



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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It's The System That Needs Attention

Superior Court Judge W. H. S. Burgyn echoed the concern of many a Mecklenburg yesterday when he ordered a grand jury investigation of justice of the peace records.

If the 1958-59 great debate over court reform did nothing else, it awakened the laymen from a deep sleep. For the first time in nearly a century there is a widespread awareness of deficiencies in the administration of justice.

It is something more than mild curiosity, too. Where magistrates' courts are concerned, it closely resembles a case of the jitters.

A long, hard look at the records is definitely in order. Furthermore, ought to be a continuing process. Occasional spot checks are not good enough. In the judicial field, there is something to be said for eternal vigilance.

But even prolonged scrutiny evades the central issue, and that is the unsatisfactory nature of the system itself. It is the system that is bad. It actually encourages abuses.

No experience in modern government is quite as disillusioning as a visit to a justice court. For one thing, the visitor discovers that magistrates earn a fee in a criminal case only if they find the defendant guilty. For another, the visitor learns that most magistrates are wholly unlearned in the law and, as often as not, unlettered as well.

There are exceptions, of course. There are a number of able and intelligent justices of the peace who do know the law. But these, as we said, are the exceptions. Even if the magistrate is unselfish enough to overlook his personal interest in the verdict, can the defendant leave the court with one shred of respect for a judicial system which places his

liberty and property on such a weighted scale? It is doubtful.

But the vicious fee system is but one dark aspect of the problem. Another is the great number of justices of the peace. There are more than 1,000 operating courts of one sort or another in North Carolina today. There may be more tomorrow. Our basic law actually allows the election of three magistrates from each of the state's 1,027 townships. One additional justice may be elected for each 1,000 townfolk living within each township. (On this basis, Mecklenburg is entitled to 152.) On top of this, the senior resident Superior Court judge may appoint additional justices of the peace and so may the General Assembly. The 1957 General Assembly alone named 692.

The result is that we find these magistrates actually competing for "business." The accused in criminal litigation and the plaintiff in civil litigation benefits accordingly.

There are other distasteful aspects of the justice problem—their employment as collection agents, their failure to follow proper trial procedures, the frequent absence of records which would permit evaluation of their civil business, private counseling of attorneys who appear before them. A grand jury can examine records, check dates and add up columns of figures, but it cannot reform. That is a matter for the General Assembly—and the voting public.

The General Assembly strives to act this year. But if enough judges and enough grand juries and enough ordinary citizens express concern about the situation, we have a feeling that legislators will take a wholly different view of the problem in 1961. For the good of us all, they'd better.

Mr. Bohlen Is The Wrong Scapegoat

The Corn Belt Senators sprang to life over the weekend, not surprisingly, as it seemed more likely that Secretary of State Herter would call Charles E. Bohlen, an old hand at Moscow tricks, to take over a special Soviet Affairs Desk at the State Department.

The anti-Bohlen cabal, comprising Sen. Hickenlooper of Iowa, Minn. of South Dakota, Schieff of Kansas, Dvorshak of Idaho, and Goldwater of Arizona, has made an old game of opposing Bohlen. They mustered 13 votes against him when, in 1953, President Eisenhower appointed Bohlen to succeed George F. Kennan as ambassador to Moscow. They applauded when Secretary of State Dulles exiled him to Manila in the Philippines. Now, although the Senate would have nothing to say about the internal State Department change contemplated by Mr. Herter, they have set up the familiar tune.

The Corn Belt opposes Bohlen more as a symbol than as a man. Sen. Hickenlooper and his cabal represent an inland voting group whose grievances against American policy toward Russia are positively historic; indeed, they date all the way back to World War I, when America cast lots against Germany. They view the Bolshevik successes in Russia and the subsequent spread of Soviet power in Asia and Eastern Europe as the result of perfidious mistakes on the part of Ameri-

can policy-makers, not as the result of Russian initiatives.

Bohlen is, to them, the effigy of the policy they hate. He went with Ambassador William Bullitt in the first diplomatic mission to Moscow; he was with P.D.R. at Yalta, and he has fearfully defended the Yalta agreements against their assailants.

The real issue is whether the State Department is to be deprived of an able and proven expert on Soviet affairs because of the wishful historical view of Sen. Hickenlooper and his friends. They have attempted again and again to make a scapegoat of Mr. Bohlen, who had no executive power and who cannot be held responsible for the successes and failures of P.D.R. 14 years ago. Charles E. Bohlen is known to the Russians as a tough-minded advocate of American policy, difficult to handle in an argument.

