



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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TUESDAY, JUNE 24, 1958

People's Platform

Editors, The News:
As a resident of Charlotte, I wish to express my sincere gratitude to the two local papers for their relentless efforts in ex-

Papers Praised For Exposing Court Scandal

Charlotte

posing the disgraceful past operation of Charlotte's Recorder's Court.
I hope all the people of Charlotte realize the significance of

the past condition of the Recorder's Court and demand that the person or persons responsible be held fully accountable.
Again, my thanks to the press

for rendering the greatest public service possible to the City of Charlotte.
—DOUGLAS A. SMITH JR.

Court has caused the majority of American citizens to lose respect and confidence in it by its decisions handed down in recent years. Headed by Justice Earl Warren, they have not made many cases of convicted Communists.

'Fire Them All' And Start Fresh

Charlotte

IT LOOKS like the only way to clean up the mess at City Hall and Recorder's Court is to fire everyone who is connected with it and start with a clean slate.
How can anyone have any confidence and respect for law and our courts when they are in such a mess? But Charlotte is not alone in this mess. I am sure it is true that a person with money can always pay out and get out of serving time. The courts should treat all alike, the wealthy same as the poor. You need some men serving time on the roads who are wealthy or influential. It is the poor whites and Negroes who are sent to the roads to serve time, and sometimes it depends whether a person lives in Myers Park or in what some police call the slums.

I think it is wrong to send any teenage boy to the roads to serve time. Some other way of punishment should be found.
The Roosevelt-Truman-Eisenhower New Deal-packed Supreme

—PARKS A. YANDEL

City Court Mess Is Fair Warning

Faw Creek

Editors, The News: THE PEOPLE of Mecklenburg County have been electing judges for years. The record will show the people have been intelligent in their choices.

Jack Love is opposed to the Governor appointing our judges. He should be our next state senator.

—W. J. BARNES

Throw The Book

A Bum Is A Bum

By ROBERT C. RUARK

I JUST read "Little Caesar," the classic gangland story which is now 30 years old and which was the earliest harbinger of the Eddie Robinson, Jimmy Cagney, Humphrey Bogart, George Raft season of glamorized hoodlumism in the movies, and I recommend the book as a primer.

It's been republished by Dial Press, and serves me, at least, as a reminder that a crook, a bum is a bum, and a professional violator of the law deserves nothing but the long hitch in the clink, the double-crossed death by his pals and, finally, a cheap pine box.

My favorite legal pin-up boy, Judge Sam Leibowitz of Kings County Court in New York, just arrived in the prints with a suggestion that what we need, in addition to a good street electric chair, is a kind of Devil's Island for habitual, professional crooks.

SURET CURE

"That would be worse than the chair," the judge said. "We wouldn't torture them, or anything like that, but we'd put them where their friends and the politicians couldn't see them. The dogooders would holler that it's barbaric, but that's the sure cure for the professional racketeer. Let them work up an honest sweat for their daily bread. And cut down on the cost of keeping them in jail."

Judge Leibowitz referred to the "old days, when an Al Capone could have six telephones in his jail cell and Joey Pay could receive visits from members of the Legislature even when doing time." He did not mention the unfortunates like Serge Rubenstein in the crib we call the "Country Club," that rest-cure at Lewisburg, Pa., or some of the other de luxe juves which compete with Maine Chance Farms as a way to get away from it all, including the excess weight of conscience.

MOBS RAN THE CITIES

Frankly, I'd forgotten, in the fever of all this misunderstanding, yiddie crime, the precise cruel callousness of the old mob days, when half a dozen mobs ran the big cities, until I picked up the new version of "Little Caesar."

Then the engineered killings, such as with Albert Anastasia and Willie Moretti, and the horrible acid-blinking of Victor Peisel, the labor columnist, and the swift elimination of the human impediments, and the idea of my Davis found in the usual parking lot, the prosecution witness noticed out of the window of the old-fashioned cement-suit.

