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TUESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1958

Are Lifeguards On The Way At Last?

"If a man is drowning," said County Commissioner Sam McIninch, "I think we ought to throw him a line."

The line he tossed flood-affected Mecklenburgers yesterday was tentative. Its effectiveness will depend squarely upon the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board's willingness to divert a sizeable share of its operating funds for emergency drainage purposes.

The key word, of course, is "emergency." That word describes precisely the rather dangerous conditions that exist today in certain sections of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County. Consequently, Mr. McIninch's plan is as welcome as it is timely. Its approval by his colleagues on the commission, after a brief round of grumbling, was gratifying.

The City Council ought to add its own blessing to the plan without delay. Then the ABC Board can get right to work searching coffers and conscience for the amount it can spare for the job.

The final amount may not be as large as the \$100,000 Commissioner McIninch has proposed. But surely enough cash can be scraped together to make a respectable dent in the problem. There is no time to waste.

It is unfortunate that so much time has passed already while a vast city-county-state bureaucracy ground its gears noisily and publicly. All the while there was human suffering over a wide area and a serious health problem was causing more than a little concern in medical circles.

The amount ABC officials can provide may represent, as Commissioner McIninch says, only "a drop in the bucket." But it also represents an expression of official concern that can lead to more comprehensive remedies in the future. It is this official concern that has never found a wholly effective voice before.

Yes, Commissioner McIninch. Throat that line. It is time for the lifeguards to get into the act.

A Good Beginning Wrought In Fear

DIFFERENCES will have to be compromised but Congress will enact an aid-to-education bill out of fear of Soviet scientific strides.

The action certainly is well advised in this respect. The nation simply cannot afford to waste the talents of thousands of brilliant youths whose high school graduation ends their education because they have no money for college. Their minds—trained—are needed to invigorate and broaden the pool of knowledge from which flows not only a nation's weapons, but the scientific advancements which go to make up the status of leadership. The goal of Soviet education goes beyond achieving superiority in weapons; it includes challenging the U.S. in all fields where our achievements have brought us respect and prestige.

Our comfortable assumptions that science in a regimented state could never surmount mediocrity have now been shattered. If that's a pity, it would be a peril not to act in response to the icy revelation.

Although Congress will act, so to speak, with a missile at its back, both the House and the Senate measures have been drawn with great caution. Both North Carolina senators found the Senate measure so well hedged against federal controls that they were able to vote for it. "The bill," said Sen. Everett Jordan, "specifically says that there will be no way for any federal control over the local school authorities in administering the program." And there certainly

is nothing opulent about the funds to be made available to students qualifying for aid.

The House measure provides no awards, only loans. The Senate would provide scholarships in the amount of \$250 annually—roughly the amount of tuition at UNC. For living expenses, loans at 2 per cent interest would be available.

Needed programs for testing and guidance and for improving the teaching of mathematics, science and languages also will be enacted.

In its final form, the legislation will represent a minimum response to a maximum challenge. But much is to be learned from operation of the program, and a beginning has been made.

It may be that a program begun in fear will be continued in conviction that even a secure nation must seek out and encourage the training of the mentally gifted—for the sake of the advancement of all.

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Happy Glow In The Wild Blue Yonder

THERE is at least one flicker of light in the gloom spread by last week's terrible air disasters.

Profoundly shocked by a series of mid-air collisions and other tragic mishaps, Congress has put a new traffic cop in the sky. It is the Federal Aviation Agency and it will absorb the staff and functions of such previously independent agencies as the Civil Aeronautics Administration and the Airways Modernization Board.

Up to now, traffic regulation in America's overcrowded airspace has been divided among the Department of Defense, the Department of Commerce, the CAB and the President. The resulting confusion has often resembled four different traffic policemen signaling conflicting directions to the same motorist on Independence Square.

The new bill passed last Wednesday establishes the Federal Aviation Agency as the over-all power in civil and military aviation. All of the other cops will turn in their badges.

