



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Daylight Saving: What About August?

WILLIAM WILLET shoulda stood in bed.

Instead, at Chelsea, England, in 1907, he got up at 3 a.m. on a July morning. He wasn't batty. To William Willet it was really 4 a.m. Stumbling happily about his rose garden, only one thing worried William Willet. Everybody else thought it was 3 a.m. They were still sleeping.

Surfacing in the fish pond, where he had fallen in the darkness (nature, too, thought it was only 3 a.m.), Willet made up his mind. Civilization dawdled ahead too long in summer. People should be up flailing about in fish ponds. Thereupon Willet set about undermining the whole world's repose. By 1916, he had convinced the parliament it couldn't tell time. Daylight Saving Time was adopted. Big Ben got its hands twisted rudely. Farmers protested bitterly. The time

change meant they had to get up in darkness all year round. Besides, there was too much dew on the ground to work.

But Willet had his disciples. They are among us to this day. Petitions are going about now to open every clock face in town come summer and shove the hands up an hour.

We're not ones to oppose progress. If Charlotteans say 3 a.m. is 4 a.m., that's the way we set our turnips.

Still, if City Council is going to tinker with clocks, let it straighten out a few other failings of summer at the same time.

August should be abolished outright and September shortened by eliminating the first two weeks. Also there is entirely too much December and not enough May.

January doesn't bother us anymore. We got rid of that several years ago.

Third Party: Figure Without Substance

IN THE dull days that curse this craft, our Washington columnists have trotted out the third party phantom again.

Doris Fleson beholds it as a specter arising after a possible deadlock at the Democratic convention. Southern delegates united behind Lyndon Johnson of Texas could produce that deadlock, she reasons, and cagey Harry Byrd of Virginia, whom she tags as the instigator of the southern manifesto, is forming the ranks behind Johnson.

Marquis Childs also sees Johnson as an instrument of southern solidarity to force a convention compromise on the integration issue. He holds it a certainty that the South will walk out should either Averell Harriman or Estes Kefauver be nominated.

It is easy to see the race issue as a divisive element at the convention. This gives an outline to the third party phantom. But the columnists have not filled in the substance.

Will Johnson, the Democratic wheelhorse in the Senate, walk out? What about Sam Rayburn and his antipathy

for Allan Shivers since the Texas governor went over to the GOP in '52? Will Russell and George of Georgia, who stayed in '48, be inclined to leave their party this time?

Clearly the only possible hope of an American third party is to cheat both regular parties of a majority and to throw the election into the House where dissidents can exercise power disproportionate to their numbers. States Righters, carrying five states, failed to influence the election in a close race in 1948. Unless the whole South could be mustered, and that implies wholesale desertion by men of the caliber of Johnson, Rayburn and Russell, chances of a hung election this year are even more slim because of the wide edge generally conceded the GOP at this time.

Southern solidarity behind a third party also implies careful organization and hard work. There will not be much time for that in the short period between convention and election dates.

Third parties float on seas of discontent. Those waters are plainly present. But, as in '48, the shore is dimly seen.

Billy Graham's Good Advice To Ike

BILLY GRAHAM has given Mr Eisenhower good advice in urging that the President visit India.

Secretary Dulles has been there, of course, but he has been everywhere more than once and by the nature of his profession is more of a tradesman than a high tea visitor. Mr. Eisenhower hasn't been anywhere as President except to Geneva where many watches, but few world events, are fashioned.

Dr. Graham told the President "if he ever went to India he would have

the greatest reception of any man in history." We expect he is right. An Eisenhower visit would leave a lasting impression in the Orient of the U. S.'s sympathetic interest in an area where the pride of newly independent peoples is sensitive and susceptible to the compliment of neighborly manners.

Prime Minister Nehru, coming to Washington, is to return to New Delhi on the Columbine. We wish Mr. Eisenhower would go along with him, and repay the visit.

