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Charlotte's Tax Rate: Heady Hopes

FOR CHARLOTTE'S "man in the barrel," the tentative municipal budget prepared by City Manager Henry A. Yancey was a bundle of heady hopes. After much dark murmuring about whopping tax increases in prospect, the city manager quietly presented his annual miracle. He drew up a set of tabulations calling for a city tax rate of \$1.77 per \$100 valuation—precisely the same as this year's figure.

It must be emphasized that the Yancey budget will only be a working model for the City Council to tackle later this month. It is subject to any sort of change.

There are important battles still to be fought across the conference table. For instance, the tentative budget does not contain any provision for the establishment of a shorter work week for firemen. The formal request for adjustments was submitted February 1 and councilmen have had ample opportunity to weigh its merits. It appears to us that the present six-day, 72-hour work week

is obsolete for a city of this size and is proleptic persuasion. Nevertheless, in an era of rising governmental expenditures, it is an exceedingly good sign to start Council budget sessions with such a trim working model. But it can and should be combed through carefully by councilmen for signs of fluff. It should be tightened and re-tightened until it fairly sings with firmness.

In addition, we would like to see a greater interest in fiscal policy on the part of the general citizenry. There was not a single spectator in the council chamber last year when the annual budget received its final approval. Yet we have heard many a hullabaloo during the succeeding months about high taxes and unnecessary spending. When the pain hits the "pocket nerve" it is often too late to help.

The good citizen knows that government that is administered by the taxpayer yardstick—economy, efficiency, necessity—will be good government, at the lowest cost to the people. It is the individual's responsibility to inform himself on just what kind of government he's getting.

In Operation Overlord, A Secret Found

IT WAS a dozen years ago today the first hint of an allied victory flickered in the gloom of World War II.

At 0630 hours, London time, the first assault troops landed on the beaches of Normandy on D-Day of OPERATION OVERLORD.

From a cloudy sky and from the choppy waters of the English channel, the Anglo-American invasion of continental Europe had begun.

It was the beginning of the beginning of the end.

A year later the war was over. The nation looks back on OPERATION OVERLORD in silent awe. It was the biggest combined military effort of any war in any age.

Total allied strength available was 2,876,439 men, including 17 British divisions, of which three were Canadian, 20 U. S. divisions, one French division and one Polish division. There were 5,049 fighter planes, 5,112 bombers, 2,316 transport aircraft, 2,319 gliders and thousands of ships.

Facing this armada were German divisions including reserves extending all the way back into Germany. OPERATION OVERLORD was a success because of elaborate planning, split-second timing and because allied morale was sky-high.

We had the will to win, the will to achieve cooperative success. It took all of the energy, enthusiasm and will power of the nations involved. Many soldiers, sailors and airmen perished in the effort. But the great invasion force fought on to victory because it knew where it was going and why. All 2,876,439 men were headed in one direction.

Where? To victory; to revenge for Warsaw,

Dunkirk and Lidice; to the obliteration of Hitler; to save succeeding generations from the scourge of war and injustice.

But that was 12 years ago. The victory was achieved in 1945. The cold spring that kept free men pressing as one unit was suddenly released. What was won may have only been an armistice after all. But where once there was unity, there is disunity, suspicion and indecision in the free world today.

Something is missing: is it morale? Have we lost the energy, will power and enthusiasm of a decade ago? Herbert Blumer, the sociologist, once said that any job may have high morale if the collective enterprise which they are committed to is completely their hopes, fervent wishes and aspirations. Our collective enterprise is peace and contentment and freedom in an orderly world. Why then—such a noble goal—can't we achieve the kind of collective enthusiasm we had in 1944? This is the problem we must solve before a new act in the drama begins.

Deserving City

CHARLOTTE deserves a place on the 40-city play circuit planned by the American National Theater and Academy.

This is a ready-made market for fine drama. The Queen City's cultural growth is keeping pace with its population growth. It has proven its willingness to pay for top-drawer entertainment time and time again. Furthermore, it has superb facilities available for the showcasing of that entertainment.

