THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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When Expediency Is A Bad Counselor

In the making of laws, it is better to ask some of the questions than to know all of the answers.

Unfortunately, the General Assembly's curiosity about a bill to allow National Guardsmen to exercise the power of sheriffs in enforcing civil laws was too casual. Some terrible sense of urgency armed the honorables with assurance that was downright scary to students of constitutional government. The measure was railroaded through the Senate in less than 24 hours and an amended version was passed by the House last night.

There was a reason, of course, for the zealotry. One might be tempted to suspect that Bolshevik under-cover agents are being landed by submarine at Nags Head, or that Martians are trying to register Republican in some of the western precincts. Not at all. It is the Henderson strike that has put the bee in the legislature's bonnet. The feeling is that troops will have to be used in this violent labor dispute.

National Guardsmen have been sent to restore order in strike-torn Tar Heel communities before and they may have to be sent again. But the prospect is not so fearsome that traditional limitations on the power of the military should be carelessly stripped away.

This nation's founders were as suspicious of military power as they were of a strong executive. Consequently, they took enormous pains to see that any authority once given would not be abused.

Certain safeguards are written into the United States Constitution and most, if not all, are duplicated in the bills of rights of the states. They include the prohibition against the quartering of troops, the stipulation that habeas corpus shall not be suspended except in extreme emergency, and the right of individuals to keep and bear arms. Furthermore, the crime of treason is defined, and indictment in a civian court is assured, even in a military area.

In addition, in the Constitution of North Carolina, and every state constitution except that of New York, there is a provision to the effect that "the military shall, in all cases and at all times, be in strict subordination to the civil power."

This is an ancient and honorable principle and it ought to be guarded well. The proposal to hand over civil powers to military personnel may constitute a threat to the spirit if not the letter of this mandate. Clearly, careful study should be given the whole problem of civil and military separation before extreme and unusual action is taken to disrupt the balance. It is a sensitive question and deserves sensitive treatment. In matters of this sort, expediency is a bad counselor. After all, the intrusion of troops in civil affairs is an extremely harsh measure. Nothing ought to be written into the law books to make this intrusion a common occurrence.

Don't Jeopardize The Eagle's Feathers

Labor Party leader Hugh Gaitskell may have been just politicking when he warned the United States in a May Day speech against interference in the upcoming British election. He cited American sources which intimate that Prime Minister Macmillan's leadership in the climb towards a summit is a political charade designed to curry votes from nuclear-conscious British electors.

As the "trickery" is explained, Mr. Macmillan has privately assured American leaders that the summit show is a political necessity, but that he will continue to adhere to Washington's more cautious policy towards Russia. That another five years in office is so important to the British Prime Minister that he would practice political trickery to get them seems, however, implausible. Polls show his party in high favor. Many of his Conservative friends urged him to call an election for May. Yet Mr. Macmillan has put them off, and seems to be waiting until October, when the gain or flop of the summit will be known. He has thus turned down a bird in hand for a very uncertain one in the bush. It is not the act of a man so hungry for power that he would merely pretend to negotiate with the Soviets to get it.

Logic seems to argue against the theory of trickery. Yet where there is political smoke from the Labor chief, Mr. Gaitskell, there almost certainly is a spark, and probably a flame, of American partisanship on British politics. Probably 98 per cent of the Americans who ever notice the British hustings would favor the Conservatives—if only because the Labor Party is Socialist and socialism is sin. More reasonably, some Americans would fear the footloose neutralism of prospective Laborite foreign minister Aneurin Bevan. Some would tremble for American investments if the dwindling but fanatical nationalizers of the Labor camp went to work on British industry.

However political Mr. Gaitskell's warning, or however dim his sources, we must agree with him that any American interference in internal British politics is undesirable. Sadly enough, British politicians can pull eagle feathers and poke at Uncle Sam to advantage as it is. There is no telling how hard they could jerk eagle feathers if the average Briton got wind of a Washington-London cartel rigged to keep Conservatives in office. Meddling will not only throw a pall over our most vital alliance, it will be self-defeating for Americans who try it. From what we know of the British public, they will not fancy partisan transatlantic politics and will react full force against it. The attention given Hugh Gaitskell's vague remarks on Friday should be warning enough.

A La Carte Order

Members of the Board of County Commissioners became amateur short-order cooks yesterday. Their first chore was to fry the fat out of a whopping $14 million tentative budget served up by County Auditor Walker Busby.

We wish them luck. If it's all the same to the chefs, we'll take ours very lean and medium rare.

Spring Fever Rules The Sunny Pond

The small pond, a collection of rain hoarded by a sturdy wall of earth, concealed its brown depths with blue dye from the cloudless sky.

