



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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TUESDAY, JULY 29, 1958

Election Board Tackles The Mystery

PAUSING only briefly to register sentiment over an imagined slur, the County Board of Elections has moved forthrightly to unravel the mystery surrounding the recount of ballots in Precinct 31.

The mystery, in sum, is whether perjury and/or fraud was involved in efforts to force a recount in the Charlotte Township constable's race between William H. Sherron and Robert C. Dellinger. The board quite properly has subpoenaed the signers and gatherers of affidavits used to secure the recount, with the intention of seeking explanation of why most of the affidavits turned out to be worthless.

Whether or not the board is able to establish the facts of the matter—and we certainly hope that it can do so—the effort is important. It demonstrates the concern of the board and the community over an incident that tends to impeach the elective process.

Meantime, let the record show that

The News does not suggest there had been any tampering with the ballot box. The board took exception to our statement that "...the suggestion is left that some of these persons (who signed affidavits) ... swore falsely, were thoroughly bamboozled, or that there had been tampering with the contents of the ballot box." The suggestion is merely inherent in the circumstances. The recount did not produce the number of votes which persons had sworn they cast for Sherron, the defeated incumbent. Thus some of these persons lied, they were misinformed as to the nature of the affidavits they signed, or the ballot box was tampered with.

We certainly would not suspect that this latter possibility is the explanation. All the available information points the other way.

But it's the board's responsibility to judge the possibilities — not ours. We commend the board members for setting out so directly to do that job.

Let The Facts Speak For Themselves

A RUMORED "Get Littlejohn" fund adds yet another wild and distracting irrelevancy to Charlotte's court scandal.

One thing is clear. Nothing must be permitted to divert responsible officials from their No. 1 task — and that is to clean up the mess in City Recorder's Court.

The unique role of Police Chief Frank N. Littlejohn in the case is a proper sub-

ject for public concern. However, any evaluation of that role by the City Council should be on the basis of facts. It cannot afford to be influenced one way or the other by real or imagined vigilantes.

The Council is fully capable of making the proper decision, exercising its own sober will. It ought to be left free to do so without any notice about it being "bought," pressured or panicked.

U. N. Needs A Standing Police Force

BUT for the want of a standing United Nations police force, U.S. Marines might not now be engaged in an action that is holding ground and losing prestige for America in the Middle East.

One of the necessities of assuring the continued existence of the U.N. and for averting the Big Power interventions that inevitably worsen international tempests is the provision of such force. It is the only practical means of focusing the world's desire for peace in the form of a fire extinguisher. The current Middle East crisis demonstrates the very real danger involved in the U.N.'s failure to use these means in the face of a demonstrated need.

Sir Leslie Munro, president of the U.N. General Assembly, makes this point in the New York Times Magazine. Sir Leslie wants no army, but a lightly-armed, mobile force that could be rushed to the aid of any government threatened with aggression or subject to subversion. He believes "there are few ag-

gressors who will flout public opinion in an area where an effective U.N. force is either functioning or is about to function." The role of the temporary U.N. force in pacifying the Gaza Strip supports that belief.

The effectiveness of a world police force would depend, of course, on the U.N.'s determination to use it with dispatch and vigor—a willingness to put out the fire first and argue about the identity of the arsonist later. At present, U.N. cops must be recruited after the trouble at hand has been inflamed by provocative maneuvers by one or another of the Big Powers who consider their vital interests to be involved in each and every spot on the globe.

A standing U.N. force obviously would offer no panacea for mounting international tensions or for the U.N.'s problems in dealing them. But it almost certainly would help, and the U.N. needs all the help it can get.

How Dostoevsky Became A Star

POOR old Fedor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky! He wrote like an angel but the masses couldn't read him, and until Hollywood dug his dusty old manuscripts from the scrap heap and made them into a wide-screen extravaganza. Now he's a STAR!

