



## THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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### Higher Education: Where's The Fire?

THE future of state-supported higher education in North Carolina cannot be left to chance or depend solely upon the outcome of haphazard clashes involving injured pride and built-in prejudices.

The public's stake is too great. The issues involved are too precious.

The delicate relationships between the State Board of Higher Education and the Consolidated University of North Carolina have not yet been explored in depth. A conscientious effort to delineate and to resolve the differences between the board and University trustees has not been made. The two groups have not even been able to air their differences around the same conference table.

Yet the University's trustees will be asked Monday to launch a full-scale campaign to reduce the Board of Higher Education to insignificance. They will be asked to take action before the significance of the board is even clearly apparent to the public and to the institutions involved.

It is obvious that the whole unhappy issue will be tossed to the General Assembly in 1959.

It is just as obvious that University trustees will be acting too hastily if they approve the suggested merger Monday. The remedy—harsh as it is—may turn out to be just the right treatment. But every good physician knows that no diagnosis should be made or medicine prescribed until a complete examination has been made.

The fact of the matter is that a complete examination has not been made.

All of the individual differences between the two groups have not even been publicly identified.

The UNC committee recommending the action has made only token attempts to iron out any alleged differences between the two bodies. It was agreed that both groups would meet to discuss, and possibly to iron out, these differences. The meeting was never held.

Why, then, must attitudes be frozen at this early date—nine months before the next General Assembly is scheduled to convene?

The Board of Higher Education itself is not without blemish in this controversy. Its statement issued in March on the matter only skimmed the surface of fundamental issues involved and amounted largely to an elongated tautology. And its functions have indeed been poorly defined and poorly sold to the public.

It has been suggested in Raleigh and in certain sections of the Tar Heel press that the value of the higher education body should not be questioned because it is so clearly a Good Thing. This argument left us cold last winter and it leaves us just as chilly today. Why is it a Good Thing? Or, in the opinion of the University's trustees, why is it a Bad Thing?

These questions must be answered publicly. To answer them it will be necessary for the issues and points of friction to be explored thoroughly and in depth. Is it too much to ask that the two bodies explore them together, without rancor but with an informed regard for the best interests of higher education in North Carolina?

### Harold Stassen Believed Mr. Kipling

HAROLD STASSEN, as it turned out, was almost as lonely in Pennsylvania as he was in his forlorn crusade to "stop Nixon" in San Francisco.

Now the erstwhile boy wonder of Minnesota is stopped, permanently it would appear—although it may be risky to understate his nerve and doggedness. Certainly his power and his prospects at the 1960 Republican convention, both factors in his Pennsylvania campaign, have been reduced to nil. In politics at the moment he has only two possible courses—up or out.

If he goes out, it will mark a dismal end to an astonishing career. At 31, Stassen was governor of Michigan two years later, he was temporary chairman and keynoter of the Republican convention and floor manager of Wendell Willkie's drive for the 1940 nomination. Stassen himself twice ran for the presidential nomination. He has been president of the University of Pennsylvania and during World War II was a commander on the staff of Admiral Halsey. Any one of his successes would have

satisfied less ambitious political types. But the lights of the White House always glittered in Stassen's eyes. It has been reported that "If Kipling's poetic rendering of the old college cry was one of Stassen's favorite pieces. He had a framed copy of this admonition against defeatism hanging on his library wall and, apparently, an engraving in his heart.

In retrospect Stassen's defeat in Pennsylvania was inevitable, there may be room now for some sympathy, even among his severest critics. If he was a young man in too much of a hurry, if he smudged his own idealistic image by jockeying for an inside track to the presidency, he always labored mightily in whatever vineyard he was working. He had an excellent record as governor in Minnesota, as a naval officer and, in terms of effort and tirelessness, as Mr. Eisenhower's "secretary peace."

### U. S. Culture—With Mustard And Onions

J. V. BLEVINS of Nashville, Tenn., is an indignant, unhappy man.

The American brass at the Brussels World Fair, he says, has refused to admit his popcorn to the American pavilion. He's sure the refusal has something to do with a longhair word called culture.