They Laughed When He Juggled

CHANCES are you never heard of "Paul Huckle, European Entertainer," "Fred St. James" or "Freddie James, World's Worst Juggler." But they are being remembered this week by the holy men who write for BILLBOARD, the showman's BHAGAVAD GITA, and mail address too. They are the early non-de-plumes of a humorist named Fred Allen who died just before midnight Saturday. In the flimsy, rococo world of U. S. show business he was a giant.

The story of his start in the theater is now a part of the folklore and can be repeated here without fear of contradiction. It seems that his father, a Cambridge, Mass., bookbinder, got young Freddie a job as stack boy in a library. But our hero sneaked out to watch the goings on at the local vaudeville house where he took an interest in juggling. He became so proficient backstage that he eventually took his act out front before the footlights.

In fact, he joined the circuit. At one stop, possibly St. Joseph, Mo., the audience was less than enthusiastic. In sheer desperation, the manager stalked out on the stage during his act and demanded to know where he learned to juggle.

The embarrassed youth quipped: "I took a correspondence course in

baggage smashing." It allegedly brought down the house—and marked the turning point in his career. It was shortly thereafter that he changed his name to Allen at the suggestion of his agent, whose name was Allen.

We remember, with pleasure, his highly successful radio show. It was once estimated that, at the peak of his popularity, he had 20 million listeners—one out of every three in the nation.

But, most of all, we remember his wry wit (he was a humorist, not really a comedian) and his highly seasoned spoofing of radio and television, a muttering jungle of questionable sublimity and ersatz sentimentality. There was one particular network executive he liked to refer to, publicly as "vice president in charge of waving fingers at comedians."

Because of bad health and sponsor trouble, Fred Allen had not been around much of late—except as a panelist on WHAT'S MY LINE?

We kept waiting for his comeback. But it seemed that he was prodded by things of the spirit rather than the compulsion of having to make a buck. He had finished one book, TREADMILL TO OBLIVION, and was at work on another when he died. Comeback? As far as we are concerned he never really left. At least he will linger long in our memory.

From The Tulsa World

EVER TASTE REAL PERSIMMONS?

DICK MILLER, an Oklahoma City newspaper man of rural and pioneer leanings, made an interesting experiment late in December. He had acquired a big lot of persimmons; the old-timers went after them eagerly; a lot of the newer, younger people went at them gingerly, not knowing what they were or what they were for. Result: Even in a customarily eager and experimental newspaper shop of the larger sort, persimmons went unused.

