

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Editorial Book Review

The U. S. Senate: A Peculiar Genius

For a long time I have felt that the one touch of authentic genius in the American political system, apart, of course, from the incomparable majesty and decency and felicity of the Constitution itself, is the Senate of the United States.

GENIUS being, among other things, peculiarity, William S. White has no trouble proving that conviction of his from the forward to CITIZEN: THE STORY OF THE U. S. SENATE (Harper, 274 pp., \$3.75). For William's Senate, and it is hard to imagine a more sharply etched profile, is above all an institution of stubborn peculiarities, not the least of which is that the Senate is the national home of minority views and generals and of the minority South in particular.

The South not only is in command of most of the Senate's great committees. Equally important, the South has provided from the inception of the Senate the leit motif, the continuity of its attitudes and intellectual processes.

Almost any headline-hunter, McCarthy for example, can suggest that his is a dominant view of the Senate. He can have his day, but not for long can he have his way because the ultimate course of the Senate on any given question springs from the slowly distilled judgments of the Inner Club which is presided over by truly "senatorial" types in which the South abounds.

In this Inner Club, without benefit of publicity and without much regard for popular opinion, the traditions and prejudices of the Senate are nourished, and the standards of personal conduct defined and enforced. So it was that McCarthy was certain to be censured at the moment the Inner Club decided to consider complaints against him. For the question, which the elders already had answered, was not whether McCarthy had abused individuals and Democratic processes, but whether he had abused the Senate's own tenderly regarded reputation.

THE Senate is answerable to the public, but it is not pleased by the fact and tries insofar as the necessities of election years permit to disregard it. It regards itself as a refuge of objectivity and scholarly considerations, where judgments must be insulated against fierce winds of popular impressions and hysterias.

This regard, exemplified by reaffirmation of civilian over military authority in the MacArthur hearings, unfortunately yields on occasion to another of the Senate's peculiarities—jealousy of the executive's power, coupled with sublime faith in its own wisdom.

(This is Republican wing . . . set out upon a long and tortuous—and tortured—argument . . . and the honor of the actions of the Executive in the China crisis that at length had left the mainland in Communist hands. A harsh indictment, surpassingly ungenerous to the record of a whole nation—if a record largely made by an Executive, for millions of whom it was now in countless hours of debate flung out from a great forum . . . It opened as only a partisan legend at the very best, a bitter tale instilled by any of the ordinary indispensable criteria for finding the true facts of a situation. But it is history, for millions of voters, as an established history in which some of the most eminent and honored personalities of the United States were represented to be not mere



William S. White

fools and scoundrels but actually something akin to traitors. Chiang Kai-shek had been deliberately "sold out." A vast Asian headdress had been consciously handed over to the Communists. The West had been purposely endangered. Thus ran the extraordinary accusation.

And it became more than accusation because the Senate was in this case what it was. For the Democrats, upon whom one felt that the responsibility for rebuttal necessarily must rest, on the whole for some three years were strangely quiet.

ASIDE from political profits involved, this exercise in hysteria was patently part of a continuing and successful Senate attempt to regain power and prestige relinquished during the Roosevelt years. For the Senate rarely recognizes no peer in government, except perhaps the Supreme Court which it deems like itself, a continuing body concerned with precedents and fundamentals. A weak executive it will tolerate, because the Senate essentially is backward-looking anyway, but a strong executive it will suspect and eventually hamstring—as it blocked all the Truman and all but the early Roosevelt legislation.

Surmounting the distortions of partisanship and the antics of unsenatorial types, a clear line emerges from Mr. White's ten years as chief congressional correspondent of the New York Times.

IT IS a place of fierce individualism and minute attention to perquisites and precedents, of almost tedious respect for differences of opinion, of determined accommodation and compromise of views, of unwhirling and scholarly debate, of concern with fundamental issues and total irritation with trifling matters. A White both loves and understands the Senate, and sketches it with anecdotal humor and bright sureness of knowledge. Faults are surgically exposed, but the body itself seems to justify his essential admiration for the "complexity and simplicity and virility of something unique and fundamentally changeless in American life."

