



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Where Will The Slum-Dwellers Go?

IF SPRING comes, can the bulldozers be far behind?

Brooklyn's slum dwellers and all devotees of progress may well wonder. As a matter of fact, headlines on urban renewal plans have been so plentiful lately that many Charlotteans have the idea that the facelifting will begin at any moment.

The notion is completely false. Many an obstacle lies between ideas and action in this exasperatingly complex field. Not the least of these hurdles is legislation now before Congress which would reduce Uncle Sam's share of renewal costs from two thirds to half.

City-county planners deserve high praise, however, for the energy and imagination they are expending in order to get the show on the road. Their finest effort of the month involves a proposed city-county governmental center in the slum zone.

There is much to be said for the idea. It would not only replace blight with beauty. It also offers the opportunity to tie many different governmental functions together into a centralized, easily accessible bundle of public service. Federal, state and local agencies could all be a part of the scheme. The largest rewards to the individual citizen would

perhaps be measured in the greater convenience it would offer.

But in all future urban renewal planning, a great deal more concern ought to be exhibited for the welfare and sensibilities of the slum dwellers themselves. Pitifully little has been shown in the past.

What, for instance, is going to happen to them?

Are they merely to be evicted?

Will new housing be available? If so, where?

There is the problem for the rest of the city, too. The community at large may regard the movement of these families into other neighborhoods as a serious threat — and thus hamper the whole worthwhile renewal effort which requires that families be relocated before demolition of homes can take place.

These are phases of urban renewal which will require as much careful and thoughtful planning as the location of beautiful buildings on artists' sketches and charts.

Urban renewal involves people as well as bricks and mortar.

The shifting of bricks and mortar is a relatively easy operation. The shifting of people is not.

Let's hear something from the social planners about the people.

How Andrew Mellon Sliced His Taxes

APPEARANCES to the contrary the nation has come a long way toward raising its guard against unethical and corrupt practices in government.

It was not so long ago that a reform president of the U.S. was chiding for praiseworthy citizens who objected to his practice of appointing to the regulatory agencies men who were subject to conflicts of interest. Calvin Coolidge, while cleaning up the Harding mess, paid no heed to complaints that members of the Tariff Commission were sitting on cases in which they or their relatives were known to have financial stakes. As Arthur Schlesinger Jr. recalls in his *The Crisis Of The Old Order*, Coolidge asked who, after all, were better qualified to sit in judgment in such cases than men equipped by special interests with superior judgment and knowledge.

The Senate in 1952, you will remember, required Charles E. Wilson to divest himself of his special interests before bringing his superior judgment and knowledge into the Defense Department. The Eisenhower administration has forced out several high officials who were accused of mixing personal and official business. Some were guilty of serious improprieties but compared to the activities of Coolidge's secretary of the treasury, they were lily white.

The secretary, Andrew Mellon, received from the commissioner of internal

Revenue a communication beginning in this manner:

"Pursuant to your request for a memorandum setting forth the various ways by which an individual may legally avoid tax, I am pleased to submit the following. The commissioner also sent Mr. Mellon a tax expert from his department to help the secretary prepare his return, said expert being so proficient in reducing millionaire Mellon's taxes that he was induced to leave government service and enter Mellon's personal employ."

Mellon had his critics. Sen. George W. Norris accused him of fostering a tax relief bill which would net Mellon \$10 million. The commissioner of the larger personal reduction than the aggregate of practically all the taxpayers in the state of Nebraska. But such attacks had little impact on an administration shielded by the recognized personal honesty of President Coolidge.

Nowadays the personal honesty of presidents provide little defense for officials who, while remaining within the letter of the law, trample on the spirit of it.

Ethical standards have been lifted considerably — as evidenced by the departure of FCC Commissioner Richard Mack. But the fact that a man of Mack's ethical poverty was appointed and confirmed in the first place also is evidence that the standards of public service need to be raised still further.

