

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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History Lesson: No Stalling On First Senate Censure

FROM DEMOCRATIC DIGEST

ALTHOUGH THE House of Representatives has a history of censuring cases dating back to 1798, it took the more conservative Senate 90 years to get around to censuring any members of its family. Never mind. When provocation finally did arise, in February of 1902, the Upper Chamber dropped the ax with laudable efficiency and dispatch.

Just six days after Sen. Benjamin R. Tillman of South Carolina hit Sen. John L. McLaurin of South Carolina over the left eye in the middle of a debate, and Sen. McLaurin responded by giving Sen. Tillman a bloody nose, the Senate ruled by a vote of 54 to 12 that both gentlemen, "for disorderly and flagrant violation of the rules... deserve the censure of the Senate, and are hereby so censured for their breach of the privileges and dignity of this body."

OPERETTA-LIKE
A refreshingly operetta-like quality surrounded the incident which provoked this reprimand. On February 22, the Senate proceeding opened with solemn exercises in honor of the father of our country, and then debate was resumed on the question of a "fill" versus tariff. "Fitchfork Ben" Tillman: Fight it out with your colleague.
Mr. Tillman: I am ready.
Mr. Spooner: Yes, I am ready and he is ready.
Mr. Tillman: Let him—
Mr. Spooner: He is not here—
Mr. Tillman: He has not shown his readiness.
Mr. Spooner: But he will be.

At these words, such a storm of boos and catcalls broke out in the galleries that the President pro tempore had to remind the visitors that "marks of approbation or disapproval are not permitted under the Senate rules." Minutes later, the senator in question, Mr. McLaurin of South Carolina, returned in a white heat to the chamber. Mr. Tillman's accusation, he said, was "wild, malicious, and deliberate lie."
Now came the fateful blow. "At this point," the Congressional Record reports, "the two senators met in a personal encounter, when they were separated by Mr. Layton, the acting assistant doorkeeper, assisted by several senators sitting near." The Record omits that the acting assistant doorkeeper invisibly got in the way of Sen. Tillman's flailing fist, producing a bloody nose for himself also.

FOUND IN CONTEMPT
As soon as the galleries could be cleared and the doors firmly closed, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of executive business. Two hours and 20 minutes later, when the doors reopened, both senators had been found in contempt of Congress, and the matter referred to the

Committee on Privileges and Elections.
If the McCarty question created a distracting breeze in the second session of the 83rd Congress, the Tillman-McLaurin affair created a hurricane in the 57th. The "personal encounter" took place on a Saturday; on Monday, while anxiously awaiting the contents of the report, the senators addressed themselves once more to the matter of the Philippine argument, raised as to whether the South Carolina senators were entitled to a vote; senators shouted at one another, pounded their desks with their fists, drowned each other out with cries of "Point of Order!"
Somehow the bill passed, 45 to 26. Sen. Tillman and Sen. McLaurin not voting. "I saw such an exhibition of bad temper here this afternoon," said Sen. Bailey of Texas, "as I never expected to witness in the Senate."
Tuesday, Rep. Crump of Michigan having died, both houses adjourned out of respect. Wednesday, the investigating committee requested another day's adjournment. Thursday, the Senate heard Mr. Tillman's formal protest, having been denied his vote, and after 15 minutes adjourned once more, this time to attend memorial services for President McKinley, who had been assassinated the previous fall.

Finally on Friday, the 28th, following the opening prayer, the committee presented its resolution of censure to the Senate. The minority felt that a more severe and discriminating punishment was called for; that Sen. Tillman, who had provoked the incident, should be suspended for 30 days, and Sen. McLaurin, who had only used "unparliamentary language" for five days, should be censured. Mr. McLaurin excused himself "for obvious reasons." Sen. Tillman, however, rose to his feet for a final thrust. "Mr. President," he said, "among gentlemen, an apology for an offense committed under heat of passion is considered sufficient."
VOTE CHANGED
"Mr. President," said one senator who had voted in the affirmative, "having heard the senior senator from South Carolina again insult the Senate, I change my vote from 'yes' to 'no.'"
After the results—54 to 12 in favor of censure—were announced, Sen. Tillman withdrew his remark with the introduction of an amendment to the Senate rules, providing that no senator in debate should "directly or indirectly, by any form of words, impute to another senator any conduct of motive unbecoming a senator or make any reproach upon the character or history of any state of the union." The incident was closed.

