THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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MONDAY, MARCH 16, 1959

Cultural Enrichment Is Important, Too

VENUS de Milo in an ashcan? It's an upsetting thought, all right, and it symbolizes rather vividly the plight of the arts in Charlotte.

Culture is shamefully neglected.

The spirit is willing but the wherewithal is weak.

Organizations which should be spending their hours creating sights and sounds have been spending much—too much—of their time passing the hat for nickels and dimes. The results have been anything but inspiring.

Patrons have suffered, too. Many have been hounded to distraction every month of the year by separate pleaders for separate causes. It's no wonder that many have been pestered so much and so often that their hearts have hardened to any appeal.

Today marked the beginning of the Big Change. A system of federated fund-raising for all eight of the city's leading cultural organizations was launched amid general merriment and mutual optimism.

It is an attempt to attract mass support for the arts by inviting everyone in the metropolitan community to give once for all eight groups. Known as the Charlotte Arts Fund, it is an adaptation of the highly successful United Appeal idea to meet the needs of culture.

The laudable objective is to broaden the base of support for the arts so that the arts in turn can enrich the community more than ever.

It is a break for all concerned. The individual campaigns will be abandoned. Wasteful and costly competition will be eliminated. Volunteer leadership and manpower will be conserved for one big effort. Directors of organizations will be freed to concentrate on their major job —cultural enrichment. Planning and budgeting will be unified to prevent overlapping and provide maximum cultural benefits. Finally, individual donors will not be badgered for contributions eight separate times for eight separate causes.

Boiled down, it means order where we once had competitive, wasteful disorder.

News Drawing by Gerrit Smith

Who'll Rescue Her?

If the Fine Arts Fund is a success, Charlotte will get more for its cultural dollar. In broadening the base of support for the arts, the fund will also be broadening the base of appreciation of the arts. The inevitable result will be a happier community, a city that is more fun to live in and work in than Old Charlotte.

The Fine Arts Fund is a bold experiment. It lacks the appeal of charity. But all great cities have learned that recreation and culture have their own special values. The forms of human expression and relaxation that the Fine Arts Fund represents must have mass support if Charlotte is to attain its full stature.

We endorse the Fine Arts Fund wholeheartedly. It has been organized in accordance with the best practical ideals. Give generously . . . and rescue poor old Venus.

Let's Get The Facts First, Gentlemen

INVOLUNTARY sterilization to curb illegitimacy is a form of radical puritanism this state can do without. But, apparently, no session of the General Assembly is complete until at least one compulsory mutilation bill is introduced. The 1959 version made its appearance last week.

Legislators have demonstrated commendable wisdom in rejecting these extreme measures in the past. There is all the more reason to pigeonhole the current bill.

A comprehensive study of the whole problem of illegitimacy is now underway. Authoritative data is being compiled by the North Carolina Conference for Social Service, a highly respected organization with a long record of public service. Findings will be shared with the public in general and the General Assembly in particular. Certainly no action of a radical nature should be taken until the problem has been thoroughly explored and the facts can be evaluated calmly and carefully.

It is no trifling thing to tamper with a human being's creative processes, dismissing all hope of redemption after two births out of wedlock. It is similarly harsh to deprive the needy child of public assistance because his mother misbehaves.

The financial drain on the state because of illegitimacies is not as sizable as it is often made out to be. Nor, according to a House welfare subcommittee, is there any demonstrated relationship between births out of wedlock and the "aid to dependent children" program. The state and county pay only about 20 per cent of the ADC grant. And only 7½ per cent of North Carolina's illegitimate children receive public welfare funds.

There is a place for voluntary sterilization in a modern state. But the democratic tradition requires the guarding of individual rights and the avoidance of compulsion wherever possible. That is the proper road to human betterment.

An illegitimacy problem exists. It is serious. But it is also complex. Let's have no harsh remedies until its nature is fully understood.

A Saving Grace For The Minor Leagues

AS baseball blossoms into grapefruit-league proportions can the cries of minor leagues be far behind?

One of the bugling calls of the lesser teams has been that the big boys are strangling them with competing television.

