



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Horsecar Government Isn't Good Enough

ONE trial balloon launched by Mecklenburg's legislative delegation this week soared straight into the hearts of many a taxpayer. It was the suggestion that a county manager plan of administration would improve governmental efficiency.

The idea is worthy of earnest consideration. It reflects a slow growth of conviction in many minds.

Sooner or later, the county will have a trained chief executive. The change-over ought to be made as a part of the transition to city-county consolidation. But even if the county remains an entirely separate governmental division, a professional manager with broad administrative powers will be needed to direct the county's complex chores.

It should not come as a surprise to anyone that governmental machinery suited to horsecar days is no longer adequate. The metropolitan community's growth has been breathtaking since World War II. County government is suddenly big business. It ought to have a nonpartisan executive officer who supervises its operations according to policies laid down by County Commissioners, somewhat like a corporation president operates under a powerful board

of directors and a highly articulate group of stockholders.

Obviously, the county manager plan takes its inspiration from the success of the city manager system. Charlotte, for instance, would be lost without its Henry Vaneer, or a reasonable facsimile. But there is nothing new or revolutionary about hiring trained executives to handle similar duties in counties. The plan is already in use in a dozen or so states. Furthermore, the movement is gaining momentum in widely distributed parts of the country and offers fascinating possibilities. Some of the nation's bigger counties, such as Los Angeles, Cook and Westchester, have what amounts to quasi managers—that is, executives with rather full powers.

Forsyth and Guilford Counties are notable examples of the plan's success in North Carolina. Wake County is presently considering the same change. Mecklenburg's legislators ought to study the local need carefully. The problem of molding a workable plan of organizational efficiency and the bewildering complexity of county government is large. But it can't be pigeonholed for some future generation to tackle. Mecklenburg must plan for the future now.

Hold It—Let's Not Get Carried Away

IF the moon is right, even the best of intentions can get completely out of hand.

Case in point: Proposed legislation to "persuade" motorists suspected of driving under the influence of intoxicants to take a drunkometer test. Refusal would mean loss of license for a year.

In effect, this amounts to compulsion and would possibly amount to an unconstitutional means of securing evidence.

We are strongly in favor of scientific tests for intoxication and legislation to make results of these tests admissible evidence without expert testimony to evaluate them is obviously needed. This would merely necessitate the adoption of a scale of evidentiary values such as the one recommended by the American Medical Association and the National Society Council.

But physical compulsion directed to-

ward an accused person to give a blood sample, blow up a balloon, give a urine specimen, submit to a spinal tap, or whatever, is improper. As the Greensboro Daily News observed yesterday, "It sounds mighty like making an individual testify against himself or assuming guilt until the defendant proves his innocence."

To give further assurance of fair play, any new law on the subject should not allow the prosecution to comment upon the defendant's refusal to submit to a test. Nor should the measure be construed as limiting the introduction of any other competent evidence bearing upon the question of whether or not the defendant was actually under the influence of intoxicants.

The need for a law on scientific tests for intoxication is great. But it is not so great that fundamental safeguards need be abandoned.

Carpetbaggers' Lures Take A Toll

THIS state may have risen again in many fields, but in higher education North Carolina is still suffering pains of Reconstruction.

In fact, the carpetbagger rule of thumb still presses heavily on the Consolidated University. Many of the state's best educators are being stolen away.

The General Assembly's Joint Appropriations Committee has heard about it from W. D. Carmichael Jr., UNC president, who said, "Scarcely a week goes by that we aren't visited by a safari of carpetbaggers on a manhunt . . ."

What happens? The teaching career is skimmed off. In the past two years, Carmichael reported, 127 University teachers have succumbed to the sweet lures playing the golden tune. He added, "This afternoon there are 43 more who have in their pockets attractive offers from other institutions."

The reason for the raids and many transfers is that faculty pay rests deep in the money well. Another problem is that competition is getting fiercer all the time. The better minds are being lost in a steady flow.

