THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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The Judge Didn't Even See The Birdie

IT IS still news, because it happens infrequently, when a judge permits a photographer to take a picture when court is in session. Thursday Judge W. H. S. Burgwyn of Woodland, presiding at Guilford Superior Court, granted such permission. But he was surprised that the photographer apparently took no pictures. So finally he called over a reporter.

"When is your photographer going to take those pictures?" he asked.

The judge was informed that the photographer was long gone. He had completed his assignment so unobtrusively that the judge didn't know that the pictures had been taken.

Thus was demonstrated the fact that judges' traditional objection to photography when court is in session is no longer valid.

The objection is that photographers disturb the decorum of the court. They do this, it is held, with their flashbulbs and, at times, with their proclivity to do balancing acts and otherwise distract the court.

However, technical developments—telescopic lenses and fast film that requires no flash—now permit photographers to shoot to their hearts' content from a considerable distance. And, at least when they know that to do otherwise would jeopardize the completion of their assignment, photographers have proved that they, even as judges,, can be dignified and disciplined as they do their job.

Yet many judges and lawyers hesitate to admit the camera—and the microphone, which can be equally as decorus as the camera and pencil—into their chambers. The American Bar Association has promulgated Canon 35, a rule of conduct for judges which prohibits the broadcasting or televising of court proceedings and photographs in courtrooms "during sessions of the court or recesses between sessions." The Appelate Division in New York, First and Second Districts, has gone much farther, decreeing that "the taking of pictures in a courtroom or the broadcasting or telecasting from a courtroom *at any time or on any occasion whether or not the court is in session,* . . . is forbidden," unless the Division grants special permission.

That decree is not unlike the arbitrary and unreasonable royal promulgations which incensed Americans two and three hundred years ago.

Television still requires distracting bright lights and paraphernalia that can disrupt a court proceeding. But radio and photography do not. These two media ought to have the same access to courts that reporters do. And it is not only the court doors that ought to be opened to broadcasters and photographers. They have been excluded by legislators using the same argument, now invalid, which judges do.

This fall a Circuit Court judge in Oregon, Frank J. Lonergan, admitted photographers on a test basis during a three-week murder trial. At its conclusion he declared his conviction that the experiment was a success, and that he would continue to permit courtroom photography "so long as it is done in an inconspicuous and respectable manner." The test impressed other Circuit Court judges in the area. Two said they would now admit photographers and a third said he would consider doing so. Judge Johnson J. Hayes of the U. S. District for the N. C. Middle District has suggested permitting cameras in the federal courts.

These judges are helping to remove unnecessary restrictions on the people's right to know their own business. They are helping the public get a better, more well-rounded picture of justice. It is our hope that other judges follow suit, and that lawyers and legislators take another look at the rules and restrictions that they have laid down.

5 P. M. Friday No Time For Meetings

FOR MANY YEARS the City Council has met on Wednesday, at either 11 a.m. or 4 p.m. This week the Council decided to change its meeting time, beginning Jan. 7, to 5 p.m. Friday. It did so to accommodate Councilman James S. Smith, a traveling man.

The traditional Wednesday meeting inconveniences one councilman.

The suggested Friday time would inconvenience scores of Charlotteans who want to appear before the Council, and would find it difficult to do so during the dinner hour—Council meetings sometimes last two or three hours. It would inconvenience city officials who would have to work well beyond the regular 5:15 City Hall closing time. Because Council meetings generate business at City Hall, and because City Hall offices are closed from 5:15 Friday until Monday morning, the proposed new meeting time would delay city work. Friday evening, when most people are tired from a day's and a week's work, anxious for a rest and a good meal, is hardly a time for making decisions concerning the operation of a multi-million dollar municipality.

For these reasons the Council should reconsider its action.

If Councilman Smith has to spend most of the week on the road, let the Council meet bright and early Monday morning. Then he can be on his way. Too, a weekend of rest and a good breakfast before meetings might work wonders among councilmen.

Certainly able Councilman Smith's request deserves consideration. Councilmen give much of their time to the city, and sometimes suffer financial loss and personal inconvenience as a result. But in our opinion the public interest would suffer considerably if the proposed end-of-the-week meeting date were adopted. If Monday is suitable, fine. If not, the Council had best continue to meet on Wednesday.

Wall St. Report

AS WE understand the stock market situation, Treasury Secretary Humphrey had a bear by the tail, let go, and is now trying to grab a bull by the horns.