Mr. Gleave Didn't Use That Much Gas

ONE of the wisest traits of fallible humans is that of kicking, beating and otherwise abusing machines that make mistakes.

To err is human, and it behooves us all to deny that prerogative to those contraptions that are told, and sometimes remember, so much of our personal information. A machine knows your draft number, for example, and how much you make, owe and save. It sends you bills which, out of duty to its accuracy, you pay without question. It passes judgment on your solvency and sends you "past due" notes ruthlessly. All this is tolerable, of course, and even desirable so long as the machine does its duty and no more.

But as a London butcher named Gleave learned, it pays to make machines too the line. Mr. Gleave was surprised to receive a gas bill recently in the amount of a million pounds.

This distressed him since he had not used that much gas. He took it up with certain officials and eventually it was taken up with Parliament where the government, which owns the gas industry, was denounced to a faretheewell, and quite properly so.

Then the Parliament forgot the matter and Mr. Gleave, who had not used that much gas, forgot the million-pound bill.

But we are still pondering the gall of that machine — not because it billed Mr. Gleave for more gas than he used. That error was so stupendous it was easily spotted.

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Khrushchev Must Fear All Those Left Un-Murdered'

By STEWART ALSOP

WASHINGTON
THE drama in the Kremlin is continuous, and one scene flows remorselessly into the next. So there is no much doubt that the stripping of Marshal Bulganin was prepared by the dramatic scene last June when an actual majority of the Soviet Premier voted to strip Nikita Khrushchev of all his powers, and Bulganin unwisely failed to support his old friend.

The man who turned on Khrushchev in June has now followed the man who saved him in the June crisis. Marshal Zhukov, into impotent obscurity. It is all very neat and appropriate; and the order of condemnation — a savior first and a betrayer second — indicates how very coolly Nikita Khrushchev plays the grim game of Kremlin politics.

So much is clear. But it is also clear that Khrushchev has no motives for breaking up the famous vaudeville act of "Bolsheviks and Khrush," besides the highly

practical motive of demonstrating that disloyalty to Nikita Khrushchev is bad for one's political health.

OFFICIAL STANDING

For one thing as chairman of the Soviet Council of Ministers, at any future summit meeting, Khrushchev will now have the standing of an official head of government talking to other official heads of government.

More important still, Khrushchev's whole record suggests that he is a great do-it-yourself-man in government. As First Secretary of the sacred Communist Party, Khrushchev of course laid down the Soviet policy line in every sphere of human activity. But the Soviets have shown a great deal more respect for their own institutional forms since Stalin's death. And actual execution of Khrushchev's policies was and is the institutional responsibility of the Ministerial Council, until this week

headed by Bulganin.

As the new Chairman of the Ministerial Council, Khrushchev can now take direct charge of the two vast programs of internal reform on which he has gambled all the chips he has. Last year, he launched his scheme of industrial reorganization and decentralization — in itself one of the biggest changes of pattern ever attempted in any economy. This year, he has launched another great scheme, to liquidate the so-called "machine tractor stations" that have always been the bastions of state control over peasantry.

Bureaucratic opponents of the industrial reorganization scheme were the main troops in the army that Molotov, Malenkov, and Kaganovich led against Khrushchev last June. But this year's scheme, to abolish the tractor stations, sell the farm machinery to the collective farms and grant a considerable measure of local

freedom to the countryside, is even more risky than last year's scheme. All the Western experts used to hold, in fact, that this was one step that was politically impossible for any Soviet govern-

STRANGE MOCKERY

By the same token, the discontent aroused by Khrushchev's agricultural reform among the more rigid party theorists was made very obvious in recent weeks, when the Soviets were hearing their strange mockery of an election. Michael Suslov, the undoubted leader of the rigid Stalinist school of thought in the party, quite conspicuously omitted from his speeches any of the customary loud applause, either for Khrushchev himself or for his plans for agriculture.

