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FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1958

Mecklenburg Needs Bell In The Senate

NEITHER the heat of summer nor the blarney of professional hucksters can stifle common sense completely. Reason has a peculiar way of asserting itself against all kinds of odds. This we believe.

But the voters of Mecklenburg cannot afford to reduce the hard, practical task of filling a seat in the North Carolina Senate to a question of faith.

In this case at least, the triumph of common sense will require positive action—a trip to the polls tomorrow to cast a ballot for J. Spencer Bell.

This may be inconvenient. The beaches and the mountains will be mighty attractive places this weekend. And, as one fellow optimist put it to us the other day, "Everybody knows Spencer is going to win."

The truth is that Sen. Bell will win only if there is a vote of sufficient size

to reflect what we firmly believe is the true feelings of the vast majority of Mecklenburgers.

The bloc courted by Sen. Bell's opponent is rather small. But, for one reason or another, it is also rather determined. In a light primary this organized minority could carry the day.

The forces of reason will have to depend on a large outpouring of conscientious voters. The election must not go to anyone by default. The outcome must reflect the wisdom and maturity of the entire county.

Surely, wise citizens will not be taken in by last-minute extravaganzas and smoke screens. Properly, this primary election is a test of men and their individual qualifications for office.

In any such test and by any standards, J. Spencer Bell is clearly superior. His genuinely constructive leadership in local affairs over a long period of time and his outstanding record as a freshman senator in 1957 offer positive evidence of this superiority. Add to this his historic study of the administration of justice in North Carolina and you have a candidate of unusual eminence.

Sen. Bell deserves to win the Democratic nomination tomorrow. But, more important, Mecklenburg County deserves to have a man of his courage, wisdom and candor representing it in the State Senate.

The matter is wholly in the hands of Democratic voters of Mecklenburg now. We believe that a vote for J. Spencer Bell is a wise vote. But whether you agree with us or not, vote tomorrow. It's important to all of us.



Make Your Mark Tomorrow

The Sideshow Is Not The Main Event

THE legal ruckus over whether the Little Rock desegregation case should or should not go directly to the U.S. Supreme Court—bypassing the Circuit Court of Appeals—is raising more dust than it is worth.

Presumably, the cause of justice can be served whatever route the case takes. And seeing that justice is done is rather more important than the sideline show boxing of rival attorneys—although all parties to this dispute occasionally have to be reminded of this fact.

Where an invasion of constitutional rights is involved, the plaintiff is usually entitled to an immediate remedy. But in the segregation cases the Supreme Court has imposed no fixed time limit on the transition to integrated public schools. In fact, in its "with-all-deliberate-speed" implementing decision handed down in 1955, the court recognized that some practical flexibility would be

required in meeting the requirements of the law.

But even "practical flexibility" has its limits and these limits will be determined in good time by a court which has already ordered a "prompt and reasonable start" toward compliance.

It is important to note that U.S. District Judge Harry J. Lemley did not surrender to Gov. Orval Faubus or the mobs. His order suspending desegregation for 2½ years was, by definition, a "tactical delay." He was careful to point out: "It is not denied that the Negro students in the Little Rock district have a constitutional right not to be excluded..."

An orderly and rational solution can yet be found to Little Rock's problem. Faubus and the mobs have won a minor skirmish. Human decency will triumph in the end.

On Being Clean As A Hound's Tooth

THERE is one thing you can say for Sherman Adams. He has provided civilized society with the windiest academic argument since the Sopes trial. Our own Rep. Charles Raper Jones may have touched it off when he mused aloud (a News reporter just happened to be tuned in on his frequency):

Just what is an improper gift anyway? Well, sir, that's a fair question. For the enlightenment of uncertain bureaucrats, political assistants and all those hoodlum boys who wouldn't know Gen. Harry Vaughan from Adams, we offer our own handy-dandy guide to gracious giving:

Clothing: No coats, please. Not even respectable cloth coats valued at \$69 wholesale. Old school ties are permissible, however, as are old-fashioned stick pins, London buttons and red flannels for those cold New England winters Mr. Adams is going to be enjoying again soon.

Food: Accept meals under 12 pounds as the Truman administration did, but nothing that requires refrigeration in a

(pardon the expression) Deep Freeze. No bottled goods except an occasional jug for snakebite.