From The Chicago Daily Tribune

DE-YANKEEFICATION, THAT WAS

WE ARE indebted to an article in the GEORGIA REVIEW by William M. Bates for an account of how the Confederacy purged its school books of Yankee influence.

Noah Webster's BLUE BACK SPELLER was supplanted by a text by the Rev. Robert Fleming of Thomasville, Ga., embellished with Bible readings in defense of slavery. A. De V. Chauldron, in his SECOND READER, even attempted the impossible task of correcting the southern pronunciation of the letter "r." "Nothing but practice," he wrote, "will enable our southern children (so accustomed to ignore its existence) to enunciate it without harshness."

Historical treatment was a bit loaded. Lincoln was "a weak man," "elected by a sectional minority," who "attempted to subjugate the southern states by military occupation." When the C.S.A. set up its own government, he tried to crush the South. "But by the constant, evident and acknowledged aid of the God of Battle and the King of Nations, these efforts have all failed."

Arithmetical problems in the Confederate text books also partook of a propaganda character. The Rev. Charles E. Leverett of Columbia, S. C., expounded the problem: "The Union States' commander in Fort Sumter had two pounds of bread per day for each soldier for 10 days; but, by private dispatches learning that his government would relieve him soon, he proposes to stave off surrender for 15 days; to do that, what must be the daily allowance, say to 80 men?"

S. Landers' OUR OWN ARITHMETIC offered a problem in fractions: "One-fifth of an army was killed in battle, 1/6 part was taken prisoners, 1/10 died by sickness; If 4,000 men were left, how many did the army consist of?"

L. Johnson, in his ELEMENTARY ARITHMETIC, produced the formula: "If one Confederate soldier kills 90 Yankees, how many Yankees can 10 Confederate soldiers kill? A Confederate soldier captured eight Yankees each day for nine successive days: how many did he capture?"

As Mr. Bates remarks, there were no Doubting Thomases among the wartime authors of the South. They had the advantage over the recent de-nazification experts in that their audience was disposed to agree enthusiastically with their sentiments.

New Zealand wants the U. N. to do something about reported American plans for A-bomb tests in the Antarctic. Maybe post some "No Fission" signs.—FORT MYERS (FLA.) NEWS-PRESS.

The NEW YORK TIMES says that the recent congressional election was normal for a midterm election—but just barely. Whatever it was, it was just barely.—LEXINGTON HERALD.

"Six days of the week he's invisible and on the seventh he's incomprehensible," was the account a dissatisfied old lady gave of her pastor.—DONALDSONVILLE (GA.) NEWS.

Sign on psychiatrist's desk: "If you have troubles, tell me about them. If you don't, tell me how you do it."—CARLSBAD (N. M.) CURRENT-ARGUS.

A British scientist, Sir Adolphe Abrahams, who set out to study whether woman is man's equal has come up with the answer that she's not just equal—she's superior. Supposing that the fellow is married, we'll bet his statistics were henpicked.—ASHEVILLE CITIZEN.

Shoulders well loaded with responsibilities seldom have room left on them for chips.—SAVANNAH MORNING NEWS.

The Secretary's World: Life Among The Typewriters

By HERBERT MITGANG

Condensed From The New York Times Magazine

TRUD, the Soviet trade union newspaper, has denounced a stenographer named Irene Gregoriovna. She was caught making 49 personal telephone calls to her friends and relatives in a single day, causing static on the party line. What's more, says Trud, "Irene likes to talk very much and her voice is heard the whole day. She keeps repeating how she was madly happy yesterday, how madly jolly her last party was, how madly sleepy she is now, how madly tight are her shoes. She is also madly hungry." Her devotion to prettifying her face cost the government eight hours of her time a month, and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics was pretty darn fed up with her nonsense.

From Caesar's time, when a young male secretary was caught writing a personal letter on the office scroll, to the present day, when it's done by a young lady on an electric typewriter, the ways of the secretary have been a source of wonder, merriment and admiration. Man's search for the Ideal Secretary has continued only a little less time than his search for the Ideal Wife. The image, of course, differs: One boss wants only blondes under 28 who take shorthand by the Speedwriting method, and another insists upon blondes under 28 who use the Gregg method.