A quarter-acre of flooded suburbia, it lay tranquilized by the sun. Only the willows appeared to move, brushing as at surface crumbs. A pair of ducks napped in harbor.

A few discarded feathers lay becalmed in squadron formation around a half-submerged green rowboat, its oarlocks rusted and bowline rotting away.

Oaks and poplars held court in the thick grass which paused at the water's edge, there to blend with a green ring of algae.

Black dots of tadpoles freckled the green, and heavy bullfrogs tried distance leaps, breaking the plastic calm. A bream or bass broke surface, rippling the water without a sound.

From under black and sunken logs bracelets of bubbles glistened to the surface, chased by curious but wary minnows.

From one corner a rill of overflow trickled, its music box muffled on a sandy course.

Then children came, a happy commando squad which assaulted the silence and drove it far back into the trees. Around the tiny lake they ran, bright colors flashing past the brooding background, forcing the ducks to swim away.

At length, tiring of their sport, they vanished as quickly as they had come.

The pond was still again except for the white feathers, now sailing for the far shore in a sunset breeze as the shadows took command.

Harry Golden In The Carolina Israelite

THE GOLDEN POGO STICK PLAN

Up in Detroit there is a motorists' holiday. No tickets are issued. Cars go through red lights, make U turns, and even bowl over pedestrians without so much as a traffic cop's whistle cutting the air.

All of this had a curious beginning. For years the Detroit police force was the mid-West's finest. Colored and white policemen patrolled their beats, kept order and lived in amiable professional harmony. But lately when colored policemen have come up for promotion they have been assigned to the police scout cars. The white policemen objected. They did not want to ride side by side with a colored policeman.

So all the Detroit cops went on strike. They refused to issue traffic tickets. All of which made Police Commissioner Hart pretty hot under the collar. "Integrate or Quit!" he announced. But force is not, and never has been the answer. If the white policemen will work with erect but not the sedentary colored policemen the answer is to make all the policemen in Detroit vertical again. Since they cannot patrol the whole city on foot, let Police Commissioner Hart issue pogo sticks. Law and order will again prevail and errant motorists will be ticketed and the Detroit traffic commissioner can sleep the sleep of angels.

Letter from a fellow complaining wildly about the way some of our state officials are doing, then saying he quit voting 50 years ago. What right does he have to gripe?—Tallahassee Democrat.

It was bound to happen, what with Texas auto license plates being produced by the Texas Prison System. Paul Baker carried his new plates out of the courthouse Wednesday, looked between them and found a scribbled note. It read: "Help! I'm Being Held Prisoner."—Dallas Morning News.

'What Are These Crazy Proposals To Spend Money On The Common People?'

The African Patriots May Have Dirty Hands

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain

It was not curious to me that Kenya's Mr. Tom Mboya should invade America at almost the same time that the bearded old spellbinder, Jomo Kenyatta, was set loose from jail, and all of a sudden three African groups are clamoring for him to be released from banishment in Lodwar, in the remote Northern Frontier of Kenya.

LAVA & HYENAS

Mr. Kenyatta, the architect of the murder of 6,000 of his own countrymen, will find very few spells to bind in Lodwar. I just came out of the area, and there ain't much up that-away but lava rocks and an occasional hyena. This apart from a very competent camel corps of elite Kenya police, and some native askaris who will shoot your eye out if they find you armed on the wrong side of the Abyssinian border.

For them, the British are being reasonably intelligent about the containing of Mr. Kenyatta. I suppose they could send him back to England and hope for a reconciliation with the white wife and child he deserted, or they could parcel him off to Moscow, where he learned most of the preachments which made Moscow synonymous with Mau Mau. But I doubt if either London or Moscow wants the old boy very much, and certainly they do not need him back in Nairobi to go around playing Hamlet. With his successor, Mr. Mboya, to fan him into another flaming spearhead.

SIMPLE TO SHOOT

The Kenya cowboys made a grievous mistake with Kenyatta. The simple thing to do was shoot him, just as the simple thing to do was to hang the late Field Marshal Sir Dedan Kemathi, who swung by his self-titled neck for carrying an illegal weapon. It was ironic that this accounted for the last Mau Mau chief, because the revolver was undoubtedly planted on him. The fact that he killed a thousand of his own people with his own hands, for pleasure, was not readily available as evidence at the time.

CHECKMATED

The reason Kenyatta was not shot early on, putting a stop to a nuisance that developed into a war, was that when they went to arrest him there was a flock of private bodyguards guarding his home, and it would have meant considerable shooting. This put a doubt in the boss policeman's mind, and he went back to consult with superiors on the advisability of loosing off a few rounds of ammunition. The verdict was right, old chap, fire away, so when the patrol came back prepared to shoot Jomo (accidentally) in the skirmish, they were checkmated.

