# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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## REFLECTIONS ON THE ELECTION

As of this morning, it appeared that a run-off contest between Willis Smith and Frank P. Graham would be necessary. Dr. Graham's lead over Mr. Smith continued to grow as reports trickled in from remote precincts, but it was almost certain that he could not obtain a clear majority.

Mr. Smith's choice is a hard one. In one sense, it is not entirely his choice. Almost 250,000 North Carolinians expressed their confidence in him. Among those were hundreds who labored mightily and contributed generously to the Smith campaign. He must feel a strong obligation to all of these.

Yet a realistic appraisal of his chances in a run-off will not give Mr. Smith cause for great optimism. And he must be realistic about it. He will have to look at these factors:

1. The combined Reynolds-Boyd vote is just over 60,000. Not all of these voters will vote again, now that their favorites have been eliminated. Mr. Smith might expect to get most of the Reynolds-Boyd vote actually cast in a second primary, but he will not get all of them.

2. The total vote in a run-off election will be much smaller. It will be held in the vacation season, when many Tar Heels will be away from home. Furthermore, the voting incentive furnished by county and legislative races on Saturday will not be a factor, except where there are local run-offs. Senator Graham's supporters, it seems to us, will be more likely to stick together and to show up at the polls than will Mr. Smith's, the biggest reason being the almost evangelistic enthusiasm many Tar Heels show for Dr. Graham as an individual.

3. There is a possibility—and we venture this thought hesitantly since smear tactics were not the exclusive property of Smith adherents—that the racial and Communism issues will react adversely in another month. We detected some reaction in the final ten days of the first primary battle. It may become stronger.

Mr. Smith will have to consider those factors and others. He does not lack for political astuteness, and he has some very keen advisers. And it would be presumptuous for us to suggest that he enter a run-off, or that he withdraw.

That having been said, we would note several other interesting things about the voting Saturday.

The 600,000-plus total surprised most observers. About the highest total predicted before Saturday was 525,000. Everyone, we take it, is pleased that so many Tar Heels did take time off to cast their ballots. A state can't go very far wrong as long as its citizens are interested enough in men and issues to fulfill their voting duty.

Graham's strength in eastern North Carolina, and Smith's strength in sections of the industrial Piedmont, especially Mecklenburg, were surprises. Graham swept right into Smith's home territory, capturing such counties as Hertford, Bertie, Martin, Washington, Hyde, Dare, Edgecombe, Nash and Wilson, all in northeastern North Carolina. Smith took McDowell, Rutherford, Polk, Cleveland, Gaston, Caldwell, Alexander, Iredell, Catawba, Mecklenburg, Cabarrus and Union, all in the Piedmont or the foothills. Smith even grabbed off three mountain counties—Graham, Swain and Madison—which had been counted in the Graham camp.

Graham's strength in the rural areas may be partially due to Governor Scott's active participation. It may be, on the other hand, that North Carolina rural sections are just naturally more liberal than the industrial areas. In that respect, Saturday's voting followed generally the pattern in last year's road bond election.

If there is to be a second primary, we would venture once again the sincere hope that both candidates get their supporters in hand and make them stick to the issues. There are many issues, the chief one being the basic argument between Liberalism and Conservatism. This debate can be waged on the basis of the many specific Fair Deal measures either before the Congress or promised by Mr. Truman. It has not been waged on that basis so far.

## THE CITY'S PARKING PROBLEM

EDDIE DILLARD is by no means a Liberal. Head of the Old Dominion Box Co. and active civic leader, Mr. Dillard's economic philosophy would put him somewhere to the right of the late Calvin Coolidge, especially where government encroachment on private enterprise is concerned.

Yet listen to Mr. Dillard:

"Gentlemen, the time has come when somebody has got to do something. If we are going to preserve downtown property values and serve the public need."

Mr. Dillard wasn't advocating public off-street parking facilities. He was merely stating a truth that will become obvious to anyone who has taken time to study the parking problem. That truth, baldly stated, is: Something's got to be done about parking.

