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The Shock Waves Spread To Charlotte

THERE is a grim lesson for Charlotte in the tragedy that made a blinding funeral part of a Missouri old folk home Sunday.
It brought our own recent controversy over safety regulations for nursing homes and institutions for the aged into cruel focus.

lottle cannot rest easy until complete compliance is effected.
Editorials like this one may not help much. Words wear thin. A community must be shocked into awareness of a problem—as when lightning strikes someone where else read of the result.

Shyness Ruins Grandiloquent Gestures

GEORGIA legislators seem surprisingly shy in attempting to impeach only six of the nine justices of the U. S. Supreme Court.
A move to sack all nine would have a similar chance of success, an equal amount of logic, and much more of the audacity southerners expect from the state which had two governors at one time.

While seeking impeachment of retiring Justice Stanley F. Reed, the legislators don't mention three other justices who have a few votes left in them. Presumably they are to be left off with a warning. But it hardly seems fair.

Artistic Rhubarbs Are Naughty But Nice

THE most refreshing thing about the architect free-for-all raving in Chapel Hill over the architecture of the new art building is that it is indeed a free-for-all—fought with enormous conviction and elaborate zeal.
To often, when universities and artists become solvent they lose their old cussedness and vitality and become merely citadels of civility. This will never do. It stifles expression and free expression is what makes great art, whether it be in architecture or pot-making.

Impartiality can't save bad art nor can it do much to help good art. A nice soul-satisfying rumpus can at least flush some of the badness out into the open where it can be recognized and condemned.
Conflict cannot hurt architecture, either. Most of the world's great architects—Sullivan, Wright, Le Corbusier, van der Rohe—thrived on it.

How Now, Brown Congressional Cow?

THE niche in history of Sen. Norris Cotton (RNH) is secure. He is the only U. S. politician to compare Congress to a cow.
As a boy, I was amazed and impressed by a lecture on the internal mechanism of the dairy cow," he said last week. "I regarded Bossy with a new respect, and each complex machine—a milk factory on legs. She has four stomachs—one true stomach, three for storage. In one day she can cram 150 pounds of wet grass into her compartments. Then she retires to a

shady place, regurgitates it in small amounts, chews it thoroughly and digests it in her true stomach.
"Congress should be equipped with the same kind of apparatus. During the first days of the session, a vast amount of fodder is crammed down its gullet. During the weeks and months that follow, it brings it up to chew and digest.

ALL THE COMFORTS OF HOME

AS AMERICAN city dwellers move to the suburbs, the American home seems to be moving into the buses. If much of the nation is going to spend hours every week riding buses to and from work, then the thing to do is to make it possible for people to feel right at home on the bus.
Out in Chicago they are making real progress. A new "dream bus" that hauls commuters 31 miles from suburban Park Forest into the city now equipped with the luxuries of home. The floor is carpeted, the walls are papered, and the windows have draw draperies.
Orange Juice and hot coffee are served to the passengers while they ride, and even the morning newspaper is provided so businessmen will feel perfectly at home over their breakfast coffee. As a finishing touch, two electric razors are available for the men who didn't get up in time to shave and catch the bus as well.

lunch, a dime for notebook paper, and a nickel for a candy bar at recess? Where's the little Sally madly scrambling around to collect her school books from the living room, her coat from the hall, and her hat from underneath the kitchen table where she dropped it yesterday? Where's the dog barking at his breakfast and the cat meowing to get out to look for unwary birds?
In short, if the bus company wants people to feel at home over breakfast, give the people the distractions as well as the comforts!
A man wandered around in a department store. He squeezed a doll. It cried "Mama." Later he squeezed another doll. It screamed "Floorwalker!" — MIAMI HERALD.
"New Crop of Colleges Is Needed," declares headline. But of course it'll take 'em a little time first to line up football teams.—GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS.
Pome In Italy Is Contained Further Reference To The Kitchen Table.
If your hair is more than sparse they will say you're bald, of course. — ATLANTA JOURNAL.

