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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1955

Time For Drive On Tax Delinquents

A SIZABLE amount of newspaper space has been devoted this week to the subject of taxes. There were several news stories about bills for a total of \$11 million in 1955 city and county taxes being placed in the mails. And while thousands—\$5,000 to be exact—of city residents were opening their double doors, there also appeared a second and third wave of names of persons who despite a prior listing, have not yet paid their 1954 city tax bills.

To citizens who meet their tax obligations promptly the knowledge that other thousands—7,900 to be exact—are still evading last year's taxes must have made receipt of their '55 bills all the more unwelcome.

This, we think, is the psychological moment for city tax officials to go after the stubborn delinquent with determination but without public identification. We are talking about garnishments or levies on salaries, bank accounts, real estate or automobiles. The first listing of delinquents two weeks ago brought some 600 around to ante up. An equal number

may respond to the second advertisement. The remainder, however, apparently will wait for the city to force payment. They should not have to wait too long.

An open season on mercy is not suggested. The impoverished must always receive a sympathetic hearing.

But the 7,900 persons listed in the second advertisement owe the city \$184,904.67 in taxes and, obviously, that levy was on property that reflects actual or potential cash in the hands of the delinquents. The total owed is 2.6 per cent of the total 1954 levy.

Over the past year of 1944-'54 the delinquent list includes 11,000 persons owing a total of \$350,000. If by some miracle all that amount had been paid the bills citizens received this week would have shown smaller figures.

Despite the size of that 10-year figure the record of the city collector has been well above average. By bringing legal weapons to bear on the delinquents he can better his good record and, at the same time, make good citizens a little happier about carrying their share of the load.

French-Model Ku Klux Klan Fights Nationalists

By STEWART ALSOP

RABAT, Morocco. "IT IS necessary to know a Mussulman," said the colonel in the careful voice of one instructing children. "It is necessary to recall that a Mussulman who kills an infidel goes straight to Paradise. It is essential only for an infidel to call upon them to kill in the name of Allah, and the Mussulman crowd becomes absolutely savage, although they may later be reconciled. Mussulmans are like that, even the most evolved."

GREAT TEMPH. The speaker was Col. le Bouef, a retired French army officer who heads a semi-clandestine movement known as "Presence Francaise" here in Rabat. Presence Francaise is dedicated to maintaining at all costs the French position in Morocco. It counts the downfall of the moderate-minded resident general, Gilbert Grandval, its greatest triumph.

According to some, Presence Francaise is an admirable patriotic organization. According to others, it is a kind of French Ku Klux Klan, which uses terror as its chief political instrument. It is widely believed that Presence Francaise was implicated in the bloody anti-Moroccan rioting that took place here in July and in the recent assassination or attempted assassination of several

Frenchmen of moderate views. However that may be, Col. le Bouef is a charming old man, if only because he is so faithful a reflection of a glorious past. He is a very small man, with a great mop of white hair, and a healthy pink face that makes him look a good ten years younger than his 60-odd years. He received his foreign visitors warily at first, but before long he was passing sweet notes and recounting his life story near him here in 1947, when the first independent Sultanate of Morocco was in total anarchy. He served as an army officer during the pacification of Morocco, which started in 1912, and he has been here off and on ever since.

That was indeed the heroic epoch," he said proudly. "I participated in the creation of an empire."

HIS WEAKNESS. Only three months ago, he said, he had the honor to be asked to lead Presence Francaise in Rabat, when it consisted of only 34 young men. Only last week, 1,000 people came to this very villa to hear him denounce the wretched weakness of the French government and the Resident General.

His movement spoke, he said, not only for the vast majority of Frenchmen but for the great majority of all Morocco, since the Berber tribesmen, who make up a great proportion of the Moroccan population, were undoubtedly loyal to France. Someone asked whether the sack of Oued Zen on Aug. 20, in which 50-odd Frenchmen were brutally slaughtered, had not been the work of Berber tribesmen. It was at this point that Col. le Bouef delivered



GILBERT GRANDVAL They Got Him

his lecture on Moslem psychology. BASIC PROBLEM. It was terrible, he said, how foreign journalists misunderstood Moslem psychology, the basic problem of Morocco. How well he remembered, he said, how hard was the combat with the Berber in 1912—he still carried a ball in his leg from the fighting around Khenifra.

"Then when the situation was most desperate, we saw mounted troupes from the hills upon us. It is all over, we are finished. But no, although it was a trifle which had surrendered to us only eight days before they had already learned who were their true friends, they had come to help us, the French."

PAST GLORY. His voice softened as he recalled his past glories. But if hardened again as he returned to the present. These people are still in the Middle Ages, incapable of governing themselves. Do you think that the perpetrators of the recent atrocities are ready for self-government?