In sum, the Senate is one place where no reminder is needed that the United States was founded as a federal union and republic.

What irony there is in this is satisfying—and subtle. For the Lee legend is as full of irony as of anything, not the least of which Stephen Vincent Benet phrased in his reference to the man Who had, you'd say, all the things that life can give Except the last success—and had, for that. Such glamor as can wear sheer triumph out . . .

A Realm Of Fantasy Blossoms Behind Kremlin Walls

By JOSEPH ALSO

FOR the inexperienced traveler, the Kremlin is the first great surprise of Moscow. The grim, grey fortress, one had expected to find turns out to be unimpressively pretty.

The rather low, ornately crested walls are not grey but a rich, dark straw-brown. The high, decorated guard towers are pure objects of medieval fantasy. The ancient churches rise in happy riots of color and gilded domes. The palaces are painted a bright butter yellow picked out with white.

In fact, the Kremlin really looks like a particularly gay decoration by Bakst for one of Diaghilev's earlier ballets, rather than the dark citadel of the world's imagination. Inside the Kremlin, too, is due for some brisk surprises. Or so I found the other day, when I attended the vast Kremlin party in honor of East German Premier Grotewohl and his colleagues.

PARADING GIANTS It must, on the whole, have been a hard day for the Kremlin's masters. In early afternoon, in leaden icy weather, they had welcomed China's Premier Chou En

lai at Vnukovo Airport with ostentatious ceremonies, including interminable speeches and the long evolutions of a brilliantly uniformed, ceremonially smart, menacingly goose-stepping guard of honor of young Russian giants.

Almost immediately after that came the formal signing of the new Soviet-East German friendship pact. And almost immediately after that, the tall gilded doors of St. George's Hall, the Kremlin's Grand Palace were flung open with a fanfare; and the members of the Soviet Presidium led their foster guests to the supper tables between long, close packed lines of their applauding subjects.

POMP WAS LACKING St. George's Hall, a Czarist legacy, must be one of the biggest rooms in the world, and its white plaster decorations are so elaborate that it gives you the feeling of being inside a gigantic wedding cake. Around the walls, long lines of tables offered supper to the company of some 1,500 or more persons present. There was caviar and every sort of cold dish and sweet Russian wine and brandy and vodka and the adroitly Russian waiters worked with champagne as well. But despite the amplitude of the supper, the grandeur of the party and the grandeur of the hall, the occasion somehow lacked pomp.

Partly this was because the Soviet party crust and their wives were caviar and every sort of cold dish and sweet Russian wine and brandy and vodka and the adroitly Russian waiters worked with champagne as well. But despite the amplitude of the supper, the grandeur of the party and the grandeur of the hall, the occasion somehow lacked pomp.

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look of being solid citizens with no nonsense about them. It was because there are daily children's parties in the Kremlin and this fantastic room had been decorated for the children in the manner of a parish hall at Christmas, with a splendid 50-foot Christmas tree and an enormous but very parish hallish snow scene above the stage at the further end.

HOSPITABLE GENIALITY But chiefly this feast for 1,500 people produced its curiously cozy effect because the crowd tucked in the estates and drinkables with such cheerfully visible enjoyment, and the Kremlin's masters, who were no less enthusiastic about eating and drinking, also showed a much hospitable geniality. With their foreign guests and the diplomats, the members of the Presidium occupied a sort of semi-circular area on the left, beneath the snow scene, where they played host as though on a stage.

Bulgarian, Khrushchev, Molotov and the other senior rulers of the Soviet Union are all markedly short men—Stalin would have no tall fellows about him. And these short, stout men, working hard to make the party "go," hardly looked like the stern masters of the greatest empire in history.

Yet the seemingly unending oratory prevented no one from chatting and drinking. Even Chou En-lai, after listening to the speakers with formal politeness for more than an hour, broke down to the extent of holding his own private reception of Asian diplomats. Then the oratory really did stop. The famous ballerina, Pliasskaya, briefly but expertly appeared. There was singing. There was music. There was a young man from the Bolshoi Theater Troupe who danced the famous Gopak in a way that would have been hard to imitate, even at a Gopak's behest.

