



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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The Adams Case: 'In The Beginning ...'

HOT on the trail of a fur-bearing White House politico, the Harris Committee seems to have lost its scent for the original game.

In the beginning, the committee had no interest in Richard Mack's bad debts, Sherman Adams' coat, or in "flyspecks" of any kind. Definitely forget the "flyspecks," committee counsel Bernard Schwartz was told as he was booted out for hollering about alleged sins of Sherman Adams.

By now, of course, the flyspecks have assumed the size of cannonballs and in its eagerness to have them fired the committee put on in public session an anti-Adams witness named John Fox whose whitewashed allegations against Adams and Bernard Goldfine made Bernard Schwartz sound like the soul of timidity.

But originally the committee's purpose, urged on it by August Sam Rayburn, was to examine into the condition of all the regulatory agencies to see if they are wielding their vast power in the public interest, to see if they are acting within the meaning of the legislation that created them, and to determine if new legislation was needed. The idea, in short, was to learn if the agencies are in a wholesome condition.

The Harris probe, to be sure, has certified two suspected weaknesses in the agencies. Insufficient care has been exercised both by the Congress and the ad-

ministration in putting men on them. The fact that Richard Mack ever got on the Federal Communications Commission demonstrated how purely political some of the appointments have been. The other all too obvious weakness is the facility with which the administration—and the Congress—can intervene in the deliberations of the regulatory agencies.

Mack is back in Florida and New Hampshire may yet reclaim favorite son Sherman Adams. Fine. But the whole matter has now boiled down to an issue of who stole the horse, and the question of how the barn was left unlocked has been forgotten—or at least overlooked by this committee on "legislative oversight."

It's doubtful that the committee ever will get back to the fundamental question now that it has fallen upon such happy hunting. Indeed, it is doubtful that any congressional committee can examine candidly and openly the whole apparatus of secret pressure that is brought to bear on the quasi-judicial regulatory agencies. Congress is part of the apparatus.

But if it could appoint a fact-finding office to look into the fundamental conditions of the regulatory agencies. While this is not an ideal approach to the problem, it is better than no approach at all—which is the current status of the probe.

'It All Depends On Whose Ox Is ...'

THE court decision that thoroughly scrambled the desegregation picture at Little Rock brought a vital and related issue into focus.

This time a federal court gored the integrationist ox, and the resulting bellows are pretty much indistinguishable from those emitted for the last four years by its opposite number. Criticism of the Lemley decision did not stop with disagreement; it included strong intimations that a prejudiced judge trying to hold back the dawn of righteousness. From this point, of course, one does not have to go far to reach the conclusion that "something ought to be done about the courts to make them bring in pleasing decisions."

That conclusion already has been reached by some segregationists and some other groups because of other decisions by other courts. Conservative forces generally are dissatisfied with many current rulings of the Supreme Court; they make no bones about saying so, backing legislation that would restrict its jurisdiction, or raising such a ruckus that the judges know they're winning no popularity contest.

Well, it's a free country. Anyone can disagree with a court decision anytime he

so wishes. Conservatives can try to bring pressure on the courts now, as the liberals did in the '30s.

But the contesting hue and cry of opinion makes very clear the necessity of having an independent judiciary—and one that does not consider itself bound to bow to the fervors of the moment. It also illustrates the danger of tampering with the judiciary in an effort to make it fall in first with one group and then with another.

Let gored oxen bellow, but let them be careful not to run amok.

Not So Fast, UPI!

"WASHINGTON—UPI— Miss Doris Fleenon, political columnist whose work appears regularly in THE OBSERVER, will be married in New York next month to Dan A. Kimball, former secretary of the Navy. —From THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER, July 4.

For the record, the work of Miss Fleenon appears regularly in THE OBSERVER. It's the work of UPI that appears regularly in THE OBSERVER. And we're right well satisfied with that arrangement.

Here's To Talkative Trooper Tedbury

FOR A TIME it appeared the world would have a new Unknown Soldier. He would not rest in a guarded tomb where he would receive his nation's homage during each celebration honoring the heroic dead.

