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UN-HORATIO ALGER

BACK IN 1904 a Baltimore drygoods merchant, Charles Alger Hiss, whose own father had been a great admirer of Horatio Alger, passed on his middle name to his new son, one of five children. It proved to be an appropriate name.

Alger Hiss went through the city schools and then to Johns Hopkins, where he was a campus hero and an outstanding scholar and student activity leader. Later he went to Harvard Law School, graduating with high honors and earning a year's experience as secretary to Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes.

After practicing law in New York, he went to work for the AAA in Washington, moved to a job as assistant to Senator Gerald P. Nye in the munitions inquiry, and finally became a special attorney in the Department of Justice.

His star continued to rise—1936, assistant to the Assistant Secretary of State, assistant to the director of the Office of Far Eastern Affairs, director of the Office of Special Political Affairs; 1944, executive secretary of the Dumbarton Oaks Conference; 1945, adviser to President Roosevelt at Yalta and secretary general of the San Francisco United Nations conference; 1946, adviser to the U. S. United Nations delegation; 1947, president of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

On Saturday, the meteoric career reversed its direction. A jury of twelve Americans agreed that Alger Hiss had committed perjury in 1948 when he told a Federal grand jury that he had not given Whittaker Chambers State Department documents for transmission to Russia ten years earlier.

Hiss will, of course, appeal the verdict. And not until a final ruling is handed down by the Supreme Court can the American people know beyond all doubt that the strange relationship between Alger Hiss and Whittaker Chambers was as described by the latter.

It was not a crime to have pro-Russian sympathies in 1938. Many high officials of the U. S. Government had such sympathies. But it was a crime to pass out secret State Department documents to a known Communist. Chambers. Though the statute of limitations barred trial of Hiss on charges of espionage and treason, the conviction for perjury stamps him at best as a misguided young man and at worst as a deliberate, calculating agent of a foreign philosophy.

While awaiting the outcome of the appeal, the U. S. Department of Justice might profitably accept Chambers' offer to help with proceedings against the other men he accused: Lee Pressman, John Abt, Nathan Witt, Charles Kramer, Henry Collins, and Abraham George Silver.

There are many missing pieces in this jigsaw puzzle of prewar conspiracy and espionage in Washington. The American people would like to have the full picture, no matter what familiar countenances appear thereon.

CHALLENGE TO THE DRYS

GOVERNOR SCOTT phrased the issue aptly last week when he told the Allied Church League that "it is very wrong for temperance leaders and their followers to demand prohibition without at the same time making plans to help enforce the prohibition laws they so much desire."

"It is not enough to vote a county or a state bone dry and then forget our responsibilities as to temperance and prohibition. Yet, if we will be frank with ourselves, that is exactly what has happened in entirely too many instances," he added.

Undoubtedly, most of the active Dry leaders in North Carolina are perfectly sincere. They neither partake of the Demon nor do they condone its use by others, and they would be most happy if every ounce of beverage alcohol should evaporate from within our borders.

The one thing which keeps them from working actively in behalf of a bone dry statute with severe penalties, and an elaborate and costly State agency to enforce it, is the knowledge that they have not yet made drinking socially and morally unacceptable among countless thousands of our people. Until they can do so, a Prohibition law will be defied.

Thus they fall back on the questionable fiction of legal Prohibition without enforcement, and they shut their eyes to the flagrant violations on all sides. The net result is to take the liquor traffic away from State control—which, Governor Scott points out, is working better than ever before—and turn it over to the assorted denizens of the bootleg underworld.

The Governor still thinks the people of North Carolina have a right to express themselves on the Prohibition issue, and will presumably ask the General Assembly again in 1961 for a State referendum. He added, however, that despite failure of a statewide vote, "local option elections have been held in a number of counties and municipalities, and thus the people are speaking their minds on this important issue on the local level."

That, we submit, is the most democratic process of all.

CLASSIC THEATER IN 'THE STICKS'

LONG prevalent among theatrical producers is the theory that "The sticks won't go for classic theater." The "sticks," of course, is any locality with less than a million citizens.

