

The Indelible Outline Of Tragedy

THE VERDICT of a coroner's jury in the case of Eleanor Rush cannot erase the central theme of tragedy that developed behind the walls of Woman's Prison on the night of Aug. 20.

The jury held that the 18-year-old inmate "came to her death (of a broken neck) due to her own violent efforts against necessary restraints."

It meant, in effect, that there was no culpable negligence on the part of prison authorities. The teenager simply died of her own desperate struggle to free herself from a restraining belt and a towel gag.

The verdict was not unexpected. The question was whether prison guards had broken the girl's neck in applying the gag, or afterwards; or whether she had done it herself. There was simply not sufficient evidence to blame the guards.

But in clearing prison employees, jurors placed their stamp of approval on disciplinary methods that are nothing short of barbarous.

The prisoner was a human being — not a mad dog. It is true that she was mentally deficient, violent and "incorrigible." But it is also true that she merited death because no one could think of anything better to do but bind and gag her, lock her in an isolation cell and leave her to struggle helplessly.

These were what the coroner's jury called "necessary restraints."

To label these inhuman methods "necessary" is to indict the state and its whole system of handling deranged prisoners.

To punish mentally unbalanced prisoners as if they are moral free agents is as irrational as it is unethical. It borders on the medieval brutality of iron gauntlets, thumbscrews and the rack.

There must be a better way to care for distraught and unruly prisoners. There must be a better way to care for the criminally insane. Hasn't modern penal science progressed to the point where treatment is individualized and humane, where society can be protected from the offender without destroying the offender?

It appears that prison officials were breaking no rules and setting no precedent by treating the Rush girl as they did — a prisoner who had twice been an inmate of a mental hospital. It is custo-

mary at Woman's Prison to use violent means to restrain an unruly inmate. This fact should rest heavy on the conscience of every Tar Heel citizen today.

The question now is whether such conditions should continue.

Obviously, they should not. It is time for sweeping changes in the operation of North Carolina's prisons. Improvement can be delayed no longer.

The chief flaw in the prison system has always been politics. It is a stepchild of the State Highway and Public Works Commission whose chief interest is roads, not prisoners. And the operation of the prison entrusted to administrators whose jobs are political and temporary.

It is time that trained personnel with knowledge of modern penology, psychology and prison administration be placed in key prison department posts.

It is time too for adequate facilities to be provided for the care of all types of prisoners — from honor grade first offenders to the criminally insane.

This is a task the General Assembly must not overlook in 1955.

Late Phone Calls

THE other night the mayor and several councilmen received phone calls long after they'd gone to bed — or should have — from angry citizens who complained about the late and noisy show at Memorial Stadium.

That it was a mistake to let the stadium for a late show everyone agrees. Protests by residents nearby were certainly justified — but not protests which got the mayor and councilmen out of bed.

It's an old American custom to treat public servants as public servants. That's all right. But even servants are entitled to their off hours and their rest. To disturb them late at night out of ill humor over the acts of their agents is impolite and improper.

The mayor and councilmen took down the telephone numbers of any of their complainants, it would be only poetic justice to return the calls at about 2 a.m. tonight, and report that the matter has been all cleared up.

Charlotte's Greek Orthodox Community

MOST Mecklenburgers, excepting the thousands who have come to the community during the past century or decades, proudly trace their genealogy back to the Revolutionary era. And many can identify themselves with the local churches of that circuit-riding era.

There is also a small group of Mecklenburgers whose ancestors and church roots do not go back nearly so far, but who can take like pride in both. They are the members of the Greek Orthodox community, who tomorrow consecrate their new church building at 600 E. Blvd.

It was little more than half a century ago when the first Greek came to Charlotte. He was a sailor who landed at Charleston, migrated to this city, liked what he saw, stayed and brought a friend.

By 1912 there were still only 25 or 30 Greeks here. But friendship and respect of the "old" citizens, men like the late former mayor George Wilson Sr., the late Clarence O. Kuester of the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce,

in its desire to create its own church the Greek community was aided substantially by existing local churches. St. Peter's Episcopal Church loaned the use of its Sunday School rooms for church services.

The late Dr. Luther Little of First Baptist Church was helpful. In 1929 the Westminster Presbyterian Church sold the Greek Orthodox group the church that housed its first congregation. And now comes the official opening of the new cathedral, which will be diocese headquarters for 11 southern states.