All the bones of Prohibition suddenly returned in a burst of memory.

Pittsburgh Phil and, before him, Big Jim Colosimo, Capone and Chicago Nose and the whole mob straight out of Damon Runyon except that they all existed.



SERGE RUBINSTEIN Unlabeled

They killed on order, with the desk-fussing heatness of prissy executives.

These were not basically misunderstood "yoids" from broken homes. Almost invariably they were boys from honest, devoutly religious, peasant immigrant families. The fat Sicilian mamas went, and the gummy went, too, because they had caused Mama pain. Papa cursed garishly and waved his arms and lamented the day he sired a bum. The bums were good to their parents, before whom they stood in fear and respect.

Then they went out and calmly chucked a pineapple through a window, or pulled a St. Valentine's Day massacre, or fingered a rival, or equalized to the right cops, or engineered a murder with a girl friend for bait. Lovey people, all, with Tommy-guns rampant on a field of blood and alcohol.

COLD CYNICISM The cold cynicism of their murders and tortures in the name of what they regarded as "business" was appalling. Fortunately, rival gangs at the chair or the rope or finally the old electric chair, tertiary spyllis, reaped most of them, and so relieved the state of maintenance.

But we are now building a fresh generation, and I am wondering if Judge Leibowitz isn't right when he suggests a Devil's Island, a criminal's Molekai, for the moral lepers who afflict us currently. A place where they can just work, stare at each other, and contemplate the ancient truth, that professional crime is a real poor way to earn a living.

Quote, Unquote

"Growing old is no more than a bad habit which a busy man has no time to form." —Andre Maurois.

Does Council Have Confidence In Him?

WHAT does it take to make a City Councilman morally indignant? How much badness must be exposed before he acts with righteous indignation and spirited resolve?

To what lengths will he go to keep a crony in office who has embarrassed him publicly? These are questions responsible citizens are asking today—and not altogether rhetorically, either.

It is understandable. For what Charlotteans would like most to observe in City Council tomorrow is at least a flicker of righteous indignation at the collapse of City Recorder's Court as an effective judicial body.

Under Judge Basil M. Boyd, a former City Councilman, the court has fallen into a state of almost unbelievable disrepair. The documented record of lapses and irregularities in the administration of justice has both shocked and vexed the public. Other than the some annoyance that they should be involved in the matter, Councilmen have remained surprisingly aloof.

There was agreement—not unanimous—that the Institute of Government should be asked to recommend improvements in court procedures here. Only one Council member—Mrs. Martha Evans—has lately betrayed any interest

whatever in improving the personnel responsible for the procedures.

The Council's complete and utter lack of a satisfactory sense of outrage about what has been going on in Recorder's Court has not escaped Judge Boyd. He has refused to resign.

But how long can the Council go on winking at the record of its former colleague? How long can it afford to remain aloof? What are the limits of its protective instincts?

In waiting for the dust to settle and the whole ugly scandal to "blow over," Councilmen are merely encouraging the public to make the worst of an intolerable situation.

Furthermore, they are encouraging a further erosion of confidence in the administration of justice in Charlotte.

An expression by the Council's majority of a lack of confidence in the manner in which Judge Boyd has conducted Recorder's Court would have no legally binding effect. It would not remove him from office. But it would notify the judge and the community that the Council finally is fed up with the mess and fed up with the judge who presided over the mess.

Presumably the judge would have the decency to take the hint.

The Cattle Have All The Political Pull

THE National Citizens Council for Better Schools laid it on the line last week for parents and educators alike.

"Passage of any form of federal aid to education appears unlikely in this session of Congress," said its house organ, *BETTER SCHOOLS*. "Most proponents of either a school construction bill or a scholarship program are openly discouraged about the chances of either type aid program being approved."