'A BEAUTIFUL THING'

The secretaries themselves—at least on paper (original and two carbons)—have fashioned a businesslike image of themselves on the job. According to the National Secretaries Association, an international organization devoted to raising the standards so high that the girls are not just office help but full professionals, the secretary's secretary is a beautiful thing in motion.

Right off—in this picture of the Ideal Secretary—let it be understood that "love among the typewriters" is out. The association also stands for any number of fine qualities to meet the ideal:

"The boss is the leader, the secretary the first assistant.

"The relationship often requires personal services beyond the call of duty—for the boss or his family.

BOSS COMES FIRST

"She must be loyal first to the boss, and then to the company he represents.

"She must write good business letters that are properly spelled and punctuated.

"She must be an audience on which the boss can try his ideas, speeches and jokes."

How does this Ideal Secretary stack up against the working secretary? The disquieting news—based upon reports by correspondents of The Times in a half-dozen foreign cities—seems to be that Irene the Moscow stenographer and the girls in the West could co-exist peacefully in each other's posture chairs.

WORLD REPORT

Take the matter of the telephone. In Rome some employers feel that outside telephoning helps office morale and they go along with it. In Paris, phoning goes on only in those rare moments when the boss isn't on the qui vive. In London, where secretaries are given more responsibility than anywhere else in the world, theoretically they're so busy and so dedicated that they have no desire to waste their own time by phoning. Girls in Belgrade have this advantage: one of their tasks is pouring slivoic for the boss and his visitors, and they make their calls while he's tanking up.

In North and South America outside phone use is tolerated. The phone call home is common; but in some New York offices use is restricted to emergency calls. Work practically stops on Monday in Buenos Aires while the girls chat with friends about what successes they scored Saturday night. Most of the girls haven't got phones at home, but the whole family, and they have big families, knows the office number. The number is passed out freely to any new admirer to insure future dating.

It is on the extra-curriculars that the young ladies seem to be off the mark of the Ideal Secretary.

Tea-making is such a ritual in the London office for boss as well as secretary that elevenses and sometimes fiveses are considered part of the job. In Rome romance adds sparkle to coffee breaks at 11 and 5, continued after work by a passeggiata. Belgrade permits the girls to dip into the office supply of cigarettes and drink Turkish coffee brewed on the premises. In B. A. practically all offices have a break for coffee around 10 and another at 5 for tea. In New York the ubiquitous breakfast-in-a-bag (container of coffee, one sugar, cream on side) is de riguer in the first sleepy half-hour at the desk.

Flirting, winking and loving on office time are frowned upon in most places except Rome, where the assumption is these make for office efficiency.

TIMETABLE

New York secretaries manage to work in—according to the slightly exaggerated view of one employer—telephoning, coffee, tea and hanky-panky during the day, yet still get their work out. Here's how this employer clocked his girl:

9:55—Arrives, winded.
10:15—Coffee carried up from luncheonette.
11:15—Applies nail polish remover.
11:30—Works.
11:55 — Begins calling around town for lunch date.
12:30—Visit to powder room.
12:45—Lunch.
2:35—Returns from shopping on other side of town; brings back sandwich.
3:05—Works.
3:55 — Checks leads for dinner date. Connects.
4:30—Applies nail polish.
4:45—Puts on face.
5:05—Overtime.
5:10—Departs, exhausted.

All this, and a salary, too. For a good secretary the pay in Paris is $100-$145 a month; in Rome $100 a month (Milan industrialists say all the good secretaries have left to work for U.S.A. movie companies); in London $30-$35 a week (roughly equivalent to $65-$70 in purchasing power compared to New York), and much less in South America. New York secretaries make between $60 and $100 a week.

If these young ladies seem a shade less perfect than the Ideal Secretary, the horizon is bright. The spreading members of the National Secretaries Association hope that in the future more secretaries will be a C.P.S., or Certified Professional Secretary, capable of giving the boss her best without demanding the perquisites, lagniappes and goodies of the office. The association plans a vacationlike retirement home where the venerable Ideal Secretary may put in her last overtime, secure in the knowledge of having done her DUTY.

Irene Gregoriovna, she of the 49 personal phone calls a day, obviously would never make it.

All this—and a pay check too

People's Platform

U. S. 'Junk Mail' Is Intolerable Nuisance

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

HAVE just read the "junk mail" story in The News. The red ink in this pen seems appropriate to add some fire to a situation that is such an intolerable nuisance. It seems unbelievable people even stand for it. Mr. Arthur Summerfield's personal address should be published so our junk (a very polite word) mail can be sent to him.

