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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1958

Charlotte's Humanitarianism Is Showing

THERE'S no doubt about it. Charlotte's heart is as big as all outdoors. The plight of hungry school children—discussed by News Staff Writer Ann Sawyer—has touched the community profoundly. Better still, it has stirred both individuals and organizations into immediate, positive action.

This is as it should be. It is not enough simply to be ashamed, to "view with alarm," to watch wail from the sidelines. These conditions never cure themselves. They require cure. One News reader phrased the challenge this way: "Revelation of the ugly truth concerning this situation compels Charlotte's public and private institutions to forthrightly stand up and attack this problem with Christian hearts and brotherly love."

Mecklenburg's United Community Services reacted with commendable speed and conscientiousness. It made arrangements yesterday to provide about 5,000 free lunches with a check for \$1,000.

Metropolitan Government Really Works

IS "total consolidation" the answer to the growing problems of this increasingly urban county? Probably.

The city's artificial geographical boundaries are becoming increasingly meaningless. The 1960 annexation will help but not for long. Sooner or later Mecklenburgers will come to realize that the county is characterized by a single community of interest. It has unity and its progress will be greater when it is planned and carried out as an integrated whole.

Meanwhile, Charlotte and Mecklenburg ought to send their spies south into Florida for a size-up of the first federated metropolitan government in the United States—Dade County (Miami).

The experiment was recently given a whopping vote of confidence (73,958 to 49,469). Sixteen months before the original metropolitan charter barely won a majority.

The first tax cut in Dade County history was one of the new government's first-year achievements. It was based on greater efficiency resulting in part from swift administrative reorganization.

A single traffic code has replaced separate codes in each of the municipalities in the county. Similarly, county subdivision regulations, a building code, contractor and building tradesmen certification and a criminal code have replaced or supplemented city laws.

A countywide recreation program has been inaugurated, refuse disposal service doubled to rural areas and a metropolitan court has been established.

Other achievements: A total of 35 separate and uncoordinated county departments have been

2000. Meanwhile, the county's Social Planning Council prepared today to launch a full-scale study to determine the need and the responsibility for meeting it.

This, too, affiliated agencies have demonstrated once again the depth of their concern for Charlotte's welfare and their readiness to tackle any social problem that may arise.

But this is only a sampling of Charlotte's warm-hearted response to a crying need. Private citizens have displayed their own sensitivity to the plight of these children with offers of financial assistance. Many checks have already been received.

On the governmental level, County Commissioners are searching for appropriate answers to the problem with a similar sense of urgency. We can't believe they will give up until a completely satisfactory solution is found.

The reaction—individual and collective—is particularly gratifying to us. It will be more gratifying to Charlotte's hungry children.

reduced to a unified group of 17. A modern and wholly professional budget system has been established. Tax assessment and collection has been centralized.

The Sheriff's Department, the County Police, the Fire Patrol and Civil Defense have been combined into a single Public Safety Department. A county manager system has been established.

Welfare and hospital programs have been reorganized. Institutional and hospital care has been consolidated.

The county service program has been extended and nearly half of the county's employees have received pay increases (despite a 6 1/2 per cent reduction in the county tax rate).

Mecklenburg's own peculiar problems are not like Dade's in every respect and we would not want to swallow whole the latter's metropolitan plan. Nevertheless, there are lessons to be learned in Florida—and no time like the present to learn them.

Try Exterior

THE Department of the Interior says it is receiving so many requests from U. S. citizens for territorial rights on the moon and the planets that it has prepared the following form letter: "It is not now nor has it ever been possible for anyone to make application or obtain the right to land on the moon or planets through the United States Government."

Well, anyway, not from the Department of the Interior.

Only Poets Should Write About Snow

IN Japan, even the emperor writes poetry. That was what occurred to us as we gazed at the little bank of snow gathering on our window-sill. Everyone in Japan writes little caplets called haiku, usually on a poem subject, often about snow capping the tower of Mount Fujiyama or sifting silently through the needles of a dark green evergreen. Everyone, we thought, should write about the snow, it is so universal and at the same time such a large thing, and it should all be written in poetry.

For how can stumbling prose make its manners to the dainty and fine patterns of the snow? How can you tell about seizing snowflakes out of the flurry and dashing with them to a magnifying glass and marveling at the amazing abstract-

tion of each one? How can you tell about a December field of snow with the bronze stubble of weeds bristling in the whiteness, or with a bare tree's skeleton made wet and black and a crow perched jauntily on a limb? How can you tell what it is like late at night when the snowfall has stopped and the drifts glimmer in the darkness and the sky seems the color of blue ink? How can you tell what the soft crunch is like underfoot, or how yellow a light looks through the bluish distance or how the steam from your breath fascinates you more than usual? You cannot. Snow is so big thing; but it is also many little things, many tiny tableaux that demand to be transcribed in a line of poetry before they are forgotten.