ANTA needs Charlotte and Charlotte needs ANTA.

Scholarships: For Scholars Only?

WITH the spotlight of publicity shining so brightly, leading figures in what is loosely described as "the world of amateur athletics" are betraying an edgy apprehensiveness almost without precedent.

Witness the proposal of Jim Weaver, commissioner of the Atlantic Coast Conference, that all candidates for athletic scholarships at NCAA colleges be required to take some sort of intelligence tests.

"It would immediately eliminate the dime schools often lost at each other," he explained in Charlotte this week.

Sample dig: "They must have slipped him in under the door. He couldn't get

in the eighth grade with his transcript." But instead of purifying college athletics the examination system would merely pile sham upon sham. Athletes are hired primarily for their brawn, not their brains. It would be difficult in the extreme to pretend otherwise. The thought of selecting guards and tackles on the basis of their ability to put round pegs in round holes and define "intellectualism" is more than a little ludicrous.

If scholarships are to be given for physical prowess let's be honest about it, at least. All that should be required of an athlete are a "C" average and reasonably good citizenship. Anything further is carrying the joke too far.

From The Greensboro Daily News

BLACK SHEEP ARE AVAILABLE

OVER in Charlotte there's a man who has wanted a black sheep all his life. Reports circulating in Charlotte Newsman Charles Kuralt in one of his lively daily columns entitled "Purvey."

"As far as I know," the man told Kuralt, "there isn't a black sheep left in North Carolina. I've looked everywhere."

We feel like suggesting to this frustrated black sheep hunter that there are black sheep and black sheep. Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus, declared one editorial writer reassuringly some years ago; and his message is brought out again every Christmas in newspapers around the world.

Yes, Mr. Charlottean, there are black sheep right here in North Carolina, but you may have to look for them in the spirit and not in the flesh.

Foremost of North Carolina's "black sheep" in this election year are the politicians who seek to ride into office by stirring up strife on the race question.

Then there are the black sheep who would talk of abolishing the public

schools and leaving North Carolina children to grow up in ignorance as well as poverty.

There are economy-minded black sheep who would enthusiastically put more money in their own pockets by cutting taxes and shabbing appropriations for schools, hospitals, mental institutions, welfare funds and other basic state needs.

There are secrecy-minded black sheep who think the business of the city or the county or the state should be carried on behind closed doors and hidden from public view.

There are reactionary-minded black sheep who would stifle the American right of freedom of thought and freedom of expression by punishing an individual for holding any opinion differing from the current opinion of the majority.

Yes, Mr. Kuralt, tell your Charlotte farmer that black sheep are still available in North Carolina. It's true, though you may feel that they should be led like lambs to the slaughter of oblivion!

Uncle Sam Ignores Disappearance of Refugee Scholar

By MARQUIS CHILDS

NEARLY three months ago Dr. Jesus de Galindez, a refugee scholar, disappeared in New York. The circumstances relating to his disappearance are so mysterious that it is difficult to believe that the Dominican Republic had led to his political assassination.

What part of the Dominican Republic had led to his political assassination? It was known that Dr. Galindez had completed his thesis for a doctorate at Columbia University dealing in documented detail, with the oppression of the Trujillo dictatorship.

About a month before Galindez was last seen on March 13, an academic committee at Columbia presided over by Dr. Lindsay Rogers, Burgess professor of public law, approved the thesis after suggesting some minor changes.

But surely some agency of the federal government could be expected to be interested in finding out whether this is a hoax or a genuine case of a Communist-refugee has been kidnapped and killed.

'You Load 16 Tons And What Do You Get?'



Angeled With Friends

Fun In The Feathered Choir

By ROBERT C. RUARK

I FEEL just a little lonesome in the world these days, since about half of the people I know have pegged out in the last year or so. I am what might be called fresh out of friends, mostly by the least route.

Went and had my own blood pressure checked, as a matter of fact, to see what the prospects of joining what Noel Coward calls the "feathered choir" might be. Blood pressure perfect. Only the good die young.

