

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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TUESDAY, APRIL 30, 1957

The Big Bugaboo That Backfired

THE fiery-wagging wrath of Sen. Avery Hightower was one-fourth bombast and three-fourths buncombe. His target: Gov. Luther H. Hodges, whom he accused of exerting "undue influence" over the 1957 General Assembly.

His weapon: A bill to curb the governor's patronage power sharply. His motivation: A Raleigh newspaper's ancient wheeze suggesting that when Gov. Hodges says "Jump!" all the legislature says "How high?"

It is difficult to see how anyone with a sense of history and the power of objective analysis would bother with such nonsense. What Sen. Hightower actually fashioned was one of the most exquisite political backfires in Tar Heel history.

Rather than direct the public's attention to "dangerous concentration of power" in the governor's hands, Sen. Hightower has actually reminded North Carolinians how feeble the governor's power actually is.

North Carolina is the only state in the union which has neglected to give the governor any general veto power over legislation enacted by the General Assembly.

North Carolina's governor cannot even succeed himself in office, under normal circumstances.

Furthermore, North Carolina's governor has limited appointment power, no direct power of supervision and little removal power.

Yet he is one of only a handful of state officials elected by the state as a whole. More than any other person, the governor is best equipped to rise above clashing local interests and represent the best interests of all the people.

In order to do this today in North

Carolina the governor must depend upon his own personal powers of persuasion and what Capitol newsmen describe as "the usual channels of influence with the General Assembly."

It is a shamefully inadequate system. The difficulty is basic. It rests with the state constitution itself.

North Carolina's constitution of 1868 is almost 90 years old. It has never received anything more than minor alterations. It has become over the years a kind of golden calf to be worshipped, not a functional piece of machinery for the fair and efficient operation of government. What the state needs is a brand new mechanism.

If the present state constitution were a masterpiece of simplicity and political morality—such as the United States Constitution—there would be no difficulty. Alas, it is not. It is merely a horse-and-buggy mechanism designed for a day when government operations were small and the number of state employees few.

It also reflects North Carolina's traditional fear and distrust of government as such. There are times when the document seems to have been deliberately styled to make it difficult for anybody to do anything under the circumstances.

It is amazing that so much political, social and economic progress has been made by a state that leaves such things largely to chance and the enlightened cussedness of the citizenry.

Under the circumstances, the constitutions of a later date than North Carolina. The time has come for Tar Heels to get in step with progress, too. The General Assembly would better serve the public interest by directing its attention to this need rather than the question of who jumps to whose tune and how high.

Family can never make up its mind. Any place suited him, just so it was soft and quiet and easy. No need to fret about it.

The citizen didn't fret about anything Monday. He guarded the little picture in his mind of how a hot Monday ought to be. And the work went smoothly. The routine was a snap. It really worked. All a fellow had to do was keep his mind cool.

Floating home on his coiled springs and shock absorbers, he decided it really had been one of those good old days. Nothing hectic happened in Charlotte anywhere. It seemed somehow that everybody had been in tune with him, all determined to have a nice, quiet day.

There had been a city primary to weed out some of the candidates for mayor, Council, and the City School Board. But, well, somebody must have voted, and taken care of the matter. They are always holding elections, and somebody always takes care of it, don't they?

No matter. The citizen didn't intend to fret about it. He just hoped the family had decided where it wanted to go on vacation. He didn't care, just so it was soft and quiet and easy.

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WHY AND HOW THE SIXTH FLEET MOVED Display Of Military Muscle Directed Mainly At Israelis

By JOSEPH ALSOP

THE GREAT movement of the United States Sixth Fleet and all the other puzzling recent events can be very simply explained, even though the State Department has hesitated to offer the true explanation.

In brief, these crises movements in the Middle East are by-products of an American guaranty to Jordan against Israeli intervention. They are not directed primarily against the Syrians or the Egyptians or even the Russians, as a State Department spokesman has suggested. They are in fact primarily directed against the Israelis.

The object has been to liberate Jordan's young beleaguered King Hussein from the threat of Israeli intervention in his small-fora-mentioned kingdom. The safeguarding of Hussein from such a threat has in fact been the main American contribution to the Jordanian crisis.

