



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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An Opportunity Waiting To Be Seized

Economy is a burnished principle of democratic government established by Washington, enshrined by Benjamin Franklin and sanctified by Calvin Coolidge. But Mecklenburg County Commissioners followed it right out the window when they refused to provide sufficient funds for a much-needed Industrial Education Center at Charlotte's Central High School.

It will take only about \$200,000 to begin renovation of the building for the proposed vocational training facility. Compared to the investment the state and federal governments are prepared to make in the project, it is a modest amount indeed. But commissioners have indicated that we cannot afford it.

On the contrary, the county can afford not to seize this remarkable opportunity. It is the answer to a serious educational need. If metropolitan Mecklenburg is to progress it must have the skilled workers to man the wheels of industry. Here is a chance for the community to provide that essential manpower pool with hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of outside assistance. It is an opportunity, too, to improve the earning power of literally thousands of Mecklenburgers with a relatively small local investment. The benefits will be returned many times over as new revenue.

A demand for industrial education has already been established. Even though there is no assurance now that a vocational center will be established, more than 200 city and county high school students have signed up for courses. The state is ready to allocate \$330,000 to equip the center if the building is provided locally. The City School Board has offered the building. Federal money is available. The state, of course, will pay the teachers.

It is the county's responsibility to furnish and maintain physical plants for public education. But because the proposed industrial center is a special rather than a general school, commissioners might argue that they have no legal obligation to put a penny into the project. Nevertheless, a strong moral obligation exists for public officials to do what is necessary and proper to advance the community's best interests. Without doubt, the best interests of Mecklenburg County will be served by the establishment of the Industrial Education Center at Central High. Commissioners ought to reconsider their decision.

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Why Invite Hoodlums To Tarheelia?

Dog tracks are unfortunately true to all of the timber knavishness that infects the horse-playing fraternity without any of the compensatory picturesqueness.

For that matter, we agree wholeheartedly with Attorney General Malcolm Seawell that legalized dog racing and pari-mutuel betting in North Carolina would be an open invitation to the nation's hoodlums to come to North Carolina. This sort of infiltration of a state which has been relatively free of organized crime would surely produce tragedy.

Certain eager entrepreneurs in the eastern part of the state imagine that the promise of economic gain would make association with the hoodlum element bearable. If everybody else didn't have to share the risk of infection perhaps it wouldn't be so bad. Maybe the fast-back boys can take care of themselves. But society as a whole can't. It needs all the protection the law can offer.

Dog tracks have spelled trouble wherever they have been allowed to operate. As Attorney General Seawell pointed out just this week, when racing was legal in Noyock and Morehead City the State Bureau of Investigation received complaints that the system of handling daily doubles and quinellas at the track "allowed betting to be made by management after a race had been run." An FBI agent also discovered that concession operators were selling beer brought from Virginia on which North Carolina tax had not been paid.

It's a familiar pattern. It need not be repeated. The General Assembly ought to make that abundantly clear during the current session.

Reducing Fine Traditions To Fine Print

As a document, we can only hail the great charter of guarantees for faculty freedom and tenure sealed by the Consolidated University trustees on Monday.

Together with the removal some months ago of the loyalty oath, it signals the emergence of professors from the foul suspicions which have hounded them in recent decades.

To the University's credit, its record on academic freedom has been a good one. Over a century has passed since the furries of the slavery-extension question caused a University chemistry professor to be fired and nearly ridden out of North Carolina on a rail.

Not only does the new code assure "the right of a faculty member to be responsibly engaged in efforts to discover, speak, and teach the truth." It also "recognizes that in his role as citizen, as to matters outside the area of his scholarly interest, the faculty member has the right to enjoy the same freedoms as other citizens."

Again, we can only applaud.

Yet we confess we are sad that writing down liberties so essential should be thought necessary in 1959. In the more technical parts, true, the code sets down strict rules on tenure, promotion, and discharge; and that may be necessary anyway.

Nonetheless, the greatest traditions of liberty, academic as well as civil, are often those which battle and harden by accident have welded into the public spirit. We had imagined professor's freedoms at Chapel Hill, Raleigh and Greensboro to seek and teach truth to be of that sort. We had imagined them like the freedoms of the "English Constitution," to be so deeply rooted that it would be the final insult if we entered them in fine print like the legalities of an insurance policy. Fine print often invites quarreling and quibbling. In this, it is a world apart from tradition, whose mighty mystery is too great to define and certainly great enough to scare off compromisers and enemies.