At length, the massive golden chandeliers were darkened. Concealed lights astonishingly transformed the painted snow scene into a red and green and pink and blue and silver aurora borealis. And so, with a round of applause for the aurora and one final toast, the party came to a happy end. By then, one had almost forgotten the language of the speakers, who had sounded again the old notes of the cold war. Indeed one had all but forgotten the young dead in the streets of Budapest.

gosteed benevolence, opened the formal proceedings with the first speech and the first toast which was representative of each of the facade—for Kremlin toasts are celebrated almost in the Danish manner that Hamlet complained about.

Thereafter, with only occasional pauses the speaking and toasting continued for almost three hours.

The difficulty was that at least one representative of each of the "parties" that form the East German "coalition" had to be heard from.

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PREMIER BULGANIN Three Hours Of Toasting

People's Platform Charlotte Wants Swift Decision On Channel 9

Charlotte Editors, The News: I LIKE television. I like the programs—or most of them—given in the Charlotte area by WBTW, which are mostly CBS programs. I would like to see us need another channel, giving us a choice of programs. This Channel 9 has been fought over for a long time, and we have waited, and in the early part of December it was awarded to WSOB, very rightly, we think, to WSOB, a locally owned and operated radio station, the second oldest and second largest in Charlotte.

Right away WSOB officials announced that work was being started. They started their transmitter building. They bought their lower end equipment. They promised the public that within the shortest possible time—surely by late April—they would put on the air the NBC programs that we, in this area, have been waiting for. Everyone was pleased. And now what happens? At the last possible moment, on the last day that they were allowed to file petitions to reverse the decision, their competitors petitioned the FCC to reverse its decision. Each wanted the channel awarded to them.

And now we wait again for another TV station.

I believe that both these, Piedmont and Carolina, when they were petitioning for the channel, and their arguments before the FCC, if I remember correctly, said, very strongly, that they each wanted that they be awarded to the public at heart. I think this action of theirs, waiting until the very last day, and the very last minute, with WSOB-TV already under construction, to file the petition, shows very plainly that it is their own interests they are thinking of. For now we have more delay.

I, for one, hope that the members of the FCC, before whom this question comes up, will decide quickly and definitely against this petition by Piedmont and Carolina and let WSOB go ahead with its construction. For I feel that they have in every way shown the public they are ready to give in every sense, to give to Charlotte the service we want and the programs we are ready to wait for, for so long a time.

—MRS. A. L. JAMES JR. Charlotte

Integration Is Contrary To God's Holy Word Charlotte Editors, The News: TODAY, WE are living in an age when man seeks to improve upon the revealed will of God. The Bible, Christians should realize that there is a greater power than men's wisdom. God's revealed will can only bring chaos, confusion and evil.

God's word says that men should not mix bloods.

should work six days, and rest on the seventh. Men have decided that five days are better. God's word tells the women to stay at home, establish the family altar, and raise the children in a Godly way. Man has decided that women can leave their children to the state, and raise the children in a Godly way, while they go out for a good time, either in pleasure or in some kind of work. Christ announced "come unto Me" but the world has changed this to, "Come to church." It makes no difference what kind of church, nor what is taught there. Man has changed the Golden Rule from, "Do unto others as you would they do to you" to "Do the other man before he does you."

God set apart the various races and nationalities and in His infinite wisdom spread the nations over the earth by races and tongues. At the tower of Babel, we find that the people decided to all live together, work together and build together. God put a

stop to this by changing their language into many languages, in order that each group would go off into their own class and dwell together. Man is seeking to amalgamate the races and his interference with God's plan gives us the mongrel and half-breed races. It is for the best interest for all races to prevent the mixture of the races through intermarriage. A mongrel race is contrary to God's will and is looked upon with disdain by full blooded colored and white folks alike.

