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GOSSIP, RUMORS DESTROYED RONIE SHEFFIELD

WHEN Miss Ronie Sheffield was fired as director of Woman's Prison at Raleigh, Reporter Chester Davis of the *Winston-Salem Journal-Sentinel* thought some of the key facts were missing. He determined to find out why Miss Sheffield was fired, and spent weeks at the task.

In Sunday's *Journal-Sentinel*, Reporter Davis gave his findings: Ronie Sheffield's career was broken by a deliberate campaign of vicious gossip and slanderous rumors, spread by "the old prison crowd" and accepted at face value, without full investigation, by Highway Commission Chairman A. H. (Sandy) Graham.

Davis found that Miss Sheffield had an outstanding personal and professional reputation when she became director of Woman's Prison in November, 1950, and that in two and a half years she made "remarkable" progress toward better prison standards and physical facilities.

The rumor campaign was launched about the time the Umstead Administration took office, with most of the reports being traced to "men and women who (1) either had been discharged from the prison system and who felt bitter, or (2) who had clashed with Miss Sheffield over matters of hospital administration and for that reason were bitter."

Davis also concluded that the rumor campaign was "a deliberate attempt to destroy Ronie Sheffield's personal and professional reputation," and that Highway Chairman Graham accepted the validity of the reports without at any time telling Miss Sheffield the nature of the accusations against her, or giving her any opportunity to defend herself.

Furthermore, Chairman Graham himself appears to have "aggravated matters" by letting it be known later that his information was "reliable" and that it couldn't be discussed "publicly"—the net effect of which was to spread the grass fire of rumor and suspicion to the general public.

The gravest sort of injustice has been done to Miss Sheffield for which there is no adequate remedy short of outright repudiation of Chairman Graham's actions by Gov. William Umstead.

The very least that Governor Umstead and Mr. Graham should do is to make sure that it doesn't happen again. Prisoners in the state penal system were convicted in open court by legal evidence after being told the charges against them and provided with counsel. Surely officials and employees of the prisons systems deserve as much consideration.

FROM THE RHINE, A BOOST FOR FEDERATION

THE amazing results of the German election are better realized when viewed in the light of the nation's past.

Germans never seemed to cotton to democracy. They preferred authoritarian rulers, who twice led the nation to defeat.

During the post-World War II years West Germany has been the key target of the Communists in Europe. Hundreds of thousands of refugees poured into the nation to add to its troubles. Yet, despite their historic disregard for democracy, despite the machinations of the Communists, West Germans voted the extremists of right and left out of parliament and gave pro-Western Chancellor Adenauer and his Christian Democratic Party a smashing vote of confidence.

Adenauer's chief democratic opponents, the Social Democrats, received about 29 per cent of the vote, as they did in 1949. The Adenauer forces retained their main strength from the voters who stayed home in 1949. The percentage turn-out was 86.2 Sunday, as compared with 78.5 four years ago.

As a result of the increased Christian Democratic majority, Adenauer will probably drop from his coalition the right-wing German party. The vote of confidence he received may embolden him to move toward closer ties with the West and press for early ratification of the European Army plan. It could be that the victory for Adenauer, stanch advocate of European unity, may be the extra push needed by the sagging united Europe movement. Let us hope so.

On the other hand, German resurgence may further rouse the fears of France and the Low Countries, who have good reason to fear German hegemony in Western Europe. At this time a revival of German militarism and aggressive desires seems remote. However, if the Soviet empire should collapse without war, it would not be difficult to foresee a revival of Germany's old "drive to the East" policy, followed by a search for more territory elsewhere.

Renewed American assurance that it is not about to pull out of Europe, but will be around to offset any possible German attempts to gobble up smaller neighbors, will reassure the nationals of less powerful European countries. That assurance ought to be forthcoming. And in the Sunday Adenauer victory in Germany presents a good opportunity for the U. S. to renew its lagging enthusiasm for the Atlantic community. That community remains the bulwark of the free world, the practical starting point for a truly effective international organization.

A POLICY QUESTION FOR CONGRESS

YOU MIGHT not suspect it at first glance, but when the *Raleigh News & Observer* refers to a "rapid tax write-off" and the *Richmond News Leader* calls it an "accelerated tax amortization", they're talking about the same thing.