Here's A Machine To 'Curb The Court'

Farewell to blind lady Justice with her scales. That's what they're saying in Chicago. The judge in that city's traffic court, surfeited with gigglers, speedsters, and red light-crashers now has an electronic "brain" to help him mete out penalties.

When the judge convicts a traffic violator, he just pushes a button and the mechanical marvel gives him a record of previous convictions, parking tickets, etc. He sets punishment accordingly.

Actually, here is an invention to soothe the great national problem of what to do with the U. S. Supreme Court. As some pundit has recently observed, it's "court-curbing time" again in Congress. That is, the yearly session when those who take exception to the human passions which mar the dispensing of justice want to fix it so robed justices can act just like slot machines.

You put in the fact; you get the law. Why expect so much from human beings? Why not install in the Supreme Court building in Washington an electronic "brain"? You would simply insert the case in question, push a button or so, and this judicious piece of machinery, unqualified by human passions, would flash, spatter, and then deliver a piece of cardboard. It would need say only "constitutional" or "unconstitutional."

Only one problem would remain — what to do with the nine high justices who would be fresh out of a job. Well, let them keep wearing their robes and be privileged to gather around the electronic "brain" as it cogitates. Occasionally, when it took too long over decisions, Mr. Justice Frankfurter, who deals with the court frequently on beating with trivia, could deliver it a swift, hard kick.

delinquent. "My flick-knife just slipped out of my hand as I was jiving." "I shouldn't have let my cash go during the tango"—such are the pleas with which the courts are likely to resound. Perhaps a special fund might be set aside by the composers of rock and roll for the relatives of those mortally wounded during its playing. And there is no doubt that prison regulations should be brought up to date to cope with this new crime wave. Twenty days bread and water would deprive of jazz" will soon have the toughest criminal begging for mercy and swearing not to do it again.

His Majesty Fiddles While The Middle East Burns

By ROBERT C. RUARK

LONDON

Nobody has ever had the audacity to accuse the British of excessive intelligence in the public relations business, but I think all this wheedle-oh over the Shah of Persia or Iran have it as you will, is literally the Chinese end.

The Shah himself cannot be accused of undue acuteness, either, in letting himself in for the gala that London threw him the other week. No Roman emperor ever had a city more literally cast in his lap. The common man's life in London practically stood still, because of the elaborate chattering of the traffic, and man, then, crazy parties.

The Shah is a nice, serious young fellow, by all accounts, even though he did divorce his wife so the can live it up in Rome and Capri. I expect the British would love the Shah if he didn't have a burlesque to show himself as a leader. They love his oil more and they fear for that blessed oil, because the Shah has got some nasty nannies in Iran (happily Communist-annexed) and Egypt (happily Nazified), and Jordan, which is kind of shaky, since Hussein lost his strongest pro-Western boy.

So they stuck the little pot in the big when the Shah came scudding in a statey fashion. The Queen and Prince Philip, and when they had the big gala ballet at the Royal Opera House, Prince Philip got out his velvet knee britches

and his gold garter, and Mum and Grandmum and little Marmie broke out their beavest wampum, and anybody who was anybody fought and closed to get there to show off their best silks, satins, and unlooked-for diamonds. I might say that since the Duke-essort is slightly boykeweged, he had better stick to long britches next time. On him short pants don't look good.

STALETY OVERTURES
They made the usual statey overtures that cause royalty to eventually die of boredom. They showed the Shah a factory, a new town, and took him to visit a carefully hand-picked lower middle class British family. They also showed him Nubar Gubenkian, the heir of the rich old skinflint who made a billion bucks by putting most



SHAH OF IRAN QUEEN ELIZABETH PRINCE PHILIP
Knee Britches, Gold Garters And Diamond Tiaras

of the big Middle Eastern oil deals together. Nubar, complete with beard, was on hand to remind everybody that oil is thicker than water, not to mention blood.

STRANGE CONTRAST
Now I am here to say that I approve of pomp and circumstance, and I clearly love a lord, and I have walked with kings—at least ex-kings when we were dog-walking in New York. I love to see the glitter of gems and the sunset over the cornucopia. But if I were trying to keep the Commies' dirty little claws off Iran, I would not feed 'em as much ammunition as was served up in the British press.

If I ever saw a fiddle-while-Rome-burns operation, a let-est-est-est deal, this was it.

You got this clarionous West, East which we of the West are trying to hang onto a portion of. It is a land of patched jellies and utterer kailings, hungry bellies and fly-infested children. It is a land of mangy, starving pariah dogs, and skeletal children, and endless sand and sun and poverty. And all.