NATURAL IMPULSE

The idea of this American contribution to the Jordanian crisis was apparently first mooted in Washington about ten days ago. A double new departure was involved — to commit the United States to positive action in the Middle East, and to be firm in curbing the rather natural Israeli impulse to stir up trouble among Israel's hostile neighbors.

The sheer grim necessities of the Middle Eastern situation forced the administration into action. It seems most probable that Hussein was informed of the informal American guaranty of Jordan against Israeli attack toward the beginning of this week, when the King received American Ambassador Lester Mallory for a long afternoon exchange of views.

STERN WARNING

It can further be stated that at the same time a stern warning was addressed to the Israeli government, in effect indicating that any Jordanian adventure would be much worse than self-defeating.

Everything that has happened since then is to be interpreted, at least primarily, as a series of undertakings of this promise to Hussein and the warning to Jerusalem.

To be sure, this American intervention in the Jordanian crisis differs enormously from the elaborate internal plans and machinations pictured by the Cairo and Moscow radios. But it has been a critically important intervention none the less.

OFFICIALS RECALLED

The movement of the Sixth Fleet, President Eisenhower's statement on the Jordanian situation, the especially significant removal of American official personnel from the Israeli sector of Jerusalem — these all form parts of the same pattern.

In order to see the very great importance of this pattern one must first of all understand a little of the tangled local geography and politics.

In brief, Jordan's richest, most populous and most dissected province is the region on the west bank of the Jordan River, which formerly belonged to Palestine. All Israelis would like to extend their frontier to the Jordan River line, absorbing this province in the process. Every Jordanian, from the King down, is firmly convinced that the Israelis are actively planning an eventual grab of the west bank.

This universal Jordanian conviction is probably ill-founded. The moral obloquy that would be incurred by the appalling a new Arab defeat that would have to be shouldered; the likelihood that the newly grabbed territory would have to be discarded later on — these considerations taken together are strong enough to dissuade any sane Israeli government from trying to seize the west bank in normal circumstances.

But there is one abnormal circumstance in which the Israeli leaders have always sworn to take action at all costs. Israel has a particular fear of the King of large Arab states with a potentially strong future that might result from a stronger link between Jordan and Iraq. Hence the Israeli leaders have always warned, with grim meaningfulness, that their army would enter Jordan whenever Iraqi troops entered Jordan. These Israeli threats in turn assumed cardinal significance in the present Jordanian crisis.

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As matters have turned out this far, the King has performed in these last days of crisis with great efficiency and unblemished loyalty. But King Hussein could not know this would be the case when he sent for Mr. Mallory at the beginning of this hectic week. The King intended then, as he still intends, to call the Iraqi troops into Jordan if he could not control the situation with his own resources. Besides the Israeli

potential threat from the Israelis, the King also had to think of the foreign troops already in Jordan. And while the Saudi Arabians in the south had been placed by King Saud under King Hussein's personal command, the Syrian troops in the north were another serious danger.

THE threat from the Syrians was as nothing, however, to the

potential threat from the Israelis. The mere placing of the Iraqis on the border, plus the strong warning addressed by Nuri Pasha to Syrian President Shukri al-Kuwatli, could be considered sufficient to keep the Syrians fairly quiet. But nothing but strong American measures could keep the Israelis out once the Iraqis crossed the Jordanian border.

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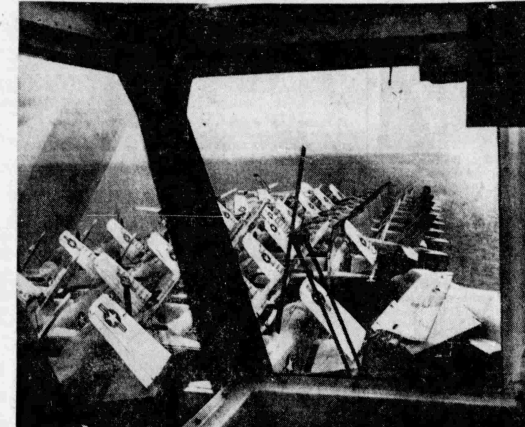
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Flagship Forrest's Planes Back Up A Guarantee.