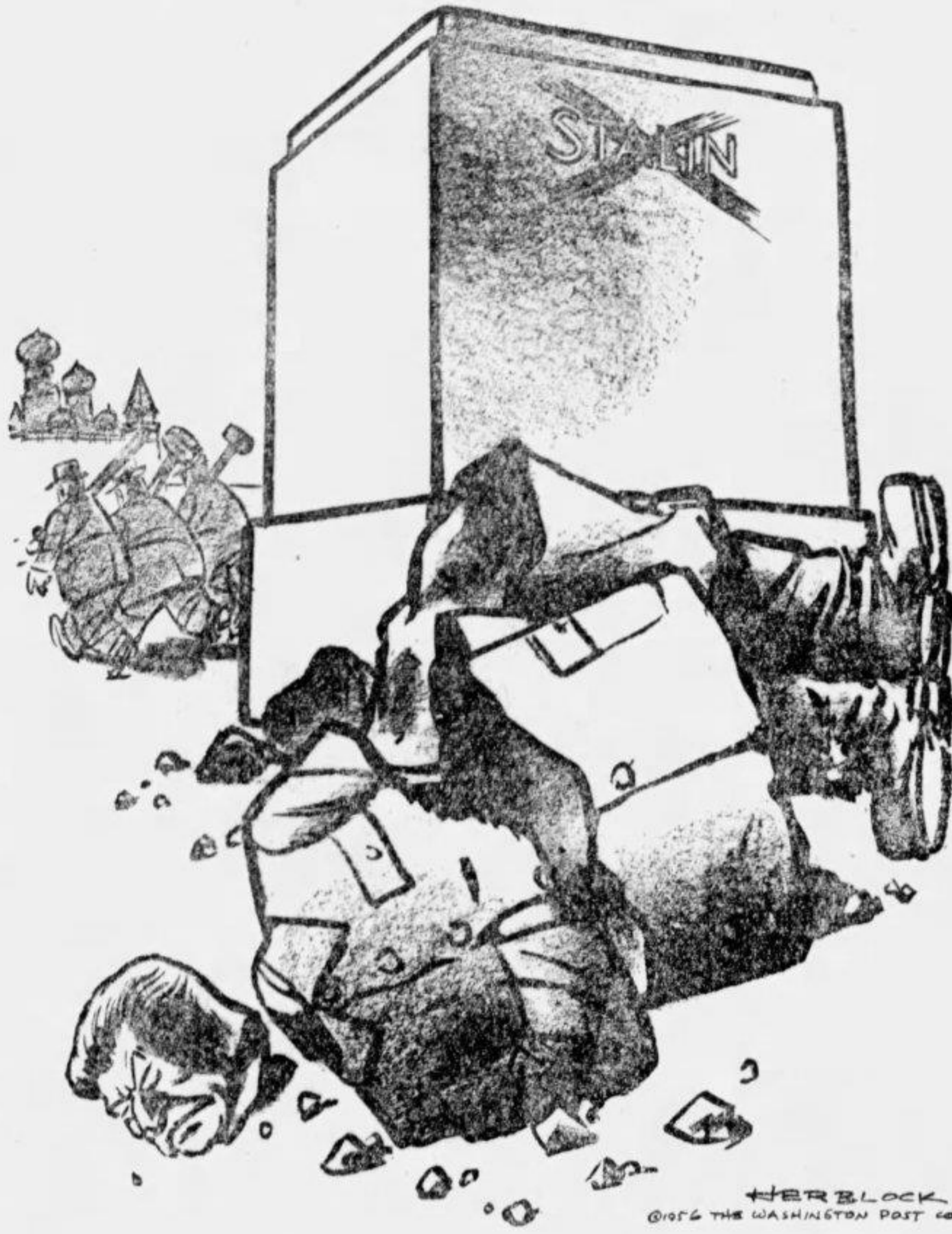
What's the matter with our folks? Are pioneer tastes and allurements missing in a massive way? Persimmons, among the most prevalent and reliable of all wild fruits, are absolutely delicious. The flavor of a frost-tinged and seasonally-ripened persimmon is pretty much beyond description. Persimmons were certainly the delight of the pioneers and probably at times their resource for

sweetening and even food. And now, we surmise, boys and girls who come from persimmon-loving families, disdain the superior fruit there is in the woods and on the abandoned lands. Schools of journalism, teevee and highways have somehow worked perversions of taste and almost cruel disregard of rural delights. Too sophisticated, too streamlined, says us.

Sign in store window: "Various Items, Other Things." A wide selection to choose from, eh?—DALLAS MORNING NEWS.

Remember Ezra Stone, who was radio's hobbledehoy Henry Aldrich? It makes no one feel younger to note he's back in the news, on a New York library program—reading to his own two children.—MEMPHIS PRESS-SCIMITAR.

Purge Of 1956



A Carolinian's Legacy

Iron Man Of The Arts

By JOSEPH & STEWART ALSOP

WASHINGTON THE National Gallery of Art is only incidentally located on Constitution Avenue; it is not local but national, as its name implies. The true address of this vast pink marble treasure house is really not Washington, D. C., but simply the United States of America.

