



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1953

Recorder's Court Needs Strong Medicine

THERE is no simple cure for what ails City Recorder's Court. Its peculiar malady is too ornery and too advanced for home remedies or patent medicines.

It is especially gratifying, therefore, to find so many specialists deliberating at the patient's bedside.

The therapy recommended yesterday by the 26th District Bar Association included both city and county courts. But the most important advice offered was obviously intended for the judicial domain of the city.

In making its recommendations, the bar association did the public a dual service.

First, it demonstrated in striking detail the crude and inefficient system the court has employed in the past to keep track of its own judicial business.

Second, it demonstrated how faulty procedures can be corrected simply and effectively.

The suggestions deal largely with records and bookkeeping. There is, however, an important exception. It is the recommendation that civilian clerks be employed in local courts. This matter is particularly pertinent for the City Council is even now considering the appointment of another policeman as clerk of City Recorder's Court.

Constitutional questions concerning separation of powers and dual office-holding are properly raised and ought to give Council pause. The practical matter of having a court clerk who may be subject to orders of police officers superior to him in rank is also worthy of consideration. Furthermore, the pres-

ence of a policeman at the clerk's desk bolsters in the public's mind the "erroneous and unfortunate characterization" of a Recorder's Court as a "police court."

Charlotteans owe the bar association a debt of thanks. It did not wait to be asked. It saw its duty and did it without delay. It is unfortunate that the City Council has not been able to tackle the problem with the same speed and effectiveness.

We do not believe that the bar association has the whole answer to the problem. It is too complex to be solved by a few administrative adjustments. But the bar association has given a base from which to work. It is a starting point, a beachhead. The City Council—and, for that matter, County Commissioners—ought to receive the report with gratitude and resolve.

Meanwhile, the Institute of Government survey of procedures in City Recorder's Court is still to come. So is the grand jury report on alleged irregularities in the court's operation. Finally, there are the reports of the Bell Committee and the committee of statewide reforms in the administration of justice.

Taken together with facts already unearthed by newspaper reporters, the local police and other investigators, the suggestions of the specialists will represent a compelling argument for complete reform. Charlotte must have a court it can respect. Furthermore, it is going to have such a court. The citizens of this city will accept no half-way measures in rank or in the dignity of the city.

The Summit Crawl Becomes A Dash

THE Big Power crawl toward a Security Council summit meeting has been converted suddenly into a dash for a General Assembly debate.

Tactically, Khrushchev's dramatic reversal of his previous hearty acceptance of a heads-of-government meeting in the Security Council is a victory for the West. He had to give some reason for his reversal, and the reason he gave is that the Security Council is a tool of the U.S. that has failed to deal with the Middle East crisis. It will not be forgotten that the failure was caused by a Soviet veto. It is clear now to all who will see that Moscow is primarily interested in a U.N. vote that would embarrass the West rather than in an agreement that would promote the peace and fortunes of the Middle East.

It is true that the General Assembly is a more accurate reflection of world attitudes than the Security Council. The West, in relation to Communist and Communist nations, actually is a numerical minority in this larger group. But as

concerns attitudes and desires, it is not in a minority. The U.S. has never lost vote in the General Assembly in a direct contest with the Soviet.

Nonetheless, the general desire in the General Assembly is not to provide prestige victories for either of the power blocs. If it is to maintain its moral leadership in that body, the U.S. will have to advance proposals reflecting genuine interest in the peace and stability of the Middle East—and not primary concern with the power status of the West. The intervention in Lebanon, however necessary it seemed to us, has done us no good in world opinion, and continued presence of the troops will do us harm.

With pressures on both blocs to get at the root of the crisis and to be concerned with solutions, a General Assembly debate conceivably could produce substantial achievements.

If in the context of all that has gone before this is not likely, it certainly is more likely than any hope for accomplishment at a private summit meeting or one within the Security Council.

How Did The Fellow Lose His Head?

ANTHROPOLOGISTS are agog over discovery in an Italian coal mine of the skeleton of a John Doe who passed on more than 10 million years ago.

Even before the skull was found a few feet away, a Swiss professor, Dr. Johannes Hurrelzer, was claiming the discovery as proof of his theory that man and apes descended separately from a common ancestor between 60 and 70 million years ago.

It is a measure of our ignorance of the professor's art that we are more interested in the fact that the skeleton was lying in the attitude of a breaststroke swimmer. This could prove something—probably very interesting—if we could only figure out what.

It's highly unlikely that the fellow actually was swimming when the lights went out. While easy figuratively, it is difficult literally to lose one's head while swimming. The probability is that he and his noggin partied company on solid ground. But beyond that, our supposition as to what happened to this unfortunate man runs into a wall.

Still, if the anthropologists are going to concentrate on the man's ancestry, it seems only fitting that someone should ponder what befell him.

