

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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The High Court's Integrity Is Showing

THE reputation of North Carolina justice for fairness and due regard for individual rights has been enhanced by state Supreme Court decisions in two rather sensational cases.

The court this week ordered a jury trial of Warren attorney James D. Gilliland's appeal from an order for his disbarment. He had been denied a jury trial in Superior Court on grounds he had waived his right by failing to demand it and by failing to tender issues that required it. This decision follows by a few weeks the court's order for a new trial for Union County Dr. A. E. Perry on a charge of performing an abortion. Dr. Perry claimed that racial discrimination had figured in legal proceedings leading to his conviction.

Messrs. Gilliland and Perry have one thing in common—unpopularity in their communities. Disbarment proceedings against Gilliland were begun, although there is no evidence of any connection, after his appearance for clients accused of Communist affiliation before the House Committee on Un-American Affairs Committee meeting in Charlotte. Dr. Perry has been a controversial figure

in Union County because of his activities as an official of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

But the Supreme Court's rulings in these cases had nothing to do with the controversies surrounding the defendants, nor did the court suggest that these controversies had figured in the actions against them. The court acted entirely on its findings of legal errors in the handling of the cases. This, of course, was nothing more than the duty of the court. But by doing their duty the justices demonstrated once again the integrity of the court, and the proper functioning of rule by law. And indirectly the decisions will operate to quell any suspicion that the defendants are being prosecuted for opinions rather than for illegal acts.

The offenses charged against them require punishment, and if they are guilty they should receive the prescribed penalty. The Supreme Court has said merely that guilt or innocence must be arrived at through painstaking regard for proper procedure. And that, of course, is the way it should be.

Voters Aren't Excluded From Penalty

IT develops that some local political candidates have failed to fulfill their obligations under a law requiring reporting of campaign expenses.

There's an old but still pointed cliché to apply to such cases. The law should be obeyed or it should be removed from the books. We think it should be retained and enforced to serve the good purpose of giving the voters an idea of the amount and sources of money spent to influence their opinions of candidates.

But in fairness to the neglectful candidates, it should be said that Mecklenburg voters are not noted for overlooking attention to their obligations. There is an astonishing and rather disheartening parallel between the total vote in the state Senate race this year and one run 20 years ago. In both instances there were three candidates. The

total vote cast for state senator in Mecklenburg in the spring of 1938 was 22,868. The total vote cast in the race between Bell, Love and Vogler this spring was less—only 22,606.

Now for some reason the 1938 race may have been more exciting, or the candidates may have been more assiduous in their pursuit of the voter. But certainly the stakes involved in the election could have been no higher, nor the dangers of voter apathy any greater.

The law some candidates are ignoring prescribes a penalty for their doing so. There is no law penalizing voters who do not exercise their franchise, but circumstances do provide a penalty.

Only an alert and informed electorate can demand high standards of public service and select officials who will meet those standards. Voter apathy eventually results in deterioration of the public service.

How To Lobby For An Honorary Degree

THE extent to which a fine old academic custom has fallen upon evil days was made painfully in the May 31 issue of *Business Week* magazine.

With nary a quim, *Business Week* tells its gray flannel campaign how it can "discreetly open the door" for a "fellow executive" to receive an honorary degree at one of the nation's colleges and universities.

"Best idea," says the magazine's editors, "to contact personally one of the trustees or the president of the school early in the academic year."

The lobbying has to be conducted obsequiously. It seems, and there must be no hint of "pressure" or even "light persuasion"—although how on earth anyone can lobby purposefully but *unpersuasively* will never quite understand.

What it really amounts to, of course, is a cheap political approach to an ancient academic institution. What's worse, *Business Week* would dignify such an approach as "discreet."

These honors are supposed to recognize contributions to humanity, not the money-making prowess of paperclip manufacturers or the political pull of garment makers. They are not to be sought or bought—even "discreetly."

It is a shameful fact that some U. S. institutions of higher learning have already sorely abused the practice of conferring honorary degrees. There have been instances where they are all too eager to add academic adornments to the names of famous, wealthy or influential businessmen.