Anyway, that's the word we get from Eric Johnston, president of the Motion Picture Association of America. "How many have read THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV since its publication?" taunts Mr. Johnston with the air of a man who is trying to rub it in. "But how many millions more have become familiar with Dostoevsky's masterpiece through the motion picture? Scarcely an English-class book from Melville to Shaw to Somerset Maugham has not been brought to the screen, reaching audiences into the hundred millions."

That's all very fine and we agree that movies are better than ever.

But Fedor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky was not a screen writer. He was a novelist and the only satisfactory way to "become familiar with Dostoevsky's masterpiece" is to read the novel. Alas, it is not enough to see the movie. It never is.

Dostoevsky is great because of what he wrote. The words—and how they are put together—make "the masterpiece" that is called THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV. His readers may be few when compared to movie audiences "into the hundred millions." But we have a feeling that it was the book, that he will be remembered long after the movie has worn out its welcome in theaters and on television screens throughout the world.

And poor old Fedor Mikhailovich Dostoevsky would probably have preferred it that way. You see, he's been a star in the literary world for about 100 years already.



Caesar To Jackson

A Short History Of Eggheads
By VERMONT C. ROYSTER
In The Wall Street Journal

WHEN Charles Andre Joseph Marie de Gaulle began to crop up in the news again recently, the background articles made much of the fact that he had written a book. He was described variously as poet, mystic, philosopher, historian, political theorist and visionary.

No wonder we were startled when de Gaulle went into action. Here, surely, was an intellectual, an expatriate. How could he so skillfully outmaneuver the practical politicians in the Assembly and outflank the dashing generals in Algeria?

For it's deeply imbedded in our culture that when it comes to practical affairs eggheads aren't very smart. We are proud of our poets, painters, scholars, writers. They are useful, even necessary, in a poet makes people happier and a scientist sometimes invents things. But it took "practical" men to get us out of the quagmire and build the factories out of the wilderness while historians wrote about it and philosophers thought about it. And after Adolf Hitler, it will be a long time before an American political leader lets on he's a letter.

GROUP APART
Even the eggheads think of themselves as a group apart. The avant garde in Greenwich Village were as puzzled by the phenomenon of a poet in the insurance business as Wallace Stevens' fellow executive were to find him thought of something besides actuarial statistics. Americans think it an exception to the rule if even the twin shall meet.

To the Greeks, of course, a man wasn't a man unless he was a whole man, both doer and egghead. Nobody thought it strange that Alexander was a star pupil of Aristotle or that Archimedes should be invited into a council of war. It was a journalist, Xenophon, who was called on to save 10,000 Greeks from the Persian army and a dictator, Pericles, who made Athens the city beautiful. Caesar wrote history while he made it and Marcus Aurelius wrote philosophy while, as Emerson said, he lived it.

scholar who couldn't plow a furrow, and the few with leisure for education came to look down their noses at the builders ignorant of Homer and Beethoven.

WIDER GULF
This separation by cultural ex-

perience, a wider gulf than in "the old world, obscured the fact that "intellectual" describes not education but a quality of mind. The man who thinks from particular problems to general ideas and back again, who has curiosity for all within his purview, who has sensibility for beauty in music or in mountains—such a man is an intellectual whether he digs in ditches or in libraries.

Thus Andy Jackson, rough-hewn soldier, was a first-class egghead; we are still influenced by his political theories. So, unquestionably, was Lincoln. So too were the eggheads who saw more in the West than adventure or the townsfolk who saw visions as well as money in the railroads. America would never be if it weren't for the eggheads who included a high percentage of men of speculative mind.

THE FOUNDING EGGHEADS
So was America. It would be hard to gather in one place more eggheads than in a reunion of our founding revolutionists: Franklin, Jefferson, Hamilton, Madison and Adams.

