



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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People's Platform

Charlotte
Editors: The News
MR. BELL, in his April 29th letter to the News, gives some good arguments for the appointment of Superior Court judges. He forgets, however, that government is not a political party in any appointment.
Can anyone picture Gov. Hodges appointing a Republican who happens to be the best qualified man available? And what about the furor over Sen. Jordan's appointment?

In the same issue, Mr. John Bennett makes some pertinent remarks about the state bar association. This association wields dictatorial powers over its members and I know of at least one case in which it used undue influence to stifle opposition. Many attorneys have admitted that drastic reform is long overdue, but who'll be the cat when it might mean disbarment?

Both gentlemen missed the best solution, in order to prevent the election of Republican judges in western districts, the state legislature provided for statewide election of all Superior Court judges. Voters can be relied upon to evaluate the worth of a judicial candidate in their own home district but are wholly unimformed about the qualifications of candidates in other districts.

Return the election of Superior Court judges to the individual districts.
This may result in the election of a few Republicans but it will result in better caliber men than if we relied upon the politically biased selection by a politically elected governor.
—E. J. PRESSER



Voters Can Be Trusted In Their Own Districts

Whisper Campaign Is 'Reprehensible'

Charlotte
The News
REALIZING that our representatives from Mecklenburg County in the General Assembly of North Carolina are most important after each day of filing like all other good citizens should I selected from what I knew or thought I knew the four men for whom I intended to vote—among these was candidate Sydney F. Croft.

The kind of whispering that is being used against Mr. Croft is both unwise and unfair because it could conceivably deny the people of Mecklenburg County one of the most qualified candidates for the House of Representatives. Tactics as described above are reprehensible of me.
—HARRY P. STOKELY

Quote, Unquote

"Earliest people are often people who habitually look on the serious side of things that have no serious side." —Van Wyck Brooks.
"Men fear silence as they fear solitude, because both give them a glimpse of the terror of life's nothingness." —Andre Maurois.

Democratic Ignorance

Lethargic Leaders

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON
IT WOULD BE difficult at this point for the country to get the impression that one party is more concerned about the recession than the other. Some members of both parties feel that much more should be done now than do other members and the White House.



SEN. LYNDON JOHNSON

But the Democratic congressional leaders have been, at times, lethargic. Their effort in speeding up housing and roads seems to have exhausted them, and even the future of the plan with the most immediate impact on the unemployed is clouded.

The House conservative coalition, a move which unquestionably will be attempted in the Senate.

That plan is the Democratic proposal to authorize federal grants to finance an extra 15 weeks of unemployment compensation benefits. To best benefit the White House has worked hard to reconstitute the old conservative coalition of Republicans and moderate Democrats, a third force greatly weakened last summer by the civil rights struggle.

The Speaker was, in fact, crowning the Apple Blossom Queen in the Shenandoah Festival while House Ways and Means Chairman Wilbur Mills fought hard for the unemployment compensation bill. It was Mills' first major effort as chairman of that important committee where all tax measures originate.

TEXANS AGREE
This maneuver has been so successful that managers of the Democratic bill are casting doubt on prospects for the President's more modest plan and any other program for outright aid, including a tax cut.

MEANINGFUL PRAISE
Even those members intending to vote him down felt that Mills' handling of the bill was extremely well and made the best possible case for his side. The praise is meaningful, for the House is a harsh judge of its own members when it comes to the business of legislating. It knows very well which ones show capacity, industry and political intelligence; while greatly tolerant of each other personally, members are apt to be naggingly with their legislative apathy.

BOTH ENDS
This, in effect, puts the conservative point of view in command at both ends of Pennsylvania Avenue. The trend is strengthened by the rebounding of the economy.

IN AN INTERESTING echo of the Great Depression of the '30s, Republicans cried "dole" at the Mills bill. It certainly is a dole in the dictionary sense, for it includes federal aid for the jobless not covered by the unemployment insurance program.

Whether it is smart for Republicans to revive their old battle cry against proposals to deal with the Great Depression — which also found them in control at the White House — is another story. Just the sound of the word "dole" sent reminiscent chills down the backs of some of the more venerable members of the press gallery.