These complimentary laurels are rolled off the printing presses today by the hundreds and are handed out like Junior G-Man badges every spring at commencement. This month's total is estimated at 5,000. Since the first award was made in this country in 1892 by Harvard, more than 80,000 honoraries have been presented by about 970 "accredited" colleges.

As a result, the degrees have become so common that they have lost their significance. Often they amount to nothing more than paper currency (the use of sheepskin was abandoned when mass production of money was begun in return for special favors).

The tragedy is that truly deserving individuals are often overlooked. When one distinguished composer, a man who has contributed enormously to America's cultural life, was finally awarded an honorary degree recently he found himself on the same platform with people whose sole claim to fame was the size of their pocketbooks. He was understandably disenchanted.

Thankfully, not all institutions of higher learning abuse the practice and many honorary doctorates are conferred for wholly honorable reasons. But the custom has obviously been cheapened in recent years.

Honorary degrees should be highly valued. But, like dollar bills, their value is debased when we print too many of them.

From The Manchester Guardian

BETTER BECOME A FARMER

IN choosing a career a man may reasonably ask whether it offers him a good chance of living to a ripe old age. He could not do better than consult the tables of occupational mortality, prepared by the Stationery Office. These show what the comparative chances are of dying between the ages of 20 and 45 in five of the widest variety of occupations. The tables show that teachers are uncommonly short-lived, and publicans uncommonly short-lived. To become a farmer is prudent, for farmers have only 70 per cent of the average death rate under 45; to marry a farmer is less prudent, for farmers' wives suffer not far short of average mortality. The same is true of farm workers and their wives: the men are markedly longer lived. Perhaps it is no wonder, when one thinks of the work which a farmer's or farm worker's wife gets through. The single women's death rate is relatively low in personal service (84) and even lower in clerical work (75), though in both these occupations the death rate is well above average. Those contemplating a career on the turn should pause

at the item "Bookmakers: high mortality from tuberculosis, lung cancer, hypertension, pneumonia, duodenal ulcer, and suicide." Better become a farmer—or a teacher.

HIT Parade—The Red China magazine Peiping Review reports the top three names on the Communist Chinese hit parade are WORK AWAY, GIVE UP YOUR BRITAIN and SOCIALISM IS GOOD. All of these sounds pretty stupid for recreational music. But we don't believe we'd like to make any special claim for some of our own "hits," such as THE WITCH DOCTOR, THE PINK PONY, EXTRA, or SHORT SHORTS. —CHATTANOOGA NEWS-FREE PRESS.

City slicker: What does your son do for a living?

Farmer: He's a bootblack in the city.

City slicker: Oh, I see. You make hay while the sun shines.—HIGH POINT ENTERPRISE.

Peace—The period during which the licked nations prepare to get even.—ROCKMART (G.A.) JOURNAL.

'Just The Fleas! The Fleas, Sir! Don't Asphyxiate Me'



Who Lost The War?

Italy Rises As France Falls

By MARQUIS CHILDS

THE ANGUISH of the Fourth Republic has been a spectacle that stirred disturbing doubts, not about France alone but about the democratic process, the capacity of people to govern themselves in freedom.

It raised too, some interesting questions about those who "win" wars and those who "lose" wars. While France, which was technically on the side of the victors in World War II, was so shaken as to bring about the dissolution of parliamentary rule, Italy, which was on the losing side, held a calm, rather dull election campaign that ended with the parties of Left and Right in more or less the same position as before.

Italy, in defeat after 20 years of Fascist corruption and miserable misrule, should be the more stable country. But Italy today is remarkably stable. On the border, the French are eager to exchange the uncertain franc for the lira, which is one of Europe's most solid currencies.

SUCCESS STORY

The Italian success story is as impressive in many ways as the German success story and it is far more interesting and diverse. Italian film makers have produced the most striking films of the post-war era, and have commanded wide attention and respect. Italian industrial design and manufacture have won a place in the markets of the world.

When the great slide began in France with the military revolt in Algiers, his reporter was in Italy observing the election campaign. As often in the past, the Italian cinema and newspaper world of the Italian people made a deeper impression than the content of the campaign which had a repulsive and rather stale quality.

GREAT HANDICAPS

To achieve a large measure of recovery from the defeat of 1943, the Italians have had to overcome great handicaps. With no coal or iron and with very little petroleum, they have had to pay the price of basic raw materials. The pressure of the international south has been only partly relieved by the beginnings of land reform.