We hope Secretary Herter will ignore these senators, who are at best attacking the wrong man at the wrong time at the expense of American diplomacy, and put Mr. Bohlen where the country can use his invaluable knowledge of Russia. He is acquainted with the stability of the Russian system, its gains, the power of its influence in the world. But he has seen much of the trickery and tyranny of which Moscow is capable. His analysis of those peculiar Soviet blends of sincerity and dishonesty, sun and ice, concession and bluster, is sorely needed in Washington.

This Loophole Ought To Be Plugged

Fire is no respecter of codes. It burns occupied and unoccupied structures with the same impartial fury.

Consequently, it is more than a little silly for Charlotte's fire prevention experts to inspect buildings which are in use and shun the abandoned structures.

An unfortunate case in point: The old Charlotte Chemical Laboratories building on Templeton St., which exploded and burned last week, injuring 13 persons. After the blast, Fire Chief Donald Charles said the city's Fire Prevention Bureau "lacks authority" to check vacant structures.

If it is simply a question of adding

some fine print to a book of laws, ordinances or regulations, then let it be done. Surely there can be no question about the fundamental responsibility to protect the public against such occurrences, regardless of the source. That responsibility ought not to be affected in the least by the "abandonment" of the building. An abandoned building is not necessarily a harmless building. Sometimes it can be very, very dangerous—as was the one last week.

We will await Fire Chief Charles' full report on the explosion and fire with interest. But the observation can be made at once that there should be no peculiar boundaries on fire prevention.

From The Hartford Courant

IT'S THE STUPIDITY

One of Hartford's respected citizens appeared in the lobby of the Hartford Club yesterday sans coat and necktie, with collar comfortably open. His friends came up to congratulate him, and remark how cool he looked. But nobody else doffed his coat, and all submitted to the cruel embrace of the necktie around neck, that badge of position, of dignity, or whatever it is.

At about the same time a young man walked through the lobby of a building in Hartford wearing a pair of light, sensible shorts. A group of men and women fellow workers were gathered around a coffee wagon, vainly seeking coolness through iced drinks. As they saw this sensible fellow they hooted and hollered at him, much as dogs might attack an outcast among them, when he was plainly the most sensible one of the lot.

There is no cause at once so noble and so futile as the attempt to get the

human made to act like a rational being during hot weather, by doffing his conventional habiliments and adapting himself to the weather conditions. As these lines are read in homes, in barber shops, in offices and stores—and in the Hartford Club—dollars to do drums the man reading them has his legs encased in two hot cylinders of woven material, and has a binding strip of cloth around his neck. And if he is a community leader—God save the mark—he will also be wearing a coat. For a civil leader would-as he is caught in downtown Hartford in his underdrawers as without the jacket to his suit.

Thus do we demonstrate the fundamental insanity of the human race, or rather of the subspecies homo insapiens Americanus. In what we call backward countries, where the prevailing weather is little different from what it was here yesterday, they are more sensible.

Looking To '60: Favorite Sons Rule Democratic Ranks

By DAVID S. BRODER

WASHINGTON
Fewer primaries with more favorite sons—that is the prospect facing contenders for the 1960 Democratic presidential nomination.

Fifteen states and the District of Columbia are scheduled to hold presidential primaries next year. Alabama may also have one at the option of the party executive committee.

Three states that held primaries in 1956—Alaska, Minnesota and Montana—have abolished them. No new states have been added to the list. Favorite son booms have been launched in 12 of the 16 states with primaries. Only in West Virginia, Nebraska, New Hampshire and the District of Columbia do the local leaders seem willing to let the national candidates battle unimpeded for victory. None of the four is remotely "crucial," and in the first two, the primary results do not in any way control the voting of the delegates at the convention.

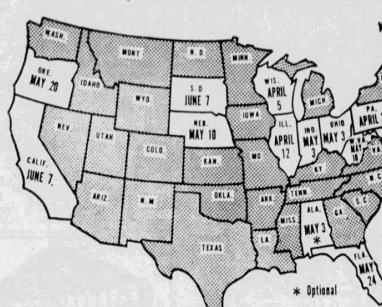
TO BE INVADEN

It seems certain, however, that some of the favorite son states will be invaded by Sen. J. F. Kennedy (D-Mass.) and Hubert H. Humphrey (D-Minn.). As front-runners, they must run and win in the primaries to keep their hopes alive.

