



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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America Accepts A New Frontier

THE U. S. will honor an old pledge and reaffirm a more ancient faith in admitting Alaska as the 49th state of the Union.

The pledge of equality of statehood was contained in a treaty following purchase of the territory from Russia in 1867. There is virtue in honoring national pledges. But perhaps the greater significance of statehood lies in a rich and comfortable nation's willingness to absorb into itself a new frontier involving both problems and promise.

The challenge of frontiers has been a central fact in the vitality and growth of the union. Americans should feel a flickering on the pioneer spirit when the 49th star is won into the flag and the national boundaries thrust out around an area twice as large as Texas. There is a new civilization to be built in Alaska by those who have the hankering.

The immensity of statehood, coming after years of congressional stalling, carries a quality of suddenness and surprise. But the matter has been more

than properly aged, and the action would have come sooner had it been allowed to come to a vote in both houses of Congress. Most of the arguments openly advanced against statehood would be advanced against admission of one or more of the states when they were admitted. Granting Alaska is not contiguous to the U. S. but neither was California when it was admitted. Alaska's population is small (209,000) but it is much larger than Nevada's and larger than that of 23 other states when they were admitted. Example, Alaska is not contiguous to the U. S. but neither was California when it was admitted. Alaska's population is small (209,000) but it is much larger than Nevada's and larger than that of 23 other states when they were admitted.

In the final analysis, the question came down to whether the U. S. wanted to declare itself a closed corporation or whether it was willing to share its institutions and its future with a valid and deserving applicant.

The Congress, finally, has given the right answer.

Castro Must Quit Role As Kidnaper

FIDEL CASTRO'S kidnapping spree probably was designed in part to let Americans know the Cuban dictatorship has not yet choked his rebellion. The result of his stupidity will be regret that such is the case. Kidnaping of 45 Americans and their use as pawns in Cuban politics signifies nothing but desperation and mental denseness in the Castro camp. The desperation may be regrettable—depending on one's view of Castro—but the denseness is endangering innocent persons without cause. And if there is any U. S. intervention, which Castro doubtless hopes for, it will be on the side of the Batista regime and not on his.

Sen. Knowland to the contrary, however, the furnishing of U. S. arms to Batista is not indicated. That action might well decrease the possibility of freeing the captives safely. It certainly would

mean a long-term U. S. involvement in Cuba's internal politics, in which it has no business.

The very point that Castro cannot master, the U. S. is not responsible for the Batista regime and has no duty to try to unseat him. When enough Cubans tire of the corruption of the regime, they can do the job themselves. They will have to do so if it is done. Revolutions generally are successful when the right man moves at the right hour. Evidently the hour has not come in Cuba, and it is now even more difficult to believe that Castro is the right man.

He has committed a tremendous blunder in his drive to win U. S. sympathy for his revolt. Surely he will release his captives before the U. S. is forced to join in the effort to put him out of business permanently.

A Wayward Art Form On The Make

IT IS both astonishing and disconcerting to most Americans that jazz, a cultural stepchild with unimpeachable origins in the bordellos of New Orleans, should become a U. S. propaganda instrument of extremely high potency during the later stages of the cold war.

In some polite society, jazz is either put down as vulgar or confused with rock 'n' roll and the popular absurdities of Tin Pan Alley. Its status as a genuine art form with considerable cultural validity—in fact, America's only original art form—is neither recognized nor even widely suspected. Yet this urban folk music out of Storyville and points North has been the subject of scholarly scrutiny for years in countries like France, where Hodeir, Parassie and Dulonay have taken an academic scalpel to its mysteries.

Furthermore, the sounds of jazz, creditably rendered by American musicians, are instantly recognized and appreciated by listeners as far away as Bandung.

It is no surprise then that the biggest U. S. hit at the Brussels World's Fair to date was not the exhibits of our heavily European-derived modern art but the all-American music of a certain Mr. Benny Goodman. The hit for the jazz concert of the Goodman band was picked up by the Westinghouse Broadcasting Co. The event was in the words of at least one foreign observer, "uniquely."

Similar success has been registered by Mr. Goodman in the Far East, Louis Armstrong in Europe and Africa, Dizzy Gillespie in the Middle East, Dave Brubeck in Europe and Asia.

Writing in the New York Times Magazine recently, Mr. Brubeck got to the

heart of the matter: "The fact is that jazz, our single native art form, is welcomed—not simply accepted—without reservation throughout the world and is felt to be the most authentic example of American culture."

There is no mistaking its effect: it arouses a kinship among peoples; it affords them flashes of recognition of common origins, because of its basic relationship to folk idioms; and the forthrightness and directness of its appeal are grasped alike by the naive and the sophisticated.

