



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

THOMAS L. ROBINSON... President and Publisher
THOMAS L. ROBINSON... General Manager
ROBERT H. LAMPERT... Advertising Director
CECIL PRINCE... Editor
PERRY MORGAN... Associate Editor
R. L. YOUNG JR... Managing Editor
JAMES McDOWELL... Circulation Manager

MONDAY, JUNE 9, 1958

Bell Committee Must Finish The Job

CHARLOTTE'S Sen. J. Spencer Bell may need a 20-mile team to haul his evidence of judicial deceptiveness before the North Carolina Bar Association in Myrtle Beach this week.

What began as a modest inquiry into "the structure and workings of the courts in North Carolina" has resulted in disclosures so shocking and far-reaching as to arouse even the professional Pollyannas of Tar Heel justice.

The third in a series of research reports was released last week, revealing among other things that 6,179 criminal cases were awaiting trial in Superior Courts of 96 North Carolina counties last fall—some gathering dust on the dockets for longer than six years. All in all, it was a disturbing study of congestion.

For months, similar evidence of inadequacies and inequities had been piling up. One can only conclude from it that something is fundamentally wrong with the administration of justice in North

Carolina. Basic reforms are needed and needed now.

It is not that North Carolina has an antiquated judicial system, inadequate in modern times. Really we have no judicial system at all. What we have is a hodgepodge of separate and miscellaneous lower courts operating in independent and helter-skelter fashion and a collection of Superior Courts bogged down with litigation.

The Bell committee will present the complete report to the full bar association Friday. All of the findings and recommendations assembled so far will be laid before the parent organization for appropriate action.

The report must not be soft-pedaled or ignored. The Bell committee should be authorized to continue its historic study and prepare a complete and comprehensive set of legislative proposals for presentation to the 1958 General Assembly.

Nothing less than a stem-to-stern overhauling of North Carolina's judicial system will be acceptable.

A Global Game Of 'Let's Pretend'

TWO excellent examples of the kind of polite deception George Orwell would have called doublethink turned up in two "information" manuals crossing our desks this week.

The first occurred in THE UNITED NATIONS, a handsome 64-page guide to the U.N. published as a part of the National Cash Register Company's factory magazine. A section devoted to thumbnail sketches of member nations contains this material on China:

"China, the world's most populous country, is in the eastern part of Asia. China is one of the best watered countries in the world because three great rivers—the Yangtze, the Hwang Ho and the Si Kiang—flow hundreds of miles from the mountains. Population is estimated at 500,000,000 which is a fifth of the world's total inhabitants. Area is 3,789,380 square miles, about 1-1/3 the size of the United States. Capital is

Taipei, Taiwan. . . . China is a republic with a legislative council.

Let's face it. Taipei is Chiang Kai-shek's capital on Formosa. The Peking regime is the de facto government of China. It is not a republic. It is one party (Communist) dictatorship. The facts are regrettable but they are nevertheless facts.

The second example of international doublethink turned up in a 64-page special issue of THE ARAB WORLD, published by the Arab Information Center in New York and devoted to Arab progress in the Middle East. In a nice 11 by 17-inch map of "the Arab world," Israel is identified as "Israeli occupied territory of Palestine."

Israel, of course, has been an independent republic since May 14, 1948. Nostalgia for the golden age of global politics and the masquerade ball must continue, we suppose. But isn't the hour getting a bit late for make-believe?

Beat Generation: 'Of No Consequence'

NOTHING, but nothing, has riled America's captains of culture quite so much as the "Beat Generation" writers from San Francisco.

To the uninitiated, the "Beat Generation" boys are the caretakers of a brand new vision in U.S. letters. They write earthily of a "generation of crazy illuminated hipsters rising and roaming America, serious, curious, bumming and hitchhiking everywhere, ragged, beatific, beautiful in an ugly graceful new way.

beat, musing down and out but full of intense conviction." Their priest-hood includes Jack Kerouac (On The Road), John Clellon Holmes (Go! Alen Ginsberg (Howl), Kenneth Rexroth, Lawrence Ferlinghetti and James Broughton.

