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SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1958

Israel: Ten Years Of Independence

JERUSALEM seemed unbearably hot in the summer of 1957 it could have been argued that the Syrian frontier near the little Israeli village of Gonen was hotter.

The rattle of gunfire had again been echoing through the Hula Valley. There had been a border clash and the sandy loam of Palestine had once more been stained with Arab and Israeli blood.

Jewish Jerusalem was understandably jittery. Was this the spark that would set it all off again? Even the minor Israeli official who came late to address a small gathering of American visitors showed signs of discomfort traceable to something other than the heat. But as he mopped his brow and surveyed his audience there was something besides anxiety in his face. Too. Anxiety is a chronic condition in the Middle East. This was something utterly different.

When asked about the swift, almost automatic pugnacity with which the woefully unprepared Israeli villagers from Gonen had reacted to the latest threat from Syria, the message of his face was translated into words, precisely and forcefully enunciated.

"Yes," he said, "self defense for the Jews is a new experience. We have only known it really in this generation. In fact, the great tragedy of Jewish history is that for more than six million Jews died in the furnaces but that the Jews had no capacity to defend themselves against this kind of treatment—absolutely none. We have now learned that you cannot be free unless you have a capacity for defense. That is the whole point of Israel. For us, the big thing in the recent border clashes was that the people of Gonen did not run away. For too long we have solved our problems by running away."

Call it simple resolve or even a kind of ringing, iridescent audacity of the spirit, it is the quality that has made it possible for the State of Israel to celebrate its tenth anniversary this year. Israel is not running away. It is here to stay.

The remarkable thing is that it was

established at all in the midst of the most unpromising circumstances imaginable. It is all the more remarkable that it survived.

Not only outsiders but the Jews themselves shared a certain sense of amazement that they were able to pull it off. Prime Minister David Ben Gurion himself dramatized something of the enormity of the achievement in 1954 when he wrote:

"It seemed as if these global tremors, and its own disasters, would at length shatter the foundations of this strange people after they had survived twenty amazing centuries of exile, amazing centuries, if indeed they were not miraculous. The dreadful tribulations which overtook it—severance of Russian Jewry, extermination of the Jews of Europe, slandering of the homeland gates—would not these have been enough to break the will of far stronger nations? And in spite of all, out of all these monstrous buffeting of fate, there has come this incredibly fantastic renewal and renaissance, this birth of the State of Israel, a new incarnation that is not only a tremendous and ultimate turn in the affairs of the Jewish people, but one of the most positive and astounding phenomena in the contemporary history of mankind."

That this young democracy has found a permanent place in the family of nations is an inspiration to many throughout the world. Yet perhaps Israel's sternest tests are yet to come. The problems of the Middle East still can be likened to a basket of snakes. And the Israelis will still have to answer to history for some of the very audacity of the spirit that has colored its major triumphs. Whatever history's verdict might be, the fact is that Israel exists and will continue to exist. It has the strength to do so, moral as well as military. That the Jews should be "driven into the sea" as some Arab nationalists still threaten, is unthinkable. The reason is very simple. It is because the stern and audacious resolve demonstrated last summer by the villagers of Gonen is not peculiar to one corner of Israel, but to all.

Tar Heel Farmers Are The Losers

GOVERNOR LUTHER HODGES, who surely does protest too much, has apparently not convinced his party's Senate leadership that Everett Jordan will be much more than a transient in Washington.

Awaiting the new North Carolina senator are decidedly second-rate committee assignments, according to the Democratic sources on Capitol Hill. These will probably be the Post Office and Civil Service Committee and the Public Works Committee, two rather humble and relatively unimportant assignments for the upper chamber's proleariat. Chubb committee seats go only to senators considered to have a "future."

The late W. Kerr Scott's highly important seat on the Senate Agriculture Committee has, alas, already been reassigned. This is one of the minor tragedies of the transition. North Carolina, despite some hopeful progress toward industrialization, is still primarily a

farm state. Furthermore it is a small farm state, with all of the agonizing problems that an over-supply of small farmers has to endure in a nervous economy. North Carolina needs a seat at the work bench where most of the real, basic structural work is done on agricultural legislation in the Senate.