Private parking lot operators are using such space as is available. But there is no permanence to these lots. When it becomes more profitable to convert the land to building sites, the parking spaces are wiped out. On top of that, the new structures increase the demand for parking space. Furthermore, some of the rates in the private lots are pretty stiff for the average motorist.

Uptown merchants haven't shown the alertness and aggressiveness that other merchants in other cities have shown. In many a U. S. city, merchants have banded together in co-operative parking garages where a customer can park free. All the customer has to do is show the attendant a sales receipt for a purchase in one of the member stores. If he makes no such purchase, he has to pay a regular parking fee. The plan has worked almost everywhere it has been tried. It hasn't been tried in Charlotte.

Mr. Dillard's committee looked long and hard at the problem. Its recommendations make sense:

1. A permanent commission of voluntary members to function as a parking board.

2. The committee would select areas of parking need, study available sites, and make recommendations to the Council.

3. Private enterprise would be given first crack at the job. In lieu of any action by private companies, the City would acquire lots and lease them to private operators.

Business decentralization is already under way in Charlotte. The best single yardstick is the movement of branch banks to outlying districts. Banks don't move out until fringe business areas are already developed.

Decentralization is a costly process. On the one hand, it causes a drop in uptown property values and a corresponding decrease in local government revenue. On the other hand, it vastly complicates and makes more expensive the job of providing such essential public services as fire and police protection, water and sewage facilities, and the like.

Furthermore, the growth of outlying commercial districts also complicates terribly the problem of traffic control.

Finding a solution to the parking problem is no visionary, idealistic undertaking. It is a hard, cold business proposition. We are in the Motor Vehicle Age, and we might as well get used to it.

From The Christian Science Monitor

## SOCIALIZED MEDICINE'S ILLS

THE increase in reported sickness during Great Britain's first full year of socialized medicine has its significance for the United States. Much of the British program is embraced in the proposal of government medical care insurance which the Truman Administration is promoting. This part of British experience with the system will hardly recommend it to Americans.

Sickness among adult Britons rose 8 per cent and workdays lost through illness 32 per cent, according to a government-sponsored survey. The increase occurred for the most part among women. The workdays lost by young women climbed 32 per cent and by elderly women 41 per cent, while the workdays lost by men went up 8 to 9 per cent. Officials credit the growth of reported illness mainly to economic reasons—people now getting medical service who previously could not afford it.

But there are additional reasons. In the experience of European countries with compulsory sickness insurance it has long been observed that when workers are taxed for medical care they often claim it unnecessarily. That is the only way that many figure they can get something back for their money. The situation encourages a flood of patients with minor illnesses for which they would not ordinarily seek medical attention. Some doctors are consequently overworked to the point of hasty, careless diagnosis and treatment.

It is also a standard part of the government insurance system to give weekly cash payments to claimants. The chance to stay at home and live for a while with the aid of State funds frequently militates against a speedy return to work. In many instances the cash benefits delay recovery.

The more workdays lost through illness, the smaller the production and the lower the general standard of living.

These and other disadvantages of a national system of government insurance for medical care are getting no publicity from the Truman Administration. British experience, however, is bringing out some of the missing facts.

## Don't Let It Get Rusty

## Change Comes But Slowly

# Viva The Almanac!

By BOB SAIN
Charlotte News Staff Writer

WHEN "The Farmers' Almanac" discovered this year that it was founded in 1818 rather than in 1825, as supposed for 96 years, farmers from Kennebunkport to the San Jose Valley were taken aback.

Seeing "Volume 132" on the top of the paper-backed rural Bible instead of the expected "Volume 125" must have disrupted many a placid farm schedule, for almanacs have attained quite a reputation among the tillers of the soil. Any change in format or content would be vigorously attacked by the constant readers.

City folk might remember a visit to a country relative and the inexpensively-printed year-book hanging, with a string through the convenient hole in its upper left-hand corner, from a nail beneath the feed firm's calendar in the kitchen.