It represents easily the most important advance in aviation legislation since the Civil Aeronautics Act of 1938.

It is particularly welcome in Charlotte, a city with a large stake in aviation's limitless future. Furthermore, the timing is appropriate. This just happens to be National Aviation Day.

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Bang

DREW Pearson in a recent item referred to the U. S. receiving from Turkish authorities "a modest request for 60,000 Garand rifles." It is possible for 60,000 Garand rifles to fire about 480,000 rounds of ammunition in five or six seconds. And if this is a modest amount of armament, it ought at least to hold the enemy off at the pass until help arrives.

From The Raleigh News & Observer

THE SKIMMER IS BACK

THE sailor hat, also called the skimmer, hard-top, katey, and boater, is coming back these days. Nothing like epidemic proportions is in evidence, but the old piece is coming back with slow steadiness. The brim is narrower and the removable bands are bright as Easter eggs, but it is essentially the same hat that was worn almost universally from about 1914 to 1926. The old style hat had the black band that stood out among the vast whiteness like a mourner's emblem.

From 1927 to the current reappearance, the jaunty sailor, sparkling at night gaily as a white flower, was seen on show people primarily. The song and dance man was a hapless drudge without the stiff straw hat and the black cane, even though he had the dignity of Fred Astaire. All the vaudeville comedians wore the boater, and it kept many a misbegotten kid from falling on its face. The comedy duo, who tried to do as he gave his patter, twirled and tossed and caught it with the aplomb of a drum-major. Often, the audience was so enthralled with the whirling skimmer the badly hatched joke fell harmlessly.

The return of the hard-top will be welcomed by the men who still tip their hats regularly and eloquently. When you

reach to snatch a felt or a soft straw you grab a bird that is all feathers. The hard-top snaps briskly, militarily, and it is impervious to wind. The true artist ruffles, snatches, and extends the arm with a long and grandiloquent flourish.

Sign in a workshop at the South Carolina state penitentiary: "Please don't ask me for information. If I knew anything I wouldn't be here."—MATTOON (ILL.) JOURNAL-GAZETTE.

Remember when your take-home pay was enough to take you home?—GREENVILLE (S.C.) PIEDMONT.

A lot of marriage knots were tied last month and now a lot of men don't have as much rope. —FORT MYERS (FLA.) NEWS-Press.

We never understand the simile "as dreary as a rainy day." Nothing in all this mortal life is to us more lovely than a rainy day, especially if we can spend it at home.—LIVINGS (GA.) JOURNAL.

The big gasoline companies are accused of monopoly, but how can this be when each one has its own private miracle ingredient?—ASHEVILLE CITIZEN.

Kennedy Leads America's New Chorus Of Discontent

By DORIS FLEESON

SEN. JOHN F. KENNEDY of Massachusetts has joined the lengthening list of powerful voices who are warning that the United States is in a frightful and immediate danger because it is pursuing out-worn policies based on premises demonstrably false.

It is a company long in forming, but its sources of information are the best.

The scope of its indictment is formidable. Changes are demanded not merely in policies and details of execution but in the whole thinking and attitudes of mind which produced those policies.

Its appeal is being heeded to the American people over the heads of an administration whose complacent optimism has never been really shaken by the events of the past few years. In a very

real sense, too, this new force is bypassing the older statesmen who still dominate the Democratic Congress and have been reluctant to challenge the presidential power to determine foreign and defense policy.

GOP'S RELUCTANCE

Its political expression has been hampered by the difficulty of calling the President and his secretary of state to account publicly for what they are doing and failing to do. The extent to which important Republicans are participating has been clouded by the fact that Republicans in Congress are understandably reluctant to join Democrats in criticism of President Eisenhower and Secretary of State John Foster Dulles.

Yet a kind of Churchillian anxiety is taking shape here whose terms are the gathering storm over the

SEN. KENNEDY
Youth Vs. Age

foundations of this nation's military and diplomatic strategy.

