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TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1957

An Unwelcome Change In The Lineup

THE report spread across Charlotte's languid political landscape yesterday like fire in a stand of slash pine. By noon Mayor Phil Van Every had confirmed it. He would not seek re-election this spring, he said, because "I must devote more time to my business and I miss being with my family."

What had been taken for granted—a rough and tumble contest between Mayor Van Every and Mayor Pro Tem James Smith for the city's No. 1 post—went up in smoke.

Connoisseurs of political pageantry were naturally disappointed to see the strip the coming campaign of its main attraction.

But more important than the ringsider's disappointment is loss of the man himself. The municipal arena can ill afford such a loss at this particular moment of history. It needs all the civic heavyweights it can get to run for its top offices. Mayor Van Every would have been a strong candidate for re-election. Furthermore, that strength would undoubtedly have been given a fair and desirable test by one or more excellent contenders.

As mayor, Mr. Van Every has been a vigorous and imaginative leader. He has battled stubbornly for what he has sin-

cerely believed to be the best interests of Charlotte. Pressure groups and the special interest boys have found him virtually immovable when a pet principle was involved. But he has never been afraid of a new idea and has consistently demonstrated his dedication to the Queen City's free-wheeling tradition of progress.

We don't mind admitting that we have differed with him once and awhile. We have never pulled our punches, nor has he when fashioning a rebuttal to one of our editorial jabs.

But as far as we are concerned, his sincerity and devotion to duty have never once been questioned.

In fact, Mayor Van Every represents one of Charlotte's principal civic virtues—a distinguished citizen who is willing to take time from a highly successful business to perform valuable public service.

Charlotte needs these kind of men and women in the field at election time. It needs them to demonstrate the continuing vitality of the community.

End The Inquisition, Pass The Doctrine

SLOWLY but with exquisite suaveness the fate of the "Eisenhower Doctrine" has been obscured by the spectacle of John Foster Dulles being stretched on the rack of a congressional inquisition.

Both in and out of Congress, this is a source of toothsome partisan delight. For Mr. Dulles has been known more than once to cower while the sun was setting on some fond hope for peace and progress in world affairs. He has managed to paint some bright pictures at times when the Republican National Committee was in the market for a few bright landscapes. And he came before Congress on the heels of the debacle in the Middle East issuing dire warnings of another disaster unless Congress approved his plans.

The doctrine has been wrapped in melodramas since the administration first leaked it to the press in an effort to inflate its stale substance. Mr. Dulles, unfortunately, has not been able to add to that substance by specifying how internal threats in the Middle East are to be met after warnings have been issued against external Soviet adventures.

But it also has been clear from the beginning that whatever substance the doctrine has could be dissipated by congressional and editorial extreme reluctance to approve it. Once Congress

was asked to join in the warning its only course in wisdom has been concurrence. And it would be better to issue no warning against Soviet aggression at all than to issue one half-heartedly.

Congress' first responsibility is to dispose of the President's request. It should act with dispatch.

The dissection of Mr. Dulles' record can be delayed or, better, ended. The secretary's critics have exhibited sufficiently their lack of confidence in him, and reminded that he enjoys very little popularity overseas.

Go beyond that and attempt to force his resignation is to risk repetition of congressional excesses involved in attacks on Dean Acheson.

Congress never did get the Acheson scalp.

It only succeeded in creating the mammoth fiction that Harry Truman's secretary of state was personally responsible for all the world's ills and that a new diplomat would fix everything in a jiffy. The new man, Mr. Dulles, hasn't fixed it.

Unless Congress is prepared to assume direction of foreign policy—and it has offered no proposals of its own—it would be wise to let Mr. Dulles remain the responsibility of President Eisenhower.

Extending Charlotte's Jungle Limits

WE ARE TOLD to see ourselves as others see us. It is a frightening precept if we subscribe to the view of Charlotte being merchandised in late by the good, gray Greensboro Daily News.