Comes a stormy night and off the book comes the almanac. Toasting before the blazing hearth with the last light of the home lamp illuminating the pages, the farmer has a high old time with his printed companion.

Of course each paragraph is read time and time again, for many of the farmers who hold that "it's better to know what you're going to read before you get started on it."

The almanac does change, however. Modernism is creeping in. This year's "Farmers' Almanac" for the year of Our Lord 1950, being the second after bissextile, or leap year, and until the Fourth of July the 174th Year of the Independence of the United States, Calculated by Hart Wright Co., Successors to David Young, Philom," even has a reference to Li'l Abner.

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EDITOR of the "Farmers' Almanac" and a visitor in Charlotte recently is Ray Geiger. A guest of L. Morris McEwen, president of the Independence Mutual Life Insurance Co. which distributes the almanac (free) here, Geiger is kept busy by the almanac fans.

This year, he says, he has been called upon to find out the best way to tan goat skin, determine whether there is a Persian herb good for removing freas from dogs, plan a date for crabbing on Long Island and write a special weather report for a wedding.

But, by and large, the almanac sticks to its traditional function — informing and entertaining the farmer. For city folks, much of its information would seem entertaining and much of its entertainment informative.

For instance, with astounding confidence the almanac offers — side by side — "Eight Rules for Prevention of Forest Fires" and "Twelve Rules for Happiness", the preamble of which is rather wordy, doubtless, to the fact that it is easier to prevent fires than to attain happiness.

Then there is the familiar curly-haired gentleman, sometimes seen who stands alert among the bull and bowman, the prancing goat, and the gamboling lamb, the affectionate twins of Gement, and Aquarius, the hard-working waterman.

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IF you like you can get a free character analysis from the almanac. Though the editors insist they have no truck with the dark art of astrology, you can get the inside dope in the folksy pages of the almanac. Supposing you were born between Jan. 20 and Feb. 19. You are "restless, indolent, fond of aquatic sports, pleasing and agreeable, usually calm, quiet and seldom ill-tempered. Greatest fault is procrastination."

No procrastinators are the editors of the almanac. They launch right into the months and inform us, here in May, that there will be a rainy spell — all over the nation, mind you — between the 20th and 23rd of October, 1950.

It was not always thus. Early almanacker Samuel Hart Wright, smote by integrity, wrote in 1836: "Concerning the weather, it is just to state to the public that they know as much about the weather for the coming year as we do . . ."

But not every early editor hewed so closely to the line of truth. No less a person than Benjamin Franklin, writing an almanac under the name of Richard Saunders, predicted the death of his nearest almanac rival, one Titan Leeds. The competing almanacker was a gone 'un, according to Poor Richard. "He dies," wrote Franklin, "by my calculation, made at his request, on October 17, 1733 in the third hour, 29 minutes in the afternoon . . ."

Leeds lived. He lived to write more almanacs; "I have by the Mercy of God," wrote he, "lived to pass a diary for the year 1734. This much from your annual friend Titan Leeds."

Franklin, notwithstanding, insisted until his own demise that Leeds had, indeed, died on the stated date.

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THERE is not, perhaps regrettably, any of that old bitterness and vinegar left in the almanac business. The little handbooks now concentrate on spreading sweetness and light with such maxims as:

"Courtesy is contagious. Let's start an epidemic."

"Today's trying times are tomorrow's 'good old days.'"

There is also such handy information as this found under "Nails Required in Carpenter Work"—"To case and hang a door, one pound."

And for rural swains who would woo the girl down the road, the passionate but anonymous recitation: "I love you not only for what you are, but for what I am when I am with you. I love you for the part of me you bring out . . ." Etc.

"First Aid for Snakebite" contains much ado about cutting through the fang marks and "gentle, even movement", but—perhaps in deference to tenderfeet—no mention of the famous aid: the nip.