No group of writers has received so much attention from "serious" critics in the highbrow journals. And no group has been so savagely mauled. PARTISAN REVIEW, THE REPORTER, SATURDAY REVIEW have all got in their licks with lengthy and irritable examinations. Others are still devoting enormous amounts of space to the movement. The consensus of opinion is that the "Beat Generation" writers are "beneath contempt" and "of no consequence" and do not deserve "serious consideration."

U huh. But we have one question. If all this is true why are the "serious" critics "seriously considering" them?

The Iron Pot's Still Full Of Good Will

THAT the iron pot is generally accepted as a most virtuous vat for tasty vittles is no secret to farm-bred southerners.

But the iron pot's firm place in the affections, if not on all the stoves, of people who have sipped therefrom, is at least noteworthy in view of a couple of developments in the field of aluminum pots.

Just the other day the local Better Business Bureau warned Charlotte housewives against the old libel that cooking in aluminum pots is dangerous. Seems this kukum was being peddled by door-to-door salesmen for stainless steel wares. Meantime, one aluminum firm acceded to a government order that it stop claiming use of its pots and pans actually promotes health. The official view, then, is that pots are pots and that the metal of none is either a virtue or harmful. Being dedicated to the proposition that food should be faced on the

plate instead of eyed in the pot, we happily agree.

Still some sympathy is due the makers of aluminum and stainless steel pots and pans. They make utensils that are light, handsome, and handy—in all sizes and for all purposes. Some put copper on the bottoms and others put on plastic handles to keep anyone's pinksies from getting parched.

But there are people who persist in putting their peas into a heavy, ugly iron pot that is little changed from the hauled along in the covered wagons going West. The pots are looked upon with love and the contents with complete confidence as to healthfulness and tastiness.

Everyone to his own pot, we say, but the suggestion may not be amiss that the aluminum and stainless steel moguls get together and buy up the good will of the iron pot business if that business should ever fall—a possibility that seems rather unreal at the moment.

From The Reporter

BRAVE NEW WORDS

WE WOULD like to organize our own ticker-tape parade for a gentleman named Mr. Draper Daniels, vice-president of the Leo Burnett Co., an advertising firm. In a speech quoted by TIME he spoke these revolutionary words: "I think we have to dedicate ourselves to fewer meetings and more thinking. We have to start solving problems instead of trying to talk them to death. In this connection, I think we have to stop using research to settle advertising problems."

The same issue of TIME presented a special report on a special report from Paul Lazarsfeld, Associate Director of Columbia University's Bureau of Applied Social Research, in which surveys prove that the more gregarious women are more likely to be marketing leaders, and that advertisers would do well

to make their biggest pitch to the young (under forty-five) housewives with two or more children.

The report is studded with terms like "life-cycle groups," "highly gregarious low status women," and "non-gregarious woman of high status," not to speak of something called a "two-step flow of influence."

You need a lot of meetings to concoct things like that, Mr. Daniels: plenty of round-table discussions, brainstorming and research. As far as we are concerned, we're on your side. In fact, we offer you a naphomism produced by a single mind on our staff: "Those who can, think; those who can't, go into a research project."

There was a Texan who bought two Cadillac and took his change in Volks-wagens—CARLSBAD CURRENT-ANGUS.

'Who — Me? I Can't Afford To'



HERBLOCK

Something To Remember

De Gaulle Eludes His Captors

By JOSEPH ALSP

ALGER'S SPECTACLE. Gen. de Gaulle's descent upon Algiers was something to remember. The huge, excited crowds, the display of military splendor for which the French Army has a superb knack, the stronger colorings that strong emotions sometimes give such scenes—(I, these words there. One kept remembering the line in T. S. Eliot's poem "On a General's Triumph": "Oh the eagles! On the trumpets!"

But these public scenes, easily dominated by the tall, pale, impassive General, were in fact not the real drama of the occasion. The real drama began far away in Paris and continued, wholly behind the scenes, here in Algiers.