THEY WENT FAST. But I refuse to be morbid over the dear departed. Most of the ones I can think of had an awful lot of fun while they were around. And when they went, they went fast, without a lot of arm-wagging, last-minute regrets.

Charlie MacArthur was a long-time friend of mine, and I am quite certain that as "Bugs" MacArthur, in the old, wild, newspaper-gangster days in Chicago, he had enough heavy fun to last him through a couple of eternities. He also had the good fortune to be married to Miss Helen Hayes, and anybody married to Misses was winning all the way.

NOW IS THE TIME. I can remember only one MacArthur anecdote that hasn't been handed to death.

One time I went out to Africa or some place and loaned Charlie a house I had in Greenwich Village. He had some writing to do, he said.

I returned some months later and found a sheet of paper

in the typewriter. It said, simply: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of MacArthur."

WAY DOWN YONDER. New Orleans sported a couple of favorites of mine who embraced the "feathered choir" lately.

One was a man named Owen Brennan, who ran a saloon and the best restaurant in town.

THE OTHER was a man named Tom Caplinger, who ran a saloon, period. Tommy had a face which was a monument to use a broken nose—had a head with scars on it, a wicked sense of humor and a complete disregard for tomorrow. He and Owen Brennan were great friends.

AMAZING MAN. Tommy had a joint called the Cat LaFite, on the upper end of Bourbon St., where everybody wound up in the small, gray hours. Everybody, that is, who had just a touch of worthlessness in him, because most of the nice people were in bed at that hour.

He was a most amazing man, Caplinger. He was an Annapolis graduate and a fine interior decorator, a saloon keeper and a wild man, but he had an enormous family and was one of the best fathers I ever knew. He bought two drinks for every one he ever

and was altogether as big a portion of New Orleans as was his friend, Brennan. Both of them died recently in their sleep, leaving a tremendous legacy of remembered kindness.

One of the better ones who checked out the "feathered choir" the other day was Louis Calhern, the actor.

OUTRAGEOUS never came to mind when he was staying in the Hotel Elsen in New York with a most amazing collection of people, such as the Gish sisters, Joe DiMaggio, Gertrude Niesen, Tallulah Bankhead and Paul Douglas.

Louis used to outrage the management. He would stop off, as bused as a spring, demand a cash advance from the desk, and calmly proceed to spend it at the Stork Club or Twenty One Club when his hotel bill was dead knows how ancient. When he died in Tokyo the other day, I hope somebody fed him a Martini in lieu of extreme unction. He was never easy on the wagon.

INTERESTING ETERNITY. As I said, there have been a lot of them lately, and I refuse to be sad. It is nice to know that there will be a slightly disreputable section of wherever it is we go, and that it will be angeled with friends.

It should be a very interesting eternity, because the people who have passed ahead will have it organized for fun and games. Somebody can't be sad at the idea of joining the mob.

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 editor. The news reserves the right to condense.

As Christians we have no real consciousness of the insidious undercurrents of our national character. We have let others manage our national government. We take our vacations and go to church when it gets hot. We forget the world is on fire and cinders are flying. Light-hearted, carefree, irresponsible Christians leave the bread problems to the desperate hour to some one else.

Sunday morning worship services frequently include formally uttered prayer for those in authority but Christians at their church prayer meeting should specifically pray concerning issues which determine the entire course of national events.

—WARREN W. WOODS

Sordid Political Life Should Be Changed

Editors, The News: This critical election year it is of drastic importance that Christians begin to pray now about their relationship to government and bring their influence powerfully to bear, by prayer, to change the sordid political situation in this country.

The average Christian's attitude is that they have no influence to bear on the political life of the nation, but the power that saves us from sin can save our nation also and clean up our cities.

American citizens will, this fall, elect some man to the highest office in the nation. We should be an election based on sound spiritual and moral principles of justice rooted in our constitution. We will be electing the highest bidder!

Many politicians seem determined to gain advantage for their "New Deal," their religion, or for their race, or their trade union to the utter disintegration of our free nation.

