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## There's Still Time To Save Near East

**T**HE blow-up in Iraq wrests from the West whatever was left of the diplomatic initiative in the Middle East.

The United States in particular must face squarely the consequences of the realization that it has been outwitted by Nasser, outwitted by Khrushchev and outdone by Arab nationalism.

Today's talk of "reviewing our Middle East policy" is merely to resurrect a bad joke prevalent in government circles during the Suez crisis. The United States has never had a clear, definable, specific program for the Middle East.

There is simply no discernible policy to review.

The Eisenhower Doctrine? This dish of tepid fate was brewed to provide for what is virtually a non-existent threat—overt Soviet aggression in the area.

The Baghdad Pact? It was a "paper alliance" sired by Secretary of State John Foster Dulles but given only lip service by the United States. Now it is virtually useless with Iraq in unfriendly hands.

The three-power resolution designed to keep the Arabs and the Israelis from each other's throats? It did nothing of the kind.

Even our relations with Nasser have ranged from open hostility to a live-and-let-live attitude. One moment we will draw the Aswan Dam offer with grandiloquent flourishes and public aspersions on Egypt's financial stability. The next moment we are rescuing Nasser from the British, French and Israelis in the Sinai.

Our relations with Israel have been equally schizophrenic. The United States has properly supported this one democratic oasis in a desert of Arab autocracy.

Yet no serious effort was made to persuade the Arabs to make peace with Israel as a part of an overall Suez settlement.

Throughout the region, economic requirements always seemed to get lost in the shuffle of military objectives. What was needed was American help to focus upon regional objectives so appealing that national animosities and frustrations would be overcome. But somehow these programs were never forthcoming.

Now, whether we like it or not, Nasser is the dominant personality and influence throughout the region. He symbolizes the nationalism which the street mobs in every Arab country espouse so fervently.

Furthermore, whether we like it or not, the Soviet Union has become a Middle East power and has no intention of withdrawing.

Nasser plainly would prefer "positive neutrality" to exploitation from either the East or the West. The final choice may be Khrushchev's, however, and not Nasser's.

The fact is that the Middle East, with at least three-fourths of the world's known petroleum reserves is the grand prize in the cold war.

It is difficult to see how the West can retain any portion of this prize unless the dusty petals of the past are replaced at once by the realistic wisdom of strong and imaginative leaders. Arab politics are slippery and the role of the street mob cannot be safely predicted. But the emergence at this particularly crucial moment of a broad plan for the constructive use of American power in the Middle East could conceivably save something, if only the West's face.

## Why Ask The Man Who Owned One?

**W**ELL, if the sun can set on the British Empire—and it does—no force can be sufficient to perpetuate a mere automobile.

But when the automobile whose manufacture is ended happens to be the Packard, there is cause for a moment of regret. It is not necessary to ask the man who owned one; the Packard plainly was a piece of industrial art. As a means of transportation, as a symbol of financial substance combined with good taste, and as an emblem of conscientious craftsmanship, its integrity was unquestioned.

Packard's preeminence in the fine-car field came to a smooth, mannerly stop a long time ago, of course. Its best year as a luxury car was 1928 when 50,000 were sold. Highest sales—109,000—were made in 1937 after Packard entered the medium-price field. But long after its loss of popularity, Packard's reputation for quality and quiet elegance persisted.

Reference naturally is made to the

black Packard. The more recent period during which its makers radically redesigned the car and entered it in the technical derby, need not be recalled. By that time, it can now be seen, the Packard already was dead. The latter models were merely garish ghosts.

It will be a long time before the last Packard goes on the junkheap. For one thing, they last. For another, the knowledge that no more are to be made will strengthen the determination of some Packard owners to keep them rolling.

We'll watch them go by with the realization that they were part of the finest flowering of America's automotive genius.

## Celebration

**Y**OU have to hand it to the Alaskans. They think big. Statehood was celebrated with an earthquake and tidal wave.

## Old Buildings Also Deserve Bouquets

**T**HE shrub-and-flower plantings at the feet of the new Wachovia tower relieve the eyes and freshen the senses of Trade St. pavement pounders.

Perhaps of little weight in the scales of commerce, the bank's low-level merger with nature does add a delightful filip to a herculean expansion program. After erecting a mighty building, in other words, the bankers planted a piece of petunias.

