



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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North Carolina's Patience Is Exhausted

When sit-down strikes paralyzed U.S. industry during the Great Depression, Franklin D. Roosevelt summed up his impartial disgust with a line from Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." Said the President: "A plague on both your houses."

John L. Lewis was outraged by the remark—and said so in several thousand words of searing rhetoric—but the country generally agreed with FDR.

North Carolina's Gov. Luther H. Hodges similarly had the support from most Tar Heels this week when he criticized with equal ire the deception and irresponsibility of both management and union officials in the disastrous Henderson dispute.

Surely, no North Carolina chief executive has ever worked harder to bring peace to a strike-torn community. But he has been thwarted at every turn by both the mill owners and the labor leaders. As a result there has been new bloodshed and civil disorders despite the "settlement" negotiated last week.

Both sides must share the responsibility for prolonging Henderson's agony. Both sides deserved the governor's criticism.

Officials of the Textile Workers Union of America, by not taking proper steps to prevent violence, have done irreparable harm to the cause of organized labor in North Carolina. Strikers have run wild in Henderson, committing acts of lawlessness that are abhorrent to decent citizens everywhere.

The mill's management, on the other hand, actually invited further trouble when it left the governor, the mediators and the TWUA with a wholly false impression of the number of workers who would be returned to their jobs.

It has been a shoddy show from start to finish and North Carolina's patience has been thoroughly exhausted.

This ugly mess will be settled only when both sides begin to demonstrate a decent concern for the community they live in, for ethics and for moral standards of public behavior. How long is it going to take?

Why Bring Back The Bad Old Days?

History will turn somersaults and North Carolina will be redivided into 14 political baronies if the General Assembly passes a bill already endorsed this week by the House Roads Committee.

The measure, introduced by Rep. Walter Jones of Pitt, would simply junk the present seven-man "statewide" highway commission and replace it with a larger body made up of representatives of 14 geographical divisions.

What is being proposed is the same discredited system that was abandoned in 1957.

Thanks to spade work by Gov. Luther H. Hodges and an excellent study commission headed by Sen. Claude Currie of Durham, North Carolina now has a highway department of which it can be justly proud. It provides a more unified operation throughout the state and it builds roads according to overall needs rather than the private whims of some local political boss. It assumes adequate long-range development of a highway system to meet the growing needs of the motor age.

Under the old system of geographical

divisions, the local commissioner had more authority than was good for him—or the state. The result was that highway operations and practices often differed from division to division. Some commissioners used their peculiar power rather recklessly. The reform, when it came, was long overdue.

The state must not turn back the clock. North Carolina's highways ought to be built on the basis of needs and traffic, rather than on the basis of political favoritism and private pressure.

The Jones Bill should be defeated.

Confused Compass

We can sympathize with the Omaha mailman who visited Los Angeles and got tangled in the freeway system for seven hours.

It's something akin to the feeling we had when we first discovered the coliseum on North Independence Blvd. in the eastern quadrant of the city with the street headed south if you're leaving town.

As We Prepare For The Big Invasion

This is a great period of transition for article writers of The News. As this is written we have come to D-Day minus 10 or thereabouts.

The invasion, of course, will be the morning of the mass occupation at The Observer Building. Until such time, we have had scouts out and frogmen busy preparing for the assault.

Right now we are engaged in a strange bivalve sort of news writing operation. It's something akin to playing nine holes on the Municipal golf course and then rushing over to Eastwood to finish the match.

Trouble comes, to continue the allegory, when the players suddenly discover they've left the caddies and bags back at Municipal. When this occurs, the best thing to do is to get some equipment, which, in effect, has happened at times. It is not an easy thing to write in one building and have it appear in printed form five blocks away.

There has been some confusion, but it is to be noted that all concerned have carried on sturdily under brightening conditions.

In fact, for this above-duty service, we are thinking of a ceremony. It will be for the presentation of the American Royal Typewriter Ribbon with Home Final Five-Star Cluster. No mean award, that, as one can see.

But to illustrate the travail which has

fallen on those in authority, we dial to television program titles as a common denominator.

The following is what these titles have suggested to the remaining island-dwellers at The News Building:

"Wagon Train"—The speed which our swift motor-scooter couriers seem to use when delivering News copy.

"Restless Gun"—When one of our copy runners has to wait just as he's ready for scooter takeoff.

"Trackdown"—The day a scooter apparently decided to go by way of Belmont.

