



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1958

De Gaulle: Too Late For Lamentation

EVEN those who distrust most devoutly his messianic postures must wish General de Gaulle well in his effort to revitalize his beloved France.

Doubtless danger to France's democratic traditions will continue to lurk in de Gaulle's difficulty in separating love of country from love of self. "When I want to know what France is thinking," he once said, "I ask myself." But there is no use in continuing to lament the possibility of a de Gaulle dictatorship. The chief danger of that probably would arise from successful and popular use of the power he has been given to govern by decree for six months.

If, instead, de Gaulle flaps in his effort to bridge the nightmares that crowd the French horizon, tragedy is more a certainty than a possibility. France, in short, is in the position of having to risk a dictatorship in order to win a few victories over forces that threaten civil war. And it was not de Gaulle but the endless haggling and often impotent men of the middle who put it in that position.

De Gaulle's initial moves have been marked with wisdom and resoluteness. There are no extremists in his new Cab-

inet, not even de Gaulle's extremists. There are men in the Cabinet, however, who represent the Left, Right and Center of French politics. While this representative Cabinet has no power to depose him or to block his programs, the appointments do seem to represent an effort to build national unity and to signify good intentions.

De Gaulle has moved also to reassert civilian authority over the military. He has promised to support and defend civil liberties, and he has removed press censorship. His flight to Algeria demonstrates a proper sense of urgency in tackling the most thorny and far-reaching problem facing his nation. At this point he has given France and the West reason for a feeling of hope and reassurance.

The West, including the U. S., will have to continue to respond in like manner. For Charles de Gaulle, who has long regarded himself as the hope of France, has now become the hope of the West for the restoration of the unity and strength of an old and honored civil of freedom.

Death Of A Republic: The Final Rites Were Curious

By JOSEPH ALSOP

HOW does a regime die? In France, the answer is, with a proper sense of the solemnity of a great death scene, but with rather too much of the tendency of King Charles II, who apologized wryly for being "such an unconscionable time-adding."

The setting for this last act in the history of the Fourth Republic was worthy of the event. There is no handsomer or more theatrical legislative chamber in the world than the old French Chamber, dusty with forgotten history, rich with white marble columns and gold-fringed red velvet, so notorious in its acoustics and by its very shape constructed to enhance the drama of the moment.

Here, quietly, unobtrusively, almost as though he were apologizing for thrusting in where he did not belong, entered the tall, gangling, almost comically solemn figure of Charles de Gaulle. On the floor and in the jammed opposition tribunes, all the vast crowd was poised for the appearance of the man of destiny—or the man, at any rate, on whom the French people have now bet their own destiny.

Yet there was no stirring acknowledgment of de Gaulle's entrance. The square, bald president of the Assembly, that apt intriguer, Andrew Letrouquer, smiled his welcome. De Gaulle, infinitely alone on a front bench where no others chose or dared to join him, made a stiff gesture of greeting in reply. The Assembly president gabbled through the formal preliminaries. The name of Andre Malraux caused a sudden murmur when the Cabinet list was read. And de Gaulle, with his walk of a giant automaton, strode to the high, ornate tribune.

In all his long, unhappy experience of public oratory, this reporter has heard no more curious speech on a great occasion. The phrases were polished and marmoreal. The exposition of the plight of France was chilly and

apologetic, respectful but far from tempestuous. And to the French Assembly got down to the day's real business, of voting its own demise.

No man there—not even the great air ace of the French resistance, Pierre Clostermann, who mounted the tribune to welcome de Gaulle in a voice of grateful tears—can really have enjoyed the business in hand. As Paul Reynaud once aptly remarked: "If regimes rarely reform themselves, it is chiefly because the abuses are so delicious."

Few deputies indeed have not enjoyed those delicious abuses—the complex game of musical chairs that has been French Cabinet making that also resembled Alice's caucus race in which all contestants won a prize, the happy intrigues, the delicate trading operations conducted at the Bourse Lipp and La Concorde, even



JACQUES DUCLOS
The Voice Is Torture

plausibly, respectful but far from tempestuous. And to the French Assembly got down to the day's real business, of voting its own demise.

With some amazement, they found smartly dressed American women among the worst complainers. Possibly these are security-conscious Daughters of the American Revolution looking for their own fear. Anyway, the spokesmen for United States industry say they are all wrong.

It is readily conceded that the Russians have slightly more floor space and that their achievements are impressive. The Russians, it is also perceived, are on the way toward automation faster than expected, though the United States is still much better in that field.

But American exhibitors contend that the American show is excellent, very representative and very popular. They say, furthermore, that when the many good exhibits by American heavy industry are added to the government's contribution, the sum far outweighs what the Russians have done. What misleads all but the most indefatigable tourist of the huge fair is that the government's show is concentrated in one spot while the other American contributions are scattered about the grounds.

