



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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TUESDAY, JUNE 10, 1958

Council Should Launch Its Own Probe

IRREGULARITIES in the administration of City Recorder's Court now threaten to make a mockery of the whole concept of equal and exact justice on the local level.

It first appeared that only a few minor indiscretions were involved. Court officials have now admitted that the scales of justice themselves may have been tampered with by a person or persons having access to official documents. The existence of warrants which have apparently been not processed illegally has been formally acknowledged.

The issue now is the respectability of the court itself.

The administration of justice is the bulwark of all our institutions. It must be above suspicion. If it is not then it has failed the ultimate test of responsible government.

Recent disclosures have shaken severely the public's confidence in the manner in which the court has been operated. Irregularities themselves have been enough. That they have occurred over an extended period of time under the nose of a presumably alert and responsible judge is doubly disturbing.

The judge is responsible for the conduct of his court. But the overall responsibility belongs properly to the City Council. In the light of the latest disclosures it would seem to be prudent and wise for the Council to launch an independent investigation into the entire operation of that court. A mere audit of the books is no longer sufficient. It would only tend to turn up financial discrepancies if any exist. Something far more serious is involved now—the concept of equal and exact justice in a court of law.

UNC: A Renaissance In Reverse?

ALTHOUGH it has little to do with the stoned wilderness of Broadway or the audacious extravagance of Hollywood, a dramatic heritage of sorts has grown up in Chapel Hill. Since its beginnings to the late Professor Frederick H. Koch ("Prof") Koch to his students, the Carolina Playmakers and the University of North Carolina's kindly hospitality to native talent.

"Prof" Koch proved that there was fully as much "good theater" to be found in the lives of Tar Heel sharecroppers as in the life of Shakespeare. He taught, as one of his students, Thomas Wolfe, put it, "the dramatic is not the unusual. It is happening daily in our lives."

Paul Green was the most distinguished playwright to come out of "Prof" Koch's classes. But perhaps the best all-around theatrical scholar to emerge from the Koch period at Chapel Hill was the late Selden. He was appointed technical director of the Carolina Playmakers and a member of the UNC faculty in 1927. When the old master died it was Selden who inherited his mantle.

As chairman of the Department of Dramatic Art, Selden dutifully continued the Koch tradition while expanding the

technical features of the University's program in dramatics. He initiated new undergraduate courses in theater practice and supervised the development of graduate work in dramatic arts. Under Selden, Chapel Hill became more and more a seedbed of original thought in the fields of dramatic techniques and the esthetics of the theater. Selden himself has written ten books on the theater and is under contract for an eleventh. In addition, he has directed over 400 historical dramas by Paul Green and Kermit Hunter throughout the South.

Now, he is leaving.

The University of California at Los Angeles has recruited him for its own Department of Theater Arts. He will become its chairman in 1959.

The loss to the University, to North Carolina and to the South will be great. His role in making fine drama and "good theater" a part of the cultural heritage of the entire region is too important to be overlooked.

North Carolina has not only lost a superb educator, but a unique cultural force as well. How long must UNC go on being stripped of her best?

Adm. Strauss: Mum Was The Word

A LOT of Americans felt uneasy about the five-year reign of Admiral Lewis Strauss, now marked for an end.

They might have felt more uneasy had the agency had a chairman of less skill and dedication. There is no doubt that Strauss had those qualities in abundance and employed them in what he thought were the best interests of the nation. But there is no doubt either that during the Strauss reign a strong taint of political partisanship attached to an agency that was conceived as, and ought to be, one capable of holding the trust and respect of the people and Congress.

Largely this confidence must be engendered by the personalities of the commission members and visible efforts on their part to form mature and humane judgments on atomic policy.

Because the public is little told about atomic matters, its attitude toward the AEC is framed perforce by what it thinks of the men who juggle in their hands the futures of both themselves and their children. Unfortunately, Strauss' talents as a technician were not matched by a corresponding skill in political and public relations.

For one thing, he came to be known not as a member of the AEC but as its arbiter in all things. As such, rightly or wrongly, blame attached to him for the AEC's habit of patronizing the public with pat and misleading explanations

of the danger of nuclear fallout. In many minds, in short, he became a symbol of excessive secrecy and of the "what-you-don't-know-won't-hurt-you" school of government.

Symbolism is important in this area of government simply because the public has so few facts in its possession. It's a pity that President Eisenhower apparently overlooked this point in choosing a successor for Strauss.

His choice, Los Angeles businessman John A. McCone, certainly can be expected to come equipped with fine administrative talents. And, as another secretary of the Air Force in the Truman administration, he will know something about the political ropes in Washington. But unless he can burst forth in a blaze of public esteem a la Neil McMillen, Mr. McCone will suffer from the lack of national prestige that now marks him.

