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The Barrier Of Words: Even Allies Cross Their Signals

By WALTER LIPPMAN

WASHINGTON
MR. Anthony Nutting, writing from London on Mr. Mikoyan's visit, has succeeded in demonstrating how hard it is for even the friendliest nations to understand one another.

the Soviet Union. After a long report on how much pur motives are suspected in Europe, he proceeds to lecture us on what we must do to make our European friends feel better about us.

SUSPICION

It is this kind of uninformed suspicion which exists in London it is enough to make anyone despair of the effectiveness of a free press. Here are two allies, both speaking the same language, both enjoying free institutions, both able to print and to read whatever they choose, both committed to the same international ideals, and yet a writer with connections in official quarters in London suspects us of being so foolish and so disloyal that we are contemplating a two-power deal at the expense of Europe.

RIGHT TO BE TRUSTED

For my part, I do not expect us to be understood or trusted by Moscow. But we have, I submit, earned the right to be trusted by our closest allies. We do not betray our friends, and the suspicion which exists in Europe.

Nixon: No Direct Talk

That we are so glibly that Mr. Mikoyan can "sell" us into betraying our friends is an affront to the honor of America and an insult to its intelligence. The public part of Mr. Mikoyan's visit seems to me to show that between the communists and ours there can be no great issues be little free and open communication. We live in very different worlds. We see things with very different eyes. We judge them with very different minds. The best we can do is to negotiate cautiously more or less at arm's length. But the kind of full understanding needed for our closest allies. We do not betray our friends, and the suspicion which exists in Europe.

long way off. It is, therefore, absurd to invite Mr. Mikoyan to subject himself to a public exhibition like "meet the Press" and it is absurd for Mr. Mikoyan to accept the invitation to do that. The show on Sunday was as unfulfilling an attempt to make a whole which lives in the sea with an elephant which lives on the land.

PERSON TO PERSON

Those who have studied carefully the problem of communication between the Soviet Union and the West know that the communication cannot be general but must be specialized. The mathematicians and the physical scientists can communicate with one another. So can the engineers or the agriculturists. So can artists, educated statesmen. So can ordinary tourists meeting ordinary people. But Mr. Mikoyan cannot talk to the American people in the mass nor could Mr. Nixon talk, even if he had the freedom of the Soviet Union, to the Russian people in the mass.

NO BEAUTY CONTEST

As to the results of Mr. Mikoyan's tour, they cannot be measured by the crowds and the headlines, by the curiosity of the people who saw him or by their courtesy. The results of the visit will be tested as we see whether or not we are moving towards negotiations on the whole German question. For surely that was the real objective of Mr. Mikoyan's visit, as it is the objective of the Soviet Union.

the Soviet gambit in Berlin. His purpose cannot have been to enter a popularity contest, for which he is little qualified as he would be for a beauty contest. If the purpose of his visit was to make the German question negotiable for the President and Mr. Dulles have shown that they are not interested in the German question negotiable if Moscow is seriously interested in negotiating.

Threatening To Shut The Golden Gate

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON
THE threatened fight against the choice of Los Angeles as the site of the 1960 Democratic national convention offers a revealing glimpse of the presidential power plays now shaping up in the party.

The rising power of the West was reflected in the choice of Los Angeles by a special eight-member site committee. Their recommendation is subject to approval by the full national committee at a Washington meeting Feb. 27.

PREVIEW OF A STRUGGLE

In brief, this is a preview of the looming struggle between liberals friendly to Adlai Stevenson, who now find their spiritual home in the West, and the big-city machines which incline in the direction of Senator John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts. Neither wants any such collision, at least not yet, and both might lose ground by it.

But they are at the mercy of their friends who naturally want the convention held in the climate most favorable to their hopes. Standing on the sidelines with the balance of power are the Southern members of the national committee. The South's problem at present, of course, is that any overt use of the Southern power base today is the big Western state where he was born nearly 59 years ago. By coincidence, Los Angeles is his birthplace.

For primary and convention purposes, California will have a favorite son, Gov. Edmund G. "Pat" Brown, elected in a prestigious landslide plurality of a million votes last fall. But Brown continues to insist that he feels committed to spend at least four years as governor, and the state's politicians say that the hearts of the rank and file still belong to Stevenson.

RATIFICATION FIGHT
California's national committee man, Paul Ziffren, is presently engaged in lining up a Western bloc for the ratification fight here. It is anticipated that Jake Arvey, Chicago will be joined in the attack on Los Angeles by Carmine De Sapio of New York and Gov. David Lawrence of Pennsylvania, a true long powerful in national committee affairs.