It came up in the argument over a certificate granted the Virginia Electric Power Co. to write-off 65 per cent of the cost of the Roanoke Rapids dam in five years. The granting of the certificate was denounced by the American Public Power Association as "flagrant" and "shocking" on the grounds that Vepco had argued that the dam was needed to fill the normal, peacetime needs of its customers and that, hence, the project could not qualify as a defense project.

The *News & Observer* and the *News Leader* have been at odds for years over the Roanoke Rapids project and, indeed, over the whole question of public power. The former thought that the Interior Department should build the Roanoke Rapids project, the latter that Vepco should get the nod. Thus it follows that the Raleigh paper agreed with the Public Power Association that the tax write-off is "another giveway", whereas the Richmond paper defended the grant.

Without getting into the technicalities of Vepco's case, and they are highly involved, it appears to us that this particular grant raises a broader policy question that ought to be re-examined by the next session of Congress.

On April 20, the Joint Committee on Defense Production reported that owners of plant facilities worth $15.6 billion had benefited from the tax write-off program since the beginning of the Korean War. Of that amount, the electric industry had received five-year amortization grants on nearly $4 billion in new facilities.

The program was designed to encourage the rapid broadening of the over-all U. S. production base in order to improve the nation's mobilization potential. It has apparently had the desired results. However, when the law can be applied to a project like Roanoke Rapids, which had been planned long before the outbreak of the Korean War and was delayed by court action, it is time to take another sharp look at the policy to see whether it has outlived its usefulness.

From The Christian Science Monitor

WHEELS OF THE PAST

AN old-time steam engine is being drawn for antique autos, many a thresher engine is being dug out of an old barn, repaired and refurbished to wheeze away to an Old Thresher reunion.

Events of this sort, according to the *Farm Journal*, have been held this year at Kinzers, Pennsylvania, and Hoisington, Kansas, and will be held at Pontiac, Illinois; Mount Pleasant, Iowa; Colton, Washington; Frederick, Wisconsin, and Montgomery, Minnesota.

But for all the nostalgia, few would trade a gasoline-driven harvesting and threshing combine for the privilege of firing a boiler and getting more wheat straw down the back of the neck.

Another of life's little mysteries: Why is it that about the time a pair of shoes get to wearing real good, and feel so good on your feet, they look so rough and shabby that you have to go and buy a new pair?—*Early County (Ga.) News.*

Time was when the most effective control for juvenile delinquency was a hoe and a patch of weeds.—*Laurel (Miss.) Leader-Call.*

Oh How The Girlies Go For Us Virile, Bald-Headed Guys

By ROBERT C. RUARK

ROME

ONCE IN A while you wake up feeling real mean and sad and wish you were back in the Navy or something, and then a small thing happens to make your day. Mine's made. Just read a thing out of London to the effect that bald men are more virile than hairy-headed boys.

Medical examiner, backed up by research, says that if two men have the same hereditarial tendencies to go bald, the more virile man as revealed by biochemical tests is practically certain to go bald; the man whose glands are less active has a better chance of keeping his thatch.

Somehow, with the deep intuition for which balding men are also noted (Ruark's Law of Diminishing Returns), I had always suspected this to be the case. I had noticed that as the years wore on and the hairline eroded, the women of all shapes, sizes and ages were beginning to side up to me at cocktail parties, leering, and making veiled hints about hayrides and moonlight strolls.

I checked around among some friends, such as Bing Crosby and his keeper, Bill Morrow; Jimmy Durante and Charles Boyer, and, of course, Xavier Cugat and Brian Aherne, and got the same answer from all of them: There is something about bald-headed men that brings out the tiger in a woman.

This can be nothing but radiation of overactive hormones, sending out radar signals to all the dames in the vicinity. In my own case, I have recently noticed a strange humming sound, which can only come from furiously agitated hormones, and an increased electrical impulse that has caused me to attach a length of cable to my rattlin' bone, so as to ground some of the energy that is bubbling inside my chromosomes.

When I had hair, I recall, the girls used to say something like "Push off, Buster, and make way for the menfolks." Now they pinch me on streetcars and ask me to tea. It has got to be this bald business.

If you come right down to it, a bald-headed man is a lot handsomer than a bloke with a skull full of greasy grass. The nobility of his head is unimpaired by a hedge. You can see every little convolution of his skull, and you can check the size of his brainpan.