Finance Officer Carmichael was part of an administration team which asked for an additional \$10 million for its biennial budget. Nearly \$4 million of this would be for faculty salary increases. The group told the committee it needs an additional \$7,297,740 for its

capital improvements ledger. The two sums approximate the \$17 million slashed from the Consolidated University requests by the Budget Advisory Commission.

The hard fact remains that a college education is not an esoteric thing. It is basic to the future of this state. A mediocre university system will surely produce an inferior product.

Without sufficient funds, North Carolina will continue in a role of a training ground for other universities. Educational progress faces a continuing stumble through its own ineptness.

These carpetbagger raids are bright evidence that there is an appreciation of the better teacher.

It is time the legislature realized, in cold cash, the value of the human mind.

Ducking The Issue

A CALIFORNIA skindiver has claimed a world record with a pool plunge of 13 minutes, 42.5 seconds.

He was able to remain submerged for 30 minutes prior to his dive.

If one has a home pool this could be a useful trick. Especially when your wife has the floor and you can't slip in a word edgewise.

Frank G. Jennings In The Saturday Review

THE MOST DANGEROUS PROFESSION

TEACHING is the most dangerous profession. It deals with our children, the most precious of our natural resources. It refines them into brave and wonderful adults or it grossly degrades them into dull, overaged adolescents. Its results color, mold, and determine the shape of our nation and the character of our people.

If our teachers lack luster, fewer of their charges will be as bright as they might have been. If our teachers are cowards, they will teach their cowardice. If teachers are not responsible citizens, they will not be responsible citizens. If teachers become the tools of any pressure group, rather than the prime artists of a creative society, then we will all shrink into a nation of domesticated, two-legged cattle.

If teachers do not earn and keep the status and the respect which their profession requires, their role will be captured by the practical, committed, dedicated members of the industrial and commercial communities, who can train people very well, but who cannot afford the expense of the humane adventure.

This teaching must forever live in creative danger, but teachers must hold onto the protective warnings of these

terrifying if, lest these warnings become irremovable realities.

It is our great good fortune that in most of the schools in this country many pupils are met by a person for whom the magic of real respect and true love can quickly develop. This is so whether that teacher faces a kindergarten of five-year-olds or a seminar of graduate students. . . .

The child learns many things quickly and permanently. Throughout childhood he is learning to be at home in this world, learning to read its signs and portents, learning its firm, unshifting names and the volatile, shifting symbols, learning to listen and to know and to understand, learning to act less on impulse and more with purpose. And of course it is true that he begins to learn all this at home. . . .

The true teacher joyfully accepts the call of strange tomorrow, finds security and immortality in the healthy, happy, and intelligent citizens he has helped to shape.

A thief in North Florida stole two mattresses from a hotel. But he hope to catch him napping.—FORT MYERS (FLA.) NEWS-PRESS.

Southerners Find Selves Out In Cold For '60 Lineup

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON

A NEW Dixiecrat move in Alabama is the first open sign of the frustration felt by the South as the maneuvering for the 1960 campaign picks up steam. The walls of a California convention are beginning to close in and, remarkably astute though they are, the southern politicians see few escape hatches.

The Democratic national chairman, Paul Butler, is an aggressive liberal who has beaten off every challenge from the party's old pros and southern conservatives. He is in full command of the organization of the convention.

No presidential candidate mentioned in political speculations in either party can afford a southern tie. Geography and their professed ideologies alike forbid it.

LAD GOES WEST

This extends to Senate Leader Johnson of Texas, whose flight to white supremacy for national identification and new friends is open and unashamed. His southern colleagues confess to more or less chagrin about him, but they are powerless. They could not help themselves in their pre-



Kefauver, Kennedy, Stevenson Key Names in South's Voting Next Year

ferred positions within the Congress. The admission to the Union of the two new civil rights states, Alaska and Hawaii, for which Johnson claims much

credit, is salt in the wound. Yet, when he pleads it was inevitable, he is right—and anyway it is an accomplished fact.

In 1958, the South made political history of a sort when it

suddenly erupted into support of Sen. John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts for vice president. That more traditional pattern of southern behavior are clearly asserting themselves does not mean that the attractive young Catholic has offended southerners. It says only that he is not now opposed by Sen. Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, the moderate they regard as a traitor to his region.

