



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Putting All The Beggars In One Ask-It

COMPETITION for funds to support Charlotte's many cultural endeavors has finally reached the point where harassed donors are prepared to shout "Uncle!" in inelegant union.

The public's exasperation is understandable. The Queen City's post war metropolitanism has spawned any number of ambitious undertakings in the arts. Older organizations have grown bigger and more adventurous. New ones have sprung up almost overnight. All have marched forth independently to plead their separate cases to the great giving public. It is not at all unusual for one chronic patron to be implored six times in quick succession to give of his green to different artistic organizations. These cultural enterprises are almost without exception, eminently worthwhile. They enrich the community enormously. They give Charlotte a well-rounded significance that lesser cities lack completely. But the ordeal of one hounding campaign after another puts an unnecessary and illogical strain on the nerves and checkbooks of one and all.

Thus, the contributors' cry: "too many campaigns!"

It is not "too much money," mind you, but too many solicitations, too much campaign organization, too much

inefficiency, too much drain on voluntary leadership.

In a limited way, at least, the situation is as it was in the days when Mecklenburg County's private health and welfare agencies were all launching separate and independent drives for funds. The solution then came in the form of a Community Chest and, finally, a United Appeal.

Obviously the time has come to give somewhat more than routine consideration to the idea of a united appeal for the fine arts in Charlotte and Mecklenburg County.

The idea is not new. It has enthusiastic support in some cultural quarters. But it has never been accorded the careful scrutiny it deserved by community leaders.

There are drawbacks, of course. It is not so easy to sell support for culture as a social responsibility. There is also a measure of rivalry among certain musical groups within the city which might not be converted so simply into selfless teamplay. There is some overlapping, too, that would be difficult to deal with. But the united appeal idea can work in the arts. It is working today in Winston-Salem. With careful planning it could work in Charlotte. It at least deserves consideration.

Paris In This Springtime Is Not So Young And Gay

By WALTER LIPPMANN

NEW YORK
THERE is at the moment a no more thankless assignment for an American newspaperman than to put together his impressions of France in her relations with North Africa. For if he takes things as they appear to be, the conflict is irreconcilable and the problem of finding a solution is hopeless. The crucial question for a foreign observer is to decide how much he can discount of what he hears, how much he can dare to think that there is a compulsion in events which will override enmities.

The situation in its elemental form consists of a guerrilla war in Algeria with which the bulk of the French Army is involved. It is a war which almost certainly cannot be won and which in military terms will surely not be lost. The public life of metropolitan France is dominated, indeed obsessed, by this horror, cruel, indecisive and interminable war. The obsession has produced a political condition in France in which no government believes it can survive if it considers a negotiated settlement. All this has reached a point where there is the gravest doubt as to whether the legal government in Paris really controls the whole of the army or its own appointed officials dealing with Algeria in Paris and in North Africa.

The political climate in North Africa, as I saw it in Tunisia, is verging on desperation. President Bourguiba, who certainly is the most moderate and the most Western of Arab leaders, believes that if there is no settlement of the Algerian war in the near future, he may be overwhelmed and destroyed by a fanaticism which follows Nasser. Tunisia, having no army to speak of, is incapable of policing its long frontier with Algeria. But even if Tunisia could be neutral, so great is the solidarity of the Arabs.

The political climate in Paris is oppressive. It reminded me of Washington in the heyday of McCarthy, when man after man in high place would deplore the terror privately and appear it publicly. Under the French version of McCarthyism anyone who disagrees publicly with the official policy as administered in Algeria has a good chance of being



HABIB BOURGUIBA
Neutrality is impossible

called a traitor. It resembles the time when to express doubt about Chiang Kai-shek was to be an American politician like expressing doubt about the United States. There is, moreover, in France an admixture of race feeling so that a political advocate of negotiations in Algeria is rather like a white man in Little Rock advocating integration in the public schools.

DARK PICTURE
This is a dark picture, as I have pointed it, but I have tried not to exaggerate, and I have refrained from putting into it the anguished predictions of dictatorship and civil war which are current in Paris. As a matter of fact, having gotten out of the atmosphere of Paris, I find myself feeling not, I think, through any congenial optimism, that events may not follow the horrid logic of the apparent situation.

For one thing, though the war cannot now be settled by a negotiated arrangement, it is not unlikely, I think, that, in fact, an arrangement will develop. The French are not so stupid as to believe that there are two communities — one white and European, and one dark and Moslem — living on the same land, the Europeans are a minority and, with the growth of the Moslem population, will become an ever smaller minority. Yet the Europeans are the stronger and richer community, and they have powerful support from the French homeland.