Charlotte proved otherwise Saturday night when 2,700 persons turned up at the Armory-Auditorium for the Margaret Webster production of *The Taming of the Shrew.*

Of course, the colleges in the area—Queens, Davidson, Winthrop and Johnson C. Smith—swelled the attendance record, but a report that almost 900 persons stood in line to buy tickets at the door indicates that the city is not totally oblivious to the works of William Shakespeare.

Deserving of special commendation for the success of the production are Harry L. Golden of the Shakespeare Society of Charlotte and Miss Pauline Owen, president of the English Teachers Association of Mecklenburg. They worked tirelessly to inform the area of the impending appearance of the famed Webster troupe. The fact that the production was a financial success, despite the handicap of the notorious seating facilities and acoustics of the Armory, testifies to the sponsoring groups' efforts.

In the past, several good road-shows have expressed a desire to present good theater here and have been deterred by local authorities who assured them that the city would not "buy it." There were a sufficient number of $2 tickets sold to the general public Saturday night to indicate that the city will "buy" good theater if it is given the opportunity—and if the production is adequately promoted.

THE GROWING DIVORCE PROBLEM

THERE are more than 6,000,000 divorced women now living in the United States; that means that about one-sixth of the nation's adult female population has been divorced.

What does it mean? The first of a five-part series in *The Saturday Evening Post* reveals that it almost always means unhappiness.

But does it mean more unhappiness than if the unhappily-wed couples had remained together?

There—in the unhappiness of divorced persons, in the unhappiness of married persons who consider divorce—is the core of a question that has religious, economic and social overtones:

When is divorce the right thing?

Some hold divorce is never justified; others declare divorce the answer to marital difficulties only when there are no children; others feel that the only grounds needed for divorce should be the mutual desire of husband and wife, providing children are cared for.

It is, of course, a part of a larger problem, a problem being examined by sociologists, among them Dr. Reuben Hill, research professor in family life in the University of North Carolina's Social Sciences Department.

That problem is the decreasing importance of "family" in twentieth century life. It is a particularly knotty problem because there is no conceivable way in which a family may be held together if that family does not wish to remain a unit. One of the more tragic aspects of the entire situation is its "chain reaction" effect. A "broken home" produces "broken homes." This result can be seen among the children of the divorcees of the late 'teen and 'twenties, a period in which divorce became fashionable and "modern" among the rich and famous and spread throughout the middle class. More than a few of the divorcees of the late 'forties report in The Post survey that their parents were divorced.

"Broken homes" also must take the blame for another major social problem: juvenile delinquency.

But what can be done about divorce, the catalytic agent in so many social problems? It cannot be "outlawed," of course; such a step would probably produce even more disastrous social results than does the legal dissolution of the marriage bonds. (And, sometimes, there are compelling reasons for divorce.)

There are three obvious answers, perhaps more:

(1) Young couples contemplating matrimony should remember the old adage, "Look before you leap." All too many rush into marriage without thought of the obligations and responsibilities they assume with their vows.

(2) Young people should take a closer look at divorce, at its after-effects. This might deter some young married persons from turning impulsively to divorce when discord first arises, and

(3) More studies, such as *The Post's* survey, of the social chaos created by heedless and unnecessary divorces.

'Careful You Don't Go Over Any Bumps With This'

Senator's Blast At Wallace Shows Ignorance Of Facts

By JOSEPH & STEWART ALSOP

WASHINGTON

THE CURRENT ruckus about past events in China is a fine illustration of the old saw, "Oh what a tangled tale we weave, when once we practice to deceive."

Those who prepared the State Dept. white paper on China were too fearful of Congress to tell the China story with forthright frankness. Some, like the writers, have therefore tried to fill the gap in history by bringing out the suppressed facts. But the State Dept. has also been left open to all sorts of nonsensical and irrelevant charges.