"No, no gentlemen," he continued, and his voice rose as he recalled his past glories. But if hardened again as he returned to the present. These people are still in the Middle Ages, incapable of governing themselves. Do you think that the perpetrators of the recent atrocities are ready for self-government?

"No, no gentlemen," he continued, and his voice rose as he recalled his past glories. But if hardened again as he returned to the present. These people are still in the Middle Ages, incapable of governing themselves. Do you think that the perpetrators of the recent atrocities are ready for self-government?

There was much more in the same vein before Col. le Bouef, smiling again, shook hands and said goodbye. Before he left, he pointed out his treasured signed photographs of Generals Gallieni and Lyautaud—"they were great men. Why are there no more like them?" And he pointed also to a faded picture of a proud man on a big horse, surrounded by native troops—"Myself at the head of my regiment," he said, and his old eyes half-filled with tears.

ALMOST TRUE. His visitors were thoughtful and walked down the path past the lovely flowering Bougainvillea. For there was much in what the old man said. In a sense, it is almost true that the French "made this country." It was French brains and French capital that built the big handsome cities and developed the neglected land and put an end to chaos.

It is also true that Presence Francaise speaks for the great majority of Frenchmen in this country, though many of its adherents are frustrated. Less than Col. le Bouef by memories of past glories and more by desire of present profit, there are those who believe that the great majority of Moroccans, even the illiterates in the hills, passionately support the nationalist movement. And in the end, 9,000,000 Moroccans can make life intolerable for a few hundred thousand Frenchmen, even for so staunch an old Frenchman as Col. le Bouef.

Clare Boothé's Celluloid Curtain

MRS. LUCE had her head set. She would simply buff her ambassadorial presence away from Venice if the film festival there insisted on showing Blackboard Jungle, an American entry.

The film would reflect on U. S. prestige abroad, whether shown as an entry in prize competition or as an "invited" entry excluded from competition, she informed Italian officials.

Despite Italian protests against intervention and Hollywood cries of censorship, the festival apparently will show it, it would rather have Mrs. Luce as an exhibit. We are not sure the choice was wise.

The festival, after all, is a competition in craftsmanship, not in propaganda, and the pictures entered are the responsibility of the firms that produced them, not of the American government.

True enough, the film about violence in slum classrooms might have shocked some Italians. It shocked many Americans. But there are other ways of "lowering American prestige" as well.

One way is to demonstrate that a government official from the land of the free can by hook or crook decide what citizens of another country may see, and intelligently evaluate, on a movie screen.

Another way is to meddle with the institutions of other nations.

Mrs. Luce's wisdom is sufficient to determine that a movie really would damage American prestige. It should have been enough to keep the incident from becoming an international incident.

Her intervention was not what one might call a skillful exercise of diplomacy.

Ten Years After The Pacific Victory

IN THE "how times change" department today is featured the visit to Washington of a little man named Mamoru Shigemitsu, foreign minister of Japan.

Ten years ago this week Mr. Shigemitsu was one of the central figures on the deck of the battleship Missouri during Japanese surrender ceremonies. It was he, in fact, who signed the surrender, having as a U. S. official remarked, "a little trouble with the pen."

Since that day Mr. Shigemitsu has served 4 1/2 years of a seven-year sentence imposed by a war crimes tribunal, risen again to a high place in Japanese politics and has been reappointed foreign minister.

He was in Washington to outline a plan to rearm his country and weld Japan and the United States into a military partnership, in much the same manner as emity has been converted into alliance between the U. S. and Germany in the ten years following World

War II. By 1958, the foreign minister said, Japan should have an armed force of 200,000 men, enough to permit withdrawal of U. S. troops without fear the islands would become a tempting target for Chinese or Russian aggression.

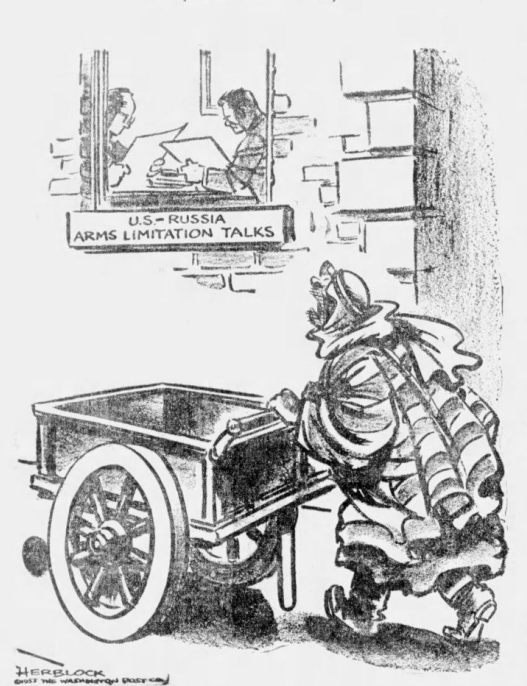
Mr. Shigemitsu talked reasonably. He said his country didn't want to "fraternize with Russia" and said he would rather trade in Southeast Asia than with China. He also said the Japanese are united in dedication to the cause of rearmament.

