



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Charlotte Mustn't Let It Happen Again

CHARLOTTEANS swallowed a bitter pill today.

When the law formally ended its inquiry into City Recorder's Court irregularities it left too many questions unanswered. Too many riddles to solve. It is regrettable that the determination of some was not the determination of all.

There were compelling reasons why every aspect of the mystery should have been cleared up. The public demand was insistent. The moral necessity was inescapable. On some official levels there was high resolve. On others there was only torpor.

The failure was not of law: it was a failure of men. We like to talk of a government of law and not of men. But it is impossible to have a system of functioning law without men. It takes men—wise men and trained men—to operate the machinery we call legal process. It takes men—dedicated men, diligent men—to apply public principles to particular problems. It takes men—skilled men, selfless men—to exercise properly the power of decisive judgment.

There were, said to say, not enough such men in Charlotte.

So, the book is closed and the public is apparently not to be enlightened about the remaining mysteries. Officially at least, justice has been done.

But do not misunderstand us. Great good has been accomplished in spite of the languor and dissent of some officials. Even if the public will never penetrate all of the mysteries of the court's past operation it is determined that certain indiscretions and irregularities will not be easily repeated. Improvements in the procedures of Recorder's Court have already been made. Others have been recommended and should be made. There must be no hedging on this. The community won't stand for it.

Complete reform is essential if the local court system is to regain the confidence it lost when the scandal was unfolding in daily headlines.

The community realizes that its past neglect of the court was due to the fact that it did not perceive the true state of affairs. It still is uncertain about some of the gamier aspects of the mystery. But it knows enough to want to make certain that nothing like the 1958 court scandal can happen in Charlotte again.

This public attitude is wholesome. As Justice Cardozo once said: "The law has its epochs of ebb and flow. One of the flood seasons is upon us. Men are insisting as never before that law should be made true to its ideals of justice. Let us gather up the driftwood, and leave the waters pure."

Castro Is Open To 'Purification,' Too

AS of Thursday, an estimated 195 "war criminals" had been executed in revolutionary Cuba.

Perhaps many, or most, of the victims were guilty as charged of atrocities under Batista. Yet, this "war bath," as Sen. Morse has called it, conveys the horror of all wholesale slaughter, even slaughter in the name of justice. The seasoning of mercy is absent.

Castro himself explains that mass execution is "necessary to purify the nation."

His explanation, like his background, suggests his likeness to the men of the French Revolution — to Robespierre, pre-eminently. "The incorruptible" Robespierre, like Castro a young and aggressive lawyer, became the moral cen-

sor of the revolution. He held, with his old, Rousseau, that the state should be an agent not only of rule but of moral "purification." He hated murder until it became the law of the state. He was the straw which held up his power.

At this point the same road lies open to Castro, the new Cuban Jacobin, who clings to the idea that government must not only repair the political order but as preclude like the evils of the old regime.

Castro needs to be reminded of the historic result: The purifying state soon turns on its own citizens. Robespierre was guillotined with the rest, and the chaos of the purifying state could only be controlled by a strong man: The emperor Napoleon.

Thunder And Lightning At City Hall

THE political pugacity displayed at this week's City Council meeting did little to bolster the public's confidence in the present membership. If anything, it offered aid and comfort to various and sundry "reformers" who are limbering up the wings.

Wednesday's hassle had all of the noisy tumultuousness of a schoolyard hollering-match without any of the compensatory picturesqueness. Personal pique cannot be completely removed from human affairs. But must it be displayed so publicly?

We would feel a great deal better about the future of the community if some of this ferocious energy could be harnessed and put to work on some of the great and growing problems facing us. In all fairness, it must be noted that

all members of the present Council did not participate in Wednesday's washbasin brawl. But too often, individual members seem to be pulling apart more than they are pulling together.

Charlotte's future progress is going to require a great deal of pulling together.