Perhaps if we assume the attitude of a breaststroke swimmer under yon shade tree, the answer will come to us.

Don't call us, Dr. Hurrelzer. We'll call you...

From The Manchester Guardian

PRESENT FOR NUMBER ONE MISSUS

A PACKAGE addressed "Number One Missus Belong Australia" and containing roasted coffee has been sent from New Guinea to Lady Slim, wife of the governor-general of Australia, reports the Australian High Commission newsletter. Indeed, no doubt, there would be a note explaining the purpose of the gift and couched like the address in Pidgin English. This language, which is the medium for five newspapers and is used by a radio station and schools in New Guinea, is the lingua franca of the Southwest Pacific. It actually began at Sydney when Europeans came into contact with Australian aborigines at the end of the eighteenth century and spread throughout the adjacent area. Although very different in sound and appearance from the Pidgin English that developed earlier on the China coast it was put to the same sort of use and now reaches several millions of Melanesians.

Pidgin English or Beach-Island as it is commonly known, is a language in its own right and capable of shades of meaning and precise expression. There are even proverbs, such as: Suppose man tok alaktam, em i man along gamin' (Suppose a man talks all the time, he is a man of lies); and Pidgin idioms like "Em i stop along nek (He is stop along neck, meaning 'Keep this to yourself')."

One of the Pidgin newspapers circulated in New Guinea is the "Lae Garamut" (a garamut is a large talking drum for sending messages), and, like many other journals, it faces a circulation problem. As the editor put it: "Taim Lae Garamut i kamup nipela, nipela printim 500 nipela taset. Tedei nipela printim 1,250 nipela togeta, na i no nap we i printim 500 copies we i issued. Today 1,250 copies are issued, but they are not enough."

There are, of course, many funny expressions: "Lamp belong Jesus" for the moon, "Calabash belong money" for a purse, "Bocks in fighting" for a piano. But Pidgin has its serious side, too. The "Guvman i tok" or government orders of the Australian administration are framed in it and addressed to "ol lual tultul na man bilong Guvman" (all village headmen, two Papuan words, and Government men).

No doubt there were purists—both English and French—in the eleventh and twelfth centuries who thoroughly despised the barbarous mixture of tongues gaining currency in England. If they had then known an expression Pidgin they might well have used it.

Any day now we expect to hear about a clash at one of those Washington hearings between a lawyer's press agent and a press agent's lawyer.—FLORENCE THAMES-UNION.

Are Red War Lords Plotting Aggression In Far East?

By JOSEPH ALSOP

WASHINGTON
THERE is one thing you can say for certain about Nikita Khrushchev's long meeting with Mao Tse-tung, their communique contains the most threatening language that has ever appeared in any Communist statement of this character.

"The aggressive bloc of Western powers," says the communique, "... [are] bringing mankind to the brink of a war catastrophe. They should know, however, that if the imperialist war maniacs should dare to impose war on the people of the world, all countries and peoples who love peace and freedom will unite closely to wipe out clean the imperialist aggressors and so establishing everlasting world peace."

SHIFT IN THE BALANCE

Those words, being interpreted, are a threat to "wipe out clean" the leading nations of the free world, and so establish a Communist world empire. They reflect the change in the balance of terror, the great Churchill used to call it, which has been facilitated by the present American leadership.

There is also another thing you can say, with at least a high degree of certainty, about this Khrushchev-Mao get-together. The announced presence of the Chinese and Soviet defense ministers, Marshal Peng Teh-huai and Mar-



MARSHAL MALINOVSKY
A Balance Of Terror

shal Rodion Malinovsky, means that important military topics were on the agenda. If the meeting's only purpose had been to keep the Chinese happy about the famous summit meeting that is supposed to relax tensions, the two marshals would not have been asked to join the party.

TWO QUESTIONS

The Peking talks were beyond doubt an event of the utmost importance—the kind of event that

positively demands to be interpreted. The two points above, concerning the language of the communique and the presence of the marshals, are the only solid ground on which an interpretation can be based. But why this sudden, extreme threat? And what military topics were the marshals there to talk about?

There is at least one intensely disagreeable but quite possible answer to both questions. The marshals may have been chatting about another attempt on Quemoy and the Matsu— the little off-shore islands the Chinese Communists threatened to take in 1954-55.

Three years have passed since the Kremlin switched the Communist pressure-point from the Far East to the Middle East. By now, the pressure-point has pretty well washed out every vital Western position in the Middle East. The State Department is not admitting it yet in public but it has privately acknowledged that Nasser's most recent success in Baghdad has at least thoroughly undermined all the positions that virtually seemed to remain, in Saudi Arabia, in Jordan and Lebanon, and in the Persian Gulf Coast Sheikdoms.