All that sounds fine but coming from a man who, unlike Germany's Konrad Adenauer, served his nation's warlords it prompts a feeling of uneasiness about the dependability of Japan's present leaders.

A friendly Japan is essential to Far Eastern security and the U. S. must trust with the leaders its people choose. In those circumstances what can one say except:

How times change.

'Any Old Arms Today?'



HERELOCK (Left) and Waldorf Astor (Right)

People's Platform

Admit We Want Yankee Industry

Editors, The News: Myrtle Beach. SOME of the editorial waste of Sink here lately gives me a pain. They keep shouting that the South isn't trying to steal the Yankee industries. Why waste the breath?

I note another spurge about pulp books. Seems as though they think these pulp books all were written by Hemingway and such gobs of print. However, I read several books recently in the 25-cent series, didn't even bother to find out the author. One was 'The Velvet Doublet,' a story of Columbus' time. Very interesting and instructive. Another 'Don't Tread On Me' was about John Paul Jones, who was really a salty character indeed. Had they been anything but pulp I would think they'd have a chance to read them.

In passing it might be said that some of the worst literary trash was written by the authors with the biggest names. I say

no good, for as Shakespeare said:

"Methinks the maid declareth her virtue too loudly. That's what they say anyhow. We are sorry they had had luck and we will help them all we can, but they would like the industry down here."

That trip has its place in the literary field as much as the reading of some of that trash written by the big authors. The greatest advantage being that, less costly and if you don't like the story you can always send the book away for a refund.

— DR. WALDO B. JONES

Wolfpack Meeting Coverage Praised

Editors, The News: Charlotte. ON BEHALF of the N. C. State College and in particularly the friends and alumni residing here in Charlotte, Mecklenburg and the surrounding counties, we want to express our appreciation for the exceptionally fine newspaper publicity for our annual Wolfpack Meeting held on Monday night, Aug. 28.

— JIM POU Arrangements Committee

Mr. Baruch can cuss with as fine a fluency as anybody I ever met. He cusses like a real man.

When he gets mad he gets real mad, and I know something about that too, because one time he got mad at me.

Visiting him at either his little house or at the old baronial manor is one of the great experiences of a lifetime, and I have only missed one year in the last eight or nine. I believe Big Hobcaw, just outside of Georgetown, S. C., is one of the great mansions of the world, but he actually prefers Lit-

tle Hobcaw, because it's closer to the quail. He used to drive 80 miles a day, six days a week, to shoot but finally figured it would be simpler to build the little place.

NEVER FORGETS. He never forgets anything. His mind is a massive storehouse of fact and he can recall the smallest detail of even an idle conversation he had had a good while ago. I just collected a couple of new ones which I am sure you will find interesting. He has been promising to take me grouse-shooting in Scotland for years, and hasn't delivered yet. He still has to hurry, because I'm getting old. Everybody isn't permanent like he is.

He says that he has a man about things you can never kill a man about; his attraction to dames and his ability to buy a shotgun. He says all hunters are liars, compulsively.

JEALOUSY. He once got sore at me for getting the quail at 23 on no dough, when it took him 70 years and a million dollars for each year to acquire it. That is known as professional jealousy.

He thinks that heaven will be a carbon copy of the Carolina woods in the shooting season, and I am with him all the way on that one. And so now I will say happy birthday to my own way, later than all the rest, with profound thanks and love, and that includes the bobwhites.

Quote, Unquote. Native of a small village in a remote section was disturbed when the price of beer went up to 15 cents in his locality, but he soon learned that it was only 13 at a crossroads tavern 14 miles away. So the little tavern was where he did his drinking.

Savor it now, that too, just before election," added Hoffman wisely.

When the stenographer's transcript came to Hoffman's office for corrections, he thought twice about being in favor of it all that, too, just before election."

He used a heavy lead pencil to censor out this confession of his own just power advocate around election time.

FOOD FROM THE BASKET

COUNTRY picnic food is no treat. We don't mean the food that rural women's organizations serve civic clubs in church basements and in private homes. That's good. What we mean is the food that farm families take to their own picnics.

They go heavy on sandwiches. Hardly a box or basket is emptied that isn't fairly dripping with mayonnaise-smeared tomato circles stuck between slices of store-bought bread. Boiled ham and even span sandwiches are just as numerous. You're liable to see a child lunging a long, limp loaf of waxpaper-draped bread, fresh from the filling station's grocery counter, to be placed on the table for the construction of less formal but more ingenious sandwiches.

