



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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It Was Right There All The Time

"What's the safest place in which to hide anything very important? Somewhere where everybody has already looked." —A. A. MILLS

FOR ten years, the City Council hid its tax consolidation plans in some cobwebbed corner of its own collective conscience.

That they were discovered there yesterday astonished some and troubled others. But it was inevitable that the municipal governing body would someday get around to acting upon the very issue it had created and then fled away. Reason has a way of being resurrected.

What some might call a decade of dawdling ended abruptly yesterday when the proposed merger of city and county tax departments finally received the Council's approval. Forty-eight hours before, County Commissioners had yielded to the same public necessity. There were no formal dissents although

some City Councilmen agreed grudgingly.

Even after ten years of curious political myopia, the move must be considered a significant and timely triumph for the forces of progress. It is never too late to streamline bureaucracy.

Councilmen, too, have earned the same public commendation accorded County Commissioners earlier for acting affirmatively on a plan to promote greater efficiency, economy and convenience in government.

The transition to a consolidated tax operation cannot be accomplished at the snap of a magician's fingers. Many details have to be settled and much hard administrative work remains to be done. But if the two governmental bodies tackle the chore with cooperative vigor the system can be put into operation without any clanking of gears.

The time to get to work is approximately now.

Mum Is Not The Word For Mr. Shaw

CONSIDERABLE civic shock resulted when City Attorney John Shaw opened his mouth on the possibility that extension of city facilities to the perimeter area will be delayed by a court test.

Asked Councilman Baxter, rather sensibly: "Why did you wait until now to bring it up?" Replied Mr. Shaw, rather illogically: "I did what the bond attorneys told me to do. I kept my mouth closed. You wanted the bonds to pass, didn't you?"

Well, of course, Council wanted the bonds to pass. It proposed them, and they were passed in the general expectation that the money would be used to

extend water and sewer facilities to the perimeter before formal annexation at the end of 1959. The city must make every possible effort to do just that. If there must be a court test it should be initiated and concluded quickly.

But it was unfair to the Council Mr. Shaw is employed to advise and to the voters as well to withhold information hearing on the legality of an action Council proposed to the voters. It is not in the province of either the bond attorneys or Mr. Shaw to try to influence a bond vote other than by providing the fullest information possible.

Mr. Shaw's legal knowledge is dear to the city. It pays him for it and it's entitled to all he can offer.

Good Trustees Make A College Click

CITY Council could not have chosen more wisely in its appointments to the board of trustees of the local community college system.

Someday, when Charlotte and Carver Colleges have their own buildings and campuses, the names of J. Murray Atkins and W. A. Kennedy will be carved in honorary marble or displayed on plaques honoring college founders and builders. But for the present it is enough to know that Messrs. Atkins and Kennedy will continue to devote their energy and enthusiasm to the cause of higher education in Mecklenburg.

Both have played key roles in establishing the colleges and bringing their development to the point where they can qualify for state aid to provide build-

ings and campuses. Mr. Atkins has been chairman and Mr. Kennedy a member of the present college advisory committee since its formation in 1949. As chairman of the City School Board then, Mr. Atkins was instrumental in keeping the colleges alive after the North Carolina Extension Service withdrew its support. Mr. Kennedy has been active particularly in developing and enlarging Charlotte College technical training programs.

His choice of trustees reflects credit on City Council and offers other bodies a standard of quality that should be upheld in future trustee appointments.

If it is, the future development of our community colleges will be in the hands of experienced and imaginative men where—in short—it belongs.

Charlotte Prescribed A Simple Antidote

CHARLOTTE observed the nation's first Law Day with unobtrusive simplicity. There was a brief ceremony with the two divisions of Mecklenburg Superior Court meeting in joint session this morning. There were talks at various luncheon clubs. There was a memo to members of the local bar.

There was no bombast, no parade, no rally. When you get right down to it, there were just a few words about the dignity of the law.

Yet somehow this almost clinically low pressure celebration in Charlotte and other U. S. communities emerged as a wholly satisfactory antidote to the different kind of observance today in Soviet Russia and her satellites. May Day in the USSR is reserved for displays of military might, authoritarian dogma and chest-thumping praise for the super-state.

