

THOMAS L. ROBINSON President and Publisher
BRODIE S. GRIFFITH General Manager
ROBERT H. LAMPE Advertising Director
Cecil Prince Editor
PERRY MORGAN Associate Editor
R. L. YOUNG Jr. Managing Editor
JAMES McDOWELL Circulation Manager

THURSDAY, JULY 24, 1958

Who Is Interested In George White?

THE question has been raised whether anyone is really interested in the case of George White, a Negro laborer who got in trouble with the law and who cannot recall that he ever went to court or employed an attorney to represent him.

It's a fair question—and one we cannot answer. A newspaper attempts to publish not only what is interesting to its readers but what is important as well. The peculiar plight of George White may not be very interesting. But it is important.

Why? It is important because the answers to the questions it raises may tell us a great deal about the administration of justice in Charlotte. It may supply some of the missing pieces in a puzzle that has been haunting the public conscience for weeks—a puzzle that has brought State Bureau of Investigation agents to Charlotte, prompted a grand jury probe, caused suspensions in the police department, moved the City Council to request an Institute of Government study of court procedures, compelled bondsmen to begin settling their forfeitures accounts and evoked what can only be described as profound suspicions in the minds of many Charlotteans.

Then again, it may be nothing but another dead end. The point is that we must find out.

Recorder's Court records show that a guilty plea was entered in three cases against George White—drunkenness, resisting arrest, assault—and that he was

taxed the costs of court in each case. They amounted to \$30.

White says that he agreed to pay a bondsman \$220 down and \$15 a week until \$440 was raised in order that he wouldn't have to meet court. He says that he has paid \$360 since April 25.

White also says that indeed he did not "meet court" and that he did not hire a lawyer to represent him.

Yet the law says that a person may enter a guilty plea in city court only if he is in court in person or if he is represented by a lawyer.

Who pleaded George White guilty? Under what circumstances? In what manner? Why?

George White says he does not know. But he says that he has spent a great deal of money for something.

Recorder's Court Judge Basil M. Boyd has not offered to refresh anyone's memory. Yet his own docket book shows White's guilty plea and the warrants in the case carry his signature. The name of the judge, incidentally, is signed, not stamped.

It is in the judge's best interests that the truth be known—just as it is in the best interests of the bar as a whole, the bondsmen, municipal officials and the community at large.

The answers to these questions in the case of George White may make the solution to the whole puzzle easier to find. As long as any mystery remains, all kinds of doubts and suspicions will linger in the public mind—doubts and suspicions which may well be unfounded.

Recount Questions Must Be Answered

THERE is nothing trifling about the recount of votes in the Charlotte Township constable's race. The recount and events leading up to it pose very serious questions affecting the integrity of the ballot in Mecklenburg.

Very serious attempts must be made to answer the questions and to prosecute any law violations that may be involved.

Already established is the fact that one person swore falsely to an affidavit on which the decision to recount partially was based. That person is guilty of perjury or else, as she claims, the person who induced her to sign the affidavit is guilty of fraudulent misrepresentation. The authorities should take every step possible to establish the truth of the matter and act accordingly.

But other questions are involved. Flowing from the fact that a total of 20 per-

sons swore they voted for the defeated incumbent, William H. Sherron in Precinct 31. The recount showed that he received only 11 votes. Eliminating the affidavit known to be false, we have 19 persons apparently swearing they voted for Sherron and the recount showing that only 11 persons voted for him. The record shows that these 19 persons did indeed cast ballots.

Thus the suggestion is left that some of these persons also swore falsely, were thoroughly bamboozled, or that there has been tampering with the contents of the ballot box.

The questions must not be allowed to stand. They must be answered if it is possible to find the right answers. Steps must be taken in any event, to prevent such questions from arising in the future.

Rain Dries Up In An Adding Machine

WE read but seldom remember the newspaper tables showing the amounts of rain produced by this summer's not-so-widely-scattered thunder-showers.