Impressed by the news that Charlotte school children read better than the national average, editorial artisans of the GDN have thoughtfully prepared a PRIMER FOR YOUNG CHARLOTTEANS. It goes, heaven help us, like this:

Charlotte is a big city. Charlotte is the biggest city in North Carolina. Elephants are big animals. Elephants live in jungles. Elephants are the biggest animals in the jungles. Elephants do not live in cities unless a city is big enough to have a jungle in it. If there is an elephant jungle inside a city, then an elephant can live inside a city.

Charlotte has an elephant jungle, so elephants can live in Charlotte. There is no other city in North Carolina, the United States of America, the Western Hemisphere and the whole wide world that can make this statement.

The vision is utterly false. To be perfectly truthful, Charlotte has not played host to a runaway pachyderm in months. The only thing answering to the name of Jumbo in these parts is the Queen City's appetite for progress.

Actually, the No. 1 preoccupation hereabouts is annexation, not elephants. It is a canny sight. Among the outposts of suburbia city fathers are currently coveting is a patch of veldt laughingly called Greensboro. When Charlotte starts extending its jungle limits anything, but anything, can happen.

From The Greensboro Daily News

IS THE PICTURE WINDOW CRACKING?

AT LAST somebody is concerned about that current phenomenon of American suburban life, "the box on a slab" that passes for a home for too many millions of our young married couples. Around every American city new housing developments are going up almost overnight, with small, compact, unimpressive houses on miniature red-clay lots. We call them "homes" but this is no home of the free built on the land of the brave.

It is all too likely to be a frustrating abode, where the lack of space makes the children seem always underfoot, the husband always in the way and the neighbors always dropping in. There is no room for privacy and none for serenity.

The picture window of one house looks bleakly out on the picture window of the house across the street, and the motorist driving through can look straight into the private lives of either house.

But John Keats, in his new book called "The Crack In The Picture Window," says life can be different—and so can housing developments.

Quoting Dr. Charles Winslow of the Yale University School of Public Health, Mr. Keats declares: "The post-war house is too small to entertain guests, lacks sufficient storage space, has poorly

lighted dining alcoves placed in the path of major circulation, lacks space anywhere for children's playthings, and has too many bedrooms. Even if the dining in these houses may well suffer serious mental and physical ills."

Since men are away at work all day, women rule these housing realms like a matriarchy. They pool their children, their groceries and intimate stories about their husbands and they see so much of their neighbors that they either become bored with them or refuse to speak to them. Caught in long-term mortgage loans, the young couples, with more and more children filling the inadequate houses, cannot escape to more satisfactory homes so they remain and stew in their own views. They peer unhappily through their picture windows and fervently wish they were outside.

Statisticians say that by 1975 over 75 per cent of all Americans will be living in urban areas and that 85 per cent of urban growth during the next 20 years will be in the suburbs. Even if it is now to start planning for housing developments within the financial means of young couples but also within their happy-living means? They need space, they need privacy, they need some outdoor areas so they remain and stew in their children are to grow to satisfactory maturity.

Sparks Of Humanity Still Flicker In The 'Iron Silence'

By JOSEPH ALSOP

MOSCOW—The embassy was one of the monstrous former palaces of Moscow sugar millionaires which the Soviet government considers appropriate for the more important foreign representatives here. The setting was therefore surreal—a vast room of wildly clashing styles positively writhing with carved marble and molded stucco and gilded and frescoed ornament. Against this fantastic background, the little party of Westerners seemed slightly out of place. Yet the two ambassadors talked shrewdly about the Soviet economy. The food and the champagne were delicious. And the setting, it was rather like a particularly civilized picnic in a park at a movie set let over from the earlier period of Cecil B. De Mille.

Back at the hotel, a French newspaper man and an Italian colleague were waiting for a nightcap. Both were rather typical European intellectuals, bearing in their different ways the scars of Europe's agony in the last war. The Italian, who had been a pupil of Benedetto Croce, proposed as a topic the application to the Soviet Union of Croce's dictum that history is merely the story of human freedom.

Were the faint stirrings already discernible here the hopeful precursors of a hopeful evolution, which might take many decades, but would end with a good result? Or would the iron silence of the night of the soul soon again descend upon this brave and vital people? The verdict, when the Frenchman went to bed at last, was on the whole in favor of a better human future.