These fairly obvious facts are worth pointing out at the moment because David Edward Finley is now retiring from the National Gallery directorship. The almighty made the Yellowstone and the Grand Canyon. The Capitol, the White House and our other man-made landscape features are owed to scores of hands and minds. But David Finley, the real creator of the National Gallery, has added a new and major feature to the American landscape almost single-handed.

FINLEY GAVE HIMSELF There is a good deal of confusion of this point, no doubt. The National Gallery is often called the Mellon Gallery; and it is certainly true that Andrew W. Mellon generously spent something like \$50 million buying pictures for and endowing and building the great gallery. But where Mellon gave money, Finley gave himself, which was rather more important in the long run.

On first acquaintance, to be sure, you would not suppose that David Finley is the sort of man who could matter quite a lot more, all by himself, than \$50 million. He is a short, slender fellow of decidedly avian appearance, with the almost exhaustingly good manners of an old-fashioned South Carolinian. Finley was born in York, S. C., and was graduated in 1910 from the University of South Carolina. He never speaks an unkind word or does an unkind thing. He is an enthusiastic gardener, but you feel he is even polite to the weeds as he uproots them. He goes to church, sits on the vestry, and is loyal to old friends. Altogether, you would say, a complete epitome of all the milder virtues.

HAPPY RUTHLESSNESS But David Finley's beautiful manners and mild appearance mask a steely determination and a happy ruthlessness that would

not be entirely out of place in the Kremlin. He has never wanted much, rather luckily, for himself. But when Finley wants something for the National Gallery, iron men are twisted into knots; strong men blanch and stand aside; and obstinate men do not know what has hit them.

That story cannot quite be told, even today. But it can be said that the Finley kidnaping, or rather picture-stealing scheme would surely have worked, if a key American participant had not been too fearful of being stoned in the street by enraged Italian art-lovers. To this day, Finley shakes his head over such poltroonery and want of patriotism. But while the Finley drama has had its iron scenes, the sympathetic scenes have been far more common. Finley has an unusual gift of sympathy (except for anyone who wants something the National Gallery ought to have); and it was this special gift of his, one suspects, that made Andrew Mellon, aging, a little chilly and isolated by his fantastic wealth, choose out David Finley for his man Friday among all the young officials of the Treasury who might have filled the post.

TREASURE HOUSE Mellon, it was who first conceived the notion of giving an art gallery to the nation. But it was Finley, very certainly, who decided that the gallery must be fit to stand comparison with the Louvre and the Prado, the National Gallery of London, the Hermitage in Moscow and Pitti in Florence. And it was Finley who made the great scheme for a national treasure house into the dominating interest of Mellon's later years.

How the Soviets sold the Gallery the masterpieces of art they inherited from Catherine the Great, how the magnificent Kress collection, the splendid pictures of Chester Dale, and many more came to the Gallery—all this should, of course, be told.

SPLENDID TRIUMPH But the truth is that except for J. P. Morgan's lovely Ghirlandajo portrait that went to Switzerland, almost nothing that the Gallery should have had and could have had has failed to find its way there somehow.

"Mr. Morgan," says Finley, still visibly distressed after 20 years, "was in much too much of a hurry to sell to Baron Thyssen." But this one defeat can surely be forgiven in David Finley's long record of splendid triumph on our behalf.

Or there was the other occasion when David Finley arranged to kidnap a Michelangelo out of

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON EZRA Taft Benson may not know it, but a conflict-of-interest political blow-up is simmering right under his nose. It involves Carl O. Hanson, state director of the Farmers' Home Administration in Montana.

Conclusive Evidence

The Farmers' Home Administration is supposed to spend its entire time on the difficult problem of helping the small farmer. It is supposed to go right into the farmers' homes and aid with their economic problems. Especially, it is supposed to help the small farmer in time of drought. However, there is conclusive evidence that instead of helping small farmers, FHA State Director Hanson has been acting as a wool-buyer for the Draper Co. of Boston, also helping direct the affairs of Radio-TV Station KOOK in Billings, and charging up political long-distance calls to the government.