By the American government politely acceded to the host country's request that governments concentrate on their cultural and social achievements in their exhibits. Russians, possibly out of pure habit, broke the rule. They broke it again when they stamped their initials boldly on all their displays outside their own pavilion. This, too, was banned by the Belgians, but they felt powerless to protest what the Communist colossal chose to do.

For the special information of Rep. Pat Rooney of New York and his colleagues of the congressional appropriations committee, the same businessmen said that while it was obvious not too much money had been spent on the United States government exhibit, the men who arranged it did fine per dollar invested.

One man's reaction to the government's exploration of American social and cultural life was amusing. One of them—Yale '42—is enraptured with Circarama, two evenings earlier, admitting that "He would not sleep in his own bed that night if President Coey did not send for de Gaulle!" yet obstinately arguing that civil conflict now would still be better than the civil conflict he foresaw later on. Indeed, on the tribune of the Assembly, Mendes-France himself said almost the same thing.

These men, it was clear, were making their records now in the firm expectation that the de Gaulle regime would indeed be authoritarian, and so would end by alienating all those masses of Frenchmen who are now turning to de Gaulle. Were they right, or were they wrong, as this reporter happens to think? No one now can say.

But, one can say, as Mendes-France also said, that the Fourth Republic destroyed itself by its own weaknesses and follies. The final vote was a formality. The regime had died long before the vote was taken.

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Not was this recollection of a happy past the only memory haunting the Chamber. Among the divided Socialists especially, there was the haunting memory of the vote of full powers to Marshal Petain, taken in even more terrible circumstances, which also split the French Socialist party into irreconcilable fragments. And others besides the Socialists asked themselves whether this moment marked the beginning of a new authoritarian regime in France.

This question and the roll of oratory filled the air. There were sentimental speeches, like that of Clostermann. There were macabre speeches, like that of de Gaulle, solid little Communist boss, Jacques Duclos, with his harsh voice that would usually serve a professional torturer, who had the effrontery to perorate with a shout of: "Down with dictatorship!"

There were also harsh speeches. But on the whole the level of oratory was exceptionally high, and none were better than the two men of the non-Communist Left, Mendes-France and Mitterrand, and the unassuming but articulate fellow-traveler, Pierre Cot.

With an eloquence that respected the Chamber's nerves, all three grimly insisted on the same point, that this was no free vote, but a vote under duress, taken almost under fire from the Assembly's enemies. As Mendes-France spoke, he remembered the vote, determined face of a young Mendeste

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Some Plain Talk On A Prickly Issue

A MAN giving a commencement address is not compelled to commit himself on anything at all beyond the content of the usual windy platitudes and clichés. Certainly few southerners holding political office feel obligated to air their convictions on a sensitive issue like desegregation, no matter how large the issue looms in the future of youths who are completing their education this year.

But in a talk to the graduating class of Pembroke College, North Carolina's new attorney general addressed himself directly to that subject. His comments were thoughtful, direct and refreshingly candid.

This is what Attorney General Malcolm B. Seawell had to say about the Supreme Court's desegregation decision: "I do not like it (it) but I know that when that court speaks, its words become the law and remain the law until that court changes its mind or until the people change the law. We cannot select the laws which we will obey and breach those laws which we do not like."

And on the question of closing public schools to avoid any measure of compliance with the decision, Seawell added: "If we in North Carolina should

close our schools we would cut our own throats—economically, politically and spiritually. Our progress would come to an end."

Mr. Seawell was not in his present office when North Carolina weathered extremist demands for closing the schools, and adopted instead the wise and moderate course it is now following. But apparently he is mindful of the fact that courage and candor are required to keep to that course.

As a commencement speaker, the attorney general had to give his audience some sort of advice. He chose to offer wise and plain-spoken advice. In the doing, he distinguished himself as an official with a firm grip on reality.

Now We Know

FATHER DIVINE was asked how he felt about nuclear tests and the race into outer space.

His reply (to the New York Herald Tribune): "Well, I haven't had any special feelings about it but as it is given, whatever may be upmost in the consciousness of man or whatsoever they may endeavor, it can be done."

Next question.

Big Jim Farley Is Back In Armor

IT is as if all of the political clocks in the world are being turned slowly back to the palmy days of ancient and honorable titans.

First, Charles de Gaulle staged his astounding comeback in France. Now, James Aloysius Farley is donning armor again in New York to return to the political wars.

Big Jim Farley was for years the Old Headmaster of the Democrats. As national chairman of the party and as postmaster general of the United States (1933-40), he engineered Franklin D. Roosevelt's greatest triumphs. He was strategist, organizer and persuader all rolled into one immense bundle of political energy.