It was more than an omen. It had all the earmarks of a fact. Gone is the nation's " Sputnik complex." The beeps of the first Soviet satellite, but the shouting and the sporadic long-distance memory. Gone is the sense of urgency about the condition of U. S. public education. It has been misplaced somewhere in the hurry-scurry to trace the sources of vicarious guilt. Even the spotlighted and thoroughly inadequate remedies prescribed by every Tom, Dick and Harry in Congress last January are virtually forgotten now. After all, how many votes can the illiterates muster?

After the shock value of the first Sputnik had passed, leadership from the White House has been anything but inspiring. President Eisenhower did not even revive the school construction programs junked by Congress in 1956 and 1957. A similar measure, re-introduced by Rep. Frank Thompson Jr. (D-N.J.) is given little chance of passage by practically everyone concerned.

The crisis of conscience has apparently

passed, but the problems linger on—bigger and worse than ever.

It is a curious thing that a chicken or an ear of corn or a beef calf has a better chance of being "improved" in this country than thousands of children living in some of the poorer states of the union. In fact, Americans insist on having high grade chickens, corn and cattle. But low-grade human beings are matters of only casual and occasional concern.

It is a curious thing, too, how many state legislators in Congress can vote millions without a qualm to stamp out hoof-and-mouth disease and can find all sorts of elaborate reasons why it is wrong for Uncle Sam to assist in stamping out illiteracy.

It is shameful, this ranking of cattle above children. But the shame can be removed. The 85th Congress still has time to act. It must, or suffer a lasting blot on its record.

\$60,000 Question

WHICH ISSUE OF THE CHARLOTTE NEWS d'ya believe?

70-G RAZZLE-DAZZLE

FAILED FOR MR. LOVE

—JUNE 2, 1958

JACK LOVE SAYS

HE SPENT \$9,783

—JUNE 23, 1958

Lend An Ear To New Sounds, Too

IF THERE is no music in the air there is plenty in the wind.

Conductor Henry Janice of the Charlotte Symphony Orchestra is already promising heaping helpings of Beethoven, Tchaikovsky, Mozart and Wagner to ticket holders during the coming 1958-59 season.

The prospect is marvelous, but so is Maestro Janice's opportunity to give his audiences the additional esthetic stimulation of an occasional contemporary classic.

Tradition and the box office demand that old standards make up the lion's share of symphonic programs. Most subscribers plainly prefer the standard compositions. Thus, Aaron Copland's recent lament: "Though available music has increased rapidly, the proportion of new music to old music remains small—and the same."

But even the most unadventurous subscriber will not object strenuously to new music if the programs are arranged shrewdly.

Contemporary music needs the support that even community orchestras such as the Charlotte Symphony can give. It is a shortsighted policy indeed which concentrates only on the famous composers of the past. It builds toward no future. It narrows the field of musical enjoyment unnecessarily. It obscures the considerable array of talented contemporary composers—Stravinsky, Copland, Barber, Sessions, Shostakovich, to name but a few—who are writing in the great tradition of Western art music.

Contemporary music explores new realms and yet remains the expression of basic human emotions. It deserves a hearing.

Wilma Dykeman In The Virginia Quarterly Review

SOUTHERN DEMAGOGUE

WHAT characteristics have made this term—southern demagogue—a national institution?

First and foremost: A way with words. The South is a region where reading has been considered at best only a second-hand imitation of "reality," where for generations a gentleman's word given over a dram of whiskey was considered perhaps more binding than his name written in ink on a legal document.

When oratory was in particularly luxuriant vogue during the last century, many a southern politician downed opponents with purple passages that painted their respective states as much more than mortal earth and only a little less than heaven.

More particularly and always, they stood ready to defend womanhood, which seemed always to be in grave danger of being violated. What the late Grover C. Hall said of the professional southerner might well be said of the demagogues: "Ever ready to protect the honor of any woman against all men, except himself."

It was this matter of attention getting, smacking more of the carnival than the newsworld, which Ben Tillman undoubtedly

had in mind when he was asked by a friendly planter why he raised so much hell in the course of his campaigns, and he replied: "If I didn't, the damn fools wouldn't vote for me."

