



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Any Loopholes Ought To Be Plugged

IF CITIZENS are permitted to make a mockery of orderly elective processes without having to face stern consequences then there is something wrong with the rule book.

It may well be that perjury laws do not apply to statements used to obtain recounts. There may be other legal loopholes as well. But if the integrity of a vital democratic institution is to be maintained those loopholes must be closed.

In this respect, the investigation by the County Board of Elections of the recent recount in a Charlotte township constituency's race may serve a broader purpose than originally was suspected. The principles involved are, after all, bigger than the importance of a few signatures on an affidavit. They are basic to a system which must be made as secure as the law can make it.

The contention has been made that citizens who signed statements which prompted a recount in the local constituency's race did not take an oath. The signatures were witnessed and notarized. But the notary public only certified that

each person acknowledged execution "of the foregoing instrument." There was no mention of the signer's swearing to the truth of the statement.

Whether there was any mention or not, the document was accepted in good faith as the truth by election authorities. A recount was ordered in the precinct in question. The results of that recount did not support the statement signed by 20 registered voters in the precinct.

Obviously, if the statement was not a "sworn statement" it should have been. It is a serious matter to question the outcome of a free election. Those who do so ought to be compelled to swear or affirm to the truth of any contentions made. If they make a false statement under oath—knowingly, willfully, designedly—they should have to answer to the law for it.

After all, the ballot is the bulwark of democracy. It ought to be treated with respect. It is too precious to trifle with or take lightly. Nor is there any such thing as a "little white lie" where voting is concerned. They're all big, big and black.

negotiations on a permanent ban. The announcement reflects a welcome reversal of U. S. nuclear policy and may represent a positive step toward an enforceable world disarmament.

The suspension of tests, if it really comes to pass, will indeed tend to lessen international tensions which have increased in the past during each new series of nuclear explosions. Hope will also be given to millions that broader pacts to limit armaments can be reached.

Actually, this hope has mushroomed weirdly out of nuclear explosions the world has always witnessed. Each shattering crunch of energy has taught mankind that something new and big and frightening is loose in the world. The hydrogen bomb has turned all hitherto valid conceptions of power into fatal illusion. The necessity to compose an answer to the problem has grown by the hour until now men everywhere are intelligently afraid enough to begin to act with a degree of common sense and perception.

Mark the month well. It all began in August 1958.

Lighting A Candle In The Darkness

LET IT be recorded that the summer of 1958 was not all darkness and dejection.

President Eisenhower's announcement that the United States is willing to suspend nuclear weapons tests for one year—providing Soviet Russia plays ball—adds a downright festive note to the season.

Of course, the whole idea of a nuclear ban was pooh-poohed by the administration in 1956 when Adlai Stevenson was exerting moral leadership in this direction. But all of us have matured a little since 1956. The scientists have taught us that if we are careless about radiation control the man of the future may be a technological wizard but a biological mess. And today one can even pronounce the word "disarmament" without coming down with a bad case of political whirlybiads.

The President's conditions are quite reasonable. He has told the world that America is willing to go through with its test ban starting Oct. 1, if the Soviet Union is willing to continue its own suspension and further agrees to begin

Why Be So Coy About The Weather?

AS confirmed watchers of television weather shows, it has become our privilege to pose a question that has been nagging us for years.

The question may interest you. Indeed we're certain that it will. But editors, like weather shows, have formats, and if you're really interested in this question you can jolly well wait a moment.

Our format dictates the assertion of certain disclaimers as to any mean, petty, personal or picaresque motive in deciding to comment on a particular subject. Therefore, be assured that to the best of our knowledge local weather announcements are sterling gentlemen who pay their taxes and, in all other connections, conduct themselves with due regard to the proprieties and the amenities. Further, we happily state that the basic of personal observation that these gentlemen are well attired, both verbally and sartorially, not so happily, but in fairness, we also recognize their efforts to goose us up when the rain is unending and to jolly us along when the heat is unbearable.

(Oh, yes, our question. Bye and bye, we're coming to it. Just be patient.)