Scott did know and understand the problems of the small farmer from North Carolina and elsewhere in the South. He represented their interests authoritatively, intelligently and with a great deal of rustic persuasiveness.

It is regrettable that the small-farm, North Carolina view will not be aired around that important work bench again soon. But perhaps the industrialist who has inherited the Senate seat from Scott's mantle can give a Tar Heel flavor to some vital post office or civil service legislation before his term has ended. That will be better than nothing.

The Presbyterian Heritage Grows

THE rich heritage of local Presbyterianism is ornamented handsomely by the choice of Philip F. Howerton as moderator of the 98th General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church, U. S.

Mr. Howerton, a devoted leader in both church and public affairs in Mecklenburg, now holds a position of great honor and responsibility that once was his father's. The father, the Rev. James R. Howerton, also was pastor of the First Presbyterian Church. The son is ruling elder of that church. The election of Mr. Howerton is a potent example of the strength and rewards of family and church tradition and service, and a reminder of the dedication that is required to keep the lamps of enlightenment trimmed and burning.

Said Mr. Howerton in addressing the assembly after his election:

"The greatest human heritage anyone could have in the world is to be the son of a Presbyterian minister. The greatest honor that can be conferred on any man, the greatest call to responsibility is to be called as moderator of the Presbyterian Church."

He is, we take it, proud and happy that he has been called to larger tasks. So are we. Mutual congratulations—for the church and for Mr. Howerton—are in order.

From The Raleigh News & Observer

ONLY A WAGON WILL DO

THE hay ride was to small town and rural North Carolina what the roulette table is to Las Vegas. Even today, there are some sporadic hay rides, but trucks are used, and trying to have one this way is silly as trying to grow chickens by planting chicken feathers. The wagon is imperative, and the older and slower the horse, the sweeter the night and the nearer the stars. The rattle of an engine is indecorous when you are out for laughter, music, and gentle love words. And the little dirt roads, the sandy paths that go on forever in mid-June, the time when the night is mid-circles to nowhere, are the only proper routes for poetic pilgrims out to steal the fragrance from the honeysuckle.

Back yards, preparations were made as zealously as the splendors of the later season. The girls made the lunches and drinks. The had to be careful there wasn't too much chicken and too little cake, pieces of chess pawns and too many sandwiches someone had to eat a soggy tomato one. The informal choirs and quartets were arranged me-

thodically. Places were reserved for heavy dates in the front so that the chaparrons got the tailgate. Had the backs or sides turned to the surreptitious pecking. The mandolins and banjos were placed together, and the boy who played the bones sat, hindpart-before, on the high seat with the driver. (The hotel day was often used. It was long as the Washington Monument and twice as hard, even with a ton of hay.)

The gala trip commenced as soon as a star appeared, and it ended, amid a riot of poignant song, about eleven o'clock. The time for the night policeman knocked off and went home. You never told the mayor that the cop always went home at eleven (everything being so quiet and all), but then, again, he never told your girl's mother that a wagon wheel didn't break and you really didn't have to walk back and get in at eleven-thirty.

The U. S. Chamber of Commerce urges "winning the war" and "winning in any other field will welcome, too"—RALPH NEWS AND OBSERVER.

People's Platform

Right To Vote For Judges Must Be Preserved

Fayetteville

Editors, The News:

IN AMERICA the privilege of the ballot is our most dramatic symbol of freedom. But—the right to vote, and the value of the vote, are not equally being watered down. I was quite surprised to receive the report of the subcommittee on judges and solicitors of the Bell Committee. Under the disguise of an attempt "to improve and expedite" the administration of justice in North Carolina, this committee and the North Carolina Bar Association have recommended that we eliminate the ballot as a means of selecting any of the judges in North Carolina, including Supreme Court justices, Superior Court justices, and all others.

