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The Small Print Masked A Challenge

WITH a note of elation, Chapel Hill's Institute for Research in Social Science reports this week that North Carolina again leads the Southeast in population with 4,456,000 residents on Jan. 1, 1957. Rank and file Tar Heels can postpone any piteous breast-beating, too. It is true that North Carolina still has a lead of 508,000 over Florida. It is true that North Carolina is among the top dozen states in the nation in numerical population increases. It is true that North Carolina's percentage increases of 97 is above the regional average. It is true that North Carolina is now the nation's 11th largest state—behind, in order of size, New York, California, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Ohio, Texas, Michigan, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Indiana. But the small print of the latest population surveys tell an entirely different story. North Carolina and every other state in the Southeast, except Florida, reported a net loss in civilian migration between 1950 and 1955. Tarheelia's competition with Florida in the field of human resources is nowhere near as good as it seems at first glance. From April, 1950, to July, 1955 there were 604,000 births in North

Carolina, while there were only 407,000 in Florida. But during this same period North Carolina lost 157,000 persons through civilian migration while Florida gained 547,000. It is true that the rate of mobility is higher among Negroes than among whites. North Carolina lost a lot of Negroes. But it also lost a lot of its most skilled white workers, including engineering graduates of Tar Heel colleges and universities. It is a matter of record that the very types North Carolina needs most are heavy out-migrants. This is sheer waste. Furthermore, it is a gift of real economic wealth to other states and other regions. The immediate loss can be measured not only in personal property the migrants take with them but also in the money it cost Tar Heel taxpayers to rear and educate them. North Carolina needs its best—not to pad population figures and bolster the state's pride but to contribute their ample talents to the state's economic well-being. It will pay Tar Heel industry and the state as a whole to make home natures greener than they have seemed in the recent past. Too many talented Tar Heels have found themselves in the position of Walter Hines Page, who remarked near the end of his career: "I would not do anything for the old state but it had no use for me, it seems."

Home Rule Has Gone Away Somewhere

WHATEVER happened to home rule? The tiniest school district in Tarheelia can by its own initiative close its public school and replace it with a make-shift private school. But certain really weighty matters are reserved for the more august and elevated deliberations of the General Assembly. Among these matters, picked at random from the press, are these: Whether Pender County farmers may

explode firecrackers to scare birds or wandering bulls out of their peanut patches. Whether Pitt County can pay its coroner \$15 per case. Whether Mecklenburg can hire a County Commission clerk. Whether Buncombe and Scotland may deter litterbugs from placing trash near highways. That's what happened to home rule.

'Ke's Cough & The Returning Question

THE President's cough is causing few public reverberations—fewer than it should perhaps. Last week's front pages gave the chief executive's cold, cough and ear trouble less attention than the senate's labor probe and House passage of the Middle East Doctrine. We earnestly hope that was the proper perspective. Indications of public concern are cropping up, however. The White House seemed it wise to deny that the President is suffering from the so-called "resient cough" which sometimes afflicts re-ent patients. Columnist Doris Fleeson reports that "callers' private and congressional — have privately confessed their misgivings about the President's appearance." Speculation on the public's part, however sympathetic, is idle. Citizens can only hope and pray that the President will shake his irritating ailments and be given all possible opportunities for healing rest and relaxation. As Miss Fleeson puts it: "If he wanted to leave town, here is not a single devil's advocate among the palace guard to suggest it might be unwise." World events unfortunately are not so sympathetic. The President, beset as he was, was the only man left to tend store.

Vice President Nixon was in Africa, and Secretary Dulles was en route to Australia. Had his doctors advised the President to return to Augusta or some other vacation spot, he could have done so only at the risk of public disquiet over a homeless government in critical times. The President was a captive of his responsibilities. He will continue to be. Because of this, Congress should resume consideration of the problem of presidential inability which it so happily dropped when the President recovered from his heart attack. Distasteful as it is, the problem remains. There simply is no answer to the question of what happens should a chief executive become incapacitated and unable to carry out the duties of his office. We hope the nation will never need an answer, and have no reason to expect that it will. But the possibilities are too perilous to ignore. The President's persistent cough, painful as it is to him and a sympathetic body, should remind Congress of its duty to provide for executive leadership against all eventualities.

All Good Marxists Weep In Lenin's Bier

SO many Russians filed by Lenin's bier in 1924 that a Soviet leader asked: Could we not make a semi-permanent thing of it?" Off to the laboratory went professors Boris Zharsky and Vladimir Vorobyev. In four months they had invented a process by which Lenin's body could be kept intact indefinitely. It worked. But not even Zharsky and Vorobyev could keep intact indefinitely a much limier substance: Lenin's brand of bolshevism. The Soviet revolutionist dreamed of the emergence of a rough-hewn dictatorship of the proletariat in which all vestiges of bourgeois culture would vanish. Frilly affections of the monied classes would be banned in favor of an almost rustic plainness. Dirt under the fingernails would be a reflection of supreme virtue in a workers' paradise.