A good example of this process is the recent, thunderous claim by the learned Sen. Homer Ferguson of Michigan, that all our China policy from 1944 onward was based on a secret, pro-Communist memorandum from Vice President Henry A. Wallace.

In the first place, a brief inspection of the Wallace memorandum shows that it does not substantiate Ferguson's charge. What the former Vice President was talking about, in his woolly way, was simply the need for thorough modernization and reconstruction of the Chinese National government. This was advocated as indispensable, by every sensible supporter of aid to Chiang Kai-Shek.

In the second place, Sen. Ferguson does not appear to know about the other recommendation sent to President Roosevelt from China by the itinerant Wallace. This was a recommendation that the President recall Gen. Joseph W. Stilwell from his China command, and replace Stilwell with Gen. Albert C. Wedemeyer. In short Wallace wanted Roosevelt to get rid of Generalissimo Chiang's bitterest enemy, in favor of the man who later became Chiang's friend.

This recommendation of Wallace's was of course not acted upon, any more than his memorandum was.

It clearly proves, however, that Wallace had not become the captive of the Communists in 1944. It also shows that Sen. Ferguson has been talking through his hat.

The same strictures apply to the attempt, now going on in Congress and on the radio, to prove that there was some sort of pro-Communist plot in the State Dept. There was no such plot. There were simply two competing and opposed views of China policy, both of them supported by very strong arguments.

One view was that of John Davies Jr., in wartime the chief political advisor of Gen. Stilwell, and now a member of the State Dept. planning staff. Mainly because of the envenomed relations between Stilwell and Chiang Kai-Shek, Davies early became convinced that the Chinese National government could never be reformed and strengthened.

It was always plain that Generalissimo Chiang's regime could not permanently survive without reform and improvement. If you started with Davies' assumption, therefore, it was also plain that the future in China belonged to the dynamic Chinese Communists. The Chinese Communists then wholly controlled their apparatus and their armies. They had been treated with contempt by the Kremlin. Davies astutely foresaw the possibility, Tito-like, when no Russian expert believed it possible.

The real history of the loss of China can be briefly summed up. Gen. Stilwell grossly mismanaged affairs there. One way to overcome the effects of this mismanagement was to adopt the Davies policy. But when Gen. Stilwell was dismissed, the Davies policy ceased to be feasible. This left only the alternative policy, which was always the safer policy in the opinion of the writers. This was to attempt, in China, on an ever larger scale, the same sort of operation we have now successfully completed in Greece.

Unfortunately, this alternative policy was also rejected. There were many reasons for its rejection, ranging from the anti-Chiang prejudices still surviving in the State Department, all the way to the effects on Gen. George C. Marshall of his friend Stilwell's China experiences. To Gen Marshall in fact belongs the ultimate responsibility for our failing between two stools in China. That we did so was tragic but not sinister, mistaken but not mysterious.

Musical Courses Can Mean More Than Latin Or Algebra

By HENRY C. MCFADYEN

ALBEMARLE

I WAS a grown man before I learned that I could sing tenor. Not solos or long haired stuff; just the tenor part to the hymns in our church hymnal. It has been one of the deepest satisfactions of my life, a source of enjoyment every Sunday. I did not pick up this skill by myself as more gifted musicians are able to do. It was taught to me by a teacher and I find that I learned it twenty years ago if there had been a teacher to show me how. It makes one plumb mad to think that somebody spent four years cramming Latin and solid geometry into my head when it could have been wasting to sing tenor.

Boys and girls the country over are getting a better deal in this respect than I did. A couple of years ago, I heard Deems Taylor on the radio commenting on this very thing. In his youth, he said, about the only musical organizations in schools were occasional mandolin clubs which were more social than musical anyway. Now there is hardly a school of any size anywhere that does not have a chorus and a band that it can be proud of. Most larger schools will also have orchestral groups. It is my belief that you can go to any school of 400 students anywhere from Arizona to Maine and find 50 kids who can be made into a choir that can sing like angels. And it is being done.

