



## THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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### Is The City School Board Ready Now?

IT IS clearly the City School Board's move in the tedious game of checkers being played by the consolidation issue.

Far too much time has been lost already. Broad proposals for a single system have been outlined. They have received powerful support inside and outside Charlotte. Legal studies have been completed. But still no negotiations have gotten underway on the many details which must be worked out in advance of a formal merger.

The County School Board is ready. It has again made its position abundantly clear in a motion introduced Monday by David Harris. "I'd like for the people to know it's not the County School Board that's dragging its feet," said Mr. Harris with refreshing candor. "We are ready to go morning, noon or night."

A similarly determined attitude on the part of the City School Board would be welcome. It will have an opportunity to express itself on the question tomorrow. The whole metropolitan com-

munity will be watching and waiting. Admittedly, the city board has been busy with the problem of desegregation lately and this agonizing puzzle has occupied much of its time and most of its thoughts. But the necessity of moving ahead on consolidation has hardly diminished during recent months. If anything the necessity has grown.

If the way is to be paved for a merger by 1960 — or earlier — much remains to be done. Decisions must be made on an elaborate network of administrative details. The general policies and structure of the new consolidated system will have to be predetermined. Decisions will have to be made on the kind of board a consolidated system would have and what kind of supervisory staff will be needed. All of these matters will require earnest discussion, much give and take, and considerable compromise.

When should the two school boards begin this long, hard process? Obviously, as soon as possible. Right now would be a wholly appropriate time.

### Mecklenburg's 1-In-A-Thousand Thing

WITH characteristic aplomb, Oliver R. Rowe put the forthcoming bond election for the Charlotte Community College System in its proper perspective this week.

"The only thing wrong with this community college movement (in Charlotte) is that we are going about it on too small a scale," Mr. Rowe told the North Charlotte Rotary Club.

"If we voted a \$10 million bond issue to build two community colleges in this populous Piedmont community," he said, "no great wonder would be the improvement in our economy that it would not cost the taxpayers a dime in the long run."

Oliver Rowe is no wild-eyed visionary. He is a successful businessman and his economic philosophy is soundly conservative. Consequently, his size-up of the cash value of the community's investment in higher education is worth more than casual consideration.

As it happens, Mecklenburgers will merely be asked for a \$975,000 bond issue to put Charlotte and Carver Colleges on their feet as full-blown institutions of higher learning. Added to this will be some matching funds from the state and, of course, a modest tax levy from the county for operating expenses.

What will this money buy? Education

for thousands of people hereabouts who would not otherwise have gone beyond high school. What does this mean in terms of dollars and cents to the community? Mr. Rowe has a provocative answer:

"It is conceivable that the industrial development brought about through the efforts of just one outstanding man alone during his lifetime would bring to the state and this community more revenue than the total cost of these (proposed) college buildings."

Higher education simply means higher earnings for most individuals. Trained manpower even attracts new industry. The whole economic well-being of the high school. What does this mean in terms of dollars and cents to the community? Mr. Rowe, "this is not the kind of expenditure that adds to our long-range tax burden. It is that one-in-a-thousand thing that makes money for the community and the state. It will raise our per capita income—which is the only way of increasing state revenues without increasing the tax rate."

It is a convincing argument and one we hope Mecklenburgers will remember on Nov. 4. Passage of the \$975,000 bond issue for Charlotte and Carver Colleges is essential to the progress of the community.

### Jacques Soustelle & His Main Chance

JACQUES SOUSTELLE. Gen. de Gaulle's minister of information, who narrowly escaped with his life from the gunfire of Algerian rebels in Paris the other day, is an exemplar of what makes French politics as absorbing as a novel: Belief in the main chance.

Soustelle is one of those fascinating blends of humanity and over-madness, cynicism and idealism, who have pulled the switches of French politics at least since Cardinal Richelieu in the 17th Century.

