



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1959

Charlotte Eyes New Judge Hopefully

Charlotte will welcome Howard R. Arbuckle Jr. to the City Recorder's Court bench with cautious optimism.

Mr. Arbuckle is a respected citizen, an able attorney and a student of the law. He has served for almost six years as judge pro tem of County Recorder's Court. He should be able to perform his new duties with appropriate prudence and high competence.

But his performance in office will be subjected to the stern, critical gaze of a thoroughly alert and interested citizenry. It is not likely that Charlotteans will permit the administration of justice fall into a state of disrepair here again.

The community's unhappy experience with the court in 1958 served one purpose. It shocked the public into an awareness of the fine points of judicial administration and an appreciation of orderly procedures.

The interest, so suddenly aroused, focused itself upon the City Council and

any number of court positions. It became the moral force behind important reforms in the court's methods of administering fair and impartial justice. The bar, the Institute of Government and, finally, the General Assembly itself assisted in devising a whole series of improvements and safeguards. Consequently, the ground rules under which City Recorder's Court will operate in the future will be much firmer than any in the past.

Still, it is doubtful that perfection has been achieved. Other improvements cannot doubtless be made. Perhaps the new judge, after a careful examination of the system he will inherit, can make some useful administrative changes.

The administration of justice remains the bulwark of all our institutions. It must be above suspicion. If it is not then it has failed the ultimate test of responsible government.

The Trimmers Win (Again) In Raleigh

With some melancholy, the House Education Committee has killed Gov. Hodges' incentive fund plan to encourage greater local support of the schools.

The episode was well worth melancholy. Here was a matching fund plan which was the product of much labor and expertise. The legislature authorized the committee to study school finance that recommended it. The governor supported it reluctantly. Yet in the education committee life flickered and just went out. Thus the schools are left to the possibility of a meager and average hand-out without benefit of the special effort at financing which is so desperately needed.

The plan itself would have merely scotched the perilous poverty threatening the schools, not killed it. North Carolina would have offered up to \$10 per pupil for each county. The counties, in proportion to their per capita income, would have put up enough per pupil to get the state's \$10. For Mecklenburg, it would have meant another \$10 from the county purse. Smaller, poorer Caswell could have had the \$10 for its own \$3.59, and Pender's \$2.27 would have done it.

It would have been a bonanza for the poorer counties, but they set up much of the racket which caused the plan to be abandoned.

Some public educators themselves

shunned the plan as an attempt by North Carolina to absolve itself of state duty to support the schools. That intention the study commission and legislative fund supporters denied explicitly. Many of them, indeed, advocated more basic state support.

Primarily, the death of the bill was a victory for the counties whose support for schools is only mediocre in proportion to their ability. These trimmers might have bestirred themselves under the burr of seeing others gain at their expense.

In Raleigh, the death rattle of education is particularly loud and disconcerting this season. The quiet passing of the incentive fund idea is only part of the melancholy scene, with the Consolidated University's budget in grave trouble. But this, among all the educational tragedies now being staged in North Carolina, leads squarely back to the same old source: Too little revenue. There is truth in Rep. Watts Hill Jr.'s charge that the failure of the incentive plan is a failure of the property tax system—or rather, a failure of the counties to change it. At present the property tax rates and the methods of valuation in most counties will come as near paying educational bills as a Roman general's coin bag to paying the bills of the U. S. Air Force. But maybe folks like it that way.

Bell's Dream Is Still Fat And Sassy

Sen. J. Spencer Bell's campaign for a stem-to-stern reform of North Carolina's judicial system was still visibly alive today after surviving the peculiar alchemy of a legislative subcommittee.

Compromises have been made. Whole segments of the Bell committee's plan for rule-making and administration have been rewritten. But, in essence, Sen. Bell's vision of a unified, fair and efficient system of state courts remains intact.

In fact, it must be admitted that the proposed judicial act, as it now stands, is quite a bit better than might have been expected a few weeks ago when opponents of court reform seemed to be gaining strength. Sen. Bell, himself a member of the 12-man legislative subcommittee, has pronounced the latest version "a good working document" and has promised to support it to the best of his ability.