In New Orleans, Lawrence tried to ally between Los Angeles and Chicago with Philadelphia. Californians hope the same division will persist and award them the final election.

The open battle is being fought on considerations of communications, timing and convenience. These are all genuine and important factors, and they were anxiously considered by the site committee. Republicans and Democrats chose the same city.

Its pressure works in Chicago's favor, as that is neutral ground between two leading GOP contenders—Vice President Richard M. Nixon of California and Gov. Nelson Rockefeller of New York.

Ziffren argued successfully with the site committee that the convention management could control the time of the sessions to meet every demand of good communications. He insisted that Democratic gains west of the Mississippi are of no consideration and attacked Chicago's near-monopoly of recent conventions.

Self-Righteousness Carried To Extremes

WHILE North Carolina's approach to racial desegregation is generally sound, some Tar Heel officials have been carrying public piety above and beyond the call of duty.

The 1955 Pupil Assignment Act serves the state well and, as long as it is wisely and honorably applied, will undoubtedly be allowed to stand by the federal judiciary. But if this week's federal court decision in the Virginia case is any guide, an unused and ill-advised portion of the 1956 Pearsall Plan legislation is in peril. It is the provision which permits the board of education of any administrative unit to "suspend the operation of one or more of the public schools under its jurisdiction" on a vote of the people.

This feature was known as "local option" and was to be employed only in "intolerable situations," although the latter term does not appear in the law. It was this threat to the state constitutional principle of a general and uniform system of public schools that prompted our own opposition to the Pearsall Plan package when it was presented to the General Assembly in 1956.

The ruling handed down by a special three-judge court in Norfolk Jan. 19 was aimed specifically at Virginia's "massive resistance" court closing law. But note carefully the court's language:

"... We are at the inescapable conclusion that the Commonwealth of Virginia, having accepted and assumed the responsibility of maintaining and operating public schools, cannot act through one of its officers to close one or more public schools in the state solely by reason of the assignment to, or enrollment in, that public school of children of different races or colors, and at the same time keep other public schools throughout the state open on a segregated basis. The 'equal protection' afforded to all persons and taxpayers is lacking in such a situation."
The judges did not suggest that the state must maintain a public school system.

That is a matter, of course, for the state to determine. "We merely point out" they wrote, "that the closing of a public school or grade therein, for the reasons heretofore assigned, violates the right of a citizen to equal protection of the laws and, as to any children willing to attend a school with a member or members of the opposite race, such a school-closing is a deprivation of due process of law."

At this point, the federal court outlined a circumstance which appears to parallel rather closely a situation which might arise in North Carolina under the "local option" feature of the Pearsall Plan:

"In the event the State of Virginia withdraws from the business of educating its children, and the local governing bodies assume this responsibility, the same principles with respect to equal protection of law would be controlling to that particular county or city. While the county or city, directly or indirectly, maintains and operates a school system with the use of public funds or participates by arrangement or otherwise in the management of such school system, no one public school or grade in the county or city may be closed to avoid the effect of the law of the land while other public schools or grades remain open at the expense of the taxpayers. Such schemes or devices looking to the cut-off of funds for schools or grades are oppressive. If a school is closed, the closing or elimination of specific grades in such schools, are evasive tactics which have no standing under the law."

If this opinion stands, it is doubtful that one or more schools could be closed in that public school of children of different races or colors, and at the same time keep other public schools throughout the state open on a segregated basis. The "equal protection" afforded to all persons and taxpayers is lacking in such a situation."

The judges did not suggest that the state must maintain a public school system.

Memoir Game Is Profitable, Hard To Play

By ROBERT C. RUARK

BY golly, I got me a predicament. I want to write my memoirs and I don't know how. I'm ailing with trenchant stuff, but I don't know what sort of angle to handle it on.

The reason I want to write my memoirs is that it seems to be a very lucrative business. Harry Truman couldn't get enough out of it, and there is a divided vote on his ability to remember accurately from the presidential days, but he wrote his memoirs and got paid so much money that it took the publishing house a year or so of saving pennies to get ready for the advance. Harry was great with giving 'em hell with his mouth, but when he and his speak at the name all that came out was "Abide With Me." That year they weren't buying spirals.

UNCLE IKE

Now, Uncle Ike, he done real good, because he got his single literary effort classified as capital gains, representing a summation of his life's work, and avoided the estate tax on income. I must say that Uncle Ike had the decency to give most of it back when he got steady work being President.

