THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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It's Simply A Question Of Fair Play

The integrity of the General Assembly is at stake in the constitutional debate over judicial reform and legislative representation.

And that is putting it as delicately as possible.

A plot is afoot and it is easily explained. The legislature's rural bloc would simply like to wrap up in one big package the proposed uniform court system and a plan to limit every Tar Heel county to one senator. Then, when these issues are submitted to the voters, no one could approve the desperately needed court reforms without also approving an already discredited scheme to deny the state's populous counties fair representation in the Senate.

It simply won't do, gentlemen. Minority rule cannot be tolerated in North Carolina—no matter how attractive the bait.

The one-senator-per-county plan was submitted to the voters in 1954 as a single issue and was overwhelmingly defeated. Rural legislators, who are so anxious to perpetuate their unconstitutional grip on state government, know that it would likely be rejected again without the aid of some clever hocus-pocus.

In fact, the North Carolina General Assembly's persistent refusal to obey the present state constitution and redistrict the state after each national census suggests the tenacity with which Georgia's "wool hat boys" have perpetuated their own state's county unit system. That system gives to a man in rural Twiggs County 143 times the voting power of a resident in urban Fulton County. There is, goodness knows, no place for wool hat "democracy" in North Carolina.

A glance at the old 1950 census will give a good clue to Tarheelia's present plight. The 197,052 people listed in the 20th Senatorial District (Mecklenburg County) have but one senator while the 105,945 people in the neighboring 19th Senatorial District (Union, Stanly and Anson) have two.

North Carolina's legislators know that there is gross inequity under the present system. They know that the state's voters have decisively rejected a constitutional amendment which would have written the present inequity into law. They know, too, that Tar Heels have earned the right to say yea or nay to court reform without any ifs, ands or buts.

Since all this is known, the massive weight of responsibility facing members of the 1959 General Assembly is obvious and inescapable. Tar Heels must be given an opportunity to vote on the two totally different constitutional issues separately. Fair-minded legislators will grant this right.

Here's A Project For The Economizers

Charlotte's freewheeling system of allowances for municipal employes who use their own cars in their work ought to be subjected to the sternest scrutiny at City Hall.

Monthly payments run as high as $105. Furthermore, several employes in the health, tax and engineering departments receive as much as $80 a month. These are flat amounts. They are not based on actual mileage figures recorded in the line of duty.

In such cases, short-range savings may mean long-range extravagances.

If the city must pay an employe $105 a month to operate his personal vehicle why wouldn't it be more economical in the long run for the city to purchase and service a low-priced car of its own for the employe to use in municipal service?

The system of flat monthly payments contains another built-in bobby trap. Some local governments have used the device to conceal regular "bonuses" handed selected employes over and above the going rate of pay authorized under a job classification system. This kind of under-the-table deal is subject to the broadest abuse and ought never to be allowed.

Municipal employes, like any other employes, should be paid what they are worth. Not only that but they should be paid in the open and without any semi-secret gratuities.

The Real Test Of A Literacy Test

The Supreme Court has wisely upheld North Carolina's literacy test.

One easy thing to say about literacy tests is that they are fair enough if given in good faith to all and not used to pare the voting rolls in favor of the majority. Mrs. Louise Lassiter, an illiterate, charged in bringing the suit under test that officials in Northampton County discriminated against her because she is a Negro. The court found otherwise; and its settlement of the case obviously assumed that North Carolina is using its test fairly.

It is more challenging to worry the question a bit by asking why this state should require a voter to read or write parts of the constitution. For to ask for such a qualification on the voter's part is to imply that Tar Heels, and voters in the other 18 states where a literacy test is given, should be disposed to use literacy in politics.

The rub is putting literacy to use—a taller order by far than gaining it in school. This month, colleges and universities in North Carolina are turning out thousands of graduates. None would find it hard to read and write parts of the constitution and obtain a ballot. But public surveys—like the recent survey which showed some 50 per cent of a college class unable to identify the senators from their state—indicates that citizens are not using "literacy" as wisely as they might. Literacy is a fair requirement of today's voter, yes. But the real test of literacy is not how many can win a vote but how many will use it with studied conviction rather than worn hearsay.