A bald man has no dandruff. He does not need to coat his head with grease, to keep the wild grasses from waving in the wind. He passes a wash cloth over it and he is neat and clean for the day, whereas the hairy-headed one is always primping with a comb and fussing about his pompadour.

In recent years I have noted a Hollywood trend among the less soul-stirring actors to let their hair grow down their necks and over their eyes, in the mistaken idea that this made them sexy. They couldn't have been more wrong, because while they were cultivating sheepdog hairdos, Roberto Rossellini ran off with Bergman, and Rossellini's as bald as an egg.

LEO GOT LORAINE

And the greatest triple-threater of them all today, Sexy Rexy Harrison, is clean-mowed right back to his neck, without impairing his reputation or his attractiveness. Leo Durocher, with nothing on his skull with Laraine Day. And all due to being bald.

Well, well. I send a note of high congratulation to the scientists who unearthed this happy discovery, and further note to the illustrious Dr. Kinsey. In your next compilation, Doc, start away from the baldies entirely. What they're apt to tell you may upset the whole statistical value of your first volume.

Dulles Speech On Indo-China Should Help Deter Aggression

By JOSEPH & STEWART ALSOP

WASHINGTON

THESE certainly are peculiar times, when a conditional commitment to help an Asian ally blows into a quite imaginable major war causes hardly a ripple of interest.

In his speech before the American Legion, Secretary of State John Foster Dulles made just such a commitment. He flatly declared that this country would go to war with Communist China, if the Chinese Communists intervened in the Korean another time in the current fighting in Indo-China.

"Big wars," said Dulles, "usually come about by mistake, not by design . . . And that is probable that the Korean war would not have occurred if the aggressor had known what the United States would do. . . . There is the risk that as in Korea, Red China might send its own army into Indo-China. The Chinese Communist regime should realize that such a second aggression would not go unchallenged, but out grave consequences which might not be confined to Indo-China. I say this soberly in the interest of peace and in the hope of preventing another aggressor miscalculation."

Maybe so little attention was paid to this remarkable pronouncement because of the conventional diplomatic language. What Dulles said must have been very clearly understood in Peking and Moscow. It was officially explained to Paris as meaning that the Eisenhower Administration meant to fight Communist China under the conditions named by Dulles. But Dulles' words were the plain words of American politics, and so almost nobody in this country paid serious attention to them, greatly, it must be added, to the surprise of Dulles who had expected his statement to provoke a storm of comment and controversy.

This Dulles statement, which was so much more significant than his much-discussed press conference, was only made, of course, after the most careful preparatory work. The policy announced by Dulles had been talked out in detail and heartily endorsed by the National Security Council. And although he had the President's and the Security Council's backing, Dulles thought the matter so important that he drafted his Legion speech with his own hand.

The reasons for the statement were partly local and partly general. In brief, the local situation in Indo-China is now entering an extremely critical phase. On the one hand, the Korean truce has been the signal for a rather substantial reinforcement of the Chinese Communist armies centered on Hanning, just above the Indo-Chinese border. The French have always feared that if they made too much progress against the Indo-Chinese Communists, the Chinese would intervene to aid their brethren of the Viet Minh. This French fear is now more acute than ever.

On the other hand, the commander in Indo-China, the tough General Navarre, has been asking support in Paris for the kind of plan Washington has always hoped for — a really aggressive campaign to drive back and destroy the Viet-Minh army and guerrillas. French Premier Laniel has finally approved the Navarre plan, but on two conditions.

The first condition was the commitment made by Dulles before the American Legion. The second was a promise of substantial special aid form this country — perhaps as much as $400,000,000 — to pay for creating Indo-Chinese anti-Communist forces on the scale of the South Korean army, successfully organized by this country. Navarre must have these native forces and probably some extra French forces in order to carry out his plan.

The Indo-Chinese Communists who are benefitting by the long delay in approving the Navarre plan, are already going on the offensive, even before the end of the rains opens the customary fighting season in Indo-China. Navarre is organizing his own offensive as rapidly as possible. In these circumstances, with the Chinese Communists reinforcing at Nanning, and many French political leaders grumbling that the whole Indo-Chinese venture ought to be abandoned, critical is a rather mild word for the new phase.