Unfortunately, the subcommittee refused to endorse the recommendation that lower court judges be appointed in

left this question to the General Assembly for decision but it would insist that the decision be uniformly applicable. At present some magistrates are elected, some appointed.

Significantly, the subcommittee would place the general administrative authority and rule-making powers in the hands of the Supreme Court—subject to a veto by the legislature. This is a thoroughly logical compromise between two warring points of view.

It is important, too, that the subcommittee saw fit to recommend that the judiciary system for paying magistrates be abolished.

All in all, the basic principles Sen. Bell has been battling for are still thankfully present—unity of organization, competent management, careful supervision, efficiency of operation, fairness of application. It is not quite the same utopian dream that began to emerge a year ago, but it is still a worthy ideal and still worth fighting for in the final stages of the 1959 session.

From The Richmond News Leader

MAUL, STUN, STAGGER, THUMP

Why is it that baseball, ordinarily the most placid of team sports, so often is painted in such belligerent terms? Robert L. Coard, of the University of Alabama, asks the question in this month's Word Study, a publication of the Merriam-Webster dictionary makers. And though he does not directly answer his own rhetorical question, he establishes the paradox nicely.

Consider the verbs of a sports copywriter: "Chisox Punch Yanks," "Cardinal Nine Batters Dodgers," "Yanks Slug Tigers for Ninth Straight." These were the Yanks of another year. Other pugilistic terms in Professor Coard's collection: Maul, wallop, stun, stagger, thump, bob, bash, slap down, sock, whale and knock out.

He also finds that from time to time Cleveland stabs, the Cubs grab and the Spahn cuffs. A winning team may be said to top, tip, jar, crush, ram, ruin, jolt, flog, drum, dump, flip, belt, blast, halt, beat, rap, drop, lick or tame its opposition. The vocabulary of warfare plays a part: "Phillies Shell," "Yanks Bombard," "Giants Bomb" Other clubs explode, slug, outgun, rout, torpedo, sink, slaughter, and clobber. Crime news is echoed in "Chisox Pin 6-1 Rap on Orioles," "Card Pounding Loss in Row," "Nashville Deals Barons Fourth Loss in Row." Even live talk intrudes: "Orlando's O'Dell Digs Chisox 2-0."

It may be that Mr. Coard unintentionally explains this vicious bloodletting in the tribute he pays the copywriter. "The headline writer," he says,

"has a problem of word choice as exacting as that of a sonneteer. The copywriter who composes the sports headlines must write a clear, vivid, and brief sentence in the scanty space of a few minutes—requirements surely as inflexible as those of meter and rhyme."

There you have it. The frustrated poet, chained to the rim of his copy desk, must think poetically. Instinctively, he sees Rocky Colavito as Ulysses, and Hank Aaron as Hannibal, and the Milwaukee Braves as the legions of Caesar. To the deskbound Virgil, no team can be merely "defeated." Teams must be crushed, trampled, or slugged. Is Burdette pitching today? Say not so; it is Aeneas, and Pittsburgh is his Troy.

We never thought of our sports writers as epic poets before, and the idea, we agree, takes a little getting used to. But that lyrical explanation may suffice for the sanguinary nature of the sports page; and if the Virginians would only mail, rip, clip, clobber and slay Havana must think poetically. Instinctively, he sees Rocky Colavito as Ulysses, and Hank Aaron as Hannibal, and the Milwaukee Braves as the legions of Caesar. To the deskbound Virgil, no team can be merely "defeated." Teams must be crushed, trampled, or slugged. Is Burdette pitching today? Say not so; it is Aeneas, and Pittsburgh is his Troy.

"What's the trouble, Doctor?" asked the patient. "I'm not certain exactly what is troubling you," replied the physician. "But I'll say this—if you were a building, you'd be condemned." —Carlsbad Current-Argus.