Fallout Report

"Exactly what damage is fallout doing to the human body? No one is quite sure. An exciting recent discovery at Oak Ridge indicates it may be causing only one fourth as much genetic harm as had been supposed."—**New York Daily News.**

We are three-fourths cheered up about the whole ugly business.

This Is No Way To Save Laundries

Sen. Frank Cooke's pleas that laundries are all but washed up in North Carolina did not scare senators into exempting laundry workers from the new minimum wage until 1963.

The Senate's manufacturing, labor and commerce committee wisely shouted a stern "No" to Sen. Cooke's bill. As passed a month ago, the 75-cent minimum wage was more a victory of principle than of economic revolution. Amendments riddled it with exemptions, from bowling alley pin boys to baby sitters. This is no time to add more, for North Carolina must look now toward expanding and deepening its coverage, not knocking holes in it.

From The Washington Post

UNCOMFORTABLE THOUGHTS

We have reserved comment on the Discomfort Index because we felt that we needed a few uncomfortable days to appraise the new Weather Bureau formula and its effect on our hot weather temperament. Now that we have huffed and puffed through some steamy spring days that have been statistically studied for their precise degree of discomfort, we have the uncomfortable feeling that the Weather Bureau may have sneaked one index too many over on us.

To be reminded on the morning after how uncomfortable you were on the day before does not seem to help at all. Perhaps we would feel better about the Index if the Weather Bureau had taken a positive rather than a negative approach to the heat and humidity.

Why not a Comfort Index? Surely degrees of discomfort could be devised so as to indicate what if any percentage of comfort remained in the sodden sultry air. It ought to be of some comfort the next morning to know that even a few pleasant percentage points were squeezed out of the previous day's heat and humidity.

Now when the Discomfort Index reaches 79 practically everyone is supposed to be uncomfortable. But what about the man who didn't think the weather was too bad until he read the Index?

In these days of disappearing individualism he is likely to conform all too quickly to the discomfort norm. This could only lead to a further shortening of legislative and executive tempers around Washington in July and August. In fact, we're getting hot under the collar already. If we had a congressman to write to, he'd hear from us.

Washington continues to be the mecca of many world statesmen, which seems to refute the widely held belief that foreigners think Uncle Sam has B. O. and halitosis.—Gastonia Gazette.

Two words which have swiftly been done to death and now deserve to be decently interred are "togetherness" and "dedicated."—Raleigh News and Observer.

A friend says life is no longer a bowl of cherries. It is a bunch of raisins—raisin' heek, raisin' kids and raisin' money.—Quitman (Ga.) Free Press.

The terribly jealous woman made her husband stand inspection every evening. The slightest hair discovered on his coat would bring on a frightful scene.

One night, finding nothing at all, she burst into tears and sobbed: "Even bald women now."—Lamar (Mo.) Democrat.

Why Adenauer Reversed Himself

The Big Switch In Bonn

By WALTER LIPPMANN

WASHINGTON

Although in the past 60 days Dr. Adenauer his reversed himself about the presidency and the chancellorship, his convictions and his purpose have been quite consistent. Above all, above, for example, the reunification of the two Germanys, he is determined to assure the continuity of a close collaboration between West Germany and France.

ERHARD

This is the core of his European policy. Its instrumentalities are the Common Market, the coal and steel and atomic communities, and in a considerable degree NATO itself. The binding force for the time being is personal affinity between Dr. Adenauer and Gen. de Gaulle.

The problem which he has been wrestling with this spring is how he himself can most effectively defend and promote this Franco-German policy.

POLITICAL STRATEGY

On April 7, he had let himself be persuaded by his party leaders to give up being chancellor and to run for president. He believed then that this was the best way to insure his policy beyond the hazards of the elections of 1961. For at least two years to come, he would be president and the chancellor would be his appointee and his subordinate. The chancellor would be Herr Etzel, who is an experienced and deeply convinced believer in the Adenauer policy. During these two years, Dr. Adenauer would enhance the power of the German president, presumably as Gen. de Gaulle has enhanced the power of the French president. Then, if the elections of 1961 went against the Adenauer party, he would still be president with much power and great influence to check any radical revision of his policy.