In these tricky circumstances, it is obviously natural that Khrushchev should want to take personal charge of the execution of these gigantic and untested reforms, which can so easily produce another political crisis like the crisis last June.

It may even have been rather urgent for Khrushchev to do this, for although he has now acquired all the powers Stalin used to enjoy, Nikita Khrushchev is not Stalin, and the Soviet Union he rules is not Stalin's fear-congealed state. Khrushchev's enemies may be impatient today, biting their nails in Ust-Kamenogorsk, Ulan Bator and other unlikely places. But as George F. Kennan has remarked, "There are just too damned many people who



NIKITA KHRUSHCHEV
He Doubles His Bets

have been left un-murdered."

In other words, there are just too many people in high office, like Suslov, and out of high office, but still having great names and personal followings, like Malenkov and Zhukov and Molotov, who can gang up on Nikita Khrushchev if the opportunity arises. A single major failure, on the farm front, or the industrial front, or indeed on the foreign affairs front, could produce the gang-up. And Khrushchev, a great man for doubling his bets, has now added immensely to his already immense burden of responsibility, in order to try to make sure there is no failure.

'Hmmm—I Wonder For Whom Th' Bell Will Toll?'



Fuss And Fury

The Demons' Ma

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain
THE mother of my four boys—Ricardo, Emilio, Jay, and Penn—has just written a book. These boys are mine only by proxy, since they have a perfectly legitimate father, but they don't seem to spend much time with the family. They must spend it with me, in the summer-time, when Papa Ricardo brings his best to the little Spanish village in which I live from time to time.

The mother of my four boys is named Betty Lusier, and she has a little book, "I Am My Alien Carr" (Lippincott), which deals with raising these four young hellions — pardon, these four wonderful children — in a place called Larache in Spanish Morocco. While she raised the youngsters she also ran a farm.

TOUGH EGG

I think it is a very good book — a kind of Moroccan "Egg And I," but tougher. To associate with these demons—these magnificent blond, blue-eyed cherubs (Get down off the wall, Jay!—you got to be tough).

But if you take a Canadian girl who was raised in the Eastern Sho' of Maryland, who flew for the RAF as a ferry pilot, worked in the underground in France, and one child on a golf course, another in a garden (without assistance), and a couple more or less formally, and send her to Morocco to run a ranch — where she combated both Arab and Spaniard — you might have some idea that this is an unusual book.

It is end of book review.

REFORMED NATIVES

Betty raised her youngsters and got out the crops in Larache and built herself a village and reformed the natives and it every body to a draw. She married with Arab sheiks and caught the mumps and arranged romances and sat up with the dead and heaven knows what she dealt with bulldozers and interior decoration and Big Ricardo, her husband, who was a very nice fellow, and I don't blame him, while all the fuss and fury was going on.

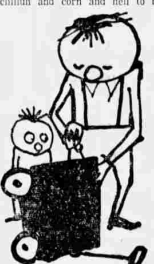
Betty's a farmer, and a fair duck shot, and can look real glamorous when she climbs out of her dungarees and hits the cocktail circuit in Madrid. She's Ava Gardner's nearest neighbor and best friend in Spain, and she knows the Duke and Duchess of Windsor and Stavros. And grows a right fine stand of hybrid corn. She also puts my records back in the correct jackets so I can't find anything.

HORRID CHORE

Betty scrooges me. She likes to write. Anybody in her correct

mind knows that writing is a horrid chore and should be done only for economic necessity. Not Lusier. She writes for fun, which I claim is an inalienable right of the copyright.

It is not fair for dames who can fly planes and serve as a fair deckhand on a boat and raise children and corn and hell to be



Wagons Aren't All
The Angels Break

able to write good. Betty can also pump horses, and I think this is criminal.

"Ric!" I told you not to fight the freerackers and blow up the house! You're home now!

LOOKING UP

I keep getting distracted. I was going to say that I first met Betty and Big Ricardo in Tangier just after the war, when they had about \$200 between them and were looking for a place to live.