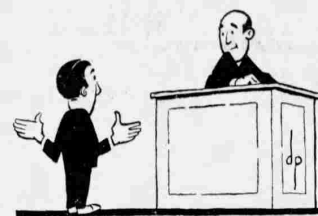
It is a mighty good thing to improve and expedite justice, and there are many improvements that are needed, but there are possibilities that we are hastening the day of bondage when we take away the right to vote for such an important office as judge of the Superior Court, and other judges. The committee of commissioners and officials that are presently appointed leaves considering as to the value of his vote.

Where is the stopping point? Who will appoint the governor? Or do you believe that it is too important a job for appointment? Well, how about the president of the bar association? Why don't we arrange to have him appointed? Now—do you really believe that the appointment of judges would remove the taint of politics? Is it better for judges to be obligated to a handful of politicians with power sufficient to swing a deal for an appointment (such as the recommendation of the bar would effect)? Or would it be better to have a judge who is obligated to the entire electorate (such as our present system)?

The ballot represents the small amount of power that is left in the hands of the individuals. When we begin appointing judges, I believe it will not be long before the tide will be directed toward other officials, for whom we must get ballots.

I am sure that the voting people are intelligent enough to make a proper selection, and I believe that a judge who must depend upon a majority of the people to elect him to that office, will prove to be a better judge than he would be if he merely depended upon an appointive power to place him in the office.

I am not unaware of the limited voting privilege that the committee recommended. However, this is really not a matter of giving



... Then why not appoint governors, too?

ing the voter a choice to make, and is not a fair way to treat the voting public.

I hope that the recommendations concerning the appointment of judges will be defeated, and I plan to be in the front lines, fighting to retain the right to vote for judges.

I believe that no one could have a quarrel pertaining to the ballot system. For example, you say, "Ideally, the appointment should have gone to a citizen already tested at the polls, and one having a primary interest or some actual experience in government."

While I am not necessarily opposed to those who have dedicated their lives to running for public office, I would hasten to add that some of our ablest leaders are men who have proven themselves in the competitive field of private enterprise. What better example of this than our governor himself, who built his life on hard work in the business world and distinguished himself in that realm before stepping into his first political office as lieutenant governor only a few years ago.

It is true, perhaps, that Everett Jordan has not been tested at the political polls, but so what? Everett Jordan comes from solid timber. The son of a North Carolina minister, he started to work at an early age in the textile mill of Gaston County and has risen through hard work and business ingenuity to the respected position he now holds as manager of a group of mills in the central part of the state.

Everyone, including your paper, admits that he has served the Democratic Party long and faithfully, and I am confident he will serve the people of North Carolina as well. However, it is not paramount that a man be "tested at the polls" or have a "primary interest" in government before becoming qualified as an appointee to the United States Senate.

Your editorial of Monday evening, however, disappointed me. My hopes, that he has prompted me to action not heretofore taken, is, writing letters to the editors.

Your dissertation concerns Gov. Hedges' appointment of Everett Jordan to fill the Senate post left vacant by the late Sen. Scott. After your attempt to cast doubt and suspicion on the merits of our governor, you apparently have attempted to establish

lish your paper as the sage of political ideas. For example, you say, "Ideally, the appointment should have gone to a citizen already tested at the polls, and one having a primary interest or some actual experience in government."

The Continental Congress was warned this taken battle would be fought without them if necessary, and thereupon swung in and helped with the most brilliant tactical victory of the war.

The scolding Morgans, eager to quit and "running for dear life," on page 63, contrasts sharply with the one on page 81, selecting Morgans previously and planning a fight. Gen. Howard of the "warlike thrust" and Maj. McDougal with others assure us that a decision to fight was not made until the arrival of the Carolina-Georgia militia. They had won victories, and brilliant victories among cane-brakes further south.

Judge O'Neal and Maj. Young bear out the tradition that the Americans' flanks were protected by cane-brakes. The more northern reared Morgans evidently did not even remember this important military feature of the field.