Integration is the first step which will lead to intermarriage of the races which is communism's evil plan to destroy the white and colored races with the latent qualities, distinctive in those races. The modernist goes along with this plan in ignorance of the teaching of God's word.

I believe that the colored race would have much to gain and nothing to lose by having their own schools and colleges. Our government should provide adequate, modern educational facilities and according to ability and natural talent, they should be given every opportunity equal with the white race for educational advancement.

—WARREN W. WOODS Charlotte

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Noise Over Crossline Was Loud And Clear Charlotte Editors, The News: MORE noise was made over the opening of the six miles crossline railroad than when the first train ran out of Charleston, S. C., Dec. 25, 1830. In reference of the eastside bottleneck, there may be many bottles in this movement, but there will be lots of necks to be cracked on the eastside jamboree. When the westside begins to get an overdose of bottlenecks, somebody is going to be found in a hot spot, with no dollars to start digging.

I would like to know where the outstanding balance due on

the short line will come from and when. Raleigh said no to the amount that was needed. The better and sure way to clear the westside has not come up as yet, but will soon be on paper for the City Council to act on or no. We say to you, westside, keep your eyes on the news columns for an advance idea and it won't be to tunnel W. Trade St. nor any of the proposals of the Southern main line and the idea or plan will not carry any tax dollars at a dime rate and there won't be any bottlenecks in the plan.

—S. C. VAUGHN

Lines Written After A Graveside Visit Minneapolis, Minn. Editors, The News: I ENDED written after a visit to the grave of Capt. Francis Bradley in Hopewell cemetery, Mecklenburg County, N. C. Here lies a Revolutionary hero. Who boldly dared the monarch's ire. To tyranny he never bent a knee, But sought to make his country free.

The Holy Book he read with a faith devout And of its worth he held no doubt. He pondered much upon the rights of men And guidance sought again and again.

One eye he prayed and then at break of day With trusty gun he went away. Prepared for victory or for the grave, His mind was clear his heart was brave.

He trusted God and banished fear, Not like his Liberty was dear. Foes placed a heavy price upon his head And rich reward alive or dead.

And then one fateful day they found him slain. "Greatest odds he'd fought with might and main. His life, not lost, though gone, moved To fight and Independence win.

This lowly grave where he was laid away Becomes a shrine—and there I pray. Each time I look upon that modest stone That such a faith may be my own.

—MOTT R. SAWYERS

Quote, Unquote You can pick an American bootlegger out of a crowd of Americans every time. He may be the one that is sober.—Will Rogers.

The only kind of letters most women love to receive are those which should never have been written in the first place.—Anon.

General Lee: A Suitably Ironic Salute

THE United States is complimented by the request that it restore the citizenship of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

As a matter of fact, it may be as a trifling, neglected nicety. A sudden federal gesture, 90 years too late to do the living Lee any good, enhances not a whit his stainless-steel legacy of courage and virtue.

Appreciation of that virtue, the heroic proportions of which has prompted many fruitless searches for his vices, has never really been limited to the late Confederacy anyway.

Just as many southerners have found inspiration in the life of Lincoln, so have northerners marveled over the military genius and the personal gentleness of a man who, although never fully understood, has never been seriously misun-

derstood either—unless by his own lieutenant, Longstreet.

But there is significance behind the bit of nostalgic paperwork Congress was asked to do. There could hardly be a better token of national unity than a southern request that the U. S. imprimatur be stamped on the life of Lee.

What irony there is in this is satisfying—and subtle. For the Lee legend is as full of irony as of anything, not the least of which Stephen Vincent Benet phrased in his reference to the man Who had, you'd say, all the things that life can give Except the last success—and had, for that.

Such glamor as can wear sheer triumph out . . .

From The Atlanta Constitution

ROME'S ENTERTAINMENT CHALLENGED AGAIN

THIS has been a big year for the natives of Rome.

In addition to the record-breaking tide of tourists, heavy with desirable dollars, all kinds of things have been happening. Just recently a caravan of more than 100 crazy Americans arrived in house trailers, a common enough sight here but something brand new to Italy.