Time And Money

He was also spending part of his time and some government money in an abortive effort to elect Wesley D'Ewart to the Senate in violation of the Hatch Act. Government officials are banned by the Hatch Act from engaging in politics unless they are of Cabinet or little Cabinet rank.

The activities of Mr. Carl O. Hanson

Why Farmers Grumble About Benson

are highly important not merely because of irregularity in Benson's Agriculture Department but because they throw light on one reason why farmers are so sore at the secretary of agriculture. They recognize that he has very difficult crop-surplus problems, and they would be more sympathetic with crop surpluses if it were not for the manner in which Benson's officials have spent their time politicking and helping big companies rather than small farmers.

Anti-Murray

For instance, Secretary Benson himself, on Oct. 9, 1954, personally and publicly demanded the defeat of Sen. James Murray of Montana and the election of GOP Congressman Wesley D'Ewart. Immediately Benson's boys in the Agriculture Department took the cue and went into high gear—not for the farmer and his difficult problems, but for candidate D'Ewart.

Hello Honolulu

This was during the tragic drought of 1954. Despite that, Farmers' Home Director Hanson made more than 100 long-distance calls for private or political purposes and allowed them to be charged up to the taxpayers. This column has obtained a record of Hanson's supposedly official phone calls at that time, and they show that he even phoned D'Ewart

at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu, Dec. 16, 1954. Cost to the taxpayers: \$15. This incidentally was after D'Ewart was defeated.

It was also at a time when Hanson should have been working his head off to help farmers borrow money to meet the drought disaster.

Wool-Buying

Instead, he was employing persons whose services he used for unofficial and political purposes, including his personal and private business. John Costello, appointed by Hanson, acted as chauffeur and errand boy, including wool-purchase duties for Hanson. Darrell Coover, appointed by Hanson, served for one month, not on FHA business, but purely as a political organizer.

Mrs. Katherine Carter, Hanson's private secretary, reported that on some days she "wrote as many as 14 letters not pertaining to FHA official business."

On FHA Time

The personal letters she wrote for him on office time included letters "to Mr. Malcolm Green, president, Draper Co., Boston, as well as letters to Charles Crist, his radio business partner; and typing wool contracts on FHA time."

Mrs. Carter had quite a difficult time trying to divide her boss's legitimate government business calls from the personal

Prospects Dim For Tax Cut As Politicians Shuffle Feet

By CQ

WASHINGTON AS Congress nears the half-way mark of the 1956 session, prospects for an election-year tax cut appear mighty slim.

Few legislators have abandoned all hope. Most expect Treasury receipts to exceed Treasury estimates. But there is a growing feeling that estimated expenditures also are low, and that the final balance sheet for the current fiscal year will show little if any surplus.

The final tally on individual and corporate income tax returns won't be available before May, or possibly June. Meanwhile, Democrats as well as Republicans have adopted the administration's "wait-and-see" line.

BIG SWITCH

For the former, this represents a big switch since the beginning of 1955. Then in the face of an estimated deficit of \$4.5 billion for fiscal 1955 and of \$2.4 billion for fiscal 1956, House Democrats rammed through a \$20 individual income tax credit while passing the annual excise-corporate tax rate extension bill.

Last week, the House again voted to extend present excise and corporate income tax rates for another year beyond April 1. But the action took place without debate and without any attempt to couple a tax cut for individuals, although the Treasury now estimates a small surplus for fiscal 1956 and for fiscal 1957.

TIME SEQUENCE

There is little chance the Senate will act otherwise. Because of the April 1 deadline, passage must come before the Easter recess starting March 29. The Senate Finance Committee is not expected to report the bill before Monday, March 26. This time sequence buttresses reports that Senate leaders have no plans to consider a tax cut in conjunction with the extension bill.

