



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1958

Local GOP Should Field Full Slate

WE hope the announced intention of several local Republicans to seek County Commission seats is a harbinger of more announcements to come.

Nothing less than a full slate of GOP candidates for both local and state offices will provide Mecklenburg's sluggish political system with the tonic competition that it needs. The provision of this competition should be regarded by Republicans as their first duty to the public. Nor will anything less than a full slate serve as an acceptable earnest of a reputed GOP desire to give the party permanent status and responsibility in local affairs. Charlie Jonas, after all, won't run forever. The time for capitalizing on the prestige he has brought to the party, and the interest he has created in it, is now. Many days of golden opportunity already have passed.

Sporadic efforts to fill one or two offices with Republicans speak well for the convictions and public spirit of the few who run. But except in cases of exceptionally attractive candidates these efforts earn little concern and status for the party itself. It takes a full slate to convince the public that a party really means business.

Good candidates, to be sure, are hard to come by. But if this is a very real problem for local Republicans, it also is a very real problem for local Democrats. The shortage, it should be emphasized, is in candidates and not in leadership potential. Both parties number in their ranks an ample supply of proved leaders. The difficulty is in getting these leaders out of the ranks and out in front where they belong.

This is a burdensome task. But for the Republicans in particular it is a task that must be carried out if the party is to gain any semblance of real importance in local affairs.

Before the task is satisfactorily completed some citizens who register Democratic and vote Republican will have to align their registrations with their political convictions.

Tears Won't Wash Away The Woe

THE most melancholy aspect of Thomashoro's water crisis is that it might have been prevented. In balmy days when water was no worry, an attempt to bring the community into Charlotte was roundly thwarted at the polls.

The 1957 annexation vote came too late to head off trouble. Misfortune had already come to call. A private water company serving the community was defunct and its rickety, wholly inadequate facilities were being operated first by the county and then by residents themselves.

Crying over spilt opportunities is hardly appropriate today. However, the situation is serious and deserves prompt attention.

Thomashoro is no isolated pocket of land stripped of any Charlotte ties. In a real and important sense, Thomashoro's health and welfare are an effect upon the health and welfare of the whole metropolitan community. It is the community's health that is threatened by a bad water system, and health knows no boundaries. Aside from the commendable concern Charlotteans might have for the people of Thomashoro, there is the matter of the whole metropolitan area's well-being to be considered.

Thomashoro will not be a part of Charlotte officially until Jan. 1, 1960. The City Council has wisely recognized that the problem cannot wait until then. Indeed it cannot. Thomashoro's situation is an emergency. As an emergency it deserves an A-1 priority rating for attention the moment bond money becomes available for extension of municipal facilities to the perimeter. And if there is some legal loophole through which city water may pour sooner, then that matter, too, deserves Charlotte's best efforts.

The 'Cheater' Just Needed Cheaters

THERE was drama in a Charlotte classroom the other day and it had a shattering effect on both teacher and pupil.

Teacher, a woman with an exceptionally keen sense of sin, pounced suddenly upon unsuspecting pupil in the middle of a test. Pupil, it seems, had been caught red-handed at last. He was, alas, a "cheater."

It was a clear-cut case. Pupil had received wisdom from information from a fellow student throughout the examination. This was freely confessed by both parties. Doom was closing in fast.

It was not until some moments and a few thousand scolding words later that the nature of the information was made known to teacher and pupil. It turned out that the pupil had merely read the questions written upon the blackboard. His neighbor was simply reading them off to him. There was no cheating. Pupil had

abominably bad eyesight and absolutely no idea he was aware of that fact at all.

There was deep embarrassment all around, but the matter was soon mended. Pupil wears glasses now and is all the smarter for it. Teacher is wiser, too. The whole community will be a bit better off in the future for a program will be launched in April to discover eye defects in youngsters before they enter school. Plans announced this week by Mrs. John Bass Brown Jr., chairman of the North Carolina Committee of the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, call for screening every four- and five-year-old child in the city. It's the committee's hope that defective vision in children can be detected early so that they can be referred to professional care before they enter the world of reading and writing.

It is a commendable program and one that is worthy of the community's wholehearted support.

The Woods Need Visitors In Winter

FEBRUARY'S desolate vistas of dark woods and naked hills stretch away endlessly and simultaneously press depressingly inward.

Neither near nor far out, except for the saving grace of evergreens, can the eye see symbols of resurrection and life on the landscapes. Spring, when it is closest, seems furthest away.

