



'We're Always Willing To Bargain'



Homework For Bewildered Americans

IN CHARLOTTE and throughout the nation, sternly dedicated Daughters of the American Revolution mapped out some patriotic homework today for citizens in and out of school. The assignment: Read the U.S. constitution. In an era of uneasy fears and forebodings about what the great document really means, it is a project of considerable merit. No DAR group is working harder to publicize this vital instrument of American freedom than Charlotte's Central Council, representing six local chapters. It is, of course, a part of the council's observance of Constitution Week, Sept. 17-23, proclaimed by Congress and the President at the DAR's insistence. If the organization can attract the close attention of just a few Americans to the constitution, a goal of the council's will have been made to the strength of the republic. The health of democracy depends to a large extent on an understanding of the guiding principles of democracy and the general rules by which democracy must be governed. Reading, alone, is not enough, however.

It Seemed An Emergency Case

IN A CITY which has outstanding civic clubs constantly working toward community improvement, we are accustomed to hearing about "projects" and plans for their completion. We also frequently hear these organizations described as "knife-and-fork" clubs and they get a lot of razzing from professional debunkers. Now and then, a do-nothing club can be found, but the majority of them across the nation finish whatever they set out to do. The club usually abates and all the cold mashed potatoes seem worthwhile when the member mentions a project like the one started by the Lynchburg (Va.) Rotary Club. The current issue of THE ROTARIAN tells about it. In 1920 a Rotarian made a call at the Henry farm where the grandmother remained to care for the seven Henry youngsters who had been orphaned by the influenza epidemic. Soon after that visit the grandmother died. The Lynchburg Rotarians stepped in because, as one of the members of the wheel put it, "it seemed an emergency case." The club bought a house in Lynchburg, hired a housekeeper and had one of its members designated the Henry's legal guardian. Before this project was completed the club had an investment in the Henrys of more than \$80,000. What did the Virginia gentlemen get for their money 35 years later? How much value should be placed on a single solid citizen is hard to put. But whatever that amount is, the Rotarians

The constitution, although written in simple language, represents a set of fairly complex theories and is the product of a long political heritage. It must necessarily be viewed in the perspective of history for there was a long rehearsal for the birth of American freedom. It stretched from the Magna Carta to the struggle against Stuart tyranny in the 17th century. What emerged finally in the constitution of the United States was a sound political balance between the traditions of freedom and authority. But the political present is always rooted in the political past. And the stream of political thought and action is always a blending of past and present. So it was that in 1919 Chief Justice Marshall wrote in McCulloch vs. Maryland of "a constitution intended to endure for ages to come and, consequently, to be adopted to the various crises of human affairs." The constitution is indeed a living document and one that can and should be constantly adapted to the problems of the present. It is, in every sense, a continuing instrument of government.

Adenauer In Moscow

Adenauer's visit to Moscow was a significant event in the diplomatic relations between Bonn and the Soviet Union. It was the first time since the end of World War II that a German Chancellor had visited the Soviet capital. The trip was seen as a step towards normalizing relations between the two superpowers. Adenauer's mission was to discuss the German question and the possibility of German reunification. The visit was well-received in Moscow, and Adenauer was seen as a statesman of high caliber.

A Matter Of Mechanics

By WALTER LIPPMAN. THE REUNIFICATION of Germany was not an immediate and urgent subject of negotiation. That is because there is no way now of coming to an agreement on the eastern frontier of Germany. If Moscow were to say, which of course it will not, that Dr. Adenauer can have the entire East-German state, plus rearmament, nor does it mean that Yugoslavia is at all likely formally to rejoin the Eastern Block. The Yugoslavs will rather than knuckle under to the Kremlin. On this one point, the disputatious Yugoslavs, from Marshal Tito down to their minister in Washington, are all absolutely in accord. NOTING FORMAL. Nor does it mean that Yugoslavia is at all likely formally to rejoin the Eastern Block. The Yugoslavs will rather than knuckle under to the Kremlin. On this one point, the disputatious Yugoslavs, from Marshal Tito down to their minister in Washington, are all absolutely in accord. NOTING FORMAL. Nor does it mean that Yugoslavia is at all likely formally to rejoin the Eastern Block. The Yugoslavs will rather than knuckle under to the Kremlin. On this one point, the disputatious Yugoslavs, from Marshal Tito down to their minister in Washington, are all absolutely in accord.

