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The Worries Of A Dying Status Quo

NORTH CAROLINA tobacco farmers have more worries, these days, than Pandora. Every time the forbidden box is opened, they behold threats to reduce parities, to cut acreage allotments, and away the determination of Secretary of Agriculture Benson to rid agriculture of the small farmer. Farmers who have tried to make up for reduction of quotas by diversifying into truck products have done so with no notable success; at every corner a distributor waits to buy for a song and sell for prices which eventually make the marketing housewife grimace.

The economics of the farmer problem, to which no economist as yet has found a workable cure, only barely conceal the crucial choice confronting us: A choice between "pampering" the farmer, thus keeping the Jeffersonian balance between farm and city intact, and cutting the budgetary umbilical cord which maintains that balance at present. No one, of course, can say with finality what debits and credits flow from either side. As Mr. Fischer rightly points out, the much-heralded conservative instincts of the yeomanry have proved somewhat mythical - since, like every other interest group in the picture, farmers are in there bargaining and lobbying, trading in their party or group who will indulge them most. Be it "liberal" or "conservative."

Hussein's Loyal Army: Silence Almost Ignited A War

By JOSEPH ALSOP

EVENTS in this extraordinary country have one of resembling episodes in a way of the old serial movies. They say 'The Perils of Pauline' - with the heroine, or in this case the hero, always emerging from direct danger in a glow of triumph at the close of each episode. The curious fact remains, however, that even such an unrelentingly melodramatic as young King Hussein's escape from the attacking Syrian MIG fighters is also full of genuine political significance. Consider, for example, just one incident in this particular installment of the Jordanian serial.

The breakfasters were filled with consternation, thinking the King had been shot down. They at once telephoned the news to the Jordanian chief of staff, Habis Majjali, at the Arab Legion camp at Zera. There the telephone operator must have listened in, or in some other way the news that the Syrians had shot down King Hussein spread almost miraculously through the camp. By a kind of instantaneous combustion, over the protests of their officers, a huge majority of the Arab Legion rank and file immediately marched off on the road to the north, with the actual numbers of invading Syria without any further delay or formalities.



Jordan & The North

People's Platform Boyd Record Defended By A Charlotte Attorney

Charlotte, N.C. (AP) - Judge Basil Boyd, who has been accused of bias in the trial of a Communist Party leader, was defended today by a prominent local attorney. The attorney, who is a member of the bar, stated that Judge Boyd is a fair and impartial judge and that the charges against him are unfounded.

First off, what a criminal judge

He is not a prosecutor. He is not in any way related to the police. He is not a defender. He does not plan or control what matters come before him. He does not handle or control the clerical and administrative management of the court. He orders, but he does not execute his orders. That is for others. Nor is he responsible for the results of his orders. In other words, the Judge of the Recorder's Court is not a manager or manipulator. He is a judge. He enters the courtroom, sits, says "Mr. Solicitor, what is the next case?" The evidence is in. He

MIGs, the most convincing proof has been given of the loyalty of the army rank and file. This is one reason why it is now necessary to correct a previous report in this space, concerning the alarm felt in Washington about King Hussein's plan to take a vacation. The official Washingtonian alarm was raised enough, but it can now be categorically stated that the alarm was quite groundless. Young King Hussein emphatically was not taking a vacation with the expectation that he would not return to rule in Jordan. Furthermore, the most hostile to King Hussein's government agree that nothing would have happened during the

King's absence to prevent his return. In fact, this reporter has had a sharp lesson, concerning the truth of the old rule of the reporter's trade that you must always go and have a look yourself. EVEN A BRIEF LOOK Even a brief look at Jordan has been enough to provide all sorts of bits of positive evidence, all tending to prove that King Hussein's government is now as stable as any government can be in this inherently unstable country. For example, there were the huge street crowds shouting their buzzes for the King and bellying Down with Gamal Abdel Nasser.

For good measure. You can argue that this part of the demonstration about the King's return was not altogether spontaneous or sincere. No one can disprove this argument, but it is made by some observers here. But 14 months ago, all the police and all the money in the world would have been unable to get the street crowds of Amman to cheer Hussein and course Nasser. That fact is unarguable, and it means that a most important change has occurred here. HUSSEIN - A 'MAHTOUZ' Besides the Arab Legion's loyalty to Hussein, there seem to be two other major factors behind this change. One of those factors is quite simply the way the incomparably brave young King has himself "got through" to his people. Even the enemies of his government admire his courage and determination. No one could help but do so. The Arabs are also great believers in luck. There is even a single word in Arabic "mahouz," which means a lucky man, with whom it is wise to be on good terms and unwise to oppose. Rather naturally, in view of recent history, Hussein is thought to be such a man. Just as they believe in luck, the Arabs are also great bandwagon-watchers and bandwagon-jumpers. There too has a bearing here, because the other factor in the improvement of Hussein's position is the growing conviction that the once resistless bandwagon of Egypt's Nasser has been losing its momentum. But this check of the Nasser bandwagon is a separate and a major subject.