In this same period the last three years, the balance of terror has also been allowed to tilt perilously far in favor of the Communist bloc. And at the climax of this period, in the recent Middle Eastern crisis, the Western powers

have talked big; but they have also let their feebleness and lack of resolution show all too plainly between the moustache and the big talk.

EXPOSED POSITIONS

All these parallel developments have the utmost meaning for the very exposed positions, like Quemoy and the Matsu and Berlin too for that matter. Nothing will ever have defended these positions except the appearance of American resoluteness plus the balance of terror.

When the Chinese Communists were last threatening to seize the little islands off Formosa, Secretary Dulles' announced policy was to "keep them guessing" about what our response would be. They do not need to guess very hard now, to know that the American government, in the new and far more unfavorable balance of terror, is not going to use its bombs to save Quemoy.

FIGHTING PATTERNS

Since then, moreover, the Chinese Communists have completed every imaginable military preparation for an attack on the off-shore islands or, indeed, an attack on Formosa. Fukien Province, which used to be empty and cut off from China by its surrounding mountains, is now dotted with air fields and fully opened up to support a major operation. Mean-



MAO TSE-TUNG
A Pattern Of Disaster

while if you leave out the H-bombs, our forces in the Pacific are now far weaker than they were when the Korean aggression took place.

It is a pretty frightening pattern. As yet only a small minority in the U.S. government thinks that Khrushchev and Mao talked about exploiting this pattern at this recent meeting. But if something is to be done to change the pattern, it will be exploited next time, if not this time.

Meet Dorothy

By ROBERT C. KRAK

She Fell Into Fun

NEW YORK
DURING the centuries I lived in New York it was difficult to lure me into a night trap four times a year, but for the last time I seem not to be able to avoid a joint called the Blue Angel, which houses a singing lady with whom I am in love. Her name is Dorothy Loudon, and if this ain't talent, then I am cheating on Carol Burnett in vain.

Strangest thing about this young, brown-haired, bright-eyed girl is a kind of rubber face she came by, accidentally. She was good enough to play a piano and sing straight. Then she got good enough for somebody to play a piano behind her and for her to sing without working her fingers. And then all of a sudden she fell into fun—and forgot a repertoire of 1,200 songs her parents had taught her, all corny, and became a comedy gal.

THE ACCENT'S RIGHT
For a gal who was born and raised up in such places as Boston, Mass., and Claremont, N. H., and whose papa was an All-American basketball player at Dartmouth and who lived a lot of her life in Indianapolis, Dorothy Loudon has the best southern accent I ever heard, and owns some gestures to match. Especially when she sings:

"And the cornbread, well, half the time it's been dead, and Miss Gravy's a lovely shade of blue... All the chicken is fried in Louisiana, I don't blame it, if I lived there I'd be fried too."

GOATIE'S GONE
I will not dare to convey to paper the things the girl does to a place called "Mobile," which is somewhat near but rather decidedly under to my heart. I spent a little time there during the war—the one between the States, naturally—trying to sew the bottom of a boat I was supposed to have some mild attitudes about.

Dorothy sings "Mobile" kind of straight out of the song book, but when she hits a line which says something about the swallows building their nest—"and I think they know best"—and makes a visible effort to restrain herself from nausea when she sings "and they called it 'Mobile'—several audience members in the audience moan their mistresses. As a Carolina boy that some folks call Beauregard, I

REPEAT DATES

She has had nine repeat dates at the Blue Angel in 18 months, with No. 10 coming up in October, and her salary has jumped from a mild \$125 a week to \$750. For a kid who started catching pennies in a tin can, she is doing pretty good.

It is difficult to describe the lady's humor, but it is the rare thing we used to see with Florence Desmond at her best, and there is a kind of humorous fatigue that Chaplin used to employ when the whole situation got too big for him. When Dorothy says, "Oh, Gaud," in the middle of an impersonation of a drunk girl brazening it out, you wish you could go on for her and give her a rest.

I AM AFRAID I AM TERRIBLY SMITTEN with Miss Loudon, of whom you will hear considerably more as time enforces, and I am not ashamed to say because I am wrong, some people of dissimilar sexes from Boston, Atlanta, North Carolina, Spain, Long Island, Chicago and East Africa have all written freely from sheer hysterical enjoyment when Dorothy kicks it "Mobile" several audience members in the audience moan their mistresses. As a Carolina boy that some folks call Beauregard, I

'Goodness Knows I Tried'



HERBLOCK

People's Platform

The Man And The Principle

Charlotte, The News

WE READ editorials about the governor of Arkansas. Facts about him might be welcome too. Here are some as reported in the current issue of the U.S. News & World Report.

Mr. FAUBUS, 48, was born in a northwestern Arkansas town. He got seven votes for each three of the other candidates. Only one other governor of Arkansas has ever won a third term.