Victory Over Physical Handicap Two Legs To Stand On

By JOHN D. McKEE

Excerpted From The Atlantic

THE WEATHER was near blizzard proportions that day in December. Early in the evening there was a knock on a door of a small cottage in Emporia, Kansas. A young housewife, heavy with child, answered the knock. A little boy stood on the porch with homemade pine wreaths clutched in blue, gloveless hands.

His face was pinched with cold, and the wind whipped through his worn, thin coat. Would the lady buy a wreath? She would, and she would invite the little waif to warm himself before the fire. This is a sad way, she thought, for a little boy to be spending his time, and so near to Christmas, too.

The little boy did not tarry long, but his face remained in her memory for many years. Especially would she remember his blue-cold hands, and the clumsily contrived wreaths they held.

BORN PREMATURELY

My mother always associated the little boy and the Christmas wreaths with my birth, for at 8 that evening I made an all too sudden appearance into the world. I arrived about two months ahead of schedule, much to the consternation of my mother and of my father, who at the time was on the other end of his run as a Middle Division brakeman on the Santa Fe railroad.

I weighed at birth a scant two and a quarter pounds. I was christened John DeWitt — John for my mother's older brother, and DeWitt for my father — but anyone could see that all that name was too much of a load for such a tiny mite, and almost immediately the name was shortened to Jack.

There didn't seem to be anything the matter with me at this time. At the age of four months I weighed 14 pounds. When I was 14 months old I was putting words together into sentences.

But, as the months went on, it became apparent that something was terribly amiss. It was not only that I made no attempt to crawl. I was a year old before I could even sit up by myself. It was about this time that mother took me to a clinic. The doctor gave me a thorough examination and checked each item on the examination card "O. K." until he came to feet and legs. There he put a big X, and under "Remarks" he wrote, "Spastic. Suggest stretching exercises."

"All I learned from that examination," mother says, "was that there was something wrong. I had no idea what spastic meant, and the doctor didn't explain."

Long afterwards, mother told me that while she was carrying me she had slipped and fallen on an icy sidewalk. Such a fall may have cracked my mother's hip, or injured the motor nerve centers of my brain and sent me into the world with cerebral palsy. The injury which causes cerebral palsy may occur before, during, or following birth. It may be that the birth process having begun early, I suffered cerebral anoxia, a lack of oxygen which is caused by premature cessation of the oxygen supply from the mother to the fetus, and which results in damaged brain tissue.

"CROSSED WIRES"

Whatever the cause, the results are somewhat similar to crossed wires in a telephone exchange. Like ringing Smith's number and getting Jones, if a cerebral-palsied person sends a mental signal to his foot for action, his arm may tighten in sympathetic, or even independent, action. The wires are crossed somewhere.

There must have been some dark days indeed between the time mother took me to the clinic and the time I was two years old. Most of the progress which has been made in the treatment of cerebral palsy has taken place in my own lifetime, and to those early years, at least among the doctors who saw me, diagnosis of the condition was the only advance made. Treatment was by trial and error if there was any treatment at all. The long struggle to get me on my feet was begun almost entirely by my father and mother.

With a pillow behind me and a pillow propping me up on either side, I could sit up by the time I was a year old. Sometime between my first and second birthdays, I began to sit up alone, and by the time I was two — way behind schedule — I had finally begun to crawl. Although it was a red-letter day when I began to get over the floor under my own power, part of the difficulty I was to have later became apparent then. When I crawled, I thrust my arms ahead of me. Then I drew up my legs, both at the same time, with the action originating from the hip. There was no reciprocal action between arms and legs, or between the legs themselves. It was to be years before any sort of reciprocation, necessary above all else for walking, was obtained.

MEETING THE CHALLENGE

But I was crawling, regardless of how awkwardly. Now, at last, there must be some hope for my walking.

The day I first hunched myself across the floor marked a beginning and an end. Such progress symbolized for my parents the end of a period of black despair and despair when, but for hope and faith, there was no evidence at all that I would ever move from my bed. But the act also marked the beginning of an equally equally frustrating period because for years I did not progress beyond the crawling.

The doctors said I would probably never walk. They considered it something of a miracle that I learned to crawl. Shortly before the age of six, after many false starts and an operation, I learned to walk. After four operations and a great deal of physical therapy I have walked my way through grade school and high school, and am now walking through college; and I have held jobs which required the walking of several miles daily.