A "democratic" solution is impossible with this French community outnumbered eight to one.

There is a powerful counterweight force to the movement for independence in the colonial countries. The North African territories, Morocco, Tunisia and Algeria, are not capable of economic independence. They are to an extraordinary degree integrated with and dependent upon the subsidies and the protective devices of the French economy. There are French interests which profit by the system. But for the French nation as a whole, the North African territories are not an asset but a heavy liability.

ADVANCED STATES
In the modern world, moreover, the advanced states are increasingly capable of using for themselves their own capital savings. The incentive to export capital is decreasing, and it tends to be concentrated in special cases like oil, a matter not of profit but of benevolence and of public policy.

Parenthetically, the American capacity to absorb capital at home is the underlying reason why foreign aid is becoming increasingly unpopular in the United States.

THE MORAL
The moral for North Africa, indeed for most, if not all, former colonial territories is that as they win their political independence they will find it has become very hard indeed to satisfy their needs for capital. In the long run, they will probably find that not Russia alone, not even Russia and the Western countries combined, will supply enough capital to provide them with the material base of complete independence.

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COLONEL NASSER
Fanaticism follows

Therefore, it looks as if the French will be driven to do in Algeria what was done in Ireland, in Palestine, in India — what has been done so often where there are two communities which cannot be integrated and cannot rule themselves as one nation. There will be in fact, though perhaps in name, a partition of Algeria with the French concentrating in the coastal regions and the Moslems in the hinterlands. In all probability this will not be peace in the sense that there will be no more violence, but it may mean a barely tolerable arrangement.

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home runs than anybody in either league. He was losing nine out of 11.

He loaded the bases in the first inning, and calmly got the training — old guys like Judnick, Radcliffe, McQuinn, Gelbert. Some of the Washingtons scratched up a run, and Hudson was into the ninth with a no-hitter. Rip Radcliff batted himself a handle — hit and flaked a two-bagger, but Hudson settled down and finished it.

MINOR MIRACLE
Sam Chapman got him for a scratchy single against Philadelphia, for a second-one-hitter, and the kid then proceeded to win six straight for a team which could not have burnt its way out of a cheese soufflé with a flamethrower.

He wound up fourth in the American League in games won, against the likes of Bob Feller, Al Nipper and Buck Newson. Worked 252 innings, a mess of baseball, and got three salary raises out of old Griff, a minor miracle.

I watched this kid in his first major league game, against the Red Sox. They bit him for 10 runs, and Jimmy Fox cleared the bases on him with a homer in the first inning. He gulped, and fanned the next two men. This was the kind of guts you are only supposed to find in bullfighters and prizefighters — not in teenage pitchers up from the bus-rider and leaky-roof circuits.

THEN THE WAR
The war interrupted Hudson, and he never worked much with any wonderful clubs, and he never made the kind of mark you'd expect of this kind of bull-inability.

Editors' Note: Sid Hudson now lives in Texas, scouts for the Red Sox and conducts a baseball school in Florida.

But nearly 20 years ago the drama of seeing a weedy kid step out of the low bush and do everything right, including not minding the first nine losses — except when he wept slightly in his room — and watching the unflinching faith of a guy like Manager Bucky Harris, who wouldn't ship the kid back for seasoning in Charlotte, well...

It was not at all unpleasant to be a sports writer in those bright, sunny days in Florida, when any sort of adventure hid around the corner and there was even a chance that the Washington Senators would finish up there...

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There's Nothing Quite Like Spunkiness

EVER the intrepid spirit, Ernest J. Sifford could not resist taking a few passing swipes at "the editors" this week as he vacated the chairmanship of Charlotte's Park and Recreation Commission. It was further proof of the engaging spirit of a wiry warrior for ideals and ideas he holds especially dear.

He has been a park commissioner for nearly 11 years and chairman for five. In all that time he never ducked a fight or retreated an inch on an issue in which his firmly held conviction was involved.

We disagreed frequently with his judgment and occasionally with his attitude. But we have never once questioned his wholesome dedication and devotion to a dream. That dream was and is a great park and recreation system for Charlotte.

He has labored valiantly toward this

goal night and day. Truly, few individuals have given so much of themselves in service.

To many, he was the Park and Recreation Commission. If he seemed rather overbearing at times in wielding his great will it was only because his dedication to the job was also great and overpowering. He discharged his duties as he felt they should be discharged — with supreme assurance, authority and flinty personal integrity.