Home appliances: This is where you have to watch your step. Accept only portable items, such as portable television sets, radios, air conditioners. Anything you can run with is permissible.

Automobiles: No Cadillacs, Continentals or exclusive Imperials. A 1955 Buick touring car is okay, as are 1953 Model-T Ford coupes. Nothing ostentatious. But government girls accept an occasional Jaguar or Mercedes-Benz from Gen. Trujillo to cement relations.

Trips: Accept only those offered at taxpayers' expense. How could they influence you anyway?

Generally, it's not what you accept, anything you can run with is permissible. As if you get caught accepting anything if you're lucky enough to be needed it won't really matter. Indispensability is better than a license to steal.

But at least try to be good. As Mother used to say—and if you can't be good be careful.

From The Roeligh News & Observer

CHAPEL HILL GROWS FASTER THAN CHARLOTTE

FOR a long time now Louis Graves of the CHAPEL HILL WEEKLY has been trying with might and main, pen and printer's ink to maintain the frayed legend that the University town is a village. Now comes the Associated Press speaking of "the quaint little college town of Chapel Hill." No greater myth now exists in Chapel Hill than Chapel Hill as quaint, quiet little village.

We will have to wait until the 1960 census to approximate its population now. But in 1950 its population had, since 1940, multiplied three times—from 3,654 to 9,177. Only Jacksonville in the whole State showed a more rapid growth—up from 873 to 3,960. Of course, Chapel Hill is not Charlotte but the "village" has been growing ten times as fast as the megapolis in Mecklenburg.

Furthermore, while the 1950 census included some students, it did not include Glen Lennox, which is now a bigger village than Chapel Hill itself was not long ago. Glen Lennox and some other suburbs of the old village are now in. But many of those who regard themselves as Chapel Hillians stretch not to the edge of Durham, Pittsboro and Hillsboro. Collier Cobb Jr. estimates that,

not counting students, Chapel Hill is now a town of 15,000 people. And in 1940 there were only 10 towns and cities in the State which had more population than that. In 1950 there were only 21 towns with more than 15,000 population.

Louis Graves has every right to cling to the village, but the Associated Press is liable to run over traditions into new Chamber of Commerce statistics.

If you don't believe people are easily confused, note how many have considerable difficulty in translating standard to daylight saving time and vice versa.—JACKSON (MISS.) STATE TIMES.

Pome In Which Is Pointed Out Another Fact of Feminine Superiority Over Men.

Although women are not stronger still they seem to last lots longer.—ATLANTA JOURNAL.

The time has passed when farmers can afford to wink and look the other way when they are being wronged by their terms.—ORLANDO (FLA.) SENTINEL.

By JOSEPH ALSOP

LONDON AIRPORT between planes, shortly after dawn, is not a cheerful place. In fact this reporter is privately convinced that his own eternal punishment will take the form of eternal condemnation to a flight-standby list, probably a Saudi Arabian flight-standby list.

Just being in airports influences the judgment, and these words are undeniably written in London Airport, with the memory of the armed convoy that took the pas-

sengers to the plane in Beirut still clearly and recently in mind. All the same, it seems about time to say, in plain words, that American foreign policy is on the naked brink of a real major disaster.

ROPE IS VANISHING

Judging by the very small quantity of news that reaches Beirut, the American public has been largely kept in ignorance of the acute dangers of the Lebanese

crisis. Yet the situation has reached a stage which virtually assures a disaster of some sort. There is still a little room for choice between different kinds of disaster, but there is hardly a single ray of hope.

The most likely kind of disaster is a landing of American Marines and British paratroopers in Lebanon, by invitation of the government of President Chamoun, to protect Lebanese independence from the attack that has been so ably organized by Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser.

Make no mistake about it; this prospect of an Anglo-American landing in Lebanon is no reporter's nightmare, but a hard, immediate possibility. When the fighting in Lebanon started, the British and American governments solemnly promised the Lebanese government that they would land troops if requested to do so providing certain conditions were met. These conditions—principally the prior Lebanese appeal to the U.N.—now have been met, full.

The Anglo-American commitment to the Lebanese government has not been altered or diluted in any way, either by the U.N. intervention in the Lebanese fighting. Immediately after the U.N. Security Council voted to send observers, then, S. ambassador to Beirut, Robert McClintock, gave the most specific renewed assurance to President Chamoun. The U.N. resolution, he declared, in no way effected the validity of the Anglo-American commitment. The troops were still ready to land when requested, he said.