During recent years staid old Mecklenburg has been infused by a variety of cultural, social, industrial and religious organizations. Their amalgamation into the life of this city has been quite successful. Certainly this has been true of the Greek community which, while cherishing the traditions of its land of origin, has entered wholeheartedly into the life of this area. Our compliments to these good neighbors.

'Welcome, Fellow Immigrants'

AN AMERICAN Museum of Immigration is being planned. It will be at the base of the Statue of Liberty. The museum will contain historical and cultural records of our ancestors' trek to this country. The museum is conceived as a shrine that will build national unity.

Its building reminds us of the greeting President F. D. Roosevelt gave to the Daughters of the American Revolution, the only time he spoke to them. He looked at the sea of hats before him, sitting upon heads that were cooking

up ways of restricting immigration to this country, smiled and said: "Fellow Immigrants."

Some of the Daughters didn't like the salutation. The President wasn't invited back.

But with those two words he reminded his listeners of the beginnings of all Americans — except the Indians. He reminded them of the true nature of "Americanism."

Perhaps, over the doorway to the museum, should be emblazoned — "Welcome, Fellow Immigrants."

Odyssey Of North Carolina's Delicious Scuppernong



These Staff Photo by Tom Franklin—Franklin
FINE SCUPPERNONG GRAPES are grown in Charlotte too. Here Miss Carol Reagin, who is better known as "Sugarfoot," reaches for some grown by Omond Barringer.

By EDITH FALLS
In The State
ONCE a year wherever there are scuppernongs, Barchus rules again. Here in the sandhills of North Carolina we are prudent, hard-working people, and to the last bootlegger, militant, voting testator. But in September some staidistic quickening of the blood drives us out in pursuit of delight and beauty in the form of the ripening scuppernong. Suddenly almost no one can pass a vineyard without walking through it. And no one can walk through it without eating grapes. By the day of harvest this urge has become an obsession, there are some who amount to a social gathering of neighbors among the vines that of thimble-sized version of an ancient rite.

The scuppernong is an unassuming grape with an appeal as compelling as vodka. It grows singly or in small clusters and varies in color from a modest terra to a tawny with freckles. Its skin is tough, its juice and flesh, musky-sweet with an added dash of "twine."

It is probably a native grape, indigenous to North Carolina. However, those who like to indulge in a historical tug-of-war insist that an elderly vine on Roanoke Island was the granddaddy of them all; that is was brought there and planted by Sir Walter Raleigh. As a grower of grapes I find this romantic notion distasteful. While politely I am as international as small-pox, I will defend the American scuppernong as staunchly as the Frenchman will defend his native varieties. The Scuppernong belongs. It is as much a part of the place and time as the light autumn winds and tempered yellow sunshine.

The vines make their crop sometime between the first and third weeks of September. As this must be picked immediately before a storm shatters it to the ground, we watch it carefully. This is not strictly necessary, though, because each year we receive a portent. About two weeks before the grapes are ripe two young men seen in our house in the woods. I have never seen them come, nor heard them, but upon a step out of the front door and find them

there. They appear in a 1940 Chevrolet. One is small, slender and intense. The other is large and plump with hands that flutter and eyes that slide past.

They say that they would like grapes for jelly — a polite deception which means that they become me to be a temperate lady. For jelly, in their case, is pronounced jayvally and spelled wi-ne. I explain that the grapes are not ripe and urge them to come back in 10 days or so. Then, and this happens every year, I am distracted by the thought that I have seen them somewhere else. I close my eyes and try to put them in another milieu. When I look again they have gone, swiftly and silently.

For the next two weeks car follows car around the curve of the highway. I begin to wonder about the peace and seclusion of life in a big city. No one ever gets out of those cars — that would be rude and insulting. The drivers sit courteously and blows his horn un-

til one of us comes out to visit a place. Some say jelly and mean jelly. These are usually driven by a grandpaish old gentleman who shares the luxury of the front seat with one small boy and one small girl. There are one or two thin, harassed women and any number from three to ten children with eager eyes and with faces designed by providence to be smeared with jelly.

THE TWO TYPES
Then there are those who frankly state their intention of making wine. These fall into two classifications: brisk young couples who know what makes a party hum and toothless old gaffers who boast about hiding the barrel in the barn. We repeat so often that the grapes are not ripe that we lose sight of the fact that sooner or later they will be. Then suddenly our boy Nathaniel starts up by announcing, "the grapes, they got to be picked right now."