If anything, Charlotte accepted the obviously good things that he did with too little appreciation and got a mite too agitated about the controversial items. It is to his eternal credit, however, that he emerged from each encounter unmarked and with head held high.

He accomplished much in his own rough-and-ready way and consequently deserves much credit. By jing, we salute him.

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain
THEY bought a body for five grand. It came out of a Class D League, and they sent it to the city to work for a living. And with a last-place club, it managed to win 17 games, three two one hitters, and once beat Mose Grove in 13 innings, 1-0. This was after it lost nine as often as it won.

HUDSON
His name was Sid, including Feller, ever happened like this before

in the major leagues. Hudson was a gangling, taciturn kid — six foot four and possessed of as much conversation as a tame turtle. He came out of a lousy mill in Chattanooga, Tenn., to play for a gentleman named Ray Mead Rogers in the Florida State League — a town called Sanford. He was a first baseman, and skiving a jaw-locked pro would make him look bloated.

DID JUST DANDY
He became a pitcher in an emergency when they ran out of pitchers and did just dandy. He wound up winning 24 games, and the Senators bought him for five course ones on the grounds that any kid, in any league, who could

notch 24 was worth looking at. At the end of the same year they bought him, old Clark Griffith turned down \$100,000 for him.

Hudson came to spring training in Orlando, and he had more class than, straight out of D baseball, than most of the regulars. He could keep his fast ball low, and he didn't fluster. Old Benny Bengough, the coach, said: "This kid's got about as many nerves as a dish of ice cream."

We saw him do some amazing things. That hot afternoon in St. Louis, with the Browns winning six straight over New York and Boston and the Senators losing seven straight to anybody they could entice into a contest, Hudson went to work. It was June 21, 1940. Hudson had given up more

home runs than anybody in either league. He was losing nine out of 11.

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Jaycees Spring Spring On Charlotte

"SPRING HAS SPRUNG" is a top tune in and a neat description of THE HORNET'S NEST which runs through tomorrow night in Owen's Auditorium.

Produced by the Junior Chamber of Commerce and cast with considerably more talent than you might expect to find in this soberly industrious marketplace of the Carolinas, the show is a potent antidote for anyone suffering from winter's hangover — and who isn't?

It's as close as anything in these parts to 100-proof sunshine. The sunshine isn't all spiced. There's some tart talk and spiked spoofs of the Charlotte scene. But the proportions are fine, and it's good to know that Charlotte is big enough to laugh at itself.

Perhaps you'll think that some of the cast and some of the tunes could "go far" show business.

Certainly you'll be delighted that they've come this far.

(his program) for the United States. Here is something that is necessary."

This was tough talk for Dwight D. Eisenhower and exactly the sort that will be required to make any measure of progress in increasing the readiness of the defense forces. The President's proposals may or may not be the right prescription for the Pentagon. There are men on Capitol Hill and in the administration capable of making sound judgments on organizational reforms.

But there has been a real danger that the soothing effects of U. S. satellites on anxiety caused by the Sputniks would encourage do-nothingism on a vastly complex but increasingly vital issue.

The President's reorganization proposal indicates he is deeply concerned about defects in the defense structure. His strong verbal support of his plan suggests that at least the issue will be faced and that some truths may seep out of the contest.

President Eisenhower Pulls His Rank
The most encouraging prediction heard in Washington recently is that there is going to be a fight over military reorganization.

This implies that the President is going to put the power of his office and his prestige as a military man behind his reorganization plan. There has been no doubt that he would have a fight on his hands if he was really serious about reorganization. Ancient alliances between the separate services and congressional chieftains constitute very high hurdles for any far-reaching attempt to bring real unity and increased efficiency to the Pentagon.

At his press conference this week the President said he was for his plan and he didn't care who in Congress was against it. "It just happens," he said, "that I have got a little bit more experience in military organization and the directing of unified forces than anyone on the active list... Here is something

From The Washington Post & Times Herald

OYSTERS, ARISE!
"I weep for you," the Walrus said: "I deeply sympathize." With sobs and tears he sorted out / Those of the largest size. — THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS.

WIFE BOW to the Communist Hungarian press for scoring a sensational scoop on reporting America's raging civil war over the oyster. Although the Potomac River may seem placid, the Hungarian editors using a magic Soviet telescope have spied border warfare between the State of Maryland and Virginia. According to the Budapest weekly, *Erdekes Ujsag*, the war started against "little oystermen" of Maryland "who worked individually and under poor conditions." These humble workers "were attacked by the mechanized brigades of the Virginia oyster trust."

