

WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1954

**Sen. Ervin Speaks Out Courageously**

SAM J. ERVIN JR., once described as "a big friendly bear with the disposition of a lamb," is not easily riled. His main tin but. This week, after a round of vicious baiting by Joseph R. McCarthy, the bear in him came out. He stood up in the Senate of the United States and hurled defiance at the man who had bullied men in and out of the government for years.

It was a courageous performance. Mr. Ervin's patience had finally been strained to the breaking point by Sen. McCarthy's foul and fantastic charge that the Watkins committee was the "unwitting handmaid of the Communist Party."

In a speech that brought lawmakers crowding into the Senate chamber to hear the Tar Heel lawmaker accuse Mr. McCarthy of "besmirching" his colleagues. He said if Mr. McCarthy made the statement while not believing it, he was guilty of "moral incapacity," and that if he did believe it, he was guilty of "mental incapacity." There was no room for expulsion in either case, he added.

Mr. Ervin thus aimed a verbal haymaker at the purification movement to cleanse the Wisconsin Republican.

He refused to be intimidated by Mr. McCarthy and he challenged the Senate to show that it too has enough manhood to stand up and do its duty.

The time has come to act. There can be no more arduous dodging, no more political juggling, no more backtracking or temporizing.

These questions must be faced squarely: Is the Senate going to let itself be bullied and browbeaten by the junior senator from Wisconsin?

Is it going to allow Sen. McCarthy's abuses in the name of the U. S. Congress to go unchallenged?

Obviously, Sen. Ervin has clearer vision than some of his puffy-tongued colleagues. Mr. McCarthy, by his arrogant behavior since the Senate reconvened, has demonstrated that he is more deserving of censure than ever—not less. If anything, as Ervin has indicated, censure is too good for him.

**The Evil Outweighs The Good**

THE noisy political uproar kindled by reports of frauds in North Carolina's Ninth and Twelfth Districts will get noisier. SBI reports on alleged irregularities in Clay and Graham Counties have been filed with Solicitor Thad Bryson in Bryson City. The House Campaign Investigating subcommittee has ordered a full-scale probe of alleged irregularities in Ashe and Alexander counties.

Most of the trouble can be traced to corrupt commerce in absentee ballots. SBI Director James Powell has already indicated that both Republicans and Democrats are involved in the buying and selling of votes.

It is an old, old story in North Carolina. Through the years the absentee ballot has become the handiest, most familiar object of election suspicion. Just about every time a campaign is particularly fierce, just about every time a vote is close and just about every time a disgruntled losing candidate begins grasping for a weapon to use on his opponent, an absentee ballot scandal finds its way onto Page One.

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**-And Then To Get On With The Job**

GREENSBORO has gone over the top. Raising more than 100 per cent of its community funds for raising. So has Winston-Salem, which subscribed 10 per cent over its goal. Greenville and Charlotte, S. C. have already oversubscribed, as have a number of smaller Carolina communities.

They have completed what is at best an arduous task. Fund-raising is not the most enjoyable of occupations. The satisfaction derives from spending funds raised for urgent community needs.

Many of these needs in Charlotte will not be met unless Charlotte raises the balance of its goal. At the last United Appeal report, issued a week ago today, \$1 per cent of the \$951,686 goal had been raised. That left \$182,041 to be raised by tomorrow, the end of the campaign.

That's a lot of money, but it figures out at less than a dollar apiece for each resident of Mecklenburg. If those who have not yet contributed pledge a few dollars tonight or in the morning the goal can be reached, and the community can get on with the pleasant task of building a better place in which to live.

**THE PHYSICIAN AND THE PLUMBERS**

BECAUSE he thinks scientists, scholars and teachers are being pushed around these days, Dr. Albert Einstein says that if he were growing up now he would reject those professions and arts as a life's work.

"I would rather choose to be a plumber or a peddler in the hope to find that modest degree of independence still available under present circumstances," he wrote the other day.