"Popcorn and a popcorn stand may not be cultured," Mr. Blevins said, "but it's such a typically American product that it ought to be in the pavilion." Maybe so. With the rest of the world ever ready to throw a barbed remark of "barbarian" at the thin-skinned American, perhaps the pavilion bosses were reminded that the head-tossing which accompanies popcorn-eating is not a particularly graceful gesture.

There are other things, of course,

which make America appear to a much better advantage in critical eyes. One of them, we remember, is the hot dog, which proved so popular when the fair first was opened.

Now there's a really cultured American item for you, the hot dog. It is guaranteed to win friends for America if for no other reason than its inherent fatness.

A fat man with mustard on his tie, licking the bottom of the dog to keep more yellow goo from sliding to his shirt front, or a small boy with a bun clutched tightly in a grimy fist while juice from slaw drips off his elbow, are sights certain to soften the hardest of hearts.

Just be sure to keep that uncultured popcorn out of the joint.

From The Green Bay (Wis.) Press Gazette

### THE HAZARD IN REMEMBERING

THERE'S a certain hazard involved in looking over your own shoulder.

For instance, do you remember when automobiles had running boards or when the limit of outer space was the farthest from you could pick up on your crystal radio set after midnight?

If you do, you probably don't need any hint from these columns that the years are advancing at a rate faster than can be considered comfortable.

Remember when the latest college fad was to swallow a gold fish or when spats were a necessary article of male apparel when Russ Colombo was the idol of millions?

GREEN EYES was the song all America was singing at the time when it was fashionable for young people to swing their routing on a front porch to swing instead of a driveway man. They're more likely to have been the period when the symbol of adventure was a train whistle, not the swoosh of an intercontinental rocket.

CCC camps were sprouting up across the nation when economists cautiously agreed the country stood a federal debt of \$75 billion. Every other male child seemed to be studying the cornet or the saxophone and the wild west was in Montana instead of your living room. There was a time, too, when children were strong enough to walk to school

and the only weapon found in a classroom was a ruler and it was wielded by the teacher. Then, the child who received a 25-cent allowance was deemed certain to grow up spoiled.

Remember when a disappointing date was called a "flat tire"? The romble seat was the rage then as was the straw hat and if all happened at a time when only ponds were under water. These things may be fresh in your mind and you'll tingle a little at the thought of them. But there's sadness, too, for an era which can never be again. You were a part of it and you remember. You are older and when your reverie is over, you'll still be today and tomorrow will be far too close. Time, you see, has a peculiar way of healing old hurts and creating new ones.

But if you haven't already guessed, it is the hazard in looking back.

Young mother who knows a playpen says when the kids get too wild she'll climb in the pen for protection and let them have the rest of the house.

—MATTHEW J. LILL, JOURNAL-GAZETTE

A sleeping person is said to move every ten minutes. That's better than some people do when awake.—GREENVILLE PIEDMONT.

## The American Position Will Continue To Deteriorate



MESSRS. HUMPHREY AND HAGERTY Candor Could Be Most Embarrassing

By JOSEPH ALSOP

IN the last fortnight's lurid, unending chronicle of disastrous American setbacks all over the globe, What, then, is this something that is wrong?

In part, quite obviously, the chickens reared in the fat, smug, outwardly lucky years of the first term are just coming home to roost. As was foreseeable, they all look like vultures. But in this reporter's opinion, the roots of the thing that is wrong go back to the very beginning, to the tragic drama that occurred when the President took office.

At that time, the United States still stood at the head of the world. But a whole bale of warnings was waiting on the new President's desk, even as he walked into the White House. These papers terminated in the last National Security Council directive of the Truman administration. They rather belatedly recognized that America's position would soon be challenged by the rapid, massive growth of Soviet power. They called for more effort, more vigilance, more effort to safeguard the American position.

LESS EFFORT

With George Humphrey at the Treasury and Wilson at the Defense Department, the Eisenhower administration was already half-committed to less national effort. When Mr. Strauss moved in on the Atomic Energy Commission and Robert Cutler at the National Security Council, the ad-

ministration was already tending to the view that the people did not need to know about the people's business.

Even so, for nine long months in 1953, the President played the role of the "Operation Candor." He wanted to tell the American people the harsh facts of their situation. He wanted to go on from there, to a call for greater national effort to deal with those facts. But finally, in October, 1953, "Operation Candor" was blocked by the budget-firers and the secrecy addicts.