My work is that of a salesman and to receive the numerous "bunk" letters, catalogs, ads, etc., only makes me refuse to buy anything from anyone who stoops to this way of advertising.

The Post Office is supposed to deliver mail, packages, etc. And legitimate mail, at least we are told, is not a paying proposition and the Post Office Dept. always has a deficit. So why add to the deficit?

How can we help our mail carrier? Can we refuse to allow delivery — can we advise him not to burden himself with such junk? Can we authorize him to throw ours in the sewer where it belongs, except it would clog them up?

Since moving to Charlotte we have received more junk (of course it happens elsewhere too) and it has only added to the burden of the garbage collector and expense to the city.

I am a native born southerner and have recently moved home (a pleasure to return). However in reading some of the published letters, it always makes me wonder where people are from — and if they don't like Charlotte. They are asked to come and should either like the city, put up with it or to say the least, only write constructive not destructive criticism. There are too many people everywhere who want to destroy. Let's have more who want to build, help, strive to make their home here in Charlotte a better place to live. It's here and I like it.

—DAVID M. SMITH

". . . You-u-u-u-u-u tell me your dream-m-m-m, and I will tell you-u-u-u-u mine . . ."

President To Be Subjected To Sustained Political Fire

By STEWART ALSOP

WASHINGTON

IT IS now clear that President Eisenhower is going to be subjected to an experience he has never had before—sustained personal attack.

The attack will come, of course, from two directions. Sen. McCarthy and those who still choose to ape him will attack with the usual McCarthy meat axe. The Democrats—initially, at least—will use the needle.

There is not much mystery about McCarthy's motives in attacking the President. Partly, of course, McCarthy was playing by ear after his usual custom. His first post-censure hearings were going badly—they were dull, and would garner no headlines. So McCarthy seized the occasion to call in the press and blast Eisenhower. The result was, of course, the blazing headlines which have become as necessary to McCarthy as drink to a drunkard.

NOWHERE TO GO

But although the timing may well have been a matter of sudden impulse, the act of making a direct, personal attack on the President had undoubtedly been long contemplated. For, as long as Dwight Eisenhower is President of the United States, McCarthy has nowhere to go in the Republican Party.

McCarthy has now reached the state where he can only retain any real power in the party by the blackmail threat, open or implicit, to lead his followers out of the party. In recent weeks, McCarthy's journalistic supporters have been hitting the third party theme more and more frequently. The "Mobilization of Ten Million" was clearly designed as a possible framework for a third party movement.

This implied threat by McCarthy is enough to terrify a lot of Republican regulars. The enthusiasm for Eisenhower of many regulars is squarely based on his vote-getting abilities, and the third party threat could easily cool this enthusiasm.

Under the circumstances, especially if he had been subjected to continuing personal attack, Eisenhower might decide that he had had enough. McCarthy has undoubtedly heard reports that the President is by no means enthusiastic about another term, and that Mrs. Eisenhower is very much less than enthusiastic. If Eisenhower were out of the way, McCarthy would again be a power to reckon with in the Republican Party.

He cannot now conceivably get the Republican presidential nomination himself. But he can hope to play king-maker. For, in the donnybrook Republican convention which will certainly result if Eisenhower withdraws, McCarthy would control a sizeable block of delegate-votes. These votes would be worth a price—so high a price that McCarthy might well hope to exercise a veto power over the nominee.

And even if McCarthy cannot be king-maker, he can still hope to be king-destroyer, by adopting the role of Samson in the Republican temple. The fallen hero, of course, that a McCarthy third party would probably actually strengthen an Eisenhower Republican Party. But McCarthy and his followers obviously believe that a third party movement will wreck the Republican Party—and that they stand to inherit the wreckage.

WORLD BEATER

Such is the logic of McCarthy's sudden slashing attack on the President. The logic of the far more muted Democratic attack, which is also just now beginning, is far more simple. Adlai Stevenson himself is reported to have told friends that Eisenhower would beat any Democrat running against him, as of today—including Adlai Stevenson.

This being the case, the Democrats must find ways and means of pulling down the President's great personal popularity, in the next two years, if they want to win back the White House. Some Democrats, including Stevenson and the shrewd Senate leader, Lyndon Johnson, believe in letting nature take its course, relying on events and McCarthy to reduce the President's popularity to the point where he can be beaten.

