



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

Thomas L. Robinson President and Publisher
Brodie S. Griffith General Manager
Cecil Prince Associate Editor
Thomas G. Fesperman Managing Editor
W. W. Sirmoo Circulation Manager

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What We Really Need Is Variety

THE City-County Planning Commission's crusade for a uniform property numbering system for the perimeter area rates two hips and a hooray. But there is another little matter along the same lines that is worthy of at least comparable zeal: Too much uniformity in street names.

The last time anyone bothered to check there were more than 170 streets in the metropolitan area (a five-mile radius) with exactly the same name as at least one other street.

Anyone living on one of Charlotte's many Pine Streets will be in need of a taxi, fire truck, police car or a fourth at bridge knows precisely what we are talking about. There's one in every direction.

In addition, there is the thoroughly confusing complication of more than 100 streets with names similar to at least

two other streets. Take "Park." There are Park Avenue West, Park Avenue East, Park Street, Park Road, Park Drive, Park Lane, Park Terrace and Park Court.

Surely, if we put our minds to it, we could demonstrate a little more originality. Fine old Indian names like Wallatupan and Karankwa are unclaimed. Calif. Scapereage and Teddewink have nice, fresh Anglo-Saxon tangs. From German, by some happy stroke of luck, Klangfarbe and Pfahhauzen are still available. And we shouldn't overlook Villeggiatura, naturally of Italian origin. Personally, we have always wanted to borrow a place name from the Welsh and live on Llanaifurwllwgynyllogogeryhwyrndobollantvlllogogoch St.

Anything, just anything, to break the monotony.

Timely Assistance For Tall Tasks

NEWs that the Social Planning Council will have its first full-time executive director May 15 should be particularly heartening to a community faced suddenly with all the aches and pains of metropolitan life.

Donald W. Reed of Atlanta, whose acceptance of the position was announced yesterday, appears to be admirably equipped by training and experience to handle the tall tasks ahead.

The council has performed nobly in the past under wise and energetic leadership. But it will be called upon to increase the scope of its activities in the future.

Its influence is not only needed to encourage prompt action on old projects—the survey of deficiencies in Negro hospital facilities in Charlotte, for instance—but also in the anticipation and correc-

tion of new social needs. It occupies an excellent position to promote cooperative action between public agencies on one hand and private agencies on the other.

Charlotte's spirit is always willing to meet the challenge of the movement. Its nature is stoutly progressive. Often all that is needed to translate attitudes into action is a little coordination. The Social Planning Council is especially well equipped to provide that magic ingredient.

Charlotte should be grateful to Spencer Bell, council president, for campaigning long and hard for a full-time director to be hired and to the Charlotte Kiwanis Club whose special United Appeal contribution made the move possible. The investment will undoubtedly benefit the entire community.

He Taught Us To Tolerate Reality

IT IS SAID that psychoanalysis is the only business where the customer is always wrong.

This is but one of the raffish quibbles about that branch of science perfected by Sigmund Freud. This week, while the centenary of his birth is being celebrated, they still fall easily off the tongues of sophisticates.

To millions, "Freudianism" is an elaborate joke perpetrated by a clever man. Controversy still surrounds his name and his cult, largely because of the taboos nature of the materials with which he worked—such as the primacy of sex as a motivating factor in human psychology and social behavior. Even in the Roaring Twenties when psychoanalysis became a fashionable science and words like "libido," "Oedipus complex," "infantile sexuality" and "sublimation" became a part of the chatter of the educated it was often viewed as a deliciously odd fad.

The controversy continues. One leading German psychiatrist stormed at a scientific meeting recently when psychoanalysis came up as a subject for discussion "for the police." At an Academy of Medicine meeting in New York, Freud was denounced as a "Viennese libertine."

This shaggy dog story of constant contention has outlived its legitimacy.

It is time for the more thoughtful of us to acknowledge the man's greatness and value to the cause of human

progress whether or not we will by each and every one of his doctrines or not. Freud was a hero of major stature because he not only taught modern man to see himself but, as he said, to "tolerate a piece of reality."