I went to Boy Scout camp two Summers. One of my favorite ceremonies at the camp was the ritual of the Yellow Ribbon. When a Scout learned to swim, the yellow ribbon which had marked him as a novice was ceremoniously cut from around the initiate's neck with a large butcher knife from the camp kitchen. I was never the star of the Yellow Ribbon ceremony. I was the leader of aquatic ineptitude throughout my two terms at camp. But at the age of 28 I learned to swim.

Because I fell often and unexpectedly in my early years, I did not go much as walk the downtown streets alone until I was a senior in high school. Yet some of my happiest years have been spent away from home. I gained confidence as my independence increased, and I roamed the little world of my mind larger than my own with complete unconcern.

DEVELOPING CONFIDENCE

Parents have hidden cerebral-palsied children away in their homes because they were bewildered and shamed by what they brought into the world. Cerebral-palsied persons have been committed to homes for the feeble-minded simply because they have been unable to express themselves and demonstrate their intelligence.

Circumstantial evidence is against us in many cases. The average victim of cerebral palsy is often not attractive to look at. His facial muscles may contract uncontrollably, so that he grimaces and grins for no apparent reason. Unable to swallow correctly, he may drool continually. He spills his food and struggles painfully with each word he utters.

I have been spared the facial contortions and the drooling, the garbled speech and the inverted breathing, but I still have to watch myself carefully when I eat in company. Eating out would have been one of the hardest problems for me to face. But in this, as in all things, my parents refused to let me think of myself as any different from my brothers, or from other normal people.

At home with my family, I was perfectly relaxed. If I spilled something at the table, such an act was gagarded as an ordinary occurrence, merely as if one of my brothers had spilled his milk or dropped his bread buttered-side-down on the floor. Once in a while, if I was having a particularly tough time, and was spreading my food around the dining room with a levish hand, Mother would say, "Why don't you sit on the floor, Jack. Anything that falls up, we'll hand down to you." The tension was broken by the laugh that always followed and I could usually finish my meal with a minimum of spilling.

From my own experience, I am convinced that my parents' attitude is the only one to adopt in regard to the problem of a cerebral-palsied child. My cerebral-palsied friends who have adopted their problem seem to be remarkably similar psychological influence.

When you have been mentally and chronologically an adolescent but in physical abilities yet a child, and one day for the first time you tie an acceptable bow in your shoelace and, for the first time, you can stand upright without the day, then you may realize something of the magnitude of walking for a period of three weeks without falling. When after years of having mastered tie your necktie for you, you spend an afternoon before a mirror and tie and retie a four-in-hand knot until you finally learn how to do it, you have cut another strand of the web of independence. When you have done that, then you may realize what a gigantic advance you've made when you can go through the intricate ritual of shifting gears and getting a car under way.

Because of the hypertension of my muscles, and because of the rigid reaction of my muscles to any startling situation — a reaction which continued into adolescence and my parents said it was obvious I would never drive a car. In October of 1949 I passed my tests and got a license to drive.

Suppose for years it has taken you at least an hour to bathe, and you cut the time to half an hour. Suppose only the index finger has escaped the spastic stiffness of your right hand, and suppose you teach that finger to take its part in typewriting. You would join me then, I think, in agreement with Walt Whitman, "The narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all machinery."

Even if I had not made the physical improvements in life that I did, I would have the compensation of development in other directions. If I had been an active child, I might not have gained my early, and still sustained, love of reading. If I had been able to participate in organized sports, I might never have learned the intricacies of more than one athletic event. I might never have acquired the ability and inclination to write about them.

All of which is at least part of the reason why I do not consider myself handicapped. Handicapped is an unfortunate word. A person is handicapped only when he fails to look on his particular problem as a challenge to be met. Upon he accepts the challenge, what could have been a handicap becomes but one more obstacle (of which there certainly are many besides physical ill-being) to the achievement of one's dreams.

Congressional Quiz

Q—What did the Democratic and Republican platforms last year say about public power?

A—In part, the Republicans said: "We favor greater local participation in the operation and control, and eventual local ownership, of federally-sponsored, reimbursable water projects." The Democrats advocated "the acceleration of all such (resource development) projects" and extension of Roosevelt-Truman policies in this field.

