



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1958

For Charlotte, A Profile A Progress

TRANSFORMATION of the American Commercial Bank's tangled domain into a giant \$3 million skyscraper will add another distinctive lineament to Charlotte's urban profile.

Cities, like people, have faces. They become recognizable personalities in terms of a projected physical image. But unlike many of its far flung neighbors, the face of Charlotte is not adding lines and wrinkles as it ages. It is being constantly "lifted" by surgeons.

Replacing the sagging features of a grand dame of advanced years are the smooth, youthful contours of progress.

Architecturally, the changes in recent years have been nothing short of amazing. There is the new public library, one of the most beautiful structures of its type in the nation. The trim, new Jefferson Standard Building anchors the other end of Tryon Street. The sleekly modern Wachovia Bank & Trust Co. Building now dominates West Trade Street.

Furthermore, the ridiculously dated railroad depot will soon be mercifully removed and overhanging signs in the uptown area will be coming down before very long.

Sites are being cleared in the heart of midtown for other new, if rather modest, structures. But several large projects are in various stages of planning.

In the midst of all of this ambitious face-lifting, American Commercial's magnificent new three-phase building will add just the right touch of elegance. The new structure's design, by Walter Hook & Associates, is not only handsome but blends easily with other modern buildings mushrooming in midtown.

The final effect will be one of beauty and of progress.

Queen Charlotte's looks will transmit to one and all a rather obvious message. Here is no dowager on the downgrade but a city that is both firm of face and firm of future.

Combatting The Conspiracy Of Terror

"... Indeed one of the most important characteristics of the successful officer today is his ability to continue changing his methods, almost even his mental processes, in order to keep abreast of the constant change that modern science, working under the compelling urge of self-preservation, brings to the battlefield."

—GEN. DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER, 1948

ANTI-AMERICAN riots and demonstrations in Tripoli, Beirut, Algiers, Lima, Bogota, Caracas and other global pressure points are too numerous and too well-organized to be considered spontaneous eruptions of disesteem.

They are obviously part and parcel of international communism's new strategy of "rational terror."

Since violent extremes of ideology and action are ancient hallmarks of communist conduct it may be inaccurate to call the strategy "new." But it is certainly new in its application on so many fronts at once.

We can only assume that this is just the beginning.

As is customary, rational terror is being introduced in the name of virtue. As is also customary, the apostles of terror are complete strangers to virtue.

Combating this kind of conspiracy is always difficult. It is particularly difficult for the United States today. In the minds of millions around the world we have simply been deprived of anything resembling divine grace by uncertain

U. S. Don't Allow No Pink Pandas Here

IF ANYONE should ever ask you to define the word "consistent," tell him the parable of the U. S. Treasury and the giant panda.

The giant panda, as you may know, is an oversized member of the raccoon family, standing about six feet, weighing about 200 pounds, and beloved by zoo goers because of its clownish face and humpy hump.

The only giant pandas in the country now are toys. But for the consistency of Treasury there could be a real one. Several zoos are willing to pay as much as \$25,000 for one that is now up for sale. The only trouble is that this panda is at present a resident of Communist China, and there is a law against trading with that country.

"Does this cover pandas?" the eager zoos asked anxiety of the Treasury Department. With sterling consistency,

From The New York Times

THE THRASHER

HE has many common names: Thrasher, Brown Thrasher, Fox Thrasher, Mavis, Sandy Mocker, Song Thrush, Ground Thrush, Red, Max, French Mockingbird. But the most of us know him simply as the brown thrasher, big cousin of the catbird, northern cousin of the tree toad. We even forgive him for starting to sing well before dawn, unless he perches just beside the open bedroom window, which he seldom does.

He is longer than a robin and slimmer. His crown and back are rich cinnamon-brown, his throat and belly pale bluish streaked with the same brown of his back. His beak is long, his eye is bright. But it is his voice that distinguishes him. He is a true thrasher.

It is not right to speak of the thrasher's song, for he has many phrases which he puts together a hundred ways. And he knows he can sing. He enjoys his own voice, puts his whole self into it, twitting, jerking, stretching, almost leaping from the higher branches as he sings. Ecstasy almost overcomes him. And his trademark is the repeated phrase. Give him five minutes and he will give you five complete songs, each long and intricate, each in almost every phrase repeated as he goes along. His voice has the tones of flute, piccolo, violin, sometimes even of clarinet. And it lacks the raucous leer of the catbird.

True, he likes fruit. He also likes insects, beetles and such. And he seldom frequents the garden. He prefers the edge of the woods, the highest tree and the top twig. There he sings morning and evening for hours at a time. He roars at midday and for a time during the dark of night. But his mission is song. He glories in song. He lives for it. And most of us find May a better month for his return.

A scientist suggests that before we try to reach the moon we should find out whether life exists there. If so we might want to take some beads along.