A New York Times correspondent, reporting the wildly enthusiastic reception given Louis Armstrong's band in Europe, called jazz "America's secret weapon."

Jazz often lacks subtlety and could hardly be called secret. And perhaps weapon is not quite the right word either. Jazz is merely a mirror of part of the American psyche. It is freedom and creativeness and no one here set to music. Since it is based on improvisation, jazz has a power and tension and expressiveness that is typically 20th century and typically American in quality. If it transmits some of the spirit and emotion of this country to foreign audiences—both "the naive and the sophisticated"—then it is good and its export should be encouraged.

Possibly if authentic American jazz continues to win acceptance abroad it will even begin to be accepted at home as an art form worthy of more than casual interest.

Then history will make an honest woman out of easily the hottest article ever to come out of Storyville.

From The Louisville Courier-Journal

THE CRUEL STARS OF JEFFERSON DAVIS

THE EVENT of which today is the sesquicentennial has been described by Jefferson Davis: "I was born June 2, 1808, in Christian Church, Ky., in that part of it which, by a subsequent division, is now in Todd County. At this place has since arisen the village of Fairview."

Relating a few other particulars including his education at Transylvania College in Kentucky and at West Point, the brief autobiographical sketch seems to say: "I resided in the army, in 1835, being anxious to fulfill a long-existing engagement with a daughter of Colonel Zachary Taylor, whom I married, not after a romantic elopement, as has been so often stated, but at the house of the father and in the presence of many of her relatives at the place near Louisville, Ky. Then I became a cotton planter in Warren County, Miss."

The bride, Sarah Knox Taylor, died of malaria within three months, and for many years thereafter I lived in great seclusion on the plantation in the swamps of the Mississippi.

Later on Davis married again, and happily, but his early sorrow must have been an omen that, taken together, fate was to be uncommonly cruel to him. His dedication to the South was intense. However, the president of the Confederacy was an office which he did not seek or want.

The defeat of the cause of which he was made leader was bitter enough. But an even harsher thing was that as the war of the Confederacy inevitably ended, he was blamed for this by an increasing faction among his own people. His sin was he could not overcome insuperable odds.

"We have failed," cried a South Carolina senator, "through the egotism, the obstinacy and the imbecility of Jeff Davis."

Children, if you want to make Mom feel young and chipper, go to camp for about 12 weeks this summer.—BARTOW COUNTY, GA. HERALD.

Reds Move Masses With Steady Appeals To Patriotism

By MARQUIS CHILDS

A GREAT deal has been written in the West about the compulsions of the system of Soviet communism. But comparatively little stress has been put—and it may be one reason why Russia is consistently underestimated—on the never-ceasing appeal to the individual to contribute to the common good of the Socialist fatherland.

It begins when Ivan Ivanovich listens to the early morning news on the radio, and it goes on throughout his day until, as he is enjoying himself in the evening at the Gorki Park of Rest and Culture, he confronts at various points in that huge recreation area the appeal—and it is phrased as an appeal—of his government to give more of himself to the building of socialism.

DEEP PATRIOTISM

The individual from the West may discount this as rhetorical, boring and sentimental. But Western observers here with long and expert knowledge believe that the patriotic appeal is an important element in the will with which the Russian people work at their allotted tasks. Ivan Ivanovich is by nature and by heritage deeply patriotic, and what he hears and reads in his daily life constantly identifies his country and his government.

The possessive pronoun "your"—your factory, your land, your collective farm—is invariably used in calling on him to work hard, to be careful about forest fires, to raise milk production, to give special care and attention to machinery. While the outsider has no way of judging the degree

to which this identification is accepted, it can scarcely help but influence the attitudes of a people who know nothing of the psychology of individualism.

VOLUNTARY LABOR

The students who have just graduated from the university and from the technicians and industrialists are now going out to give two weeks or more of service on the collective farms and on other state enterprises. Their departure for this voluntary labor is represented by the official line as having a good time in the process.

Here again it is impossible for the outsider to appraise the balance as between the voluntary and the compulsory, but it is significant that the objective of the state is to make it voluntary—a gift to the government that has given these young people such a thorough education, not only free but with a stipend paid during the student's college years.

QUESTION OF VALUES

Those who have contributed largely to the achievements of the Communist state are not only well rewarded in a material way but they are constantly held up to the public for admiration. This is a question of values—values that are reiterated over and over.