They Laughed In Washington But 'Baggy Pants' Won Out

BY STEWART ALSOP. BELGRADE. East—sometimes criticizing Soviet policy, but generally supporting the Soviet line and granting interference for them. In this capacity Yugoslavia has established a reputation as a satellite of the Kremlin in the old satellite status. To the end of establishing this reputation of loyalty with Yugoslavia, the ridiculous characters in baggy pants have been playing their cards carefully and well. OPENING PLAY. The opening play, of course, was the visit to Belgrade. Since then, there have been all sorts of exhibitions of munitions and protestations of mutual regard. But the Kremlin's aim was to get the Yugoslavs to play a game of economic cards. Vukmanovic proudly brought back from Moscow a few days ago. The real significance of this deal can only be understood against the background of Yugoslavia's economic crisis. When Stalin slapped the economic blockade on Yugoslavia after the break, Tito desperately borrowed money from the West, and now the debts come due next Dec. 31. NOT HUGE. The sums involved are not huge—the total comes to around \$100,000,000. But Yugoslavia's economic situation is still just short of desperate, and Tito's "capitalist-minded" creditors—to use Tito's own phrase—are pressing for their money. In this situation the Soviets—who of course caused Yugoslavia's worst troubles in the first place—now have come dashing to the rescue. The Kremlin has the deserved reputation of being more light-fingered than an Armenian rug dealer. But now the Soviets have cancelled \$80,000,000 in Yugoslav debt and they have given Yugoslavia long-term credits coming to nearly another \$80,000,000. The terms are really generous, which is not surprising since the Russians are willing to go in their courtship of Tito.

A Bit Of Honey And A New Year

FOR more than two thousand years this has been the day on which Jewish mothers dropped a bit of honey on the bread before giving it to their children. The idea was two-fold. First to wish them a "sweet" New Year, and second to impress them with the importance of day-to-day living. The drop of honey has proved to be a valuable symbol of the sweetness of life, because no one in history has hung on to life more doggedly than the Jew. Today marks the occasion of the New Year 5716, which according to Jewish tradition dates from the Creation as related in the First Book of the Bible. In Jewish history this New Year's festival was first observed during the Babylonian captivity in the year 586 B.C., and was

the beginning of that great historical process which the Jews brought down to civilization, to "remember the days of old." Upon their return to Jerusalem some 80 years later, the festival was continued with the bringing to the newly created altar the first offerings and the memorable reading of the Bible by Ezra himself. The Jews have not forgotten, and in every nook and corner in which they have found a faint hope of life, they have brought with them not only this vitality for life, but this habit to "remember the days of old." We extend to the Jewish citizens of Charlotte and the Carolinas our wishes for a Happy New Year of 5716.

From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

H. L. M. AND THE U. S. A. THIS runs in the form of a birthday salutation to Henry L. Mencken, the Baltimore friend of beer-lovers, beat-walkers, chorus floozies, German music-makers, the lower orders of bar and bench, and reporters trying to pay obstetricians by selling a piece to the magazine. He is turning 75 this week. But in awe of his sharp eye for bunk and hokum, we confess at once that it really is a selfish lament because he is no longer putting our more distinguished statesmen, reigning professors, designers of many-colored automobiles, dreamers, Legion commanders and other such expositors of the American heritage through the wringer of his typewriter. What we miss is the way he looked at the honored ones of the day, the leaders of the ticket or of the academic procession, and then handed down his verdict. Exemplar: "Abraham Lincoln," a Tammany Nietzsche. "William Jennings Bryan," "the Fundamental Pope." Theodore Roosevelt, "emperor of mountbanks." Calvin Coolidge, "rider of a mechanical horse who retired with three or four hundred thousand dollars of tax money in his tight jeans" and the record of having "slept more than any President, whether by day or by night." We could continue. One of the worst effects of politeness, cultivated in many parts of America as a virtue, is that it muffles the thunder of indignation, if any. Gusto is far better. It raises a ruckus, starts fights, and precipitates such a *Domestic* that something may get done, if only for the

sake of a little peace and quiet. Mencken was all for *Domestic*—with more lightning bolt than Zeus ever owned, most of them better aimed, and with more thunder than all the massed bass drums of the Salvation Army. Mencken took a pretty good look at the American people. His deceptively titled essay on THE NATIONAL LITERARY is more to the point in this TV age than it was in 1920. Now as much as then, we are "paralyzed by the national fear of ideas, the democratic distrust of whatever strikes beneath the prevailing platitudes." We still have the timorous success-esskers exhibiting "exactly the right social habits, appetites and prejudices, public and private, harboring exactly the right political enthusiasm and indignations." Mencken's 35-year-old questions still stand: "Where is intelligence? Where are awe and srety of manner? Where, above all, is courage, and in particular, moral courage—the capacity for independent thinking, for difficult problems, for what Nietzsche called the joys of labyrinth?" His 33-year-old warning still stands: "There is a national philosophy which virtues conform to the noblest of virtues and the free functioning of personality into a capital crime against society." There will have to be some storms raised lest greatness elude us. Or would that be all right? Would it give us a chance to beat Calvin Coolidge's sleeping record?