We've been battling around in various portions of the world since. Pretty soon — like six months — I'm going to take three members of the family — Big Ricardo, Little Ricardo, and Emilio — to Africa, and then I'm going to write me a book, too.

It will be called "Among My Alien Children," and I hope I can write it as well as Betty just wrote hers.

"Joy, for the last time, get down off the wall!" I cried.

Well, you can't make an omelette without breaking eggs, can you, Betty?

Quote, Unquote

"America is not a mere body of trawlers; it is a body of free men. Our greatness is built upon our freedom — moral, not material. We have a great moral gain; but we have a deep passion for the rights of man."

Woodrow Wilson (1911).

Nehru Doesn't Rate U.S. Economic Aid

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

WHEN An Indian spokesman was asked recently why Jawaharlal Nehru concentrates on lambasting the United States, the spokesman replied: "Because Americans are accustomed to being criticized and attacked. The Russians are not."

That stupid, irrational, and unethical statement is hardly worthy of, or consistent with, your editorial content on March 13, that it is in the best interests of America to provide India with economic and technical assistance. India's anti-American and anti-West record is an open and clearly documented book. Consistently the two-faced Nehru has sided with Russia and the Communist crowd on most major matters before the United Nations. Of particular significance is the fact that he declined to join in the condemnation of Russia for the latter's slaughter over a year ago of thousands of Hungarian patriots who endeavored to throw off the Red yoke. This slaughter was thoroughly and officially pub-

pointed as to Russian guilt.

Let's face the truth, Mr. Editor: Nehru is a moral coward.

Yet, he has the gall to beg — even somewhat arrogantly — for American economic assistance to support India's cancerous socialist economy.

You are devastatingly wrong when you imagine India to be "neutral" or "uncommitted" toward either the American or Soviet ideologies. The facts simply don't add up to that conclusion. India is pro-Soviet. Her record speaks clearly. Indeed, it cannot be denied that she is a socialist state — the only sister to the Communist state. Already in the young life of the new "democratic" India Communists dominate the legislature of Kerala, a constituent state of 12,500,000 people. Watch the Communist goal will poison more of India.

If and when India acquires the sense to alter its economic system to private enterprise or at least guaranteed to private enterprise investors their fundamental rights to profits, then American and Western capital will be attracted to that primitive land, thus improving automatically the economic status of the impoverished Indians.

But mix no further American hands into India!

— J. R. CHERRY JR.

Church Appreciates Accurate Coverage

Charlotte

PLEASE accept my personal thanks for the excellent coverage you are giving to the Church of the Nazarene in this, our Golden Anniversary Year.

It has been my pleasure to read the articles you have published this year, giving publicity to our year of celebration.

My latest gratitude is caused by the good "spread" under which you notice the organization of the local churches, the picture of our founder in the west, Dr. P. F. Brex, and give a concise and analysis of our doctrinal beliefs.

You have been fair and understanding in your interpretation and presentation of the Church of the Nazarene in your articles, and I want you to know that this is appreciated by more than me, by all of our members and friends in this area, and to all who read the papers who are aware of it.

— LLOYD B. BYRON
District Superintendent
Church of the Nazarene

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON

DRAMATIC backstage hints trickled out of Moscow last week regarding the banning of future H-bomb tests.

First came a cable report from the American embassy in Moscow regarding a cocktail party at which Nikita Khrushchev talked for an hour with the Swedish ambassador about disarmament. He said Russia's new atomic tests had been so successful that Russia had enough atomic hydrogen bombs to poison the entire world, and that Russia would now stop all further explosions.

On Trial

He added gleefully that unilateral action by Russia in stopping H-bomb tests would put the United States on trial before the world for proceeding with its H-bomb tests in mid-Pacific this spring.

The Swedish ambassador was so im-

pressed by this conversation that he tipped off his fellow ambassadors and the American embassy called the conversation to Washington.