It was altogether appropriate on such a day that a community such as Charlotte, conscious of its position in a free society, should be involved instead in a tribute to the rule of law—the basic foundation upon which our system of government and the individual freedom of our citizens are founded. It is appropriate, too, for such an observance to be held at a time when the courts of this country are being subjected to occasional bursts of reckless abuse when the value of judicial review is widely

misunderstood and when the rule of law is meeting multiple challenges throughout the nation.

What is the law? Samuel Johnson called it "the last resort of human wisdom acting upon human experience for the benefit of the public."

Cicero called it "the highest reason, implanted in nature."

Mecklenburg's own Charles S. Rhynes, president of the American Bar Association calls it "the intangible force that makes freedom and progress possible."

It is law that brings order into the affairs of men—that enables them to lift their sights above mere survival, to accumulate possessions, to develop the arts, to pursue knowledge, and to enjoy life among their fellows. Law gives the individual security that they could obtain in no other way; it protects the family and other groups or organizations for the advancement of common interests; it permits the growth of great cities and the development of vast enterprises. In other words, it is the cement that holds our free society together.

In this community and in this nation, the law brings order and decency to the human endeavor. In the words of Daniel Webster, "It has honored us, may we honor it."

Van Wyck Brooks In 'From A Writer's Notebook'

TOO MUCH KNOWINGNESS

THE most serious charge that critics can bring against a writer nowadays is to say that he is naive, and yet something like naivete is rapidly becoming the one thing necessary for writers. Or perhaps the right word is ingenuousness, for I do not recommend the untutored, the too artless or the provincial. What I do mean is the opposite of the kind of sophisticated knowingness that chokes so much of the writing of this generation. The literary mind of our day reflects the general urban mind in being, in all respects, over-conscious, while the mass influences of advertising, analysis, cosmetics and Kinsey reports have worn away its freshness and destroyed its bloom. In consequence it has lost the capacity for wonder that is so essential to the poet and the story-teller. What was it that

accounted for Dylan Thomas' unique position among the younger poets of the time? Precisely that he had escaped the sophistication that has paralyzed the contemporary poetic mind.

One of my correspondents wrote to me the other day that "the young writers of America are old and dangerous." From that frame of mind how can writing emerge? When no one speaks of the heart any longer except as a physical organ, and few seem to know the difference between love and sex, what becomes inevitably of natural feeling? And without natural feeling there can be no wonder, the kind of wonder that gave Theodore Dreiser, banal and material as he was, the sense that, in life and the world, he was "a guest at a feast."

U. S. Imperiled By Soviet Russia's Economic Offensive

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON
ALLEN W. Dulles, director of the Central Intelligence Agency, has added the supremely important dimension of national security to a debate which many economists and politicians have

long been trying to get off the ground.

It is the debate about the future shape of the American economy, what it will give promise of being and what it ought to be to keep

this country ahead of the Russians.

Dulles has now warned, in a speech to the annual meeting of the U. S. Chamber of Commerce, that Russia's economic offensive is replacing its war-making threat as the most serious challenge this country has ever

had to meet in time of peace. The new threat is made possible, he explained, because of the steadily growing Soviet economy.

STARTLING GROWTH

That growth, Dulles stressed, is proceeding at a rate roughly twice that of the economy of the United States.

There is nothing new in this for informed observers. Sen. Paul H. Douglas of Illinois and his colleagues of the Joint Economic Committee said the same thing a year ago. But Dulles landed on the front pages and forced an attention which both government and the people today seem reluctant to accord any warning except the purely military.

HARSH TRUTH

The harsh truth is that even before the recession the American economy had been all but standing still. Testimony before the Joint Economic Committee has suggested normal growth goals for the gross national product of \$460 billion this year, \$475 billion next year and \$490 billion in 1960.

The present figure is below \$425 billion.

FULL EMPLOYMENT

The Full Employment Act of 1946 was the last significant federal planning legislation in the economic and social fields. It was also the only element of his domestic Fair Deal that Harry S. Truman managed to get on the statute books.