Shortly before that, Rome was treated to the opening of a supermarket. It was premiered Hollywood style and doubtless impressed the Romans who are accustomed to small shops specializing in one article, and to whom one-stop shopping is new.

Let those who fear that Rome will be ruined by all this brassy American modernity relax. Rome has survived many things, the Caesars, the Goths and Vandals, and has been overrun and sacked by half the conquering heroes of Europe.

Those house trailers and supermarkets will be the ruination of the world's most magnificent city is a silly idea. The city that can take King Farouk, Elsa Maxwell and visiting Hollywood notables in its stride can take anything.

The first problem of newly-weeds is to buy a house. The second is to buy a car so they can get away from it.—CARL BAD CURRENT-ARGUS.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON FEW voters realize how one vote on a congressional committee can mean schoolhouses or lack of schoolhouses for their children next year.

A backstage drama illustrating this took place the other day in the House of Representatives.

Important Vacancy Fifteen House Democrats belonging to the Committee on Committees, met behind closed doors to assign new congressmen to their committees. One important vacancy was open on the Education and Labor Committee which last year hamstrung school construction.

Southern schoolmen fear federal aid for schools will be tied to integration, hunted for a fellow southerner to fill the vacancy. They finally proposed ex-Sen. Alton Lennon, now a congressman from North Carolina, a strong segregationist. Lennon personally preferred to serve on the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee but, largely because of his strong racial views, he was drafted for the Education and Labor Committee.

Tar Heel Is Booted Off Key Committee

Reshuffle Suggested The next day, McCarthy suggested a reshuffle.

It seems to me," he said sweetly, without referring to schools or segregation, "that Rep. Lennon should be given a chance to go on the committee of his choice, the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee."

Northerner Picked His solicitude for Lennon was backed by eight northern voters, opposed by seven southern voters. As a result, southerner Lennon was shifted to the committee of his choice, new Congressman George Mo-

on the Committee on Committees which decides who shall sit on what committee.

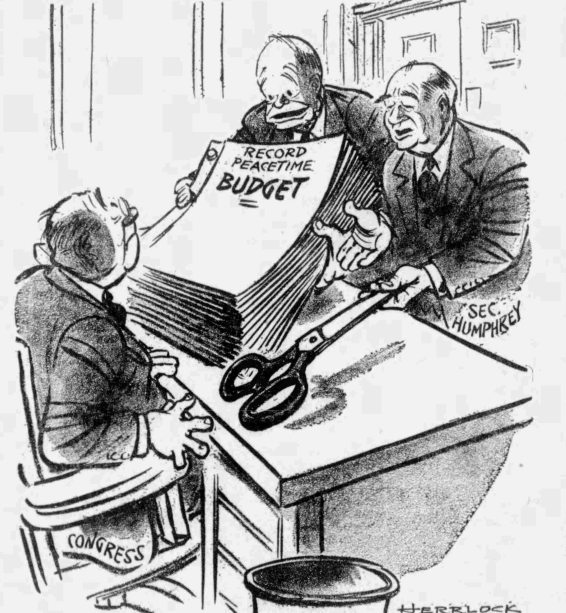
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nor of South Dakota was assigned to the key Labor Committee post.

Washington Whirl Sen. McCarthy is still trying to investigate Brig. Gen. Ralph Zwicker, who precipitated the sensational Army-McCarthy hearings by refusing to kowtow to Joe.

Now that Zwicker is up for promotion to two stars, Joe has written to Armed Services Chairman Dick Russell (D-Ga.) demanding an investigation. Congressman Keith Thomson (R-Wyo.) is so unpopular with his staff that every last one walked out on him . . . Sen. George Smathers (D-Fla.) chairman of the Democratic Senatorial Campaign Committee, has promised Ken Holman a job that will keep him in the limelight to run against Sen. Karl Mundt (R-SD) in 1960.



'Here's What We Want'—'But Not Very Much'