Meanwhile, we recommend to the notables one of Lincoln's favorite yarns. It is about a backwoods traveler and his horse lost in a terrific thunderstorm. The old fellow's horse gave out and the thunder came louder and the lightning seemed to hit the ground at his feet, he went down on his knees, and though not a praying man, he made his petition: "O Lord, if it is all the same to you, give us a little more light and a little less noise!"

We'll Buy A Rocket Later On, Thanks

IF you look at THE BALTIMORE SUN, you may be listening to the blakest editorial prognostication about our defenses; but it is unavoidable that you will turn away in dejection and suddenly spy the editorial page almanac. There it is—all the ingredients of weather since the Book of Genesis.

But now installed in that almanac is, of all things, a Satellite Visibility chart. Its first cryptograph—"ATLAS (Tuesday) S.W. to S.E. due South at 6:06 A.M. Alt. 40 degrees 4th Mag. 320 mi."—tells you when, where, and how to look for the Atlas—a plain old chunk of metal pivoting the earth.

Does this mean cosmic recognition for this Johnny-comelately piece of scrap from Cape Canaveral? What right has

it to sit there under the moon in the Sun's editorial almanac, rivaling what has entranced the lyricist, the lover, and the poet since Creation? Is it so important to know when our new moon passes as it is to know the loony old superstition about when the fish may be biting in Chesapeake Bay, or when it's a good time to drop seed corn in the ground, or how old the latest Arctic airliner is, or whether it's too humid to air a patchwork quilt on the line, or how much rain fell in the cranberry bogs yesterday?

Rockets are 100 per cent o.k. etc. In our almanac we will list them when like the tides they can push a huge liner out to sea, or like the moon make poetry, or like the rain make a wild berry come up. We are content to wait.

Bob Fain In The Lexington Herald-Leader

HAWG-BLADDER TIME

KIDS used to look forward to this time of year. Each wanted to be the first to show up at school with a "blow-up" hog bladder. We'd take a length of pipestem cone and inflate the bladder and display it proudly. It could be used as a balloon on a routine day and as a football on dreary days. It also was used on occasions as a war club.

The first boy to have a hog bladder balloon in our neighborhood each year was also the boy who was the last to put on shoes in the fall and the first to take them off in the spring. And he wore socks only when he felt like it. The rest of us despised him for his high living. When we really got killed boys, not just a frost shot but several or eight "fatten-ing" hogs, our mother would fill a bucket with various sections of hog anatomy, tell us which family was to get what, and send us on our run of old-fashioned houses. When the neighbors killed hogs,

they returned the favor. You could tell your standing with a family by the cut of meat you got. You could be a chattering rank at one extreme or a sausage rank at the other, with various ranks in between.

Besides hog bladders the kids also took pains to rescue the piglets. At Christmas, we gift-wrapped these and put them on the school or church Christmas tree for someone. And we talked for days about who got a piglet at the Christmas tree and didn't you think he would abate die when he opened the package. Kids trying scrapes like that nowadays would wind up in Juvenile Court.

The good old days was that period when people were referring to another time in playing down Russia's lead in outer space. Democratic charges that the United States is lagging in the space race, he fears, could become a

Southerners Have Been Hornswoggled By Politicians

By RALPH MCGILL

Editors' Note: Millions of people in the Deep South have become the victims of a cruel deception, says the editor of the Atlanta Constitution. This skillful direction of Dixie's curious dilemma is condensed from his front page column in the Constitution.



RALPH MCGILL, Bone Of Our Bone...

IT WAS almost as if an innocent child had asked a question. But, it was no child. It was a woman, with children.

On two successive days in Deep South Georgia two federal judges, both native to the state and each high in the esteem of the state population, had handed down anti-segregation decisions. The first was in the field of trolley and bus transportation. The second was in education. A unit of the state university system was notified by the court that segregation of qualified students was unconstitutional.