'Part-Timer' At Work Fleet Orders From Augusta

By STEWART ALSOP

THE President has been seriously reported that he intended to enter semi-retirement, handing over the bulk of his responsibilities to Vice President Nixon. This sort of thing, according to those who should know, is baldheaded.

The President still has a ghost of his famous cough, but it is only a ghost. The platoon of doctors who have been constantly over him have examined the cough as no cough has never been examined before. They have reported unanimously and positively that the cough is not serious — that it is not a symptom of anything threatening and diseased.

It is true that the President faked a bit when his cough and cold were at their worst some time ago, but all men fade under such circumstances. He is now back, according to intimates, in reasonably full bloom, and on the golf course especially he is positively frisky, considering his age and medical history.

When these reassuring things are said, the fact remains, of course, that Dwight D. Eisenhower is an elderly man who has had a heart attack and a serious abdominal operation. And this raises the second question, whether he really must spend so much of his time away from his office.

The answer is that he must. The President has no surprise about this answer. The voters of the United States who elected him by an overwhelming majority knew the answer, or should have known it. In February 1956, when he announced that he would run again, he said:

"The opinions and conclusions of the doctors that I can continue to carry the burdens of the presidency, to contemplate for me a regime of ordered work activity, interspersed with regular amounts of exercise, recreation and rest, . . . readiness to obey the doctors, out of respect for my present duties and responsibilities, is mandatory in my case."

When the President takes off for Georgia or elsewhere, he is simply "obeying the doctors," quite willingly, to be sure, since he loves golf and still by no means loves the White House. Any man of 66 with the President's medical history would need plenty of "exercise, recreation, and rest." But when his doctors believe, and he does not get it, he becomes either irritable or dull and depressed.

So the President's frequent escapes of Washington are certainly going to continue as long as he is President, crisis or no crisis.

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Future Of McLeod Is Before Senate

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Dulles promptly appointed him. He saw a chance to curry favor both with McCarthy and the powerful senator, Bridges, who sat on the subcommittee of the Appropriations Committee.

McLeod then proceeded to tear the State Department to pieces. He had deductive and private eyes looking under tables and peering into closets. He used State Department security men to move his furniture into his own home. He appointed the police chief of Hanover, N. H., Andrew Ferguson, to a job in Europe to give him a free trip abroad.

BOOK-BURNERS
He condoned an order asking German servants to spy on American officials abroad. He complacently watched the

book-burning spree of McCarthy's two wandering agents, Cohn and Schme. His security agents tried to get doctors to violate their sacred oath not to talk about patients.

And when his chief, the secretary of state, appointed Charles Bohlen as ambassador to Russia, McLeod went over his head direct to the White House to protest. Bohlen has now returned from Moscow after having done the most outstanding job of any ambassador in history.

These are some of the things which make it easy to understand why Mr. Dulles wants to get McLeod out of his hair, even at the expense of Ireland.

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Price Of Liberty? Spasmodic Vigilance

IT WAS one of those good old days in Charlotte. It was Monday, and a hot Monday at that, but in a way the heat helped to improve the day.

The citizen, reflecting on past summers, had decided already that a man ought not to push himself too hard. The thing to do, or what a fellow ought to do, is keep his mind cool, do only what has to be done, and drift with the routine. The citizen had a mental picture of how it ought to be on hot Mondays: It ought to be like a leaf floating along on a shaded stream, soft and quiet and easy.

The citizen went down town, floating like a leaf on coiled springs and shock absorbers. It was funny, he thought. Everybody was floating along. Nobody was causing trouble. The great issues of the day were nothing more unsettling than baseball, fishing, boating and the progress of the Wachovia skyscraper.

("They're really going up with it. Yes, sir, they're real climbers, they'll let me climb. It's cooler down here on the ground.")

Stopping by the water cooler, he gave brief thought to vacation plans. Well, he'd just let the family decide where to go. That's the trouble with vacations.

Family can never make up its mind. Any place suited him, just so it was soft and quiet and easy. No need to fret about it.

The citizen didn't fret about anything Monday. He guarded the little picture in his mind of how a hot Monday ought to be. And the work went smoothly. The routine was a snap. It really worked. All a fellow had to do was keep his mind cool.

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