They have a point. It takes unusual home town pride to back dimmer lights when the best of baseball is on the screen for free.

One solution—fight arson with another blaze. We propose games in the television studio for the minor leagues.

Like this:

The teams play a regular game in the afternoon which is filmed.

Clever editing will remove the dead spots, with commercials substituted. This will sell many razor blades and much gasoline and provide the teams' profit.

A few of the players would be called to the studio for closeup work. For instance, a head view of ol' Ty Lurch gnashing his tobacco, then back to the film to show how he struck out to the roar of the applause machine.

Naturally, there will be nights when the program cannot be squeezed in. But a roundup of the week's highlights is the answer.

Actor-players will command a better salary, too. A routine outfield catch could be substituted with an amazing studio grab of a five-foot throw. An out is an out, no matter how it's done.

Of course, there are always those diehards who demand "live" action.

The only route they have is to rally in such numbers as to force the game back from whence it came.

By that time a whole new generation will have sprung up to discover anew the unbeatable savor of ballpark hotdogs. Then it will become fashionable to attend the real thing and the game as we know it will be saved.

From The Raleigh News & Observer

ALPHABETICAL CUSSING IS OUT

ALPHABETICAL cussing is about shot.

Once when Papa shaved with the straight razor the house bounced with Mark Twain's choicest epithets. But, in the parlor Papa always had a "D" bad headache. If the boy played leapfrog in his Sunday clothes he would catch "H" when he got home. Sometimes, a recalcitrant was going straight to hell, but more often he was booked for the bad place. "The devil and Tom Walker" was socially acceptable to denote abject consternation. You were never sure, but somehow appending "Tom Walker" seemed to make matters decorous.

The flashing of fingers aloft was universally used to get permission for leaving the parlor for certain necessities. You never whispered in your mother's ear unless you first gained the company's consent to mumble. At school the "tip-toe" recess was employed to explain all rapid departures from the classroom. The "tip-toe" was blatantly abused but accrued wonderfully to the benefit of the makers of Buster Brown Shoes. When the town "bad woman" walked down the street, mothers dragged the brats inside, to peek through the curtains. The unnamed man of the year was "a clever feller" and the blunderer was "no count." But what the "H," everyone knows the sheltered life is past, and hardly a "double D'd scoundrel" loafs in front of the courthouse.

The Subtle Threat

An Influence Curb?

By MARQUIS CHILDS

WASHINGTON

WHILE the memory of Sherman Adams and his telephone calls to the regulatory agencies is rapidly fading, there are still earnest souls who believe that something should be done to curb the influence business.

Two of them, Sens. Clifford Case (R-N.J.) and Richard Neuberger (D-Ore.), have just put in a bill that would serve at least to put the whole business on the public record. Their bill would require full disclosure of the financial interest of all top officials in government, including members of Congress. It would also require that all communications, whether by word of mouth or by letter, to a regulatory or semi-judicial agency be made part of the record in all cases.

TO HALT NUDGES

There would be no more private nudges from the White House or Capitol Hill to members of the Federal Communications Commission or the Federal Trade Commission. If the nudging had to be done in public, subject to stiff penalties under the law for concealment, it would not be done.

The bill put in by Case and Neuberger proposes, too, that Congress at least take a look at a notorious abuse—conflict of interest among members of Congress. A commission on legislative standards would study and make recommendations on conflict of interest—the problem of a senator or a representative who owns an oil well or a television station or a uranium mine and who in committee and on the floor of Congress takes an active part in legislating on these interests.

COLORFUL HUE

When Congress talks righteously about conflict of interest, as in the Adams case, officials of the Eisenhower administration see red. Why not they mutter angrily, look at what is going on right in your own bailiwick?

The case they most often cite is that of Sen. Robert S. Kerr (D-Okla.), who through his major interest in the Kerr-McGee Co. controls large oil holdings. Yet when the proposal to reduce or abolish the 27½ per cent income-tax bonus to oil producers comes before the Senate, Kerr will probably lead the fight against it, as he has done before.