Once there was a woman who wasn't curious why so many cars were parked at her neighbor's house. —Crawfordville (Ga.) Advocate-Democrat.

Is Commonplace Brutality Dulling Human Senses?

By NORMAN COUSINS

Editors' Note: His shock at indifference to brutality in a railroad station led Mr. Cousins, editor of the Saturday Review, to speculate on the state of War and society which produces it. His penetrating remarks are repeated here with permission.

It happened at the Stamford, Conn., railroad station. It was Sunday evening, at about ten p.m. Some two dozen persons, among them several young men in uniform, were waiting for the express to New York.

The door to the waiting room flew open. A woman, shrieking hysterically, burst in the room. She was pursued by a man just a few steps behind her. The woman screamed that the man was trying to kill her and cried out for the people to save her. I was standing nearest the door. The woman grabbed me, still shrieking. I tried to protect her behind me. The man tried to sweep me aside to get at her. He rushed at me, caught the woman's wrist with one hand, tore her loose and pulled toward the doorway. The woman fell to the ground and was dragged by the wrist just outside the waiting room. I tried to free her wrist. The man broke off, grabbed the woman's pocketbook, and fled on foot.

ISOLATED INSTANCES?

The next morning, I read in the newspaper of another attack. This one was carried out in broad daylight on a young boy by a gang of teen-agers. Here, too, a number of people stood around and watched. It would be possible, I suppose,



NORMAN COUSINS
Does Anyone Care?

woman's eye was badly cut; she was moaning. I looked around the room. Except for three or four persons who now came up to her, the people in the room seemed unconcerned. The young men in uniform were still standing in the same place, chatting among themselves as before. I am not sure which was greater, the shock of the attack that had just occurred or the shock caused by the apparent detachment and unconcern of the other people, especially the men in uniform.

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poses to take the view that these are isolated instances, and that it would be a serious error to read into these cases anything beyond the fact that the bystanders were probably paralyzed by the suddenness of the violence. Yet I am not so sure. I am not sure that these instances may not actually be the product of something far deeper.

DESENSITIZED

What is happening, I believe, is that the natural reactions of the individual against violence are being blunted. The individual is being desensitized by living history. He is developing new reflexes and new responses that tend to slow up the moral imagination and relieve him of essential indignation over important hurt. He is becoming casual about brutality. He makes his adjustments to the commonplace, and nothing is more commonplace in our age than the ease with which life can be smashed or shattered. The range of the violence sweeps from the personal to the impersonal, from the amusements of the crowd to the policies of nations. It is in the air quite literally. It has lost the sting of surprise. We have made our peace with violence.

SOCIETY'S IMAGE

No idea could be more untrue than that there is no connection between what is happening in the world and the be-

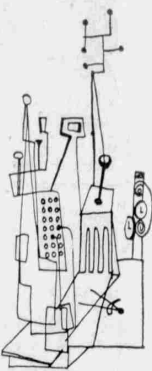
havior of the individual. Society does not exist apart from the individual. It transfers its apprehensions or its hopes, its fatigue or its vitality, its ennui or its dreams, its sickness or its spiritual health to the people who are part of it. Can the individual be expected to retain the purity of his responses, particularly a sensitivity to the fragility of life, when society itself seems to measure its worth in terms of its ability to create and possess instruments of violence that could expunge civilization as easily as it once took to destroy a village? Does it have no effect on an individual to live in an age that has already known two world wars; that has seen hundreds of cities ripped apart by dynamic tumbling down from the heavens; that has witnessed whole nations stolen or destroyed; that has seen millions of people exterminated in gas chambers or other mass means; that has seen governments compete with one another to make weapons which, even in the testing, have put death into the air.

WIDE RANGE

To repeat, the causative range is all the way from petty amusements to the proclamations of nations. We are horrified that teenage boys should make or steal lethal weapons and then proceed to use them on living creatures but where is the sense of horror or outrage at the cheapness of human life that is exploited throughout the day or night on television? It is almost impossible to see television for fifteen minutes without seeing people beaten or shot or punched or kicked or jabbed. It is almost impossible to pick up a newspaper without finding someone in a position of power, here or elsewhere, threatening to use nuclear explosives unless someone else becomes more sensible.

