

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

Thomas L. Robinson	President and Publisher
Brodie S. Griffith	General Manager
Cecil Prince	Associate Editor
R. L. Young Jr.	Managing Editor
Huey Stinson	Circulation Manager

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Justice Served In The McKeon Case

NAVY SECRETARY Thomas exercised wisdom by allowing S2. Matthew C. McKeen to remain in the Marine Corps. He would not have dealt too severely with McKeen by upholding the bad conduct discharge ordered by the court martial at Parris Island. The sergeant had, after all, negligently led six Marine remuits to needless death and endangered many others. But McKeen was not the only guilty party. His act was part of the fabric of training program that a prohibited a training program that a prohibited that had given drill instructors too much responsibility.

In the circumstances Secretary Thomas could not have ruled in justice that McKeen should be kicked out in disgrace. That would have put all the blame on him, and it would have marked him and his family with an indelible stigma. At

the same time, the discharge would have tended to absolve the Marine Corp of any error.

Engineers Are Not All We Need

CAPUS WAYNICK'S earnest plea for more Tar Heel engineers to join America's battle for technological superiority in the atomic era was like the echo of a grimly familiar refrain.

Just as others have warned, the former editor-diplomat told the American Society of Tool Engineers in Raleigh during the weekend that Soviet Russia is gradualing 2½ times as many engineers each year as the United States. Mr. Waynick particularly questioned the wisdom of dropping from the high school curriculum or reducing emphasis on several subjects that are essential to engineering.

minds."

It recalled instantly to our minds a classified advertisement which appeared earlier this year in a North Carolina

earlier this year in a rootal newspaper:
COACH WANTED: Maury High School needs a coach who can teach science.
The misplaced emphasis was obvious and fairly typical. Maury High School was apparently after a coach and, only incidentally, a science teacher. This, of course, is topsy-turvy nonsense and one

may reasonably wonder when North Carolina hish schools will begin advertising for science teachers who can also coach. The disappointing side of the story is that it is not just science that is getting short-changed. It is English, too, and history and, for that matter, all of the higher forms of knowledge.

We are sympathetic with the campaign to recruit more engineers. Certainly, we need them. Our survival depends to a large extent on our technological progress. But we are probably just as urgently in need of trained manpower in other fields—even, if the engineers will forgive us, the humanities. The expansion and maintenance of our civilization is dependent upon thinkers of all kinds. In philosophy, in politics, in diplomacy, win the social sciences and even in the arts, the United States needs people who are trained in intellectual.

Balanced educational programs—avoiding over-emphasis of any particular field of interest—will supply the answers to our needs. Needless to say, our needs will not be met until we learn to approach the whole concept of mass education with greater conscientiousness and honesty.

The Golden Boys: Decline And Fall

THIS YEAR'S World Series sent a twinge of nostalgia to many an American oldster—a feeling which was difficult to explain to the latter day bleacher set.

difficult to explain to the latter day bleacher set.

A generation or so ago, the fall classic would have caused millions to bow down in worshipful awe at speakeasy and streetcomer shrines while the genuine glants of the sport of baseball performed. There would undoubtedly have been a Ruth or a Gehrig or a Cobb or an Ott or a Fox or a Dean or an Alexander or a Johnson or a Speaker involved somewhere in the goings on. But that was another era—the golden age of heroism in sports. It was a day when great and glittering personalities captured the imagination of every American who ever tentatively fingered a sports page.

Those were personalities in the fullest sense of the word. They were exciting even of the playing field.

Athleically, the performance of to-

Athletically, the performance of to-day's stars is magnificent. But as per-sonalities, as 24-carat heroes, they are tin-plate fakes.

That goes for other sports, too; not just baseball.

That goes for other sports, too; not just baseball.

There is no longer a domineering figure in U. S. colf—nobody of the stature of Walter Hagen, Gene Sarazen or Bobby Jones. Even the later glants—Sam Snead, Ben Hogan, Byron Nelson, Ealph Guidahl, Lawson Little and Paul Runyon—are fadde of rading has-beens. No one has risen in their places.