"What's My Line?"—Trying to find the right telephone to talk with the cross-town composing room.

"County Fair"—The perimeter area in which reporters run to escape all this madness.

"Union Pacific"—A settled state once these operations are merged in a single building.

Bargains Vanish

We know it's not the fault of the vending machine people. But we would like to comment that this country's economy is indeed in a sorry state when one penny can net but three and a half pence.

Pome In Which Is Disclosed A Magic Word In American Business:

When you say "Credit" Man, you've said it — Atlanta Journal.

A boy has become a man when a woman can make him believe anything she tells him.—Mattoon (Ill.) Journal-Gazette.

To all Prospective Bridegrooms: It will keep things in perspective if you just realize that the honeymoon is an interlude between the bridal toast and roast. — Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.

United we stand. But the thing I fear, is that war will come in an election year. — Lexington Leader.

New Treaty On Berlin Can Fortify West's Position

By WALTER LIPPMANN

WASHINGTON
Last week the German Embassy in Washington published an address delivered by the German ambassador in which he replied to a series of articles which I wrote recently

status quo would be a change for the worse.

In my view it is a dismal and defeatist attitude to insist that it is not possible to improve, that it is possible only to worsen, the present situation. Moreover, even if this were true, it is a counsel of

'He's Stepping Into A Tough Spot Here - He Looks Around At The Men On Base, Gets The Sign, And -'



Down With Diets

Stay As Fat As You Are

By ROBERT C. RUARK

I don't want to start making a chore out of grub consumption. Also, I know something else. By the time I finish a new

most, if not all, of the fad-diet experts are phonies with a view to commerciality.

He quotes a case psychiatrist with an interest in obesity as saying: "Most obese people will not stay in treatment. Of those who stay in treatment, the majority will not lose weight. And of those who do lose weight, most will regain it."

SIMPLE DIET

I offer the fact that while I was happily eating myself (starches and fats untold) to death in Africa, I was as thin as a Harper's Bazaar model, because I was jouncing a hundred miles a day in a jeep, and walking from five to 20 miles daily.

I think the diet business is



a whole covey of those lovely little spring potatoes. Also, I had a second helping of the desert, which was delicious.

THERE ARE REASONS

Psychologically speaking, the reason I am as fat as a hog is (1) I have been eating like a happy man, which is what I am, resulting from having spent the past three months in Africa consorting with honest savages and honest hyenas, and (2) I have been eating everything in sight except medicine. I dislike people, basically, even at graduation.

You would think that now I am home again, with a lot of hard and rather unpleasant work ahead, that I would start cutting down on the calories in the interest of becoming beautiful for the summer season which lurks behind the nearest lilac bush. I have news: I do not want to be beautiful. Also,

book and keep the columns going and attend to the other chores which beset people who were not born rich. I will be lean as a rake handle, because what cuts the grease off you (except in rare glacial cases) is how much caloric energy you burn up, which means simply how much work you do. As a man who paces when he thinks, I can shear off more pounds than a marathon runner, just trying to figure out what Jack does about June in Chapter 14.

Anybody who has not read a magnificent piece, called "The Wonderful, Phony, Crash Diet Craze," by a hardheaded and very perceptive gentleman named Ernest Havemann, which appeared in a January copy of Life magazine is being a bore of heaven in the weight-reduction sphere. Mr. Havemann, one of the nation's more adept reporters, punches more holes in the yobster-black strap molasses-starvation arguments than I ever saw in print. It is, I believe, the only truthful piece on dieting I ever read.

IT'S NO USE

Havemann's simple theme is that food makes people fat, and that some people need more rest than they get. The point is that most people who start diets seldom finish them or are so disgusted that they immediately begin to overeat once the starvation phase is finished. He also claims that

more or less akin to the periodic going-on-the-wagon craze which obsesses a great number of people. The periodic abstainers get some sort of masochistic kick out of denying themselves the habitual snarl, and when they come off the wagon, they roar off with a bang that they have to go back on the desert run.

So you see how hopeless the whole thing is. If you will pardon me, I must go and walk around the block now, because we are having apple pie with clotted cream for dinner tonight, and I still have a guilt complex about that hollandaise sauce we had for lunch.

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despair. For it is sheer fantasy to suppose that the present situation can be maintained as it is for the indefinite future.