His influence, whether generally admitted or not, has been tremendous. In the field of the arts alone one can think of Dali's surrealism, Paul Klee, Pablo Picasso, the novels of Thomas Mann, Franz Kafka, Ernest Hemingway, the works of Franz Kafka, Ernest Hemingway, T. S. Eliot, William Faulkner and others who have explored the dreams, myths and symbols that inhabit man's inner life.

The great misfortune is that Freud's ideas have been bowdlerized, watered down and identified with slick 20th century materialism. He always suspected that "prudish America" would welcome his theories but divide them with equal enthusiasm. In 1912 when Jung wrote Freud that he was having great success in overcoming resistance to psychoanalysis by playing down sexuality, the Viennese master replied that he need not boast since the more he sacrificed of the hard-won truths of psychoanalysis, the less resistance he would encounter.

Freud's legacy is great. It will grow in significance through the years as it is interested in the plain-spoken portraits of the two William Phills, father and son.

All the foremost schools of European paintings are represented, and although there is a strong Dutch collection, one could wish it contained a Vermeer and, among the moderns, a van Gogh.

More, we hope, will be done with the American collection. We can be thankful it has a Ryder, a pasture scene with a dreamy cow. And there is an early Homer, WEANING THE CALF, and there is a Blakelock, SUNRISE, and a brilliant family group by Copely.

We should like to see this American collection grow, even if the Museum has to encourage painters not in the same class as the great Europeans. American paintings will not wax strong until it gets more attention. And we can hope the painters of the South and Southwest will be represented.

There's a wonderfully mystic law of nature that the three things humans crave most in life—happiness, freedom and peace of mind—are always attained by giving them to someone else.—HIRST POINT ESTERPAIS.

Phillips Russell In The Chapel Hill News Leader

ART IN NORTH CAROLINA

ONE WOULD hardly recognize the staid old world of North Carolina in the establishment of the North Carolina Museum of Art at Raleigh, which was officially opened recently. We have long pleaded poverty and the consequent impossibility of doing this or that in the way of progress, that it seems strange to see a modern, well designed gallery, filled with masterpieces from the great painters, planted in the heart of the state.

It is a great show, and it is a great privilege to go to Raleigh and see it. We think it will prove to be one of the finest investments and one of the wisest expenditures the state ever made.

We could use many praiseful adjectives and cite much art history gained from the handsome catalogue by the director, W. R. Valentiner. But in this space it will suffice to mention just a few pictures with a special appeal and a special distinction.

The portraits from old Europe are noteworthy, and none more so than that of Erycius Piteagani by van Dyck. Here is a sympathetic treatment of a gentle old man, evidently a philosopher and probably a teacher. His dress is plain, his head and beard not sleekly combed. Van Dyck's treatment of him has none of the dramatic, beloved of Rubens and Rembrandt, but is simple and effective.

At the opposite pole stands the portrait of Charles James Fox by Sir Henry Raeburn. Politics and dissipation and corruption stand out all over this stout Englishman. Scarcely second to it is the picture of the huge and red-faced Dr. Theodore de Mayerne by Rubens—a pow-

erful figure who evidently feared not his calories.

And because I came from Richmond County I took a special interest in the glittering portrait of Charles Stuart, duke of Richmond and Lennox by Sir Peter Lely. The duke is a slender young man of a feminine beauty. The hair and mouth are soft, and one shoe, square toed but adorned with an enormous bow, is held forward so as to indicate vanity.

Our neighbors of Chatham County and Pittsboro will for similar reasons be interested in the plain-spoken portraits of the two William Phills, father and son.

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Ike And The Missiles

Dire Warnings Go Unheeded

By STEWART ALSOP

IN THIS era of complacency, the most cogent warnings are libelously disregarded. For example, former Assistant Secretary of the Air Force, Fred Gardner, has written two articles in "Look" magazine citing undoubted facts to prove that this country is losing both the air power and the missile race to the Soviet Union. Hardly anybody has paid much attention.