STUPID GESTURE
The Russian threat to ours and Britain's oil in Iraq is already established. The Russian threat to Iran is 1945 around the corner. The big fiddle in London was designed to reaffirm friendship with the Shah. The aim was honest, the means were stupid, but the gesture stupid.

If I am Radio Cairo, if I am any one of the Communist stations channeled to the

diets which blare in the bazaars, I would give the poor hot diabolical fellows the straight news on all the doings over the Shah's presence. I would tell them about the diverted traffic, the Duke of Edinburgh's knee britches and gold garter, and the count on the diamonds on the tiaras. I would tell them how the poor but dishonest workmen in London couldn't go on certain streets because these peacock-colored streets were sacred to the Western monopolists, the exploiters of the poor hot dishonest peasant.

SORAYA LIVES IT UP

I would ride a careful herd on the divorced Soraya, living it up on Capri with her pet Prince Orsini. I would lay it out with a towel, with the pointed editorial comment that no miserably poor man wants to hear about the flagrant dancing in the streets which has become now a sort of hallmark of why the West can be called decadent exploiters of the miserable.

Please believe that, as a black Republican, I offer no aid and comfort to the enemy. I don't have to tell the Commies all this. They will have thought of it themselves, and are already hitting it heavy on the bass drum.

If you think this is kidding, remember the North Carolina senator who lost an election because his opponent told the farmers that he walked a red carpet and was guilty of calving carter, which the opponent described as Russian fifth-eggs.

A Final Tribute

Dulles The Man

By WALTER LIPPMANN

WASHINGTON

John Foster Dulles lived long enough to see the day when he was no longer a man, but a legend. That among his countrymen he had no enemies and that his critics and opponents liked and admired him. This is unusual and significant. For Dulles was a highly controversial figure in a dangerous time, and when he has explained to ourselves why at the end he stands out above his battles, we shall have paid him a fitting tribute.

The explanation does not lie in this or that policy or in any moral generalization. It lies in the fact that he was in the great tradition of what is required of a man in his public and his private life. The colleagues speak of him as a dedicated man, and in the exact sense of that overused word he was dedicated to the function of a public servant.

HIGHEST FUNCTION

Perhaps the highest function of a public servant in a free and democratic society is to preserve its oneness as a community while he fights the battles which divide it. John Foster Dulles never lost sight of that. He never forgot, as so many public men do, that after the issue which is up for debate is settled, those who took part in the debate must still live and work together. That is the reason why among his countrymen, there is no rancor, and why the sorrow of his opponents and critics is genuine.

Like most men, he preferred praise to criticism and agreement to opposition. But he did

not demand conformity. He did not regard dissent as perversity, he respected debate and the practice of free journalism.

I can speak here from the heart, having been for some 20 years his friend and on many questions of policy a critic. Long experience has taught me how rare it is in public men to accept public criticism without private resentment, which only too often spreads to their wives and their sisters and their brothers and their aunts. To be free of that kind of resentment is the mark of a thoroughbred, and the Dulles family are thoroughbreds, born to the demands of public life. They really do their public duty as they see it, without letting their private feelings take hold of them.

It would be pretentious and inherently absurd to suppose that at this time it is possible to make any kind of definite appraisal of his career. There is no dispute anywhere that he has been honorable in conception and in purpose. We do not know what will be the judgment of the historians.

They will be writing with a knowledge which is denied to us as to what happened in the later chapters of the unfinished story. The judgment of history, it is fair to say, is almost always based on the results and not on the intentions. We do not know what in Germany, in the Middle East, and in the Far East will be the results of his six years of his stewardship.

NOBLE EXAMPLE

We cannot influence the historians. But we can perhaps exert them to bear two things in mind. One is that they must discount heavily those who have a vested interest in some particular policy which John Foster Dulles used, and would now like it to be treated as one of the eternal verities. For while Dulles did not change his policies easily or quickly, he did change them when he was convinced that a change was necessary.

The other thing the historians bear in mind is that they should not judge John Foster Dulles only by his policies, which are controversial and perhaps transient. They should judge him also for his public character and his public virtue which were excellent and a noble example to his people.



JOHN FOSTER DULLES
Above The Battles

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON
The liquor industry is planning another move to undercut the Supreme Court—this time in regard to tax exemptions.

It was Louis Nichols, executive vice president of the Schenley whiskey distillery, who masterminded the censure of the Supreme Court by the American Bar Association. On top of this, the convention of Wine and Spirits Wholesalers of America meeting in New York last week heard strategy for liberalizing tax deductions for the liquor industry's political campaigns which the Supreme Court recently ruled against.