From The Denver Post

CRUNCHLESS MUNCHING

NOISELESS popcorn — you chew it without a crunch — has been developed by science. It promises to bring back the silent movies in which you could actually hear the sound track without masticatory interference.

But don't expect too much of that promise—yet. The new, silent popcorn is actually a sorghum, not a corn. While it makes no racket under bicuspid compression, its kernels expand when popped to only 17 times their original volume.

You call this inflation? Not when some modern hybrid popcorns expand as much as 35 times. Since popcorn is sold by bulk, they'll have to make pop sorghum more expensive to lend it commercial appeal.

Lots of research is going on to improve popcorn. The Department of Agriculture, Cornell University (no pun intended), Purdue University and other institutions are working on it because of the great increase in popcorn consumption the last 20 years.

Like other maize types, the movie corn is native to the Americas. Indians ate it long before there were white men or

theater lobbies on this side of the Atlantic. They popped it on a hot, flat stone laid over a fire pit. White settlers took it up, but the stuff didn't really become commercially important until around 1860.

Now, as an outgrowth of the sweets scarcity in World War II and the introduction of popcorn stands in theaters, it's the basis of an industry grossing many millions yearly. Growers in the midwest corn belt states harvested 251 million pounds of it last year.

In the interest of prosperity for all, we have a suggestion which should get this crunchless munch project off the ground. Why not capitalize on the natural sweetness of sorghum, and peddle the hot buttered popcorn as a sweet — as well as quiet — alternate to the popcorn? We make this suggestion free of charge. You can have it for the perfecting. Well, don't just stand there.

The young generation is pretty wild. It probably won't turn out much better than the older one—JACKSON (Miss.) STAFF TIMES.

I Think This Is Rather A Sad Sort Of Thing...



His Journey Helped Humphrey's Boost

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON. IT'S A very merry Christmas for the Hubert Humphrey. Circumstances have suddenly meshed to give the senior senator from Minnesota the kind of attention which has his presidential capabilities firmly in the mind of the public.

His European journey took him decision points of danger where the decisions of peace and war are being made. His handling of himself and his creative expression of his views won him serious consideration by the international press, which, of course, realized he is a member of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

EIGHT HOURS

The culmination was his famous eight hours with Soviet Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev. From it came the two "secrets" which he is conveying to President Eisenhower, the State Dept. and the Atomic Energy Commission. He explained to reporters here that the United States "embassy in Moscow did not have the information and had suggested he act as its courier."

An old friend, Eleanor Roosevelt, gave voice to her admiration of his performance with what turned out to be a well-timed and well-received article in the Washington Post. Asked her opinion of three possible Democratic candidates—Adlai Stevenson, and Sen. Humphrey and John F. Kennedy—she gave Humphrey the nod. He comes closest, she said, to having the "spark of greatness" needed in this time of crisis.

'A LOVELY LADY'

Said her choice with a big smile: "She's a lovely lady." Mrs. Roosevelt is a canny politician with a considerable following among Democrats. She is also a close company of Americans who have spent long hours over a long period of years in negotiations and personal contact with the Russians, both at the United Nations and as a private citizen.

A third factor giving prominence to the vigorous Minnesota liberal is the turn taken by Democratic politics over the past weekend. This development saw the North, and particularly the newly powerful West, seize the reins of party policy in the Democratic National Committee, sending it in the liberal direction for which Humphrey speaks.

NATURAL LEADER

Also, the always-liberal Democratic Administration Committee met and demanded an aggressive legislative program. For such a program, Humphrey is a natural leader, far more than any other



SENATOR HUMPHREY A Merry Christmas

ers prominently mentioned for the Democratic nomination, including Stevenson.

The overwhelming vote by which the national committee acted showed an ample reservoir of party sentiment exists for such leadership. It does not take the form of rebellion or even criticism of Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senate leader Lyndon B. Johnson; in fact, everyone went out of his way to praise them. But it was a powerful word to them and other Congressional figures to get going in an affirmative way.

PACKED FOR REPORT

All this combined to pack the Senate Armed Services Committee room for Humphrey's reports on his travels to the American press. It was no ordinary turnout, even for the December news delirium.

What was especially impressive, however, was the serious atmosphere. The press galleries have long known Humphrey as a talented and resourceful politician; they are accustomed to rely on him in that field. In Monday's conference they appreciated the fact that he was in the halls of the Kremlin itself and they wanted to learn all about it.

Stern Stuff Needed

Policemen Are Not 'Buddies'

By EDWARD A. CONNELL

Editors' Note: The author is superintendent of parks in Stamford, Conn. He wrote this review of the role of policemen for "America" magazine.