But somehow all this soaring of stone and steel and flaunting of fresh-faced flowers plagues us with a feeling of pity when we pass by the old and idle Wachovia building at Tryon and Fourth Sts. It will not be idle for long to be sure. The location and strength of the structure may guarantee the building many more years of service. And one must hope that the new uses of the building will be of sufficient substance and dig-

nity as not to embarrass its past.

A lot of money changed hands across its counters; more important, the building was a center for trade in the greater currency of human endeavor.

On its marble floors, harmoniously spelled out schemes for businesses and received loans to start them; across them came boys to exchange rolls of pennies for pieces of silver; laborers to put a few sweat-soaked bills in savings accounts; and young mothers to take out money to buy baby carriages or blankets. The human terms involved in a bank transaction—be they hope, faith, ambition, greed or delight—are never stated.

Yet they give character to the places in which the transactions occur.

That's why we feel a little gloomy seeing the scion with flowers heaped at its feet, and the old building empty and idle with nary a nosegay to its name.

From The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot

## A WRITER'S DUTY

**I**F YOU were the last man on earth, would you still write?" a reporter in Charlottesville asked William Faulkner recently at a banquet celebrating the pleasant Faulkner year at the University of Virginia. (We are quoting from Beverly Orrford's story in the Richmond Times-Dispatch.)

Who could doubt the reply? Mr. Faulkner is a writer, an artist, perhaps an immortal.

"Yes, I would," he said. "When a writer passes through the wall of oblivion, he will even then stop long enough to write something on the wall, like Kilroy was here."

They tell a story in Chapel Hill that Robert Burton House, longtime dean, long-time chancellor, now retired but teaching English. A colleague was "trembling on the brink of flight" (from the University of North Carolina) as salary cuts in depression days came in to make the going tough. The dean, as he was then, is said to have commented in these words:

"You may go if you like. But I have enlisted for life. And if everybody else departs I expect to come up to the old South Building every morning, ring the doorbell."

"Your methods of cultivation are hopelessly out of date," said the youthful agricultural college graduate to the old farmer. "Why, I'd be astonished if you got even 10 pounds of apples from that tree."

"So would I, son," replied the farmer. "It's a peach tree."—MEMPHIS PRESS-SCIMITAR.

# It's Easy To Levy Attacks' With Life-Adjusted English

By JOSEPH ALSO

**M**AYBE one ought to go on writing about Goldfine and Adams. But somehow or other, there seems to be more long-range significance in the discovery that America's more progressive educators have now progressed beyond the English language.

One has seen the great momentum coming for quite a while. Only consider the syntax of the average presidential press conference. Or consider our government's more formal public pronouncements which are so obviously produced by an ingenious machine that masticates clichés and used blotting paper into a smooth, uniform mush; homogenizes the mush with oil of self-righteousness; and rolls out the result in press releases, all in one continuous process.

Such signs as these have long foretold the doom of out-of-date

English, with all its tiresome apparatus of tense and number, precise word meaning and cumbersome grammar. For long, indeed, the school system has been the only obstacle to the glorious transition from the feudal age of language into a newer, brighter, freer era. But now at last, this inner citadel of reaction is falling before the march of progress.

### PROLONGED STUDY

This happy conclusion is based upon prolonged, delighted study of the current controversy about American education. If one reads the documents they find that out-of-date English is still written by the prehistoric minority who think public schools should teach the three R's, and possibly punish the unfortunate young with a just bit of science. But you also find that quite another language is usually written by the progressives, the advocates of life-adjusted, the influential educators who insist that teachers hardly need to know what they are teaching, so long as they hold masters' degrees in education.

A poor reporter, untrained in this bright new tongue, dare not attempt a comprehensive description. Battalions of trained philologists would be required, just to decipher the revolutionary language-principles contained in a single correspondence that has come into this reporter's possession. Straight from an inner sanctum of the National Education Association itself, these letters are so progressive in their grammar, word use and in all other ways that they alone prove, for good and all, that the S.E.A.'s brave claim to be always in the forefront.

### ONE SAMPLE

But maybe it is not overbold to offer just one sample of the new, life-adjusted English written by so progressive in their grammar, word use and in all other ways that they alone prove, for good and all, that the S.E.A.'s brave claim to be always in the forefront.

"Among the many attacks leveled at American public education in recent months in none has been more vicious than those

which strike at teacher preparation and certification."

Just that one word "leveled" is a proof of genius. Old fogies still "level" attacks' and only "levy" taxes. But "levy" and "level" sound almost the same, so why not use one instead of the other? Here we see one of the fine achievements of life-adjusted English—the abandonment of unemancipated distinctions of word meaning.