Perhaps more attention would have been paid if it had been known that the second Gardner article, on the missile race, was written in the hope that it would be read by President Eisenhower, and that the President would recognize it a special, hidden meaning.

Century Dies As A Hunter Steps Aside



ERNEST HEMINGWAY He Knew A Man

I DO believe that I was witness the other day to one of the saddest sights a sentimental man might see when Philip Percival of Machan stepped down as president of the Professional Hunters Association of Kenya. It was just as a century had died.

Old Phil had been prey of the pros since 1934. He was the quintessential man. He is a jolly, rosy fellow who looks like a movie idea of a pro that anybody I know. He wears a tweed coat, smokes a pipe and likes his double whisky better than anything.

He just conquered the throat and still complains that the X-ray treatment dehydrates his throat. I forgot to mention that he is past 70 years old.

ALL THAT'S GOOD

Why do we not know that Percival is the white hunter on whom Papa Hemingway based most of his African hunting characters and that he represents, to us who love the country, all that is and was good of the original settler here. With Papa's soul, he wrote this piece, actually, because I have not the tools to say precisely what sort of man is Phil. I believe he is as tough a man as ever lived, while being the gentlest and most self-deprecating. As Hemingway wrote of him when he was out here a couple of years ago, when Phil dies he will die as well as any man ever did, as cheerfully, fearlessly and graciously. It seems to be a family trait.

SWINGING SCYTHE

His brother, Blaney Percival, of age, grinned cheerfully when the scythe swung nearer.

Phil Percival said whimsically would kill me," Blaney Percival said. "But I beat 'em. It took cancer to do it." And he cocked a snook at the winners.

Philip Percival is a man of the same stripe as the late Karamoja Bell, the late Jim Corbett, the late Mike Cotter, and the present Pat Ayre, who stepped down when Phil resigned.

These are the Titans of the trade—men who loved the animals and put up with the clients but once in a while found it possible to errand. They were hunted by their association with animals and space and themselves.

Harry's best story of Philip concerned his own truck coasting a shoe on the soft cotton soil of the Serengeti plains. Phil clapped his hands, ordered a chair and a gin, tucked his back on the truck and said:

"You fix it, Harry. I can't bear to look at the bloody thing."

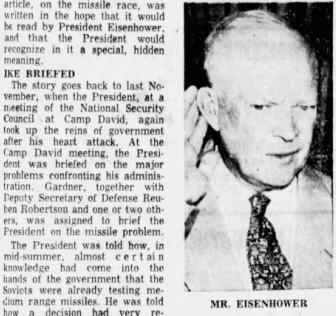
HARRIED TOO LONG

Phil, despite the ravages of time, gin, cancer, kidneys and Papa Hemingway, looks worse than when the day he almost got me tiroved. Mama was arriving from Cairo and Phil and I hurried too long over luncheon at the Mutha's Club, which did not precisely please the old girl.

Phil will still go and shoot the necessary elephant, and when he heads for the long bar in the Stanley it is not vicarious curiosity which sends him there. But he quit the chair the other day, because, as he said:

A BIT DEAF

"I've had too many guns go off in my ears and I'm a bit deaf. I can't bear what the young blighters are saying from the back of the room. Besides, Machan is too far out of town."



MR. EISENHOWER A Memo Changed

which Gardner, when he wrote the article, undoubtedly hoped would strike the President.

The President has, in fact, received from the first his huge significance of the evidence of Soviet success in the missile field. After the evidence became available, and while the President was vacationing in Colorado before his heart attack, Secretary of the Air Force Donald Quarles wrote a memorandum for him on the missile problem.

QUARLES' VIEW

The Quarles memorandum took the line that the Soviet achievement was important, but not decisively important, in view of the continuing superiority of the United States in the airatomic field. The memorandum recommended progress in the missile

field which "all practicable" speed. The President revised the memorandum with his own hand, underlining the decisive importance of the Soviet achievement, changing "all practicable" to "all possible," and assigning top priority to missile development. Again, at the Camp David meeting, as the questions paraphrased by Gardner suggest, the President made it abundantly clear that he was deeply disturbed by our relative lack of progress in the missile field. He said that he was determined to get someone to run the missile program the way it ought to be run, even if he had to do the job himself.