Madness raising hell, the southern demagogue also adopted distinctive manners of dress and a vast assortment of "folksy" nicknames. After Tillman assured his constituents that President Cleveland was "an old bag of beef and I am going to Washington with a pitchfork and prod him in his old fat ribs," he became "Pitchfork Ben."

There were "Cotton Ed" Smith and "Pappy" Pass - the "Biscuits" O'Daniel, "The Man" Bilbo, "Ma and Pa" Ferguson, Gene Tallmadge, "The Wild Man From Sugar Creek" and "The Kingfish."

Fluoy Long in sartorial matters Tallmadge was known by his red galluses and Mississippi's Vardaman had his long flowing hair and long flowing coatails.

Today's boy starts begging his father to teach him to drive the car at almost the same time he discovers the old gentleman doesn't know a thing about driving.—ASHLEYVILLE CITIZEN-TIMES

The Dark At The Top Of The Stairs



Why The Marines Are Ready

A 'Promise' To Go To War

By JOSEPH ALSTOP

BEIRUT, Lebanon THE Lebanese government is a mystery in this desperately dangerous Lebanese situation, which rather urgently demands an explanation.

There is this unhappy country, torn by a civil war that was started by the Egyptian intervention of Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser. Here is the American government, only a little more than 18 months after Suez, solidly committed to land troops in Lebanon if the government of President Camille Chamoun asks for the protection of an Anglo-American landing.

No one at home seems to realize it as yet, but this certified check that the American and British governments have given to President Chamoun is not likely to be cashed in the end.

TROOPS ARE READY

Dag Hammarskjold and his U.N. team have not showed much promise, as yet, of solving the problem here. The Lebanese government has not shown much promise of solving the problem on its own, either. Yet President Chamoun is not ready to surrender to the Nasserists; and he is ready to ask for an Anglo-American military intervention if he has no other alternative.

The American Marines and British paratroopers are now waiting in readiness in the Mediterranean. There is at least a strong possibility that they will have to land in Lebanon, unless President Chamoun chooses to break his recently reiterated promise to President Chamoun. Remember the moral pratings of the White House at the time of Suez. Remember further that the chief beneficiary of those pratings was the same Gamal Abdel Nasser who is the chief author of the trouble here. That would seem to be mysterious enough.

OPEN SECRET

But it is not the whole mystery, all the same. The origin of the commitment to President Chamoun is the other half of the mystery.

The impulse to make this inevitably grave commitment did



SHAH OF IRAN

Voices From Afar

call for a landing. Other things being equal, both embassies would prefer the Lebanese to settle their quarrel by a compromise.

URGENT PLEAS

If the impulse to promise a troop landing did not come from Beirut then where did it come from? The answer to this question is the solution of the entire mystery.

In brief, every government in this area that is friendly to the West has been bombarding both Washington and London with the most urgent pleas and warnings ever since the Lebanese trouble began. Nuri Pasha in Iraq has been the most insistent. But the messages have volleyed in from the Shah of Iran, from the Western diplomats in the little Jordanian capital of Amman, and even from the government of Greece. The substance of all these warnings and pleas has been the same, no matter what their place of origin. If Nasser and his allies succeed in subverting Lebanon, pro-Western governments, the warnings have run, then no friend of the West will be

safe any longer, anywhere in the whole Middle East. The other Western Arab governments will be the first to go, with Iraq probably in the lead. But after Nasser has triumphed in all the Arab lands, the position of Turkey, and even the position of Greece, will become exceedingly precarious if not altogether untenable.

INCLUDING FORCE

Such have been the warnings. The pleas have called for Anglo-American action, including even the open use of military force, to prevent a Nasser victory here. The force if you must, the plea have run, but stop this threatened chain reaction in the Middle East by any and all means.