The Democrats reply by pointing out how the Eisenhower administration has appointed lawyers and businessmen to the regulatory agencies who were then called upon to regulate their former clients and associates.

What is more, these same men after serving a year or two went back to practicing law and appearing before their former commission associates.

This kind of in-again-out-again cycle came up the other day when Sen. Case questioned Charles A. Webb, a legislative assistant to former Sen. John W. Bricker of Ohio who had been nominated to a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission.

NAMED TO ICC

Bricker was ranking Republican member of the Senate Interstate Commerce Committee, with authority over several regulatory agencies, before his defeat last November.

It developed during the questioning that two other former Bricker associates had been named to the ICC, which regulates the railroads. Owen Clarke stayed on the commission for five years and then resigned to become a vice president of the Chesapeake and Ohio at a salary much larger than government pays. After two and a half years on the commission Robert Minor went to a New York Central vice presidency at a reported salary of $60,000 a year.

GREAT SWEEP

What was not noted, if only because of the delicate business of senatorial courtesy, was that Bricker during much of his service in the Senate had continued to share in the proceeds of his Columbus, Ohio, law firm. That firm represented the Pennsylvania Railroad.

Recently there has been a great deal of publicity about congressmen who put their relatives on the payroll. Particularly newcomers, swept in on the Democratic landslide last fall and surprised to find themselves in the halls of Congress, have hired their cousins and their uncles and their aunts, their wives and their college-boy sons. That sort of nepotism the folks back home readily understand.

But if publicity is required for this practice, then surely it should cover the relationships between business and government and the mutual benefit society that results. The one, so readily understandable, is peanuts while the other, so much more subtle and submerged, involves influence measured in millions of dollars.

'We're Cleverly Fooling The Russians By Acting As If Our Country Were Bankrupt'

White Man's Efforts

Quite A Mess In Africa

By ROBERT C. RUARK

NAIROBI, Kenya

IT HAS been raining buckets for days and the camp has blown down and everything is soaked and the leopards have changed their feeding habits and everybody has a bad cold and a worse temper.

But the radio blares the news of Nyasaland and the silver bellies of military planes are seen overhead, and the comforting thing about this piece is that if the whole world were at war there is nothing I can do about it, for the bridges are down on the Nairobi road, and the streams are now roaring torrents.

Everything's a mess in Africa at the moment, and even the Masai warrior's red clay makeup is running. The mess is no greater in Nyasaland than it is in the Congo today or perhaps Kenya tomorrow. I think the whole situation can be summed up by saying that there are more and more Masai wearing pants, less and less lions in the game preserve, more and more cattle, and more and more babies. Even the Masai, who used to scorn anything but a spear in an argument, are growing more and more what is termed political.

HOMES BURNED

The news today from Nyasaland is that the emergency deaths have reached approximately 50, and that more roads are being blocked, and that more homes are being burned — African homes as well as white, and missions as well as agricultural stations. This also is a rough comment on the effect of white man's religion and white man's efforts to upgrade the land.

You may be reading that the dead and wounded in the Congo republic run now into the hundreds, not in battles with the whites but merely in battles between two rival tribes. At last count nearly a thousand people had been arrested, including former Premier Jacques Opangault of the Boshi tribe. Opangault's Boshi tribesmen are fighting Premier Fulbert Youlou's Balili boys for control of the republic.

TRIBAL WARFARE

It is interesting to note that in the carnage in which three tons of spears and pangas have already been consecrated the battles were not directed against the French government, nor were any French settlers molested. It was just a political battle between two tribes who have always hated each other, and now use independence as an excuse to break heads.

It is time again to refresh the memory of what was Mau Mau in Kenya, which is more or less what all the shouting all over Africa is today. It came as a result of irresponsible rabble - rousing, and you can substitute the names of Dr. Hastings Banda in Nyasaland for the jailed Jomo Kenyatta of Mau Mau shame, or who appears to be his current successor Tom Mboya.

Dr. Banda, a physician and surgeon, left home at 13, and has been an expatriate with a thriving practice in England for 40 years. He does not speak his own tribal dialect any more, and must use an interpreter. He bided his time and came home to stir up animals, so to speak.