The Feeding Of A Hungry Giant: A Check List Of Local Legislation

NORTH CAROLINA'S General Assembly will not swing open its doors until January. But, from the mountains to the seashore, municipal governing bodies are quietly going to work on the bundles of local bills they must feed the hungry legislature in Raleigh next week for 100 county delegations during 1955.

Charlotte's City Council will meet tomorrow to draw up a list of its own needs that will require action 142 miles away in the state capital. Mecklenburg County commissioners are also considering a legislative agenda.

The feed-the-hungry-giant system has come to look something like a Rube Goldberg cartoon. It permits legislative intermeddling in local problems. At the same time, it creates a terrible logjam of private, local and special bills in the General Assembly and takes up entirely too much of the important time legislators should be giving to statewide acts.

In any body, the system seems to be deliberately designed to make it impossible for anybody to do anything simple and efficiently.

But until a greater measure of home rule is conferred upon local governments, the biennial rat race must continue, and local legislative delegations will also continue to hold a great deal of authority which belongs in the hands of city councilmen and county commissioners back home.

IT FOLLOWS then that the most important cause Charlotte and Mecklenburg can battle for in 1955 is legislation granting greater home rule.

There is no good reason why Charlotte should have to get the state legislature to pass a law giving the Queen City "specific authority for the disposal of stolen bicycles remaining in the hands of the Police Dept. where owners cannot be found or identified." Yet this is a legislative proposal the City Council will consider tomorrow. It is No. 1 on the council's list drawn up by the mayor's office.

Another proposal is for "an act to permit the resident judge to direct that certain personnel confined in county jail be permitted to assist in cleaning at the Police Dept. in the same manner as they are permitted to clean the county courthouse."

These are good examples of local bills which take up the time of the General Assembly and actually cost a great expense on the part of the state.

The home rule problem has never really been solved—despite constitutional devices in 1835, 1868 and 1917 to deal with the situation. During the 30-year period between 1847 and 1947, for instance, 68 per cent of all laws passed by the General Assembly were "local, private and public acts" and only 32 per cent were general laws.

Enabling acts to provide maximum feasible consolidation of city and county governments should also be up around the top of any legislative checklist for Charlotte and Mecklenburg County. This matter was Point Four in "The News"

platform for the 1950-60 decade. We are still convinced that consolidation will improve the efficiency of local government. We still believe that the continued growth of the city will make consolidation imperative. Furthermore, we are still confident that, in the long run, some money can be saved by consolidation.

AFTER home rule and consolidation come a bundle of other county needs requiring legislative action. Revision of Charlotte's civil service act is needed to remove the danger of political control over the city's civil service board. Present board members are appointed by the City Council. The county has a far better plan. Its board is named by the resident Superior Court judge, an office holder far less likely to be swayed by political motives than city councilmen.

Legislation is needed to permit Charlotte and other North Carolina cities to go ahead with important urban redevelopment programs. Redevelopment plans—with federal aid—were shelved in 1953 after the General Assembly failed to provide legislation that was workable. Condemnation authority was the most debated aspect of the problem. Without this power, no local redevelopment commission can operate effectively.

ENABLING legislation is needed to permit effective zoning, building inspection and subdivision control in Charlotte. The fast developing fringe areas. These acts, sought by the new city-county planning commission, would help insure the orderly growth of the Queen City in any direction.

Legislation is needed to permit the county to select the individuals who should serve on the county school board. At present, the General Assembly appoints the members of the county board of education. If Mecklenburg should give more votes to the Republican than to the Democratic school board candidates, and the legislature should remain Democratic, it is likely that Democrats would still be in charge of the county's education system.

As City Councilman Herbert H. Baxter has suggested, the county commissioners should seek legislation permitting a police patrol of the Catawba river adjacent to Mecklenburg in an effort to reduce the large number of drownings.

This is a complete legislative checklist for 1955. From time to time, we will probably add other items. Naturally, there are many, many local problems which will require the General Assembly's attention. We have spotlighted only the most obvious ones.

Later, we will outline a program of suggested statewide legislation for the General Assembly's scrutiny.

Much work remains to be done in the legislative halls if Charlotte, Mecklenburg and other North Carolina cities are to have the future limited only by the vision and energy of those who represent the people in the assemblies of democratic government.