Kennedy expressed it with his unusual literary skill and with a hard clarity rare in a politician anxious to be President of the United States. He listed the So-

viet advantages and calmly insisted that every basic assumption held by the American public with regard to our military and foreign policies will be questioned and largely invalidated during the next few years.

That he was willing to plunge so deeply into such icy waters when he is eager to be popular and be President shows the measure of his alarm. Already, however, there are other Democratic senators of like ambition: Hubert H. Humphrey, Stuart Symington, Henry M. Jackson, Lyndon B. Johnson, Estes Kefauver.

It is, in a way, a challenge of youth versus age. The President and secretary of state, who are placed on the defensive in the new debate, are aging and ailing. For the past six years they have had the cooperation in the Senate of men of their own era—the late Sen. Walter F. George and Sen. Alexander Wiley and Theodore F.

Green, who have successively died, the Foreign Relations Committee.

TIME RUNS OUT

Today every Democrat but Chairman of that group is committed to critical debate of present policies, and even Green has said some unkind words. There is definitely a plan to force the debate next year through the medium of the committee, and its ranking Democrat, Sen. J. William Fulbright, also an articulate critic of the present mood, is pressing a preparatory study of the general situation.

Thus it appears that time is running out for the White House in the new debate. The question, as always, is whether anyone is bold enough to suggest to the President that his problems with Congress are new and that the course of prudence is to think and act anew to meet them.

There Will Be A Short Wait Between Eras

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain

THERE is a certain lip-smacking relief among the double-dogged gentlemen when they speak of the possibilities of nuclear warfare and its effect on the human race, almost as if the ghoul could scarcely wait for it to happen.

This might, I suppose, be called a realistic approach to a possibility, if not a certainty, but I wish they wouldn't be so comfortably glib about it.

I wrote a silly book about 10 years ago in which I had a scientist blow up the world because he mislaid a collar button and accidentally scrambled his gammas. Today I don't think it's so silly. The proverbial absent-minded professor can more apt do us in than the Russians.

The latest headline I've seen comes from an international genetic conference called the First International Radiation Research Congress, and it says: "After II War — The Jungle Again."

An American, a Swede, a Swiss, a Dane, and a Dutchman have arrived at the following conclusions: When they pull the plug on the big boy, there will be immediate death for millions from blast and heat, then death from disease for those weakened by shock and radiation.

JUNGLE AGAIN

Then there will be death by starvation for others. In the long view, there will be massive sterilization, and others capable of being only defective children who would die without offspring of their own.

UNHAPPY MYSTERIA

This is where what they used to call "the law of the jungle" takes over, and it should make magnificent movie material for a brand new world, because the learned doc reckons a minimum of a thousand years will be necessary to restore civilization to its current state of unhappy hysteria.

The astute gentlemen said that out of the fang-and-claw conflict would emerge a rejuvenated human race, but that the breed would not necessarily be improved by its battle for existence. It is a gloomy prospect, the assembly of specialists say, almost smacking their lips.

I'll say it's a gloomy prospect. Fancy going to all that trouble to reduce the population, and then wasting a thousand years to achieve television shows, the sack dress, and Groucho.

SETTLE FOR TODAY

In the meantime, I offer Dr. Pearson's plan to the old age. Keep the scientist's fingers little the fingers out of the cookie jar of nuclear disaster, and set them to work inventing a better method of getting your baggage on and off aircraft. And if it's going to take a thousand years to achieve the E. F. Presley-cum-atomic submarine age, why not settle for the present and NOT blow up the world?

But if you persist in madness, deal me out. If there are any survivors left to battle through the jungle of survival, I aim to be one. If any third party bears a tinsel scepter from deepest Tanzania, and the ancient scientific formula called "Me Tarzan — You Jane" uttered in rarest a sexy tone, you will know that at least one ardent nuclear has survived, and that all hope of a decent, biological-but-scientific tomorrow is not lost.