However, sentiment in favor of a tax cut runs strong on both sides of the aisle. If it develops that receipts show signs of exceeding expenditures by \$2 or \$3 billion, the administration probably will take the lead in proposing a cut before the current session ends. But if no such surplus appears, Democrats are certain to urge a cut for low-



The Suspense Is Killing Him

income taxpayers, to be offset by repeal of certain tax benefits enjoyed by other groups.

JOHNSON'S PROPOSAL

Senate Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson (D-Tex) backed such a proposal in 1955, when the Senate took up the excise-corporate tax rate extension bill. Johnson's amendment would have granted a \$20 tax credit for single persons, a \$10 credit for each dependent and would have repealed provisions in the 1954 law relating to accelerated depreciation, dividend credit and reserves for future business expenses. The Treasury would have gained an estimated 357 million dollars.

Johnson's amendment was defeated 44-50. Only Sen. William Langer (R-ND) joined 43 Democrats in voting for it. But opposing Republicans were supported by five senior Democrats—Virginia's Harry Flood Byrd and A. Willis Robertson, Georgia's Walter F. George, Florida's Spessard L. Holland and Louisiana's Allen J. Ellender. Sen. Byrd is chairman of the Senate Finance Committee, George a member.

Johnson included tax relief for low-income families in the 13-point legislative program for 1956 that he proposed last Nov. 21. George, who backed a plan to raise the personal exemption by \$100 in 1954, says he wants a look at tax receipts before deciding what he will do this year.

Secretary of the Treasury George M. Humphrey, who like President Eisenhower is committed to making a "modest" reduction on the national debt before applying any surplus to a tax cut, has said that the surplus should reach \$2 or \$3 billion to make a cut worthwhile.

People's Platform

Letters should be brief. The writer's name and address must be given, but may be withheld from publication in the discretion of the editors. The News reserves the right to condense.

Town Of Van Wyck Is Lovely Community

Van Wyck, S. C. THE publicity given the little town of Van Wyck, S. C., in your paper March 16, was good, and it was also bad. It left a very bad taste in the mouths of some of our residents. The story pointed out all the dark side of Van Wyck, and did not mention a single good thing about our little town. To me, anyone reading this article would certainly not want to locate in a town that looked as desolate and run down as the newspaper described it.

Mr. Scotton mentioned that there were two weather-beaten stores in Van Wyck, and to this I will agree with him. The Seaboard Railroad was also mentioned, and he stated that a train rarely ever stopped here. I don't know who gave him this information, but that is far from the truth. Train No. 5 which is known as the Robert E. Lee, operates from Washington, D. C., by way of Raleigh, Hamlet, Monroe, Van Wyck, on to Atlanta, Ga., daily, and rarely ever misses stopping here with mail, express or passengers. It stops more times than it passes us by. We also have a local freight that works here daily. So, from this you can readily see that we do have the train service.

Mr. Scotton did not mention any of the fine homes of our little town or community. No-

where in the state of North Carolina or South Carolina will you find any better or more beautiful homes than some we have here in Van Wyck. Van Wyck is located in the panhandle of Lancaster County, and nowhere in the county will you find a more beautiful location for a home. The country around here is rolling, and the woods are full of dogwood, redbud, pine, cedar, holly and an abundance of different kinds of oak trees. We also have two beautiful churches in the town of Van Wyck, Presbyterian and Methodist. Just a short distance from Van Wyck, there is a beautiful Baptist Church, which is a thriving little church.

—ERSKINE THOMPSON

Mrs. Reavis 'Proud' But Wants To Forget

Winston-Salem

Editors, The News: WE HAVE seen one or two of the articles (on the House Un-American Activities subcommittee hearings in Charlotte). It seems from all reports your paper gave a clearer report and story than any other.

I'm proud of what my husband has done in aiding our government and now that he has offered his services we would like to try to forget it all and settle back to our normal routine of life. . .

—MRS. ODIS R. REAVIS
Editors' Note: Mrs. Reavis' husband posed as a Communist for the FBI.