He would, instead, be consigned to the outer darkness of a garrison in one of Britain's farthest outposts where the shame he caused might die with him.

For he broke one of Britain's crustiest traditions, and everyone knows that to Britain tradition is all-important.

The other day came a story from London telling that an unnamed trooper in the Horse Guards had broken the tradition of silence while on duty in Whitehall. While American tourists gawked a guide gave his spiel about the Horse Guards, telling the throng that the guards' iron discipline enables them to remain absolutely still for an hour.

The unbelievable happened when the Guard being discussed uttered four ter-

rible words: "You are a liar."

The guide, who happened to be retired Capt. John T. Reeves, told the sentry, "I shall report you."

Report he did, and the British War Office, taking proper British cognizance of the crisis, announced solemnly that an official investigation is underway.

Whatever happens now in the course of the investigation does not matter. For the trooper's comrades came to his rescue. They identified him as Trooper John Tedbury and said he spoke only after the guide had made erroneous and outlandish claims about the Guards. Further, they drank to his health for daring to talk back. "We put up with a lot," they said. "We are human beings after all and we get fed up."

So here's to Trooper Tedbury, who will not become an unknown soldier. To him we offer 13 American vintages and a triple heel click, and to Capt. Reeves, a most un-British razzberry.

From The Raleigh News & Observer

FISH OR CHICKEN?

A MAGAZINE account says men are so utterly absorbed in the vexing intricacies of making a living they are oblivious of what goes on in the house. Furthermore, they have no remote notion what they will eat for supper until they sit down at the table. May be so in the commuting areas, and in those large towns in which a man's daily automobile ride to work and back would formerly have constituted high adventure. But the magazine expert would be astounded at the number of men in smaller places who know more accurately what's for supper than they know how to pay for it.

The average small town wife telephones her husband at least three times each day. One call is to ascertain if he got to work all right. She seems to have a lingering suspicion that he's going to run away with a carnival. The second call is to tell him that someone is looking for him. The looker called the house inadvertently. You saw him two hours ago and have forgotten what he wanted which was going to start with.

The third call is to remind you of a meeting scheduled for that night. You have been half-sick all day just thinking about the PTV or some similar delight. At this time you ask her what you are having for supper.

"She asks what you prefer, chicken or fish," you say either just dandy. She says nothing doing. One is no more trouble than the other. So, please be a good boy and help her decide. "If that's the way it is, how about fish, then?" There is a large and ominous pause at her end of the telephone. From the doleful way she speaks, you assume every pipe in the house has burst, suddenly. O.K., they'll have the fish, then. She'll stink up the house. If that's how you want it. You won't be able to close a window, for a week, but fish, heck, yes, fish it is. You say you don't care, that you'd as soon have the chicken. But you are kidding yourself. You made her have fish and you are stinking up the house. You look out the office window, but there isn't a single carnival in sight.

Goldfine At Bay

'Friend Of All The World'

By JOSEPH ALSOP

THE FAMOUS Bernard Goldfine, the friend of all the world, turned out to look like a Jewish version of Mr. Pickwick on the world, and when he is not being benevolent he is being incoherently bewildered or ridiculously wretched by the sad cynicism of a wicked world.

At the outset then the plan was to present Bernard Goldfine as the other side of Mr. Pickwick, at that awful moment in his career when the widow Bartlett mistook his genial warmth of nature for something far more sinister. The hearings were intended to be a mere repeat of the greatest breach of promise suit in history, Bartlett versus Pickwick, and the same happy end was hoped for — the final proof to all the world that Goldfine, like Pickwick, was guilty of nothing but genial, natural warmth.

SOMETHING TO IT

Furthermore, there really is something warm and human and likeable about this energetic and resourceful man, who began life in America as a poor Russian immigrant boy, made a large for-

time in a difficult industry, and incidentally saved a few, New England towns from economic decay. You can see why Sherman Adams and so many others surrendered to Goldfine, you positively begin to believe the Pickwick impersonation.

