

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Court Test Needed In Bible Dispute

COMMON sense and simple justice demand that the prolonged controversy over Bible teaching in Charlotte's public schools be settled once and for all.

The issue has flickered in the public conscience for years. It is burning with more than usual brightness today.

Good and intelligent people of deep sincerity differ on the matter. Those differences have not been denied by the years. Argument, however logical and eloquent, has solved nothing.

The suggestion of Dr. Lawrence L. Stoll that the program's constitutionality be tested in a "friendly law suit" offers a reasonable way out of chronic discord.

Dr. Stoll, pastor of Trinity Presbyterian Church, feels that the burden of responsibility for settling the matter lies properly with friends of the program.

There is logic in his stand. It deserves the earnest consideration of the sponsoring group.

Let there be no misunderstanding as to our own convictions. The News believes strongly in the separation of church and state, not only in the letter

of the law but in that less clear area known as the spirit of the law. As we have said many times before, we believe in the right of minorities to worship as they please or not to worship at all if they choose. We further believe that this right goes beyond the mere prevention of state interference with freedom of worship or state compulsion to worship and encompasses the right of minorities to be free of even indirect intrusion into the religious conscience by any governmental body.

We believe that the present program violates the spirit of the law if not the letter.

There have been important Supreme Court rulings on the general issue. One was the famous McCollum case in 1948, in which the court majority found that religious instruction given in an Illinois school was in violation of the constitution. But circumstances differ. The constitutionality of the Charlotte program has not been tested. Until it is tested the issue will not be settled to the satisfaction of all.

A friendly test suit should be initiated and carried up to the Supreme Court. That is the only way that a definitive ruling will ever be obtained.

Public Schools And The Legislature

Above all, we need the opportunity to solve our monumental problem with the minimum of outside, uninformed interference.

The reverse of that statement by the North Carolina Advisory Committee on Education is even more true.

The special session of the legislature Gov. Hodges has set for July 23 should be attended by a maximum of informed, sane public attention. The legislature is to meet not for some relatively unimportant legal patchwork, but to do major surgery on the constitutional foundation of North Carolina public schools.

The committee will suggest that the legislature submit to the people a constitutional amendment permitting closing of public schools under certain conditions to be prescribed by the legislature.

If it accepts this suggestion, the legislature will need its utmost wisdom in setting those conditions.

They should be weighted against any hasty "yes" that might result in a chain reaction of closing schools. They should provide for maximum public debate before a vote is taken to close a school. They should protect public schools to the furthest extent possible. The committee's judgment that the public school system cannot be saved unless it is made possible to close those faced by "intolerable" desegregation conditions may be completely justified. This "escape hatch" nevertheless is a dangerous one, and committees should be required to count 10 before using it.

There are no adequate substitutes for public schools. They exist, of, by and for the people. The private schools mentioned as substitutes do not exist.

The Brown Bomber Vs. Uncle Sam

ON THE 20th century's roll of popular heroes the name of Joe Louis has a 24-carat glow. He was a great heavy-weight boxing champion. Yet he had a kind of shy humility that won the hearts of millions. He was, a sportswriter once said, a credit to his race—the human race.

A lot of Americans still remember that night in Yankee Stadium in 1938 when the Brown Bomber cut a Nazi superman down to size. Some even remember Bob Considine's account of it:

"Listen to this, buddy, for it comes from a guy whose palms are still wet, whose throat is still dry, and whose jaw is still apace from the utter shock of watching Joe Louis knock out Max Schmeling."

"It was a shocking thing, that knock-out—short, sharp, merciless, complete..."

"He was a big lean copper spring, tightened and lightened through weeks of training until he was one pregnant package of coiled venom..."

"That was a long time ago."

Louis is no longer champion. He is a fat, aging hulk of a has-been. And he's broke.

What's more he owes Uncle Sam vast sums in unpaid taxes, penalties and interest. The bills go back to 1939 when he was king of the U. S. Sports world.

This week, Rep. Niemcewicz (D-N.J.) introduced a bill in Congress to relieve the Brown Bomber of that bill as an acknowledgment of what "Joe has done for the United States."

There must be a better way. A dangerous precedent would be set. An invitation would be offered others who make a great deal of money in a comparatively short time to ignore their tax bills.