BAD TROUBLE

The actors were the members of the general's government, the people of his entourage, and the leaders of the movement in Algeria that precipitated the French crisis. The drama's theme was a desperate, last-minute attempt to persuade de Gaulle to "stay."

So the Soudanese his minister for Algeria. Thus, de Gaulle was to give full recognition the new state of affairs here, and even to consent to the state of affairs which Soudanese had done so much to bring about.

Sometimes one wonders just how wily, how much of a poker player Charles de Gaulle really is. For example, if his final decision had been made known when it was probably taken, the hot heads of the Algerian Committee of Public Safety might have made really bad trouble. It would have been easy to organize trouble in the crowds that put so much more passion, the next day, into the shouts of "Soudanese, Soudanese!" than into their acclamations of de Gaulle.

GREAT DECISION

But in fact, after the final Cabinet meeting in Paris last Tuesday evening, the word was passed to Algiers with seeming authority, that the general's mind was still entirely open and the great decision had yet to be made. The same word was brought back to Algiers by Gen. Salan and the other military personalities who were flown to Paris to confer with the head of the French government.

The more pessimistic leaders of the movement here in Algiers already were ready to see how it finally fell. But there was still the off chance, better than an off chance some said. There were also enough old Gaullists in the Algerian movement, along with an ample supply of old Petainists, to understand that de Gaulle was more likely to be persuaded by

own minister for Algeria. Gen. Salan would be his deputy on the scene. The Committee of Public Safety might continue, but as a "civic and propaganda organization," and not as a substitute for the public administration of Algeria.

UNWANTED ANSWER

It was not the answer desired by the new masters of Algiers. It offered no concession, no real recognition even, of their movement. Above all, it did not make de Gaulle their "prisoner" in the sense so often predicted by the French left wing in the days of crisis in Paris. But for was the only answer that neither Soustelle, nor any of Soustelle's backers in de Gaulle's personal circle, would accept.

There was a magnificent irony, therefore, in the final public scene of that first day—the scene of the meeting in the Alger Forum, where de Gaulle made his speech to the people. The insiders knew, by then, that the crowd would not hear the two things it wanted to hear, the nomination of Soustelle and approval of bloc de Soustelle's program for Algeria. The crowd seemed to sense its own disappointment.

VAIN SHOUT

Yet the whole vast machine of enthusiasm had by now developed its own momentum. It would not be turned back. So the crowd were most disappointed people, the parts that the occasion had, so to speak, ruthlessly allotted to them. De Gaulle was cheered to a speech, at once emotional and enigmatic, that left his hands free to seek almost any Algerian solution he considers practical and appropriate. And after the general and the dignitaries departed, a large part of the crowd remained to keep up the vain shout of "Soudanese, Soudanese!"

Before these words can be printed, far more may have happened, and these things may happen will perhaps transform the outlook. But as these words are written, it is clear that de Gaulle has recaptured full control in this deeply troubled city, without in any way entangling himself with the forces that seemed so likely to entangle him. That, in itself, is a remarkable accomplishment.

CHAIRES DE GAULLE
He Had To Be Boss

BREATHLESS MOMENT

One can imagine the breathless moments after de Gaulle's arrival, among all the little group of persons immediately concerned, at the summer palace on its hill above the city where the general did his real work of the day. Even at the airport, the mere character of his greeting to each of his welcome was studied with passionate attention.

Then, quite quietly at the summer palace, de Gaulle gave his answer. He himself would be his

Dulles Does Duty Defending 'Whisky Fund' For Diplomats

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain. Mr. JOHN FOSTER Dulles and I do not necessarily consult each other on mutual problems—mostly because my business is none of his and vice versa, and also we never met—but I am with him wholeheartedly in his recent fracas with Congress about the State Department language school in Nice, France, his defense of wine-drinking by diplomats, and the State Department's request for an extra million dollars "representational allowance."