LONG IN ENGLAND

Kenyatta, with Mau Mau, was the same — educated in England, indoctrinated in Russia, and sent back to stir up the wild beasts. Unfortunately, he used thugs and gutter-sweepings to do the dirty work, and Mau Mau became not a battle for freedom from white bondage, but a criminal war of Kikuyu against brother Kikuyu.

Mboya, young, foreign-educated, is currently inciting riot more violently than ever did Kenyatta. He is a young Huey Long, with the difference that he is dealing in potential massive death and disorder among politically naive and almost totally unsophisticated people. He even uses the old-fashioned political clambake to drive his people to frenzy, and the named of Jomo Kenyatta is again being chanted at the so-called tribal dances witch are really political meetings.

A FISH-EATER

The ironic thing about Mboya is that he is a Luo from the fish-eating lake people, but he is rousing the Kikuyu and Wakamba, both of whom loathe the Luos and will be the first to clobber Mboya's own tribe and Mboya himself if Mboya's undiluted democracy is achieved. This conflict depends, of course, on the Masai, not getting there first, because the Masai hate everybody and everything except themselves and their cattle.

Yes, it's raining on the Masai, and everything in Africa is a mess, but it isn't one-tenth of the mess it's going to be when the rabble rousers achieve their selfish aims, and all hell breaks loose everywhere.

People's Platform

Grand Jury Is Needed

Charlotte

Editor, The News:

THE GRAND jury is an ancient institution of our English law. It is called a grand jury to distinguish it from an ordinary trial jury, which is known as a petit jury. A grand jury, at common law, consisted of not less than 12 and not more than 23 men, all of whom had to qualify as "good and true men," and be citizens of the county in which the court was in session.

The grand jury system, in the state of North Carolina, is not directly a constitutional arm of the law. Indirectly, however, it is a constitutional blood stream in the arm of our law, which safeguards the rights, liberties and welfare of our citizens.

In recent months, we have seen how efficiently an industrious grand jury can function to bring to light conditions of lawlessness and crime, and how the grand jury, by independent investigation and courageous action, can help bring to justice powerful malefactors who have openly violated the law.

The grand jury has withstood all assaults made upon it for hundreds of years. Numerous attempts to reduce its authority have been made in our own time by those who feel the powers of do not understand its purposes.

The grand jury, composed of representative citizens free from all political and partisan influence, protected by the secrecy of its proceedings, in the exercise of its general equisetorial powers, is a sturdy body before which citizens may appear and safely disclose what they know. When influential interests conspire to defeat justice, when public officials, recreant to their trust, are boldly violating the law, they have sworn to enforce, then there is urgent need for the aid of a body of citizens, independent and fearless, to accuse such sinister and malignant forces and to bring them to the bar of justice.

If law and order are not enforced in any community, it is the duty of the grand jury to bring the officials of the law-enforcement bodies before it to inquire why there has not been proper law enforcement. No inquiry may be made to learn what a grand juror said or how he voted, the veil of secrecy surrounding the acts of grand jurors serves as a complete barrier into the motive which inspired his action. Even though it were possible to make investigation, considerations of public policy would require that no action should be maintained against a grand juror for any act done in his official capacity. If he could be called upon to explain or to answer for his official acts to a person indicted, it would operate in many cases as a powerful deterrent to finding an indictment. The law, therefore, affords a grand juror complete immunity for his official acts.

How vital it is, that our grand jurors be citizens of unquestioned integrity and high character. Our grand jury system has a truly great history. Although its original beginning is somewhat obscure, that is because of its antiquity.

—AMON GEORGE LINER SR.
Association of Former Grand Jury Members of Mecklenburg County, Inc.

Quote, Unquote

"Custom has made dancing sometimes necessary for a young man; therefore mind it . . . that you may learn to do it well, and not be ridiculous, though in a ridiculous act."—Lord Chesterfield.

Clare Luce For Veep?

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON

HER health apparently restored, Clare Booth Luce is returning to public life as the Eisenhower choice for ambassador to Brazil.