LARGER WORLD

The young killers don't read the newspapers, true. They don't have to. If they read at all, they read the picture-story pulps that dispense brutality as casually as a vending machine



In A Mechanical Era,
Human Hearts Harden

its peanant. In any case, the heart of the matter is that the young killers do not live in the world that we live in. They belong to the larger world. They may magnify and intensify the imperfections of the larger world but they do not invent them.

SPECIAL EFFORT

The desensitization of twentieth-century man is more than a danger to the common safety. It represents the loss or impairment of the noblest faculty of human life—the ability to be aware both of suffering and beauty; the ability to share sorrow and create hope beyond one's wants. There are some things we have no right even to get used to. One of these most certainly is brutality. The other is the irrational. Both brutality and the irrational have now come together and are moving towards a dominant pattern. If the pattern is to be resisted and changed, a special effort must be made. A very special effort.

Gunpowder Unsniffed

Talking War Front

By DORIS FLEESON

GENEVA

This is the front line of the talking war. Seasoned troops of the West and East have five times confronted one another, brandished their chosen weapons and retreated to prepared positions for the weekend to rest and regroup their forces. The press arrangements enforced upon 1,200 correspondents are appallingly clumsy, but they do reveal the tactical picture. The West has some fresh ideas, prepared more to meet complaints at home about lack of leadership than with any real notion they will prove acceptable.

WORTHY OF SISYPHUS

The Soviet Union, blandly cynical, offers old grudges already once rejected by the Allies with the explanation that "we considered this so good we didn't change anything." What emerges is much the same monotonous tale of being put together from Washington and the capitals of Europe before the Geneva Conference opened. Seasoned experts in this peculiar brand of warfare dredge from their long memories the points of resemblance to the old maneuvers and, with a persistence worthy of Sisyphus, search for signs of real change.

SCENT UNSMELLED

Nonetheless, even the best reporters must fight against a wooden quality in their reports. The Russians have been merely worthy, unrealistic, trite and humorless instead of wildly arrogant and snuffing is taken to mean that Premier Khrushchev is determined to have a summit meeting, preferably in the United States.

SEN. FULBRIGHT'S TURKEY

But Secretary of State Herter has privately repeated to the Russians that progress here is essential before President Eisenhower will consent to go to the summit. The secretary

naturally reflects Eisenhower's view. But the United States delegation is described also as impressed by the hardening attitude of the Soviet Foreign Relations Committee is taking toward them and all their works. They want to talk turkey here because they are afraid. Sen. Fulbright will insist that they do when they get home. The reason given for keeping reporters at arms' length from this phase of the talking war is that there is no room for them at the newly old League of Nations Palace where the sessions are held. Instead, four briefing officers from the United States, Great Britain, France and the Soviet Union are thrown to the ravens here in separate meetings, but all at the same time, after the sessions are concluded.

These officers are supposed to tell the whole truth to a d nothing but the truth about what went on. Most reporters, however, rotate their attentions among these weary third-hand resumes and prudently check on the other three with trusted friends, just in case of a lie. Sen. Fulbright, who has caught anybody even flinching, though naturally the emphasis and the choice of adjectives differ.

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Quote, Unquote

"God Almighty first planted a garden. And indeed it is the purest of human pleasures." —Francis Bacon.

'Maybe We Didn't Wrap It Right'



People's Platform

Let's Have A Peek Into Ike's Purse

Galveston, S.C.

Editors. The News. Democratic Sen. Paul H. Douglas of Illinois recently suggested that the White House set an example in economy by cutting down on presidential expenses. In short, Sen. Douglas was asking the President to practice what he preaches.

There is more wisdom than sarcasm in the suggestion, for a full investigation of Eisenhower's extravagances might disclose some facts which would cause more red faces among Republicans than the 1958 elections.