Modern Art And Editorial Sixguns

THE act of deploring the woeful state of modern art has become as doleful and deliberate as the Kaebina cult ceremonies of the Zunis. One is designed to bring rain, the other tears.

The good, gray GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS, an old hand at knocking contemporary culture, still finds fault with practically everything that has happened in art since the Davian revolution. It especially likes to level its editorial sixguns at what it calls "chaos in modern art." The headline on a recent attack flatly states that "art reflecting chaos isn't art."

That is a pretty broad statement. With a sweep of the pen, the DAILY NEWS is unrocking much of the art of the ancient world as well as much of the art of the modern world. Art has been reflecting chaos in one way or another for centuries. Good examples can be found in Romanesque painting which developed in western Europe from the beginning of the 11th century. Rhishen, French and Italian artists—like the Greeks in relation to Egypt—introduced life and movement (often a kind of wild and grinning agitation) into formulas coming to them from Byzantium.

This ancient art was a reflection of the times. Similarly, art today is a reflection of modern times. If it seems complicated and "chaotic" it is because these are complicated, chaotic times. The world now lives in today has more brain-smashing complexities than the ancient world and the greatest painter in the world cannot unravel them for him.

But what has really disturbed the DAILY NEWS for years is its inability to make out the flower pots and apples in a modern still life. It's the same old story: The measure of abuse is always determined by the number of recognizable images found in the picture. As Dr. James Oppen of Greensboro's own Woman's College has pointed out, the viewer must overcome his desire to see subject matter if he is to appreciate and understand modern art. Most of today's painting

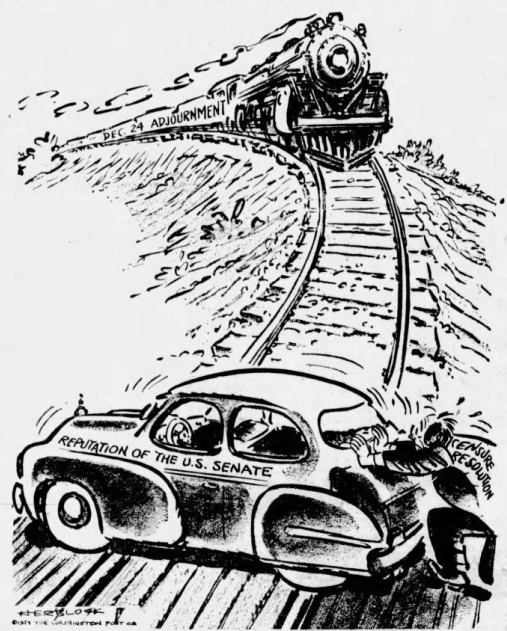
believes that literal content is actually the most superficial and ephemeral basis for art judgment. In concern for the literal, one may lose sight of the real painting—the use the artist has made of color, line, space, form and texture and the way he has organized it into an "interacting and expressive whole composition."

Andre Malraux puts it this way in his PSYCHOLOGY OF ART: Where originally created to glorify God as part of a cathedral or the power of the ruling class as the portrait of a monarch, art before the 18th century existed primarily by virtue of its extra-aesthetic function. Modern art, he says, is purely aesthetic and completely intellectualized. Painting, in other words, has ceased to be a means and become an end. Art has become its own value instead of subordinating its formal qualities to the expression of some extra-aesthetic value.

If they are sincerely interested in the state of U. S. culture, Americans should promote and encourage contemporary art and artists rather than abuse them. The oft-heard lament that there are no Rembrandts and Michelangelos in this country reminds us of the proverbial young man who, after having murdered his father and mother, asks the judge to be lenient because he is an orphan.

From England comes the report of a man who was arrested in Greece because his wife threatened to split the television set with an ax while he was watching a boxing match. What would like to know is what a man who has such a real fight on his hands in his own living room wants with those lame bouts on TV.—MATTISON (L.L.) JOURNAL-GAZETTE.

Harper—Are you saving any money since you started your budget system? Lewis—Sure. By the time we have balanced it up every evening, it's too late to go anywhere.—GREENVILLE (TRSN.) SUN.



Ki-Yipee-Yi, Ki-Yipee-Yo! Where'd The Ol' West Go?

By ROBERT C. RUARK

A VERY YOUNG gentleman of my acquaintance, a passionate devotee of the Roy Rogers-Hopalong Cassidy school of televised culture, has asked a searching question, for which I cannot readily supply an answer.

