



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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The Court Chips A Mossy Cornerstone

The public moneybags all over the country are deeply tapped every year for public health, housing and sanitation.

With the scope of public conscience gradually lapsing in the back alley, it seemed natural enough to five justices of the U. S. Supreme Court that it should now advance into the living room.

That was the bearing of the Court's split decision last week—when it held, 5-4, that public health authorities may probe private homes without warrant. The case grew out of a civil action in Baltimore, where one Aaron D. Frank was fined under an ordinance because he would not allow public health officers to cross his threshold looking for rats.

The Court was of three minds. Each was familiar and significant, because each pointed to a strain within the Court which has been marked in the tension and close voting of recent decisions.

Justice Frankfurter, for the majority, was a voice of public indignation more than of law. The right to search a home for health purposes was in line with the strides of "American government" to maintain "the essentials of civilized living."

Justice Whitaker concurred, but as a lawyer argued that public health inspections were not, in the provision of the Fourth Amendment, "unreasonable."

Justice Douglas spoke for a vigorous dissenting minority, and for the "ancients" in this inner division between ancients and moderns on the Court; he argued that granting health authorities the right to search without a warrant violates the ancient concept that a man's home is his castle. "One invasion of privacy," he wrote, "can be as oppressive as another. Health inspections are important. But they are hardly more important than the search for narcotic

peddlers, rapists, kidnapers, murderers and other criminal elements."

Despite the powerful claims of "public conscience," Justice Douglas has made an irrepressible case against the majority. The Court has erred. Short-cuts to secure health can indeed be as dangerous as procedural short-cuts to protect the public against criminals. Justice Douglas is on the side of warrants as against short-cuts. He notes that the person who, like the Baltimore Aaron, would bar his door to duly constituted health authorities is rare. It is not worth chipping away at the ancient citadel of the home to bully the rare dissenter.

For Charleotians, the majority decision, such as it is, is likely to be distant and academic. The City Code here, as in Baltimore, allows the Chief Health Officer full right to enter "places of abode, either public or private" and it is unlawful to resist. But Mecklenburg authorities make a strict policy never to go in unless invited in—and are unlikely to change that policy.

The Supreme Court has let its zeal for the institution of public health outrun its zeal for a mossy and magnificent corner-stone of Anglo-Saxon law. Its mission dates to its painful growth in the private Englishman's struggle against the intrusions of absolutist kings—like the growth of habeas corpus, and the provision that troops cannot be billeted in private homes. For this phantasm, the minister is like a general exhorting his troops on the eve of battle.

When such a session ends each delegation has its brief. "The poorest man may in his cottage bid defiance to all the force of the crown. It may be frail; its roof may shake; the wind may blow through it; the storm may enter; the rain may enter—but the King of England cannot enter; all his force darts not cross the threshold of the ruined tenement."

Dubious Democrat From North Dakota

If we were Sen. Sam J. Ervin, we would have run by now the span of our patience with journalists.

A confusion of pronunciation — is it "Er-VIN" or "Er-VIN" — accounts for the New York Times' persistence in calling him "Sen. Sam J. Irwin of North Carolina."

Now the most mystifying error of all has the Washington Post identifying the Cicero of Morganton as "Sen. Sam J. Ervin, Jr. (D-N. Dak.)."

On every ground, the political and personal implausibility of this stumps us. Do the Dakotas suddenly abound with southern Democrats? Nonsense.

Could the Dakotas have suddenly produced a senator who talks with equal authority about the law and scuppernongs? Never yet.

Could it be, we even wondered, that

Sen. Ervin has assumed the garb or demeanor of a North Dakotan? Alas, though he know the Texan by his hoarse and his hat, the Missourian by his ornateness, and just about everybody by something, we cannot think what North Dakotas are supposed to be known by.

The plainman's twang? True. Sen. Ervin was making a speech when he was labeled "D.N. Dak." — but who could forget that at the political conventions two summers ago he put North Carolina as much on the pronunciation map as Massachusetts. During rollcalls, in a throng of states which simply "pass" Massachusetts always "passes." He outdressed Sen. Ervin as North Carolina's spokesman had us "pice." In short, linguistically there's not a thread of reason why he should come from North Dakota.

Must have been a misprint.

The First 50 Years Are The Hardest

For the first year he set every line of type that went into the newspaper.

"But I got along okay."

Isaac S. London has got along okay ever since. Tomorrow he can lean back in his chair in the Rockingham Post-Dispatch office — not too far, he'd knock over something — and look back on 50 years of newspapering.

It really started for him as a boy in his father's office in the Chatham Record. He learned to stick type when he was eight and was envied by the boys of Pittsboro when he was allowed to stay out of school on Wednesday afternoons, to fold 500 copies of the Record.