Sen. Kefauver will be running hard for reelection next year. He could very well find himself at Los Angeles with a bloc of delegates, perhaps one

with some substance, who would look to him for guidance. But he will not take that durable handshake into party primaries and he is not now regarded as even a hope of a deep-seat elbow.

COMMON HOPES

Supporters of Sens. Kennedy, Humphrey and Symington have today two convictions in common. One is that Sen. Johnson will help them all at this stage in the South because they will inflict genuinely disabling mayhem on each other.

The other is that the South might very easily end up in the camp of the unavowed candidate, Adlai Stevenson.

This would represent confidence in what Stevenson is, rather than anything he might do at this juncture. For he is conservative as a person and deeply committed to the rule of reason. He has also achieved an age and experience which rule out rashness of thought or conduct.

LEFT IN COLD

The Republican political news of the week here is that last Saturday, the Richard Nixons were strolling around the Georgetown antique shops. This looks casual, but the Nixon-Castro conversations between President Eisenhower and British Prime Minister Macmillan at the end of the London visit of State and Defense officials were present.

Why it did not occur to the President to include the vice president in these strategic conferences is anybody's guess. It does seem strange to the argument that no vice president has ever been so well trained to take over the government.

'The Fool! He's Cutting The Wrong End'



People's Platform

Arts Fund Called Solution

Washington

Editors, The News:

I HAVE long marvelled at Charlotte's remarkable cultural growth led by its many active and varied organizations from the symphony and opera companies to the church societies and art and nature museums.

I have also marvelled at the ability of these organizations to continue their activities in the face of constant commercial competition as well as competition among themselves for active and sustaining support.

The Charlotte Arts Fund supporting fund drive by among these many organizations under one united roof, seems to me an excellent solution to a growing problem confronting cultural organizations throughout the country.

Each of these groups is important and through a united fund drive their growth and future are assured.

We now have two men in Raleigh who have disappointed many

Mecklenburg voters . . . The legislature as a rule gives the little fellow just as little as it possibly can. The rule for city employees is to get even less. If a bill affects their future passes they won't count at all. . . .

I wish you all success in this important undertaking!—REP. CHARLES R. JONES

Plan To Ban Unions In Government Is Bad

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

WHEN you elect a politician to office you select a politician to be expected. As a rule, you lose out at the ballot box. In most cases, his platform of office is to put him in office. Just remember it.

We can start in Charlotte and Davidson County and teach Raleigh on our way to Washington.

Some say we're too many others, for the party. Either way we get licked badly many times.

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From One Reader, A Harsh Viewpoint

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

I WOULD like to nominate the Charlotte Chamber of Commerce and the Charlotte City Council collectively, as the biggest bunch of scoundrels south of the nation's capital.

—SYLVESTER STOVALL

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

PORT-AU-PRINCE, Haiti

WHILE the United States has been working justifiably a slow-down in Berlin, it has not been worrying about a movement which may eventually take over the vital approaches to the Panama Canal. These are just as important to us as the Mediterranean. As far as the British are concerned, the latter is gone.

Similar Problems

There are certain similarities between the basic problems faced by Gamal Abdel Nasser, who took over Egypt and then grabbed the Suez Canal, and Fidel Castro, who has taken Cuba and is already reaching out toward areas around the Panama Canal.

As in Egypt and the Arab states, there is extreme poverty among the Caribbean masses. Middle classes, the chief bulwark against communism, are lacking. The big American-British sugar planters,

now replaced in part by big Cuban and Dominican planters, have provided seasonal employment but have no middle classes.

Poverty And Charm

The country squarely in the path of Castro's ambition—Haiti, only 50 miles away—has suffered more from poverty, dictatorship, and revolution than any other in the Western Hemisphere. Beginning around 1945 when Haitian Negroes under Toussaint L'Ouverture rose to murder French sugar planters and kick out the forces of Napoleon, Haiti has oscillated between chaos and beauty, bloodshed and revolution.