Beyond the brown fields gaunt trees stretch dark limbs upward, as if in supplication for raiment against the weather. Hidden birds cheep plaintively — wanting food, one supposes, or warmth. Their forest companions are silent among the middens of their winter stores.

The silence of the woodlands is vast and sepulchral. The woods need visitors in winter, yet

few men go into them. Those who do are few by necessity rather than invitation. They seek wood for the hearth and game for the table. But their presence, to those who see them there, relieves the wintry gloom.

A hunter wearing a bright coat and trailing a barking dog brings life and color to acres of emptiness. A farmer felling a tree shatters the silence, and the sterile air is perfumed with the warm smell of resin. A pebble kicked into a creek produces a moment of graceful movement in a creek swollen with dark water.

The woods need visitors in winter, and those who receive them appear to passersby as little islands of hope in a sea of wintry loneliness.

Poem In Which Is Contained Comment Concerning Highway Driving.

Take it easy there, you pacers; Leave the racing to the racers.

— ATLANTA JOURNAL.

Two workmen were talking about the foreman said one: "On the outside Joe is looking down on me. Underneath, though, he is just the opposite—mean and low-down." — GASTON GAZETTE.

People's Platform Who Wants To Take A Trip To The Moon?

Editors, The News:

MANY intelligent men are now seriously planning to travel to the moon soon. What could possibly be the attraction there? It was crowded here on earth, or unhappy in my surroundings, and among my friends, there might be some to look longingly into space.

If I thought the climate was better, I might wish to go to the moon.

If I thought the food was better, I might be persuaded to go.

If I thought the work was easier, I might insist on going.

If I thought the pay was higher, I might suggest a strike here.

If I thought the women were prettier, I'd be on my way.

But there's certainly sufficient room here, plenty of strange places to explore, plenty of entertainment, the climate is not too bad in the Carolinas; the food my mother and wife prepare is delicious. The work? Well, of course, that's rough any place; but the pay is sufficient to feed and clothe my family and I and my women were any prettier, they'd have to be angels with wings, and be harder to catch than a hummingbird.

So it seems to me if a fellow citizen, happy here on earth with all that we have, be he ought to just go to hell and not to pollute the pretty moon.

A. C. BUCKLE

President Is Acting Like A Spoiled Child

Kings Mountain Editors, The News:

I HAVE read Drew Pearson's column of "Like Refuses to Dine With Truman." I do not know much about politics. Just what I read in the papers. But I do know a little about human relations, and I must say that I am disappointed in the attitude of our beloved President.

I have great respect for Mr. Eisenhower. I believe he is a great statesman. He deserves the sympathy and the prayers of every praying American. He is the most stupendous task of our man in the history of our great country.

But I am disappointed in him. He has an unforgiving spirit. I hope he means to make it to a better world. He cannot do that with bitterness and a grudging unforgiving spirit. The greatest man that ever lived declared that "If you forgive not men their trespasses against you neither will your Heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." Mr. Eisenhower has been running a grudge against Mr. Truman for about six years. He is unwilling to forgive. That spirit is the most unchristian and very unlike the Man of Galilee who prayed on the cross for his enemies — "Father forgive them."

Though I still respect our President, I think he is a reluctant old man. He is acting like a spoiled child. Mr. Truman has shown a much better spirit. And yet he has been so-called practically everything in the book!

We want peace. We are all praying for peace. We had hoped that Mr. Eisenhower would be the man to lead us to world peace. But how can he? He is unwilling to be at peace with one of his own fellow Americans. And he couldn't our enemies use that!

There was a time that I was afraid that Nixon would become president and it might prove dangerous. I have changed my mind. I believe that the sooner our childish President gives up the reins to a man who wants to do something the better off we will be.

— R. J. ESSARY

Mrs. FDR's A Fine, Decent Human Being

Editors, The News:

OVER FREQUENT contributor to People's Platform writes like a not-too-bright juvenile wise guy trying desperately to get a little grown-up attention no matter how much of a nuisance he makes of himself. I refer, of course, to his latest epistle, the last taste and poor thought, the

disgraceful blue-bloods. In fact, they did not refer to any one case. They just stormed against the general investigation.