The question came to mind the other night when one of the announcers began to expound on something like the intrusion of an occlusion into a mass of warm air that had been sidetracked by a high pushed out of place by a high rising somewhere in the vicinity of Old Faithful. The effect of all this was to create a heavy dew in some sections of Pocatello, Idaho, and a dustdevil or two on the outskirts of Laredo, Texas.

Some three minutes later, almost as an afterthought, the announcer confided that "tomorrow it will be fair and warm in Charlotte."

Well, that answered our question. And that's the question we wanted to pose in this piece, hoping that tonight or some night not too distant we can have the answer right off the bat, straight-forward and unabashed, so that we can go to bed—leaving the occlusions and wayward highs and lows for the meteorologists to worry about.

From The Smithfield Herald

OF COURSE IT'S A CAPITAL E

HENRY BELK, editor of the Goldsboro NEWS-ARGUS, observed the other day that the practice of naming honorary ball bearers is as common as it once was in "Eastern North Carolina." The editor of the provocative LAURENSBURG EXCHANGE found Mr. Belk's observation to be interesting and passed it on to his readers, public and writer, enthusiastically raising a question to wit: "Why the capital E in Eastern North Carolina, we don't know."

Editor Belk needs no defense of his upper case usage from us. He is expert without peer on life in the community that is Eastern North Carolina. And no one knows better than he why "Eastern North Carolina" is not the same as "Eastern North Carolina."

But we'll make a few observations of our own and hope that Editor Belk will elaborate on the subject to give us the benefit of his authentic views.

Eastern North Carolina is not simply that part of North Carolina which lies to the east, according to the region. It is a distinct community within North Carolina, but not so provincial a community that its people aren't proud of being a part of the great state of North Carolina.

Western North Carolina. The people of Eastern North Carolina fish, hunt, work, loaf, take automobile trips, talk sense or nonsense, get rich, grow poor, become neither rich nor poor—in the manner of no other people on the face of the earth. If it were possible to lift an Eastern North Carolina town entirely and put it down in the middle of the state of North Carolina, it would still be an Eastern North Carolina town though the editor of the LAURENSBURG EXCHANGE might wish to identify it as a town in "western North Carolina."

But we'll leave to Editor Belk the duty of should we say "pleasant" or "pleasantly" enlightening those who wonder why Eastern North Carolina deserves upper case status no less than North Carolina itself—or Laurinburg.

If "young punks" describe some car thieves, what kinds of "punks" are car owners who leave tempting keys in the ignition?—MEMPHIS PRESS-SCIMITAR.

Anyone who thinks it's easy to live in a world of gadgets ought to ask Jones about the time he came home late and found his car got stuck.—LAUREL (MISS.) LEADER-CALL.

Overheard at a nursery school: "When you want to start a car, you have to turn on the permission."—DALLAS MORNING NEWS.

'If They Try Anything, We'll Throw The Book At 'Em'



Remember Al Smith?

Catholics As Candidates

By JOSEPH ALSOP

IT SEEMS A NEW YORK far but that the Murray and Hogan boys. But they are the reasons, all the same.

WILL IT HURT?

At the moment, moreover, these reasons have a particular interest, going beyond the well-established American habit of composing state indexes in a way that "recognizes" the largest possible number of religious and racial voting groups. In brief, a Roman Catholic is once again a serious candidate for the presidency itself, for the first time in 30 years and for the second time in the entire history of this country.

The New York story raises the question, in other words, whether Sen. Kennedy's national candidacy will be helped or hurt by his religion, which played such a large role in the political fortunes of the great Al Smith. This is a problem that every student of the Democratic form-sheet for 1960 argues about in private. The House is not so much interested in public.

BEHIND THE ROOM

To be blunt about it, the New York Democrats do not want Big Jim, but because Big Jim is Irish and a Roman Catholic, they do not want to reject Big Jim without recognizing the large, solid group of Irish Catholics, who have lately been drifting toward the Republicans. Murray is not only a member of Farley's faith and race, he is also what may be called a sinner-criminal Irishman, in the style of Sen. John Kennedy of Massachusetts; and this is another plus.

For these highly practical reasons, Murray, who has made no secret at all of his nomination, seems like a rather better choice than Finletter, who never looked like a natter to be nominated. For the same reason, Hogan is likely to get the nod if Murray does not. Everyone of course piously denies that these

positive advantages.