I BELIEVE in kids, policemen, parks and picnics. I am for good as opposed to evil. I am for square pegs in square holes, and I am thoroughly in disagreement with much of what passes currently as "fighting juvenile delinquency." With this brief apology I shall proceed to an opinion about juvenile anti-social conduct that is held by a sizable number of my associates in public park work, and I am sure, by many outsiders.

We who defend this opinion are perhaps as yet a small segment of our profession, but few or many, we believe that the increase in juvenile crime is due in some measure to the confusion in the minds of youngsters, not only about universal ideas such as right and wrong, but also—and this is the specific subject matter of this article—about the identity, the primary role, the true responsibility of the policeman.

SINGLE FUNCTION

The policeman has a single important function; he is in the last line of society's physical defense against internal evil. He is a civilian soldier acting alone, just as soldiers are military policemen acting in unison.

If today's young people seem to be confused about the large realities, they can only become further confused when the visible personal symbols of society's defense against evil are camouflaged as "buddies" or "pals."

They are presented with a fuzzy picture of the policeman as a jolly, following elderly Rover Boy, a combination of athletic coach, psychiatrist and dispenser of hot dogs at picnics. One might readily conclude that the policeman is a frustrated person who is only partially and vaguely concerned with law enforcement and who is secretly in the process of becoming a social worker—in preparation for the day when evil will have been completely eliminated and earth will be a metallic paradise studded with juke boxes and parrot-birds.

'SOMETHING UNREAL'

There is something unreal, in short, about a policeman posing as a smiling, perambulating friend of one and all, reluctant to serve

a summons but ever eager to organize another table-tennis team or collect furniture for a new teenage center.

Certainly there are deep underlying causes for the alarming increase of youthful violence. It is cowardly to today's adults to write off today's youngsters as congenitally bad, or to blame slums or lack of recreational outlets for the current wave of youthful plug-in-glugs.

But the policeman's official crime-prevention activities must be those that stem naturally from his true function — issuing a warning, for example, to those who are truly ignorant of the possible results of their minor wrongdoing, that they are heading for unpleasantness by a forced assertion of his authority, breaking up a trouble-breeding situation before it explodes from the incident into the actual.

He can do this, he the rookie patrolman or police chief, by reminding the fresh or overly aggressive of the existence of such uncomfortable matters as arrest and fines and probation and jail.

NOT A LIVING!

The policeman must never lose sight of the fact that his value becomes enormously less as one identifies in the youthful mind as a public official who has no reluctance to punish and who wishes he were anything but a law-enforcement agent. We need fewer policemen like those in one city who half-heartedly tried to dispel a mob while rumberling. "We don't like doing this — but it's a living!"

with any justification take the position that juvenile violence is a novel and hitherto unknown fungus which has no roots or origin. Moral decay doesn't happen all of a sudden, nor does good flourish only in comfortable ranch-house neighborhoods.

But if, despite our best efforts, we have been unable to pinpoint accurately all the causes of today's youthful violence, perhaps we can improve our handling of its manifestations.

If we don't know exactly what inner urges prompted young Joe to slug young Gus with a baseball bat, he should at least have at our service those who will see that young Joe's bat-slugging is stopped and, by their techniques and attitudes, will discourage others from taking up bat-slugging.

REVISING KINDERGARTEN

We can present the concept of justice — as it appears in its working clothes — in the uniformed policeman. We can strip the policeman of the "good old pal and 'buddy'" accretions of the past two decades and present him unadorned and identifiable. We can revise, at least one page of our kindergarten spelling books, putting there a new picture of a serious — and not a grinning —

And let this be the caption: "P" is for "Policeman"; he stands for law and order; he is in your neighborhood; he is your body or pal; but to see to it that your neighborhood is a safe place for you and your family and your friends — including your buddies and your pals.

Pol Or Guardian?

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Drew Pearson's 'Dragon's Tale' Still Active in Clinton

WASHINGTON. IN THE entrance hall of the bombed-out Clinton (Tenn.) high school when I visited it last October was a placard which read "Welcome Freshmen! THE DRAGON'S TALE! 10 cents."

Surrounded by broken glass, twisted lumber and shattered plaster, that sign still stood, announcing the beginning of the new year for the school paper. Publicity for the school's comeback was essentially suspended after the Oct. 5 explosion, but recently a new issue hit the newsstands of Oak Ridge and Clinton.

Symbolic Issue

That issue is symbolic—symbolic of the determination of youth, the teachers and the school board of Clinton not to be deterred by hate. The new Dragon's Tale is teplete with cartoons, photos of sports events, and such snappy headlines as "Seniors Swoon Over Class Rings." It also tells in a front-page editorial the story of the school's comeback.