STRANGE ARGUMENT

Dr. Greve, who besides being ambassador, is a principal legal adviser to his government, goes so far as to declare that "every new treaty arrangement on Berlin can only worsen the situation."

"Every" is a big word. Why does he use it? Because, he says, "if you negotiate a new treaty basis with the Soviets for Western presence in and Western access to Berlin, you concede, first of all, that it is within the power of the Soviet Union to grant such rights to the West." This is a strange argument. Why does a new statute or treaty about Berlin have to make any such preposterous concession to the Soviet Union? Why cannot the new statute or treaty recognize and reaffirm the right of the West to be present in Berlin? To argue that "every new treaty arrangement" can only surrender our rights in Berlin to the Soviets is not a legal or political proposition. It is a political nervousness engendered by profound self-distrust.

DIPLOMATIC BLUNDER

It is, moreover, a diplomatic blunder. For it ignores the fact of the great change in the Soviet position between November of last year and March of this year. In the Soviet note of Nov. 27, 1958, the U. S. S. R. asserted that the Four Power Occupation Agreement of 1944 and 1945 had become "null and void." On March 19, just a few weeks back, Mr. Khrushchev declared that the Western governments "have lawful rights for the deployment of troops as occupiers." Surely, it would be a mistake not to propose that this be put in writing.

It would not do us anything but good to have our lawful rights clarified and reaffirmed. For there is considerable confusion about them. The State Department layers have been talking about our being in Berlin by "right of conquest." But according to Dr. Greve himself the right of conquest does not exist. It has been overruled by the common declaration of the victorious allies that they did not intend the annexation of Germany (declaration regarding the defeat of Germany, June 5, 1945). Considering all this, there is good reason, it seems to me, for taking advantage of Mr. Khrushchev's admission to tidy up our legal position.

PAST MISTAKES

But that is by no means the only or the most important reason for negotiating a new statute. A very substantial reason is that it would clarify the position of the West in Germany. It would be a chance to correct our past mistakes, to make precise the exceedingly loose and vague statements which we, the allies, and also the West German civilians deal with West Berlin. In my view, the Western powers will be very unwise



Clean-Up Man

indeed if they do not consolidate the legal position in West Berlin before the Soviet government makes a peace treaty with the East German state. A clarification of the right of access to West Berlin, based on the recognition of our lawful right to be in Berlin, would be an improvement, not a worsening, of the status quo. What we must not forget is that although the nerves of the West Berliners are good, they are not super-humanly good, and they must not be counted upon for an indefinite future in which there is no hope of getting out of the strategic trap in which they have to live, for a future in which their daily life depends on imprecise and fragile agreements.

UNITED NATIONS

In my view, if the Western nations mean to defend the freedom of West Berlin, they must obtain more visible, to a constitution which rests not only on the military power of the West but also upon the assent of the major powers of the whole system of nations.

It is for this reason that I think we should take the new statute of Berlin to the General Assembly of the United Nations. There are many, I know, who do not like the United Nations, and believe that it has become an institution which works against the interests of the West. But there are, I believe, special reasons for taking the Berlin statute after the fact of the new agreement on it to the U. N.

REAFFIRMATION

One of the reasons is, of course, to make the enforcement and observance of the statute more visible to the world in general. The strongest reason is that it provides an opportunity to reaffirm the position that Germany will be reunited with Berlin as its capital.

Practically and morally, such a reaffirmation is, I believe, needed. The world in general, and the Germans in particular, will not be satisfied with a declaration about German unity which is made by the Allies alone. For it is well known that the Western allies have adjusted themselves very comfortably to the partition of Germany, and that their hearts are not in the reunification.

People's Platform

Perimeter Residents Are Treated Unfairly

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

In the Feb. 24 issue of The News, it appeared that a half-hearted gesture was made on behalf of the voting rights of perimeter residents in the upcoming city elections. Evidently, they (the delegation) caused, but not so that important issue. They could not pass a law to permit perimeter citizens to vote in the city elections, but they had no trouble passing a law to let city residents vote on a county issue—the perimeter.

There's something peculiar there. Apparently, the laws they want to pass are introduced, thrown in the hopper and ground to the specifications desired. They crammed the city down the perimeter's throat: the city got the edge to control the entire perimeter area; they issue and collect from county residents for perimeter residents; the original perimeter boundary was established, they extended the law to allow perimeter residents to vote if they desired where the taxable property was fat. The

original perimeter meant nothing less than getting a law set up that could be amended at will to suit the needs and desires of the city.