After prolonged inquiry among the professionals of many states, this reporter has reached the conclusion that the same religious affiliation which so handicapped Al Smith will be a positive advantage to Jack Kennedy.

In the first place, thank God, the country is still ashamed of the campaign of prejudice that was waged against Smith. If anything of that sort is again attempted, it will win a Catholic candidate more sympathy—votes that it can cast in prejudice-free areas.

Secondly, the Protestant American view of the Catholic Church has greatly changed in the last three decades. Thirty years ago, for reasons rooted in our political and ethnic past, a great many respectable and conservative people were really troubled because Al Smith was a Catholic. Some of these people countenanced and even aided the prejudice against him. The wheels go round in the campaign waged against Smith. This gave the campaign an impact it could never have achieved if it had stayed where it belonged, in the sewers.

This kind of thing cannot and will not happen again, simply because the Catholic Church is now

recognized as a conservative political force. The so-called "better element" will not fight another Catholic candidate as they fought Smith, just because he was a Catholic.

Thirdly, and perhaps most important of all, the trouble which was rallied by the campaign against Smith have all but vanished from the American political scene. In 1928, the organized prohibitionists could command the vote of a large majority of senators and representatives. You can be getting on a bit to remember how the Congress used to be intimidated by Wayne R. Wheeler and Mrs. Ella Poole, but these people really did intimidate the Congress.

CHANGING TIMES

They intimidated the Congress, in turn, mainly because rural America in those days was the countryside that produced the Scopes trial. Nowadays, on the contrary, rural America is not so enormously different from small-town or urban America. Nowadays, on the farms of this country, there are far more television sets than backhoes. This great material change has brought with it an equally great change of out-of-control imaginations. Great numbers of our farming people, even in the Protestant South, rallying once again to the "nuclear-bomb" battle cry.

Meanwhile, every American Catholic would very naturally like to see the proof that the White House is also open to a member of the Catholic faith. So there you have the equation.

THOMAS E. MURRAY
A Nomination In The Bag

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Grandpa Was Right

Leave Things Be

By ROBERT C. RUARK

I SEE WHERE they put a traffic light in Karachi, Pakistan, the other day, and now they have a rear traffic light. Needed four cops to get the rickshaws, camels, bicycles and pedestrians sorted out, where formerly one policeman seemed more than plentiful. Elsewhere in the city, traffic ran smoothly.

This is known as reverse-English progress. It improves things backwards. There are some simple things that work beautifully without being gimmicked, and there's no point in fooling around with them.

I spend some time in a little house in Spain, and we have no steam heat, which dries out the throat and makes your cigarettes useless after half a pack. We don't suffer from the cold, even though it's just as chilly in the winter as it is in New York.

FIVE FIREPLACES

Simple, we have five fireplaces, and three are sufficient to keep the house warm. Can you see any way to improve on an open fire for heat, cheer and beauty?

Sometimes European electricity can be a bit temperamental, but we never worry about the refrigerator cutting off and coming back. We have ice boxes—yes, you know, old-fashioned boxes into which ice is put daily. Archaic, perhaps, but a power of comfort when the powerline breaks.

We have ice cream frequently in our house. It is not that grand. The reason I have it is that it is a refrigerator. It is hand-cranked with coarse salt and old-style ice in a wooden churn, and you would be surprised how many visiting sophisticates clamor for the right to crank the thing for the privilege of licking the dasher, especially when peaches or strawberries are in season.

IT DOES THE JOB

I have, for my very own, a Victorian-type can opener. You crank it on the edge of the can, give it a whack with your fist, and then hemstitch around the edges until the top comes off. The reason I have it is that this can opener is that I am not a graduate engineer, and I cannot figure out these new jobs that need a capitol to get at the beans.

We have gone back to the old-fashioned lawnmower in my yard. I have a one-half acre because the



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All types of scissors, pipe cleaners, candles, buttons, pretzels, Swiss cheese, golf tees, double-barreled shotguns, and darning letters from creditors are immune from improvement. It is also possible that nobody will be able to vitamin-enrich noble, character-building gin or soul-stroking Scotch whisky.

THE LAST WORD

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