People's 'Social Promotion' Frustrates Kids And Teachers

Charlotte
Editors: The News:
AFTER reading the letter from the teacher who will be quitting because of low pay, poor working conditions and loss of self respect, I have to add my thoughts on the subject of teaching matter.

age. The school books, however, are geared to different levels of mental age. If these children must be "socially promoted," they should be placed in classes according to ability and achievement?
It would be the kinder (thing to do socially) since at this time every child in the room is aware of the great range of ability in his class and much of the "socially promoted" knows that he is the low man on the totem pole.

The helplessness and frustration of these children and the resultant rowdiness in the rooms causes more teachers to quit their profession than poor pay.
Place these children at levels where they can progress according to their ability and not at levels where they show despair and helplessness in situations in which they can never succeed.

Why am I quitting? I am tired of teaching in a one-schoolhouse room. My classroom contains all the achievement levels found in an old-fashioned one-room schoolhouse.
I can only refer to it as a one-schoolhouse room. — LUCY ENDS

High Court Launched Violence At Clinton

Charlotte
Editors: The News:
YOUR editorials "Civil Rights and Dynamite," is about as subtle a piece of propaganda for the so-called "civil rights bill" as I have seen thus far in any "southern apologist" newspaper.

Year article began by admiring the South's "skilful opposition" to the bill. "Able and eloquent spokesmen," you say they are.
When, toward the last you noted that the recent dynamite blast at Clinton, Tenn., where 12 Negroes, under cover bayonets and knives, were forced down the throats of the all-white student body of Clinton High School. "Forced integration," the press can unquestionably be called. Yet, the Supreme Court never decreed "forced integration."

Subsequent to noting the dynamite blast at Clinton, you then asked the naive question: "What would you do (for southern spokesmen) to pose delicate constitutional arguments while dynamite is going off in the streets?"

What good does it do, Mr. Editor? Well, perhaps full discussion of the insidious civil rights legislation and intelligent action in regard thereto its defeat just might tend to prevent additional and more destructive dynamite blasts—not only in Clinton, but in thousands of communities throughout the South.

One-Shot 'Mama' On Safari

PALAMOS, Spain
HAVING once again escaped the perils of darkest Africa only to return to the problems of home, I am already lonesome for the hyenas. I am also lonesome for Mama who, when last seen, was roaring at a pain in the beach at Mombasa and has not been heard from since.

The last word I had from her was that she thought she was going to take a slow stroll to Zanzibar and investigate the possibilities of entering a harem. This morbid reflection was spawned by a letter from a Mrs. Charlotte Barma of San Francisco who notified Mama was joining me in Tanganyika.

OLD FRIENDS

Any major capital investment has the status of a "project" and is subject to the approval of the appropriate Projects Institute attached to the Ministry. But the head of an established enterprise for which a "project" is being drawn up will of course be consulted by the institute in charge. And he does not have to take decisions about building new plants or greatly expanding old ones.

NO BRAVER

Well, Mrs. Barma. I will tell you about Mama on safari. This is a morbid reflection was spawned by a letter from a Mrs. Charlotte Barma of San Francisco who notified Mama was joining me in Tanganyika.

ROVER BOYS

At dusk she shouts for Matias to fetch her bath so she can be fresh and pretty for the returning warriors. Then she climbs into mosquito beds and ski-jamas, slips the peanut butter and vodka supply, and walks out to meet the incoming rover boys.

Ready To Jump

In a sort of amphibious, looking down on this huge glass board, sit officers of the Air Force, the Army, Navy, Marines, and Civil Defense. A representative of the Air Force, looking of all-day, watching that glass board, ready to jump into action. There isn't any friction between these different branches of the services where the job of watching for unknown planes is done.

Marking Locations

Behind the big glass board which reaches from the ceiling, three airmen sit with telephones to their ears, pieces of chalk in hand, marking the location of each plane as it approaches the area.