The secretary of state, who has been enshrined in song by Carol Burnett and as a result might someday achieve a very popular vogue, was pleading for the restoration of \$6,569,000 cut from State's budget.

Most of this dough-controversy centered around the fact that the language school is located in the south of France and that the students might be subject to less distraction. Also, that the "representational allowance" is usually referred to as the "whisky fund." And that people studying languages in France might also drink a little wine.

'OTHER DISTRACTIONS'

Congress approached the location of the school, the distractions, the wine-drinking, and the booze budget as if it were all horribly illegal, plus destructive to the prestige and a dreadful waste of money—only because the school for foreign service officers is "psychologically bad because people might want to take advantage of the other distractions."

No mention was made of the annual congressional junkies abroad so that Rep. Creepster and Sen. Ostifudy may have their pictures taken on camera or ride the pretty girls while ostensibly studying "foreign conditions"—all at government expense.

RIGHT WORD

Foreign diplomacy, as I know it, is conducted more sensibly over a highball than at the conference table. The woefully underpaid servants—and "servants" is the right word—usually buy their extrajudicial diplomacy out of their own pocket. A good part of this special service is spent on the relatives of congressmen who come armed with letters and an expectancy of mandatory VIP treatment by some poor career guy who is earning six grand a year and paying state-side taxes on it.

This applies even more to the

consular corps than to the diplomatic bunch, but all foreign people are underpaid and their expense accounts wouldn't buy them a four-man Martini lunch at Toots Shor's.

ONE EXPERIENCE

"Yet they are supposed to entertain, to provide house and food, to compare with the Russians on vodka diplomacy, and to shore up the United States' pride in the countries in which they're posted. I know of at least one vice-consul to Spain who has even had pelted on him as free-loading guests for weeks, and who must from time to time, on sparse income, show the flag with a few hot Martini and a flagon of wine to keep the Spaniards and the English and the Sixth Fleet aware that we have a consular service. The consul-general has to live it up high-



er, constantly on a wage which would starve him in New York or Washington.

A LUXURY?

I believe more hard booze is consumed in Washington, D. C., than in any other site of government in the world, but some jerk in a bearing suggests that wine-drinking by the foreign service officers in Nice is a "luxury." Mr. Dulles quite rightly remarked that wine in France is cheaper than bottled water, and implied that the ability to drink wine and keep a clear head is as much a diplomatic duty as knowing the language of the country you're stationed in.

Parents Choke Up Historic Moment

By CELESTINE SIBLEY

In The Atlanta Constitution

A FRIEND of mine stood in her kitchen the other morning doing nothing more historic than peeling peanut butter sandwiches for her son's lunch. Suddenly in the midst of kneading up the corner of the crusts she realized it WAS a historic moment.

Her youngest was being graduated from high school. She said she stood a moment, knife poised over the jelly glass, and a life of emotion threatened to engulf her. Being a sensitive woman with a hard day's work ahead of her, she knew she didn't have time to stand there peering sentimental tears into the peanut butter and jelly so she set herself a sum to do.

"How many peanut butter and jelly sandwiches have I made in my time?" she asked herself and promptly put her mind to work multiplying numbers of children by numbers of years in school by numbers of school days by numbers of peanut butter sandwiches consumed.

It was the kind of assignment I'd never set for myself. But my friend is smart. Summing up, she lauded, Ames Scott. She got an answer—a staggering answer—she has made something more than 50,000 peanut butter and jelly sandwiches in her time!

"I didn't know whether to cry or to go upstairs and be sick," she reported.

Whether you measure it by peanut butter and jelly or by numbers of shoes bought or the times you have grinded your teeth and braced yourself for the report card, getting a child through school is no mean achievement for a parent.

A lot of them have gone these last weeks of May and the first week in June into school activities, and the larger order of things and daughters' commences. For many of them there were long moments of high, choking pride as the parents and girls distinguished themselves as valedictorians, award winners and medal wearers.