Somehow the wily old Moscow hand had sense enough to dismiss his armed guards, and he met the cops smiling on the lawn. Unlike the Russians who taught him his trade, the British still had some qualms about shooting an unarmed man, so Jomo came to the courts of law.

MASS MURDERER

At the time there was no capital penalty for oath-administration, such as was later invoked when the brush fire became a war designated as "the emergency," so they shoved him into jail for seven years for "running an illegal social organization." This has been reduced to five years, and he is now in kind of open-house arrest in the NFD.

The chances are they will get him yet for the mass murderer he is, in principle, because Jomo is a great drinker, and like many Africans, suffers from cirrhosis of the liver due to a protein shortage. Brandy is cheap in the Indian dukahs, and boredom is great, and I should imagine old John Barleycorn, plus boredom, will remove Jomo from active consideration of anybody but the other hyenas which infest the area.

MAU MAU UNDERGROUND

I am surprised that the American Committee on Africa, whatever that may be, did not try to fetch Kenyatta to speak on the same bill with bright young Mr. Tom Mboya, a devout pupil of Kenyatta who employs the same political tactics which preceded Mau Mau. If Mau Mau is underground anywhere, it can be found in Mr. Mboya's Kenya Federation of Labor, at least in principle.

How the American people can lionize the likes of Mboya I cannot imagine, unless it is because of the pathetic ignorance they have of what actually exists in Africa. And that, in a sentence, is a half-dozen fat pot politicos like Mboya, Nkrumah, Toure (whom the Russians have already captured in Guinea) selfishly striving literally to enslave millions of their own people, without giving the slightest thought in hell about the welfare of the simple savage.

3-MONTH MOVE

I quote the late Woodrow Wilson: "Liberty in itself is not government. Unless it is in practiced hands it is incompatible with government."

And these people who presently promise the world to 180 million ignorant savages, really couldn't govern a cattle kraal with any degree of success, being basically too busy stealing the cattle in the name of what they call "democracy" or "independence." As fact I mention here that it took the Russians less than three months to move in on Guinea just after Sekou Toure made the cover of Time magazine, although 95 per cent of his subjects couldn't read what it said about Toure, and never heard of Russia.

African Trouble Spots

Heroism At Work

France's One-Man Future

By MARQUIS CHILDS

PARIS

This country today is summed up in one man. That man is Gen. Charles de Gaulle.

What was true a year ago is equally true now. Between the Fourth Republic and a future of dark and bloody uncertainty there was only de Gaulle. After nearly 12 months of the Fifth Republic the present and the future are still de Gaulle.

The general has made an heroic effort. He has undertaken to rebuild a center of authority for a reasonable government freed of the splintering political factions that plagued France after 1945 and gave the Communists an opportunity to make as much trouble as possible.

OPEN WOUND

But all of de Gaulle's efforts have been under the handicap of the continuing war in Algeria. This open wound has gone on draining away blood and treasure, with 400,000 French troops pinned down in the long drawn-out "pacification" of the Moslem nationalists and their National Front of Liberation.

In a small village near Bougie in Algeria a group of French settlers were seated in a bar the other day about to celebrate the election of a new mayor. They raised their glasses for a toast and at that point a bomb exploded, killing seven and wounding 12, among them several French soldiers from a nearby base. This kind of horror, repeated over and over, fills the French with fury and frustration.

PUBLIC OPINION NIL

They retaliate with torture and summary execution of captured rebels. Recently Roman Catholic chaplains with the French forces in Algeria wrote a letter of public protest against the methods of torture used against Moslem prisoners.

The way in which news of this letter was treated in France, with only a few lines in the press, illustrates one of de Gaulle's problems. Public opinion as it normally operates in a democracy is virtually nonexistent in France today. The moderate center de Gaulle hoped to build up as a buttress for his drive to reshape the destiny of France has not materialized.

OIL DREAM

In his year in office he has done many things. He has revalued and strengthened the franc, increased taxes and cut subsidies, including veterans' pensions, put in a new constitution curbing the excesses of the National Assembly and concentrating much power in the presidency which he occupies. Under his ardent apostle, Deputy Premier Jacques Soustelle, the Sahara oil development has been pushed so intensively that Soustelle claims in five or six years France will supply her own oil needs, thereby saving several hundred million dollars annually in foreign exchange.