Then Eisenhower hastily announced at his press conference one day later that the United States would invite foreign observers to view the Pacific H-bomb tests, especially our "clean" bomb, which is not supposed to have dangerous radioactive fallout. Emphasis on the expected Russian emphasis on the poison spread from strontium 90, the most deadly aftermath from nuclear explosions.

Steady Flow

Meanwhile, the American embassy in Moscow kept up a steady bombardment of cables to Washington. It wanted the State Department to be prepared for spectacular news developments in Russia. It also reported another cocktail conversation at which Khrushchev had

told the Canadian ambassador that all production of H-bombs should be stopped once.

Both the United States and Russia, Khrushchev added, would then have twice as many bombs as are necessary to kill all the people in the world.

Heebie-Jeebies

When this was called to Washington by the American Embassy in Moscow it inspired State Department advisers to suggest to like that he leave the door open for the ending of H-bomb tests even without banning H-bomb production. That was why Eisenhower dropped this hint at his press conference.

All this, called back to Washington, told the State Department and the White House literally in a state of dither. Heebie-jeebies to see what peace move the Kremlin would make next.

If Moscow really goes through with the banning of all nuclear weapon tests, re-

gardless of the U. S., it will be a big victory for some men who have taken a lot of punishment in the past. They are:

Harold Stassen—who has argued himself blue in the face to Eisenhower and Dulles that the Russians will sign a disarmament pact; and first for his pains and has now gone back to Pennsylvania.

Millions Of Votes

Adlai Stevenson—who, during the 1956 presidential race, urged the end of H-bomb testing. He pointed out that we were accumulating enough deadly poison on strontium 90 in the air to endanger the future health of the world, and that the U. S. should be the first in banning these tests. Stevenson was promptly denounced by Eisenhower in a speech in which he said Stevenson's proposal could "lead only to confusion at home and misunderstanding abroad." Nixon denounced Adlai as proposing "catastrophic nonsense."

From The Christian Science Monitor

CLOTHES MAKE THE ARTIST(E)

WE were reading the other day about a concert pianist of international reputation who not only practices on her piano but on her wardrobe.

She likes to be sure that her gown will make the right impression on the audience even before she lays a pretty hand on the keys. So she dresses up for her final practice periods and rehearses the sweep of a skirt as conscientiously as she does a cadenza.

This news may revive in many a manly heart the old idea that male virtuosos feel for their female competitors. The clothes that women can wear on the platform may be conducive to friver movements of hands and arms than the clothes they wear every day. But a male artist who practices in a sweatshirt has to appear in evening clothes that board him up like a little fiddle crated for shipment.

If you can stop thinking for a moment of our lovely picture of a lady pianist walking daintily to her piano with a yard of taffeta in one hand and a light-as-air scarf in the other, turn your pitying attention to her brother artist in a similar "dress" rehearsal.

A neck being stretched to clear the sharp ridge of a starched collar; a brief passage up scale, hands engaged in try-

ing to push back sandpaper cuffs; a brief passage down scale; a cord being taken off; an arpeggio; a collar being torn off; a crescendo.

All this accounts for the reputation men have for playing the tragic and comic passages of music with more conviction than women do. The men have "lived it."

A little old lady with a hearing aid was walking down the street. Followed closely by two men walking in formation. A friend stopped and asked the little old lady if anything were wrong.

"Oh, no," she said. "This hearing aid has a battery in it, and whenever I go out the Christiansians union makes me put on two full-time men." — LEXINGTON LEADER.

From the county jailer: "Jailer's occupational hazard—suffocation by lacrymatory gas. I've had to breathe for drowning in somebody's tears." — TALLAHASSEE DEMOCRAT.

Among our acquaintances is a man who, in the process of working his way up a big corporation ladder to an executive vice presidency, has acquired cemetery-lots in five different home towns. — AUGUSTA (KAN.) GAZETTE.