For some it was like those other big moments, weddings and funerals—over in a flash. The time it takes to call a name and transfer a diploma from hand to hand telescopes into seconds the years of struggle—the mornings he wouldn't get up when you called him, the evenings they wanted to play games under the street light instead of getting homework, the papers that were written in blood and later, the morning agony condensed in that one question: "What I WEAR?"

Oh, the young grads were magnificent! These spring evenings to the tune of a stately march.

The sat there on the stage, those young people, beautiful and shining as only the young can be. They ruled a little in their robes and maybe gave a little respite. And if I had been a commencement speaker I wouldn't have said: "I would like to thank you, how Graduation, like so many things that happen to us when they happen to us, is too good for the young. I'd address my remarks to the parents and to the weary but so-proud teachers and it would be the quickest commencement address on record. Simply this: Congratulations, folks, you finally made it!"

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round Powell Finds Haven In White House

WASHINGTON

THE White House is about the last place in Washington you would expect to find a missing person. That may be why Congressman Adam Clayton Powell of Harlem, indicted for income tax evasion, was hiding out there while Democratic leaders searched the city for him to vote for the Helix Canyon dam project.

Powell's "yes" vote in the committee would have meant that the biggest undeveloped dam site in North America would be developed by a high federal dam instead of giving it to the Idaho Power Company for inefficient low-dam development.

None of his congressional colleagues dreamed, as the House Interior Committee prepared to vote, that Powell would be in the office of Assistant President Sherman Adams. However, they should have known that Adams, longtime friend of the private utilities, is the man who has always pulled wires on Capitol Hill to block public development of Helix Canyon.

Congressman Powell has established quite a pattern for ducking out of Helix

Canyon. Last year he asked Congressmen Earl C. Long of Louisiana to authorize a free trip to Germany just before the Helix Canyon vote. The single refused. So Powell went to New York and stayed there. The head of the Sleeping Car Porters, Philip Randolph, tried to get Powell to come back and vote. So did Clarence Mitchell, counsel of the NAACP. So did Negro Congressman Charles Diggs of Detroit. All failed.

At that time the Justice Department had intervened to delay a grand jury in New York which was considering Powell's indictment. Though Assistant U. S. Attorney Thomas Boon wanted to indict, the Justice Department had issued instructions that the case be side-tracked. Powell was anxious to do anything the White House wanted. He did not come back to vote for Helix Canyon. The high power protest was defeated.

Eager Assurance

But this year Powell was effusive in assuring congressmen that he would be on hand to vote. "You can emphasize your good faith

and answer some of your critics by signing a proxy vote for Helix Canyon this year," he was reminded.

"I'll be right there," promised Powell. "I'll be present to vote for the bill or I'll leave a proxy in my office."

Adams Was Busy

It was agreed that the proxy would be picked up and voted by Democratic Rep. Grace Poff of Idaho, a member of the Interior Committee and a strong battler for Helix Canyon. However, Mrs. Poff was unable to get the signed proxy, though she contacted Powell's office numerous times by phone and in person. Each time she was told by a secretary that Powell hadn't "released" the proxy.

Time after time Powell's office was called. Callers were usually told that the congressman was in New York. When his New York office was contacted, the word was, "He's in Washington."

Finally, as the committee began to vote, a friend of Powell's revealed that he had an 8:30 a.m. date with Sherman Adams. It was then about 8:30. He called the White House.

"This is an emergency," he explained to the White House operator. "I would like to talk to Congressman Powell. I have an appointment with Gov. Adams."

The White House operator switched the call to the office of Sherman Adams. Powell, Adams' assistant was told. "This is very urgent."

Brief Interval

"Just a second," came the reply. There was a brief interval, then. "I'm sorry, but it is impossible to disturb the governor. He's still in conference with Congressman Powell."

He remained in conference until after the Interior Committee voted against the high dam for Helix Canyon.

What Powell's colleagues in Congress are now watching is to see what the administration does regarding the income tax evasion. The Justice Department would have a hard time dropping him in New York. It's reported vigorously opposed to playing politics with law enforcement.