It is much more pleasant to gather this information by reading leaves of grass, corn or oak trees. They are green and fat, with no edges drought-seared or crumpled. Fields are pleasant to the eye, and their produce good to the taste. The trees provide abundant shade wherever they stand, and also a reminder that nothing quite touches them in the art of air-conditioning.

One needs no statistics to see that there is enough rain, and that is the thing worth knowing. Perhaps the Weather Bureau ought not to release the exact amounts of precipitation. For it is possible, in the absence of people who are always sticking away statistics in the odd corners of their minds, to experience a conversational rupture about the first really moist summer in some years.

The shower at dusk does things that nothing else can do to the spirit of a tired and sticky human. Meeting his neighbor in the cool that follows the rain he may be moved to observe that "this is the wettest summer in years, and it is wonderful." This is fine pro-

vided the neighbor agrees. But if he should trample on all that jubilation by remarking that this summer it only 9239 inches wetter than a certain past summer, it is not so fine. This makes the rainfall a matter for consideration, rather than a cause for exultation. All statistics—even statistics on rainfall—are dry.

And the man whose heart leaps up at the approach of showers on summer evenings may be moved to remark inwardly that ignorance could be bliss—if only a man could be allowed a little ignorance.

'Catastrophe'

TN time says the RICHMOND NEWS LEADER. "Ohio's Frank Lausche probably will rank among America's great senators. There never will be another. Since the catastrophe of the Seventeenth Amendment 45 years ago, the first requirement of a senator is not that he be a statesman, but that he get himself elected; and the vices of popular election are such that mediocrity flourishes as brilliance declines."

That's democracy for you. It's democratic.

From The Charleston News & Courier

POOR NORTH CAROLINA

WHAT is Tarheel's Secret Weapon? THE CHARLOTTE NEWS recently asked that question editorially.

Frankly, we didn't know North Carolina had a secret weapon that gave it superiority over other southern states. THE NEWS insists, however, that this secret weapon "is one that no other state can hope to duplicate. . . . Our secret weapon is the individual North Carolinian—more than four million individuals who know the true meaning and value of genuine hospitality and mutually beneficial cooperation."

THE NEWS admits that our aristocratic neighbors to the north and south may be inclined to scoff, but the secret of North Carolina's success IS the individual Tar Heel.

It's interesting that THE NEWS mentioned the possibility that South Carolinians and Virginians might scoff at claims of a secret weapon. If North Carolinians

are so sure of their superiority, why are they always looking over their shoulders to see if the Palmetto State and the Old Dominion are smiling in amused pity? It's as though nice plain North Carolina were afraid it had been caught using the wrong spoon or had left a greasy thumb print on a lace tablecloth.

Honest to gosh South Carolinians wouldn't be so mean as to publicly pity North Carolina. And we are glad that the state which is proud of not being proud has what THE NEWS calls "a mystical devotion to the University at Chapel Hill." Why, Tarheel needs every little bit of mystical devotion it can drum up.

What with no past to speak of and uses that have all the character and individuality of mail order house furniture, North Carolina desperately needs to believe it has a secret weapon. We aren't so mean in South Carolina as to say a word in protest.



The Desperate Game

Kuwait, Bahrain And Qatar

By JOSEPH ALSOP

WASHINGTON THE BEST measure of the Western desert in the Middle East is the character of the remedies that were discussed by Secretary of State Dulles and Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd.

In brief, the American government has now three-quarters of an idea that has always been popular in the British government—the idea of using unpopulated-oil-rich area at the head of the Persian Gulf as a kind of desperate hole card in the desperate Middle Eastern game. Superficially, the hole card looks attractive.