I am somewhat biased on the perimeter issue. Also I am one of many who will be taken in by my taxes alone will increase several hundred dollars in this money. I will get garbage pickup. I pay \$15 a year for this service at the present. I feel that the majority of the perimeter area is not being taken in, but also taken.

This, along with our inability to vote on county issues, upcoming bond issues etc., that we will have to contend with and help pay for, seems unjust, and is absolutely taxation without representation or consideration.

The city must grow. But give the people something for their tax money. They call democracy. I think they're using the Russian dictionary. I feel that the city has no right to take money from the perimeter. He paid for it, pays taxes on it, and he should have some say in what to do with it.

—CHARLES E. HORNE

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON

Northern congressmen for a long time have griped at the way southern committee chairmen have used highbrow methods in blocking important legislation. Now the shoe is on the other foot. Last week, a northern congressman, William Dawson of Illinois, the senior Negro in Congress, went off to Chicago after either sending or authorizing a mysterious telegram aimed at influencing a grand jury in Alabama.

This grand jury was entrusted with digging into an important highway scandal. It did not seek advice from Washington, though it had sought the testimony of a congressional investigator sent to Alabama on behalf of the Government Operations Committee. He had brought back a report which bore out serious charges made against Gov. John Patterson's administration by

State Representative Charles Trimmer in the Alabama Legislature.

But without waiting to read the report, though after consulting Congressman Frank Boykin, Alabama's leading race-baiter, Chairman Dawson either sent or authorized Boykin to send a telegram to the grand jury stating: "There is not a scintilla of evidence in the land case. We washed our hands of this case on the floor of the House yesterday."

Democratic 'Weakness'

The telegram not only was untrue, but was couched in terms deliberately calculated to influence the jury. The fact that this deceptive and misleading telegram was sent in the name of a responsible chairman of a House committee illustrates one of the great weaknesses of the "democratic" system in Congress today.

The telegram was sent from Congress to Mobile at 3:30 p.m. on Thursday, April 16, and it reached Congressman John Blatnik of Minnesota, chairman of the subcommittee on Public Roads, on Friday, April 17, from Alabama State Rep. Trimmer.

Blatnik, who was in charge of the investigation, didn't know a thing about the telegram. He knew all about the case and should have been consulted. But chairman Dawson didn't bother to consult him.

When Blatnik learned of the telegram, he tried to reach Chairman Dawson but Dawson had gone to Chicago. Meanwhile, the grand jury, meeting in Mobile to find for or against one of Gov. Patterson's henchmen in a seri-

ous highway scandal, had received a telegram from the chairman of a responsible committee of Congress saying there "was not a scintilla of evidence." Yet the jurors knew that from Washington had found no evidence. Who were they to believe—Chairman Dawson or the evidence?

Miscarriage. Sanctioned

In this situation, not one member of Congress was asked to order the head of about 1200 men to inform the jury that the telegram did not represent the committee's real findings. The system of committee secrecy is such that the august Congress of the United States was willing to see a miscarriage of justice rather than overrule an absentee chairman.

From The New York Times

APRIL AS IT IS

Taken on its own terms, April is a welcome period of transition from March to May, a time of hope and promise. But, despite a persistent myth, April is seldom sweet and gentle, devoted to bee and blossom, especially here in the Northeast. How that myth began is anybody's guess, but its origins probably lie in England. Chaucer spoke of "April with his showery sweet." Stevenson wrote of "April come to bloom," and Browning yearned, "Oh, to be in England, now that April's there."

The fact is that our April is not England's April, never was and probably never will be. Of our own poets, Robert Frost came closest to the truth when he said that April could be "one month on in the middle of May" or "two months back in the middle of March." Frost has known many Aprils and has few delusions about the seasons. Even Stephen Vincent Benet, speaking in urban terms, called it "grimy April."

True enough, April can be lovely, spangled with bloom and the newest of young leaves. It can be, and usually is, melodious with the voice of song sparrow and robin, red-wing and oriole. And the call of the spring peeper adds a very voice of April. But April can also be cold, raw wind and, on occasion, snow. The

cruellest aspect of April's tantrums, however, lies in the way they sometimes forest our hopes and expectations. We want to believe that myth of gentle April. We want May in April. We are tired of winter's cold leftovers. Given a taste of spring in April, we want a full meal of it. And that's the gist of this whole matter of April.

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