Yet Dr. Tanner was not so fully content with just one proof of the errors of old-fogism. In his single opening sentence, he also achieved the bold jump from singular to plural, the fine confusion of number, in that haunting phrase, "none has been more vicious than those."

From this starting point, one can already peer into the fully life-adjusted future, when our young will write "they is," "she are" and "we am," and get the pot on the back they will then deserve.

### SINGING STATEMENT

It is tempting to linger longer with Dr. Tanner, for his prose is also capable of many a lyrical ornament. Think, for example, of the singing statement, "The student enrolled in a special methods course in each of his major and minor areas." But it would be unfair to all the others who have surpassed Dr. Tanner, to emphasize only his accomplishments. The point about him is

that he is splendidly, happily representative of a vast and powerful horde of modern American educators.

If you doubt it, go read aloud to me any current American academic work on sociology or psychology or even politics. You will find a language as far removed from English as Czech is from Russian, and full of such brilliant word inventions as David Reisman's "privatization of women" (which mainly means the tendency of stenographers from small towns to be lonely in big cities).

Thank God, then, the new day has dawned. Enjoy it while you can, for with television in every home, the written word will soon be going out.

## 'One Of These Days We Really Oughta Start Rowing'



The Language Tool Is Not So Precise As Those

## People's Platform

Author To Search For The Good Words

Editors, The News:

**Y**OUR editorial review of my book, "Only In America," was fantastic. To paraphrase a Shakespearean sentence, I may say to all the forthcoming national reviewers and critics: "Say no more, I have heard enough." This was the review that every author dreams about, in between his nightmares of course.

Precisely because of the warmth and depth of your comments, I do not feel "flattered" but rather honored now with an awesome responsibility. I've decided to live up to the two basic ideas you have detected in my writings: first, never to take myself too seriously, and second, never to take advantage of my readers with comments, warnings, exposures, gossip, promises of rewards, or half-baked naked words, but just to continue to write words, nothing but words, but always with the hope that some of the more words will be "good words."

—HARRY GOLDEN.

The Carolina Institute

Recession Is Only Bump In The Road

Editors, The News:

**I** KEEP reading in the newspapers that we are in a recession, and that may be so. But during the last few weeks I have come across some statistics that appear to make this recession only a bump in the road. I will list a few:

Family income is at an all-time high of an average \$5,300. It is expected to rise to more than \$7,000 by 1975. Family liquid assets and savings now stand at \$375 billion.

Our population has doubled in

the past 50 years. Babies are born at the rate of four million every year. To house this booming population, we will need \$100 billion worth of new homes in the next 20 years.

U.S. production doubles every two years. An estimated two million new businesses will be needed to produce and distribute American goods in the next 25 years. America needs more schools, new schools, roads, houses, hospitals, city renovation and development, business buildings, plant expansion.

Real wages (wages in relation to prices) have increased four times over what they were in 1880. Americans now spend \$14 billion annually on travel and this figure is increasing at the rate of three billion a year.

The \$10 billion spent each year on research and development will result in 22 million more jobs by 1975 than today.

—RICHARD BURBAKE

### Taste

**A** PREDILECTION for some great author, among the vast number which must transiently occupy our attention, seems to be the happiest preservative for our taste, accustomed to that excellent author whom we have chosen for our literary diet. In this intimacy possibly resemble him. It is to be feared, if we do not form such a permanent attachment, we may be acquiring knowledge, while our elevated taste becomes less and less lively.

Taste ennobles the knowledge which otherwise cannot preserve itself. He who has long been intimate with one great author will always be found to be a formidable antagonist. — Isaac Disraeli in "Great Essays," edited by Houston Peterson.

## 'Loaded' In Washington

## A Pigeon For Mr. Goldfine

By ROBERT C. RUARK

**I** hope that Mr. Bernard Goldfine, a very trenchant thing "Pleasantville" why my father-in-law actually lives in Washington, and the people he knows you wouldn't imagine it. You want special service on laundry? George Marshall and I been going steady for decades.

I can even get you a pass to see the Washington Senators play.

Dear Mr. Goldfine: I am a man who secretly likes you. I am not even bothered by a conscience. My wardrobe is threadbare. My Suka tie is raveling at the ends, my Briton shirt has frayed penons on the cuffs. I don't own a hat, and my Savile Row britches are worn down in a precarious margin in the heels. My Pele shoes are run over, the untold apparatus on my umbrella don't work, and my Rolls-Royce is a real mess. Needs a new paint job and all. The vac's full of hair, and even my elk's tooth has a cavity in it.