That was before the Bolsheviks gave way to the dilettanti. If Soviet high society today has dirty fingernails, they are concealed in white kid gloves. Furthermore, the Soviet Union has just laid out a complicated glove problem in an instructive article: "How To Conduct Yourself In Society," in FAMILY & SCHOOL, the official organ of the government's Academy of Pedagogical Sciences. It includes a dictum that the left glove always be removed first, then the right. When putting on gloves the start should be made with the left hand. The order has no ideological significance, we are told. It is just a matter of being properly prepared in society. If Zharsky and Vorobyev have their wits about them they will hustle off to Red Square and give that little old bier a look-see. A spinning corpse disintegrates like crazy.

Russian Intellectuals Reaching Greedily For Freedom

By JOSEPH ALSOP

THE MOST useful advice that the reports received in Moscow came from the most brilliant of the foreign observers stationed there. "For God's sake," he said, "remember that this place isn't either '1984' or a banana republic. It isn't '1984' because it's a human society, maybe not a very nice human society, but still a human society with its own built-in human problems. And it isn't a banana republic because in most ways this is a strong society, and it isn't going to be thrown by its problems—at any rate in the foreseeable future." In Washington, where the view of the Soviet Union used to be too common, the leaders of the government now seem to have swung widely over to the banana republic view. So the above warning needs repeating before one tries to analyze what is probably the most profound Soviet problem.

MENTAL FERMENT

This problem is currently expressed in the ferment among Soviet students and intellectuals. Ever since the 20th Party Congress last year, Soviet intellectuals have been reaching greedily out for a much larger measure of freedom of expression in the theater, in painting, indeed in all the departments of art and thought. By the same token, the university students, especially in the great centers like Moscow, Leningrad and Kiev, have been talking very freely among themselves.



MARSHAL STALIN A Universal Stalin

From time to time, they have even given rather sharp public expression to their new found, Gorkim-like views by asking unorthodox questions at lectures, by holding demonstrations and in other ways that would have been unthinkable in the past. The regime's concern about the "excesses" of the intellectuals can be detected in the impassioned defenses of "socialist realism" and in the ferret attacks on its attackers which have been appearing in the Soviet press. The regime's concern about students has also been revealed. For instance, an entire issue of "Young Communist" was recently devoted to warnings against "young people, members

of the Young Communist League among them, who give in to the demagogic of bourgeois propaganda" and criminally believe in "tales about the freedom of individuals" in non-Communist countries.

ESCAPE ROUTE

Among students, particularly, disciplinary measures also seem to have been used. Some students have almost certainly been dismissed—and this means a lot in a country where a university training is the only escape route from the gray existence of the great, gray mass at the bottom of the pyramid. There also seem to have been a few discreet arrests in extreme cases.

Such are the fairly well established facts. The question is what to make of them. If the wisest Moscow analysts are to be trusted, the answer is crucially complex.

In brief, the right way to see the ferment among the students and intellectuals is not as a central Soviet problem at the present time but as the by-product of still another problem. This is the problem the Soviet leaders are trying to solve by their truly staggering planned shakeup of the whole Soviet industrial economy. In fact it is the problem of running a high technical society. As has been suggested before in this series of reports, you can build a high technical society with the knot, Josef Stalin, did just that but you cannot develop and expand and amplify a high technical society with the knot. At a certain stage, all the key persons, industrial managers, sci-



CHAIRMAN GOMULKA Some Sharp Questions

entists, technicians, engineers of all sorts, need a sense of being free to make decisions and communicate among themselves and assume responsibilities without danger of reprisal. That is the only way to go on building toward still higher goals. In some sense at least, this need for more freedom has been recognized and met by the Soviet leadership. There is more freedom today in the Soviet Union. And precisely because there is more freedom in general, the intellectuals and students, the two specially irrepresible groups throughout modern Russian history, have been thereby emboldened.

In effect, they were given an inch. They took an ell. And now they are being pushed back to two inches, by exhortation and by disciplinary measures which have thus far been relatively mild if they are judged by the grim standards of the Soviet past. That is where the matter rests for the present.