The dichotomy between eggheads and "practical men" is partly a result of our history and one suspects, partly due to a confusion of intellectuality with education. Pushing westward and building factories left little time for the kind of education we call cultural. A covered wagon has room for few books. The proud frontier in time acquired a scorn for the

artists, scholars or philosophers—men of action like Bacon, Disraeli, Gladstone, Balfour and Churchill.

STRENGTH BARRED
Yet the dichotomy persists. Scholars disdain "practical affairs" and executives hope nobody will notice if they read philosophy at home.

Casey Stengel, the Yankee philosopher, is barred from the fraternity of eggheads just because he goes berserk his grammar. And radio and record crooner Pat Boone shrives educated teenagers when he graduates from Columbia University magna cum laude.

We don't know whether de Gaulle can do for France what Churchill did for England. But maybe both of them can do something for America. They can remind us that action doesn't require a surrender of the mind. Perhaps they can even lift the impression left by all the many eggheads who have been in the past century that all eggheads are incompetent to do anything.

Soviet Forced Summit Meet With Ugly, Insulting Threat

By JOSEPH ALSOP

MUCH too little attention has been paid to the most ominous single aspect of all the dark and ominous events of the past fortnight. In brief, the British and American governments agreed to Nikita Khrushchev's proposal for a summit meeting under a naked threat of force.

Secretary of State Foster Dulles, playing his peculiar role of the only tussler in the local swamp, did not wish to do this. In former times, no self-respecting government would have accepted a note from another government containing such a crude threat as Khrushchev's reminder that "the Soviet Union... possesses atomic and hydrogen bombs, an air force and a navy, plus ballistic missiles of all types, including intercontinental ones." Such a note would have been coldly returned to the ambassador who presented it, and this is what Dulles wishes to do with the Khrushchev note.

MONSTROUS RALLY

At everyone knows by now, Dulles was restrained from following this old-fashioned impulse by the "Minister Maelland and Foreign Secretary Selwyn Lloyd were determined to accept Khrushchev's invitation although they actually admitted that the language was somewhat impolite. The President, apparently, was enough in two minds about the matter to prevent Dulles from fighting for his own viewpoint. So the American government agreed to follow the British government to the monstrous summit rally that is now planned.

The least bad result will be to add public humiliation to the great defeat the Western nations have already suffered in the Middle East. For the British, moreover, the results can be much worse than this.

DESPERATE RESOLVE

Britain's only Middle Eastern policy now consists of a desperate resolve to hold the little, oil-rich sheikhdoms of the Persian Gulf at all costs and by military occupation if need be. This is not the sort of policy that is aided by public palaver, even with friends. Khrushchev and Nasser are not friends. They will surely seek to frustrate the British policy and they will have many opportunities to do so.

Why on earth, then, were the normally sensible British leaders so anxious to expose themselves in this seemingly lunatic manner?

PUBLIC HANKERING

The answer is that Maelland and Lloyd were directly intimidated by Khrushchev's menaces, any more than Dulles was intimidated. But the menaces are still the key to the answer. For Maelland and Lloyd were in fact responding to the British public's passionate hankering for another summit rally. This hankering be-

gan after the warning of the Soviet spatniks. It was, and it still is, a kind of automatic reflex, provoked by Britain's awareness of these atomic and hydrogen bombs... and ballistic missiles of all kinds, including intercontinental ones... that Khrushchev boasted about.

A similar reflex caused almost the whole British people to ap-



SELWYN LLOYD
A Ruralt Aristocrat

plaud, Neville Chamberlain's journey to Munich, and the upset of the balance of power that produced Munich was primarily the fault of the British government. The pattern this time has been unpleasantly similar. But this time the upset of the balance of power has been the fault of the American government.