CHAMOUN IS FIRM

A U.N. solution and a local Lebanese solution of the crisis in Lebanon are equally difficult to imagine. Yet President Chamoun is determined not to surrender. Hence it is very easy to imagine the moment when President Chamoun will ask Washington and London to land the Marines and paratroopers now in readiness in the Mediterranean.

It is reasonable to say that such a landing will be a disaster, mainly because Gamal Abdel Nasser has skillfully given his attack on Lebanese independence the outward semblance of a civil war. There will be local support for a landing in Lebanon, but there is no use pretending there will be support by any heavy majority of the people. There is no use pretending either that this kind of Anglo-American use of force will be anything but a nasty business, which may result in a long and bitter conflict.

QUESTION REMAINS

The question remains whether the kind of disaster is or is not preferable to the other kind of disaster which also threatens in Lebanon. The American and British representatives on the spot,



Sitting Pretty?

with their attention concentrated on the Lebanese case, mainly see the arguments against a landing. They have labored, perhaps too successfully, to delay the Lebanese government's call for a landing. They have been allowed to do this, no doubt, because the goose—fleshy and Micawberish state of mind of the Washington and London policymakers.

REACTOR OUT OF HAND

But the Washington and London policymakers gave their original commitment to President Chamoun because they thought a military landing in Lebanon would be much less disastrous than the loss of all the Middle East. Total, final Western defeat throughout the Middle East is the other disaster which now threatens. That is what will almost surely happen if Gamal Abdel Nasser is allowed to gain another striking victory in a little Lebanon, with or without the help of U.N. Secretary Dag Hammarskjöld.

In short, this is a situation like the chain reaction that confronts the crew tending an atomic reactor. If the chain reaction is allowed to continue, the whole show will blow up. That is what we have come to in the Middle East, 19 months after Suez.

'Well, Bless My Soul—An Upturn!'



Tit For Tat

Mob Diplomacy In Action

By MARQUIS CHILDS

THE RULE is apparently: One demonstrates the West's comparable demonstration in Moscow. With one or two exceptions, that has been the practice so far and it seems likely, under Moscow's stern new policy, to go on being the practice.

Under that policy the Soviet Union intends to repeat again and again by every means of communication the charge that the American Embassy in Moscow is a den of thieves and a place of corruption and that the Russian demonstrators in Western capitals have produced any result, it is a stiffening of the determination not merely to stand behind the decision but to champion it with the persistence and all the resources of the Communist bloc.

BLUE INK

The demonstration before the West German Embassy had far more punch than the demonstration against the Danish Embassy. The Germans in Bonn had thrown bottles of blue ink at the Soviet Embassy. The Russian demonstrators threw bottles of blue ink at the German Embassy with its crowds of chanting various slogans, was a curious depressing. It seemed a repetition of what had happened in the turbulent and uncertain days leading up to World War II.

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woman in the crowd screamed, "They murdered my husband! They murdered my husband!"

ANTI-AMERICANISM

A deep undercurrent of feeling in the crowd, contrasting sharply with the rather casual and even cheerful rock-throwing at the Danish Embassy, found an outlet in sharp criticism of Americans who were there either as reporters or tourists.

One of the demonstrators, carrying a banner proclaiming the desire of the Soviet Union for peace and speaking English, decried of several Americans why the American government was against Soviet Russia and everything that Russia did. He said that he had fought at Stalingrad and been badly wounded there and he wanted no war.

Wasn't it true that the Americans wanted war? he asked. He did little good telling him that he was not true, since he had heard so often another version of America's aims and intentions.

DEPRESSING SCENE

The scene in the street before the German Embassy was a depressing one. The crowds of the embassy, with the crowds chanting various slogans, was a curious depressing. It seemed a repetition of what had happened in the turbulent and uncertain days leading up to World War II.

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In this city of astonishing contrasts, to be an hour or two later in the great white and gold hall of St. George's in the Kremlin, at the reception for the King and Queen of Nepal, was to have the sensation of being on another planet. Here was the diplomatic corps (minus the West German ambassador), many of the diplomats in full uniform with medals gleaming under the massive chandeliers.