On May 12, 1909 he bought the Siler City Grit. "And for the first year I myself set every line of type by hand. No linotype, and a George Washington hand press. But I got along okay. Siler City was a good town." Like London sold the Grit in November, 1917, and bought the Rockingham papers, the Post and the Dispatch and combined them into the present Post-Dispatch as of December 6, 1917. He sold the paper April 1, 1933 to Mrs. Sybil Williams Cadieu and her husband, the late J. Neal Cadieu, but remained as editor.

"Still here," he reported to readers

last week. "And I hope for many years to come."

So do the readers. He has made the Post-Dispatch a unique and distinctive North Carolina newspaper. Everything in the Post-Dispatch is local, every line documented from Ike's filing cabinets of index cards and his fabulous memory. Every issue, for instance, carries birth-day listings — and, "if you're not included," someone once said, "you'd better check to see if you're alive."

There's no need for an editorial page, for everyone knows that like writes nearly every line and you're reading like, not the Post-Dispatch. He doesn't mind speaking his sprightly mind.

"Charlotte's barbers give no quarter, but they're asking another one a hair-cut now," he reported last week. Local angle. Prices are the same in his town. His weekly column, "Glimpses—On the Cuff," is a must for Richmond County readers. This week, noting his own anniversary, he told them, "In looking back on fifty years of newspapering, I am minded of Antony and Cleopatra."

"To bring bad news: give to a gracious message."

"An host of tongues: but let ill tidings tell

Themselves when they be felt."

From The Richmond News Leader

TORTURE ON THE 'TELLY'

Whatever else may be said of the British, they are an intensely practical people. A cool passion for fitness, extending even to entertainment, pervades their everyday life. Consider, if you will, the British television commercial.

The average Briton, like his American cousin, loves his telly. But he disdains to mix business with pleasure. The commercial must keep its place, either fore or aft of the spectacle that induces him to turn on his set. No cricket match or rugby game may be interrupted to sell soap or cigarettes.

Americans weary of constant commercial breaks, doubtless will be attracted to this arrangement. Before they embrace the British way, however,

inspect the other side of the commercial coin. On British TV fifteen-minute segments, called magazine programs or shopping guides, are given over to one sales message after another.

A popular format finds the buxom seated in a cheery pub, quaffing their ale and dabbling with a dart board, while they regale each other with pointed anecdotes about their sponsors' products. Such an approach on this side of the water, needless to say, is a ghastly prospect. Our own American two-minute trips down the alimentary canal are in a class with earthquakes, pestilence and flood. Yet the British, mindful of order and place, reportedly suffer fifteen-minute commercials and even enjoy them. Is it any wonder that these remarkable people endured the Blitz?

The Furious Jockeys Of Geneva Strive For Position

By MARQUIS CHILDS

GENEVA

In all the hundreds of hours of preparation, the long, weary conferences in Washington, Paris and London, the thousands upon thousands of words spoken and written, the tedious back-and-forth filling over the same rather barren ground, the Western powers agreed on one small nugget that may prove useful now that the conference is actually beginning. They agreed that, just as soon as the Russians can be persuaded to it, the four foreign ministers will hold private sessions with only their interpreters present.

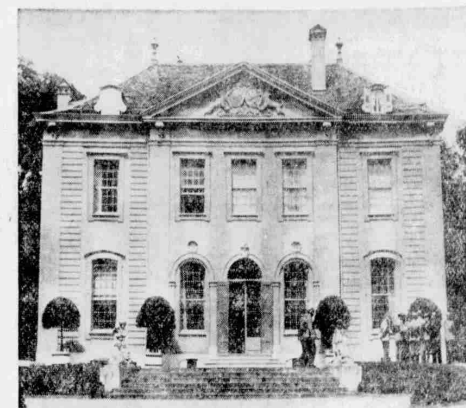
They will, in short, try to move from an atmosphere dominated by the loud drumbeat of propaganda to no-man's-land, negotiation as free as possible from the vast apparatus of public opinion surrounding this exercise. Whether the Russians go along may determine fairly early the extent of "progress" that can be achieved at this point halfway into the summit.

PROPAGANDA

The feeling among almost all Western diplomats about the fullness of the sessions is that they are almost useless. The temptation to propagandaize and counterpropagandize is too great.

At the plenary sessions each foreign minister seated at the conference table is expected to give a great deal of aides and advisers. He may have behind him 20 to 40 experts and specialists ready to supply facts, figures, suggestions and any additional rhetoric that may be necessary for the propaganda battle. For this phantasm, the minister is like a general exhorting his troops on the eve of battle.