Do hamst still hang in smokehouses, dark and moldy? Country picnic tables seldom bear the evidence of it. Folks who say grace over fried ham and red gravy in their own dining rooms apparently prefer something lighter and more moist when they go out under the oaks with their neighbors. Deviled eggs, for instance.

When chicken is fried right, it departs the pan brown and juicy, in a setting of butterbeans and rice, it would do honor to the finest linen and silver. For paper plates and bare planks set on a sawhorse, though, the ladies of farmhouses cook chicken to a consistency that stands up better under wear. And, lest some late-coming devotee of white or dark meat be disappointed, they leave the works on the stove until one piece can't be told from another. Thus, a man who eats a back cannot complain he is worse off than one who eats breast.

Country picnics are fun. In the spirit of this those who pack and unpack the lunches like to let best pickle juice trickle onto banana cakes and to flatten chocolate pies. They find it well also to bring in a few pastries from the super-

market, to keep the atmosphere from being too homelike and ordinary.

Diners on the lawn are a great institution. Our friends out on the routes look forward to them as they do Christmas and birthdays.

But to a city fellow who happens along, they sure are a letdown.

The reason some great men are lonely is because they sacrificed too many friends on the way up to the top.—HAMILTON COUNTY (TENN.) HERALD.

What do Dwight Eisenhower and Abraham Lincoln have in common? The answer: "Gettysburg Address."—HIX POINT (N. C.) ENTERPRISE.

At the per ounce rate a woman's bathing suit sells for, a man's overcoat would cost \$795.62, but you can't catch many men complaining about the situation.—CARLSBAD CURRENT-ARCS.

Wife, to husband who had had a few drinks too many: "If it were the first time, Max, I could forgive you. But you came home like this in November, 1916."—MEMPHIS PRESS-SCIMITAR.

A Los Angeles supermarket will install several thousand safe deposit boxes for rental to customers. If food prices go much higher, the contents of a box may be swapped for the load on the cart.—NEW ORLEANS STATES.

Pome In Which Is Expressed A Further View Concerning The Controversy Between Labor And Relaxation.

People who enjoy their rest. Think vacation is the best.—ATLANTA JOURNAL.

Report of the Williamsburg, Pa., police department: "Eleven patients escaped from Eastern State Hospital. Thirteen patients were returned."—ROCKY MOUNT TELEGRAM.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Editor's Note: While Drew Pearson is on a brief vacation his column is being written by members of his staff.

IT is still in the secret development stage, but electronic scientists are working on a device that will read people's minds.

Dr. Thomas P. Goldsmith, research vice president for Allen B. Du Mont Laboratories, acknowledged in this column that his staff is experimenting with a thought-reading machine. Successful tests, in fact, have already been held.

Getting Ready. "I have someone questions. We can tell what he is getting ready to say even though he may not have said it." Dr. Goldsmith explained.

"It has me a little scared," he added. Stressing that their research is in the early stages, Goldsmith explained that the electronic thought-reading machine is based on somewhat the same principle

Scientists Test Mind-Reading Machine

as the electro-encephalograph, which measures brain waves.

His Feeling. "We are learning about mechanisms of communication between people," he said. "I guess you would say we are investigating the sixth sense."

Asked how he feels about his experiments with electronic mind-reading, he replied: "A little like scientists must have felt on the threshold of discovering atomic energy."

Notes Another Du Mont Laboratories spokesman later stressed that a thought-reading machine is a long way off. He estimated that said laboratories probably would issue no formal news on their discoveries for another five years.

Truman's Grudge. Inside reason ex-President Truman called off his political barnstorming trip to California is that he's sore at oil millionaire Ed Pauley.

Truman was supposed to be the featured attraction at a Democratic fundraising dinner that Pauley is promoting in Los Angeles. The dinner was all fired up to invade California when he heard Pauley had entertained Vice President Truman.

If there's one man Truman can't stand, it's the GOP vice president. Truman snorted angrily that he wouldn't be the guest of anyone who had Nixon's boots.

A dozen big Democrats, including Democratic National Chairman Paul Butler, begged Truman to give the job. But the ex-president, who is sometimes stung as a Missouri mule, wouldn't budge.

Censors Remark. Michigan's mapping, arresting Congressman Clare Hoffman barely escaped going on record as a public power enthusiast, a role that would have been highly out of character for the conservative Republican.

At congressional power hearings, Hoff-

man was taking his usual stand that low-cost power from federal dams is just another giveaway.

"I might say," interrupted subcommittee counsel James Lanigan, "that you have another witness, as you know from the National Rural Electric Cooperatives Association.—Mr. Ellis."

"Yes, I know him," snorted Hoffman. "We all have many letters from him. He not only wants the electric power for electric lights and heat, he wants to use the telephone poles and create the lines. He wants the REA to go into all business."

"I am in favor of that, too, just before election," added Hoffman wisely.

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