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Are The Bombers Spies Or Bigots?

ARE minions of Moscow plotting the periodic outbreaks of senseless violence that plague the South and smear its reputation?

THE FAYETTEVILLE OBSERVER implies as much in commenting on bombings of a Negro school and a Jewish center in Jacksonville, Fla. Says the Observer: "We must not overlook the strong possibility that what the French call 'agents provocateurs' are at work in the South, deliberately trying to paint an untrue picture of our section, to de-fame it and to inflame the world against it, for purposes far more sinister than those dreamed up in the relatively simple minds of sheet-clad night-riders." The paper then poses six questions leading directly to the assumption that shrewd Communist plotters rather than stupid American bigots are behind the bombings.

To accept the assumption would be comforting both to logic and the regional conscience. Indeed, it is rather a strain on a logical mind to contemplate bed-sheeted buffoons busily chipping away at the foundations of a social structure they wish to preserve. As the Observer notes, every act of violence the Klan commits is an open invitation for more federal interference in the South's affairs. But there is nothing new about the paranoia of the Klan mentality, nor is there anything in the Florida bombings to sug-

gest that there is a new design behind the terror.

The pattern seems too distressingly consistent. A number of Alabama Klansmen recently were convicted for the brutal emasculation of an innocent Negro citizen. Klan members in Charlotte have been found guilty of attempting to bomb a Negro school. The list of home-grown depravities is long, shameful and sordid.

The promotion of racial unrest, it is true, is a well-developed technique of the Communists. Perhaps the possibility of their involvement ought to be pursued once the bombers are caught and incarcerated. But speculation on the ideologies of madmen serves little purpose when the madmen are still running around loose.

It would simplify matters a great deal perhaps if a Communist plot was afoot. Agents provocateur can be arrested, their schemes smashed, and their strategy calculated.

The jungle urges that grip the Klan mentality, however, are not so easily subjected to the logical processes of police work. They merely erupt—without meaning, form or reason.

It would be sweetly comforting to our regional conscience to blame our racial ills on foreign intrigue, but to do so without proof could lead us into a delusion as dangerous as that by which Klansmen are enthralled.

'You'll Be Glad To Know I Found Your Lost Cat'



The Late-Blooming Child

A Eulogy For Diamond Jim

By ROBERT C. RUARK

WELL, THERE goes another one.
I was sitting in Seville, Spain, the other day with a New Orleans dame named Mary Cobb and, like any New Orleans all-around, we forgot the bulls and were talking about whom we loved. And we all loved the same people. From both sides of Canal Street.

In addition to Owen Brennan and the three departed Weiss brothers, Papa Celestin, and Tommy Cantelero and Gagner — all the landmarks and all the remnants of the days that used to be in the city, we had a little time in the clinic, and had been a bootlegger. And I say the hell with it. Diamond Jim was, in his peculiar way, a real class.

He ran some restaurants, in at least one of which the biggest black maller ever shot by accident is ensnared, and I shot that duck — through, I believe, the right eye — at something over seven miles upstairs. All I know is that another departed gentleman friend called Sam, mentioned to Mr. Moran a long ways away: "Folks, I was a little bit of a class, but I had a heart attack."

Jimmy had diamonds in his teeth and diamonds on his fingers. He was a late-blooming child. He was a skinny kid out of nowhere who once saw a 20-gauge shotgun in a hockshop window and made up his mind then and there that he would have that shotgun, but it would be diamond-studded. That time would wake him up, time as a prize fighter, some time as a slot guy — was not then computed into the machine.

COOKING CHORES
He was hungry, as only Italians can be hungry, for the time anti-pasto, the pasta fagiolle. . . He was hungry. One day he would have a restaurant where even the hamburgers would be diamond-studded. And he had it, finally, and then another. That didn't count. As the quest set down to Jimmy in the middle of the prairie, where Jimmy did the cooking chores for the mighty.