The expenditures for limousines and helicopters, as cited by Sen. Douglas, barely scratch the surface. The over-all picture is one which makes it quite obvious that Eisenhower

has no equal when it comes to playing fast and loose with the taxpayers' money.

One surprising example is the fact that Eisenhower ordered everyone else to cut expenses while he himself ordered by a mammoth \$332,000. Also there are 208 employees on his office staff—134 more than Truman had. In addition, he ordered 9 more employees for the White House work crew, making a total of 71. Some of their important duties, sadly enough, include hunting lost golf balls and keeping squirrels off the presidential putting green—unprofitably indispensable services.

In 1952, Harry Truman spent a little over \$6,700,000 on the executive office. Eisenhower's 1959 budget called for \$22,728,000—a difference of more than \$16 million! As if this weren't

enough, he wants \$91,550,000 for 1960—probably more than Truman spent during his entire tenure in office. If this is no cause for alarm, the country would be better off without it.

One other disconcerting fact is that the long-suffering taxpayers treated like to 22 vacations in 1957, and 16 more in 1958. No other President in U.S. history can claim 38 vacations in a two-year period. This is what I call living high off the hog—and a mighty big hog it is, too.

Yes, indeed, an investigation into presidential expenses should turn up some highly interesting eye-openers for the public to mull over. The nepotism business was a horse-before-the-cart concept.

—CHARLES L. MORRIS

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON

In the center of the Capitol Theatre stage, the fragile form of Galina Ulanova flutters to the floor in the climax of the Dying Swan. Out of the body of the dying, 1,425 spectators—the most ever squeezed into the Capitol—paid uproarious tribute.

Unabashed Approval

Scene after scene, dance after dance of the Bolshoi Ballet had brought from staid, conservative, culture-saturated Washingtonians unabashed, unblinking, tumultuous approval.

Beyond that approval, beyond the record-breaking \$7,000 box-office receipts which topped the Metropolitan Opera's \$29,000, beyond the balletists' quiet tour of the Lincoln Memorial and Congress was something more important than art and the appreciation of art.

It was the fact that art can

form a bridge between people.

So far diplomats have not been able to bridge the gap between the political animosities of the United States and the Soviet Union; nor have the scientists sitting in Geneva, nor the heads of state meeting at the summit in 1955. But the little beauty of Ulanova's body and face; the supple grace of Susanna Zvyagina in the Bolshoi Ballet; the rugged, expressive hands of Yuri Faler as he led 200 American musicians and 100 Russian dancers in perfect rhythm—their what trained diplomats and skilled politicians have not been able to do.

Toward Understanding

They helped the Russian and American people understand each other. For the Americans who applauded the Bolshoi Ballet began to understand that a determined, cultured people had produced it, dating from 1775 when a

dancer from the St. Petersburg court

theater, Filipp Beccari, had been offered to teach children in the Moscow orphanage how to dance.

No Criminals

They began to realize that a ballet so beautiful could not have come from a nation of state policemen and Communist criminals. That from a nation which has achieved great beauty, and which now, by finally lifting the "iron curtain," wants to take pictures of the

Likewise the Russian balletinas who toured Washington by bus before their performance knew they were not visiting a nation of hate-mongers and wicked capitalists. When they wanted to stop rush-hour traffic near the 14th street bridge to take pictures of the Jefferson Memorial because it was so beautiful, they probably did not know that it was erected in honor of the first and foremost teacher of American

democracy. They just knew that the memorial in honor of Thomas Jefferson was beautiful and, regardless of traffic, they wanted to photograph it.

And when they were so fascinated with the radio sets that described the portraits at the Mellon art gallery, they did not appreciate the fact that the founder of the gallery had been an oil-and-aluminum millionaire, Andrew Mellon.

Even the fact that the Communist Hoover policy that we must have no contacts with the Communist world.

Estasay

This did not interest the ballerinas. What they said was "The Mellon art gallery is this beautiful. It has real art."

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