Thereafter, the administration increasingly refused to believe the intelligence reports. It was too uncomfortable to believe the intelligence, when nothing was being done about it.

The leadership was self-deceived. The country was deceived. But meanwhile the growth of Soviet power continued at an ever-increasing rate.

The Soviet Union, for instance, progressed towards the crisis point. The very heart of the Western Alliance began to show symptoms of decay. The old, unchallengeable position of the United States was altogether lost. And these dangers abroad, finally, were accentuated and increased by recession at home.

The government's almost total inability to make any coherent, continuous response to this combination of challenges is a key characteristic of the second Eisenhower administration. When the heat is very hot indeed, they thrash about, as they have done and they are again doing in the Middle East. But these intermittent thrashings only disguise the basic passivity.

One reason for this is obvious.

The great measures that are now needed cannot even be considered until the country is fully and firmly undeceived. Yet any true accounting to the country, in the manner of "Operation Candor," would take James Hagerty and a great many other, much more important people look both silly and fraudulent.

But there is another, deeper reason. A truly "dynamic new policy" that really might "recapture the initiative" cannot even begin to be involved without the most dynamic leadership, equipped with the most inexhaustible vigor, the freshest intelligence, and the most ruthless capacity for detailed, hard work. Until these qualities are present at the top, the new challenges can never be met. So the American position will continue to deteriorate.

### 'Anybody Give A Hoot About Inner Space?'



### People's Platform

City's Efficiency Seen After Storm

Charlotte, N.C. (AP)—The flood of Saturday was not all unfortunate. It enabled some of us to realize how noble and efficient some of the city's employees really are. I speak especially of Mr. Barnett and personnel of the Laurel St. fire station.

—J. A. BALDWIN

'Splendid Coverage' Given Presbyterians

Atlanta, Ga. (AP)—I want to thank you and your staff for the splendid coverage given the Presbyterian General Assembly during its meeting in Charlotte.

Particular thanks go to Mr. John Borchert, your religious news editor. John did a splendid job in covering our affairs accurately and interestingly. Please express to him our deep appreciation for such work.

I heard many commissioners expressing pleasure—and in some cases surprised—recognition for the splendid way in which the newspapers of Charlotte covered the assembly. Many were, quite frankly, not used to such high quality journalism. All this added to the very happy reception which Charlotte gave to us.

We are grateful for it and the many kindnesses of our host city. —BLUFORD B. HESTER, Secretary of Publicity, General Council, Presbyterian Church, U. S.

Put Nation's Welfare Over Party Preference

Charlotte, N.C. (AP)—I of the Constitution says all legislative powers here-in granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

We hear a lot about the Supreme Court's decision on segregation.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Editor's Note: Drew Pearson today writes another column on the background of the crisis in France.

OUTSIDE the American Embassy party under the chestnut trees just off the Place de la Concorde is a huge black police van. It parks there every night. It's dark inside the van and every so often someone will light a cigarette and you can see rows of faces. They are faces of gendarmes sitting all night guarding the American Embassy.

Alongside the Embassy is the Hotel Crillon where lived Woodrow Wilson when he tried to hammer out a peace treaty which would prevent further devastation of France. Up along the Champs Elysees thousands of American doughboys marched when they first landed in France in 1917 and again when they liberated France in 1944. Much of French history, from Lafayette on, is intertwined with American friendship. Yet the dark police van full of gendarmes sits all night outside the Embassy of the nation which twice sent its troops to

defend the law of the land. When did the Supreme Court get the authority to pass laws? We have elections coming up this year and in 1960. I think every candidate for Congress who refuses to uphold states rights and constitutional government should be defeated at the ballot box. There are still some states, and many individual voters, that have not been brainwashed by the not-so-called Communists, one-world Socialists, and they will not follow party lines. When they vote, Alabama and some other states may bolt if the right kind of man are not nominated.

Reversal Of Form Is Bricker Biting The Dust?

By DORIS FLEESON

CLEVELAND (AP)—Democrats who a few years ago were holding their party together with chewing gum and string expect to put the picturesque Michael V. Disalle into the statehouse this fall. They even think they may replace the veteran U. S. Sen. John W. Bricker with former Rep. Stephen Young.