One has to say "for the present," however, because of the very nature of this problem of freedom versus unfreedom. On the one hand, the regime would have to restore Stalin-style discipline in order to restore the chilly, universal silence of the Stalin era. But as long as thinking is free, the Communist discipline in order to restore the chilly, universal silence of the Stalin era. But as long as thinking is free, the Communist discipline in order to restore the chilly, universal silence of the Stalin era. But as long as thinking is free, the Communist discipline in order to restore the chilly, universal silence of the Stalin era.

NO STALIN

But on the other hand, Stalin-style discipline cannot be easily restored, partly because there is no Stalin, but also because Stalin's restoration would freeze Soviet society, preventing the great further growth of wealth and power and productivity that the leaders want. There is the dilemma. It is a long range dilemma. It does not endanger the regime. But it quite probably — one is tempted to say almost certainly — means that in fits and starts, with many retreats as well as advances, this strange Soviet society will go on evolving as it has been evolving in the last four years.

Old Spring Trainer Recalls The Days Of Rosy Goofiness

By ROBERT C. RUAPK

PALAMOS, Spain — There is only one great event in time in sports, apart from individual triumphs in knockouts and no-hitters. That is the never-ending time of spring training when every man is an Allice and the looking glass is there for all to step through. Disillusionment comes later. But this week, in all the sunny places, a most remarkable experiment in self-education is taking place. It is called spring training. A certain myopia afflicts sportsmen, and it is not so much an unwillingness to face facts, but a sort of rosy goofiness that takes over when the first trailblazers of old-timers and the first bulldozers of raw rookies roll into Tampa and St. Petersburg. The roofs roll down on the convertibles, and the sports writers shift from long underwear and borsaloni with basketball into count hats and sports shirts. The sun shines and the winter martini gives over to something with five kinds of rum in it.

BIG STORY

The No. 1 story, at first, is the holdout. Some dirt farmer who had a good year absolutely and positively refuses to sign and is publicly protesting about the meanness of the owners. The owners are publicly profane about the ingratitude of the male-buffers. There was one occasion many years ago when Bob Considine stopped off to interview Buck Newman in South Carolina on his way to Orlando. Considine fed Buck all of old Clark Griffith's bitter quips, and he received a curious interview in return, in which Buck dunned old Griff up and down and swore to quit baseball before he'd play for the proffered wage.

Bob ran the story that day and proceeded leisurely to Orlando. When he arrived, he found Griff and Buck playing golf together — signed, sealed, and bossed buddies.

A gentle daffiness pervaded everything, and especially seemed to strike the sports writers. There was one noted tosspot from a Washington paper who went on a binge that lasted for days, and the opposition was kindly filing his stuff for him. Two of this chap's ghosts staggered in one evening from a hard day on the golf course and met their alcoholic friend, dressed to kill and semi-sober. "Have you guys done my piece yet?" He asked rather testily. "No. We just got in," they said. "Well, then, you better be quick, crossly. 'I'm due for a cocktail party and it makes me nervous when I know the work's not done. Whereupon he waltzed into the balmy evening.

STOUT LEASE

The Tampa Terrace Hotel in those days was the centerpiece for the writing boys, and I would say that if we didn't own it, we exercised a stout lease. We committed breaches of the peace. There was one evening in the Palm Room when we chained a recalcitrant bartender to his bar when he showed an indisposition to work overtime. There was another evening when we wrote, now a newspaper executive of exceedingly serious and sober mien, conducted fire and brimstone sermons in the lobby at the complete puzzlement of the tourists.

COCKFIGHT CONGRESS

There were lots of gambling joints in Florida in those days, as well as horse races, dog races, and the International Cockfight Congress held illegally outside of Orlando. Expense account. I'm afraid, took a dreadful pounding. There was fine fishing all around, of course, and pretty girls over at Rollins College and a mess of night life in Miami. Even with these distractions we managed to cover the camps as well as cover a new war. Nothing was too trivial for type. The gentle insanity even managed to infiltrate the sanest of services, Western Union.

I remember covering some exhibition or other one day when my wireless operator pushed his bug aside and begged permission to seek the gent's room. His bug was soon chattering angrily as Washington demanded more running story. The operator never did return. I had a new man next day and asked him what happened to his buddy. "Oh," he said, "Joe said that when he went to the gent's room, he looked at the sky and promptly made the same important such a nice day he just went lay down in the grass and was to sleep."

That was spring training some 20 years ago when everybody was young.

'Gee, It's A Nice Picture — I Hope It Works'



Timothey T. Tarkenton

People's Platform

Do Men Teachers Have Christmas?