Nonetheless McCone is due everybody's good wishes. In addition to the staggering responsibilities imposed by the military atom, such as deciding whether to suspend tests, the peaceful atom poses a far-reaching battle over commercial vs. government development, in which political stakes are high.

Mr. McCone could make a good start on winning the prestige and confidence he will need by urging the AEC to reassess its public information policies—at least to the extent that Americans may know what the Russians already know about the atom.

By GERALD JOHNSON

Editor's Note: Gerald Johnson, noted Tar Heel newspaperman and author, was one of ten persons asked by "The American Scholar" recently to explain the faith that was in them or, put more bluntly, why they wanted to keep on living after reaching 60. Excerpts from Mr. Johnson's reply follow:

A MAN'S faith is his reason for continuing to be when he might just as well make with a bare bodkin. So the correct reply is to give an adequate reason for one's current presence among the quick.

I doubt that it can be done. I know that it can be done in no more than nine of ten cases. I do not regard any reason as adequate unless it satisfies a considerable number of people, and I am aware that my reasons for continuing to live are satisfactory to nobody but me. Everyman is wanted, and no man is wanted much. It is an illustration of the human condition that a man beyond sixty can make himself wanted at all, he is fortunate, and very unusual; as a rule, what he has to give to the world he has already given, and what he may reasonably hope to remain who was in danger of being hanged; and the fact that the strength of old age is labor and sorrow cannot drive one who is convinced that his weakness is the vacant heart and the vacant mind.

TWO QUEENS

Still, they may be interesting. I can remember how strange it seemed to a small American boy that England no longer had a queen, when the death of Victoria was announced, and I can remember how strange it seemed to a grieving man that England had a queen, when Elizabeth II was proclaimed. Between the two queens were two colossal wars, in the first of which I participated, and watched the other from the sidelines. I have seen an economic system that men thought as solid as the everlasting hills collapse into utter ruin. I have seen orthodox repudiated and heresy rampant over half the earth. I have seen the transit of four great men—in my time, Wilson passed, Lenin passed, Roosevelt passed, and now I am passing.

I come of a long-lived tribe. One grandchild reached his 52nd year, so if some oracle should tell me tomorrow that I shall live 1999 come, I should not be altogether amazed. But—and this is the point that demands explanation—neither should I be appalled. It is not that I can hope to contribute anything of much value to the world if I live for another generation, and certainly I do not expect the world to reward me with either fame or fortune at this late date. Furthermore, by now I know how well-informed was the Palmist when he declared, "The days of our years are threescore and ten; and

if by reason of strength they be fourscore years"—or even five-score—and "yet is their strength labor and sorrow."

CURIOUS WORLD

Nevertheless, I should not be appalled if I knew I were fated to live to a hundred. For in two-thirds of a century I have learned that this is an infinitely curious world; practically every guess I have made about it so far has proved to be wrong, so I assume that if I should survive for another thirty years, still I would be a state of perpetual astonishment. Well, astonishment may be mixed with any of various emotions—disappointment, indignation, hatred, grief or exaltation—but by one thing it is never accompanied, by one thing it is never born: boredom. And I hold with Schopenhauer that of the two absolute evils in this world, pain and boredom, boredom is by far the worse.

So long as I am protected by ignorance of the real nature of the world, and that ignorance is plainly inviolable—I cannot be overwhelmed by the worst of all afflictions, sedition. It is wonderful how much more one can endure in prison sentences of 30 years in prison than one who is in danger of being hanged; and the fact that the strength of old age is labor and sorrow cannot drive one who is convinced that his weakness is the vacant heart and the vacant mind.

A TOAST

If I had all knowledge I might find it reasonable to toast the future in a beaker of cyanide; for in that case there could not possibly be anything new around the next corner, therefore no compelling reason to get to the corner. There are, in my opinion, some perfectly valid excuses for suicide—improbable cause, for instance, or the arrival of the police with a warrant correctly charging first-degree murder, or any other preface of physical death. But the victims of such strictly hypothetical reason, but sometimes men have believed, as the wise fabled ancient Benjamin Jonest of believing, that "All there is to know, I know it; What I know is not a knowledge. And when I know, I know I know. I resort to the noose or to the gas oven they should be applauded rather than condemned. They have reason to do it; and besides, such a suicide removes a threat to the rest of us.

FOUNTAIN OF EVIL

For I know now that it is superfluous thinking to accept the widespread opinion that the woes of the world are attributable, for the most part, to the fact that our leaders know so little. The inexhaustible fountain of evil is the fact that they know much that isn't so. To attain this realization took me approximately forty years after receiving my license to acquire an education—which is the true description of the Bachelor of Arts degree—but I am not ashamed, seeing that the world has had the same truth before it for twenty-three centuries and hasn't learned it yet. Socrates' remark that he was wise because he knew that he knew nothing was made four hundred years before the birth of Christ, but it is still ignored.