But we must trust that the papers will not let the matter rest there. May we pass on a few suggestions? Why not rally

world opinion against the monstrous oyster cartel? Perhaps some new banners at the next spontaneous demonstration for Comrade Khrushchev should read: "Smash the Oyster Trust!" "All Power to the Little Oystermen!" "The World Is a People's Oyster!" Of course, there is a trifling danger of embarrassment. Some Hungarians may shop around for a tasty oyster and find the delectable morsels have been sent to Moscow to be devoured with Russian dressing.

"O Oysters," said the Carpenter, "You have had a pleasant run? 'Slip' we be nothing here again?" But oysters came there none — And this was scarcely odd, because They'd eaten every one.

You can tell a special diet by its ordinary taste. — ELLAVILLE (GA.) SUN.

Trend Continues
Furthermore, this trend is continuing. During a recession prices usually drop. People who lose their jobs have at least the opportunity to buy food cheaper. But during 1958, according to the Bureau of Labor statistics, the price of food is still going up.

The question—why this widening gap between food on the farm and food in the grocery store—is one of the most important in the nation, and here is an attempt to answer it.

Sharp Climb
Safeway Stores' profits under Eisenhower and Benson increased 248 per cent between 1952-56. Food Fair Stores during the same period went up 90 per cent; Super Value Stores up 172 per cent.

The meat packers also fared well. Cudahy profits went up 188 per cent under Ike; Wilson and Co. went up 111 per cent. Armour up 105 per cent. The poultry meat firm which went down was Swift and Co., which made \$21,686,000 in 1952 under Truman and \$33,462,000 in 1956 under Eisenhower.

One answer can be gleaned from the stock market. During the big stock market crash of 1929-32 last year when 4,670,000 and 5,084,000 shares were sold, food stocks hardly budged. The wise guys on Wall Street knew they were making money and didn't trade them.

If you look at the financial statements of these companies on file at the Securities and Exchange Commission you can understand why their stocks stand firm and how they are making money while both the housewife and the farmer suffer.

The big dairy firms did all right too. Borden's profits went up 33 per cent under Ike. National Dairy Products went up 50 per cent, while Beatrice Foods went up 83 per cent.

The big cereal companies didn't do badly either. Quaker Oats, whose executives are heavy contributors to Eisenhower, saw their profits go up 89 per cent. Corn Products went up 51 per cent; General Mills up 23 per cent. National Starch 162 per cent, and Fairmont Foods up 210 per cent.

What's the reason for these tremendous profits? Part of it is failure to enforce the antitrust laws. With the virtual disappearance of the corner grocery store and with retailers more and more dependent on the giant food business, the only protection of the housewife is enforcement of the anti-monopoly laws.

However, the Justice Department's Antitrust Division has become a political instrument, as recently shown by Congressman Celler's investigation of the

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON
MOST interesting question the housewife and the farmer would like to have answered is why prices on the farm go down while prices in the grocery stores go up.

Since 1952, the year Ezra Taft Benson became secretary of agriculture, to 1957, the prices paid to farmers dropped by 16 per cent while prices paid by the housewife went up 2 per cent. When she went to the grocery store she just did not get any advantage from the fact that farm prices had dropped.

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Jonas Forces Will Stay On The Alert

Charlotte
Editors, The News:
I WAS very much surprised to hear that the Democratic Party in the Tenth District had to go into Lincoln County to find a candidate to oppose Charles Raper Jonas.

In my opinion we had better material in Mecklenburg County. However, the Jonas forces are still on the alert, for we know that his defeat would be a severe blow to the Tenth District, especially in Mecklenburg County.

We cannot afford to make any changes in the congressional election in November. Jonas has the

experience and his influence in Washington is needed. Let's not sleep. Let's be awake.

— L. L. CHILDRESS

Missionary Makes A Poignant Remark
Rock Hill, S. C.
Editors, The News:
I RUN across an item that is so poignant, it keeps weighing heavily on your thoughts. Such is the following statement made by Rev. W. O. Harper, Southern Baptist missionary to Tanganyika: "It is very embarrassing when we have to tell our Nigerian youth who plan to visit America that they will not be welcomed in the churches that send missionaries in them."

— WILLIAM MARCH

Chief Beneficiaries
Another answer is the manner in which Secretary Benson has given representatives of the big meat packers, the big dairy companies, the big grain processors, into his Agriculture Department and made them, not the farmers, the chief beneficiaries of his administration.

This is an important story which will have to be read by another column. But the best illustration is the manner in which Benson appointed Arthur Sigmund, vice president of Kraft Cheese, as his cheese adviser.

People's Platform

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