Others, including Paul Butler, the new Democratic National Chairman, believe in giving nature a helpful shove. The general tone of the Democratic attack on the President was probably set — at least for the present—by the current issue of the cleverly edited Democratic Digest. The Digest has indulged in anti-Eisenhower needle-pricks before. But in this issue, the needle is inserted far more deeply than ever before. Initially, at least, the idea will be to portray the President as "a nice chap, but not too bright." In time, as November, 1956, draws nearer, the Democratic attack is likely to get much tougher.

Sustained, politically motivated personal attack will be, of course an almost wholly novel experience to the President. It will be interesting to see how he reacts to this experience. If his forthright, good-humored, and sensible press conference response to the McCarthy meat axe treatment proves typical, the experience may do him, politically and in other ways, more good than harm.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Ike Should Release McCarthy Record

WASHINGTON

If I were Ike—If I were President Eisenhower, and had Sen. McCarthy accused me of being nice to "those who are torturing American uniformed men," I should have come back with McCarthy's own vigorous defense of Nazi storm troopers who shot down helpless, undefended American prisoners at Malmedy. I would have quoted McCarthy's brazen charge that American officers stuck the ends of lighted matches under the fingernails of Nazi storm troopers to make them confess the Malmedy murders . . . I would have shown how he ranted and raved and finally stomped out of the hearings when fellow senators defended American uniformed men . . . "Whitewash" was McCarthy's hurled accusation . . . The Nazis, he claimed, "were subject to beatings and physical violence such as only could be devised by warped minds. They were subjected to sham trials and mock hangings . . . to create the right psychological atmosphere in which to obtain confessions." . . . That was the way McCarthy in 1949 attacked the American Army which he now accuses Eisenhower of neglecting. I would have reminded him of that—had I been Ike.

If I Were Ike—I should also have published the war record of the man who now claims to be the great defender of the armed forces . . . I should have published the letter he wrote the Marines in the middle of the Pacific war—October, 1944—asking to be mustered out. I should have published his earlier request for leave to go back to Wisconsin right in the middle of the war to run against Sen. Wiley—a request which was granted—though it was against regulations for an officer on active duty to run for political office . . . And I should have published McCarthy's first letter applying for a Flying Cross at the time the Marines finally discharged him—at his request—right in the middle of the war . . . I might also have published a photo of the banner McCarthy flaunted across his Marine Corps tent in the South Pacific: "McCarthy for the Senate"—if I were Ike.

If I Were Ike—I should also have published McCarthy's request for a Purple Heart for alleged wounds in action, plus the medical report on how he got the "ten pounds of shapnel" which he claimed were in his leg . . . I should have let the public read the report showing that he had incurred a slight injury to his foot in some horseplay while being initiated by "King Neptune" as a shellback when his Navy transport crossed the Equator. I would have shown how McCarthy was climbing down a ladder with a bucket tied to his ankle, when he slipped and broke a bone in his foot . . . For this he wanted the Purple Heart. I would have let the public read this record—had I been Ike.

If I Were Ike—I should have made public the Marine Corps correspondence with McCarthy, showing the letter which he sent the Navy asking for a Flying Cross . . . His statement that he had participated in 32 air missions, the Navy's record that he had flown in only nine missions — only as an observer . . . McCarthy's continuing pressure on the Navy for the Flying Cross . . . How a former Chicago Tribune lawyer, then assistant secretary of the Navy, finally okayed it . . . How it was held up by superiors, after great pressure, and finally granted in December, 1952 . . . No, I am not sure that I would have published the latter point, were I Ike, because it was not until the Navy was sure the Republicans were about to come into power that they reversed Democratic executives and gave Joe his Flying Cross. But then I'm not Ike, so none of this is likely to be published.

Mechanical Brains

The politicians have now lost all faith in calculating machines.

First it was Univac, Remington Rand's human brain which predicted a Democratic landslide over CBS last November and got way out on a limb.

Perhaps because of this, the Democrats used an IBM machine to sort out the 1,350 dinner guests at their testimonial dinner in New Orleans last week. But about 3 p.m., before the dinner, some human thinker discovered that the machine had failed to reckon on 140 people, all of whom had paid their $100, and all of whom felt they were entitled to eat cold ham—even though the machine had counted them out.

So the Democrats say IBM isn't a bit better than Remington Rand.

Some people even suggest that it was an IBM machine that promoted Peress.