TRIUMPH & REBUFF

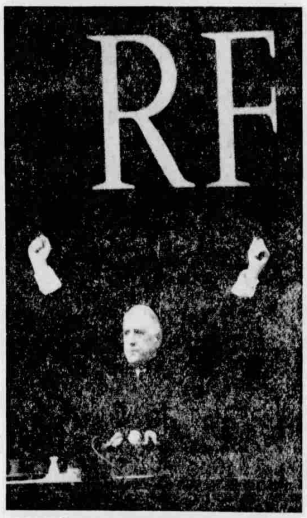
In foreign policy de Gaulle has teamed up with Chancellor Adenauer to assert a strong position for a Europe of sovereign powers united although not integrated. The French are saying that the agreement of the Western foreign ministers to present an all-or-nothing negotiating package, as it is represented by the French, means a triumph for the de Gaulle line and rebuff to the British.

There can be no doubt that France is stronger although it is also true that the military cards in the French hand are weak indeed, with virtually all of France's forces pinned down in Algeria. But this strength is provisional. If within six months to a year the rebels have been so reduced that French troops can be returned in some numbers and if de Gaulle lives out the full seven years of his term so he can carry out further reforms, then what is still a potential can become an actuality.

'DESTINY' SUSTAINS

But if he should go then, as almost every Frenchman says with a shudder, the result would be disaster. At the age of 69 he drives himself hard. On speaking tours throughout the provinces to explain his domestic policies, which have not won him popularity, he handshakes and baby-kisses like a congressman running for office.

The disquieting rumors about his health are firmly and officially denied. It may be that his strong sense of personal destiny — both among his followers and his critics are those who believe he sees himself as the ultimate peacemaker in an heroic personal confrontation with Khrushchev — will carry him over all obstacles, including the infirmities of age and the inexorable demands of power in a time of troubles. That is the faith of a great many Frenchmen who see nothing else on which to pin their hopes.



de Gaulle: Man Of Destiny

People's Platform

Poplarville Lynching Not Worth Ulcers

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

I agree with your recent editorial ("Fortune Picks A Man At Poplarville") on the specific point that the disappearance from Poplarville, Miss., jail of an untried Negro accused of rape isn't in accord with desirable and usual American standards of administering justice. But neither is rape of a pregnant white woman by a Negro just the usual crime in the State of Mississippi.

Let's think about the alleged "rape situation" as much as we're prone to think about the alleged "lynch situation". A young white woman has claimed she was raped by a Negro —the same one, she states, who was dragged from Poplarville jail by hooded men. You've not intimated the possibility of guilt of the Negro, but it shouldn't overly tax mental and moral faculties to state that possibility and from there, endeavor to understand, in some measure at least, Mississippians' enraged, and violent reaction to the heinous crime.

If people considered basic human relations as much as they consider (and try to foster) much absurd, chaotic modern racio-social theory, then perhaps biracial rape-lynch situations would become fewer, and could be judged more realistically than is usually the case.

No, Mr. Editor, I ain't apt to develop ulcers over the "disappearing act" at Poplarville. Just gonna sit back and watch the liberal crowd develop 'em.

—J. R. CHERRY, JR.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Inglis Faces A 'Stuffed Fish' Ordeal

WASHINGTON

The Senate Interstate Commerce Committee room is a solemn and decorous place. Senators peer from an impressive rostrum down on the impressed witness below.

Fish Out Of Water

On the witness stand was a scientist from one of the government's top atomic projects, the Argonne Laboratory, Dr. David Inglis.

After several days of discussion with his fellow scientists, Dr. Inglis had summoned the nerve to testify against the proposed new secretary of commerce, Adm. Lewis Strauss, who as head of the Atomic Energy Commission had purged another scientist, Dr. Robert Oppenheimer.

Many scientists had considered testifying against Strauss. Only two finally agreed to stand up against the Senate cross-examination. The others felt at home in the laboratory, not the congressional limelight. They also knew the risk they ran of losing their government jobs if they testified against a member of the Cabinet.

Dr. Inglis could not see a neatly typed paper lying in front of Adm. Strauss. It was marked "Top Secret" and it pertained to him.

Dr. Inglis also could not see that a similar report lay in front of Sen. Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, onetime chairman of the Republican national committee. But the scientist soon felt the impact of that paper.

"Dr. Inglis," asked the senator from the City of Brotherly Love, "were you ever a member of the Citizens Independent Committee of Arts and Sciences?"

Dr. Inglis hesitated, finally replied that he thought he had been a member for one year.

"Did you know that this committee was listed by the attorney general's office as subversive?" asked Scott.

Dr. Inglis said he did not know it.

"Did you ever defend Alger Hiss?" pressed Scott.

Not Alone

"I have certainly defended Alger Hiss in private statements as have a great many other well-known people. I felt that he was persecuted."

Finally, kindly Sen. Gale McGee, Wyoming Democrat, got in a word.

"Do you have any political affiliation?" he asked.

"I'm a Republican."