Leaders of both parties favor internationalism and the need of powerful, prevailing and believing prayer for God to rule and overrule and raise up spiritual leaders was never greater. Political forces are very active at this time and we must by our devotion and ardor of prayer

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

MOST political observers agree that the bitter primary battles between Stevenson and Kefauver have serious implications for the chances of a Democratic deadlock at Chicago with a dark horse emerging as the winner.

Tragedy it is that this could have been avoided.

Proposal Spurned

Inside fact is that early in the presidential jockeying, well before either candidate had even announced, Oscar Chapman, former secretary of the Interior and a friend of both men, went to see Adlai Stevenson and suggested that an ideal Democratic ticket would be Stevenson for president, Kefauver for vice president. But Stevenson wouldn't buy it.

Hopefuls Listed

"It would alternate too many other men who want to run for vice president," he said in brief. And he named Mayor Wagner of New York, Attorney General Pat Brown of California, Gov. Clements of Tennessee and Sen. Humphrey of Minnesota as among the vice presidential hopefuls.

Package Deal Turned Down By Adlai

from any of them," Stevenson explained. He went on to say that he would certainly be open-minded about Kefauver for vice president.

Political Gamble

"If Estes gets into these primaries and makes me spend a lot of time and money fighting for the nomination," said Adlai, "then I'll never take him on the ticket."

He left Estes with a tall-Stevenson-wins, heads-Kefauver-loses alternative. He decided to enter the primaries.

People-To-People

The importance of President Eisenhower's idea of a committee of private citizens to promote people-to-people friendship was illustrated just two weeks ago when a group of Americans and Frenchmen dedicated a French-American hospital at St. Lo, the point in the Cotentin peninsula where Gen. Omar Bradley's troops broke through after the Normandy landing.

French Raised More

It was not a gift from the U. S. government. The French were too polite to say so, but actually they raised more money for the hospital than did private Americans. Not a penny of U. S. government money was made by this country.

Stevenson-Kefauver Ticket

Mike DiSalle, the ex-mayor of Toledo who Washington knew in the thankless job of price administrator during the Korean War, now is running for governor of Ohio. However, he's also keeping a weather eye on the national campaign.

Democratic Ticket

"The Democratic ticket," says DiSalle, "should be Stevenson and Kefauver. Stevenson for President to make the speeches, Kefauver for vice president to

College Football

COLLEGE football would be much more interesting if the faculty played instead of the students, and even more interesting if the long played. There would be a great increase in broken arms, legs and necks, and consequently an appreciable diminution in the loss to humanity.—H. L. Mecken in "Minority Report."

Ex-Senator's Taxes

Internal Revenue agents have been called in to look into the tax returns of Robert W. Robertson, Wyoming Republican, and Robertson has appealed to some of his former Senate colleagues to intervene in his behalf.

Robertson's Taxes

The transaction under investigation involves the sale of the Cow ranch in Cody, Wyoming, now owned by Robertson's brother-in-law, but managed by the ex-senator who was born in the British Isles but came to this country as a boy.



Dictator Trujillo A Background Shadow

The question is bound to occur as to whether this is the only area of freedom and subversion with which congressional committees are concerned.

Their efforts at times have the look of a cops and robbers game which makes headlines but ignores or perhaps even obscures the more fundamental aspects of the contest between the Communist and the free world.

Those who have the courage and the will to escape from Communist refuge camps are few.

NEGLECT. A useful investigation could develop why the lot of those who choose freedom at terrible risks is far too often neglect and indifference.

This is basic to the problem of those who have defected and then decided to return behind the Iron Curtain. If they were offered an opportunity to become a real part of the free world, the coercion of Soviet agents would be of little avail.

U. S. CONCERN

It is of course, highly doubtful that a congressional committee could discover anything that the New York police department has learned about our churches when it gets hot. We forget the world is on fire and cinders are flying. Light-hearted, carefree, irresponsible Christians leave the bread problems to the desperate hour to some one else.

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