And if the fellow over the river gets fed up about property rights, there are a few simplified rules of business law sandwiched between "Churches Days, Holidays, Etc. for 1950" and "Postal Information".

Of course, there is always something applicable to your own life-situation. This writer, and doubtless other uptown breakfasters, found this—listed hopefully under "Smiles"—apropos:

"He stopped at a small hot-dog stand and ordered coffee. Just to be polite, he said, 'Looks like rain, doesn't it?'

"'Well,' snarled the testy proprietor, 'it tastes like coffee, doesn't it?'"

Viva almanac!

## 'Disillusioned Commissars' Lead Struggle Against Reds

By MARQUIS CHILDS

WASHINGTON

THE EX-COMMUNIST has become a prominent feature of the political landscape. He writes, lectures, appears on radio and television, making his confessions a public and often profitable spectacle.

By the very fact of confession ex-Communists give themselves authority which has been accepted to an extraordinary degree. The careful and conservative newspaper, The Washington Star, noted in a recent editorial the astonishment many people feel at the unhesitating acceptance of the word of those who have decided to renounce the conspiracy of Communism. The same editorial suggested that it would be the shrewdest possible move on the part of Moscow to order an American Communist to confess and thereby gain credence and acclaim in order to spread doubt and distrust in every reach of American life.

In "The God That Failed," published recently, six prominent authors told why they had turned against Russian Communism after serving the Moscow line. Perhaps the most interesting of these confessions is that of Louis Fischer, who says he was not actually a member of the party but a faithful follower over a long period that included residence in Russia.

Fischer writes of "dissatisfied, disillusioned commissar types" who are drawn toward "new and apparently more heroic forms of regimentation, toward new and apparently less brutal absolutes, or toward a more successful totalitarianism." Theirs, he says, is a shift of loyalty but not a change of heart and mind.

It goes without saying that the very act of becoming a Communist is outside the normal range of experience for an American. With some the motive may have been a misplaced and muddled idealism. With others the motive was undoubtedly a power drive linked to all sorts of complicated emotions.

Here one quickly gets into the clinical area, yes, the psychological phase of the Communist mess. It has produced confusion, doubt and distrust which have greatly weakened America's unity of purpose at a time when the values of Western civilization are challenged as never before.

Unquestionably some ex-Communists have contributed to our knowledge of the Communist conspiracy and how it seeks to penetrate every phase of life. In this they have performed a service.

But when they go on to assert, as some do, that only ex-Communists are capable of directing the fight against Communism, then we see what Fischer means by the "disillusioned commissar types" who have merely transferred their drive for power to another field. Some of these ex-Communists are reported to have great influence among strategists and planners in the Pentagon. What they want is a kind of Jehad, or Holy War, to wipe out the evil that corrupted them.

They thus are contributing to the conviction of an inevitable war—indeed, a highly desirable war that will rid the world of the devil of Communism. With them are former officials, ex-ambassadors and ex-this and that. Some of the latter were once naively pro-Russian. Stung by the Communist nettle, they reacted in anger and outraged frustration.

The ideological and factional warfare of Communism and its heresies has contributed to the atmosphere of sensationalism, of public denunciation, the televised committee hearing, the flaring headlines. This is alien to the traditions on which the American free society is based.

The root of that tradition is respect for the individual. For the Communist the individual is merely a unit in a statistical table. Communism can plan the calculated destruction of a whole class as was done in the starvation policy in Russia in the early thirties; a policy intended to speed collectivization of the farms.

Similarly the ex-Communist can talk about sacrificing a generation in the war to exterminate Communism. The fundamental corruption — that the end justifies whatever means must be used — remains. And it is long past time that we recognize this threat in all its manifestations for just what it is — a threat to the very existence of our free way of life.

## Yes, I Kicked A Pigeon, And I'm Glad, Glad, Glad

By ROBERT C. RUARK

NEW YORK

SINCE YOUR BOY here is generally a cheery sprite, full of good-will and benevolence, it is only fair to report that I recently kicked a pigeon in the tail feathers on Fifth Ave. A more surprised little bum you never saw in all your born days.