"Why," asks the lot, who attends the double features in the neighborhood movies whenever a pistol-packing film is listed, and through the TV excesses of scratchy old Westerns, "why are they called cowboys? You never see any cows in the picture."

I am not much of a pistoleer, myself, and do not hang breathlessly on the activities of Gene Autrey, but it suddenly occurs that the child is dead right. The cowboy has come a long way. He combats evil in all forms, and apprehends bank robbers and uranium claim-jumpers and train heisters and murderers and occasionally banjo players with the help of a course of good injuns, so's the injun lobby won't get sore.

A MILKOP plays a guitar, and catered through his hair and fought with his fists, and wears more hardware than you can find in Abercrombie and Fitch, but the gun are pen-handled and all he ever does is wave 'em. He dresses up with so much silver and embroidery that he would turn the stomach of even a Mexican charro, and he is certainly full of fine thoughts. He doesn't drink, and rarely is seen to smoke, and is altogether a milk-sop.

He may occasionally punch the villain with the mustache—why is it that villains always have mustaches?—but he don't punch cows, gardner. He hangs about the moon on the Rio Grande and the ky-toes howling on the lone prairie, but he has no time for herders, and would probably maim himself with a brandin' arm. He has deserted the maverick for the guitar, and if you suggested that the hero chaw tobacco, the censors would come down like a duck on a June bug.

GOOD OLD COOP My kind of cowboys are old Coop, when he dresses up in sheriff's clothes, like what he done in "Him Voom," or in his chertys and the bags showing under his eyes and them plain-handled sixguns ready to shoot the teeth out of the hard boys. My kind is big John Wayne, who wears dusty dungarees and no costume jewelry at all and who fights real dirty and busts up barrooms with chairs.

My kind of cowboy is Alan Ladd, a gunslinger like he was in "Shane," but who dresses up like

a hired hand on a sheep farm. He didn't even have no two-gallon hat let alone one of them Lilly Dache jobs. These old boys look like they might know "directly or indirectly, by any form of words, impute to another senator any conduct of motive unbecoming a senator or make any reproach upon the character or history of any state of the union." The incident was closed.

The old cowpoke used to ride the range and wet-nurse cows. If he had a fight it was maybe with a man who rustled off his milky, or a sheep grower, but mostly he took his fifty-and-found-to-lawyer got drunk off it. Then he went back to chasing cows. But he wasn't no dude wrangler, all dressed up like a sissy boy in purple satin shirts with silver embroidery and enough gold on his pistol belt to consign him to Fort Knox for safety.

NOT EVEN A SADDLE The youth of our nation is getting the wrong idea about what is a cowboy. What he sees today is a cross between a difference between a preacher, a hillbilly musician and a social worker who can sit a horse. Even in real life, the cowboy has passed the saddle for safety.

I suggest that for now on we dispense with the term, cowboy, and substitute another, such as chorug boy. Because the cow has passed the saddle, the cowboy has passed the saddle.



People's Platform

The Question Is: How Hi The Fi?

THE NEWS: Charlotte. YOUR swordsmanship on the high fidelity situation ("Hi-Fi" Bull in A China Shop," Nov. 19) rate an excellent one. This was a fine, knowledgeable bit of fun-poking.

You can't just go out and buy a Hi-Fi record alone anymore. You get, in addition, Living Presence, Natural Balance, Full Dimensional Sound, Quality Control, Triple Difference, Full Frequency Range Recording, Ultra-High Fidelity, High Fidelity Plus, Radio Sound, New Orthophonic Sound, on and on into the night.

People who never bothered to listen to Meaz's 28th Symphony in their lives are now hovey around \$1,250 worth of hi-fi equipment listening attentively for the title of a triangle in the third movement. Their record collections are full—not of music—but of antique clocks, clunky thermoses and sponges. They are drawn to the

Benny Goodman Carnegie Hall Concert LP—not because of the quality of the jazz played by Goodman, Wilson, Hampton, Stearns, James Krume, but because of the marvelous rendering of realistic applause between the numbers.

The motto of this curious cult of audiomanics has become: "How hi the fi!"

Also, nobody listens to the music anymore.—BARRY HODGKIN

How Can I get a recording of "Speed The Paring Guss?"

—ROBERT V. MCCLELLAN
(Editors' Note: Sorry, we don't know. The whole thing may just be a kid's after-dinner dream—or nightmare.)