The tax program has nothing to do with individualism or personal merit. It is a common obligation of citizenship. Theoretically, it plays no favorites.

Sentimentality about a sports hero should stop somewhere short of wiping the slate clean. Perhaps unusual circumstances will justify knocking off certain penalties and interest. Louis was the innocent victim of promoters who used him mercilessly for their own gain. But this is a matter for the executive and judicial branches of government—not Congress.

Congress could perform a finer service by tightening legal machinery to a point where Uncle Sam collects his fee when the taxpayer has it—and not 17 years later.

I Remember Chapel Hill: A Commencement Flashback

Editors' Note: On the eve of the University of North Carolina's 1956 commencement, an "old grad" of the new postwar generation fashions a respectful salute to a state of mind called Chapel Hill.

By JULIAN SCHEER News Staff Writer

IT is easy to remember Chapel Hill—especially in the spring.

I remember once, while a student there, of carrying a fresh, spongy daisy daisy to Mr. Graves. Weekly in class, one copy just purchased from Stella Lyons, at the Post Office—and reading about Chapel Hill in the spring. SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

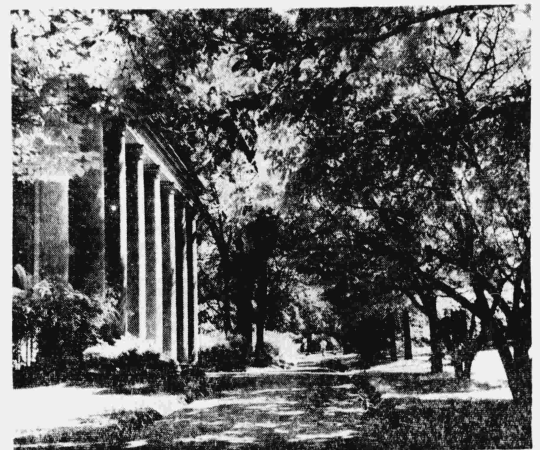
What a relaxed, quiet, knowing writer he is! I thought, and I read of his Chapel Hill, of his trees and flowers, of his sights and sounds, and I thought of him before his typewriter on a wide porch. I thought of a real Chapel Hillian, of a man made in love with it, inassociated with it, devoted to it.

I remember reading it interrupted when a professor came into the classroom, one eye just and knowing he knew I was reading something other than my notes, and of his red car, and my not caring.

I remember that room as it felt it just the day before yesterday.

APRIL SUN

It was one of the barracks buildings, long since gone, a building a carefully nurtured lawn in its place the last time I walked across the campus—and it was a classroom. It was a 2 p.m. class and the April sun beat down hard, as if aiming for weary students who insisted on doubling up on classes, on roofs and sides. And



"On a spring afternoon it was a short, footdragging walk . . ."

little pulls of trust rose like smoke from the rough, unpainted floors when a betsy person walked across them.

I remember the cheap, composition walls and a spot where I was to be reconsidered. It was a wispiness once threw his fist clean through one. I remember the ceiling, a series of six by six squares watermarked and wood. Did they

come from Alabama or Mississippi or South Carolina, from some now-destroyed Army base? I used to wonder.

And the professor. He was a former sort of fellow who wouldn't shed his coat, and I wondered what he thought of as he stood there sweating and looking down at us.

We were 24. We were 24 men in Army khakis and old shirts and no ties and, most of us, wearing GI or Navy leftover shoes and exact socks borrowed from Wooten Gym.

We sat there, tired and open-collared, and listened as he endlessly talked on and we looked or thumbed through pages of a

dull, well-fed economics book and frequently shifted in the hard, small chairs unevenly scattered about the room. ECHOES OF LAUGHTER

Outside the white blinds—Mr. Graves' buds—sprang the trees and occasionally a bird flew past. And there was laughter outside, for we often heard laughter on a long, drizzly afternoon.

And up on Emerson baseball field you could hear noises and the crack of a bat, and below, on the highway, a car passing by and a beer can rattling to a mud-colored gutter.

For 30 minutes we sat and listened and the professor wouldn't take off his coat and he sweated and we sweated and he told, again, that story his leverage days, WARY TOLLING

There was no bell in the six-roomed, wooden building, but there was the Bell Tower—which even sounded tired in late spring.