FIRST CAUSE

In these circumstances, it is no use blaming the British for one instinctive reflex which is also beginning to be noticeable in some quarters in this country. The only useful thing to do is to look at the first cause. We could not of course have halted the progress of Soviet weaponry. But we could at least have made the needful effort to maintain the American lead, which still existed in 1953. If we had maintained that lead, there would be no Munich-psychology in Britain or anywhere else, and Nikita Khrushchev would not



JOHN FOSTER DULLES
An Old-Fashioned Uge

be indulging in crude, open threats. Instead, we permitted the American lead to be transformed into a Soviet lead. Right there is the first cause of the recent catastrophe in the Middle East, and the present disarray of our diplomacy.

People's Platform

A Practical Issue

Editor, The News:

I SHARE with you the belief expressed in your editorial last Saturday that political campaigns should be fought out on issues, and I certainly wish to encourage a frank discussion of all the issues in the coming election. It seems to me, however, that one of the issues in the campaign for the State House of Representatives is this very practical one: How effective can Republicans be in legislature largely dominated by Democrats? The public is entitled to know the facts concerning this issue and to have frank discussion of it along with all others.

I am told that no statewide legislation of any significance proposed by a Republican has been passed by the legislature in the last five years. I do not know whether this statement can be shown to be completely true, but even if it cannot, it certainly is very nearly true and it indicates the obstacles which any Republi-

cans going to Raleigh must face. As you stated in your editorial, Republicans are soiled off into a kind of political limbo in the General Assembly."

Mecklenburg, by virtue of its large population, is entitled to more representation than it now has. If we send Republicans to Raleigh, will we not be reducing our effective representation still further?

While I feel that this is an important issue to consider, and which voters ought to consider, yet I should not like to see the campaign dominated by this one issue. There are many other extremely important issues, among them issues concerning state services, sources of revenue, constitutional reform and court reorganization. I am sure that the Democratic candidates share with me the expectation that in the campaign this fall we shall have full discussion of all the issues.

—JOHN P. KENNEDY JR.

Janetta Ridgley In The Baltimore Sun

UNCLE SAM COLONIZES ENGLAND

IN THE hallowed area around St. Paul's Cathedral two travelers from America recently wandered about brought short by a notice chalked on a battered brick wall. It said: "I like Elvis."

Near the statue of Sir Henry Irving in Charing Cross Road a man with a cart does very brisk business in the evenings. He is selling muffins or cookies? No, he is not. He was selling hot dogs. Flagrantly marked and labeled as such, the young of London, wandering hand-in-hand out of the nearby movie palaces line up to buy his wares.

This evidence of cultural colonization having been digested, the traveler should dive into a nearby espresso bar. They are gay and friendly little places, generally run by cheerful Italian families, and they sell excellent coffee and pastries. Their staple is coffee, but they seem to do equally well with American cola drinks. There the young men and the girls and the long lank hair mingle with soldier citizens and listen to recorded rock-and-roll.

Rock-and-roll is another fact of English life to which the idealistic American must become accustomed. Squealing crowds queue up outside the stage doors for autographs of rock-n-roll singers.

Consider Sherborne, that jewel of the southern counties, whose ancient abbey church is the pride of archiepiscopal commissaires. A week or two ago some tourist stopped to contemplate the fan vaulting and listen to the strains of Bach coming from the magnificent organ. They skirted the Saxon gateway and the Norman ruins, and came to a peaceful yard, where the muted sounds of the organ could be enjoyed.

There was a medieval lancet window to the left and out of it came saxophones and drums and a voice yelling "Rock! Rock! Rock! Rock!"

At Winchester school among the stately buildings of Bishop Wickham, whose motto was "Manners maketh man" one quadrangle reverberated to Artie Shaw's recording of NIGHTMARE.

After all this, it is not strange to find little market towns advertising hamburgers. Frown food is advertised with "Try something from our fridge."

Pome In Which Is Extended A Modicum of Advice Regarding The Development Of Personality:
Lest you wind up on the shelf
Do your best to be yourself.—ATLAN-
TA JOURNAL

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

THERE'S an interesting illustration down in Tennessee right now of what happens to some of the money people put into insurance policies. It also illustrates why it's difficult to get someone to fight for the public interest when the business interests are involved.