To compensate in part at least, Italy has had some remarkable industrial organizers who have pushed large enterprise with boldness and imagination. One of them, Enrico Mattei, operating through a government corporation, has discovered and opened first rank emerged, still a fresh and hopeful start could be made.

What is remarkable is not that Italy has had about two million more workers than France, but that it has been able to absorb each year through a government corporation, has discovered and opened first rank emerged, still a fresh and hopeful start could be made.

OBJECT LESSON

But, having said this, one must add that on the political side there is reason for grave concern and the outcome of the election is an object lesson. The major party, the Christian Democrats, gained 19 seats but it is still short of a majority of the 586 seats in the new House. This means that the Christian Democrats must try to patch up a coalition with the splinter parties to the left of Center, and that suggests the troubles that have plagued France as a coalition government after another has fallen in Italy.

At the same time, just as in France, a hard core of Communist strength exists nearly everywhere in Italy. This means that the Chamber, Allied with the Communists are the left wing Socialists of Pietro Nenni will, another 44 seats, a gain of nine over their previous strength.

WHAT'S WRONG?

What is wrong? One obvious answer is that economic progress has been far too slow, so that a Catholic country has nevertheless had a large Communist minority. Others have blamed the system of proportional representation for its permissiveness and encourages the growth of splinter parties.

But the larger and more disturbing question is whether the French have discovered in reality with the way in which power, both economic and political, is distributed in the society.

The French have discovered, to their profound sorrow that the party system is vitally unworkable. There was a grimed smile in the face of the present director, and if the present director is not hated it may come to this discovery as the reception of the present director. There was a grimed smile in the face of the present director, and if the present director is not hated it may come to this discovery as the reception of the present director.

Harlem Pulpit-Pounder Gets Both Feet In His Big Mouth

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain

AS A very fine piano player, I have always admired dominos who play with politics, and have never been properly enthusiastic about Hazel's husband, the Rev. Adam Clayton Powell, who uses both his church and his race to further his political career. I'm surprised he hasn't got Hazel banging his theme song on the piano, as well.

The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People has already condemned him ringing, and no less a guardian of public morals than the New York Times has devoted to Powell an editorial headed "Dangerous and Stupid." Because what Powell—discouraged by the failure of politicians and demagogues, would-be has just out-Arkansased Arkansas. All this charming, urbane gentleman has done was to attempt to stir up race disorders to vent his spite against Tammany Hall for refusing to support his candidacy for reelection to Congress.

BAD TASTE

I think it rather bad taste for a minister of the gospel to use his pulpit as a rostrum to declare war on Tammany Hall, and to threaten to make the streets of Harlem unsafe for public officials. And to refer to the shameful treatment of Vice President and Senator Richard M. Nixon as the same breath as an example of what he wouldn't do... with the implication that he would do something of the same. Heaven—Powell's Heaven, but the generally accepted one—knows the streets of Harlem are perilous enough without any added contribution by this rather unusual man of the cloth.

The NAACP made itself a bit of a category by literally beating out the national brains of this pulp-pounding politician—or I should say, undoubtedly ex-politician. It accused him of employing "extreme racialism," about the dirtiest set of words you can use, because the NAACP's whole life has been devoted to combating extreme racialism on the white side.

WHAT ROOST?

"We cannot condemn racism in others while using it ourselves," the association said.

Apart from the bad taste of using his church as a political



ADAM CLAYTON POWELL
He Just Wants To Be Boss

People's Platform

Bell Would Win A Second Primary

Editors, The News:

I THINK the voters of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County made a wise decision when they gave their vote and endorsement to J. Spencer Bell. He is the best man for the Senate and he stands for good, clean, honest government.

I'm sure if there is a second primary Mr. Bell will be elected by a landslide. He is a man of clean, wholesome, shrewd and post-laden cars to get into the State Senate.

Mr. Bell doesn't have to have this publicity to win. The people know which way he stands in reality and he stands for. I gave J. Spencer Bell my vote and support in this primary and if there is a second I will do the same.

—MRS. SHIRLEY POPE

Are Flowers More Important Than Boys?