In the face of repudiation from the General himself, Soustelle led the Gaullist faction for several years in the National Assembly.

An idealistic young politics professor, he went to Algeria as Premier Mollet's governor general. At first determined to clean up and concede to the rebels, he was completely converted by what he saw there and became one of the more ardent "Algeria for France" men.

Then last spring the army officers and French settlers revolted in Algiers. When the police put up a guard around his house, Soustelle escaped under a blanket in the back of a laundry truck by way of Geneva to Algeria. There he began to lead the cheers which brought Gen. de Gaulle, who had denied him, back to power.

Immersed in the initial de Gaulle cabinet, he forced his way in within three weeks when it became apparent that he wielded enormous power with the army and colonial rebels.

Monday, driving his car near the Arch of Triumph, he was fired upon. Splintering glass cut his forehead, and a subway attendant was killed. But within minutes Soustelle was back at his minister's desk handling a news conference.

Jacques Soustelle may not be an orthodox liberal democrat. But it is hard to deny that a man so persistent deserves whatever he is after.

### Modern Helen & The Power Of Printing

AFTER allegedly having broken up a Eddie Fisher-Debbie Reynolds household amid much fanfare, that fiery Liz Taylor has proved a Helen to five State College freshmen. Seems they stole a life-sized poster of Liz from in front of a Raleigh theatre because they thought it would "look good in our room." They were brought to City Court.

In Greek myth, the Trojan war began when a dame (roughly comparable to Liz) named Helen got whisked from her husband. In the words of Marlowe, she

had a face "that launched a thousand ships and burnt the topless towers of Ilium." Well, that was enough damage. But, like we've always said, if in printing press had been invented by then and picture-posters of Helen had been in circulation, the clash between Greece and Troy might have been worse than it was.

Homor, who was the Ernie Pyle of that war, and told the story very well in *The Iliad*, wouldn't have had one chance in a thousand of getting the plot straight.

## When North Carolina's Tom Wolfe Came Home Again

By CLIFFORD ODETS

Editors' Note: An adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's autobiographical novel, "Look Homeward, Angel," has become a stage success in New York. Marking the 50th anniversary of the author's death this week, Mr. Odets, a leading American playwright, recalls the Tar Heel author's burial in Asheville. His article is condensed from the New York Times.

THIS is little enough to write about a man of Thomas Wolfe's gifts, but Tom is dead now a long 20 years, and being asked, I send along an impression of his burial, which I attended as an honorary pallbearer.

It is perhaps a worthwhile impression to pass along, not only for its own sake but because most of Tom's friends said, having paid respects the night before at the house: "Only Tom himself could have written these scenes. They are right out of 'Look Homeward, Angel.'"

#### DRINKS AND OLIVES

Tom alive! I met for the first time standing in the back of the house at a New York performance of his play, "Paradise Lost." Two of his many by now legendary qualities were almost immediately apparent: He was a very big man and he was very staccato. No doubt either. Over a drink and a dish of olives, he said that he had always wanted to be a playwright, not a novelist. Before he found his real métier he had been, he said, one of Old Professor Koch's boys down in Chapel Hill at the University of North Carolina, but he had flunked out.

Under Koch, he had written some one-act plays but, according to him, they always turned out wild and shameful regional melodramas. Paul Green was the kind of playwright he admired.

We met several more times in the few remaining years before Tom's early death. The world was his garden and he liked conversation very much, so we talked,



THOMAS WOLFE  
Somehow He Lost The Path

between one more drink and more company-size olives. Most surprising was the expression in his speech after a few drinks: He would speak real hill-billy then. But if this added something grotesque to a man already impressively burdened by his own bulk (and he would look quite like a dark, embattled bison), it also added the stinging moral force of a country preacher.

When I read one late afternoon about Tom's death, in this very newspaper, I traveled all night by car and the next morning was clapping hands with Paul Green in Chapel Hill, knowing that he would go over to Asheville for the funeral.