'They Don't Like To Be Disturbed'



The Ultimate Monopoly Siberian Bigdomes At Work

By JOSEPH ALSOP

ON this Siberian journey I have now talked at very great length with the leaders of eight important business enterprises, ranging in size from the local branch of the Soviet Industrial Bank to the vast Kirzhas Coal Combine, which controls all the mines in this great regional center of the Soviet coal and iron industries.

is organized under a "Ministry," but this "Ministry" is very unlike any American idea of a government department. In fact, it very closely resembles the head office of the General Motors Corporation in all ways but one. Instead of doing half of the total business in its industry, the Ministry does all the business.

It has been a remarkable experience in many ways, and not the least remarkable for the light thrown on the way business is done in this strange Soviet society. So this is a memorandum for American businessmen, who may wish to know how their Soviet opposite numbers tackle their jobs.

tion has started, the plant director is expected to make profits.
Out of his gross profit, he retains a relatively small amount each year in a reserve fund, which he may spend at his own discretion for needed repairs or improvement. He further pays amortization on his buildings and machinery into an amortization fund at his Ministry. And finally, he pays all his remaining profit—what would be the net profit in the United States—into his Ministry's profits fund.

Soviet business, in the first place, is overwhelmingly the business of mining and industrial production. The service industries that all but dominate the American scene hardly exist in this country. As for retail trade, with every class of consumer goods in more or less short supply, the chief problem of the trading organizations is to keep reasonable stocks of goods in their chains of shops.

NO CERTAINTY
He cannot count on the sums he pays into the amortization fund being spent to modernize his own plant. It is for the Ministry to decide where the money is invested. He cannot, count, either on the sums he pays into the profits fund being used to expand his own industry. It is for the state to decide which industries are expanded, and the immense profits they need by the consumer industries are largely used to finance the expansion of heavy industry.

STATE BUDGET

The capital structure of these Soviet enterprises is both simple and logical. Funds for a new enterprise are allocated in the state budget, and advanced by the Ministry through the local branch of the industrial bank. One production unit, like the vast cotton textile plant I saw at Baraul, which will eventually produce 400 kilometers of finished cloth each day and thus supply most of Siberia.

And he does not have to take decisions about building new plants or greatly expanding old ones.



'The Trade Ministry announces completion of two new tank factories and a limited supply of washboards...'

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

ANDREWS AIR FORCE BASE, Md.
WITH the White House considering a \$200-billion program for air-raid shelters and with Dr. Edward Teller warning that in case of atomic war a part of the nation would have to spend days underground, it's essential to make sure that enemy planes can't penetrate our defenses.

U. S. Air Defenses Alert And Ready

could penetrate our defenses. Also, guided missiles released from an enemy submarine close to our shores are a serious danger. But I came to the conclusion that conventional enemy aircraft would have an extremely difficult time effectively penetrating the carefully charted defenses of the United States.

Simulated Attack

That's why I went out to Andrews Air Force Base, where the 85th Air Division is charged with defending the days underground, it's essential to make sure that enemy planes can't penetrate our defenses.

Day And Night

These defenses are laid out so unobtrusively that the average citizen isn't aware of them. But they are there. They begin far out to sea, where the Navy has subs and patrol planes equipped with radar on duty night and day. Over the sea, the Air Force also has flying laboratories equipped with long-range radar, constantly on guard. In the far north, at such bases as Thule, Greenland, which I recently visited, radar is also on the lookout. And in cooperation with Canada are various intricate, del-

Penetration

Admittedly, the intercontinental ballistic missile, when finally developed,

Watching Planes

On the ground, in the continental United States are 16 air divisions, which the 85th at Andrews in southern Maryland is one. At these air divisions is performed the basic job of all-day, watching that glass board, ready to jump into action. There isn't any friction between these different branches of the services where the job of watching for unknown planes is done.

Tedious Job

But on a huge glass board in "the big house," or "combat operations center" of Andrews Base are charted the flight paths of all the planes flying over the Atlantic seaboard. In similar blockhouses