Backers of Michigan Gov. G. Mennen Williams (D) are looking for spots to test his strength. Some advisers of Sen. Stuart Symington (D-Mo.) think he should enter a few primaries; others disagree, arguing that Symington can wait for Humphrey or Kennedy to fall by the wayside.

WISCONSIN, April 5 — Gov.

DATES OF 1960 PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARIES



New Jersey Gov. Robert B. Meyner (D) and California Gov. Edmund G. Brown (D) have

concentrated so far on keeping rivals from running in their home states. Adlai E. Stevenson and Sen. Lyndon B. Johnson (D-Texas), possible compromise choices at the convention, want to win in the primaries to keep their hopes alive.

In this maze of conflicting plans, this pattern can be discerned eight months in advance of the first primary:

NEW HAMPSHIRE, March 8 — Kennedy is an almost certain entry; local supporters boom Humphrey and Symington, but they are doubtful starters.

MASSACHUSETTS, April 26

—Kennedy, without a contest, almost certainly.

PENNSYLVANIA, April 26 — The dominant voice will be Gov. David L. Lawrence (D), but Kennedy and perhaps others may enter the preference poll in hopes of garnering some delegates that way.

ALABAMA, May 3 — Not a mandatory primary, and likely to be overlooked by the national contenders if held.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, May 3 — Humphrey is likely to run here. Kennedy almost certainly not. Others are doubtful.

INDIANA, May 3 — There may be a favorite son move

for Sen. Wayne Morse (D-Ore.), but the new law requires the secretary of state to enter all serious contenders except those who file an affidavit that they are not candidates; even these reluctant dragons can be forced onto the ballot by petition of 1,000 voters. A real battle is likely here.

FLORIDA, May 24 — The favorite son move for Sen. George A. Smathers seems likely to keep others out of Florida, although Smathers has not committed himself to run.

CALIFORNIA, June 7 — Brown's campaign to freeze the competition out of his home state seems to have succeeded.

SOUTH DAKOTA, June 7 — Contests to Humphrey, who was born and raised there.

'What's The Hurry—His Term Hasn't Expired Yet'



People's Platform

They are all looking forward to another campaign trip, but this time downstream to Charleston.

—C. EUGENE GRIMES
District Executive
Boy Scouts of America

Editors, The News:

On behalf of the Mecklenburg County Council, Boy Scouts of America, may I take this opportunity to thank you for the fine newspaper coverage you gave our Scouts on their canoe trip from Charleston to Charlotte.

Your help made it possible for many people to follow their progress up the river. We are proud of our boys and of the public support they received.

—J. R. CHERRY JR.

Let's Be Objective

About Joe McCarthy

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

I've been expecting a News review of the book, "Senator Joe McCarthy," by one Eugene Grimes called Richard Rovere. You did not disappoint me, for

In the News of July 11th, your editorial book review looked large and blasphemously again, as I expected.

Unquestionably, Joe McCarthy was a controversial man. You and many other liberals and assorted socialists and Communists despise him; I and many other conservatives admired him. Your opinion of him will probably never change; I'm certain mine never will. But let The News be fair and objective about what is fed the general public about Joe McCarthy.

—J. R. CHERRY JR.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON

Sometimes it pays to look behind a congressman's votes or speeches to see what motivates them. When Congressman Samuel Stratton, New York Democrat, defended retired admirals and generals working for big corporations, however, you didn't have to look for the motive. He was quite frank about it.

Frank Testimony

Stratton is former mayor of Schenectady, N.Y., and now represents that district in Congress. He testified quite frankly that the biggest business in Schenectady is General Electric and he wanted retired officers working for G. E. so as to keep defense contracts in New York, not let them go to other companies in California.

This, of course, bears out the very point Congressman Herbert of Louisiana

and Santangelo of New York, together with Sen. Paul Douglas of Illinois are making — that retired officers are hired to lobby.

G. E. Does Well

General Electric, however, isn't doing badly on two counts.

No. 1 — It's the third largest on the list of defense contractors. It gets more orders out of the Pentagon than any other company in the U.S. except Boeing and General Dynamics. With nearly one billion dollars worth of orders during 1958 — \$852,400,000 to be exact — General Electric now outranks Charles Wilson's old company, General Motors.

No. 2 — General Electric ranks fifth on the list of firms employing retired military officers. A total of 35 have been hired by General Electric since they left the Army, Navy, or Air Force.