Musical training starts in the very first grade with the little songs that the beginners come home and sing to beaming parents. It continues after that through the grades, and children in the fifth grade can read notes and sing parts—the very thing that I could not do until I was grown. Many schools go in for rhythm bands and orchestras in which children play simple instruments like tonettes. You ought to hear one of these outfits. They are as cute as the mischief, and they make music.

I hope that people no longer think of music as a frill in education. A snappy band marching at the half before thousands of people is spectacular and exciting. A beautifully rehed chorus massed on the stage under colored lights is dramatic. Communities are not likely to give up these things easily. But there is more to the present musical program than these spectacular performances. There is teaching value for the child that is worth all that Latin I was subjected to. Yes, even in the disciplining of the mind.

There is no finer example of teamwork than singing four-part harmony. I can't think of any thing more worthwhile than have a part in producing something beautiful. It can character be better developed than by working hard for two months to get ready for a public concert in which everybody must do his very best?

Something else has happened too. In the high schools music is no longer considered sissy. On the back row of every chorus you will see a row or two of big husky boys with their hair crew-cut and the scars of gridiron combat on their faces. They are the fellows supplying that virile base you hear underneath the sweet voices of the girls up-front. And don't the girls look pretty? A school could do a lot worse than give its girls a chance to look lovely now and then.

Another thing. Choruses and bands have a way of absorbing boys and girls who don't seem to get along too well in other classes. In the chorus they are not misfits. They are just normal kids doing their part in the big job. Their experience in the musical organization usually helps them make a better adjustment everywhere else. Algebra and history don't seem to do much for these kids. But blowing a trombone or singing alto usually does.

Retort From England

Mr. Heafner's Shot Called

(When Charlotte's Clayton Heafner returned last Fall from his English visit with the U. S. Ryder Cup team he was the subject of a column by Furman Bisher, in the course of which he referred good-humoredly to the British penchant for lengthy oration. "Wherever the Yankee pros were supped they were ear-banged to within an inch of their lives. Each dinner came equipped with a lineup of speakers fit to confound even a gathering of Community Chest leaders," the column read. The British sports publication, "Golfing", herewith has its say in retort to Mr. Heafner's observations, and in kind, good-naturedly. —Editors, The News.)

* * *

Democracy has been described as the greatest common factor of the greatest common envy. Few people would contradict the assertion. It is a traditional attribute of our national makeup. Equally envied is our freedom of speech and wholesome respect of the right to criticize. The last named "freedom" has much to say in its favor provided it is not allowed to deteriorate into a one-way traffic of unbridled abuse. There are two sides to every question and dispute. The strength of Parliament can be gauged not only as a clearing-ground of public opinion through chosen delegates, but as a classic example of the elasticity of give-and-take in reasoned debate.

To concede the right to criticize presupposes the corresponding right to answer. That being so we feel impelled to take up Mr. Clayton Heafner's recent state of criticism. In so doing we do not want in any way to ruffle the harmonious surface of relationship that exists between this country and the United States of America on golfing matters. Seldom has a sporting link been so strong. For that reason it can stand a certain amount of facetious chaff. Mr. Heafner maintains that during his brief stay in this country he was kept from his bed until the early hours of the morning by interminable dinners; that his hearing was almost affected by the rapping summons of endless speakers. All that was bad enough, but the final straw was the fact that never once did he listen to a brilliant speech. According to our guest they were all long-handicap spouters.

This raises immediately a question that many golfers have longed to ventilate in public. Golfing dinners are famed in many ways. Sentiments have been expressed that in other circles might not be voiced. Several speakers are noted as brilliant after-dinner raconteurs. It is a joy to listen to them. But alongside must be lined a large group of men who like to hear themselves talk and are alone in their preference. When such an individual holds an office which makes such verbal release possible, the pleasure of a club or official dinner is appreciably lessened.