INCOME TAX

Above all, Mr. Pickwick might have paid Gov. Adams' hotel bills, he might have wrapped Adams in a warm blanket, he might have provided Perry's finest for the Adams' feet to tread upon. But Mr. Pickwick would not then have turned around, and written down these gratuitous business expenses for income tax purposes.

It is easy enough to see how the Goldfine charm and calculations almost chemically combine with the New England parsimony of an Adams, to produce the known results. But if you want the explanation of the sharp national reaction to the Goldfine-Adams

story, you must look beyond Goldfine-Pickwick on the witness stand. You must look to Roger Robb, the lawyer whom the White House commuted Goldfine to hire.

CLEAN-CUT FACE

Outwardly, Robb is a not unimpressive fellow, with a face in the clean-cut style that is only beginning to be self-revealing, as faces have a way of doing. But Robb, remember, was also the man Adam, Louis Strauss hired to prosecute Robert Oppenheimer. Robb was the man who skillfully lidded out of sight the ugly central fact of the whole Oppenheimer case — the fact that Adam Strauss himself had seen every significant item of evidence against Oppenheimer back in 1948, and had thereafter approved Oppenheimer's security clearance with apparent confidence.

Robb is a good symbol, in short, of the ugly extremes of the past. Those extremes were partisan in purpose, and those have today again. To haunt the Republican Party, which so largely benefited by them, Harry Vaughn, (or instance, was hardly more than President Truman's doorkeeper. And it is so much was made of Harry Vaughn's loose-lipped, easy-going imprudences, then how is nothing to be made of Sherman Adams' thin-lipped, money-saving imprudences?



Under The Coat, A Slip Was Showing

There, of course, is the first reason why this sorry business has been blown up to such strange dimensions. But there is a second reason too. At the Goldfine hearings, one almost has the feeling of participating in a presidential election, which is being settled by some such unfamiliar method as trial by water.

For Sherman Adams almost is the President of the United States, where huge areas of the government are concerned. And if the Goldfine hearings end badly for Sherman Adams, then, no doubt, all those areas of government pass through much the same experience as a real change of President.

Poor People With Rifles Buck The Great Atom Powers

By WALTER LIPPMANN

WITH SOME sixty Americans being held in order to induce the United States to make a political concession.

For the nine members of the crew of the helicopter which strayed into East Germany, the Soviet government and the Pan-law government are asking us to label our negotiators as diplomats, agents of the United States government. Though this would be the merest formality, carrying with it no real diplomatic relationship, the form of the credentials of our agents is supposed to be very important. The Communists put a high value on the formula and we, or perhaps Dr. Adenauer, also put a high value

on the formula. In the meantime the Americans are detained while four governments, at Moscow, at Pankov, at Bonn and at Washington, quarrel about the metaphysical problem of "recognition."

NEXT GROUP

The next group of captives consists of nine members of the Air Force who lost their way in a cargo plane. They are being held, it appears, to demonstrate convincingly to make the United States government admit that American planes are in the habit of intruding upon the air space of the Soviet Union. This admission will not be made, and the men will be held, presumably until the Soviet government gets tired of keeping them.

Four Americans are captives in Red China, and they have been there a long time. They are pawns in the negotiations which, until they were suspended, were being carried on in Geneva between an American ambassador and a Red Chinese ambassador. These negotiations may be resumed. But one must ask the question: what is the real price for the release of the imprisoned Americans? The price is probably high. The Americans have been, so it is said, convicted of crimes under Chinese law.

CUBAN CAPTIVES

And then, there are some forty men, including three Canadians, who have been kidnapped in Eastern Cuba by rebels under the command of one of the Castro brothers. Their ransom is the stoppage of American military aid which the rebels believe is being given to the Batista government. The Cuban kidnappers are a guerrilla version of military reprisal analogous to revenge to what happened in former days when the gambut of a great power bombarded a town in a recalcitrant small country.