That great country does not now pose a diplomatic problem to the United States, but the whole area is a troublesome one. Conceivably, it could give Mrs. Luce a chance to add another sprig to the diplomatic laurels she won as ambassador to Italy.

Washington has long suspected that Mrs. Luce had her eye fixed on the 1960 Republican national ticket. Now, even before those suspicions have had a chance to re-form, comes word that admirers of the lady and Vice President Richard M. Nixon are filing a request in Rhode Island for legal incorporation of a Nixon-Luce 1960 Club.

The idea is sound for several reasons.

The California young man will certainly go East for his vice president if and when nominated. Mrs. Luce's Connecticut is by no objective test a powerful state, but she has a powerful New York base in the Time-Life-Fortune publishing empire of her husband.

No obvious big-name rivals to her in that area come readily to mind. Gov. Nelson Rockefeller is a potential Nixon foe for the top spot, no one believes he would ever settle for second place while still New York governor.

Mrs. Luce, a famous Catholic convert, also fits the thesis of many Republicans that Sen. John F. Kennedy's amazing popularity will force their party to consider the desirability of nominating a Catholic for vice president, no matter who heads their ticket.

These strategists argue that if Kennedy is nominated either for first or second place by the Democrats, his appeal must be countered by one of his co-religionists.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Navy Document Contradicts Ike's Word

Editors' note: While Drew Pearson is out of Washington on a special assignment his column is being written by his associate, Jack Anderson.

WASHINGTON

THE Navy is showing its friends on Capitol Hill another explosive missile document like the one that resulted in the Army's historic court-martial of Col. John C. Nickerson Jr., in 1957.

Gap To Widen

Like the Nickerson memo, the Navy document sharply contradicts President Eisenhower's repeated assurances that the United States is keeping up with Russia as a military power. It estimates "conservatively" that Russia will have 5,000 intercontinental ballistic missiles in 1963 and warns that a dangerous "missile gap" will separate the U. S. and USSR beginning in 1961.

"The USSR has assured itself a commanding lead in the intercontinental ballistic missile race," warns the unauthorized memo. "This lead is producing a vital gap in our deterrent posture, and with current weapons programming, the gap will be widest sometime between 1961 and 1963 . . .

"Based on intelligence reports of USSR production of 15 ICBMs in 1958, extrapolated on the basis of U. S. wartime production, possible Soviet stockpiles of ICBMs in 1963 is conservatively estimated at 5,000," a footnote adds. "When all our programmed strategic weapons are considered together, the adequacy of deterrence dips well down below 100 per cent after 1961, reaching a low in 1962."

Sites At Ready

The memo pooh-poohs President Eisenhower's claim that Russia has no operational ICBMs, pointing out that "at least a dozen launching sites capable of handling ICBMs are known to exist and the USSR is known to have been testing ICBMs for nearly two years."

The document calls for more atomic submarines, loaded with 1,200-mile Polaris missiles, as the answer to the Red missile threat. The Polaris missile system, it claims, is "the only completely mobile strategic ballistic missile system planned which can be operated completely hidden and essentially invulnerable beneath the ocean surface of 70 per cent of the globe."

Official Named

The State Department has hushed up the name of the U. S. official whose fueful wisecrack, quoted in Time magazine, touched off three days of anti-American rioting in Bolivia. This column can reveal, however, that he is H. Lee Landerman, former foreign aid official in La Paz, now hiding out at the Bethesda, Md., Naval Hospital on sick leave.

Landerman remarked facetiously to a Time reporter that the only solution for Bolivia's problems was to divide the country among its neighbors. Hot-blooded Bolivians reacted violently, storming through La Paz, smashing American trucks and burning the U. S. flag. American citizens had to be herded into a La Paz suburb and kept under police protection.

Printed Anyway

Acting Secretary of State Christian Herter telephoned Time publisher Henry Luce last week and begged him not to reprint Landerman's quote. But Time editors could think of no way to report the Bolivian crisis without mentioning what had caused it. The quotation was repeated in the story telling about the riots. The day the new edition arrived in the mountain republic, another emergency was declared.