Q—Are all imported Mexican farm laborers illegal "wetbacks"?

A—No. Congress May 1 extended the law authorizing controlled recruitment and importation of Mexican farm laborers. More than 197,000 were contracted for in 1952.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

State Dept. Propaganda Policy Snafued

WASHINGTON

WHEN Rev. Carl McIntyre, president of the International Council of Christian Churches was stopped by German and State Department bouncers from dropping Bibles by balloon behind the Iron Curtain, he remarked: "What is our State Department afraid of? Can the word of God do any harm?"

Rev. McIntyre's irritation is understandable. It touches off a snafu inside the State Department, which existed for some time regarding the whole question of propaganda behind the Iron Curtain.

The snafu is caused by three groups inside the State Department:

Group No. 1.—The propaganda experts of the State Department are anxious to push any program that will get the right information behind the Iron Curtain. They have encouraged private groups, given them excellent cooperation.

Group No. 2.—The political advisers fear reprisals from Moscow, worry over reaction in the satellite states, claim we shouldn't stir up the satellites until they are ready for a real revolt and we are ready to support them.

Group No. 3.—Consists of John Foster Dulles and the men immediately around him. During the election campaign, Dulles promised the American people the Eisenhower Administration would promote unrest and revolt behind the curtain. Speaking at Buffalo Aug. 27 he said that Eisenhower would "encourage quiet revolution in Red-dominated countries through such methods as passive resistance, slowdowns, industrial sabotage."

But the other day, the sometimes confused Mr. Dulles reversed himself and ruled that food packages could not be delivered to East Germans by balloon.

The Air Force had outlined a plan showing that delivery by balloon was perfectly feasible. The Junior Chamber of Commerce was anxious to promote the project. But Dulles, despite his Buffalo speech, decided that balloons were impractical. The Russians, he claimed, would merely shoot the balloons down.

Balloon Facts

HOWEVER, here are some facts Secretary Dulles didn't bother to check. Last July the Crusade for Freedom launched 6,000 balloons into Czechoslovakia from West Germany, carrying eight million pieces of Czech paper money and 1,500,000 leaflets telling the Czechs about the Berlin riots and the purge of Marshal Beria. This was news the Czech people either didn't know about or had a one-side version of. The leaflets gave pictures of the Berlin riots, so the Czechs knew they told the truth.

When the Communists got wise to the first balloon barrage, they used seven MIG's for an entire day trying to shoot down the balloons. Result: The MIG's bagged three balloons in two hours, while the balloons were being launched at the rate of 200 an hour.

Next day the Reds brought out five ME-109's to try to stop the balloon barrage. No success.

Two years ago when the Crusade for Freedom and I pioneered the first balloon operation over Czechoslovakia we dropped about 11,000,000 leaflets, flying the balloons during the night in order to reach the bigger cities at daybreak. This time Red attempts to stop the barrage fizzled completely.

In view of his campaign pledges, Secretary Dulles should take the trouble to examine the facts further. No wonder Rev. McIntyre was peeved.

Higher Rents

AFTER waiting through 11 years of rent control for the chance to raise rents, landlords across the country are now raising them. And the tenants are raising the roof—much to the concern of Republican leaders who voted to end controls. Here's what has happened since rent ceilings were lifted:

1. Over 15 million tenants, who had been living in rent-controlled homes, are now paying increases. Rents have shot as high as 100 per cent in some areas. The government, using 1947-48 as the base, calculates that rents have risen from a national index figure of 100 to 124. The figure is expected to hit 130 before the end of the year.

2. Even the 26 "critical areas" still under rent control, are actually at the mercy of the landlords. Congress has not given them any money to enforce rent control, except for a $60,000 pittance—barely enough to hire eight people to run the whole nation-wide rent-control program.

3. The Budget Bureau has gone so far as to order servicemen, who live in government-owned housing, to pay the going rate that the real-estate boys are charging in each locality. In other words, since servicemen can't get cheaper rent from the government, they may as well rent their homes from the local landlords.

Angry tenants charge that the government, under GOP management, has transferred its sympathy from the tenants to the landlords. In areas where housing is critically short, they charge, the government has put property rights ahead of human rights. Wherever housing is plentiful and competition keen, however, they admit that there's no valid excuse for continuing rent control.