Through this filter, by way of a thousand or more correspondents, news of the conference



Visiting Diplomats Are Housed In Geneva's Finest Chateaux

ing often give the delegations' own version of what happened at the session. This may be given an extra coloration of propaganda, as is frequently the custom with the Russians, or it may be an effort to present factually what came from each side, as is customary with the Americans. In addition, each delegation gives, more or less frequent private briefings for each country's own correspondents, with stress on national views and objectives.

Through this filter, by way of a thousand or more correspondents, news of the conference

OPENINGS

That opportunity is not likely to come in the first week or two of this conference. The opening sessions seem certain to be concerned with whether

and when and how Poland and Czechoslovakia will be seated at the conference table, and whether and when and how the two Germans must be present.

On Poland and Czechoslovakia it seems inevitable that Secretary of State Dean Rusk must make a great propaganda bid. This is called for only to prove Rusk's loyalty to his "allies," especially touching phrases of the German problem related to Poland's borders. But it also concerns Moscow's profound unhappiness over the fact that

small reaches the world. It is small wonder that the picture which comes through this distorting glass is one of a race ridden by furious jockeys, each striving for the best position. While "leaks" may come out of the private sessions there is at least a better chance that serious negotiation can take place in private.

People's Platform

Editors, The News-Charlotte
A few days ago a "right to entry" decision was passed by the U. S. Supreme Court on behalf of the public health inspectors. In my opinion this strikes a death knell to the basic inherent rights of the American people's privacy of dwelling. It has long been one of the proud boasts of Americans everywhere that their home was their castle and no one else had a right to enter it of their own free will. Is it too much to ask that this last bastion of freedom and liberty be kept intact? Already our protection from double jeopardy has been removed, and National Guardsmen can arrest private citizens.

Is the time of autarchy just around the corner for the United States? This land that we so proudly call free is fast becoming just another common police state. The U. S. spends millions of dollars in foreign countries to combat the so-called Communist scourge. Let us stop and ask — What is communism? Communism is on all powerful state in which the individuals rights are unimportant. Now let us stop and consider the many rights taken from us day by day, and year by year. Isn't the U. S. going down the same road to an all-important state and an unimportant citizen? It is high time a reverse trend be introduced to give us back our rights, not to take additional ones away.

—HAROLD D. KELLAMS,

Editors' Note: See today's lead editorial.

ing as it does in the midst of

seems more likely, since Re-

other administration in the

one suggests the erection of a

at least it would make the

—CHARLES L. MORRIS.

Hospital Criticism

Was Unjustified

Editors, The News-Charlotte

Some months ago I read a

letter in one of the Charlotte

papers describing the poor

services rendered to the pa-

tients in the Memorial hospital,

whether by the nurses or other

attendants.

It seemed unbelievable to me

because I was a patient in the

same hospital about 40 years

ago and still a week with

five other patients, and we all

seemed to find the attention

and services exceptionally sat-

isfactory. We all were very ill.

However, I thought perhaps

the system changed during

those 40 years for the worse

although I couldn't believe it.

Unfortunately I took ill about

seventy months ago and was

confined to the Memorial Hos-

pital for six weeks and six

patients shared during this

period with me in the other

beds and we all had and

every one of us thought that

the attention given us was

excellent. I can speak for myself,

and I had a private nurse

with me during the day and

night she could never equal

the satisfaction in the services

performed. Nurses, doctors

and nurses, the secretary on

that floor, the housekeeper, porters

or the orderlies.

They were all wonder-

ful, helpful, sympathetic,

pleasant, and were ready at any

time they were needed to give

us as well as one can wish to

be served. Even the teen-agers

who came in from 4 to 6:30

p.m. were wonderful.

This letter has two purposes:

First, to express my appreciation

for services rendered by

the entire staff; and finally to

rebut the cruel letter that was

written without justification.

—HENRY KAYE.

Sen. Thurmond Takes A Cut In Pay

WASHINGTON

Now that some senators are open-

ing their financial records to pub-

lic scrutiny, this column can report

at least one who has cut off all outside

income and is living exclusively on his

Senate salary. He is the lone Sen. from South Carolina, serious Sen. Strom Thurmond.

Write-In Candidates

When elected to the Senate in 1954

as the first write-in candidate in his-

tory, Thurmond dissolved his Aiken, S. C. law partnership which had been

operating in \$200,000 a year in three

partners. He gave up a \$120,000-a-

year income from an interest in the Aiken

Federal Savings and Loan Association.

He also sold what few stocks he

owned.

Thurmond still owns two homes,

both mortgaged. He finds it a strug-

gle to keep his bank account balanced

from month to month on a senator's

salary. But he is doing it. Justly,

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