Much watered down from the Truman version, it asserts that the national policy shall work toward full employment. Since the country is expanding in many striking ways, including population, this stated goal should meet the challenge of Soviet expansion if it is achieved.

Allen Dulles, brother of the secretary of state, does not expect that the Russians will risk general war, but he pointed to many



ALLEN W. DULLES
A New And Deadly Danger

areas in the economic field where it was scoring against this country.

He attached the Soviet label of "expensive luxury" to the recession and warned that Soviet advances were not a flash in the pan. Conceding that the Russians would undoubtedly demand improvement in their lot, he said it could be had without the machinery of present Soviet military and industrial progress.

PRACTICAL DILEMMA

Liberals of both parties—Sen. Douglas, Estes Kefauver, Frances Case and others—have protested strongly the idea that the United States could build on any plateau, however high it might seem. They are welcoming the support of the CIA director, but they also admit a practical dilemma—public and private—to do it is the White House. No sign exists today the White House has the will to act in this field.

'All I Got Was One Station In Florida'



People's Platform

A Child's Agony

Editors, THE NEWS:

I AM writing this letter with a heavy heart. I have truly experienced what a dog means to a little boy.

On Saturday, April 26, at approximately 11 o'clock a motorist driving past the 4200 block of Plaza Road struck and killed a boxer dog belonging to my 8-year-old boy and 5-year-old little girl. I am almost sure that this was not done intentionally, but surely this person knew he was going at a higher rate of speed than

Charlotte

power the change would not be so bad, as new industries and services would replace repetitive tasks of workers. Unfortunately, however, automation is already here and men and women are being replaced everywhere. It could easily do away with ten million jobs in the next five years and affect many more.

Even the newer machines that are being operated are doing more and more of the work that men and women used to do.

There is no answer as yet to this newest upheaval that could be beneficial to man in the future. But if left unchecked to grow under the old rule of competitive enterprise it could easily become the master rather than the servant of man.

But there is a making of hope, as one writer said a few years ago. "The uniqueness of man is thought. The time to dehumanize that uniqueness is now."

Name Withheld By Request

No Such Thing As Court Reform

Editors, THE NEWS:

I NOTICE through the papers so much being said in regard to reforming the courts. There can be no such thing as a reform of the courts. This country has one Constitution. All the courts have to do is to respect that Constitution. That goes for the state government, the churches and the schools.

—MRS. J. D. BIGGERS

Think Of Others For A Change

Editors, THE NEWS:

I WAS so impressed with Dr. Spaulg's column in The News recently when he said forget yourself and start thinking about others. It is true that today so many of us forget others and study ourselves. Yet many many people need our love today in nursing homes and hospitals. Their loneliness is painful.

There is so much Christian work to do if we would only forget ourselves and think of those who are in shift and in need of our kind consideration and attention.

—MRS. MAYME RABGER

Quote, Unquote

"Some people are always grumbling because roses have thorns; I am thankful that thorns have roses." —Alphonse Karr.

Man Against Miura

Death In The Afternoon

By ROBERT C. RUARK

SEVILLE, Spain

THEY nearly always put the Miura on last, or at least close to the finish of the bullfighting festival, because the Miura has a simpler reputation of having killed more toreros than any other breed of bull.

I suppose you all have at one time attended a house party that overstretched itself, where the people were tiring of each other and tempers were wearing very thin. You can compare just as well, and then your host friend's face suddenly becomes repulsive.

This happens also on sea voyages and on safaris, on any occasion in which people are constantly in each other's company.

So that's why you get the Miura—the race of bulls that produced the one who killed Manolete in a little town called Linares. They are big, tall, tough, rangy bulls—not pretty to see. And they book terribly.

FERRO-CARRIL

A "good" bull charges straight and sees well, and is having his first taste of the cape. A good bull is called in Spanish either a "man" or a "ferro-carril," which means that he charges on tracks like a railroad train. When he

follows the red rag well, they say he rats it like candy.

But the Miuras are rarely "good" bulls, and to say that the toreros are frightened of them is putting it mildly. The bullfighters go into the ring with a feeling of misery and a small of anxiety in their nostrils. They don't see a bull. They see a doctor.