In fairness to the pigeon, he drew no knife on me, and neither attempted to pick my pocket nor bite me on the ankle. He just looked at me surly, stuck out his chest and attempted to muscle me off the sidewalk. I have been getting this treatment from pigeons for years, especially New York pigeons, who are the most insufferable pigeons I know. Even worse than Washington pigeons.

The pigeon in New York is overcome with his own importance. They hang around the parks and the statues and the churches and strut and coo, and mooch all day long. They are perhaps the noisiest bird alive, in a subtle way. A whooping Sioux is made a bit of fun when the mood to holler comes on him, but a pigeon gives it to you steady, like a sly propagandist.

He sits up on the cornice on your eaves, not his eaves, you pay the rent, he scarifies the ledge — and he talks to you in the silly tones of a confidence man with a sheaf of bum stock. Cooooo. Cooooopo. Cooooo.

BIG SHOT

Look at me the bird says. Lookit this big chest of mine. Look at this she-pigeon I just happened to have with me. Lookit how I puff out my throat. Lookit what a great guy she thinks I am. Lookie how I can strut. Watch me fly a little bit. Whoops! Don't you wish you could do that, you earthbound bum?

I'm getting hungry, now, the bird says. Everybody else gotta work to eat and pay taxes to eat. Not me, Buster, I will just take a little spin down to the Park, and locate some jerk with a bag of succulent peanuts and take some nutriment. Cooo. Coooo. Coooo. Don't you wish I were you?

Here is a bird who doesn't even know how to make a proper nest; who is the untidiest critter I know; whose offsprings are most repulsive looking mouthfuls in the juvenile stage; whose morals are miniscule, and whose arrogance is supreme. They panhandle for a living, and they contribute to my put the arm on you for a crumb or so.

In that respect they resemble the diplomats of the United States and other nations; they whine and coo and wheedle until the crew is full — full of your food — and then they give you a haughty look and whoop off to critisize your neckties behind your back. Or else they nudge you off the footpath and strut and down cadge attention to how wonderful they are. On your charity.

THEY ALL SAY GIMME

A pigeon does not even care whom he hits up for his daily bread. He will go as eagerly as he approaches a tycoon, Bernard Baruch sits in the park and gets no more respect from the army of pigeons and assorted vermin who surround him than a practicing bum in the Bowery. All the birds say is gimme. I don't care whether you stole it or worked for it, gimme, Coooo.

They have become so brave in this town that they clutter the streets and sidewalks, and if you find you a dirty look if you drive a car on a street your taxes buy; they swagger and perform their toilet functions in such a way as is nearly on their neck, and then they scuttle a bare inch away, again and again. Like so much, But they know they are safe. Nobody ever kicked a pigeon.

Well, neighbors, times have changed around this town. At least one pigeon has been kicked a pigeon, and an expression of distrust has suddenly inflamed one pigeon's little red eyes. And I'm not through what-soever to offer, I just think it's time somebody kicked a pigeon, and nominated myself for the chore.

## Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

# Life's Complexities Have Accelerated

WASHINGTON

THIS column is to be buried at Wichita, Kans., to be dug up and read 50 years later.

The idea of such a column was evolved by Dick Long, editor of The Wichita Eagle who is burying a mid-century time cylinder at the Wichita airport. When he first asked me to write a column to be read 50 years later, I thought it was sort of a crackpot idea. But the more I thought about it, the more I figured this might be a chance to get some things off my chest I've been thinking for sometime. So here goes.

To those who read this in the year 2000:

This is written in 1950, when the world seems very complex, very harassed and very uncertain. I don't know how much more complex it will be by the time you read this. But approximately 100 years ago, when my grandfather traveled to Kansas in a prairie schooner, life was much simpler. He pitched a tent at night almost anyplace he wished. There were no fences to bother him, no no-trespassing signs. No speed laws, no filling stations, no satellite towns. And when he got to Kansas he was able to settle almost any place.