The greatest old pro of them all, Winnie the Church, never overlooked an easy buck in his lengthy career. I believe he got his memoirs classified as antiques, and didn't even have to pay the capital-gains tax, as Ike didn't do it on any such annual little bouncer boy, Randolph, at the moment is going the old man one better. Unhappy Ike does have unsanctioned memoirs of Sir Anthony Eden, and his premise is that somebody goofed on the Suez. Sir Anthony has been available for comment, but the Beaverbrook press has, since he was printing his own memoirs, the Churchillian précis on the trials of poor old Tony in a changing world.

But one coming into a bright new age of the memoir business with the expected souvenirs of Mr. Sherman Adams, the needed memo, Mr. Adams got kicked out of his job by popular request for a slight confession of moral principle. At present President Eisenhower, as United States president, is not any political hand in letting a little man named Goldfine pick up his hot tabs and buy him fancy clothes.

SUITABLE BAIT
If jeopardizing your public position as top hand for the President is suitable bait for memoirs, Sherman Adams' confidences ought to do better than an entry to "The Chicago" and "Lolita." But it won't do as well as the inevitable reminiscences of Mr. Goldfine up to the decision that the Fifth Amendment applies to literature as well as congressional hearings and cabinet cashiers. The one tipper I can think of is a sedate recollection called "Who Flung the Sink Bomb in Mrs. Murphy's Tea House?" by one James Hoffa, the self-styled summer replacement for Gen. Hugh Green and the Great.

I have read recent memoirs by two female drunks and a beat-up author's mistress in his fading glory, but since I am not a female drunk or a beat-up author's mistress I can't handle that book either. Frankly, I'm stuck.

WOW
But never let anybody tell you I haven't got a title. If I can find something or somebody to get mad at or some lurid confessions of personal frailty to set down in vivid prose, I rest, net on the 500 Amendment, but on the title. "There Ain't No Such Animal, or You Can't Get There From Here, Even to Fairy," by Robert Ruark. Everybody's Nobody.

The title alone ought to make a wisp of a picture.

'Well, At This Price We Had To Sacrifice Something'



The Man-In-Motion Has Sticky Fingers

LYNDON JOHNSON may be czar of the Senate, but you do not become a czar without a weather eye for the auspicious moment.

Another auspicious moment came Tuesday, and disarming everyone, Lyndon Johnson seized it to introduce a civil rights bill.

The jolt that made it a headline move did not derive so much from the nature of his bill as from the instinct for drama which disarms Sen. Johnson's tactical fines in encounter after encounter. His proposal for a federal "community relations service," similar to the Federal Mediation and Conciliation Service for labor disputes, bears the stamp of originality. But even the projected right of subpoena for the U. S. attorney general to gain access to voting records, now being touted as surprising, is not really so surprising as it may seem. Rather it seems a logical, even conservative, outgrowth of the Alabama experience of the federal Civil Rights Commission. When electoral officials in Alabama refused to lay bare their records, their defiance drew stringent criticism from the moderate southern press—even, in some cases, from its free-living wing. On the point of "hate" bombings, North Carolina's Sen. Ervin, collaborating with

Sen. Kennedy, has already beat Lyndon to the draw.

In fact, Lyndon's fingers seem to be right sticky.

Why, then, should Lyndon's latest play jolt everyone? Like the sound of the falling tree in an empty forest, the big noise is mostly in the ear of the listener. If the language of Washington were not so oppressive, if presidential leadership were not so atrophied, the maneuvering of one senator would not draw such unreserved notice. But the land hungers for political adventure, the big noise, the voice in the wilderness. It has fallen to an elected parliamentarian from Texas with an untried sense of timing to satisfy that hunger. No doubt one of the secrets of Lyndon's success is that he holds the rare position of the activist and the middle-of-the-road man at once. He has become an activist because no one else has made a move about him; and he comes to the middle of the road by coasting right between the intransigent southern group and the militant Douglasses.

Once again, Lyndon Johnson has earned a hurrah or two, but for all we know he is springing hard in the direction of a presidential nomination, watching with eagle eyes for every idea he can use. It's his privilege; but he will need to be watched for sticky fingers.

He Showed America An Escape Route

I wish I hadn't broken that dish, I wish I was a movie star, I wish a lot of things, I wish that life was like the movies are. —A. P. HEBBERT.