Dr. Einstein, of course, was criticizing what he thinks is undue restraint—such as subpoenas to testify before congressional committees and Atomic Energy Commission security measures—on the intellectual community. Needless to say there are many scientists and teachers who disagree with the good doctor's views in this regard. Probably even AEC plumbers must undergo a security check when the plumbing needs clearance.

We don't know much about the peddling business, but when it comes to the independence Dr. Einstein spoke of he was certainly on sound ground in advising young people to become plumbers. He might have added electricians and carpenters, too.

If we may judge the rest by the plumber who occasionally comes by our place, they are independent in far more than the modest degree Dr. Einstein wrote of. Our plumber does not come and again he might not; and when he is done there is nothing modest about the bill. We dare say that financially he is as independent as any scholar he knows unless, of course, he pours his money down the drain.

All the same, it is probably just as well that Dr. Einstein isn't young enough to take his own advice. Possibly he would find that there are some disadvantages in the trades just as in the professions. There is no question that a man who can learn to juggle worlds can learn the art of plumbing; especially if he is the forgetful sort Dr. Einstein is said to be. But whether a man of his outspoken and rebellious nature could long remain in the union is another question entirely.

And there is yet another point. As a plumber, Dr. Einstein might have ended up as Secretary of Labor. And Mr. Durkin can tell him that sometimes plumbers have as much trouble in government as scientists.

Last week the governor of Florida proposed that a special joint Congressional committee consider a constitutional amendment which would allow the states to maintain traditional school segregation.

The COLUMBIA RECORD put a page one streamer, "Race Issue Explodes," on the cover under the headline a real explosion story.

There's nothing like waiting 42 hours, reading the Sunday papers and getting a second cup of coffee to help you decide what play should have been called on fourth down with one yard to go—ELLAVILLE (GA.) SUN.

Hubby—What did the man say was wrong with the state?

Wife—"He said it was beginning to show through.—GREENVILLE (TENN.) SUN.

In Illinois a woman declined to speak at a banquet because she had nothing to wear. If only this would set a precedent for men who have nothing to say.—GREENVILLE (S. C.) PIEDMONT.



This BRAT selection at the University of North Carolina is entitled 'Little Did I Reck.'

Nodal objects, entitled 'Pablo and Pavlova.' BRAT has exhibitions, which no one attends.

This is an unfinished work in a BRAT studio. Tentative title: 'Don't Say You Weren't Told.'

**BRAT Takes The Hyphen Out Of Toulouse-Lautrec**

By CHARLES KURALT  
 (Editors' Note: Mr. Kuralt, a Charlottean, is editor of The Daily Tar Heel.)

STUDENTS burying to class at the University of North Carolina one morning last week were stopped short by a big poster in front of the YMCA building announcing, in garish red letters, "The First International Unicorn Races, Battle Park, 4 o'clock. Heart-lifting, Instructive. Bring A Friend."

A new cued scratched her head and inquired aloud, "What is it?" but grinning undergrads knew exactly what it was. BRAT was back.

BRAT, which takes its name for some reason from the initials of a 17th Century French court-revolutionary named Bourieu Richeleu A. T. La Fronde, is one of those avant-garde movements that college campuses spawn. But it is much more complicated than swallowing goldfish or sitting on flagpoles, and much more amusing to students at UNC, where it is going over big. Its founders, a couple of graduate students named Bill Watt and Tom Brann, have issued, straight-faced, a Manifesto, which reads this way:

1. Everything which has preceded BRAT is nothing.

2. BRAT takes advantage of its materials instead of using them.

3. Dada did not take art seriously.

4. Art is motion made static.

5. BRAT is stasis brought into motion.

6. BRAT takes the hyphen out of Toulouse-Lautrec.

7. There are no leaders in the BRAT movement, only followers.

8. BRAT ran into heavy weather shortly after its birth on the Carolina campus last spring. One exhibit was removed by the police from a café window with threats of dire handling if the café owner didn't stick to more down-to-earth forms for his future displays.