We were a great hunting group — an Italian ex-bootlegger, all the Weiss boys, the now long-gone Sam Macco, who with his brother Rosario ran the gambling in Galveston, some people named Tom and Clair, a flock of Cajuns, all shooting out of one place down on the bayous with Moran in the kitchen, trying to combine Italian, French, and kosher cuisine with a lot of bad jokes.

MAGNIFICENT SHOT
Diamond Jim shot magnificently. Sam Macco, then dying of cancer, didn't, but he still had a sense of humor. He came in, full of grey-haired dignity, one afternoon with two ducks. Somebody asked him how many shells he spent.

"Five boxes," he said, with an easy gambler's calm. "I come here to shoot."

MUTUAL ADMIRATION
The biggest thing Jimmy ever had was when I imported Harry Selby, the African professional hunter, into New Orleans and Jim was able to take him shooting at the camp. Jimmy kept looking at Harry as if Harry wasn't real, and Harry kept looking back at Jim with the same appreciation.

But suddenly an English-African looked at a Louisiana African and they got together to each other. Last night I looked Harry Selby in the kitchen and I was mixing the drink.

All I hope is that wherever old Jimmy has racked up, they have diamonds for his hole, and that the celestial ducks decay well.

WASHINGTON
Dinner parties sometimes make strange tablemates. Sen. Knowland of California had just finished a 45-year period, defined as a pompous clergyman who announced he didn't chew because he was a Christian. "I'm a Christian, too," said Suttle, "but I ain't no durned fool about it."

But we were talking about chewing in high places. Kerr Scott had at least one foot across the border of the Senate debate in which he tried to write a new restriction on labor law. In amendment after amendment from the Senate floor, the GOP leader who aspires to be governor of California tried to rewrite completely a bipartisan bill for the protection of labor. The Senate was kept in night session and even met most of Saturday to act on Knowland's proposals. In every case he lost.

Bitter Contest
One reason he lost was the vigorous opposition of AFL-CIO President George Meany. Meany thrust all his potent influence into the bitter legislative battle which recessed late Saturday to continue Monday.

The Sunday recess the Israeli Ambassador, Abba Eban, gave a dinner in honor of the tenth anniversary of his heroic little country. To the dinner came the secretary of state and Mrs.

Why They're Not Mild About Harry

EVERY time Harry S. Truman boards a train in Missouri there is a nervous clutching among politicians for timetables and arrival dates. Mr. Truman is a Jeweling kind of weather. Sometimes he's cloudy, sometimes he's fair; everybody talks about him but nobody does anything about him. What can one do about Harry Truman? Some hate him, some love him and others, perhaps the wiser, accept him for the political phenomenon that he is and try to enjoy the show as much as Mr. Truman does.

The puzzling reaction is that of those who want to give Harry permanent leave on obscurity. They think it's a shame the way he's always butting in on weighty discussions and giving out his simple-as-ABC explanations. And, in fact, Mr. Truman's manner does lack a perfect homing instinct when it comes to history. Just the other day he publicly confessed his errors and offered apologies to a reporter whose accounts he had disputed. But the matter did not end with the reporter's gracious response to the former president. In some sections of the press, columnists and letter writers are still denouncing Mr. Truman as having committed an unforgivable act and referring to him per-

haps more in hopefulness than in fact, as a "has-been."

Well, it's a free country. But obscurity is not for Harry Truman. That's what he came from and he's not going back, not as long as the game of politics is played, and that is not charades they're playing along the Potomac these days. The Madison Avenue boys merely succeed occasionally in making it look like charades.

Harry S. Truman, like all presidents and peasants, has his failings. But one wonders if he has more than his share as is alleged against him, or is it merely that Mr. Truman's partisanship and political instincts are so transparent? It is he a mirror that reflects too faithfully for tender sensibilities the realities of the brokerage between opposing groups and interests that is called politics?

Perhaps it is the part of the Truman personality that makes some swear at the sound of his name. Mr. Truman definitely was not the sort of a president who could make a postmaster appointment appear as an act of elevated statesmanship. He may be a "common politician," but he doubtless is comforted to know, as Mr. Dewey was distressed to learn, that most American voters fall in the common category.