Our American visitors were spared this ordeal. Those who spoke may not have been scintillatingly brilliant, but from those we heard, plus reliable report, none flopped to the point of dullness. Mr. Heafner's objection to Scotsmen Governably be based on other grounds. It may be that he doubted the sincerity of the speakers.

It raises the problem whether an after-dinner speaker can be really sincere. The answer is probably that however much he strives to be sincere, he ends by being a charlatan. If one speaks for long enough one ends by being insincere.

Now a representative dinner includes people of many tastes. The function of an after-dinner speaker is not to annoy. He is expected to avoid those rough edges, those sharp corners, which might offend those who listen. Thus from the outset he is obliged to avoid subjects of controversy, in fact, all subjects which might conflict too strongly with the majority opinion. Inevitably this censoring robs one of one's edges, the toughness and more unpleasant sides of one's individuality remain unexpressed.

The after-dinner speaker has consciously to eliminate the sides of himself which cause resentment to many people. He hides what to him are his virtues and convictions, but what to others are unpleasant and harsh. Consequently what we hear is an amiable exposition. If Mr. Heafner seemed insincerely, he has our sympathy. The next time he comes we will endeavor to give him verbal fireworks. It is just possible that it might be too strong for him. Those who dislike being praised frequently find that criticism is equally unwelcome.

There is an alternative. We recall that during the entire stay of the American Ryder Cup team, we were denied the pleasure of hearing how Mr. Heafner speaks. He merely sat and listened. To have kept his feelings bottled up until he could catch the friendly ear of an American newspaperman must have been bad for him. It might even have upset his game. Inward repression makes a fine alibi. That must not happen again. If Mr. Heafner is ever invited by his fellow-countrymen to repay us a visit, those who arrange the dinner programme must see that we are regaled every time by a fresh quota of "Heafnerisms". The verdict will be pronounced when this burly, silent gentleman has returned home.

Quote, Unquote

Since the janitor for the new bureaucratic office building, which is said to be larger than all the other skyscrapers in Jackson combined will receive a salary of $300 a month, Representatives Gordon Bowen of Ittawamba and Hilton Waits of Washington say they are contemplating resigning from the Legislature and rolling the fellow for his job.—Eupora (Miss.) Webster Progress.

We find it difficult to get sorry for any North Carolinian by reason of his shortened cotton allotment. If he plants something he or his livestock can eat, he'll soon be thanking the shorteners. —Greensboro Daily News.

Living in a land of milk and honey is all right for those who've never sopped Georgia cane syrup with a clabber biscuit. —Pelham (Ga.) Journal.

Often a distinguished educator is just a school teacher away from home.—Elizabethtown (N.C.) News.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Officials Tried To Stop Crime Check

WASHINGTON

ONE year ago two Justice Dept. lawyers, Max Goldschien and Drew O'Keefe, began studying a stack of crime reports from far-flung gambling networks.

Actually, the Federal government cannot investigate gambling. It has the power to investigate narcotics, white slavery, immigration violations and income taxes, but although the public doesn't realize it, these are closely meshed with the great gambling syndicates, until the organized underworld of the nation is now integrated and divided in about the same way that a railroad changes crews and engines at division points.

Two powerful officials have tried to block this investigation. One was inside the U. S. Treasury in Washington, the other high up in the state of California.

Probe Gets Results

DESPITE this, however, the probe began to bear real fruit when, last week, seven members of a California narcotics gang were indicted.

Leader of the gang is Joe Sica, and his arrest illustrates how closely organized crime is integrated from coast to coast.

Sica is a New Jersey boy and a part of the original Costello gang, having trained with Willie Moretti, the gambling king of New Jersey. Moretti had been Frankie Costello's No. 1 man in that area.

General Vaughan, the President's military aide, has admitted under oath that one of Costello's partners, Bill Helis, the golden Greek, contributed through him, Vaughan, to Truman campaigns; while John Maragon has admitted under oath that he worked for another Costello partner, Phil Kastel.