LIFE was never like the movies of Cecil B. DeMille. That was their principal charm. They were all colorful, stupendous, gigantic. Come of course it was correct, but with a million-dollar budget and a cast of thousands. There was always more artifice than art in a DeMille creation. The humor was gargantuan and the sex as unobscure as a kick in the pants. Critics were applied but the public loved it. They wanted to be entertained, to "escape," if you please. And DeMille provided the grandest escape route Hollywood had ever seen before and will likely see again. No actor ever performed his role better on the set than DeMille. Just off-camera, he always put on the greatest show in show business. "A retinue of 11 follows him wherever he goes," wrote an awe-struck reporter in 1955. "He is attended by an associate producer, a personal female aide, a couple of press-agents, a dialogue director, two script girls, a secretary, an assistant director, a mike boy to thrust a microphone before his mouth whenever he feels like thinking out loud, and a chair boy to slip a chair under him whenever he feels (in the manner of Queen Victoria) in the mood for sitting."

North Carolina claimed him but he belonged heart and soul, to a hundred million popcorn eaters who wished that "life was like the movies are."

No. There'll never be another DeMille—and that's why a lot of theaters will call it an era and shut down.

From The Greensboro Daily News

METROPOLIS OR RURAL VILLAGE?

A CHOICE, nostalgic item was that disseminated by the Associated Press under a Charlotte dateline (other day) Reported to the police, as stolen from a Queen City residence overnight were Hog feet, hog ears, pork chops, sausage and, by some unexplained anachronism, instant coffee.

So that explains it. Those small structures behind some of the residences seen in Charlotte's outskirts are smokehouses. Quite frankly, however, we did not note

any pigpens, although they would presumably be as tolerable as Sugar Creek's.

But how memories of a country boy are jogged—Oh, to be in Charlotte during hog-killing time!

"Please don't turn me down now" the young man told the draft board chairman. "I've proposed to four different girls, told off that creep I've been working for, and sold my car." —LAMAR T. J. DEMOREST.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON
ANASTAS Mikoyan has now gone back to Moscow. Mikoyan departed with the Eisenhower administration just as firmly entrenched against any change in economic aloofness toward Russia; also with the Berlin policy unchanged. The fact that talks were held and got nowhere probably added to the official teneness of the Cold War. Mikoyan was in one sense or another over Berlin, and as the deputy premier warned shortly before he returned home, this could mean a war.

Public Impression

However, the fact that Mikoyan would tour the United States, risk injury from hostile Hungarian refugees, and face the pressing, sometimes brutal question of American newspapermen, presumably

People's Platform

Our Playful Spool Strips Up A Reader Charlotte

THE contemporary wave of judicial sabotage of the criminal law was given a tremendous impetus by national prohibition. The federal courts then began to throw out cases against convicted bootleggers on the ground that they had been arrested without probable cause, or been subjected to unlawful searches and seizures. It was not long before other criminals had become the beneficiaries of the new constitutional complex. —William Seagle in "Acquitted Of Murder."

The Source

Note—It was partly pressure from American business that brought the recognition of Soviet Russia early in the Roosevelt administration. A long report of recognition was signed by James M. Cagney, Charles National Bank and Equitable Trust also called for recognition. In those days Henry Ford I had a very high opinion of the Soviet Union. He was particularly impressed by inviting Russian engineers to come to his plant to study mass-production methods. American labor leaders, by and large, gave the Soviet deputy premier a rouser time than any American business. George Meany, AFL-CIO President, declined a luncheon given by James Carey,

People's Platform

ideas of poetry tampered with. I went to Nimitz Auditorium with grave misgivings. What I found there was a refreshing and provocative program of a high standard of excellence, but with no dignity, with humor, and with no considerable talent.

Could it be that your editorial of last Thursday was written from influence and not from reality? Is it possible that the author of the editorial may not have been in Nimitz Auditorium where poetry was read to the accompaniment of jazz? —PATSEY GOODWIN

Editors' Note: Reader Goodwin writes from inference and not from reality. The performance in question was reviewed Jan. 14 on our Entertainment Page. The editorial in question appeared Jan. 15 and playfully explored the idea of blending poetry and jazz. It was by no stretch of imagination a review.

The American Public Was Impressed

head of the International Union of Electrical Workers, Walter Ruther, of the Auto Workers, Joseph Bieme, head of the Communications Workers, William Doherty, of the United Fruit Company, and Kalf Keller of the Brewery Workers.

Friendly Debate

The luncheon resulted in a friendly debate, during which for the first time in history Americans, representing a large segment of the American industrial and commercial problems with a man representing all of Russian labor Mikoyan made the following significant statements:

1. The U. S. standard of living is superior to Russia's. 2. Russia would welcome more visits by American labor leaders and would give them permission to travel freely. 3. Russian leaders couldn't understand why American labor was so much more critical of communism than are American capitalists.