The list includes such well-known military men as Adm. William M. Fechteler, who as former Chief of Naval Personnel helped pass the promotion of many officers now holding top jobs in the Navy Department.

Brass Hat

Another top brass hat hired by General Electric is Gen. John B. Montgomery, who has an interesting record of sliding in and out of the military service and private business.

Montgomery left the Air Force as a temporary major general to take a lush salary with American Airlines, later was hired by General Electric.

No Confirmation

Congressman Stratton, Adm. Bradford, and other defenders of brass hats drawing corporation salaries contend that they don't have any real

'Bandy' In Sydney

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain

I am kind of happy about Queen Elizabeth II's short side trip to America on her current visit, because she enriches any land she touches. I have watched this kid work, and nobody ever works harder at making the old cliché, "word of an Englishman," stand up on a stack of Bibles.

But I am glad I am not covering the lady, this trip, because I had a bite at the job a few years back in Australia and New Zealand, and it aged me before my time. I was minding my own business, fishing in New Zealand, when The Reader's Digest called: "Need an anecdotal queen piece three weeks deadline how?"

I called back: "Uncan."

ANECDOTES MOUNT

Then I started picking up stories in New Zealand, and managed to hit Australia at the same time the royal party arrived. The anecdotes mounted, so I called: "Maybe can." After a week or so, I called: "Can do."

I wrote the piece finally from the front porch of a dank bungalow in the Madhya Pradesh of India, where I was, incidentally, shooting tigers. We hit the deadline on the head, and I must say, tiger-shooting was a cinch after following Her Highness around.

TWO INCIDENTS

A couple of incidents didn't get into the Digest piece. One was when I saw her royal highness get sore, just like your old lady and mine, at Prince Philip. She said some words that could only be construed as unflattering, and kicked the limousine sharply with the royal boot. This tantrum arrived after the fact of Philip having been out on the town with some of the boys he knew when we were all working for the Royal Navy in Sydney during the last of World War Two.

It is not generally known that Her Majesty weights the hems of her skirts, to keep an errant breeze from trifling with the royal knees, because, to be frank, she is just a touch bowlegged. She was laying a wreath at the Constable in Mar-run Square, in Sydney, and she had to bend over, of course, to place the wreath.

An Aussie, standing behind

her, commented loudly, in fresh Australian chest tones:

"Cripes, Liz, I didn't know ye was bandy." Whereupon his wife hit him over the head with an umbrella and knocked him stiff a plant. Because Elizabeth is loved. The entire roads from Sydney to Palm Beach, a matter of some 30 miles, were lined with people on the off-chance she might pass. Every house was hung with bunting—so much so that Sir Frank Parker, the publisher of the Sydney Telegraph, enquired his son Clyde to get out of the newspaper business, corner the paper-dog concession, and just follow the Queen on her tours.

PACKER'S POCKET

Parker, who was recently knighted, also publishes The Woman's Weekly, a tremendously successful publication. The Queen had sat for a color photo for the cover, and expressed a desire to see it ahead of publication. Frank, an enormous burly man who wears his clothes much in the manner of the late Heywood Broun, showed up at his principal gaming party in the striped pants and a dove-grey topper. He had a copy of The Woman's Weekly stuck into a hip pocket, with his coat and tie hooked up over the bulky magazine.

"Here you are, Your Majesty," said Frank, hauling out an issue so fresh it got ink on the queen's gloves. "Special delivery service." I wonder if that one incident doesn't account in part for the fact that Parker recently became Sir Frank the other day.

CONSUMMATE BOREDOM

She is a magnificent woman, this girl who holds half a world together with her charm with harder work than any American housewife ever dreamed of. How she keeps from going nuts from the consummate boredom of inspecting this, reviewing that, interviewing together with her state receptions and attending the all and sundries, I can't say. But as I seem to remember, saying in the Digest piece, God save their gracious Queen, because she is certainly worth it to the world.

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influence with former colleagues.

However, Gen. Montgomery had a enough influence with the Air Force to have them take the job of the promotion with the Senate for his promotion as a reserve officer. When alert Sen. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine found that the confirmation would mean a tax bonanza for Montgomery, the Senate refused to confirm him.

Tipping The Scales

These are just two out of G. E.'s small army of retired officers hired to help with G. E.'s billion-dollar worth of defense contracts.

Note — 85 per cent of the defense contracts are let on a negotiated basis, without competitive bids. This means that a retired officer can and sometimes does tip the contract scales one way or other.