#### LONELINESS

What pulled me to that long ride was to be there, to honor Tom, to show in some small way the confraternity of writing brothers, and to speak by my presence for the unexpressed loneliness that most writers know, even as Hemingway had once driven up on a bicycle to a strange porch in Key West, call-

ing with brusque shyness to a writer he did not know, "Hey, are you here alone?"

It needs no specially gifted eyes to see how alone Tom is when Paul Koch, himself, and a few other University men, arrive at Tom's mother's house in Asheville that night. A barking, beguiling dog is tied to the sagging wooden porch. Above his noisy head a single reads: "My Old Kentucky Home."

#### THE FAMILY

Inside the house, furnished simply except for the incredible souvenirs that all mothers collect, two front rooms open into the small central hall. Turning our backs on Tom in the right room, we enter the left one to meet and shake hands with Mrs. Wolfe, a dry, thin pioneer type of woman, slow moving but not weak. Mabel, Tom's sister, built in his very mold, greets us with more energy; she is happy that other writers have come "to see Tom"; she has not been eating olives. A little later one of Tom's brothers arrives humbly and shy, reminding me of Gary Cooper, he painfully explains that writing is much beyond him, that he is in the ice cream business upstate.

Mabel is energetically trying to herd us all into the coffin room, but in her quietly insistent way, Mrs. Wolfe has now brought out two old photo albums and is showing us pictures of Tom as a baby and of two other babies who died young, including snapshots of their well-learned grandsons. "You see, I have buried more than one," she says quietly.

I have lingered behind with Mrs. Wolfe, so that when I cross into the coffin room, it is to be alone with Mabel and her unmistakable vivacity. Tom is lying in the biggest burnished metal coffin ever seen on land or sea. Mabel says that it took two days to find his size; the transparent look, she says, is, in fact, to keep the flies away.

Tom, so large and engaged in



Wolfe's 'Old Kentucky Home' in Asheville

life, is dressed now like a meek confirmation boy, in a blue suit, a red rose for the lapel. Mabel giggles, "Tom would just kill me if he knew that I put that rose there." Then, as if reading my mind, she says, "That's a tongue Tom's wearing."

#### DEATH IN BALTIMORE

Tom's head had been shaved. There had been a brain operation. That was the reason. Tom had been one of his typical jaunts, looking over the country. In Wilmington, violent headaches forced him to leave the train. Presently, in a coma, he had been rushed to Baltimore for examination by Dr. Dandy, the venerated brain surgeon. Tom would die on the table, he said, if a more exploratory operation were performed.

Mabel had insisted that Dr. Dandy go ahead with the exploratory and, as the doctor had predicted, Tom had died under his hands. "And then," Mabel said, "Do you know what I did? I bawled out that nice old man until he cried just like a little baby. I know I shouldn't have, but I just couldn't help myself."

The next morning the honorary

pallbearers gathered in the house. We were waiting for the professionals to tell us when and how to move.

#### SOFT INDIGNATION

Waiting, brooding, Paul Green was moved to soft indignation. "I swear, what's this world like if the governor of the state isn't here today? Not the senators either. I swear. Not being here today for a man like Tom Wolfe?"

But once we got going, there was a better sight outside. It seemed that every mortal soul in town was on that sidewalk across the way; and there was not one empty seat in the old roomy church.

#### OUT OF IRSEN

The man on the platform, a great pastor out of an Ibsen play, said that Tom was a great and renowned writer. Tom, he said, had strayed, feeling that he could never get home again. Tom had somehow lost the path, perhaps to his father's farm. But look, here was Tom amongst his family, with old friends, in his own town. Here today, as everyone could see, Tom had come home again.