Either Way, Mecklenburg Will Pay

Mounting mental health problems in Mecklenburg must not be ignored. The employment of a full-time psychiatric social worker, as recommended this week by a special study committee, is the least the county can do to meet its obligations in this vital field. It won't keep mental patients out of jail. But it will permit the county to care for these unfortunate individuals intelligently and humanely and speed their admission to state hospitals. Some mental patients are now being held behind bars from 30 to 60 days. This is disgraceful. Equally appalling is the necessity to jail mental patients at all. But this problem will be solved until space can be found for them in general hospitals. In hiring a psychiatric social worker, County Commissioners would merely be taking one small step in the right direction.

The mentally ill have specialized needs. They require the attention of trained professionals. Furthermore, they ought not to be left to rot in a cell for weeks while non-experts fumble with their fates. Extended periods of confinement in such a manner can be terribly harmful. What would a psychiatric social worker cost the state's richest county? According to the study committee, \$4,800. As Dr. M. B. Bethel, city-county health officer, observed Monday, we will be paying the price anyway. The question is simply whether we pay it in dollars or in human suffering. County Commissioners owe it to the best interests of all Mecklenburgers to ponder well their study committee's recommendations. A conscientious effort has been made to meet a serious social problem as intelligently as possible. The suggested solution is wholly reasonable. It ought to be adopted.

'Mind You, Now! I'd Never CHOOSE You For My Drinkin' Companion, You Cur'



JUDGE BOYD

are arrested one day and tried the next or in any event quickly, there are cases of poor preparation, witnesses missing, inadequate facts, and questionable justice. Frequently, there should be a second look at the original judgment. I ask, "Is there any citizen who'd be willing to be tried by a judge unwilling to change his mind?" No one would suggest that all decisions of any judge are correct, nor the writings of any reporter. But Judge Boyd has conducted his office with the attributes demanded of it by two high judges in separate volumes on trial judges, Arthur T. Vanderbilt, chief justice of New Jersey, and Henry T. Lummus, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. Foremost, they say, the judicial office must have impartiality, independence, and immunity to be impartial, the judge must remain aloof from the prosecuting-defending angles of his court. To be independent he must be free from every pressure. To be impartial, he must not be too very own, and not a compromise between the contentions of the parties.

The word "scandal" has been loosely used many times by our newspapers, but even so there is no suggestion of evil acts by Judge Boyd, only a failure to keep records and to collect forfeited bonds, neither of which are judicial functions. Minutes and other records are the duties of the court clerk. It is the solicitor who calls the cases and so determines if there has been a forfeiture of bail, and following the order of forfeiture, it is the clerk who issues the writ to process officers for collection of bail bond. It is important to remember that the warrant never passes through the hands of the judge. When served it is delivered to the clerk, who takes it to the solicitor, and after trial returned to the clerk who enters the judgment and stamps the judge's signature. Whether a stamp should be used is debatable, but it is a practice of many years by many judges. The judge also notes on his docket the terms of judgment, and there is no suggestion of any irregularities in these entries.

Some not pressing or dropping of cases seems to have been handled on the warrants; not in court nor entered on the docket. I know nothing of this, only that Judge Boyd says that he handled no such warrants in that fashion. I believe him, if only because I have never heard of him uttering an untrue word. It is no part of the indictment, nor could it be. But the News has made much of some changes in original judgments. It must be remembered that many defendants

And What If He Prefers Civilian Life?

THE Good Samaritan, everybody knows, saves a tumbler every time with his good-going efforts. He has ever since there's been a Good Samaritan, and he will as long as he continues to operate. Sometimes, we think his lumps are deserved, especially if his action borders on interference. This was brought to mind by noting an action on the part of the President of the United States this week. He asked the man who will occupy the White House from 1972 to 1976 for an appointment to the Air Force Academy for young Ivan Kincheloe III, now a year and a half old. The child's father, an outstanding aviator during the Korean

War, was killed testing an experimental plane last July. Will this mean that young Ivan will spend his youth hearing about his ready-made plans for the future? Will he have the glories of the Air Force dinned into his ears for the next 18 years? With the President putting in his two cents worth, chances are well. But suppose young Ivan decides he doesn't want a military career of any sort? Somehow we hope that he'll choose, before it is time to enter the academy, the life of an accountant or a farmer or a merchant. And we hope he sticks to it.