To me, however, all this is of academic interest only. Remote indeed is the danger that I shall ever know enough to become a public menace by failing to remain ignorant.

They are not identical. Millions of Americans who were made free and independent by George Washington have not been able to remain so. Released by George of Mount Vernon from the tyranny of George of England, they have promptly fallen under the tyranny of their bosses or their masters, or their pastors. And that reincarnation of Jeremiah, the Prophet Wyle, avers that the whole nation lies under the worse than Neroan tyranny of Mom. This would suggest that George of Mount Vernon wanted a good deal of his labor, for there is small profit in making people free if they simply can't bear it.



GERALD JOHNSON
The Search Goes On

THE ONLY ONE

All available evidence indicates that this Washington was one American, and perhaps the only one, who was able to be free. I have no proof that he ever encountered the word "autarkia," but everything we know about him indicates that he had the quality. Possibly Benjamin Franklin had it too, although he would have laughed and denied the accusation; but as regards all the rest there remains a measure of doubt. Hamilton, for instance, never wanted it; he premeditated on his slavery to the infidels who had sent him to his death. Jefferson and Mr. Adams, both Greek scholars, knew the word and sought the thing diligently, but with only partial success. Emerson preached it, but his metaphysical chains clanked dismally throughout the sermon. Whitman, I believe, suspected its existence but without having the least idea of its nature; and a clever "quintilla sapientia regum" is an explicit denial that he had it.

A DISCOVERY

For instance, it was quite recent that I learned that "dour" rhymes with "poor" and not with "sour." I have not yet learned why, for it seems obvious that it is a well-regulated word learned by rhyme with "sour." But there you are, this item of information is not interesting, it is amusing, another bit of evidence supporting Pope Julius' dictum, "quintilla sapientia regum munda."

My mistake with reference to "dour" was, however, simply a case of mispronunciation; I had long known what the word meant, for I was raised in a Calvinistic environment. There is another word that I find much more difficult, and I should like to have some 20 or 30 years to devote to the effort to translate it. It was a favorite of Aristotle—or so I am told by Theodor Gomperz, for my Greek is nonexistent—is the original it is Autarkia, trans-

lated, not translated, as autarkia. It is commonly supposed to be related to autarky but that, according to Webster, is due to its confusion with another word.

MORE THAN FREEDOM

Gomperz translates "autarkia" by "self-sufficiency" but he appends a warning that this rendering is inadequate. The idea of self-sufficiency is certainly present but much more is included. The idea of freedom is present, but much more. Apparently what Aristotle had in mind was not merely the state of being able to be free and independent.

They are not identical. Millions of Americans who were made free and independent by George Washington have not been able to remain so. Released by George of Mount Vernon from the tyranny of George of England, they have promptly fallen under the tyranny of their bosses or their masters, or their pastors. And that reincarnation of Jeremiah, the Prophet Wyle, avers that the whole nation lies under the worse than Neroan tyranny of Mom. This would suggest that George of Mount Vernon wanted a good deal of his labor, for there is small profit in making people free if they simply can't bear it.

SUFFICIENT REASON

This is a reason for living that I find sufficient, although as I confess, at the start, I do not expect it to satisfy anybody else. Certainly the odds against the encounter are tremendous. I do not know how many citizens the United States has had since 1776, but as there are 160 millions now alive, the total must be astronomical. Since in that multitude there have been but two, perhaps only one, of the type I seek, it is evident that Diogenes, looking for a specimen with hair in the palm of his hand, had an easier quest.

But what of that? The search itself is always astonishing, frequently amusing, and occasionally inspiring—inspiring, too, and in itself, but dull only on those days when I allow myself to forget what it is all about. Complete assurance, although it is not seriously to be expected, is not quite impossible, while entertainment on a gratifyingly high level is virtually assured, even though the physical frame should endure for thirty years or so.

Now, I admit that from your standpoint there is no convincing reason why I, or any but a small number of other men past and present, should continue to live. I cheerfully insist that from my standpoint the reasons are good and the chances possible. The restrained but eloquent official account conjures up a far different scene.

The battle began December 15 with fog and darkness. The thin defending line was overwhelmed and broken. . . . The Ardennes door lay open. It showed directly and, attacking in snowsuits, the enemy could scarcely be seen. The weather turned cold.

The story marches on. . . . The loss from exposure grew great. . . . as men fought for shelter and warmth. The enemy knew by Christmas Eve that his plan was defeated. But there was no sudden strategic retreat. Every hill and roadway had to be rewon by fireproof and lives.

Perhaps only survivors who fought there and armchair strategists today will enjoy the battle details. They are compelling when read where the dark forests and rolling countryside indicate what it must have been like to seek warmth and shelter in that winter white Christmas.