Last March, Sen. Albert Gore of Tennessee had the courage to oppose a special tax concession for the insurance companies. He argued that with five million people unemployed and the government certain sure to go into the red heavily for defense, there was no reason why the insurance companies should get a special retroactive tax cut of \$124 million.

Tough Battle

So he waged a tough battle against the insurance companies, demanding that they be given the same tax treatment as other groups.

"Are the senators aware," Gore asked his colleagues, referring to Metropolitan Life, "that one of those General Motors assets equal to those of General Motors, the Ford Motor Co. and U.S. Steel all added together?"

They always hear about the widow who has a policy. The president of one company draws a salary of \$134,500. Gore, referring to J. W. Darden, president of Mutual Life of New York, "I suppose that is approved by the wid-

ow who hold policies. The total assets of more than \$82 billion."

Fight Lost

Gore then proceeded to show that these 10 would get a tax benefit of \$81,400,000 under the law which Sen. Gore was opposing. The multimillion-dollar oil man, was trying to rush through the Senate.

In the end, the big insurance companies and Sen. Kerr won. Sen. Gore lost. And today insurance money is being spent in Tennessee to defeat him. The insurance moguls know that if Gore stays in the Senate he will lead another fight next year to prevent any more special tax concessions.

The campaign against Gore is bitter. It is also well-heeled. It is so well-heeled that Tennessee highways are littered with billboards urging votes for Gore's opponent. However, the people of Tennessee are getting suspicious of so much money spent against one man. The campaign against him may re-elect him.

Lazy Warfare

Undersecretary of State Christian Herter acknowledged under congressional cross-examination the other day that the U.S. Marines had stormed ashore at Lebanon only to find a strange, lackadaisical, almost bloodless civil war.

It is mainly a war between snipers who

seem to be trying to win as close to their target as possible without hurting anyone. Herter estimated that the Lebanon casualties from actual fighting are less than 100.

Government and rebel headquarters are conveniently located within 300 yards of each other with all the civilized comforts, including full telephone service. The only signs of war are casual sentries wearing rifles strapped under their shoulders.

Political Battle

For the most part, Herter admitted the civil war is a political battle between the "ins" and "outs."

Oregons' bristle-browed Sen. Wayne Morse, who had asked Herter leading questions about the strange "war" at the "secret briefing," waited for his answers, then sprang a verbal trap.

"I am glad of my record in opposition to the Marine landings," Morse snapped, "and I make Mr. Herter my witness."

There was no reason for sending a single Marine over there. There is no really serious fighting. The whole affair is almost a sham battle.

"Of course," he added, "I don't know anything about it except what Mr. Herter told us."

No Reason

Kansas dry, drawing Sen. Bill Fullbright broke up the secretary this morning. It is really difficult to com-

pare his report to the headlines we have seen read—Marine "fighting" in the Streets of Beirut. Mr. Herter didn't give us any reason to believe there were any great battles over there.

"All they want is a new government," suggested Morse. "And they will get it when we move out."

'That Cornball'

Rev. Joseph Simonson, the Lutheran preacher and Ike-enthusiast who became ambassador to Ethiopia, has decided to get on of politics and diplomacy in favor of religion—for keeps.

Dr. Simonson was abruptly relieved of his ambassadorship after Vice President Nixon referred to him somewhat as "that cornball." Simonson had been public relations director of the National Lutheran Council in New York, gave his all for the "great cause" in 1952, and was rewarded with an ambassadorship to Ethiopia. But when Nixon made his four of Africa trip in 1957, Simonson was not invited to him over the Nixon habit of shaking and hugging.

These Ethiopian authorities, who worked out a careful schedule, Nixon insisted on stopping occasionally on street corners to mingle with the crowds. In Ethiopia this was considered unbecomingly, and Simonson had promised Ethiopian officials that Nixon would do no handshaking with the royal family or with the entourage.