JUGULAR MENACE

Even with no oil flowing from either Iraq or Iran, the entire British and Western European oil requirements can quite easily be met by the wells in the three little oil-coast sheikhdoms, Kuwait, Bahrain and Qatar. All three are British protectorates. Kuwait in turn adjoins Saudi Arabia's eastern province of Al-Hassa while the island of Bahrain lies just off shore. And the vast majority of the oil wells of Saudi Arabia is concentrated in this one province. Kuwait also contains the Bahrain headquarters and refinery of the Arabian-American Oil Co.

In other words, the Western oil-jugular cannot be cut, so long as the oil flow from this single area at the head of the Persian Gulf is not interrupted. Britain, therefore, maintains a considerable garrison on Bahrain, and Bahrain is also the base for British naval units operating in Persian Gulf waters. The United States also has some military forces in the area, at the Bahrain air base and the Al-Hassa headquarters and refineries.

NASSERISTS JAILED

To complete the temptation, Bahrain is the only part of the area that is inconveniently overpopulated. Al-Hassa province is all but empty, except for the workmen and the Arab world. The native population of Kuwait is only 30,000, although more than 150,000 non-Kuwaitis also live and work there now. Qatar was a mere village sheikhdom before the oil strike. Even Bahrain has only a million people. And although Bahrain is riddled with pro-Nasser sentiment, the place has been calm since the sheikh of Bahrain locked up "recon-



Britain Has A Hole Card But Nasser Has A Pal

BRITAIN'S PLAN

The British idea is simply to hang on to the Gulf coast sheikhdoms by military force if necessary. At present, however, most of the real power in Kuwait is in the hands of Sheikh Abdullah Mubarak. This uncle of Sheikh Abdullah As-Sabah is now Kuwait's acting ruler. It is thought that if the ruler himself strays towards a deal with Nasser, the acting ruler will be forced to do whatever may be needed.



CROWN PRINCE FAISAL
Dancer In The Desert

wells are of minor importance, and Kuwait and Qatar are the real prizes, with Kuwait by far the biggest prize of the two.

What Selwyn Lloyd asked for in Washington, therefore, was the promise of American support for military occupation of Kuwait and Qatar, if Nasserite agitation in the sheikhdoms make this step necessary. According to reliable sources, John Foster Dulles at least three-quarters committed himself to the idea of using the sheikhdoms as a desperate hole card in the desperate Middle Eastern game.

ACCIDENTAL?

This in turn gives special interest to the sudden appearance of Damascus of the present ruler of Kuwait, Sheikh Abdullah As-Sabah. The Sheikh of Kuwait was apparently vacationing in the Syrian capital when Gamal Abdel Nasser flew in from Moscow. Nasser's concept meeting between the Sheikh and Nasser may perhaps have been accidental. But taken in conjunction with the Sheikh of Kuwait's earlier visit to Cairo, it was "the sort of accident that makes you think," as one American policymaker remarked.

At present, however, most of the real power in Kuwait is in the hands of Sheikh Abdullah Mubarak. This uncle of Sheikh Abdullah As-Sabah is now Kuwait's acting ruler. It is thought that if the ruler himself strays towards a deal with Nasser, the acting ruler will be forced to do whatever may be needed.

SAID ECLIPSED

Besides the danger in Kuwait, the danger in Saudi Arabia cannot be overlooked. King Saud's virtual abdication in favor of Crown Prince Faisal has by no means stabilized the situation. There is a Nasserite conspiracy to seize control of the Arabian government is just as likely, in fact, as a Nasserite grab for Kuwait. If this danger materializes, the British will surely press the American government to try to detach and hold Al-Hassa province. And this move looks fairly feasible, if it was the support of the virtually independent governor of Al-Hassa, Sheikh Saud bin Jafar.

There is, indeed, only one difficulty about the Persian Gulf hole card. In the present state of the Middle East, the mere dispatch of British troops to Kuwait would have the approximate effect of a big bomb in a crowded movie house.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

THE American public doesn't know, but all last week and early this week there has been some diplomatic arm-twisting, more table-pounding, and more due bills collected by American diplomats at the United Nations than at any other time in American history. The arm-twisting has been to drum up a two-thirds vote in the U.N. General Assembly to get a U.N. police force to take over for the Marines and thus get the United States off the hook and off the beaches in Lebanon.