Nikita S. Khrushchev, in a short black coat and wearing only the two highest decorations of the Soviet Union on his lapel, looked solemn and preoccupied. The official host, President Klement Voroshilov read a speech, interpreted into English, full of fine rhetoric about the peace-loving citizens of the Soviet Union and the peace-loving Japanese people and the necessity for a summit conference and for ending nuclear tests.

POMP AND GLITTER

The King read a shorter speech, interpreted into both English and Russian, full of the same sentiments but expressed in a more restrained fashion. The trumpeters in the musicians' gallery, high up in the Kremlin hall with its symbol of St. George and the dragon out of the days of the Czars, blew their trumpets each time a toast was drunk. And the guests, dressed in so many diverse costumes of East and West, attacked the long banquet tables laden with all kinds of food and drink.

The business of demonstrations will go on, one assumes, and as will Kremlin receptions. But what relation they have to the urgent necessities of the world today, it is a little hard to see.

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People's Platform

Love Proved He Is Man Of The People

By S. Charlotte

Editors, The News: SINCE Saturday is an important election I would like to express my opinion on the candidates. I think Love would be the man to put in the office because he has proved himself as the man for the people.

—J. K. BRANNON

'Right-To-Work' Group Defended

Charlotte

Editors, The News: I NOTED with some amusement and shame a letter in the People's Platform on June 20 by Mr. Robert A. Freeman who came out swinging imaginatively against the National Committee on Right-To-Work. Mr. Freeman may receive the commendation of labor tyrants like Walter "Ruthless" Reuther, but he will receive none from many of the loving citizens both inside and outside the ranks of organized labor.

Mr. Freeman concedes that "the right to work is a God-given right." But does he believe—and this is the heart of the matter—that the right to work carries with it the free choice of joining or not joining a labor union? If he does believe it, then his attack on the committee must indeed be taken with a grain of salt. If he does not believe it, would he be good enough to point out when and where God hitched a labor union to His right-to-work gift to man?

It's good that the captains of enterprise are beginning to stand up more for their rights and those of the laboring man through such organizations as the National Committee on Right-To-Work. It's good that North Carolina has a Right-To-Work law which permits citizens to join or not join a union. It's good that Mecklenburg has in the legislature a man (Frank Sennep) who

had the courage last month to stand up in a public meeting and say a sharp and unequivocal "NO" to the question of whether he would favor repeal of North Carolina's Right-To-Work law. —J. R. CHERRY JR.

Same Mess-Makers Will Operate Courts

By S. Charlotte

Editors, The News: ALLOW me a few questions on your editorial of June 17, "After the Hurricane, The Race Begins." Why should there be public interest or enthusiasm? If the courts have gotten themselves in such a mess since 1958 and the Superior Courts are logjammed, why did the bar association not clean up its own mess and put their own house in efficient order? Why is it necessary for the voters to give their elective power to the governor and eliminate the lower courts and little judges in order for the bar association to clean their own house? If no one but the bar is responsible for the shape they are in how can Sen. Bell expect to create new enthusiasm by promising prompt and equal justice for every citizen when just now I know that the same lawyers and judges that let the courts get in such a mess yesterday are the same lot who will operate the courts tomorrow?

If you get rid of all the lower courts and little judges and force people to the higher courts, how can you expect to unjam the courts? If the courts are already in one more question, how can you give the elective authority to one man and call it a democracy?

—P. C. BURKHOLDER

Editors' Note: See editorial, The Silly Business About Speaker Bell, June 25.

Quote, Unquote

"It saves a lot of trouble. I instead of having to earn money and save it, you can just go and borrow it." —Winston Churchill.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

THIS column has sometimes referred to James C. Hagerty as the most efficient press relations officer ever to serve in the White House. I stand by that statement and hope it's one that Jim Hagerty himself would like to hear. He is a man who has persuaded like that he could and should hold press conferences when the newly elected President almost trembled at the idea of meeting with the press. Jim is so efficient that at the San Francisco GOP convention he did everything for newsmen except tuck them in bed every night.

Glass Houses

Efficiency, however, is not to be confused with accuracy. Sometimes it serves Jim's boss for him to be inaccurate. However, people should not throw stones who live in glass houses, and since Hagerty recently charged me with 10 errors in reporting on the Goldfine Vienna gift to Ike, here are some of Jim's denials which either turned out to be