At ten minutes to the hour, we left. We just got up and left and the teacher wiped his brow and walked out with us, for seldom was there anyone who waited to ask him a question.

And, I remember the day I read Mr. Graves' paper and the relaxed little editorial about Spring I crossed the campus, from down near the library and post South Building and saw Fast and go to Franklin St. in the paper and saw economics book, and a part of notes.

SPRING AND TRUTH

For a spring afternoon it was a short, footdragging walk, but it was a hundred yards. Just it was spring and it took only that to discover it in Chapel Hill. You discovered Mr. Graves' spring and Frank Graham's spring and Bill Prince's spring.

You know that what they said was true—at least part of it.

U. S. Foreign Aid: Listless Leadership Takes Its Toll

By WALTER LIPPMANN

IT IS not in the least surprising that Congress is showing so much opposition to this year's request for foreign aid. Ever since the middle of March, when the President asked for a new authorization of nearly five billions, it has been plain enough that he and his advisers were not taking into account how much world public opinion, including American, was being affected by the changing world situation.

The administration has not followed its request for another and a bigger authorization, using the same old slogans that have been taken to serious notice of the fact that foreign aid, both military and civilian, is undergoing a revolutionary reappraisal throughout the world. It has treated this great

development as not strictly relevant to the business before Congress.

Congress has reacted to this lack of planless and capricious. It knows that the whole subject of foreign aid has to be reconsidered. It knows that the administration has not yet reached many definite conclusions as to how, in the light of the new world situation, to form a sound foreign aid policy.

The Congress finds that the new money it is being asked to vote to be used to finance the flow of military assistance, not this year and not next year, but in 1958 and 1959. Knowing that the strategic planning of NATO and of our other alliances may be seriously revised in the next two years, Congress is in no mood to authorize large funds to be used two or three years hence. "The Congress," said the chairman of the House Committee on Foreign

Affairs, Mr. Richards, "may well regard the pending mutual security bill as only an interim measure."

As there are nearly two years' funds already in the pipeline, the committee felt that either cutting the authorization by over a billion dollars, "the sums recommended in this bill are ample until we know more about the direction in which the program will move."

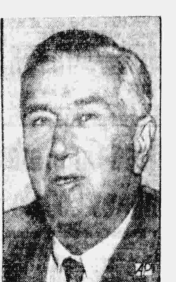
The administration would have done well to listen to those who advised it to go to Congress saying that foreign aid was going to be revised, that while the revision was going on the existing programs should not be disturbed, and that as and when new programs were worked out, Congress would be told all about them. On that kind of a submission, the President would in fact have been asking Congress not to approve a program that is out of date but

to trust him while a new program is being worked out. He might well have gotten such a vote of confidence.

WITH THE TIDE

In reacting as it has reacted, the House Foreign Affairs Committee is moving with, not counter to, the tide of opinion in Western Europe. When it voted to reduce military aid by a billion dollars, it did not in the least believe that it was voting to reduce the military security of the United States and of its allies. It was in the same mood as are the Germans who do not want to disavow the promised German divisions, as the French who have now moved virtually all their industry to North Africa, as the British who are beginning to think about abolishing conscription.

It is the mood of people who do not want to waste their time and money preparing for the next war but for the last war.



REP. RICHARDS "The funds vs. the sample"

KNOW-NOTHINGISM

The attitude of Congress is the American expression of the same mood which we are thinking about abroad when we talk of the decline of interest in NATO. I do not believe that the deep cause of this loss of interest is due to the loss of Soviet policy. The deep cause is that the higher leadership of NATO, as it reflects itself in the requests to the governments, has not kept abreast of the

revolution in the military art. The loss of interest is due to a loss of belief in the realism of NATO's strategic conceptions.

If we are wise, we shall not regard the erosion of the committee as merely a relapse into isolationism and know-nothingism. Insofar as there has been such a relapse, it is due to a failure in leadership—a failure to argue the case for foreign aid in terms which are relevant and convincing.

'It Won't Seem The Same Without You, Boy'



Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Rocky Road Ahead For Nixon's Pal

WASHINGTON SEN. John McClellan of Arkansas, who can be an awfully tough prosecuting attorney, seems to be on the way to getting tough with Vice President Nixon's so-called "anchor man," Murray Chotiner. He has subpoenaed Chotiner's records, books and bank accounts.