The call from the troubled lady was typical. She had heard the news on television. She telephoned to ask for more complete information and for verification. She was informed that the judge had, in fact, ruled that segregation of qualified students by reason of

race or color was a violation of the federal law.

"But," she said, "the judge can't do that. Isn't it unconstitutional?"

There revealed in all its innocence was the dilemma of several millions of people in the Deep South. Much of their political leadership has from that day forward

been saying that the Supreme Court of the United States has acted unconstitutionally. These same persons have argued, chiefly through attorneys making not inconsequential fees out of representing the states, that massive resistance will be sufficient answer to the "illegal" action of the high court.

These attorneys have received pompous advertising as "leading constitutional authorities."

LOCAL JUDGES

But, what now has begun to happen in the Deep South is that local judges, "bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh," have begun to rule. The due processes of law are slow. Now, five years after a Supreme Court decision, native jurists in the various states are handing down decisions. They are judges familiar with southern traditions. They are aware of the massive resistance. It is quite likely they are entirely out of sympathy with the 1954 decision. But, acting under oath, and charged with supporting the Constitution, they are notifying the states involved that the government of the United States and its institutions of law are still in force. The Constitution, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, is a mandate on both state courts and federal.

ROBERT E. LEE...Flesh Of Our Flesh

This comes as an shock to many thousands of persons who have been fed everything but the truth. Some of these leaders have urged upon the people of their states that they refuse to "surrender," as a matter of principle.

This overlooks a historical precedent. If anyone is interested, it was the noble Robert E. Lee,

hero to both the South and the North, who, against the advice and wishes of most of his staff, determined to surrender at Appomattox. He himself was heartbroken. But he said he knew further resistance could result only in greater harm to the South.

NIGHT OF PRAYER

So, because he loved the South more than he did his own career, his own feelings, his pride, he spent a night in prayer and then wrote out the offer of surrender.

He did not abandon his principles. He did not thereby say that he believed the opposition to be "soft." But, he was first of all a man of integrity. Therefore, he surrendered to save the South from loss. Thereafter, until his death, he devoted himself to education, calling it the greatest southern virtue.

Gen. Lee was not a politician trying to protect himself in office against those who might threaten his job. He was a man of integrity. He had in mind his region, its people, and more particularly its children of generations to come.

But, then, he was Gen. Lee. And, maybe it is true that we shall not look upon his like again.

'Anything Special You Were Looking For?'



People's Platform

It Isn't Fair To Draw Names From A Hat

Editors, The News:

I AM sure all of us in Charlotte are as Charlotteans and not as Philadelphians, Pa. voters. I am sure that we all want men and women in our city government that really will do everything possible in favor of us all and really have our welfare at heart. With reference to the planned election campaign of "a group of business men,"

Every citizen in Charlotte is glad to see any reliable and responsible person a candidate for city government who seriously has his welfare at heart and will stand for that which is right regardless of whether they are serious-minded or not in regards to the post they are campaigning for. Any man that comes out as a candidate to try to interest anyone else in running for any post in government has betrayed the

citizens even before he is nominated.

I am sure that the people of this great city will not want their seven city councilmen to come from a high-card deal. I would like to see some serious-minded men run for city government that would devote their time to the city and its welfare above everything else and see that the government lives within its means. A candidate should declare himself in the race at least three months before election in a city as large as Charlotte in order to have enough time to meet personally all who wish to meet him before election time this coming May.

— J. A. RAYFIELD

Charlotte's Policemen Deserve Higher Pay

Editors, The News:

NOW that the police union is past history, as a citizen, I recommend that the City Council give the men shorter working hours, help them out with the police club and, as soon as possible, make the scale of wages higher. While we the people play and

sleep they are on duty protecting us.

There are no finer police in the world than the State Highway Patrol and the city and county police of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County. They deserve a lot of credit. It is no easy job to be an officer of the law. . . . The average officer is the law-abiding people's friend.

— W. C. MCINTIRE

What Happened, Fine Arts Council?

