles an hour, you can sometimes faintly discern the wagon tracks of the 49'ers who did well to make 300 miles in a month! And the 300 miles per hour of today's passenger liners will soon be outmoded by planes which are flying secretly today.

NEW YORK. . . Latest trick in the advertising trade is to hire models who resemble famous people. Attracts attention to the advertising and saves the cost of securing the endorsement of the celebrity. One young man, who has the good fortune to resemble a famous movie star, suddenly found himself very much in demand. In one magazine issue, he appeared in three different ads, plugging a tooth paste, a cigarette and a hearing aid.