Yet the President's angry questions still need answering, as Gardner proves beyond question in his article, the missile program is still inadequate and badly organized. It is not really being run by anyone. Why?

Gardner asks the same question in his article: "How can all this happen, many citizens will ask, when the President himself is a great general? It happens because the communications system he relies on simply isn't working."

This is another way of saying that the built-in resistance, in the vast establishment of the defense establishment, to the needed drastic change in the organization of our missile effort, has so far proved too strong for the President to buck about as disturbing a hitch as it is possible to imagine.

The Texans Turn Back To Old Sam

By DORIS FLEESON

TEXAS, big in money, votes and prestige, has taken a stride back toward the Democratic Party. The relief in Democratic circles can hardly be exaggerated. The threat of a southern bolt from the national convention with a possible third party to follow has been all but eliminated by the better than four-to-one defeat handed out by Allan Shivers by Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson.

Most of the major bolters who helped to swell the Eisenhower landslide in 1952 had already retired more or less willingly from national scene. Shivers, however, with his domination of the Texas state machinery remained a menace to party harmony at Chicago until Johnson took his measure.

RECONCILIATION

For the first time in many years Texas will go to the national convention firmly bent on reconciliation. Johnson's talents in that direction are his pride and he will be in a strong position as favorite son and chairman of the delegation.

The question of a genuine Johnson boom-for-President has been promptly raised. Had the majority leader not suffered a massive heart attack a few months before President Eisenhower did, he would assuredly take rank as a major contender now.

His private assurances continue to be that he has no intention of jeopardizing his health in any such manner. Johnson proposes to use his new eminence to help the party compose its differences and avoid extremism of all kinds. He will encourage a Johnson boom but he is glad to serve as a rallying point for moderate opinion.

Many Democrats suspect that Johnson will get very kind treatment as a candidate from Republicans who would like to see the Texas heartbeats neutralized as an issue in the campaign. The Policy of Democratic headquarter's to stress the health issue; active presidential campaigners Stevenson and Kefauver are using it a trifle gingerly. They prefer to say that the President's health does not enable him to do a full-time job.

Johnson is something of a party hero today nonetheless, and so is the veteran speaker, Sam Rayburn, whose idea it was to promote Johnson at Shivers' expense. The senator was not too sure at first that Rayburn was being taken too much for granted. He gave the fight all he had.

It will cost Johnson something at home. Newspapers formerly friendly attacked him. The big oil counties, whose battles he fought here at the expense of his national status, went against him.

NO SUBSTITUTE

Anywhere they look now Democrats see no one to substitute for the energetic and astute leaders who made the 1952 bolt respectable and successful.

Sen. James Eastland, of Mississippi, makes a powerful front man for the pro-segregation forces because of his position as chairman of the Senate Judiciary Committee. But Eastland is not a national figure, nor is his state large and rich. Also he has been keeping quiet about a third party, wisely figuring that it might jeopardize his chairmanship.

RAMA VOTE

Alabama in its primary last week showed a pro-segregation surge of emotion, but its senators, Lister Hill and John Sparkman, and its governor, James Folsom, want no part of a third party. The Alabama vote, which followed a convention set at Folsom, had scared Democrats about Texas.

Party Bolt



Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round Zhukov May Visit Ike Election Eve

PLANS for President Eisenhower to invite his wartime friend, Marshal Zhukov, together with Marshal Konev, to Washington just before election are reaching such intensity that few white southerners with political influence have dared buck that bitterness.

One exception is the former governor of Louisiana, James A. Noe, who almost got into a fist fight in his home town, Monroe, when White Citizens Councils began a march through the town, and 4,500 Negroes.

They did this by claiming Negro voters had reached such intensity that few white southerners with political influence have dared buck that bitterness.

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