This is the kind of situation that American policy-makers have sought to have foreseen long before Suez. They should surely have foreseen it before they took their grandiose moral stand during the Suez crisis. Even more surely, they should have foreseen this situation in the rough course of the past 10 months.

DARK CONSEQUENCES

But they did not foresee what was coming. They took no adequate preventive action. Now they are squarely confronted with the consequences of their own inprovidence.

Already, the consequences are had enough. Only a few months ago, Nasser drew a bead on another Western friend, King Saud of Saudi Arabia. In the upshot, King Saud was virtually forced to abdicate. A month ago, Nasser drew a bead on President Chamoun. In the upshot, President Chamoun has already been forced to promise not to be a candidate to succeed himself, as he might otherwise have done. Politics in the Arab world are largely personal. By showing his power to pick off individual friends of the West in this manner, Nasser has already achieved much. Let him go on to win a total victory in Lebanon. Then all the voices from afar, warning of a catastrophic final Western defeat in the Middle East, will surely be proven truly prophetic.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON

THE late Gridiron Club dinner featured a skit on Sherman Adams which was so rough that Sherman canceled his reservations to come to a repeat performance the next afternoon. The skit showed him telephoning to the FCC for TV channels for favored Republicans to the tune of the song:

"Sugar in the mornin'
Sugar in the evenin',
Sugar at supper time,
FCC's our baby
And TV ain't no crime."

There was a lot of truth behind this jingle. Perhaps that was why Sherman didn't want to see the skit a second time. There was also great truth behind Eisenhower's statement that he needed Sherman Adams. But there was no truth whatever behind Adams' statement that his calls had never been "intended to affect the decision of any official of the United States government."

He occupies the same position in the White House as that of Maj Connelly

When Adams Barks Washington Jumps

WASHINGTON

under President Truman. Connelly's job was to make appointments for the President. If you can decide who can or cannot see the President, tremendous power and favor comes your way.

far beyond this one duty, but never anywhere near as far as Adams.

He's The Boss

Every report requiring affirmative action that comes to the President's desk is initialed "O.K.—S.A." If the paper doesn't bear Adams' initials, the President's secretary with a query, "What does Sherman say about it?" Adams presides over six meetings, which used to be presided over by Truman and Roosevelt. He attends meetings of the National Security Council. He pulls wires with Congress. He is the fact that an efficient liaison officer, Gen. Wilton Persons, is appointed to do that job.

And despite his sworn testimony to the contrary, he keeps a very careful eye on the regulatory agencies, supposed to be independent of the White House. The heads of all regulatory agencies come

over to see Adams at regular intervals, and he goes over policy and personnel.

They Know It

Members of the regulatory agencies all know this, and that is why a call from Adams to Chairman Ed Hovrey of the Federal Trade Commission merely asking a question was equivalent to an order.

When members of the regulatory agencies do not conform, they are fired. When Paul Rowan, commissioner of the Securities and Exchange Commission, voted against the giant Dixie States private power project for the Tennessee Valley, he was dropped on Adams' orders. When Col. Joseph Adams fought for the Securities Board, he also was dropped. Formal notification came from Adams' assistant, Robert Gray. It was Adams who also decided to dump Dr. Leonard Scheele, surgeon general of the Public Health Service. The Health Department of the General Services Administration

after this column revealed that Strobel was guilty of making an inquiry on behalf of his company, somewhat in the same manner as Adams made an inquiry on behalf of his benefactor, Bernard Goldfine.

Unnecessary To Phone

Much of Adams' intervention with the independent agencies does not consist of formal phone calls. Members of the agencies know that when he has the power to hire and fire they must conform to the law the regulatory agencies are supposed to have a majority of only one Republican under a Republican administration. The other members are supposed to be Democrats. But by a process of appointing such weak "Republicans" as Richard Mack, Adams has succeeded in stacking the independent agencies so that they follow the Sherman Adams line.

Technically this is not against the law, but it is certainly against the spirit of the law.