The Fighting Irish Don't Lack Courage

KANAPOLIS
Editors: The NEWS of Nov. 15 editorial on McCarthy ("Shut, Shut the Door, Good Guss") but I don't think you should have lumped the Notre Dame football team in with the senator from Wisconsin. Did you mean to imply that the Fighting Irish lacked courage? That clock-stopping business in the 1953 Iowa game is a common occurrence on the gridiron. Practically all teams do it. It doesn't mean that they are yellow.

—CHARLIE SAPPENFIELD
(Editors' Note: No such implication was intended.)

An Answer To One Audio Fan's Prayer

EDITORS: The NEWS: THE TAPE recorder you wrote about in "Hi-Fi Bull in A China Shop" is the answer to a hi-fi fan's prayer. I just hope the price is as wild as the newspapers say it is. I also hope it will be recorded soon. Nowadays, the price of a tape recorder is through about 30 minutes of a Tchavkovsky symphony just to hear the faintest of percussion or some upper-register fiddles.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON
LAME duck Sen. Cordon of Oregon held an urgent private conference last week with Jim Murphy, national chief of the Citizens for Eisenhower organization. With him was Oregon's national Republican committeeman, Jesse Gard. Cordon complained that his campaign for reelection had gone \$26,000 in the red. Murphy said that he would help pay the deficit from the Citizens for Eisenhower treasury.

Murphy was anything but receptive. If he did that he replied, he would also have to make up campaign losses in Michigan and West Virginia—which would cost \$200,000 and more than the Citizens for Eisenhower could afford. Besides, Murphy added, the organization was folding up and moving its furniture out.

Angry, Cordon claimed that Citizens for Eisenhower had promised to pay \$750 to install telephones for the phone campaign—calling up people to get out the vote. The senator said he was able to get the phones installed for only \$340, yet he hadn't received a red cent from the organization. Murphy retorted that no one had authorized to commit the Citizens for Eisenhower for the bill.

Washington

Republicans here are not in full agreement with the other committee members. So it was a shock when he rose on the Senate floor to try to find an ally for the man he had hitherto opposed.

Surrender Terms

When pressed later for an explanation, Case merely said he was under great pressure. But he refused to say why he was compelled to do what he didn't want to do.

However, here is the explanation: The McCarthy forces got to Governor-elect Foss in South Dakota, and he in turn notified Case that if he didn't reverse himself on censuring McCarthy, he Foss, would run against him for reelection.

Foss is a popular war hero who led

Cordon then gloomily reported that the Republican Party had gone to pieces in Oregon. It would have to "rebuild one thousand per cent up from the present level," he said.

As the conversation ended, Committee member Jesse Gard looked around the room and remarked: "I hope Drew Pearson isn't listening."

Lame Duck Senator Begs For Cash

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Ike's Alarm Clock

WASHINGTON
President Eisenhower has developed a unique way of stopping long-winded conferences. He tried it out the other day during the two-hour half-hour meeting between Democratic and Republican leaders when John Foster Dulles got involved in a long and tedious, intricate tirade on foreign policy.

As Dulles droned on and on, leaders of both parties began to fidget in their chairs. Ike recognized this and looked at his secretary several times as if to inquire how long he planned to continue.

Suddenly the alarm on Ike's wrist watch went off with a loud buzz. Whether the President had set the alarm before the meeting or changed it during the course of Dulles' statements to shut off the secretary is something only Ike knows.

In any case, there was a howl of laughter, with Ike adding a comic touch by

Grabbing at the watch to silence the alarm.

"Is that a signal for me to stop?" inquired Dulles sheepishly.

"Maybe it is," agreed the President. "I didn't realize we were running so long."

The President was most frank in stating that he needed the strongest possible "help and cooperation" from the Democrats on foreign policy and national defense. Ike added that he would consult with them frequently on all matters of vital interest to the nation.

Eisenhower didn't implement the pledge by specifying how often—or on what specific bills—he would consult with the Democrats. The latter also couched their assurances of cooperation on national security issues in non-specific, but positive terms.

"Mr. President," declared Speaker-elect Rayburn, "I can assure you that as concerned, we would consult you to the fullest extent on legislation to ensure a strong foreign policy, a strong national defense, and all other legislation affecting the safety of the nation. We feel that this is an obligation incumbent upon all Americans, regardless of party label."