—FORT MYERS (FLA.) NEWS-PRESS.

Rubbing elbows with some folks isn't much cheaper than rubbing fenders with them. —BARTON COUNTY (IGA.) HERALD.

A new waxworks museum opened in Washington—some of the historical figures seem more lively than the present cast. —MEMPHIS PRESS-SCIMITAR.

Bridge On The Continents America



Dealing With Russia

The Certainty Of Uncertainty

By MARQUIS CHILDS

COPENHAGEN, Denmark

WHILE the only certain thing about negotiating with Soviet Russia is that nothing is certain, the course for the future, as sorted out at the NATO conference, can be charted as follows.

The next move is up to Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko who, it is fully expected, will shortly call the British, French and American ambassadors in Moscow for another round of individual talks.

These talks will take place within the framework laid down by Gromyko for "mutual acceptance" of any subject to go on a future agenda of a meeting at a higher level.

FUTILITY

The talks can, therefore, go on for an indeterminate number of weeks or months. The belief is strong among high-placed Americans that the futility of trying to come to any resolution of the differences between East and West will be demonstrated at the diplomatic level and the whole effort will end, out of sheer weariness, in a mutual agreement to go on disagreeing.

There is a striking parallel out of the past for just this. On March 4, 1951, the deputy foreign ministers of the four powers sat down in the Palais Rose in Paris to reach agreement on an agenda that would then be considered by the Council of Foreign Ministers, which had survived from the war.

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HARVEST OF NYETS

The American determination today is not to break off the talks or at least not until they have ground out a harvest of nyets and not so exceedingly as to demonstrate the uselessness of continuing. It is possible that the basic differences will, in the end, be taken to a foreign ministers conference for a more or less public demonstration of the futility of negotiating so long as the Western powers are determined to keep the reunification of Germany on the agenda and the Russians not forward proposals such as a nonaggression pact, that the West labels propagandistic.

All this could, of course, change overnight if the Kremlin-Prime Minister Nikita S. Khrushchev, that is, suddenly to reverse the diplomatic gears and meet the Western demand for discussion of the problems that the West regards as the principal obstacles to peace. But no one has the slightest expectation that this will happen.

Khrushchev, according to those who have some knowledge on which to base an estimate of his

intentions, means to prove that he is "as big as Stalin," that he has the same ability to get his way with the rest of the world. Obviously he could not do this by yielding to Western demands.

These same sources say Khrushchev has the support of the hierarchy of the Communist Party and the Presidium of the Supreme Soviet. They may at times feel he is too impulsive and too ready with wild swings in one direction or the other. But short of some big blunder, the informed view is that they will stand behind him.

ANOTHER MARATHON

Quite clearly then, this point to another marathon that could go on even longer than the one seven years ago because the methods insisted on by the Soviets of dealing separately with each of the three ambassadors is cumbersome and time-consuming.

The American ambassador to Moscow is Llewellyn E. Thompson, a career diplomat with skill and ability and, above all, the monumental patience necessary for negotiating with the Russians.

For the task ahead he will need all the patience and skill at his command. It is a game in which a single false move, a mistaken word can play havoc. And out of the weeks and months of effort can come little more than a sense of frustration and futility which will be evident not only to those immediately engaged but to the estimate of American policy-makers is correct, to public opinion throughout the West.



PHILIP JESSUP
Out Of The Past

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Editor's Note: This is Drew Pearson's second dispatch from Rome in his coverage of the forthcoming Italian election.

ROME

THE average citizen of Salina, Kan. or Sioux Falls, S. D. would have a hard time believing that the national election in Italy is of any great importance to him. Yet it is.

The way Italy votes ten days from now may well effect the future of the great American Army base we established at Lephorn, one of the biggest in the world, big enough to supply all the armies of the free world east of France. Or it may well effect our base at Verona where we have one combat division which, incidentally, has made a bit with Italian people playing baseball. And it may effect our atomic air base at Forlì and our NATO base at Naples.

The Soviet Fleet has an important operation. Of course, missiles may well have out-dated these bases. But, even more important, American prestige is involved in the Italian elections, for this is a

country into which we poured a great amount of aid, where we won many friends, and which has been just about our best friend in Western Europe.

Mussolini's Legacy

It doesn't take a heavy Communist vote to change this. Even a big vote by the Nenni left-wing Socialists who favor the Communists could change it. Or a heavy vote by the monarchists and Fascists. Some of these are about as dependable as Mussolini, the man they once ignominiously saluted.

Macaroni For Votes

The most colorful monarchist candidate is Achille Lauro, ex-mayor of Naples, now touring southern Italy in two Pullman cars. The caravan gives away shoes and macaroni to voters. Lauro can afford these giveaways. He made millions as a ship operator for Mussolini, led the city treasury bankrupt, and now pretends to be a great friend of the United States. "The Democratic Chris-

All Irishmen Know The Air Is Thick With Leprechauns

By ROBERT C. RUARK

BEADAD, it's shocked I am, and the ghost of me grandfather as well, to learn that times have become so modern that the Irish government is being forced to decide at this late date whether the mist and set the dogs a-ho-ling.