Political Fishing

This came about after Chotiner refused to turn his records over to Bob Kennedy, brother of Sen. Jack Kennedy of Massachusetts, who is co-chairman of the Senate Investigating Committee. Kennedy had phoned Chotiner to ask a question about his activities on behalf of a West Coast air-line case. Chotiner refused to tell him anything.

Kid Glove Treatment

Actually, the McClellan Committee has leaned over backward to treat Chotiner with kid gloves. Though this same Committee rode roughshod over Gen. Harry Vaughan and John Marston—with some justice—and though a long list of witnesses were cross-examined and sometimes browbeaten by the same committee when by Joe McCarthy chairman McCarthy of all were almost obscurities when a Chotiner appeared before it.

President Nixon "I'm not going to tell you anything"

recently he has also represented several criminals with cases before the federal government, plus air lines a debt-collecting agency, and other agents in need of an attorney with influence.

Flat Refusal

All this caused counsel Kennedy to get tough. After Chotiner refused to give him any information, Kennedy wrote Chotiner a letter asking in black and white for the information requested, also about other matters. Chotiner replied with a flat refusal. He claimed that Kennedy's request involved matters pertaining to his clients.

Prompt Action

Kennedy then went to McClellan and explained the situation. McClellan promptly authorized Kennedy to subpoena Chotiner's papers. This was done.

Chotiner's Influence

Chotiner's influence on only that aged Nixon's campaign for the Senate in 1950, but his campaign for vice president, plus the campaign of several GOP congressmen in California. More

how much influence Chotiner will be able to muster in his own defense. He has been able to muster quite a bit for himself in the past. It is not clear how such powerful figures as the vice president of the United States and Joe McCarthy to go to bat for him now.

Washington Pipeline

Postmaster General Summerfield has forbidden postal employees to complain against the Post Office except through their superiors. They also aren't allowed to furnish critical information to the press or to Congress without permission. This is probably the most brazen gag ever issued by a government department.

Both Democratic and Republican congressmen are up in arms over the Summerfield order, which they fear may violate a citizen's constitutional right to petition Congress.

NO MORE CIRCUS PARADES

WITH the closing of the Clyde Beatty Circus, for financial reasons, only one of the great circuses is left—Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey offer a combination of two stellar oldtime "big top" attractions.

Not only have most of the circuses folded for one reason or another, but the sole survivor among the mammoths is streamlining his equipment and his program and changing his emphasis from slapstick clowns and zany lionade to chorus girls and hydraulically controlled tents, without poles.

There'll be no more circus parades, even in small towns, it appears. Such a parade hasn't passed down Broad St. in Richmond for a long while, but time was when this was the event of the year for youngsters. It was even more of an event in Charlottesville and Staunton and Fredericksburg.

Boys and girls stood interminably on curbstones or in windows above the main street, waiting for the procession which was away hours late, long after what seemed an eternity. The parade hove into view to plentiful ornaments from a brass band, and with ladies in spanned tights riding on gaily caparisoned horses. Bounced there, prancing this way and that, elephants ambling along, tigers and bears growling behind bars, a couple of cages on wheels with children drawn to peep curiously

of the crowd as to what type of animal was inside, and at the end, of course, the screeching, footing callopie.

All that is gone, it appears, gone with the wind. Newspaper editorials and editorial story in its May 28 issue, and almost bursts into sobs in the process.

Now that this generation of boys and girls has nothing of this sort to look forward to, it is when it is to find solace in such uplifted amusements as gangster movies and lurid comic books, the extent of the loss occasioned by the gradual passing of the circus, and the apparent total elimination of the circus parade, becomes obvious. Truly, the age of innocence, when all the world was young, had something to commend it.

This became more than ever apparent not long ago when a 13-year-old Richmonder listened to his father's recital of the simple circumstances of his worth-while fishing, swimming, hiking and moon hunting—and exclaimed—"Why, daddy, you had more fun when you were a boy than I do."

He probably did too.

The Voice of America is now broadcasting a fifth native language, called U-Lex, in broadcasts to Soviet Russia. Any day now, when all the world likes to regulate by hearing propaganda in Brooklyn to the United States.—Lexington Herald.