Dense Population

Under its religion, a mixture of voodoo and the Catholic Church, Haiti has been blessed and have made it the most densely populated area in the new world. With density of population has come poverty.

Along the waterfront in Port-au-Prince I passed through one of the most squalid slums I have seen anywhere in the world—masses of Negroes squatting under mats propped on poles, packed together in fringing filthiness, ready to rise up and be led by any dynamic troublemaker who comes their way.

Coup By Ex-Cops

No wonder five white policemen from Miami, Fla., together with three Haitian ex-army officers, were able to overthrow the government and take over the army barracks last July 29 and almost took the presidential palace.

Political Lamb

Like many doctors, Dr. Duvalier knows people, does not know politics. For that

reason he has clung almost pathetically, to any American whom he thought could give him help. He has spent around a million of Haiti's precious dollars, in return to the biggest band of American lobbyists and public relations men ever to invade foreign soil.

Despite his political naïveté, President Duvalier seems to be doing a fairly good job. A University of Michigan graduate, he has a reputation for honesty, also a reputation for going in for voodooism. He is jet black and belongs to the Haitian elite which has sworn war on mulattoes.

Gamble By U. S.

This is the president of Haiti on whom the State Department has gambled a much needed \$8 million to relieve economic distress, plus 60 Marines to retrain and get politics out of the Haitian Army. It's a long shot, but probably worth the risk. For the moment Duvalier is the most stable force in the turbulent, picturesque, beautiful island of Haiti.

Both Races Rich

The Change In Kenya

By ROBERT C. RUARK

LIMURU, Kenya

YOU leave the thriving town of Nairobi and drive through fashionable suburbs and then you hit a bit of fantastic agricultural land, shaded by giant fig trees, its red earth oozing with fertility. Its green slopes graze gently down from banana-budded homesteads to unbelievably rich bottomland.

Terraces support the crops—dark green coffee trees, maize, yams, and sorghum. Herds of sheep and goats graze along the roads, occasionally running across the box of a Land Rover, a Mercedes truck or a Jaguar. Occasionally you see a bent, old woman, carrying straps cutting into her forehead as she lugs home with a load of firewood or papaya strips for house-baiting.

GOOD EARTH

Here a half-dozen miles outside Nairobi, heading obliquely south to the Masai land, is a strip of the Kikuyu reserve in which white men may live or farm. This is black man's country and the people who live on it are, in effect, rich as they know riches. Certainly it's land to make any farmer's mouth water.

Emerging from this strip of agriculture and homestead you come out to the Limuru area, which is white man's country. The same road is fringed by fig and wattle, and sturdy homes support farmsteads of bananas and tea and coffee. With the new rains lawns are emerald, riotous with flowers, clamorous with children and dogs. Here too the white people are rich, as they know riches.

SAME CUSTOMS

The black man's women wear skirts of copper wire and blue beads to show their wealth. They pierce their ears to support bangles. The white man's women wear clanking costume jewelry and diamonds to pierce their ears to support earrings. Most of the men, black and white, wear khaki shorts by day.

If you continue on, turning toward Kiambu and Fort Hall up toward Nyeri, Naro, Meru and Nanyuki you will see some plantations and pineapple plantations and then a great swath of land which also is Kikuyu land. Again you find the same Kikuyu individual terraces supporting their lush crops down to the sparkling streams where the women wash clothes and the trout make silver splashes in the sun.

All along these roads you will see signs marking experimental stations for agriculture and always terraces, until you hit the flatish grazing country past Nyeri.

MORE LAND

A man who once might have owned eight or 10 widely scattered bits of land and could only tend two now might have as much as five or 10 consolidated thriving acres. Something close to half a million Kikuyu have benefited from this recent consolidation of a quarter-million acres.

I mention these things only for one reason: nobody out here is all dead, whether he lives in a bungalow, a mud-and-dung茅屋, or a stone colonial house. In a way in these parts the whites and blacks are all winners and all in a measure dependent on each other.

—ROBERT C. RUARK