VARIED RANKS

Inscribed on the memorial pillars are all the varied ranks who served in Belgium. Armored troops, army corps, and all the listings that for five years were household words. For the armies of the United States, in numbers of men engaged, the fierceness of the fighting and the final accomplishment, it was one of the great battles of their history.

The official tribute says simply: "The United States fought for this soil as if it had been her homeland."

Here, as in so many places, the patriotic Belgians accord the American visitor, the Bourgeois (Mayor) M. Renquin among them, is overwhelming, almost embarrassing. Even the fact that very many of his guests are families of men who died here, which is only natural.

GREEN MEADOWS

Americans converging in the vicinity of the World's Fair will find here only green and smiling meadows and deep, peaceful forests if they decide to bow toward

flume votes in Congress and contracts in the Pentagon are supposed to register in the newspapers. Biddle found him sincere, sensitive, stubborn on little things, not on big things; completely courageous.

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tain the ability to be free and, of course, succeeded in a measure far beyond the capacity of any other men of their kind; but I cannot believe that either quite came abreast of the Squire of Mount Vernon in this respect, perhaps not up to Poor Richard. Yet while I have known many men far more successful than either Wilson or Roosevelt, none of my time came nearer being free men.

My estimate of the situation, therefore, is that the thing has been done once, possibly done a second time, and almost done many times, twice within the period of my own existence. I am bound to admit the possibility that it has been done once may be done again, and it follows that on rounding the very next corner I may encounter an American who not only has freedom but is able to sustain it. If I should meet such a one, I might acquire a new definition of the meaning of "autarkia" to translate it into English—which would be, for me, a triumph of colossal dimensions.

THE GREATEST

To come down to the period of my own life, the greatest American I have ever seen was Wilson, the strongest one the second, Roosevelt. Like Jefferson and Adams, they both strove mightily to

the men who helped to make the place possible. The restrained but eloquent official account conjures up a far different scene.

THE BATTLE BEGINS

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THE STORY MARCHES ON

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PERSPECTIVES

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THE OFFICIAL TRIBUTE

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THE PATRIOTIC BELGIANS

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From The Richmond Times-Dispatch

A LOOK AT THE TATTOOED MAN

THE cigarette which emphasizes that it is "a man's smoke" often illustrates its advertisements with pictures of big, virile, masculine-looking individuals sporting tattoos on their chests or arms. In the public mind, tattoos and "he-men" have sometimes been associated.

But a University of Oklahoma research team comes forth now with the word that the tattooed man is a little bit more apt to be on the sissy side than his non-tattooed fellow citizen.

What the researchers did was to compare tattooed and non-tattooed patients at Oklahoma City Veterans Administration hospital. The findings were reported to the American Psychiatric Association meeting at San Francisco.

The skin embellishments, it was found, usually were done between the ages of 17 and 21 and while the tattooee (our coined word) was "reasonably sober."

The tattooed men were no more inclined toward turning up in a psychiatric ward than were other men. But the former were less likely to be married, more likely to be divorced, more likely to have come from broken homes and much more likely to have spent time in

jail. A high proportion of the jailings was for drunkenness.

The researchers didn't find out (as far as we know) how many of the tattooed men now wish they had never undergone the needle. Some undoubtedly regret it, especially if they had, say, "Mary" inscribed in a heart on the chest but subsequently fell in love with a damed by another name. That could be annoying.

An honest woman will tell the truth about everything but her age, her weight and her husband's salary. —DAWSON COUNTRY (GA.) NEWS.

A man in Fort Smith, Ark., found \$8,000 while cleaning out his garage—just the inspiration a lot of us have been needing.—FORT MYERS (FLA.) NEWS-HERALD.

Pome In Which Is Contained An Observation Concerning Powders And Juices Designed To Keep One From Growing Old.

Don't forget this basic truth: There's no substitute for youth.—ATLANTA JOURNAL.

'Please! Won't Someone Take Me To Your Leader?'



Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

THE American who knows Gen. de Gaulle best and who could best swing him toward better cooperation with the U.S. is Anthony Druce Biddle, former tennis star, now adjutant general of Pennsylvania.

When William Churchill and President Roosevelt were snubbing de Gaulle, Biddle was one of the few Americans who went out of his way to win de Gaulle's friendship.

Biddle, then stationed in London, was ambassador to the governments-in-exile from Poland, the Netherlands, Belgium, Norway, and other occupied countries. At first he did not represent the French, but sent a telegram to Roosevelt:

Biddle Suggested As Envoy To France

"Unless I hear from you to the contrary within 24 hours I shall assume that my mission also includes the exiled government of France."

Thereafter, he also became ambassador to de Gaulle. De Gaulle was kept so in ignorance of allied operations that he was not even known British and American troops were landing in North Africa until Biddle found him sincere, sensitive, stubborn on little things, not on big things; completely courageous.

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