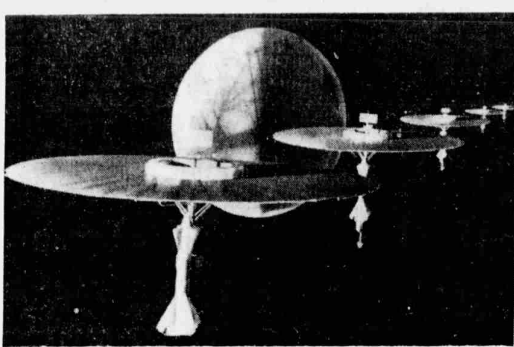
"This is the worst thing I have seen since I have been in Congress," shouted Congressman Heston, usually a moderate. He was referring to a questionaire asking top officials on regulatory commissions to list gifts received from businessmen they regulate.

Tables Are Turned

A similar questionnaire was demanded of Democrats by Republicans when Truman was in office after this column helped expose mink coats, hams and deep freezes. But now the tables were reversed and the Republicans yelled against the same type of questionnaires.

Powerful Fingers

In the end, the committee agreed to accept the questionnaire but keep the answers under lock and key. The power of public opinion has now forced out answers regarding the TV set and from travel received from the TV industry. But much more searching problems remain to be examined, including the real reason the two New England congress-



Artist's Version Of Parasol-Shaped Spacships Which May Take Earthlings To The Moon

letter on that fine American lady, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt.

Don't get me wrong, Mr. Editor. I am not starchy-eyed, candelabra-wrong fan of Mrs. Roosevelt's. I have disagreed with her many times on affairs both national and international. Occasionally, the lady exhibits a tendency far out-of-his-world idealism when a little down-to-earth realism would better serve the purpose. However, the above opinions are only my own and in no way affect the over-all picture of a very decent human being whose life is on the credit side, and who grows steadily in stature as time goes by. History will smile kindly upon the elderly lady, Eleanor Roosevelt, or "Seabiscuit" or "Big Mouth" if your contributor persists.

No. Westbrook Pegler's irrational hate-spawned attacks upon Mrs. Roosevelt did not bring her an eminence she would not bring her own achievements. Mrs. Roosevelt had that stature with her fine intelligence, her bountiful humanity, and her lifelong conduct as a born lady.

What Westbrook Pegler really accomplished was a good dose of self-administered justice. In his spiteful attempts to destroy others he actually brought about his own self-annihilation as a serious journalist. When a writer time and again viciously attacks another because their God-given mouth is large or because their teeth protrude all but the pathological realize there is something rotten in the mind and soul of the attacker. Today, Mr. Pegler is taken seriously only by those poor deluded souls who peruse the little hate sheets — and for the same reason.

— BRANDON PARKER

al and large mind.

Hence it would be idle to class our prolific essayist in the category of "small minds." And one only has to read the latest piece by him, in which he subjects poor Harry Ashmore and that "anti-white" tribunal called the Supreme Court to a well-deserved censure for their views, to be firmly convinced that the man is indeed far from being a small mind.

After reading the article by Harry Ashmore recently, the same article which accused the ever vigilant pen of your contributor into action, it satisfied me that it was written in the true manner of a critic, written with unusual disinterestedness in its analysis of the problems being discussed and totally destitute of partisanship save an honest plea toward a sound and sensible solution of the dilemma, which he (Ashmore) thinks as the underlying principle of the racial issue being in the state that it is now.

But, oh, how accused lot of "small minds" it is not, owing to the peculiar constitution of your brains, to reason rightly of such a capital subject as the

A Hobgoblin's Here If You Can Find It

Editors, The News:

RALPH WALDO Emerson once said: "A foolish consistency is a hobgoblin of small minds." But if that eminent and venerable philosopher were here to examine the essays of a particular contributor to People's Platform, the outstanding characteristic of which is that it treats of one theme and subject with passionate devotion, he would be the last to deny the man the right to be possessed of an exception-

More than 700 white and Negro teachers left Mississippi last year, according to a State Dept. of Education J. M. Tubb, who renewed pleas to the legislature for salary increases. Tubb said that Negro teachers were among those who transferred from the State since September, adding that only 57 replacements had come to the state.

My brother-in-law, William Wetzel, was just killed by the men in power of the State of Mississippi. We only asked that he be considered a life for his own proof without any doubts that he was innocent of the murder. He was accused of back in 1954. It is just another example of men in politics who place their personal snails above the feelings and rights of their fellowmen.

I respect the South's Negro problem and, believe me, I saw better harmony throughout the South than even in some places of the North.

Frank Wetzel, held by your state for the murder of two officers, lived with me, and I watched him go out of his mind because of the worry over his brother, Bill.