Coming to California, with that state's wartime growing pains, Joe Sica became Mickey Cohen's bodyguard, then gradually climbed the ladder of crime until he is now Southern California's No. 1 hoodlum. Like Mickey, he runs a haberdashery shop on Sunset Boulevard (under the sovereignty of good-natured Sheriff Gene Biscaluz, rather than the tougher Los Angeles police) and also operates a health club as a blind for a bookie joint and a narcotics center.

And, as the gangster star of Mickey Cohen waned, Joe Sica, the boy from New Jersey, became more potent and has more or less taken Mickey's place.

Being ambitious, Joe was not satisfied with the sovereignty of Los Angeles alone. Up the rich central valley of California are some of the wealthiest farmlands in the world, and an old stamping ground for Sica. Once he served as bodyguard for Joe Cannon, the gambling king of Fresno, while one of his narcotics runners, Alex Berry, was pilot of Cannon's private airplane.

So Joe Sica became narcotics king of the central valley. Pine Lake Lodge, just outside Fresno, for a time became headquarters for the mob, with eleven teletype machines coming in over the racing world. (Pine Lake Lodge is now purged of the mob and under completely new management.)

Official Naivete

DIAGONALLY across from the police station in downtown Fresno, was Joe Cannon's swank gambling joint, the Plantation Club. Not many of Fresno's overwhelmingly law-abiding citizens connected Cannon with any outside mob, and ex-Police Chief Ray T. Wallace, when asked why he didn't close the Plantation Club, naively replied that he couldn't get his undercover agents inside it—even though an ex-policeman was the elevator operator, and even though newsmen had no difficulty gaining access.

Furthermore, not many of Fresno's largely law-abiding citizens realized that the 32 houses of prostitution in the city paid an average of $175 per girl per month to the police with about $5,000 to the powers that be in order even to get started. To take over an old lease on a house of ill fame cost as much as $35,000; so it was cheaper to start a new house for $5,000. Meanwhile, cheaper gambling establishments paid at the rate of about $150 a month for police protection.

One gambling house, the Club Alabam, was even owned by Lieut. S. A. Meek of the Fresno police force.

Police Chief's Holdings

THIS police chief responsible for keeping order in Fresno at a time when was blue-eyed, heavy-set, likable Ray T. Wallace, who received a salary from the city of $450 a month.

Not many people in Fresno probably took the trouble to investigate Chief Wallace's property holdings, though such investigation can be accomplished merely by looking up the county tax assessor's records. This columnist did look up the records and was surprised to find that the police chief or his wife owned some sixteen ranches or parcels of land totaling 1,742 acres.

This does not include three lots in the city of Fresno, two ranches owned by his wife, a restaurant on Q St., and the "OK Rubber Welders", a tire-recapping establishment that is owned in partnership with Wallace's son.

These were some of the facts confronting courageous Gordon Dunn, the young District Attorney, when he found himself elected mayor of Fresno last April. These facts also may have been one reason why he promptly fired Police Chief Wallace and Lieut. Meek, owner of the Club Alabam, and rebuffed the proposals of his campaign manager, Robert Franklin, to open up the city.

Crackdowns Approved

MAYOR DUNN also clamped down on a long string of tawdry hotels and houses in Fresno's red-light district.

In addition he cracked down on every gambling club in Fresno. A few citizens, who consider gambling and houses of prostitution proper ways of keeping migrant workers' money in town, have complained. But the vast majority highly approve.

Probably Mayor Dunn didn't dream, at the time, how ramified was the network of California's underworld. Nor did he realize that he was acting in advance of one of the biggest narcotic arrests in recent history. But three months later, an Armenian named Abe Davidian, speeding up the central valley in the dead of night, was caught with one kilo of heroin, enough to last the Fresno underworld for months. He was driving so fast that part of the heroin blew into the back seat of his car and had to be collected with a vacuum cleaner.

That midnight drive later brought the arrest of mobster Joe Sica and fifteen others, showing how closely the world of narcotics, prostitution and gambling is knit together.

Still to be shown, however, is the identity of the big boys who give the protection near the top.