The U.N. vote-getting has not been easy.

Chilly Response

Here is how some of the onetime friends and allies of the United States have reacted:

IN LATIN-AMERICA—Argentina, Brazil, Chile, Venezuela, Mexico have been cool. They argued privately that the good-neighboring policy has become a series of visits by American bigwigs, and they are tired of smiling faces behind champagne glasses lifted to toast an empty policy. They point out that they

U. S. Deserted By Friends And Allies

are summoned by American delegation office boys in the U.N. and told how to vote. They are telling American diplomats that they are tired of voting on instructions from the State Department.

Grumbling In NATO

IN EUROPE—West Germany, an anchor member of NATO, has been grumbling against American intervention in Lebanon, Norway, Denmark and Belgium are irritated. The French, though, are not. They are most unhappy over the fact that some 1,800 of their troops have been anchored off Beirut for almost a week, anxious to go ashore, but uninvited.

IN ASIA AND JAPAN—Japan, which we have depended upon as our chief Far Eastern ally, has been on the other side of the Lebanese fence. Saudi Arabia, which we have wooed and courted, side-stepped an okay for the use of its Force base in Dhahran, and refused to send oil to Jordan, even though King Saud, less than a year ago, had stationed his troops in Jordan to rescue King Hussein. Indonesia, India, and most African-Asian states are against U. S.

The above is not pleasant to contemplate. The American people would be guilty of keeping their heads out in the sand if they did not wake up to the facts. And these unpleasant facts indicate how badly American prestige has slipped.

The question is—why? The answer, in brief, is that world leadership goes to (1) The strong; (2) him who leads. On point 1, for the last ten months it has been obvious that our one-time scientific and military supremacy has been going to the nation which was able to put a ton-and-a-half spittnik in the skies and was able to test a long-range intercontinental missile as early as May, 1957. In contrast, our ICBM, the Atlas, went off at Cape Canaveral on July 19, the same day Khrushchev was demanding a summit meeting in brutal, bulldozing language.

Big Talk, Little Stick

On point 2, a nation which leads must not be a nation which wails. It must solve problems before they become acute. It must use imagination and inspiration. It cannot rely on bluster and talk. We

A Letter To Liz

Royal Sinusitis

By ROBERT C. RUARK

THEY say a cat can look at a king, and Mama says she aims to write a letter to Queen Elizabeth. My Judy O'Grady and Prince Philip's lady are certainly sisters under the cheekbones, and I am a kind of in-law. We all suffer from a tragedy called sinusitis, and I personally would prefer leprosy.

Acute sinusitis cannot be described accurately, since everybody has his own brand of misery. There is literally no real cure for it, whether they cut you or use machines to pound your headbones or feed you massage in large dosages. It can be relieved, perhaps, I might say, anybody who was cured of it.

FULL OF GUNK

The headbones accumulate a slush fund, whether you get deviated septum or not, and the holes in your cheekbones and over your eyes, whether you are dealing in sinus or antritis, get themselves full of gunk. This spits your head and swells your eyes closed, and all is not right with the world.

Sinusitis, Mama is going to write, also hits you in the tummy, and the doctors are wrong putting you to bed. At least, sleep sitting up, because if you lay yourself down all the gunk stuff gets down into the stomach and gives you gastritis, acute, plus shakes and aches and wobbly knees.

Sinusitis can be blamed on the weather, nerves, the state of the nation, or too much drink or smoke. All of these claims are part true, part false. Both Mama and I have had simultaneous attacks when our personal behavior had been as pure as the driven dove—early-to-bed, ten hours' sleep with the sun shining. But bang! Down comes the solid-stel curtain, and you just know the clouds will gather tomorrow, no matter what the barometer says right now. A pair of sinuses can toll you more about harmonic pressure than the weather bureau.