By then the big party some Polish students were giving next door had reached a roaring climax, and Alfredo, the Italian, suggested joining the fun. The Polish hosts were already leaving, but Mirko and Jan, two officials of a Czechoslovak economic ministry on detached service in Moscow, had taken firm possession of the piano.

Mirko, an ex-bourgeois who must have been a bit uncomfortable during the attack on "rootless cosmopolitanism" was a superb pianist with a repertoire of French songs borrowed — how long ago! — from Yvette Gilbert. Jan was a tall, slender, powerful fellow with a great shock of dark hair, who rather strangely wore the tweed coat and slacks of an American college boy and sang the old Czech anti-Austrian songs with restraint passion.

STARTLING CONTRASTS
 The little smiling waiter had the Russian weakness for music. So the doors were shortly closed,

more drinks appeared; and the water continued "Volga, Volga" to the concert. The happy singing went on for hours in an atmosphere of easy, natural intimacy. "proving," as Alfredo remarked not absolutely logically, "that the human race will be perfectly all right if only governments will let the human race alone." Even after that, there was a long political argument with Mirko in the breakfast stall of the hotel, in which Mirko suddenly sounded less like an agent being than a political grammophone record.

If these trivia are worth recording, which is doubtful, it is only because they suggest the violent and startling contrasts of a visit to Moscow. Foreigners here are insulated, and the insulation is all the more complete if you are a temporary visitor lapped in the luxury which Intourist most efficiently provides. Such a visitor must largely accept the judgment of more expert and permanent foreign observers of the Soviet Union.

And the most brilliant of these has said that his task is "like psychoanalyzing the actors in a play after watching them on the stage."

SUDDEN FLASHES
 You elbow your way into the crowded, dreary stags. You trail behind the patient, cheerful queues of soldiers and young boys who stand at the counters and treasures in hushed wonder. You watch the hurrying, bundled-up

crowds in the streets, and you note the marks their hard lives leave on most of them. But you cannot get through to them, except in sudden flashes of human self revelation which come when you least expect them.

We who are lucky enough, take lovely Swedish Anna out to dinner. Anna is superbly tall, charmingly fine boned and beautifully high-colored; and when she walks into a dining room full of rather drab people seeking escape in an evening of expensive luxury, they respond to her as they might respond to the sudden, delightful but incredible appearance of a bird of paradise.

BITS OF HUMANITY
 Or fall into conversation with the demobilized officer at the next table, who still wears his slushy, insignia-less uniform. Hear the note of pride in his voice, when he apologizes for only knowing a few words of German, such as "hands up." Or watch the look on Mirko's face when you realize that that BIT was not only the year of the October Revolution, but also the year when President Wilson was converted to the great Masaryk's plan for an independent Czechoslovakia.

From such trifles you gather a not unimportant truth, that you may think the Soviet system as inhuman as you please, but he apologizes for only knowing a few words of German, such as "hands up." Or watch the look on Mirko's face when you realize that that BIT was not only the year of the October Revolution, but also the year when President Wilson was converted to the great Masaryk's plan for an independent Czechoslovakia.

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Don't Be Discouraged—I'll Put You Over Yet



People's Platform

War Leaders Reappraised

Editors, The News: Charlotte
 THIS is in reply to a letter published in People's Platform Jan. 24.

I am a student in the eighth grade. The letter of which I am speaking was written by Robert F. Williams who seems to have forgotten his history.

Mr. Williams compares President Lincoln with Gen. Lee. His remarks about Mr. Lincoln are excellent, but of Mr. Lee he writes, "if northerners have found inspiration in the life of Lee, so have Americans who have an aversion for democracy found inspiration in the lives of un-Godly Hitler and Stalin."

If Mr. Williams intends to make a comparison of Lincoln to Lee he should get his facts straight. Neither Lincoln nor Lee resemble Hitler or Stalin nor any other tyrant. Lincoln is a great man because he led a nation in a way he thought it should be led. And when the time came to fight he fought for what he believed to be right. When the time came for Lee to fight, he fought for what he believed in. Lee believed in states' rights, not slavery for he had freed his slaves.