Do not know how the argument came out, but the last time I looked Eamon de Valera's Cabinet was in trouble with a decision of urging the leg-the after who are often seen as malicious little old men, sort of like grem-lings.

The issue was whether to punish 20 employees of the State Land Commission for their refusal to build a fence at Belmullet, County Mayo, because the land in question is a fairy palace and must not be desecrated. If the decision is made that leprechauns do not exist, the government faces a mighty wrath of a few million people who do believe in leprechauns, as well as 30,000 dues-payers in the Land Union.

SILLY AT BEST

It is a silly issue at best, since any Irishman knows that the air is thick with fairies, the leprechauns with little people, and that mysterious night noises which set the dogs to howling—noises people cannot even hear—come from the little folk, who are annoyed at the stupidity of the large people.

Leprechauns are everywhere. I have a special one in charge of typewriters for instance. He lives in an ancient, battered Lindey Standard, which he does to dust must have yielded the best part of a hundred million words to my calloused two thumbs.

There are several leprechauns around this house. One is in charge of urgent messages from the home office, the moment I try to sneak off for a weekend fishing trip. He gets in touch with my boss before I have cleared the gate, and immediately the air is thick with cables and phone calls. Another lives in the bathroom and looks after dripping faucets and busted pipes. Another inhabits a puppy, causing him to come sniffing about, and me. Another breaks down the kitchen stove when we have guests. Still another lives in a razor, in order he can cut me bloody up my shirt when I am late for an appointment or am trying to catch a plane.

Ah, yes. Sure and I'll be an ill day for Ireland if the mighty leprechauns are brought into challenge. The best I can expect will be another potato famine and a visitation of the Black and Tans.

My leprechaun was happy again. The new gorgeous machine has been stable ever since, and work goes on apace.

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People's Platform Name It Kennedy Hall

Huntersville

THE PASSING OF W. A. (Woodie) Kennedy just one day before he was to have been sworn in as mayor of the Charlotte-Carver Community College System deeply grieves all who know of his work in this field.

If ever a man was unselfishly devoted to the promotion of an idea or a project in the public interest, that man was Woodie Kennedy.

Some day, in the not too distant future, there will be here in Mecklenburg County a great, after a big division of the University of North Carolina. Immediately there will be plans for construction of administrative and classroom buildings.

I wish to propose to the new board of trustees that the first unit of their plant should be named W. A. Kennedy Hall, in recognition of the high school faithful and imaginative work in behalf of this great idea.

—R. LACY RANSON

June 14 Is Flag Day; Break Out 'Old Glory'

Editors, The News:

FLAG DAY was officially proclaimed in the two Carolinas in 1941 and it is with great pride in North and South Carolina has shown unusual interest among all states. With fair weather and with those assisting in the proper display of Old Glory, there should

be many American flags flown proudly and gloriously on Flag Day, June 14.

The association is non-profitable, the day being observed nationally by display, after gracious respect to the United States banner, from public buildings, residences, parks, etc., or anything decorative in celebration of this patriotic occasion.

The interest of the past years in Flag Day observance is gratefully appreciated.

—BATTIE McILLIAN
Chairman for North and South Carolina, Golden Jubilee Committee, American Flag Day Assn.

Grades Don't Tell The Whole Story

Editors, The News:

ACADEMIC must advertise the training opportunities that it has to offer to the high school graduates. Of course, each college wants to get the high school graduates that have the best chance of amounting to something. Intelligence, scores and high school grades will tell us something but not too much. Individual initiative and special talents may make a high school student with low grades one of the best college students. Leadership of a high order is found in people who have a poor set of high school grades.

Winston Churchill did not do well in high school yet he did famously in life. Edison did poorly in school but he made a great record in life. These are enough to show that it is difficult to measure the ability of a student entering college.

—JAMES W. JEWELL

spite Lauro's statements, have been the most consistent friends of the United States.

In direct contrast to monarchist candidate Lauro is Giuseppe Saragat, leader of the Social Democratic Party and staunch friend of the United States. Though not now a member of the Democratic Christian government, it has been Saragat's consistent support in the Chamber which has kept the government in power. I caught Saragat at his apartment in Rome during a hectic campaign trip and asked him, among other things, how the United States is now rated with the Italian people.

'American Myth'

"The American myth is gone," he replied. "We thought of America as a myth, a country which could do anything, whose power could not be challenged. Russia's Sputnik exploded that myth. Still regard America as a very great and respected country, but the American myth is no more."

Yet judging by the crowds Lauro is drawing, he may still count votes away from the Democratic Christians who de-