BULGARIAN AND ADENAUER Prior Arrangements

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

SANCTI-SPIRITUS, CUBA. President Batista's white suit as he stepped off his plane in this inland Cuban city. I noticed, however, that he had no lapels on his coat, and wondered why. A few minutes later I understood. As the plane door opened, he was greeted with a roar. A sea of hands clutched at him. Everyone in central Cuba seemed to want to shake his hands, pat him on the back, give him the embrace. They fought, pushed, pleaded, manied to get the president of Cuba. It was the most vociferous, enthusiastic, uncontrolled sea of humanity I have ever seen. Plunged In. Batista had to wade through it to get from his plane to his waiting car, and, unaided, he plunged in. His three aides were almost engulfed. Finally, however, he got through. Later I tried to navigate the same crowd. I was supposed to have a special car with special escort. I had the car and later the escort, an army lieutenant. Neither did any good. We were caught in a stream of trucks loaded with sugar-field workers, buses loaded with pretty girls, passenger cars loaded with people

Sans Lapels, Batista Keeps Clothes On

Bedecked with banners, they were out to greet the so-called dictator of Cuba. Hot Sun. The September sun was unmerciful. It beat down on that mass of sweating humanity. Cars steamed, drivers opened their windows for air. People leaned inside the cars. We moved ahead a few feet, waited what seemed like a few hours. Finally, inch by inch, a foot by foot, we fought our way downtown to the public square where Batista was to speak. His plane had arrived at 11 a.m. We finally reached the reviewing stand at 1:30—after two and half hours of wading through packed humanity. Unguarded Dictator. A minute later Batista arrived. He looked as if he had been in swimming. His coat, without the lapels so that people couldn't clutch him, was gone. Not a shred left. His shirt clung to his body. transparent. He had literally fought his way from the airport through a sea of perspiring admirers. For an hour longer in the hot sun he stood watching school children parade before him while the crowd below—black, white, yellow, cowboys waving bottles of Bacardi, women with babies



TITO AND KRUSHCHEV Fellow Travelers?

People's Platform

Blue Racer Made Good Rat Chaser. Editors, The News: Myrtle Beach, S. C. I HAVE read with pleasure the letter from J. N. Dezauche of Opelousas, La., agent Louisiana yams. Many years ago I was born in Opelousas. Ste Landry Parish. Though I left there for many years after my mother died, I later went back to live on the small plantation my father owned. Dad was superintendent of light, power, sewerage and water and I am not sure about streets but I believe his job covered them. Few people in rural Louisiana would think life complete without a big vegetable patch and ours was very large. Since the family needed a lot of food, Dad, along with Grandfather, used to raise magnificent sweet as sugar yams. Those yams were very large and baked would exude brown baked sugar every pore. Mima, our French Negro cook, would bake them in the morning and every afternoon after school. I would go to the station and get out a couple of yams and some real cane sugar out of the molasses cans and have a snack. Those Louisiana yams are a sufferer from rats getting into the rows and harvesting the yams first. So I was delegated to kill rats. I did for a while then I got weary and borrowed a blue racer snake from a friend. He did a better job than I did until Mima, the cook, found out I was around. Then it was goodbye snake or good bye Mima. There is something about that raised fine vegetables and especially fine yams. I can certainly support every word you say, Dezauche. You oughta try some baked yams and pork shoulder once. Not canned either. Fred. —DR. WALDO H. JONES. Memory and imagination should be kept in proper balance. When one is developed at the expense of the other, the loss can be costly.—Laurel (Miss.) Leader-Call.

Work Stopped

Empty Shell. Eight years passed. The hospital remained an empty shell, while TB continued to take its toll. In 1952, Batista threw out the opposition, came back to power, finished the hospital. It now houses 350 patients and even evoked warm praise from Tony Varona, ex-prime minister of the Prio government, who happened to be visiting there as I arrived. Simultaneously, his old chief, ex-President Prio, in Havana, was calling the hospital "bunk." This is what Mr. Varona, ex-prime minister, claims the U.S.A. never should have retired from Cuba. nificance was the part it played in Cuban politics. First started by Batista when he controlled Cuba in 1938, the sanitarium was just about complete when he went out of office in 1944. Immediately his political enemies came in, however, all work stopped. Not only that, but the refrigerators, the electric generators, the tile, a horde of other equipment, were taken out, hauled back to Havana and sold. The opposition to Batista, no matter how much it might help the sick and the poor, adorning the mountains of Cuba.