9. This persecuted, BRAT retreated to the roof of a classroom building (which as the early Christians retreated to the Roman catacombs) for all anyone knew. BRAT had disappeared.

10. BRAT and UPWARD.

But with the announcement of the unicorn race, the movement's renaissance is on, or, as BRAT prefers that it be put, "Art is dead and BRAT has once more risen from the ashes to render that necessary Tug at the Heartstrings."

BRAT exhibits include paintings, sculptures and poems, and something old art forms never had—nodal objects. These are made of screen wire, old shoes, lengths of pipe and bits of burlap and bear titles like "Dragon Surviving Abstract Landscape While Listening Attentively To 'Crying In The Chapel'."

In the new BRAT, a decided moral tone can be recognized. The titles of BRAT pieces that were most noticed at the spring exhibitions: ("What Really Happened On Errol Flynn's Yacht," "Mighty, Mighty White," "They Martyred Savannahola: Snap Crackle Pop!") have given way to oil paintings and a mural with names like "Little Did I Reck," and "Saving For The Day."

BODENHEIM CANONIZED

BRAT-sponsored public gatherings, like last April's canonization of destitute poet Maxwell Bodenheim, are still around in the renaissance. They are always well-advertised in advance and always completely unattended, even by BRATists. Currently being advertised on placards all over the campus is a BRAT picnic: "Kill The Dragon, Win A Kewpie Doll! Money Back If There's A Dry Eye In The House!"

The posters urge, "See The Flight of the Roc." See the mythical bird, panoramic, bigger than both of us, descend from the sky. The Roc will be looking for a snack. The audience will be invited to participate. Amusing Heart-warming. Tear the kiddies away from TV!"

NORTH INFILTRATED

There's no telling, of course, so soon after the movement's genesis, how far it might spread. Already, according to co-founders Watt and Brann, there are embryo BRATs in South Carolina, more and Princeton, Son, they

hope to incorporate the cult's gospel into a massive "BRAT Anthology of Golden Moments" which they expect will draw converts.

One thing for sure: BRAT has a tremendous popular appeal. As one English teacher in the University remarked to his class last week, "What we are seeing here is a highly successful parody of our machine and morals. Dada, Cubism and Droolies all have had their day. BRAT may be next for the world!"

Editor's Note: This is the third in a series of Marquis Childs articles that trace the history and appraise the significance of the Owen Lattimore case.)

ON THE EVE OF THE congressional election campaign the Eisenhower administration made a move to drop the Lattimore case issue by returning a second indictment of the Lattimores and then in October by charging Federal Judge Luther Youngdahl with prejudice. This became a major test in at least O'MAHONEY one state, and in view of the one vote margin it could have determined which party controlled the Senate and the all-important committee chairmanships.

After he was defeated for the Senate in 1952, Sen. Joseph C. O'Mahoney, Democrat of Wyoming, opened a private law office in Washington, following the custom of so many former members of Congress. He took several clients, among them Lattimore, who also had as counsel the firm of Arnold, Forster and Porter. The latter had contributed their services in defending Lattimore through a series of Senate hearings and in the legal arguments of the first indictment the key counts of which were thrown out by the Supreme Court.

O'Mahoney had an active part in the challenge of the first indictment for its vagueness in accusing Lattimore of perjury when he had been a "sympathizer" with communism or a "promoter" of Communist interests. After the suicide of Sen. Lester Hunt (D-Wyo.), who had been harassed by Republican leaders with the great that a family tragedy would be used against him, O'Mahoney decided to run again.

CONNECTION EXPLOITED

In his campaign he quickly discovered that the opposition would large resources of money was exploiting his connection with Lattimore, the fullest in full-page newspaper ads and on the radio. This was linked with another lawyer-client relationship of O'Mahoney's two years in private practice. He had taken a retainer from the United States Cuban Sugar Corporation, owned by American citizens operating in Cuba.