IT HELPS MORALE

Up to now Mama has been accused of having such bizarre ailments as Cushing's disease, a malady that affects ladies. It causes them to grow full heads and die as raving maniacs. Nothing of the sort, all Mama had was sinusitis. But she and I have been nominated as acute sufferers from liver. Nothing to it. Sinus.

Mama has got a contraption she straps onto her skull and she turns on a lot of valves and knobs and I am certain it is going to electrocute her someday, as it allegedly irrigates her skull by altering the blood into a gas. I also reduce my weight, I strap it on your tummy. She is writing the Queen about this machine, which really does no good, and is helpful to the gas. I wish I wouldn't touch it with a 10-foot electrode, myself, because if I ever get electrocuted I want it to be on purpose for a worthwhile issue.

We have both tried a couple of antidotes to sleeping overlong—sinus runs you a smaller fever and



QUEEN ELIZABETH II
The Best Pigeon So Far

induces drowsiness—and Mama is writing the Queen that if you touch off an alarm clock every two hours the whole night long, you don't absorb so much poison. In short, Your Highness, get up and blow the royal nose.

FIREFACE CURE

Sticking your head in a fireplace with a roaring blaze helps, sometimes, like going to Palm Springs or Key West, and a steaming hot shower on the back of the neck has been known to clear up the accumulation of misery. But the best of all the nostrums, and I quote Mama, is a stout slug of rum with a lot of lemon juice, just before the morning suicidal tendency sets in. It may not cure the disease, but it tends to make it bearable.

Mama is purely political in her reaction to the royal headache. She wants action. She has been waiting for somebody of importance to dignify what doctors call "headaches" and "upset tummy" as a disease easily as identifiable as cancer. She wants somebody important to come out strong, and certainly sinusitis so the research foundations will get cracking and do something important about finding an end to this acute rheumatism of the skull furniture. She reckons Her Highness is the best pigeon to fly by so far.

COMMONER'S VOICE

SHE is writing the Queen not to listen to anybody who says drinking or smoking or weather is all the answer. She cites her old man—me—as a gent who was dying on the vine from our common malady when I was eight, and certainly unimpaired by either alcohol or nicotine. And I will add one message, myself. Yes, Your Highness, Doctor Ruark will tell you one thing: It's get worse before it gets better, rest isn't the answer, and all you can do is wait for your head to hurt just as bad as Mama's and mine, and in this respect, Your Highness, you ain't nothing but a commoner named Liz.

People's Platform

Did They Vote Or Didn't They?

Charlotte

Editors, THE NEWS: WE have read the articles in your paper concerning the recount for William Sherron who was up for constable. If he has sworn statements from 20 people that they voted for him, why did this present give him only ten votes? There wasn't any point in ten (or half) of these people going to vote. If the people take time to go and vote, why can't their votes be counted? There is something rotten somewhere.

We want to make it clear that we voted at Hoskins School, which did not have Sherron on the ballot. We voted for T. O. Bridges. . . . But there are hundreds of people who read your paper and are wondering the same thing we are—"What happened?"

—MR. & MRS. F. S. KENNEDY
Editors' Note: A News investigation July 22 showed that one

woman who signed an affidavit that she had voted for Constable Sherron is not registered to vote. The other 19 actually voted in the election. See editorial.

Not Enough Written About Father Love

Lexington, Ky.

Editors, THE NEWS: MOTHER love is often spoken of, and rightly so, by preachers and writers and newsmen. But there is not enough said about father love.

A man who works and does all he can for his family has shown his father love. A man who dies to protect his family, as ancient men did, shows his father love. A man who rescues his children, his or hers from a fire, has shown his father love. A man who fights a murderer to protect his family has shown his father love. But the father who spends a lifetime in dull toil for his family has shown a father love close akin to that of a mother.

—JAMES W. JEWELL