These calculations have miscarried because the bulk of the party leaders refused to accept Herr Etzel as chancellor. The party insisted that the chancellor be Dr. Erhard, whom they consider their very best vote-getter. This destroyed the assumptions on which Dr. Adenauer had made his decision to give up the chancellorship and to run for president.

ERHARD NIXED

For two big reasons Dr. Adenauer could not accept Dr. Erhard. One is that Dr. Erhard is not an enthusiast for the idea of a Little Europe of six nations revolving around collaboration between Paris and Bonn. He is in fact a German version of a 19th century commercialist liberal who expects an ever-increasing prosperity to come out of ever-wider and freer markets. He believes in wider markets not only in the Little Europe, not only in the bigger Europe which includes Great Britain and the Scandinavian countries, but also in all of Europe which would mean more trade with Eastern Europe, with Russia, and beyond.

DECISION REVERSED

Although Dr. Erhard has conformed and has been loyal, he is not a true believer in the Adenauer European policy. At the same time he is not a yesman, and he is in fact a strong man in his own right. With him as chancellor, Dr. Adenauer would be unable to enhance greatly the powers of the president. So he has felt compelled to reverse the decision of April 7, and to declare his intention of remaining, if he can, chancellor at least until after the elections of 1961.

IT MAKES SENSE

This is not, to be sure, the official explanation. But it is the only one that makes sense and fits all the known facts. Moreover, it is the view generally held by those who have a close knowledge of the problems of the Common Market and of Franco-German collaboration.

In his television speech Dr. Adenauer explained the reversal of his decision by saying that since April 7 the international situation has deteriorated, and that therefore he must stay at his post. This is certainly true of his own European policy in that his calculations about the future have foundered on the rocks of German internal politics. The kind of collaboration which now exists between Gen. de Gaulle and Dr. Adenauer is not assured for a long future, in that in neither Germany nor France is there a successor in sight who can be counted upon to carry on.

NOTHING'S CHANGED

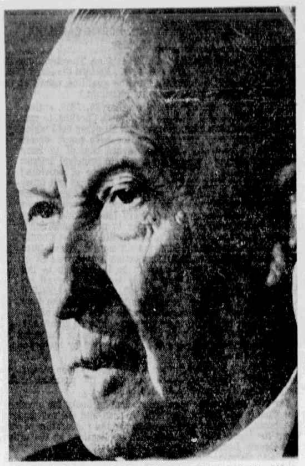
Apart from this, can it be said that the international situation has deteriorated? Has anything happened since April 7 which was not clearly foreseen then?

It was evident then that there could not be an agreement to reunite the two Germanys, that the Soviet Union would not permit, and that not in Bonn, Paris, or London, was there any serious and ardent wish to bring about reunification. On April 7 it was evident also that nothing could be done to reunite the two Berlins.

It was evident, too, that if the future of West Berlin as a member of the Western community was to be assured, it would not be sufficient to stand pat on things as they are. For the position of West Berlin is very vulnerable to all manner of pressure and harassment and to uncertainty and anxiety. Against these pressures there is in fact no military defense. Therefore, the future of West Berlin must be assured, if we are to honor our commitments, by the statesmen.