Editors, The News:

AS the mother of an 11-year-old son, whose happiest moments are spent playing baseball in a vacant lot back of our house which is owned by his bedridden father, I am, for the first time, writing to the People's Platform. I am sure that other parents and non-parents.

We have in our immediate neighborhood three families who bitterly oppose our children playing baseball, due to the fact that the ball sometimes goes on their property. They are afraid of losing their flowers and yards

Pentagon Buys Waste Tax Money

Editors, The News:

WE READ where the Navy was selling surplus B-25 bombers for \$30 each while the Air Force was buying these planes for \$350,000 each. This is a great waste, and they tell us there will be no tax cut. Most taxpayers don't mind paying taxes if the money is needed and spent wisely. But such as this is downright disgusting.

—A. B. McCOLL

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Editors Note: Drew Pearson, though now back in Washington, has been traveling behind the Iron Curtain. Here is one of his columns, written earlier, from Rumania.

BUCHAREST

A STATE dinner behind the now porous Iron Curtain as one of those events you want to attend once, but not too often. If you wish to preserve your waistline, the one I attended was the equivalent of the White House dinner for Queen Elizabeth, except that there was more food and more floss.

Good Show

It was the dinner given by Premier Stoen of the People's Republic of Rumania for Premier Gomulka of the People's Republic of Poland. The limousines started driving up to the Council of Ministers promptly at 7:30 p.m. and you were out of luck if you didn't have your own chauffeur. They may have been Communist limousines, and Communist chauffeurs, but they put on an awfully good duplication of capitalist cars driving up to the searchlight-illuminated White House. There was even a limousine driver in front to give your car a number to be called on departure.

One difference was that across the Plaza from the Council of Ministers glowered the statue of Stalin, a gentleman now fallen from grace at home, while across from the White House is the statue of Lafayette, aristocratic friend of democracy still greatly revered in this country.

Inside the Council of Ministers you walked up marble stairs across an expansive marble floor in the middle of which stood Premier Stoen and the Rumanian minister of commerce, Marcel Popescu. They were the reception line. No wives stood with them, as at a White House dinner. But there were plenty of wives at the Rumanian dinner. The American Minister, Clifton Wharton, and Mrs. Wharton were seated with the diplomatic corps close to the head table, and the rest of us sat at long tables, running the entire length of the 300-foot hall. There were 600 guests, and how the waiters served them was a miracle. However, a catering firm, presumably Communist, handled the array of dishes and courses with perspiring efficiency. On a given

signal they marched in with frozen fowl and huge Polish-Rumanian birthday cakes held aloft in the most approved capitalist manner.

First Course

The first course was caviar. There was fresh black sturgeon caviar out of the Black Sea and red pike caviar. A waiter placed a small bowl of caviar on the table in front of you and you just helped yourself. Some years ago in Siberia I had to live on nothing but bread and caviar for a week, but I still like it and got off to a bad start by eating too much. I didn't realize what was to come. There was a printed menu in front of me but it was in Rumanian and this is not one of my better languages.

However, I soon got some idea of what lay ahead. The next course was an assortment of hors d'oeuvres—sibiu salami, stuffed mushrooms, and olives, every kind of cheese available from Denmark to Italy (except for Wisconsin), stuffed French pasty shells, smoked salmon, smoked trout, smoked sturgeon, and some other dainties I couldn't name and can't remember.

Then followed several kinds of fish,

chicken with a corn pone called "mamaliga," beef roast with peas, beans, onions and carrots.

Each course was served by a battery of waiters marching down the long line of tables, carrying a new stack of plates. Each course was also served to the accompaniment of a Rumanian gypsy orchestra in native costume playing their "balaban," a kind of music which originated with the shepherds tending their flocks and which is now danced to in every Balkan village from Greece to the Carpathians. It was weird and stirring music; though after a couple of hours you were washed for an interlude of "balaban," or Cole Porter. A Dutchman who won a lot of prizes at the New York World's Fair was the highlight of the musical evening.

By this time we had got around to the pastry, the parfait, and the toasts. There had already been a series of private toasts. The Rumanian across the table obviously was brimming over with people-to-people friendship. Perhaps he had read some of my columns urging that the best way to win the peace is to get behind the Iron Curtain and get to know each other.