This means seeing the trucks at six the next morning and scour-

ing the countryside for from 20 to 40 workers. Is it the height of the tobacco season and the beginning of cotton picking. There is no sensible reason why workers should desert these important crops. But they do. The trucks come back crowded with pickers of all ages from 40 plus to one month minus. Such is the charm of the grapes and, in the case of the Negroes at least, such is the conviction that we are all brothers and sisters and must help each other in emergencies.

By five o'clock the boxes are piled in aromatic stacks in the barn. I set aside several for friends and neighbors and while I am doing it I remember the first time I saw them where I saw them first was in a Greek tripe; that their existence is a chapter in mythology. With fingers crossed, I pass the basket on to a preacher.

After C. A. McKnight Read 'Man Working'

Rock Hill, S. C.
Editors, The News
UNDER your masthead on the editorial page, I note that following C. A. McKnight's name are the words "on leave." Change that to read "man working."

I received a copy of the new Southern School News, published by the Southern Education Reporting Service of which Pete McKnight is executive director. For the first time in American journalistic history we are fortunate to have a factual reporting service on the status of school segregation in the South. As accurately described by McKnight, "it will express no opinions of its own and no good and bad or evil and unevils, and it will adhere scrupulously to the accurate and objective reporting of facts as it finds them."

It is not strictly necessary, though, because each year we receive a portent. About two weeks before the grapes are ripe two young men seen in our house in the woods. I have never seen them come, nor heard them, but upon a step out of the front door and find them

People's Platform

Advancement of Education are to be congratulated on making available the necessary funds for the publishing of the Southern School News. School officials, superintendents, government officials and the press of the South together with all interested citizens will be able to develop practical and constructive solutions to their own particular school problems through the useful lessons learned from the experiences of one another. The Southern School News will under the able guidance of McKnight, provide this information.

—A. R. SURIZIT

Speed Pooh-Poohed As Accident Cause

Clinton, S. C.
Editors, The News
YOUR editorial, "A New Era of Highway Safety," most certainly is without foundation in fact. Incidence of accidents travels in cycles. The National Safety Council says: "Eighty-five per cent of all motorists travel and drive with-

Impulsive Mendes-France Is A Hard Man To Figure Out

By DORIS FLEESON
PARIS
MENDES-FRANCE, savior or so-and-so? With remarkable unanimity, Americans here-official, press, private citizens—answer that they simply do not know.

Some like him less than others but few have a kind of vested interest in his political affairs. They have perhaps formed a close personal friendship for a former French Premier or have so deep a commitment to the European Defense Community that they cannot forgive Mendes-France for failing to save it.

SMALLY SECRETIVE
A few with large business interests distrust his reforms. American officials, however, defend him because he has played a major role in defeating EDC because it feared German competition.

The controversial French Premier contributes largely to the uncertainty about his place in history because he has a quality rare in politics the world over. He is secretive, not occasionally but consistently.

Sometimes he seems impulsive, as when he flew to North Africa with plans for coping with Tunisian and Moroccan independence. But those who deal with him in business or in the United States do not believe at all that this was a sudden brainstorm. Their guess is that he has had it all figured out for a long time what he would do as Premier.

Thus, they hope that he has sensible and salable ideas to take the place of EDC even though he has never opened his mind to them about possible alternatives.

It is a hope only. The long conversations to which politicians are prone are not there in the background to be drawn upon for clues.

Although they didn't complain publicly for diplomatic reasons, U. S. diplomats got a daily dose of frustration when dealing with the French Premier on EDC during the last few critical weeks. The one thing he promised, he performed. EDC was brought to a vote. For that they are grateful. But they were never able to figure out just how Mendes-France felt personally about it, and they aren't today.

This is because the vote that defeated EDC came on a parliamentary majority. Mendes-France was sickly down there was nothing about it really very different from practices common to the U. S. Congress.

Many a measure had died a tortuous death on Capitol Hill, Washington, because leaders did not care to risk their prestige on a direct vote. Politicians usually take a squint at things that they would not have the votes, the other reasons do matter.

EDC advocates contend that Mendes-France was an aggressive leadership, could have produced the needed majority. This may be true. It is also true that he did not care to risk their prestige on a direct vote. Politicians usually take a squint at things that they would not have the votes, the other reasons do matter.

Certainly, he did not give the idea produced by his political rivals wholehearted acceptance. It is agreed, too, that nobody has ever patiently and well explained EDC to the French people.