In Gorki Park, which is such an astonishing combination of amusement park, Chautauque, lecture course and a wooded retreat visited on a weekend of good weather by literally hundreds of thousands, one comes suddenly upon a shrine in which large photographs of the Lenin Prize winners for recent years are displayed under glass with a record of their achievements.

Except for the composer, Dmitri Shostakovich, and the leading male dancer of the Ballet d'Etat, Volkhov Chelchik, they are virtually all scientists. Photographs of the leading atomic physicists, chemists and geophysicists have the place of honor underneath a big inscription, "Long live the people of the Soviet Union who have built socialism."

In Pravda, on a day when news of the greatest importance from the Communist viewpoint was played under glass with a record of their achievements.

There is, at the moment, in the city of Barcelona, Spain, as young Irish-American gentleman who is not exemplary of rock 'n' roll, atomic destruction, juvenile delinquency or extreme mobility. He is, in brief, a former stowaway who spent most of his time from the good ship Queen Frederica, being at the captain's table. No name is necessary, but for piracy on the high seas, this boy was the solid platinum gallows.

He was snappily dressed when he boarded the Frederica, and he was carrying a briefcase and a set of bagpipes. He carried a friend of mine where a certain stateroom was located—having first ascertained that it was a double, but with only one occupant, thus deviously obtained chairs of the single passenger disposal. He came aboard, bagpipes and all, with no problem.

Once aboard, he attracted attention by diving into the ship's pool natively attired in Bermuda slacks, light British socks, and a bathing cap. He then sent his personal card to the captain and also a letter presenting the compliments of one Admiral Mount. He became the friend of the captain and was invited to dine with the skipper.

SAFELY AT SEA

Once the ship was safely at sea, he proceeded to organize it. He shipped up most of the entertainment and managed to win a couple of contests—once he danced himself. He became unofficial cruise director. Since he had no fixed abode, he changed his clothes in the cabins of visiting acquaintances and, as his sparse rest in cabins in deck, or occasionally on the deck under the captain's cabin.

He continued to dine with the skipper, when he was not eating from the first-class buffet, but to prove a true democracy of spirit he occasionally went below deck to slum with the second-class passengers.

—J. R. CHERRY JR.



"I know... I know there're things to do but I haven't seen Lenin's Tomb in weeks..."

breaking the report of the Communist Central Committee on the new price adjustment—a prominent place was given to the announcement that 81 new members of the Academy of Science had been elected.

EXTRA PRIVILEGES
Members of the academy are given extraordinary privileges including the right to an extra-large apartment, a dacha in the country and car chauffeur, as well as salaries and special compensation as high as any in the Soviet Union. They can travel

freely and they are the recipients of unflinching public respect and honor.

The moral in all this is obvious. If you have the brains, then your government will give you every opportunity to go and do likewise. One of the phenomena that impresses every visitor is the line three and four deep extending seven or eight blocks across Red Square and into the park at the foot of the Kremlin walls waiting to get into the tomb where Lenin and Stalin are enshrined. There is nothing compulsory about this, yet they stand sometimes in the rain for hours, hoping that the mausoleum, which is open only three hours a day, will not have closed before their turn comes to file slowly past the remarkably lifelike figures of the two Communist leaders. Many have come from the farthest corners of the vast Soviet Union.

POWERFUL MAGNET

Whether it is gratitude or reverence or merely curiosity, the red and black granite tomb is a powerful magnet set down alongside the Kremlin, with all its historical associations for the Russian people.

The identification of past and present, the use of the motive force of patriotism, is relatively new since the Revolution. Stalin during a war made repeated patriotic appeals, invoking the names of great Russian generals and heroes out of the past. This is today one of the powerful motivating forces in a society with no religion.

Patriotism linked to the necessity for ever greater and greater effort to build the Communist state is an important tool in the hands of those who are directing the destiny of this nation.

Free Loader Crosses Ocean On A Raft Of Charming Brass

By ROBERT C. RUARK

IN A world which seems to be heavily iced with peril by a disaster, I wish to tell a dissenting report on the lamented lack of old-fashioned boldness. At least one man has made my day.

There is, at the moment, in the city of Barcelona, Spain, as young Irish-American gentleman who is not exemplary of rock 'n' roll, atomic destruction, juvenile delinquency or extreme mobility. He is, in brief, a former stowaway who spent most of his time from the good ship Queen Frederica, being at the captain's table. No name is necessary, but for piracy on the high seas, this boy was the solid platinum gallows.

SNAPPY DRESSER

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Once aboard, he attracted attention by diving into the ship's pool natively attired in Bermuda slacks, light British socks, and a bathing cap. He then sent his personal card to the captain and also a letter presenting the compliments of one Admiral Mount. He became the friend of the captain and was invited to dine with the skipper.