ENJOYED your article concerning the budget of a man teacher, but wasn't it incomplete? You figured that this young man spent the sum of \$309.13 each month. Now, without going into the question of how he can feed a family of four on a grocery bill of \$45 and a milk bill of \$13 or why, with such a low salary, he should throw \$30 a month, I still question your budget. Where is his allowance for doctor and dentist? Or does he figure on never getting ill? Does he save for a vacation? Even a postman's holiday of a summer course in education costs money. What about

a movie or a concert sometime? Or maybe he'd like to go to a Little Theatre play? Would he ever be able to contribute to some charity like the Red Cross, or March of Dimes? What about gas? And does he have no insurance to pay annual premiums on? Could he ever buy himself a book? What about Christmas?

No wonder your young paragon was photographed so indistinctly in dim silhouette. Offering himself up on the altar of modern U. S. education, he is the stuff of which martyrs are made. No wonder he had other offers. Print his picture in full light and he'd have a lot more.

Why don't these martyrs rise up and ask for a hundred per cent increase to pay annual premiums on? How long does it take them to pay for their college education? —MARION TOWNEND

Founding Father Gets A 'Gittar'

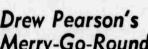
WHILE coming to work this morning, I was amused to see that some Elvis Presley fan had hung a toy guitar around the neck of the statue of Michael Gaffney, the founder of Gaffney, S. C. —CHARLOTTE WOOD

From The Washington Post & Times Herald.

BEBEE IN THE WOODS

AT A TIME when the phrase High Society is mainly connected with a movie starring Bing Crosby, and in a town where even a flinty conservative like George Humphrey occasionally talks like a New Dealer, it is good that some rocks of stability still abound. One of them surely is Lucius Beebe, the peripatetic editor of the VIRGINIA CRY (N.Y.). TERRILLIAN ENTERPRISE. Mr. Beebe, once an arbiter of fashion in New York, rolled into Washington this week in a private railway car the rocco interior of which is as bizarre and antiquated as Mr. Beebe's social outlook. "Taxation without representation? 'I'm against both," snorts Mr. Beebe. Government policy? "Cut the budget by 50 per

cent and stop giving away money," quoth Mr. Beebe. Trade unionism? "Organized coercion," thunders Mr. Beebe. Indeed, the old order changeth. Such remarks, once de rigueur in every Union League Club, now are found mainly on the lips of General Bullmoose, Al Capp's lovable comic-strip tycoon ("By Charlie Lovell, they can't do this to me"). Both the plutocrat and the labor leader now worship at the altar of moderation, and on the whole, who would quarrel with that? Yet, as Samuel Lubell wisely warns in REVOLT OF THE MODERATES, it will be time to worry when everything, everywhere is moderation. If Mr. Beebe did not exist, it might be useful for society to invent him.



CLARK GRIFFITH Peace On The Links

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

THE Army's court martial of Col. John Nickerson Jr., senior officer of the Redstone Arsenal at Huntsville, Ala., for espionage, has some important problems regarding security as far as news is concerned. The Defense Department has sometimes been worried about newsmen who accidentally violated security by publishing something which might aid a foreign country. The Nickerson court-martial, however, is a case where a newspaperman has to worry about cooperating with the Defense Department. It violated the news laws established in Washington for years. Document Submitted It happens that the Nickerson court-martial was touched off through columnist's concern that an Army docu-

Pentagon Seizes Reporter's Document

ment describing the relative merits of guided missiles might compromise security information of aid to a Russian spy. The document, accordingly, was submitted to the Defense Department for guidance. Because of the obvious importance of the above-mentioned guided missiles document, my associate submitted it to an authorized information office of the Pentagon for guidance as to what parts might harm the armed services, if published. The document was not returned, either in whole or in part. It was confiscated and promptly made the basis of an investigation and subsequent court martial of Col. Nickerson. At no time have I published anything from the document until today.

As far as I know, I have not met Col. Nickerson nor have I ever talked to him. He has the reputation of being an extremely able, high-class officer. It was understandable that he should be zealous to continue a guided missile development in which he had achieved notable success. I am not passing on the question of whether he should have submitted classified information to outsiders — if he did — though, so far as I know, no copies of the document went to any except patriotic Americans. Unprecedented I might add that the seizing of a document submitted by a newsmen for guidance is unprecedented during my experience in Washington. It makes much

more difficult the voluntary machinery of asking the military's advice on laws which might involve security — a system which benefits the military more than it does the newsmen. Favored Return Most of the Pentagon officials, including the secretary of the Air Force and the counsel of the Defense Department, here reason to believe, favored the return of the document. It was not written by the Pentagon, was never seen by the Pentagon until submitted by Mr. Anderson. Secretary of Defense Wilson personally refused its return. I also asked that the Defense Department delete classified portions of the document and return the balance. This also was refused.