### 'FRIENDSHIP DEAL'

Now what I propose, Mr. Goldfine, is a friendship deal. You just pick up the markers and call on me for what you need in the way of influence peddling. I may not believe this, kid, but I get audience. I know some people you wouldn't read about if it got you.

You want help in Boston? I know four people named Cabot, two of whom are going on safari with me in December, and another two who once slipped the house to say hello to the dogs.

Washington, Loaded! I once had

a talk with Eisenhower, and he said a very trenchant thing "Pleasantville" why my father-in-law actually lives in Washington, and the people he knows you wouldn't imagine it. You want special service on laundry? George Marshall and I been going steady for decades.

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you into Costello's bar and grill. I can get you into the skating rink at Rockefeller Plaza. I can get you into Twenty time, even, and what I don't know is the garment industry.

My name is a huge touchstone in Europe. I know the assistant manager at the Savoy. I know the men's room attendant at Les Ambassadeurs. I was once slipped a micky — oops, I mean I have carte blanche — at the best joint in St. Germain de Paris. And girl! Man. Nothing else but loaded.

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## Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Washington

**A**N interesting battle is taking place behind the scenes regarding the highest underworld society in the U.S. The Mafia. The tug of war is between the Justice Department and the Senate Rackets Committee, both waiting to go after the Mafia for credit for cracking down on these kingpins of organized crime.

The Mafia has been investigated backward and forward for about eight years but still seems to thrive. This column first pointed out the Mafia in its pages, in October 1950, showing how terrorism was first employed in Sicily against Italian landlords, then used in the U.S. to develop American.

Following this, Sen. Kefauver investigated the Mafia and for a time had them on the run. Then Attorney General James McGranery started a campaign to deport the Mafia chieftains. He listed over a hundred ten gangsters for deportation. His successor, Attorney General Brownell, talked a lot about deporting, but few of the gangsters actually left the U.S.

## Mafia Caught Between Two Probes

Washington

More recently Paul Williams, able U.S. attorney, New York, has tried to stop the Senate Rackets Committee. He incidentally built himself up as a Republican candidate for governor — by rushing indictments of top Mafia members. Meanwhile, the Senate Rackets Committee is holding daily hearings. Williams staged a dramatic arrest of Vito Genovese, the top Mafia leader, and some of his henchmen in New York. He is backed up by a special law force of the New York State Police. He is, of course, not alone. He is backed up by the Senate Rackets Committee, which has had his agents checking on the Mafia.

### Secret Income

Both sides have learned pretty much the same thing—namely, that the Mafia has taken over some control of most organized rackets and the lot from these rackets has been invested in legitimate businesses which serve as a front to hide the Mafia's secret income.

The biggest Mafia-controlled racket is

narcotics smuggling. Investigators have uncovered evidence that the sensational meeting of gangland leaders at Atlantic City, N.J., last November was called to shake up the narcotics organization and redistribute territory. The shakeup was believed related to the gangland slaying of Albert Anastasia in a New York hotel barbershop and the attempted slaying of Frankie Costello, Genovese and Costello were rivals inside the Mafia.

Investigators have also found a link between the Atlantic City conference and Lucky Luciano, now exiled to Italy. Luciano's secret contact man, Santo Sorbo, met with two Mafia messengers in Palermo, Sicily, shortly before the Atlantic City conference.

This underworld conference, incidentally, was attended by 128 mobsters who came all the way from California to Cuba. The main Mafia headquarters are located in New York, Chicago and Miami. There are other important Mafia rings operating in Los Angeles, Las Vegas, Denver, Omaha, Detroit, Philadelphia, Boston, Atlanta and Tampa.

What is needed to curb the Mafia. In addition to exposure, is a law permitting the FBI to aid local police, based on the fact that most Mafia murders cross interstate boundaries. The killers are usually imported from out of state; witnesses are either terrorized or killed; the getaway cars, usually rigged with phony license plates, cross state lines; witnesses are killed; weapons, in case they are dropped or abandoned, carry no markings that can be traced. The Mafia methods make it almost impossible for local police to get on with them.

As a result, the Mafia has left a long trail of murders in its wake.

### Fire And Flee

Most Mafia victims had a definite appointment with death. The killers seemed to know exactly when to expect their victim at the murder scene, then would blast him at close range and flee in a waiting car before witnesses could be shot.