## There Is Room To Negotiate In The Little Rock Crisis

By WALTER LIPPMANN

DURING the oral arguments before the Supreme Court several of the justices put searching but friendly questions to Mr. Richard C. Butler, who appeared as attorney for the Little Rock School Board. In these questions and in Mr. Butler's answers

we have for the first time an official definition of the real issue posed by Gov. Faubus. "This conflict," said Mr. Butler, "has resolved itself, as we see it, as a School Board, into a head-on collision between the federal and state governments." The conflict is not, as the President has usu-

ally defined it, a collision between mobs and the lawful authorities.

There is no hope of resolving the conflict unless the real issue is correctly defined. The question which defined the issue was begun by Mr. Justice Harlan. He said that he had no reservations about the good faith of the School Board. He pointed out that the School Board

had inaugurated "a plan of integration." He then asked Mr. Butler whether the conflict had not arisen by "the action of the state designed to frustrate the good faith of the School Board." Mr. Butler agreed, saying that the School Board, which is "an arm of the state government," has been "ordered to do one thing by one court and by its employer, the state of Arkansas, is ordered to do something else."

Laying on in questions by Mr. Justice Frankfurter it came out, with Mr. Butler agreeing, that the people of Little Rock would have acquiesced in the federal plan of integration, had the authority of the state, meaning Gov. Faubus, not melted and led by the movement of resistance and defiance.

A year ago, had Mr. Eisenhower understood the real issue, he would have challenged the use by Gov. Faubus of the Arkansas National Guard to prevent the School Board from observing the law, the law of defiance, backed by armed force, was the real offense of Gov. Faubus—distinguishing it from all the other forms of resistance practiced in the southern states.

#### OPINION AWAITED

The country will await with great interest the full opinion of the court. But, as things stand now, there is deep reason for thinking that the national government is not doing its full duty. An honest and law-abiding School Board in Little Rock is prevented from admitting a few Negro children to a high school. The federal courts say that these children should be admitted. But the federal government does nothing as the school year begins to overcome the resistance of the governor, the legislature and a majority of the white voters. In despair, the School Board asked for a writ, which broke a 50-year precedent by the Supreme Court. This leaves the School Board under obligations to admit the Negro children and also under the irresistible power of the state government which forbids their admission.

#### THE PROSPECT

As federal troops cannot be used to open and operate the schools that the governor has closed, the federal government is left with an unattractive prospect of law suits to get the Supreme Court to declare unconstitutional the law just recently enacted by the Arkansas Legislature. What

makes this so unattractive is that, having defied the Supreme Court on the original issue, there is no reason to hope that Arkansas will not also defy it on a subsidiary demand.

The fundamental vice of the situation is that the problem of enforcement, of overcoming the resistance of the southern states, is not one which can be handled successfully by judicial decrees addressed to local authorities. The problem of the enforcement of a law requiring a great social change belongs not to the courts alone but to the legislative and executive branches of the government as well.

#### ISKE CHALLENGED

It is not possible for the courts to direct and to preside over the negotiations and the planning which are necessary if the basic decree is to be translated into concrete action in the southern states. Integration, being a federal responsibility, which cannot be left to the federal courts alone, the issue posed by the defiance of Gov. Faubus is a challenge to President Eisenhower, and as he cannot crush the defiance with force, he must negotiate for a workable compromise.

That ought not to be impossible. For there are integrated schools in Arkansas, and in principle Arkansas is not one of the states which is opposed to integration as such. At the same time, the integration which was actually proposed by the Little Rock School Board, of some nine Negro children among 2,000 whites was merely a token integration. There is, therefore, room to negotiate, and what is lacking is serious and resourceful leadership.

### Today's Schools

SCHOOLS are a part of society, but they should not be a complete mirror of society. They should offer not a repetition of experience but a challenge to it, and an extension of experience. They are not a transmitter but a conscience for society. Yet at a time when schools are in a better position to emancipate themselves from community pressures than ever before and when the necessity of challenge and experimentation is perhaps stronger than ever before, our schools seem to make a fetish of adaptation and conformity. —Henry Steele Canhamer, Jr. "The High School in a New Era."

## Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round The Cow That Caused All The Trouble

THE transfer of the Black Angus cow "Royal Oaks Blackbird" from the farm of Ellis Slater, Seagrass executive, to the farm of President Eisenhower becomes more complicated and more interesting. It's now learned that she was transferred from Ike's farm in the first place in order to have an artificially inseminated calf by Slater's famous bull, Evans' Bandolier Lady, and then was transferred back to Ike's farm again.

This was in violation of the rules of the Aberdeen Angus Association which permits no artificial insemination.

#### Old Bridge Partner

Mr. Slater is the bridge-playing friend of the President and executive of Seagrass, the Frankfort Oil, which received the extraordinary permit to drill for oil in the government's Lacassine Wildlife Refuge in Louisiana—a permit

which had been denied four other presidents. Mr. Slater emphasized, "I have been very careful about that."

#### Gift Denied

The disclosure that Royal Oaks Blackbird, the unsupervised lady who has been chewing her cud contentedly in the fields of Gettysburg, was the subject of a two-way transfer, came about when Mr. Slater tried to deny any cattle gifts to the President.

#### 'Very Careful'

"I have never given a cow to President Eisenhower," he told this writer. "One of our cows was sold last January to the Ryans and Allen farm near the President's at Gettysburg," he continued, referring to the farm operated by George Allen, another bridge-playing partner of Ike's who arranged the purchase of the Gettysburg farm.

"I have never given a cow to the President," Mr. Slater emphasized. "I have been very careful about that."

#### Record Tells Story

The records of the Aberdeen Angus Association in St. Joseph, Mo., I pointed out, "show clearly that Royal Oaks Blackbird was consigned by your friend Angus Farms at Landis, S. C., to President Eisenhower. It's all officially recorded."

#### Slater's Explanation

"What happened," Mr. Slater explained, "was that I sent a vial of semen from my bull, up to Gettysburg to impregnate the President's cow. However, I will call back after a talk to my herdman in South Carolina."

Mr. Slater called back shortly to confirm the fact that he had sent a vial of semen from his prize bull to Eisenhower's

cow and had registered the cow in the name of his farm, then transferred the cow back to Ike's farm in order to be able to register the calf.

"Isn't that contrary to the rules of the association?"

"Yes," admitted Mr. Slater, "but it's done from time to time."

"I may have said something that if the President was building a herd it should be a good idea. But giving a cow to the President is the last thing I would think of."

#### Next Best Thing

"But you did think of giving artificial insemination from a prize bull, isn't that the next thing?"

"I thought the President should have a calf from our fine bull. Mr. Slater replied, 'but never at any time have I given a cow to the President.'"

From The Wall Street Journal

### GOLF AND FREEDOM

THE Singapore City Council, led by its left-wing mayor, has voted to terminate its ground-lease arrangements with the Singapore Royal Golf Club for golfers on the ground that golf is not a constructive pursuit. The Council says the game doesn't fit in with the thinking of New Asia.

All golfers will sympathize with their Singaporean brethren, but smart golfers will see an opportunity here. For the Council's view about golf isn't anything new. We'd guess that it wasn't very long after the first Scot banded a ball across the pasture that he found himself in the rough at home, and that golfers have been asking ever since what good it does.

But thanks to the mayor of Singapore,

we're ready now for the lady at our house. And the next time she suggests we forget the fairways next Saturday and do something constructive, we intend to point out that her backswing's just like that left-wing mayor's. And that unless she wants to caddy for communism, she would do well to lay off golf and undertake the more genuine and honorable institution of free enterprise and to cease her attacks on the U. S. Constitution and the Bill of Rights.

The boss was fit to be tied this morning. Just beneath the "THINK!" signs he had posted around the office, somebody had carefully written — "OR THWIM!" — GREEN BAY PRESS-GAZETTE.