Historians busily enumerate the slain without naming them, as if they were telling of fish speared or rabbit gunned. With 10 or 12 Americans killed at Cowpens (authorities differ slightly), I have felt they at least might be patriotically listed in some of the many accounts of the battle. Now did so. Helping mark old soldiers' graves I at last began my own list.

Eventually caught in a bayonet fight, little Delaware's Eli e Hen's chickens furnished half the merrymen to liberty. For once let's call the names: John Cornwall,

In spite of what the "branchhead boys" of your editorial have to say about the Jordan appointment, there are none more qualified, in my opinion, than B. Everett Jordan for this post.

—ROBERT L. DALTON JR.

Here Are Americans Killed At Cowpens

Charlotte,

Editors, The News:

KENNETH Roberts' "Battle Of Cowpens: The Great Moral Boulder" is well titled. Did he know that the other 10 states were supposedly plotting with England to drop both the Carolinas and Georgia as bait for their own freedom, and that the Carolina-Georgia leader demanded a fight before crossing the state line to show the people they were not being betrayed?

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William Haignan, James Scott, Richard Treasure and Thomas Walker. Capt. Henry Zeller of Maryland and Charles Kinsolving, sometimes called Consolver, of Virginia were killed.

The Carolina-Georgia group lost Aaron Smith, Lt. Samuel Watson, James Wilson. The given name of the last was lost for years until F. M. Hulse of the South Carolina Archives found it for me recently. James Caldwell, uncle of John Caldwell Calhoun, received 30 wounds and was left among the dead. James Lee, a North Carolina kinsman of the Robert E. Lee family, was so severely wounded he may well have been counted dead, but both the latter were rescued and survived.

The cane-brakes are also mentioned in Santera Lang's "Sky-agusta to Cowpens Lake."

—A. L. PICKENS

Lack Of Information Marks Zoning Matter

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

BEFORE Mr. Whitlock pursues the subject of "federal business" further, would he visit it is evident, to familiarize himself very thoroughly with each phase of the business. Thus far, his remarks have been absurd and utterly ridiculous, but I feel sure it was due to his lack of information.

Was it actually the fact that a particular building can't be sold because of ghosts, or was it the asinine of such a statement being made by an adult living in the Twentieth Century that "convulsed" those attending the meeting? Inasmuch as the entirety of his orations before the City Council meeting amounted to "juvenile gibberish," it would be to Mr. Whitlock's best interests to "back up and start over."

—PEGGY CROWDER

Quote, Unquote

"Nothing flatters our pride more than the confidence of the great: we ascribe their trust to our own merit, and forget that the theory that the more Indians they of their vanity and of their inability to keep a secret."—La Rochefoucauld.

Following The Bulls

A Fiesta In Spain

By ROBERT C. RUARK

SEVILLE, Spain

THERE'S a strange camaraderie among the kind of foreigners who make the big bull-fighting festivals in Spain. The San fermin in Pamplona, the feria here in Seville, in this lovely palm-studded old Moorish town which is split by the Guadalquivir River—and in the big formal festival of San Isidro in Madrid.

They gravitate unerringly to each other, in the big pavilions in which a million gallons of sherry is drunk, in the bar and dining room of the better Andalusian Palace, or the Alfonso XIII, or the ancient mansions which throw open their flowered courtyards and noble balconies to temporary paying guests.

CUADRILLA INTACT

Jack and Nancy Hamon from Dallas beat me and Ricardo Sicre here by a bit, because they flew and we drove from Madrid, but they found me in the final round to find them at midnight. They would be watching the unloading of the bulls, the driving of them into the corral.

The headwater of the calf over-looking the bull unloading began. "Aha," he said, when Ricardo and I arrived, "the cuadrilla is again intact."

He was referring to the July y

festival in Pamplona, where the same faces had the same lunch, same dinner and the same no-longer-to-be-remembered bull-fight.

The flower vendor gave us a warm embrace and a free carnation, because she was a Pamplona person, too, as were the waiters, the head waiters, all the people who travel around from fiesta to fiesta. It's a quiet kind of solidarity, but an awful lot of fun to be greeted warmly by the help—almost a conspiracy of friendship.