UNLEASHED FURY

From the standpoint of the bullfighter, the Miuras were lousy the other day. They wouldn't follow the cape, they didn't calm down after the punishing picadores, they wouldn't cooperate when the banderilleros were putting in the red, tied, barbed toothpicks, and they certainly wouldn't let the muleta like it was candy. More likely, they looked at the man instead of at the red flag, and made suggestive motions with their horns.

The business of fighting bulls requires courage. Even to get down on the ground with half a ton of unleashed fury requires more courage than I've got. Even an unsuccessful bullfighter who has become more a valet in the ring than a matador has to be brave, even if he's frightened.

But the fight among these brave men—including old, fat,

hald Luis Ortega, the bravest bullfighter in the business—was so strong you could smell the risk of it.

The day before Ortega had killed two bulls "rechino," his specialty. Rechino means that you kill the bull when he is charging you and you are clanging him, and you provoke the charge with a flirt of the red flag in your left hand, and go over the horns with the sword in your right.

Ortega got two ears as a reward for killing his last bull, after fighting him well, the day he fought the Miura. On the day of the Miura he wouldn't get any closer to the animal than an inch, and he was approaching a large mouse. This affected all the other bullfighters—the killers, the banderilleros, the picadores. It was possibly the worst corral I have ever seen out of some several hundred.

ANIMALS KNOW IT

Fear is a strangely communicative thing. Certainly the animals know it—the dog of whom you are shy, the cat you are afraid of. And with the bulls it smells so strong that the bull knows it and eventually dominates the man until, by overweigh of opposition, the bull is finally dead.

Fear has a pangover. There were some pretty good Salamanca bulls the next day, and the first three toreros got caught—old, experienced Antonio Ordóñez, who was just lucky he didn't get killed; brave and often foolish young Curro Giron, who wound up with his pants taped with adhesive; and finally the young Chacelo, who is now in the hospital with one big one under the arm.

Fear communicates. One of the best and bravest youngsters, Jaime Ostos, was working with a margin, was on the final day of the fiesta, and he was working so well that he offered the bull a couple of extra passes as a sort of birthday present.

Jaime's condition is diagnosed today as "my grave" because a long horn up the behind is a very long horn indeed. The fiesta is over, and the Miura reputation is still intact. They are a race of bulls who breed fear, even if another casta has to collect it.



Fear Chills The Heart Of Even The Bravest Torero

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON
THE Smithsonian Institution, some called the nation's attic, has a secret deal to buy the world-famous Hope diamond as a spectacular attraction for its new mineral hall which opens this summer.

Was It Cursed?

The Smithsonian is reported ready to trade several industrial diamonds for the supposedly cursed relic, now worn by Catherine the Great of Russia and last owned by the late Evelyn Walsh McLean.

Museum To Buy Famed Hope Diamond

Lean, author of "Father Struck It Rich," who dominated the Washington social scene for many years and whose husband was a close friend of President Harding. A Smithsonian spokesman refused to comment on the deal except to say that an announcement might be expected in a few weeks.

The McLean estate reportedly had been unable to sell the Hope diamond because of a superstition that it brought bad luck. Mrs. McLean herself believed in its bad luck reputation, yet, she clung to the jewel.

Her son was run over by an automobile, her husband died in an insane asylum, and her only daughter died of an overdose of sleeping pills.

When Mrs. McLean was asked why she didn't get rid of the diamond, she explained that it had never brought bad luck to someone else.

Amazing Collection

After her death, Supreme Court Justice Frank Murphy and ex-trustbuster Thurman Arnold, executor of her will, found the famous diamond, plus \$4 mil-

lion worth of other jewelry, stowed in shoe boxes in Mrs. McLean's bedroom. At the Smithsonian, the Hope diamond will join 44 million assorted relics, ranging from 450-million-year-old fossils to a 1903 jukebox. Less than 1 per cent of this tremendous collection, however, is on display.

Note—At one time, the Soviet Government made overtures to retrieve the Hope diamond along with other jewels that once belonged to Catherine the Great. The former Russian Empress died of apoplexy after a tragic marriage and a controversial career.