Because this was technically a foreign company, even though American-controlled and operated, O'Mahoney felt he should comply with the law requiring representatives of foreign companies to register with the Department of Justice.

STONE CLEANED UP

After the scandals in the Department of Justice were uncovered in the Harding administration 20 years ago, Calvin Colledge named the late Harlan Fiske Stone, then a Columbia University law professor, as attorney general. Without a record to show his praise or blame might fall, Stone with complete impartiality cleaned up the department and restored faith in the process of Justice.

There were many who had hoped that this would be a precedent for the Eisenhower administration. But an increasing number of critics have accused Attorney General Herbert Brownell of playing politics with the power of prosecution.

**'Be Constructive. Ask What He Wants For Christmas'**



**Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round**

MIDDLE-AGED woman opened the Senate Office Building door of Sen. Earle Clements of Kentucky and stepped inside.

Abruptly she asked the stenographer sitting at a desk near the door: "Whom are you for?"

Sen. Clements' secretary was perplexed. The woman visitor had not announced herself, had given no name, but on her breast was a large button. It read: "God bless Joe."

"The intruder did not give the senator's secretary much time to ponder.

"Whom do you work for?" she demanded.

"This again was a weird question, since the door of the office was plainly marked: "Sen. Clements of Kentucky."

Before the senator's secretary could answer, the visitor blurted out: "Ah! hat you won't tell whom you work for. That shows where you stand—afraid to tell whom you work for!"

And she flounced out.

This operate the Joe-Must-Stay lobby-ists who have done so well on the capital like a swarm of locusts.

Sen. Joe McCarthy borrowed a page from the Communist book when he imported organized demonstrators to try to stampede the Senate into voting down the censure resolution. Backstage story can now be told of their noisy march on Washington.

Their spiritual leader was Rabbi Benjamin Schultz who, ironically, joined forces with the nation's most poisonous mouthed anti-Semite, Gerald L. K. Smith.

Under an assumed name, Smith also slipped into town to help organize the demonstration for McCarthy.

Smith registered as "Stephen Good-year" in Room 1017 of the Mayflower Hotel, not far from Rabbi Schultz's room. Both spent most of their time on Capitol Hill, huddling with pro-McCarthy senators and herding the demonstrators around.

Significantly, the McCarthy invasion followed the same pattern as the frequent Communist marches on Washington, when the Reds have poured into town to try to influence Congress.

Like the Reds, the McCarthyites got their instructions from professional organizers, who acted as pep leaders. They came bearing placards, shouting slogans—a boisterous but disciplined mob.

Down to the last detail, this is the standard Communist technique.

The McCarthyites were recruited mainly from "Freedom Clubs" that Joe has been organizing in Brooklyn, Boston, and a few other cities. The main contingent, estimated at about 650, boarded a 7:30 a.m. train at New York City's Pennsylvania Station.

A copy of the "Tablet," a Catholic publication of Brooklyn, was waiting on each

**How Joe's Washington Caravan Worked**

seat. This contained an inflammatory defense of McCarthy, including his word-for-word attack on the Watkins committee.

As the train chugged toward Washington, the professional organizers wandered down the aisles, giving instructions and whipping up enthusiasm. Significantly, they denounced both Republicans and Democrats alike.

One beetle-browed pep leader recalled President Eisenhower as "soft" on communism and proposed Sen. McCarthy for reelection. Without a word where the train pulled into Washington Station, the demonstrators were greeted by a District of Columbia police officer who wanted to arrest the law for them to parade their placards on Capitol Hill. The McCarthyites boomed him down. Nevertheless, the organizers were careful to collect all the placards before they moved on the Senate. In fact, they handled out several mimeographed protest sheets for the demonstrators to sign and present to various senators.