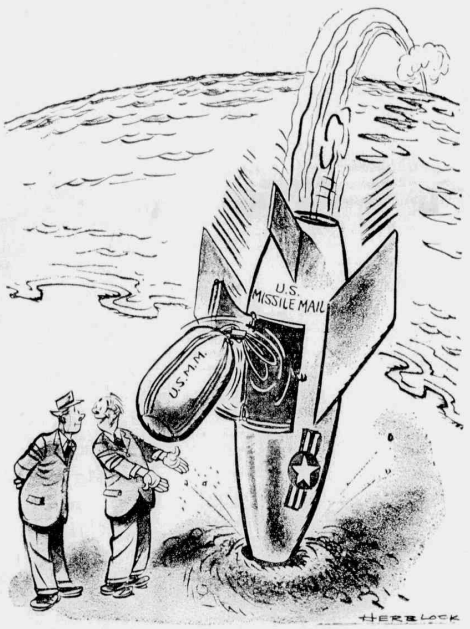
They must build upon the old foundation which is that West Berlin belongs to the Western community and that the Western powers have a right to be present there with troops. Upon this old foundation they must build a new structure, of which the essential elements are that it has the explicit approval of the Big Four and of the two Germanys and of the international society.

This may take some time to achieve. But as long as it is a practical possibility, it cannot be said that the international situation in Europe has deteriorated badly.



Konrad Adenauer: The Old Man Wanted His Way

'And With Any Luck We Ought To Be Able To Get It Across Town In A Day Or Two'



Africa's Dark Art

Witch-Doctoring

By ROBERT C. RUARK

LONDON

I sure do wish I had known Dr. Donald M. Brown, the well-known botanist, who heads the biology department of the Medical Evangelists, a Seventh Day Adventists college near Los Angeles, was going off to Kenya to study the trade secrets of witch doctors. What Dr. Brown wants to discover is what drugs the witch doctors use to treat everything from venereal disease to snakebite.

"There is no doubt some hocus-pocus is connected with many of these cures," Doctor Brown is quoted as saying. "Still, there may very well be some plants that are used by the natives because they do help certain disorders by the chemicals they contain."

MEET KATUNGA

Dr. Brown could have saved himself a lot of time and money just by coming to see me, because I am a graduate psychiatrist — I mean witch doctor — in my own right, and can offer competent witnesses to prove it. But since he's already on his way, and intends to travel Africa by trailer with his wife, I will just direct him to a man I know named Katunga, so Dr. Brown will have no trouble finding him, for Katunga is a man of strong standing in Machakos.

I do not know how old Katunga is, maybe 100, but he is as mad as a snake, and occasionly bays like a hound when the moon is full. But he is the best skinner in the world and is almost twice as ugly as anybody I ever knew. And he is a wizard with the drugs.

SLEEPY CURE

For years before penicillin came from Dr. Alexander Fleming, Katunga was renowned for his speedy cure for gonorrhea, a disease which heavily afflicts the casually polygamous natives in East Africa. Katunga, if he could write, might have saved even Dr. Fleming a lot of trouble. Katunga's cure was just plain old mold, accompanied by curses, years before penicillin came on the scene.

Katunga knows about things to prevent childbirth, or to prevent hemorrhaging at the time of parturition of an infant. What he calls it in his native Wakambe, I can't imagine, but here we call it ergot. It is a fungus which grows on grain. Katunga — and all the witch doctors in the Masai country — have known about this strange little fungus for hundreds of years.

Snake bite — unless a mamba or a big cobra smacks you in the face — is reasonably simple. You take a live chicken and split it and hold it over the bite, after cutting twice across the bite, and the warmth of the still-living chicken will generally draw out the poison. We do it a little better on safari with a suction cup, but the principle's the same.

The basic theory of witch-doctoring is not the actual remedy so much as autosuggestion induced by ceremony. In place of a couch, we generally use an arch made of banana fronds and sugar cane. You make the patient crawl through the arch seven times, repeating the same thing seven times, and by the seventh time he is apt to believe it himself.

EVIL SPIRITS

Then there is the ceremonial slaughtering of the black rooster, or the sheep, or the goat, and some very bitter native medicine which I will not attempt to describe here, for fear of infringing on the American Medical Assn. But it tastes so nasty that it just has to be good for you. It is practical also, in the best old English tradition of the leech, to nick the patient on the arm and let him bleed a little to reduce the hot humours in his blood. The whole thing is really very effective, because it transfers evil spirits to the sheep or goat, and afterward you can always eat the sheep or the goat.