James MacGregor Burns wrote of him in *ROOSEVELT: THE LONG AND THE SHORT*: "He could get along with anybody... which was part of his effectiveness. He had a large limber body to insert between warring factions, and a smooth round face that looked as if it were padded and buffed by his intermediary's role. He was a joiner, a mixer, a glad-hander who could remember names—anybody's name."

The famous split with FDR came in 1940 during the third term debate. After

the Democratic convention in Chicago he resigned the national chairmanship. Although less in the limelight in the years that followed, he could often be found backstage. He has remained, through the years, a powerful influence in Democratic Party politics in New York. Furthermore, he has retained his contacts and his wide circles of friends and admirers across the nation. Charlotte knows him well for he has been a frequent visitor.

Now, at 70, he is making his bid for the Democratic nomination in New York for the U. S. Senate. It is his first real try for an elective office in 35 years.

He will have a fight on his hands. Other Democrats being mentioned as possible contenders for the party's nomination include Mayor Robert F. Wagner of New York City, former Secretary of the Air Force Thomas W. Finletter and Manhattan District Attorney Frank Hogan. Leonard Hall, a former Republican national chairman, has declared himself in the race for the GOP nomination.

Big Jim Farley, however, never backed out from a fight. It will be good to see the old battler back in action. His nomination and election would strengthen the United States Senate.

From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

'BIGGEST IN TOWN FOR A NICKEL'

QUITE a bit of skepticism was aroused when a New York dispatch announced that 5-cent beer was back on Third Avenue. That seemed too much to expect even on a street of red marbles. But by and by came a further report saying that the tavernkeeper was doing fine with his 5-cent libation. He paid \$13 a barrel for beer and took in \$14 at the nickel price, and his bar was lined three deep from the day's beginning to the day's end.

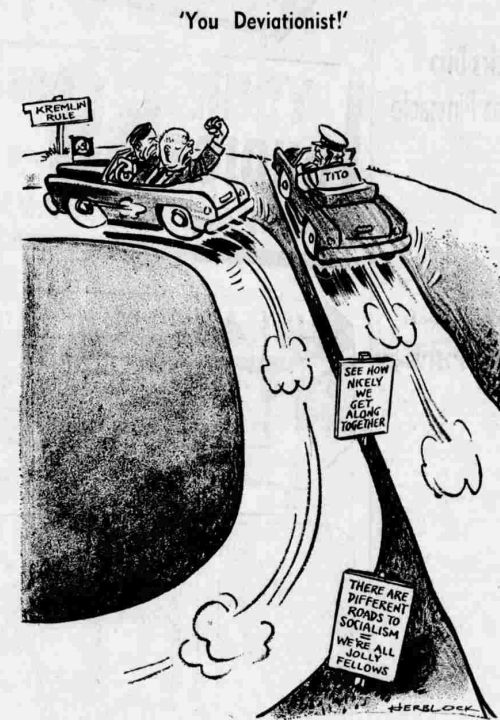
Cost accountants probably have warned him by now that he is on the happy road to bankruptcy. Undoubtedly they have reminded him of rent, wages, taxes, license fees, insurance and all the other expenses which come under overhead. Maybe the renaissance of 5-cent beer in New York already is just history. But what happy memories it evokes of the days when that price was standard and competition took the form of offering "the biggest in town for a nickel."

Those, of course, were the days before the noble experiment when taverns still were saloons. Then the floor under the brightly polished brass rail was strewn with fresh sawdust. A shot of the house

brand could be had for a dime, and the best could be had for a quarter or less. Good cigars, naturally, went for 5 cents.

The lunch was free. And what lunch: slices of roast beef, ham, imported Swiss cheese, herring, cold cuts and what not—all laid out with mustard, horseradish, ketchup and bread, light and dark, for the customer to help himself while the bartender was busy filling half-a-dozen or so beer cans—"growlers" they were—for the boys who rushed them on a

In Milwaukee, so we have been told, the growlers also were rushed to the staff of the German paper. The editor always knew it was time to go to press when instead of dipping his pen into the ink, he dipped it into the beer. That's the way it was, but it could be true because all manner of wonderful things happened when beer, the very best, was pushed across the polished mahogany for just 5 cents. Indeed, could anything be more fabulous than "the biggest in town for a nickel?"



'You Deviationist!'

People's Platform

Postal Service
Is Going To Pot

Editors, The News: PUBLIC business in and around the Post Office has been for the past five years on the downgrade, and it becomes worse almost daily since we have had Clutterfield as head of the Post Office Department. We pay more and get less; we at one time had what we could call a double-barreled Post Office, but today we scarcely have a single-barreled office.