Amateur golf, too, illustrates the decline of the hero. North Carolina's Harvie Ward has recently won the National Amateur Tournament for the second Lawson Little performed this feat it set the sports world on its ear. Mr. Ward, a pleasant but colorabes competitor, excited practically nobody's masdanation.

Babe Zaharias's death pulled the curtain on women's athleties—possibly for years to come.

Tennis is devoid of its Tildens, Larneds and Budges. All it has left today is a brace of drab but mechanically perfect Australians to stir the center court at Forest Hills.

The current football season has produced not a single acceptable hero—much less anybody to compare to Grange, Thorpe or Notre Dame's Four Horsense. Thorpe or Notre Dame's Four Horsense.

Horsemen.
Heavyweight boxing lost its last great star when Joe Louis finally capitulated to old age and diminishing reflexes at mid-century. The grandeur of Dempsey, Tunney, Johnson, Jeffries, Fitzsimmons, Corbett, Sullivan is no more. Sugar Ray Robinson, a shadow of his former self, is all that remains of the glories of lesser weights.

Robinson, a shadow of his former self, is all that remains of the glories of lesser weights.

Even the excent conquest of the four-minute mile has failed to bring track back to the golden age it enjoyed when Jesse Owens regized.

George Mikan is all that remains of big-time baskebalk's heyday.

But swimming havn's honny Weismiller to its name, Man O' War still symbolices horseracing to the property of the strains of the st

From The Southern Pines Pilot

ASPARAGUS STORY

THESE days of heavenly asparagus recall the story of the two French epicures who met to share the first picking of spring.

As they sat relaxed over their aperi-tifs, the host called in to his cook: "Eh blen, Josephine, you may prepare the asparagus. .. with sauce vinaigrette." The guest was horrified: "But no, mon cher! Impossible! For asparagus nothing will do but the sauce hollan-daise."

daise."

The host protested and then they had it back and forth. Finally it was decided that the cook would make hoth sauces and half the asparagus would be served with one, half with the other. But the crisis had been too much for

the guest. Suddenly, as the two friends sat waiting, he gave a groan and fell back, mortally stricken.

The host took one look at him and then, with tears streaming down his cheeks, rushed to the kitchen: "Josephine, Josephine!" he called "All the asparagus with the sauce vinaigrette now!"

The wife who urges her husband to invite his bachelor friends to dinner, usually has a sister she's trying to marry off.—WALL STREET JOURNAL.

There are still some people alive who remember when bloomers did not refer to flowers.—HAWKINSVILLE (GA.) DISPATCH & NEWS.

People's Politics, Patro Imen, Health And Highway Safety

Ferment In The Satellites

A Good Taste Of Freedom

'What Ever Came Of All That Talk Of Atomic Power?'

- DAVID EUREY

The Going's Hard For · Out - Of - Towners

WASHINGTON
A tleast one thing is reasonably
A sure about the mysterious
diorneys of Khrushchev to Belgarade and Marshal Tito to Yalta.
The prime cause of this common the point at the prime cause of this common that the prime cause of the th

Boulevard No Place For Health Building

Editors. The News:

TO ERECT a health department building on independence Blvd, would be to sreet a regular dealt trap, out of the way with no convenience for the pen-ple that have to go to the de-partment for advice and treat-

deration by the people.

-WILLIAM C. McINTYRE

Force Offenders To Take Training

Likes Editorial

LIKES Editorial

Editors, The News
I READ with much interest your
I fine editorial — 'Pick Your
Party and Pay The Fidder.'

These are the kind of things that
will bring to the attention of the
people that they should support the
party of their choice, and I hope
that you will be able to continue
to do this.

o do this.

—MATTHEW H. MCCLOSKEY
Treasurer
Democratic National Committee

Will Mr. Stevenson Be Alive In 1960?

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

GOP Official's Stock Trading Is Probed

COMRADES TITO, KHRUSHCHEV AND BULGANIN
A Little Freedom Is A Dangerous Thing

MASHINGTON

Description of the state transactions with a finetooth comb.

Merger
He's the efficial who bought some \$65,
000 worth of oil stock in the Warren
000 worth of oil stock in the warren