Editors, The News:

MANY THANKS for the splendid articles on the fine arts program that Winston-Salem is enjoying. Harriet Doar did a fine job.

What has happened to the Fine Arts Council for Charlotte? It seemed like such a grand idea to put some real effort behind those who are capable of raising the cultural level of our community.

The intention of an impressive program was announced but we have heard nothing further.

What has happened?

— MRS. RUTH M. LINDEMAN

'Old Hickory'

JACKSON was everywhere—up and down the tolling line, with the sick, where the rations were distributed — and always on foot, until the men began to offer their horses. "He's tough," an admiring voice observed, "but he's not a hero. The general had passed by. 'Tough as hickory,' said another naming the tough old Kentucky horse. The word somehow seemed to suit the tall, striding man in a muscad uniform and muddy boots. "Hick-

The Origin Of A Nickname

It became to that company. The sobriquet took, and before the first settlements were reached was the property of the army with the affectionate prefix "Old" for completeness. In his army Gen. Jackson led his command into Tennessee to be shown some more airports did not return their questionnaires. The survey was published in 1958.

Charlotte's Airport

four years for airport construction and improvement. They also found out how much money the community thought they could get on their own.

MONEY REQUIRED

The results show that communities in all 48 states need \$1 billion to carry out the airport improvements planned for fiscal 1959, 1960, 1961 and 1962. The communities estimate they can raise \$75 million on their own, leaving them \$825 million short. The industry wants Uncle Sam to fill that gap.

The survey shows that North Carolina plans eight airport projects in fiscal 1959 through 1962 costing \$12,033,000. Of this amount, North Carolina expects to be able to raise \$4,825,000 on its own. This leaves a gap of \$7,208,000. If North Carolina were given its full share of the \$10 billion to be authorized in the new legislation, it would receive \$6,968,000 for the four-year period. This means a North Carolina would then be only \$240,000 short of the total needs estimated in the survey.

The actual need for funds is even greater than the survey indicates since some airports did not return their questionnaires. The survey was published in 1958.

Tarheelia Will Lose Millions If Ike Kills New Airport Bill

WASHINGTON

A BILL to give communities federal dollars to build airports promises to provide the first test of President Eisenhower's veto power.

The bill is perhaps \$4 million in federal funds needed for airport improvements in North Carolina.

The airport bill is off to a flying start in the new Congress. Its sponsor in the Senate, A. S. Mike Monroney (D-Ola.), is predicting Senate passage by March 1. Its sponsor in the House, Owen Hatfield (D-Ark.), is chairman of the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee which decides how fast the bill will get onto the floor.

Monroney flatly predicts there are enough Senate votes to override any presidential veto. Harris will only say "we'll cross that bridge when we get to it."

Nixon Goes All-Out For Soothing Syrup

WASHINGTON

STRANGE right-about-face on the question of informing the American public about our lag behind Russia in missiles and satellites.

One year ago he was the man who urged Eisenhower to give the American people the facts, to deliver a Churchillian type of speech rousing the public to greater efforts in the cold war. Nixon urged what was called "Operation Candor." Now he has gone all-out for "Operation Soothing Syrup."

Fearing that the satellite-missile issue may provide political thrust for the Democrats in 1960, Nixon has joined the White House in playing down Russia's lead in outer space. Democratic charges that the United States is lagging in the space race, he fears, could become a

Moscow Is Mecca

It used to be that candidates for high office from big eastern cities went first to Dublin to help win the Irish vote, then to Rome to win the Italian vote, then to Jerusalem to help win the Jewish vote. Primitives to these three cities influenced votes back home.

But things have changed. Now you go to Moscow. Candidates first went to Moscow and interviewed Khrushchev. And after Sen. Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota and Sen. Charles McNamara, his name leaped into the headlines as a major presidential candidate.

So now Vice President Nixon is going to Moscow this summer. The invitation was given him by Deputy Premier Mikoyan last week.