SECRET SOCIETY

It resembles the secret society of people who stride the world. My spies, at a flamenco we gave in the panolea, or Gitanillo de Triana, were old friends of mine from Barcelona—transplanted Andalusians who had come home again but were happy to see their true old friends from the north. This was all by accident, but you get the old feeling of belonging to the same club.

At a dinner given by Juanito Belmonte, it was no accident to see Generalissimo Franco's daughter and son-in-law and the Duchess of Alcazar drinking manzanilla with some of the most unslavish, shabby spies yet unslavish. It was no accident to see anybody from anywhere, caught in the spell of the fiesta, the throbs of guitars and wild dancing.



Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Editors' Note: With Drew Pearson touring the Middle West, his column today is written by his associate, Jack Anderson.

WASHINGTON
THE President's military reorganization plan, which is supposed to stop inter-service feuding, has started some dandy new feuds.

FRIDAY, 1.—The armed services are feuding behind the scenes over the reorganization plan. The Navy favors the President's plan, the Air Force is against it and the Army is split.

Undercover Campaign

Through its civilian arm—the Navy League and Naval Advisory Council—the Navy is waging an undercover campaign against Ike's proposals. Retired Adm. J. W. Reeves Jr., Advisory Council chairman, has called on his members to bring pressure on congressmen to defeat the President's reorganization plan.

Confidential Letter

Reeves' confidential letter warns: "Do not repeat to any one, not even a member of the Advisory Council or Navy League but as an individual citizen. This personal contact is most important at this

Armed Services Slug It Out Backstage

time either by telephone, wire or person-to-person approach."

Congressman Carl Vinson, who has opened hostile hearings on the reorganization bill, is feuding with the White House over who should write the final version.

I appreciate the President's interest," Vinson told White House aides today. "but Congress is going to write the reorganization bill."

Ike Blasted

The caustic Georgian prepared a speech last week blasting Ike for talking about reorganization but sending Congress no word of his recommendations. The White House got advance word of the speech and in order to thwart Vinson's plan to bring the bill to the press a couple hours before Vinson took the floor.

Great Debate

Whatever the outcome, however, it is not the great military debate since the Air Force was split off from the Army in 1947 and the three sister services were sent to live together

in the Pentagon in what was supposed to be one big happy family.

Instead, they put on a display of eye-scratching, back-biting, and hair-pulling that drove the first secretary of defense, the late James Forrestal, literally out of his mind. Inter-service rivalry has gone so far that the services now keep secrets, including vital missile information, from each other. Thousands of classified papers are stamped for Army, Navy, or Air Force eyes only.

At the same time, the defense machinery has become hopelessly clogged with red tape. Gen. Maxwell Taylor, the Army chief, has complained that 19 civilian officials stand between him and the commander-in-chief. All 19 have a say in how the Army should be run.

Wilson's 'No-Men'

Former Secretary of Defense Charlie Wilson surrounded himself with 29 deputy or assistant secretaries, similar to General Motors vice presidents, who had authority to say "no" but seldom "yes." In other words, they had a negative authority which does not permit them to make high policy decisions or to try to block them. They are still functioning. Wilson built up a gigantic, unwieldy staff of over 2,400 employees, divided

into empires within empires. These empires are headed by deputies and assistants who keep adding more employees on the theory that the more Indians they command the bigger their tribe become.

The result, however, is to impede and obstruct decision-making. A new idea must pass through stifling layers of bureaucracy. By the time it has run the gauntlet of assistants, it is weighted down with so many comments that the secretary of defense has difficulty wading through the accumulated mounds.

Cash Of Ideas

Eisenhower and Vinson have different ideas about how to correct the abuses. Ike wants to downgrade the three services and give the secretary of defense more power.

Vinson's Idea

On the other hand, Vinson wants to bolster the independence of the three services by bringing the secretaries of the Army, Navy, and Air Force into the powerful, policy-making National Security Council.

Meanwhile the battle lines are drawn and Washington is settling down to a good fight.