We had hoped the knives would

wear out, but this is not the case; they must have them in car lots. Cut, cut, it all we can see or hear. They can get more outlookers than they have room for, but service? That is and has been out of date for the past five years in this United States of America. The combination parcel post and stamp windows which are costing as much to operate as the system was so rotten. The congressional reports of the Post Office said he is a "middle-of-the-road congressman" but always votes Republican on all matters. I have heard he does anything for the public for the past six years; if so, I would like to have you name it. Who voted him into office, closed

the stamp windows and made double-barreled jobs of the parcel post and stamp windows, with the remark that it was to save money? Yes, money for the big guns and the do-nothing gang.

Last, but not least, the city has stocked up parking meters all around the Post Office with a 12-minute limit; if you cannot get your business over with in that time, you can get a dollar fine for overparking; if you come out or make a further deposit in the parking meter, you are fined for that; so, as we see it now, we are getting more and more on the dictator list.

—S. C. VAUGHN

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON FROTH pilots who have narrowly escaped collision, the Civil Aeronautics Board has put together a harrowing story of traffic congestion in our skies. The airways are getting so full of planes over some cities that they may soon be almost comparable to a Times Square traffic jam.

The CAB is studying these close calls for ideas on how to improve air safety. To avoid alarming the traveling public, the pilot reports have not been released to the press, but here are some highlights. They show that drastic action must be taken to curb military flights in commercial airways and improve ground regulation.

No Guarantee
The CAB study dated May 19 shows that ground control is no guarantee of safety. A military pilot who pulled his

lumbering cargo plane up sharply in order to avoid colliding with an airliner reported: "I questioned the controller at the lack of information usually given when other aircraft are in the vicinity of air traffic. I don't know what you did. You didn't request that type information."

A similar experience was reported by the pilot of an Aero Commander who had crashed into an Air Force B-29 while approaching New York's Idlewild International Airport.

No Information
Idlewild advised they had no other aircraft under their control. The pilot, I asked if they had other aircraft in their scope. Their reply was that they "don't have altitudes."

In other words, Idlewild had no height-finder and could not report the altitude of planes on the radarscope.

A Navy pilot, whose fighter whistled a few feet over a private plane, though both were under radar control, was surprised when the private pilot frantically contacted him.

"I ain't seen you 'til yet!" responded the Navy man.

A Constellation, also under radar control, narrowly missed a small P-24. Afterward, the disgruntled Constellation pilot complained: "Radar's performance was very disappointing as we had been informed that the Air Force should practice its instrument-landing approaches at nearby Columbus or Carlsbad where the

U. S. At The Fair

A Nation's Image

By DORIS FLEESON

BUSINESSMEN handling major United States industrial exhibits at the Brussels World's Fair report that their visiting compatriots are often almost nervous over the contrast between America's emphasis on cultural aspects and the heavy displays of capital goods by the Russians.

With some amazement, they find smartly dressed American women among the worst complainers. Possibly these are security-conscious Daughters of the American Revolution looking for their own fear. Anyway, the spokesmen for United States industry say they are all wrong.

It is readily conceded that the Russians have slightly more floor space and that their achievements are impressive. The Russians, it is also perceived, are on the way toward automation faster than expected, though the United States is still much better in that field.

SCATTERED EXHIBITS

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NOT TOO MUCH

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FOREIGNERS GAPE

"I hadn't realized that Americans wore costumes," he said. "But we do. The film shows milkmen, service station operators, motorcycle messengers, beauticians, models, all distinctively attired—and very effectively. It doesn't just fascinate me. You

should watch foreigners gape at that show."

The same show also plays favorites among American cities, with a heavy play for San Francisco, a choice probably the least likely to be resented by Americans. Washington gets the once-over lightly. This probably won't annoy Congress, which so often does the same thing.

COZY EFFECT

What Americans less taken with their country's participation seem somehow to resent it that the Russians give an effect of big, reports, and doesn't like it "the soft sell," almost cozy in its effect.

Unmistakably America captured the town the past weekend both with "The Key" and Miss Sophia Loren and with Benny Goodman, who gave a unique concert on his own initiative in Brussels' famous old square. He "sent" them in a blaze of vitality, a durable high mark of a fair whose remarkable attendance is only another sign of man's inexhaustible will to survive even the space age—and enjoy himself.

Another airline pilot, complaining about lackadaisical ground control, reported: "I've advised us to leave (leave plane) in area, but gave us no latitude. I was watching instruments. First Officer looked at me and said, 'It was as bad as you. I had just saw I was descending "piggy back" but we continued we would have collided. We turned right and advised tower. He said "it was OK."'

Pilots Too Busy

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