Political Battles

Ever since prohibition ended, the liquor companies have been fighting various political campaigns, one of them being to get the federal government to have local companies decide whether they should be wet or dry, and their advertising campaigns to influence the vote have run into a lot of money. The political advertising under the rules of

People's Platform

Press Should Be Demagogues' Tool?

Charlotte

Editor, The News:

The attentions unabashed his and totalitarian-mindedness of the "liberal" letting continue to fascinate me. It's grotesquely fascinating when scrapping from the much heralded guardian of a full and free exchange of honest views — the press.

This has to do with your editorial book review of May 18th

—the last paragraph reading as follows: "No one questions the press' value as a sentinel. But when it opens itself by stubbornly maintaining outmoded traditions to the use of demagogues, it is a menace."

Suggest you fully elaborate on that statement, Mr. Editor. Would you like to take a crack at demolishing the argument — using no more than half the words you require to erect it.

Ab, but what bravery is this which anticipates the position you will assume? Ah, but the

due to the line you're liberal-borne to pursue lies uncanonized in your editorial. That when I suggest, is simply this — freedom of speech and press will not suffer (may, but will become freer) if denied to the responsible ilk of the McCarthy rightings.

On second thought, how can ANYONE demolish such shattering logic—such devastating objectivity — such undistorted democracy. Count me out, Clyde!

—J. R. CHERRY JR.

Liquor Industry Plots Against Court

Internal Revenue is not deductible, and the U. S. Supreme Court last winter handed down a ruling against the liquor industry on this point.

Campaign Planned

But at last week's convention, Bert G. Cross of the Hill and Knowlton advertising firm mapped plans for making political advertising tax-deductible. Hill and Knowlton, incidentally, is the firm hired by the cigarette industry which retained doctors to refute the new official findings of the American Cancer Society and the Public Health Service that cigarettes do cause lung cancer.

Liquor Consumption

Simultaneous with launchings of the tax-deductible advertising campaign, the liquor industry is also working to get the consumption of whiskey and gin for 1959 would be 223 million gallons, an increase of 4 per cent over 1958. It was also estimated that by 1975 the consumption of wine would be 315 million

gallons a year, an increase of 46.3 per cent over the 215 million gallons of wine consumed in 1958.

Headlines And Footnotes

Ex-Gov. Averell Harriman isn't the only big-name Democrat with his eye on a trip to Red China. Ex-Sen. Bill Benton of Connecticut, first assistant secretary of state for the Voice of America, also wants to go to Peking. He will cruise on the Mediterranean this summer with Adlai Stevenson, then go to Moscow, and if possible Red China.

A handful of rabbits are trying to make the confirmation of Adm. Lewis Strauss a religious issue. A few in Miami and New York have been stirring up mail to senators. Private surveys, however, indicate that two-thirds of the Jewish population are against Strauss because of what he did in Dr. Robert Oppenheimer. Strauss, incidentally, is not recorded in the Washington, D. C., Roll of Honor for 1958 in which are listed those who contributed to United Jewish Appeal.

Says Sen. Ernest Gruening of Alaska, one of three Jewish members of the Senate: "It would be a tragic mistake to vote for, or against anyone because of religion." . . . The White House now has a "spy" inside the Harris Legislative Oversight Committee—Jack Stark, who used to be social assistant to President and Mrs. Eisenhower. This is the committee which last year, after much prodding, finally got around to probing Sherman Adams and Bernard Goldfine.

Hill To The Rescue

Concern over our deteriorating position in Latin America has become so great that President Eisenhower is considering the appointment of our No. 1 political ambassador in Latin America, Robert C. Hill, as assistant secretary of state.

But a new U. S. ambassador to Mexico, which has done an excellent job, won the cooperation of both Mexican officials, the American business community, and such Democratic leaders as Lyndon Johnson of Texas.

From The Manchester Guardian

THE RUGGED ROCK

Wherever two or three teddy-bears are gathered together, in dusty milk bars kept by dusty Cypriotes, in dance halls kept by shady Anglo-Saxons, there will be sympathy for the plea put forward last week in court, when a 16-year-old boy was accused of throwing a stool in a theater after being carried away by rock and roll. "The boy tells me he was picked up on the stool during the music and threw it," said the defense lawyer. "In the rhapsody of the moment of this wretched music he just lets this thing go." Obviously this line of defense opens up considerable possibilities for the inventive