This will interest you however: A detective from Ontario County, New York, and two men from Mississippi, were attending FBI school at Washington when your two officers were killed. They all told me that at the time of the murders, they went to the telephone room and read the description given by the dying officer of the man that killed him. That was 21-22 years old, light-colored Negro or Puerto Rican. This detective said that he was relieved, as this wasn't Frank Wetzel, and if you will take the time to go and see Frank, you will know that this is not the man. Everyone in our community all agree, that even though Frank was sick, he would not kill anyone.

Thank you for your courtesy of reading my letter, gentlemen, and I hold a high respect for Richmond County for the justice they gave a man who seemingly was all alone.

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Dr. Johnson in the course of a conversation said to his auditor, no doubt in an agitated mood: "Sir, there is no other topic to talk about save you and me; sir, I am bored by both of us." The fact that your contributor can be so acutely analytical in his essays on egotisms and their rantings and ravings on social and political issues, and whose style is marked by a lack of bombast and an abundance of facts, is perhaps the only thing that can be said to his credit. The man in brief is an intellectual without being an egomaniac, an unmistakable conservative in the tradition of Edmund Burke and a force opponent of a reform which threatens his admirable and enviable estate of true enlightenment; he is absolutely a remarkable man, and a jolly good fellow whom I am happy to admit as worthy to be venerated by all.

— M. SANTORISMO

'Wetzel Was Sick . . . But Would Not Kill'

Geneva, N. Y. Editors, The News:

I KNOW this is not your state, as I found your state to be most progressive on my trip South last month.

But can you tell me "why" in the article that I will quote for you now:

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Drew Pearson's New Englanders Tried To Block Probe

Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON

THE Arkansas traveler, Congressman Overhiser, has been such a thorn in the side of the Moulder committee and so fumed and fluminated over leaks to this column that it is sometimes difficult to tell whether he is a man of closed doors. That's why this column is a little late in reporting a highly significant secret debate which took place before Congress convened when Bobby Hale of Maine and John Heston of Massachusetts rushed down from New England to try to block the Federal Communications Commission investigation. These two New England Republicans hate to leave New England and Congress is not in session, but they made the trip because three other eminent New England Republicans were in trouble.

Big Names Involved

The three in trouble included the highest dignitaries in the Grand Old Party: Sherman Adams, former governor of Connecticut, Hampshire, now assistant president; Sinclair Weeks of Boston, former National GOP treasurer, now former governor of Connecticut; Sen. Leverett Saltonstall, former governor of Massachusetts, now senator. Heston and Hale were valiant and effective. They did not refer to the above

distinguished blue-bloods. In fact, they did not refer to any one case. They just stormed against the general investigation.

"This is the worst thing I have seen since I have been in Congress," shouted Congressman Heston, usually a moderate. He was referring to a questionaire asking top officials on regulatory commissions to list gifts received from businessmen they regulate.

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men hastened back to Washington to protect their high-up New England friends.

For one of the most interesting cases of wire-pulling which Moulder Committee probes have poked into is that of the Boston Herald and Traveler and a TV license worth about \$20 million. This choice TV plum went to the stanch Republican Herald and Traveler after FCC examiner James Cunningham recommended against it, but after Messrs. Sherman Adams, Sinclair Weeks and Leverett Saltonstall put their powerful fingers in the FCC pie.

Amazing Threats

The multimillion-dollar TV channel was also granted after amazing threats by the Herald and Traveler that it would put the Boston Globe out of business. These threats are now a matter of official record.

They have been filed by the owners of the Boston Globe, an independent newspaper, who told how Robert Chateau, owner of the Herald-Traveler, had tried for two years to force a merger of the Globe and the Herald-Traveler. On legal advice, since this would be in violation of the antitrust laws, they refused. Chateau then angrily threatened to do his best to put the Globe out of business.

Dark Hint

The Globe's advertising director, John F. Reid, told still another conversation with Chateau at a Club City reception March 10 at which Chateau asked: "When are you coming to work for the Herald-Traveler?"

When Reid said he was satisfied with his job, Chateau retorted: "Wait until we get our TV station and see what happens."

FCC's Loop-The-Loop

The FCC is supposed to allocate TV channels on the basis of fair competition, not to monopolize either advertising or news dissemination. Despite this, thanks to wire-pulling in high places, FCC commissioners did a lousier job and gave the monopoly-making TV channel to the Herald-Traveler.

Heston don't want investigated.