HOPE FOR ALL

When the ship hit Barcelona, his honor conquered his heart and he decided to get off, although the captain pleaded with him to continue on. He had somehow avoided yielding up his passport to the purser, and he allowed my friend to toss his bag through customs.

The baggage and briefcase momentarily stymied the immigration officials, so one of the ship's officers went ashore and talked the men into letting our boy off the vessel in order to take a swim, explaining that the briefcase carried bathing gear.

HOPE FOR ALL

At no time was he suspected by the ship's company as a stowaway, but only as a mild eccentric. He did it all for a lot of two bottles of champagne, and intends to continue on—at his leisure—around the world. This tells me that there is still hope for us all, Sherrill Adams, stow boy, Beirut and Russia notwithstanding.

—J. R. CHERRY JR.

People's Platform

How Clear Must The Question Be?

Editors, The News: Mr. H. V. Prestwood's article in your issue of June 27, 1958, regarding the question of whether or not a man has the right to work, provoked me to write you.

For the benefit of Mr. Prestwood and others who insist to quote the Bard of Stratford, "the most stuck in the book," I hereby re-submit the question with modification.

The question: Assuming that man has the right to work, provided the economy is capable of providing work, does man have the free choice of joining or not joining a labor union?

NOTICE

I suggest that Mr. Prestwood is entitled to answer the question with or without an "emotional summer suit," as long as he ends up with an answer as direct as I trust my question is.

—J. R. CHERRY JR.

Quote, Unquote

"Twining is a delusion entirely surrounded by flares in old clothes."—Don Marquis.

Personal Check

The owner of the Adams house at 100 C. St. S.E. is Ritz Gen Thomas J. Betts, Bel., who, when queried, said the

Adams paid him through a real estate agent, The Agent, H. V. Gill and Son, said he received a monthly personal check from Adams for \$250. There was no trace of Goldfine.

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Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

THIS column was the first to expose the close association between Sherman Adams and his generous friend, Bert Goldfine. In doing so, some of the accusations made by John Fox, the Boston publisher, against Adams and Goldfine were checked and found to be way out of line.

The accusation that Goldfine paid for Adams' house in Washington was checked very carefully one month ago and found to be false.

Mr. Adams lived first at 100 C. St. S.E. an area near Capitol Hill, where speculators bought up and held for high prices in George Washington's day with the result that residential Washington moved to cheaper land in the Northwest. The southeast area is now of spotty or no value.

Adams Didn't Get House From Goldfine

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New Area

About two years ago, the Adamases moved to 2400 Tilden St. in more expensive Northwest Washington. The area which the real estate speculators in Washington's day did not buy up, and which is worth much more today as a result. The new Adams house is owned by Dorothy Kerr, wife of Dr. H. H. Kerr, who was finally located by my assistant Jack Anderson in Nantuxet, Mass. Mr. Kerr said the rent was paid through a real estate agent and she could not or would not remember the name of the agent.

After some digging, the agent turned out to be Mary Smith, a private broker and friend of the Adamases. Miss Smith said she received the rental check each month from Adams personally but would

not say how much. Finally she said that the rental was more than \$300 a month. There was no trace of payments by Goldfine.

Potent Sherman
More facts have now leaked out regarding Sherman Adams' intervention in the Federal Trade Commission on behalf of his friend Goldfine. They show that his intervention was grossly understated.

Adams said he merely placed a phone call to the FTC. Actually he stopped the entire wheels of this supposedly independent agency.

The second Goldfine case was handled by Johnny Walker, the special Republican "hatchet man" inside the commission. Walker is an associate of GOP Sen. Bricker of Ohio, and his wife works in Bricker's office. When a problem requiring dirty political hatchet-work comes to the Trade Commission, it usually goes to Walker. Walker was not in the wool

division, but he handled the Goldfine case anyway.

The first case against Goldfine was closed immediately. Usually, a case of this kind is kept open until fully investigated. Goldfine had a bad record for violation of the labeling act, but the case against him was closed almost immediately after receiving Adams' phone call.

Howey's Letter

In it was virtually closed the same day. Adams' letter to Mr. Chairman Ed Howey, dated on Jan. 4, 1954, the same day he got the phone call.

Mr. Hannah advises me that if North Carolina Goldfine had not been closed, his labeling will be corrected, the case on closed on what he said a voluntary cooperative basis.

Previously Goldfine, Mr. Northfield, had refused in a letter Nov. 17, 1953, to give complete assurances, but after the Adams letter the case was closed any way.