In the hundred years that have passed since then, we have accelerated in complexities of life tremendously. And in the 50 years since my mother used to take me to Kansas as a boy, life has become even more complex and faster. I vividly recall always seeing Indians in the Union Station when we changed trains at Kansas City, and that my cousin, who owned one of the first automobiles in Ottawa, Kans., didn't have to worry about getting a license tag nor about parking problems.

Today, in contrast, you can hardly get your car against the curb in downtown Ottawa, while the airports even have to worry about parking or "stacking" airplanes overhead.

### Mechanics Of Man's Destruction

DURING the past ten years the complications of life have accelerated faster than during the preceding hundred. Especially in the past ten years we have accelerated the mechanics of human destruction.

In fact, I would say this was the most distinctive feature of our current decade, and that we are now at a turning point where man must learn to live with himself or else bring about his own destruction.

For we have now evolved not only an atomic bomb which can burn whole cities in a matter of minutes, but a hydrogen bomb which could smash the entire planet to pieces.

We have developed gases which make raving maniacs out of men, developing their lust to kill. We have devised germs which can be scattered over an enemy country in thousands of tubes, spreading disease among cattle, rust among wheat, and virus among humans.

We have invented rockets which, when fired into the air, shoot not in a straight line, but change their course with uncanny accuracy to catch up with a speeding airplane. And we have developed bombs which can devastate cities almost across continents.

All this we have developed quite recently for we are now convulsed with fear.

### The Age Of Fear

I SHOULD say that as you in the year 2000 look back on the year 1950, you will probably describe it as the Age of fear. And you will probably also say that fear is a bad master.

It was in 1900 that we really woke up from our sublime indigence. Most of us alive today recall how the Socialist killed Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations because they believed we could remain isolated. We recall how at the London naval conference of 1930 the isolationists would not even let Henry L. Stimson sign an agreement to "consult" before a war broke.

Or as late as 1946, our delegates writing the United Nations charter at San Francisco insisted on the right of "veto."

But time has moved so swiftly, the weapons of war have developed so gruesomely that, in the five short years between 1945 and 1950, most of us regret that last remaining vestige of isolationism—the veto.

Yes, this is the age of fear—and fear is a bad master. It is an age when we spend our time looking under the bed for spies instead of looking ahead; when politicians fulminate about past mistakes instead of striving to prevent future mistakes.

This is an age when we concentrate on things military until there is real worry we may go bankrupt, though the state of the world is fear, and fear is psychological—for which military might can bring no permanent cure.

### Removing Fear

IF WE could remove fear from the minds of men, our problems would be over. If we could especially remove the fear that has gripped the rulers of the Kremlin and their subject people—fear against us which their Moscow masters want them to have—then our own fear would also vanish. So also would vanish our need for back-breaking armaments.

But what our leaders do not realize today, but which I hope you have learned long before 2000, is that if we spent one-tenth the ingenuity we put into developing weapons of destruction on developing weapons of peace, we could behind the Iron Curtain, our fears might then be over.

As you in 2000 look back on us, you will decide that this is basically a "thought" war. One side has been partially successful in spreading "thoughts". Our side hasn't. Yes, this is a "thought" war first, though it may become a germ and atom war later. And it will probably never become a hot war, for the leaders who control the armies of the future won't get close enough. Yet we are still spending our tax money on these old-fashioned weapons.

I hope by the time you read this you will be able to say: "How foolish those people were back in 1950." I hope that by 2000 you long ago will have dispelled the age of fear. I hope you will have found a way to carry out what we in our hearts know is the truth—that men must learn to live with each other, live together, work together.

I hope you not only have profited from our mistakes but also have had the ingenuity to carry that principle beyond the Iron Curtain.

If man is to drive away that mad master, fear, and if he is to attain the peace he hungers for, then somehow he must persuade the world to return to the great commandment of neighbor-love to thyself."

I hope that, by the time you read this, mankind will have learned that lesson.