In these days when the American people face a battle of wits from the toughest competitor we have ever known, the editorial is worth noting.

Two years ago emotions and prejudices were so strong that this paper did not make any attempt to cover the story. Today's story is different.

"During the past two weeks no inner turmoil was evident inside the school. Upper classmen and faculty felt very hopeful of the coming year. Class and clubs were meeting, activities were being planned, seniors were inquiring about the arrival of their rings, freshmen were talking about their plans, and freshmen were becoming an integral part of our big family of 520 students Sunday, Oct. 5, changed that.

After The Bombing

At 7:45 a. m. Monday, Oct. 6, the faculty met in a dark and cold gymnasium—a gymnasium left that way as a result of the bombing. Unanimously the faculty agreed to carry on. When the student body poured in at the regular school time, spirits were never higher. Some student body was never stronger. Somehow we got through the next three hours.

The editor of the Dragon's Tale then recounts in detail the finding of another temporary school at Oak Ridge, 10 miles away, cleaning it out, assigning rooms,

and opening it in three short days.

"At 9:15 a. m. Thursday, Oct. 9, Clinton High School on wheels moved into Oak Ridge. Mixed emotions of sadness and hopefulness were reflected in the faces of those present. For the first time in history (probably) students were delighted to have their school by Friday, every nook and corner having been inspected, school became school again.

Will Time Erase?

"Perhaps time will erase the initial feeling of loss, the feeling of physical sickness that one or several persons could have so much hate and venom that it would destroy reason and, therefore, valuable property. Out of evil does come good strong school spirit, a feeling of oneness. Whoever we are or wherever we may be, as long as there are CHS students to remember, to reminisce and to carry on, the traditions, the spirit and the real Clinton High School will live forever."

So wrote the editor of the Dragon's Tale, describing a disaster on Oct. 5, 1958, perhaps as serious as the disaster of Sputnik on Oct. 4, 1957. For, on Oct. 5, 1958, fear and hate had crept into the hearts of the American people.

There is another chapter to the Clinton school bombing which The Dragon's Tale hasn't had a chance to cover, but which will be concluded this Sunday, Dec. 14, when Billy Graham holds a big mass meeting in the only high school building left by the dynamiers — the gymnasium.

This chapter is how thousands of other children in other schools throughout the country contributed nickels and dimes to help rebuild the Clinton schoolhouse. That story has been partly told in this column. It could never be fully told, however, left by the dynamiers, through inability to describe the outpouring of generosity and sympathy from so many people.

To Be Rebuilt

Thanks to this outpouring, and thanks especially to the generosity of the building trades unions which have given the largest contribution of all, and thanks in part to the fact that the government has finally been urged to part with some cash, the Clinton schoolhouse will now be rebuilt.

Congratulations On The News' Anniversary

Editors, The News: CONGRATULATIONS on the 50th anniversary of The Charlotte News and its outstanding newspaper. The character of The News is the distillation of all the energy, vision, intelligence and integrity of the men who have edited and published it, and now, as throughout the years, it is in good hands.

Competitors

The Observer may be the News and the Observer may be its rival if you like to know just how well this competition is from The Observer's point of view, come down and sit in my office for a while. I retain and always shall the deepest affection for The News and the people who work there.

I was proud to read of my family's contribution to this newspaper institution and appreciate that you published this biography.

With best wishes for your and The News' continued success. J. E. DOWD General Manager The Charlotte Observer

Remember Whose Day We Celebrate

Editors, The News: TODAY everyone is getting ready for Christmas, buying gifts and planning on going home for the holiday. As I think of the real meaning of Christmas, I realize how happy some of us will be when we are home with loved ones. These are the happiest thoughts of the year.

Yet as these thoughts come and go we must remember that it is Jesus' birthday that we are celebrating—a holy day—and

People's Platform

we must celebrate it accordingly. Not with whisky but with love. And as we enjoy our happy memories we ought to rejoice also that it is the birthday of the Savior.

MRS. MAYME BARGER

American Railroads Are Like New Hats

Editors, The News: THE American railroads remind me the American public of the men's hats that are in season today. They have been trimmed to a point that they are only suited for boys.

—S. C. VAUGHN

Extermination

THE fateful question of the human species seems to be whether and to what extent the extermination process developed in it will succeed in mastering the dearrangements of communal life caused by the human instinct of self-destruction. In this connection, perhaps the phase through which we are at this moment passing deserves special interest. Men have brought their powers of subduing the forces of nature to such a pitch that by the time they could now very easily exterminate one another, their mood of apprehension, and their mood of apprehension, and now it may be expected that the other of the two "heavenly forces," eternal Eros, will put forth his strength so as to maintain himself alongside of his equally immortal adversary. — Sigmund Freud, "Civilization and Its Discontents" (1930).