Objective observers calmly support this amazing reversal of form with an explanation which bears a close resemblance to the increasingly vocal complaints about the Eisenhower administration. It is comprised in one simple phrase: Lack of leadership.

Gov. C. William O'Neill, who beat Disalle by 400,000 votes in 1956, is charged with vacillation, indecision and administrative incompetence. He has disappointed his own supporters worst of all and they showed it by casting a protest vote of nearly 200,000 for Charles P. Taft, brother of the late senator, who was only a token candidate. Taft failed to carry his own county, but he carried O'Neill's.

GOOD RECOVERY

The governor has made a good recovery from a mild heart attack. Taft explained, however, that he filed as a stand-in, should



SEN. JOHN W. BRICKER

The Trouble's At Home

O'Neill became disabled before the election.

The emphasis on leadership is being heard in every state. It suggests to incumbents of both parties that they are being judged by voters with a harshness of temper and clarity of political thought very different from the easy-going and optimistic mood of recent years.

The obvious Democratic danger is over-confidence. The hidden one

is that despite the evident Democratic trend, all office holders in these troubled days are on the defensive, regardless of party.

TOP OF TICKET

Gov. O'Neill is clearly weaker than his state party. The story in Ohio is one of Republican faction and feud than elsewhere. Sen. Bricker is not harassed by division over the course the party ought to take: what he fears is that the weakness of the governor at the top of the ticket will drag him down.

Much credit must go to the resilient Disalle and other aggressive Democrats including the Cleveland mayor, Anthony J. Celebrezze, who he began to fight strongly for party identity after Frank J. Lausche quit his long tenure of the governorship to become U. S. senator. Democrat Lausche, very much in the Eisenhower pattern, blurred the edges of both controversy and party, often supported by the late Sen. Taft and depended upon Republican votes and money.

Lausche and others set to work in the counties to give the party faces and a name. If no name candidates were available, they urged an appeal to young people, women and minority groups and selection of a candidate from those ranks, no matter how little he or she might be known.

### Paris Police Guard American Embassy

People Wonder

How far can the gendarmes be trusted? They have been tough and courageous so far. When the Chamber of Deputies was threatened, the gendarmes did their duty. On the other hand, they let Jacques Soustelle, leader of the revolt against the government, slip off to Algeria which he could not have done without their connivance. So people wonder. Especially they wonder about the Army.

Showdown Due

They know a showdown between the French military and civilian rule has been postponed a long time. It has been boiling over since 1952 when Marshal

shah Juin publicly opposed it. About the same time another military man in Japan, Gen. Douglas MacArthur, differed publicly with the Far Eastern policies of another civilian leader, Harry Truman. MacArthur was called home and fired.

Premier Plevin called Marshal Juin to his office, but did not fire him. Ever since, Premier Plevin and all French premiers have had increased trouble with the French military. But during the French Indo-China war, they evaded the issue. They have not done what Truman did—forced a showdown.

The military became stronger. Shortly after the Marshal Juin incident, the French military kidnapped the Sultan of Morocco, Aug. 15, 1953, and took him to Madagascar. The government in Paris let them get away with it. The Sultan is now King of Morocco, and the incident did not particularly endear him to the French. Again Adm. Thierry D'Argenlieu started shooting up Hanoi in what began the French Indo-China war. Last year the French military kidnapped five rebel Algerian leaders flying from

Rabat, Morocco, to Tunisia. They were not on French soil. The act was a complete violation of international law. But the government in Paris bowed to the military.

100 Killed

Last February 8 the French military bombed the Tunisian village of Skikiet-Sidi-Youssef, killing about 100 villagers. The government in Paris had not been consulted. The French military acted on its own. Again the government in Paris not only bowed, but even covered up for the military. With this record of vacillation, a showdown between the French army and the French Government was inevitable.

Fat Pigeons

The pigeons are fatter in Paris than anywhere in the world. And the children are rousier. I watched the former gobbler nuts in the Tuileries Gardens and the latter jumping rope, roller-skating, and riding merry-go-rounds. . . . Outwardly Paris is unchanged.