'Well, Here We Are Back In School, Sort-Of'



Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON
ONE election factor behind Tom Dewey's withdrawal from the reelection race is his belief that Eisenhower will now run for a second term.

When Eisenhower first entered the White House he was quite frank in telling his close friends that he would be a one-term President. On top of this, there was evidence of a fact understanding that if he did not run again he would throw his weight behind Dewey in 1956.

Recently, however, Eisenhower has given various intangible indications that he likes his job better and will run for reelection in 1956. Certainly a powerful group of Eisenhower Republicans are determined that he shall run.

This, according to close friends of Gov. Dewey, is one reason he decided to do it. If he remains out of public life for a time, Dewey figures, he might have a much better chance to come back in 1960 and attain his great ambition—the presidency of the United States. He is still a relatively young man.

Taft Republicans Elated

Taft Republicans are not only elated at Dewey's step-down, but are conspiring for other steps down of Gov. Dewey in key GOP places. Bitterness against Dewey has not simmered much since those virulent days in July, 1952, when

Dewey May Try For White House In '60

Sen. Dirksen of Illinois branded Dewey a menace to the party.

Dirksen himself has made peace with Dewey, but not some of the other anti-Dewey, pro-Taft diehards. Some even go so far as to say privately that they would rather see the Republican Party defeated in 1956 than tolerate Deweyism in or around the White House.

They could reform their ranks four years later, then stage a comeback. Dewey is likely to find that his power in New York politics will be considerably lessened after he's left the executive mansion. Sen. Irving Lavin has in addition to many New York Republicans taken the fact that the Eisenhower administration was against it. He was joined by Sen. Lister Hill, Alabama Democrat and others. But when Sen. Culp Hobby, secretary of health, education and welfare, was called to testify she told senators that while she was for

the principle of the bill she was against its adoption at the time.

Instead she proposed a survey and a conference two years hence to study the need for school desegregation. This brought immediate objections from Sen. Hill. He pointed out that the 81st Congress had already spent \$3 million on a school survey and as a result they knew exactly what the needs were.

Some of the figures Mrs. Hobby had cited in her testimony before the Senate committee, he said, came from this survey.

"There have already been seven national conferences on this question," Hill protested. "They even began the Hoover administration. Meanwhile our schools are getting more and more crowded. It seems to me it is time for action, not talk. The Eisenhower administration made a special plea to help the schools, and this is the time to do it."

Sen. Cooper, Republican, agreed, and both senators pushed the bill. But when Commissioner of Education Sam Brownell, brother of the attorney general, was asked to testify, he first accepted, then backed out. It was learned that his failure to appear was on direct orders from his superiors in the Health, Education and Welfare Department.

Brownell had previously announced that there was a national shortage of 340,000 classrooms, but Mrs. Hobby didn't want him to testify about this before

From The Christian Science Monitor

IT SAYS HERE . . .

ONCE upon a time in a Far Country a Smart and dynamic young man fell in love with a clever and Glamorous girl. She returned his Affection, and they were married on the strength of a selling job which promised him "up to" \$200 a week. They went to live in a small town where the late former mayor George Wilson Sr. was the last one left of a bunch advertised as "as low as" \$6,000.

But although the young husband's commissions climbed up, they didn't ascend "up to" the Glittering mark suggested by the advertisement. And although the cost of their Home might be deemed low by some standards, it didn't turn out to be "as low as" the other one sold just before they got there. So the once-hopeful bride and groom soon found themselves "up" all right—"up against it. And Winter was coming on!

However, he was Smart and she was Clever. So, naturally, they turned to the advertisements again. There they learned that if they paid out the commission on a certain lot of shoddy mineral they would save "up to" 25 per cent of their

Fuel bill; if they put in a certain kind of storm Windows they would save "up to" another 25; if they installed a certain Pump in their heating system, "up to" a fifth more; and if they threw out the Furnace they had altogether and bought a new one, they could save a different type of fuel they would save, this time, "up to" 30 per cent.

Furthermore, the young couple learned that if they changed to "Fusion" from the mere "Fission" gasoline they had been using, they could drive a variety of car "up to" 15 per cent less. And if they sold their old Crater and bought a new Guided Missile they would save Actually 33 per cent at the corner Pump.

So the Smart young husband and the Clever wife did all these things. Therefore they heated their Home coisly for nothing, and buzzed around the countryside right merrily for Half Price. And they lived Happily ever after.

Now, remember, this was in a Very Far country where the Decimal Point was optional.