FRONT THE ST. LOUIS GLOBE-DEMOCRAT

GRAY PATRIARCHS If a person likes trees, he need never be lonely. Through the bracing briskness of autumn, the cold of winter, the heart-lift of spring and summer's lushness they stand serene - an example to impatient man bound in fretful subservience to his self-made web of activity. A mature gray beech with massive bole and smooth, slender limbs reminds one of an ancient patriarch. Standing alone on an upland hillside or in a valley woodland surrounded by other species, the beech has calm dignity. Since early days men have revered the beech. Theocritus wrote, "I ran to meet you as a traveller rests from the sun under a shady beech." When early explorers went through mountain passes into the heartland region, there were vast stands of the handsome trees in the river valleys. Great flocks of pigeons fed on the nuts in the fall and pioneer farmers fattened hogs on the "mast." The two brown shining nuts in each burr are three-sided, sweet, and have been treasured by farm boys through the years. From Nova Scotia to Minnesota, and south to Florida, the beech has served man's needs. The close-grained, hard wood weighing 43 pounds per cubic foot, has been used for chairs, shoe lasts and

woodenware. Cabin homes on the frontier often had plates and platters, porridge bowls and cups whittled from the beech. Now the nuts are falling as hard frosts mark the end of another season. Squirrels fill cheek pouches and scamper away to cache them against future needs. Only a short time ago the staminate flowers were hanging on long drooping stems. Now the paper-thin golden leaves are losing their color. The gray patriarchs are not so numerous today, but one still sees them - beautiful in their smooth gray coats, an example of quiet assurance in a ta'm, uneasy world. No ma'am. Venus de Milo didn't get that way from using a harsh washday detergent. She was just a careless housewife in a modern kitchen. That's how she got unhanded. Have you noticed that nearly everything in today's ultra-ultra kitchen is dangerous? It'll either electrocute, scorch, mangle, or mangle - MONTGOMERY ADVERTISER. Gomulka will visit Moscow to experience firsthand the "unusual warmth" Russia has toward Poland. Translated: The Kremlin's getting ready to put the heat on - NEW ORLEANS STATES.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

OSAGE, W. Va. THE latest integrated school to be blown up stands on a hill just above the little town of Osage. If you look down the valley from that hill you see a grim cluster of stores and houses - fewer than 1,000 people - most of them coal miners and most of them out of work. The town is grim and gray, but not grimy. The streets are stained with coal dust, but are not unclean. The stores are up to date. And there is a note of quiet pride in the homes that nest against the brown West Virginia hillsides. controlled by former Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey and the Mellons, stands in the valley below the Osage school. Endless Stream From its tittle runs a conveyor belt carrying an endless stream of coal from the mine, up the hill to the Monongahela River below. Not a human hand touches the coal as it runs from mine mouth to river barge. And because it has cut labor costs, Pittsburgh Consolidated is running today. Many other mines are not.

View From A Hill In Grim, Gray Osage

any other railroad in the world. The endless conveyor belt of Pittsburgh Consolidated, plus the recession, has cut its traffic somewhat, but its rails are by no means rusty. Mine Remembered As you go to the school you also pass the mine of R. M. Davis, who once walked the streets of Morgantown out of a dollar in his pocket, how is worth a million. And you also pass the mine of Frank Christopher, whose mine was the worst mine tragedy took place in 1942. The wives and mothers of Osage still remember all too vividly the long vigil of awful silence, the 57 bodies snatched in gunny sacks carried out of the mine. They remember and they compare that tragedy with the present wreck of their school. Osage has always lived one step away from tragedy. It boasts some of the rich-

est coal seams in the world, yet poverty stalks lurks in the background. Inside its hills the Pittsburgh vein and the Sewickley vein run parallel, above and below each other, but men can mine one vein while other men mine another vein in the same hill, directly underneath. Poverty's Plague But poverty still plagues Osage. It was from Scott's Run that Mrs. Roosevelt, when Osage's parks division was planted some of the mine families to her famous Arthurdale resettlement. And it was because of poverty that Osage reluctantly incorporated into a community of its own - thus giving it some revenue from its own liquor store. If Osage money was to pour into the liquor store on Saturday nights, Mayor Stanley Solomon and the City Council figured they might as well get some of it back.

Black Gold Out of those hills have been taken black gold that has made fortunes for some people, though not for the men who tunnel into the hills to bring it out. The triple of Pittsburgh Consolidated, the biggest coal company in the world,

wealthiest Railroad Also looking down from Osage's integrated, now dynamited, school, you see the wealthiest railroad per mile in the world, the Monongahela, better known as Scott's Run. Over its five miles of track has traveled more coal than on