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KONRAD ADENAUER
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'It's A Little Something I Learned From Our Salmon'



People's Platform

Let's End Anonymity

In Political Races

Cheraw S. C.

Editors, The News

TILL elections in our state are over, most of us will agree with our governor-elect that our state should enact a requirement that groups printing in the papers or pamphlets statements concerning candidates for office of any kind sign their names to said statements.

We feel this would put an end to false and slanderous statements about candidates, if those who make them are liable for a lawsuit in court. There were many false statements made in our state in the past, in an effort to mislead our people. Such a practice is not fair to the state, the country or the people. It's not fair to the candidate who seeks a public office to serve the people, not just a group or a privileged few.

—J. A. GRAHAM

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

A LOT of John Connally's such as the 40th state in the Union. But the man who, undoubtedly, but consistently, badgered senators, humiliated congressmen, maneuvered in the smoke-filled rooms leading to Alaska is the father of the 40th state.

Gruening first came to Washington in 1923 as chief of Insular Affairs Division of the Interior Department organized under the late great Harold Lewis. As such, he guided the destinies of such American "sterophones" as the Virgin Islands, Puerto Rico, Hawaii and Alaska.

Revolutionary Trip

Gruening had taken a degree at Harvard Medical School, but spent much of his time as a newspaperman, and was editing the Portland, Maine, Evening Express when he came to Washington to nurse American territories. After butting his heads before Congress, he was made governor of Alaska in 1929, and as such did a revolutionary thing.

Gruening Is New State's Real Father

He said all over that far-flung territory, visiting every Eskimo village every day, and he had the day when Alaska became the 49th state.

Lobby Campaign

Back in Washington when Congress was in session, he called on congressmen to head for Alaska problems. For years, longer than any man in history, he remained governor of Alaska. Then when Eisenhower failed to reappoint him in 1953, the people of Alaska elected him unofficial senator and he moved to Washington to undertake a 24-hour-a-day lobbying campaign for the territory's statehood.

Shortly before this, however, a great tragedy struck Ernest Gruening's family which, though it brought grief to him, probably hastened the day when Alaska became the 49th state.

His son, Peter, a correspondent for the United Press, was killed in Australia, and his grief-stricken father more than ever threw all his heart and soul into

the battle for Alaska's statehood. In fact he led the state's fight.

Real Estate Man

Ex-Congressman Victor Wickersham of Oklahoma, who parlayed his congressional salary into hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of real estate around Washington, has used another piece of real estate to try to stage a comeback in Oklahoma.

This particular real estate is the additional land the Army wants to add to the Fort Sill firing range in Oklahoma in order to be able to complete ground-to-ground missile testing in these days of pushbutton warfare when missiles are replacing the artillery for which Fort Sill was first founded.

Securing the four-acre Victor is trying to make the farmers of Oklahoma believe their land around Fort Sill is as valuable as the land he acquired around Washington—all in order to re-elect himself to Congress.

Wickersham was defeated for Congress when the folks back home came to realize that he was spending more time on real estate deals than on their problems. He used one of his secretaries, paid by the taxpayers, to handle part of his real estate operations. And he had an rascally eye for buying up property in Virginia and Maryland which he figured would skyrocket in price as a result of expansion of the building nation's capital.

Judge Toby Morris, a down-to-earth, conscientious congressman, was elected in his place.

Run-Off Forced

Understandably, the farmers of Oklahoma don't like to give up their land. It's not exactly the best land in the world. Its low rainfall makes it marginal, subject to scorching droughts, and some of the farmers have moved to California in the bad years. However, the loss of the home hearthstones is always powerful. Victor had got himself a potent campaign issue by campaigning against the Army's acquisition of more land. He argued the Army to continue at Fort Sill unless it can acquire more land and that Fort Sill is one of Oklahoma's big economic assets.

Using this issue, Wickersham rolled on a primary total within 824 votes of Congressman Morris one week, forcing him into a runoff in three weeks.