There are some things too sacred for me to reveal, but I must say that causing a patient to jump through a fire seven times generally purifies a man, and also keeps off mosquitoes. There are certain things you do with elephant-tail hairs, rhino horns, and goat hooves which might get me sued up in the High John the Conqueror territory.

But the basic thing is the beer. No real ethical medicine man can do any good for you unless you bring him many calabashes of the local beer, which ferments in the stomach after drinking, and induces a sort of trance that lasts for days.

People's Platform

Ex-Councilwoman Has Last Laugh

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

I sure hope Martha Evans is laughing up her sleeve at the Council's Old Guard. They are hollering about secret meetings of the majority four and appointments without their knowledge. They did the same thing for four years. They have forgotten their secret meetings at Judge Boyd's house and at the homes of the four horsemen, making appointments and policies; and they said "to H" with Martha Evans; we don't need her.

Now they are crying to high heaven that they are not included. They are getting a dose of their own medicine. The worm has turned.

As for Mr. Selvey being disappointed, I don't think he should be. If he had any gumption about him he would have turned down the appointment in favor of John Hord. His appointment was nothing but a spite appointment on the part of the Old Guard to get back at Chief Littlejohn.

As for the Recorder's Court, I brought it to the attention of both papers months before it erupted, but my information was rebuffed . . .

I still think the majority four should have appointed John Hord chief, but, from what I've read about Jesse James, I think he and Hord will make a fine team. I just hope that Mr. James is as good a chief as his counterpart was a great outlaw.

—SOL BODAME

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Elizabeth Earns An 'A' In Deportment

Editor's Note: This is the third dispatch from Drew Pearson who is serving as a delegate to the Atlantic Congress in London studying NATO prospects and problems.

LONDON

Maybe it's the verve of the younger generation, maybe it's the charm of her sex, but, whatever the reason, Queen Elizabeth of England has it all over her late grandfather, King George V, when it comes to royal deportment before large crowds.

Decorum And Boredom

I watched the Queen the other day under circumstances almost identical with those when her royal grandfather opened the London naval conference in 1930. King George was then about 60 and had had plenty of experience at these kinds of functions. He sat on his throne, short, stolid, sedate, rather perfunctorily read a speech handed him by his aide, and made his exit with mingled decorum and boredom.

Shades Of Chaucer

At that time his granddaughter Elizabeth was four years old, playing around in pinafores and never expecting that her uncle, the Duke of Windsor, would renounce the British throne in favor of an American divorcee, thus putting her in line to become Queen of England.

Last week Elizabeth sat on the same golden throne in the same Westminster Hall, built by the son of William the Conqueror in 1097, where Chaucer once served as a clerk and where Charles I was condemned to death. A retinue of state trumpeters, guards, gentleman-at-arms wearing long white plumes, and yeomen of the guard dressed like the jack of hearts carrying long spears preceded her.

There was a blare of trumpets as Elizabeth entered and she stood for a moment receiving her Cabinet and distinguished guests. Congressman Wayne Hays of Ohio, looking a bit uncomfortable in a new cutaway coat, bowed. Long, angular Estes Kefauver, senator from Tennessee and also in a morning coat, bobbed his head. The Queen did not know that his father-in-law had designed the British battleship Hood and the ocean liner Queen Elizabeth, named for her mother, and he didn't delay the proceedings to tell her.

Sincere Speech

The Queen read her speech like her grandfather. It was handed her by an aide but obviously she had rehearsed it for, unlike her grandfather, she read it with sincerity and feeling and unlike her father, George VI, who stuttered, she was not nervous when she said:

Unity In Spirit

"These old walls have witnessed unusual events in our history. There is unmistakable longing among peace-loving people for a happier international atmosphere, but there is no simple guide to point the way. There are, however, two things which unite us—respect for the freedom of the individual, and simple faith in God. These two principles show very clearly that the things that divide us are very small compared with those which unite us."

The nervous little girl whom President Truman called a fairy princess when she came to the United States the first time had grown into a mature woman of confidence, beauty and charm.