Just Follow The Bouncing Ball, Ivan

THE bright young brains of the Navy and Madison Avenue teamed up last week for what might be a historic turn in the armaments race, a change that would reserve a niche for each in the hearts of all peace lovers and sports fans.

The Navy, eager enough to help the cause of American business, agreed to perform a mission of special significance for a sporting goods firm. The object: See how high a basketball will bounce when dropped from the height of the Empire State Building.

Mayor Wagner had already refused use of the building itself that towers 1,472 feet above the sidewalk for fear that some pedestrian might be hit on the noggin. So the experiment was moved to the Navy blimp base at Lakehurst, N. J.

The briefing officer told the press, "This is no frivolous stunt. Continual developments of our bombing accuracy for anti-submarine missions demand constant practice in dropping missiles with varying ballistic characteristics."

The airship came in low over the field armed with an "anti-submarine" cargo of 12 basketballs. The target was a ten-foot cross on the runway representing a sub's conning tower.

None of the basketballs came near the cross and the highest bounce was a mere twenty-two feet, nine inches.

But with more effort and study the Navy might get higher and higher bounces out of their basketballs until one is placed in orbit and the temperamental Vanguard can be abandoned.

From The Shelby Star

POLITICS AND SPITTOONS

THE Associated Press nearly ran out of any adjectives with which to describe Sen. Kerr Scott other than "tobacco-chewing."

In fact, both the morning and night leads on the story concerning the former governor's recent attack described him as "North Carolina's tobacco-chewing senator" or words to that effect.

There's no question as to the truth of the description. Brer Scott liked a chew as well as the next man—probably better than the next man, for that matter. But we rather suspect a lot of readers got his tobacco-chewin' all tied up with his heart trouble if they take both morning and afternoon papers.

In addition to that, it would appear from the stories that a public official—especially one in the Senate—does something quite out of the ordinary when he crunches a cud of tobacco.

Well, it isn't out of the ordinary in North Carolina, where tobacco is the biggest cash crop we have although not as big any more as we'd like it to be. For that matter, there isn't much chewing going on in North Carolina these days. They've even taken the spitoons out of many courthouses and post offices.

It would appear that Tar Heels are doing more "spitting" than chewing. The

Rev. John Suttle, Shelby's 88-year-old country preacher, once told a questioner: "It's a sin to burn anything that tastes as good as tobacco."

On another occasion, the Baptist preacher who held forth in N. C. pulpits for a 45-year period, defined a pompous clergyman who announced he didn't chew because he was a Christian. "I'm a Christian, too," said Suttle, "but I ain't no durned fool about it."

But we were talking about chewing in high places. Kerr Scott had at least one foot across the border of the Senate debate in which he tried to write a new restriction on labor law. In amendment after amendment from the Senate floor, the GOP leader who aspires to be governor of California tried to rewrite completely a bipartisan bill for the protection of labor. The Senate was kept in night session and even met most of Saturday to act on Knowland's proposals. In every case he lost.

Countless hundreds of our public officials who have risen from the legal profession cultivated the chewing habit because they couldn't smoke in the courtroom.

One of the real tests of a cub reporter years ago was whether he could (1) chew along with them; and (2) successfully sidestep the purloins of amber juice in front of the judges' bench, for many of the lawyers had notoriously poor aim.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

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Anything Can Happen in Washington

Dulles, the publisher of the New York Herald Tribune, Ogden Reid, with Mrs. Reid, the ambassador of France, Hervey Alphonse, the Australian ambassador, Congressman Francis Bolton of Cleveland, and Sen. and Mrs. Stuart Symington of Missouri.

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follows the nation's economy as Althea Gilman follows a tennis ball, has come up with some discouraging private prognostications. It seems no business turn — Business is waiting to use up inventories before buying anything, say the Wall Streeters, and the only bright spot in the picture is that buying will have to start soon. . . Business is waiting for a drop in prices, but will be disappointed. Continued inflation seems to be the order of the day.

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