Mr. Williams appears to be trying to build up Lincoln by tearing down Lee. This is silly for President Lincoln does not need

Thousands Share Presley's Pain

Editors, The News:
 WE have just read your editorial, "Face-Out For Two Popular Pitchers," in the Greensboro paper and have come to the conclusion that it is one of the most unfair, untrue, prejudiced and cruel articles we have ever read. We are speaking about (and for) Elvis, of course. . . .

Sir, do you realize how many people love Elvis? Not tens, not hundreds, not thousands, but tens of thousands. Of course, there are many who do not, and we try to understand them. Don't you see that even though it was a very, very small article, and Elvis himself might not have seen it these things hurt him deeply, too! The harsh insults started so bluntly in my newspaper, and were seen by thousands of fans.

I'm sure you do not know what "love" is. When someone has joy and you feel pleasure, when someone is sad and you feel sorrow, that is love. We who love him — really love him — received and felt the pain of your article.

He is unjustified (not idol); he is our way of life. —GAL WALES And 32 Others

Editors Note: There, there now! We were only funning.



building up and Gen. Lee should be torn down. Both were religious, courageous and honorable men. Both were assets to democracy.

—TREY SNEPP

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

MOST guarded comments on Capitol Hill are not reports regarding American security but the expense accounts of U. S. congressmen while traveling abroad. This column, however, has gained access to some of these top-secret vouchers.

Biggest Spenders

Only reason for the secrecy is to conceal from the public how much money congressional tourists blow on extravaganzas. The public has a right to know, however, how their legislators spend the taxpayers' money, especially the fact that an all-time spending record was probably set by Sens. Chavez of New Mexico, McClellan of Arkansas, Stennis of Mississippi and Saltonstall of Massachusetts, who made a lavish tour through European and Mediterranean countries in late 1955.

High-Living Senators Spurred Abroad

claimed only \$1,083 of this was personal; the remaining \$36,717.11 was paid by the taxpayers as "official" expenses. Most of their "official" expenses were run up in Paris, Rome and Madrid. They spent \$11,004.55 in Spain, \$8,369.66 in Italy, and \$8,000.00 on the Isle of Capri. Highest bill was charged up in England for \$4,674.80. Yet they stayed no more than a week in any country.

Cocktail Tour

They were supposed to be inspecting military installations. But their expense vouchers didn't sound very military. Instead, the vouchers from Italy, for example, listed taxis on the Isle of Capri, cocktails at Piazza, Blue Grotto excursion, trip to Pompeii, rental of autos in Naples.

A note to the State Department of John G. Bacon, embassy attaché in Rome, reported: "I paid all expenses up to date including rental of vehicles, whis-

The Underwater World

CONSIDERING my words carefully I will say that no sight anywhere in our world can give you such a feeling of being removed from your usual surroundings, and nothing can appear fresher and newer to a sun-saturated eye (as the underwater world). Not the mountains or the sea, not the desert or the rain, not any terrestrial space or the heavens themselves can provide such a dreamlike spectacle. And I hardly think that even another planet

can show us anything as strange to our own world as those underwater swimmers, moving with a dreamlike quality below the surface of the sea, flying over green depths, gliding over the face of steep precipices and always leaving silver clouds behind them, bouquets of living flowers expanding as they rise, dancing and turning and finally bursting into spray on the surface.—From "Man and the Underwater World," by Pierre de Latil and Jean Rivore.

Pocket Money

In Paris, saltonstall drew \$433 to cover his out-of-pocket expenses in Rome. Chavez took \$594.09, Stennis \$391.89, McClellan \$250.38, and Saltonstall \$238.57. In London, McClellan drew \$244.08, Chavez \$189.11, Stennis \$187.00, and Saltonstall \$69.70.

Biggest spender was not a senator,

but a Navy Ensign, John Dunsterhouse. He took \$1,100.00 in Adams theater tickets, and Dalmer Hire of Cars. At the hotel, this note was added: "Items for personal use, including France. Nearest boxes of Kleenex, two cartons cigarettes, Wedgwood china, tips."

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