Three primary records for Arkansas were set: 1. Mr. Faubus' margin of victory was the greatest ever. 2. The total vote was greater by 50,000 than any ever before cast.

3. He carried every county in Arkansas except one. He was elected to a second term in 1950. He picked fruit. He spent two years as a lumberjack in Washington State.

In World War II he led his troops in the advance on St. Lo, in Normandy, and he was against a machine gun nest. He was a lieutenant in infantry in time, the taxpayers' money. Last week he turned to civilian life as a major after much combat.

After the war he thought and published a weekly newspaper.

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These are facts about the governor. But the people of Arkansas were voting for a principle, not a man.

David Lawrence's editorial states the principle this way: "It was no 'mob' incited by agitators that went to the polls last week in Arkansas."

"It was no 'mob' incited by agitators" determined to "bet the supreme law of the land" that voted overwhelmingly to assure Gov. Faubus a third term.

"It was the electorate of Arkansas, expressing in a calm and deliberate manner its belief that the wording of the Constitution of the United States must be accepted, rather than any fortuitous ruling of the Supreme Court existing from the Constitution."

Hungarians, if they could vote, would do no less. If the President had sent airborne bayonets against North Carolinians, they would have done no less.

—ARTHUR M. JENKINS

Quote, Unquote

"Heaven for climate, hell for society."—Mark Twain.

"They told me I ought to go to bed, but I was too fit to go to bed with worms."—Red Buttons.

"Caution is the most valuable asset in fishing, except if you are the fish."—Dwight D. Eisenhower.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON

TRUE fishing trips of the Air Force top brass are causing resentment among enlisted men, to say nothing of dipping into the treasury money. Last week a fishing trip by the top general of the Air Force, Chief of Staff Tom White, came to a cropper when a helicopter crashed up about 100 miles from Goose Bay, Labrador.

Cost: \$200,000

Cost to the taxpayers for the H-21 helicopter, No. 534401 was close to \$200,000.

It was left to lie in the wilds of Labrador, near the Sandhill River, and when safety officers, who are not in the board and asked for the records, the board was called off. Gen. Tom White's name was then removed from the rec-

White Wrecks Chopper In Fishing Trip

ords. Furthermore, the No. 534401 is now listed as "cross country." This means that it is still officially flying somewhere across country, despite the crash.

The helicopter crash took place on Friday, Aug. 1. Gen. White was much more frank than those who tried to cover up for him at Goose Bay. Calling this writer, he said:

"I understand you inquired whether I was in a helicopter accident. I was. I don't like to be in accidents but I also don't like any cover-up and I'm glad to tell you the facts. I was in a helicopter that crashed on a recreation fishing trip in Labrador."

Gripes Answered

When Gen. White was told that some of the enlisted men had griped about the

trip of generals to Goose Bay, he replied: "Yes, but I'm glad to say that 1,400 enlisted men also enjoyed fishing on the Labrador Lakes. We down here in Washington get a lot of gripes. We work at top speed and when we can get off we too like to get a break from pressure."

Other Fishermen

The others who have enjoyed Labrador fishing include Gen. Nathan Twining, chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, who's been in Labrador this week; Gen. Curtis LeMay, vice chief of staff, who's also been there this week; together with Gen. Edwin W. Rawlins, commander of the Air Materiel Command at Wright Patterson Air Force Base, Dayton, Ohio; and Gen. Earle P. Ridge, commander-in-chief of the North American Air Defense Command, who

Wonderment

Art's Highest Achievement

WHAT seems to me the highest and most difficult achievement of Art is not to make us laugh or cry, or to rouse our lust or our anger, but to do so as nature does—that is, fill us with wonderment. The most beautiful works have indeed this quality. They are serene in kind, incomprehensible. The means by which they act on us are various: they act by using as cliffs, stormy as the ocean, lushly green, and murmuring as forests, sad

as the desert, blue as the sky, Homer, Rabelais, Michelangelo, Shakespeare, and Goethe seem to me pitiless. They are bottomless, infinite, multiple. Through small openings we glimpse abysses, whose depths make us feel small. And yet over the whole there hovers an extraordinary gentleness, the smile of the sun, and it is calm, calm and strong.—From The Selected Letters of Flaubert, translated by Francis Steegmuller.

files in from Colorado. Goose Bay has established various fishing camps within one to two hundred miles as a recreation area. They are manned by H-21 helicopters and SA-16 amphibious planes, which normally are supposed to service the men camped in lonely radar stations in the arctic wilderness waiting for surprise attack.

They Have It Made
However, those planes are now busy flying anti-air parties. An anti-air party and helicopters is assigned to the fishing service, operating about 20 hours daily at a minimum cost of \$15 an hour. It should be noted, however, that the enlisted men and officers who have to spend their bleak arctic winters in this area deserve all the fishing recreation they can get. Arctic nights are long and monotonous.