What Convicts Need Is A Drill Sergeant

Editors, The News:

IF ANYONE thinks they have it rough just let them come to the prison of our prisoners director, W. F. Bailey. Anywhere the person of the first part may direct a prisoner, it seems the party of the second part finds a reason, and opportunity, to go elsewhere.

Unhappy and highly emotional, his charges are probably bored by overcrowded living conditions and the sameness of the scenery. Restless, unable to sleep, many of them are somnambulists who wander off toward the bathroom and fail to find their way back to bed.

While out enjoying their daily constitutional along the roads, if one has to stop and go up in the woods a minute, he's likely to go over the hill. If he steps out into a cornfield, in lieu of properly situated comfort stations, he's likely to head for the swamps and be unable to find his way back to camp. Just no sense of direction whatever. Even when a guard sees one of the boys getting lost, all he can do is hold "bull," and if the man is a bit hard of hearing, or the guard's voice drowned out by passing vehicles, the guard is not even allowed to fire a directional signal from his blunderbuss to help the man get back on the beam. Seems the migratory bird laws or something of the kind too protect the jailbird same as the songbird. That's funny — an officer can shoot at a moving suspect before he has been arrested or convicted, but not afterward.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WHILE President Eisenhower was in New York debating with the representatives of Doctor Nasser, a lot of people in Washington wished they could debate with the "Democratic Dictator" of the House of Representatives, Congressman Howard Smith of Virginia. Congressman Smith, however, is difficult to debate with. First, because for almost a week he has been in bed, and he believes in exerting power regardless of debate.

His 'No' Is Potent

The lean, laconic congressman, who resembles Sherlock Holmes in a frock coat, will on occasion debate the "love" Congress on the extravagance of both the Democratic and Republican government cookbooks, though

'Course You're Not What We Wanted, But You'll Do'



People's Platform

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Unhappy and highly emotional, his charges are probably bored by overcrowded living conditions and the sameness of the scenery. Restless, unable to sleep, many of them are somnambulists who wander off toward the bathroom and fail to find their way back to bed.

What they need is exercise, more space, a change of scenery. Fire the guards and hire drill sergeants, coaches and guides. March the fellows like Marines down the coastal area. Give them wheelbarrows and teach them to make concrete blocks and build walls—half wall—like the old Chinese walls — up and down our coast, to protect themselves and other residents from hurricanes. If the surplus energy of our prisoners had been used for such a project during the previous decade Hurricane Hazel couldn't have blown out a candle a mile from the coast.

The drill sergeants and guides and coaches should be well armed—to protect the prisoners from the attack of wild animals of course, and the—let's call them "wild"—should wear protective chains at all times. We wouldn't want them to get lost in the swamps and drown like a bunch of Marxmen.

Certainly if such methods build character and make the inmates a little more, and put character and dependability in college football

into the boys for years, instead of the law months or years later, their newfound neighbors sign petitions and send delegations to argue with the governor and swear they are good solid citizens, the salt of the earth, and beg us not to let them home in five years, paying their debt to society.

Many of the fellows don't have good appetites and at times even throw their girls and away on the floor and beat their tin plates and cups on the table and holler "BOO," and cheer like they were watching a wrestling program. Just a bunch of nerves.

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Case Fights Losing Battle For 'Morals'

By MARQUIS CHILDS

IN THE RUSH to adjourn, it was inevitable that Congress should ignore the matter of conscience that Sen. Clifford Case of New Jersey raised in the aftermath of the Adams-Goldfine affair.

What Case proposed was a bill that would bring into the open, if not actually restrain, a widely prevailing practice that has put members of Congress under growing suspicion and distrust. That is the practice of business-on-the-side—usually in a law firm but sometimes through a business connection—that involves directly or indirectly the influence of the senator or the member of the House who telephones in a government agency or makes a speech on the floor.

CYNICISM

The measure put forward by Case—similar proposals by Sens. Richard Neuberger, Joseph S. Clark, James K. Javits, Paul H. Douglas and Irving M. Fein—reflect the same concern—would require all members of Congress and all employees of the executive branch earning more than \$12,500 a year to file an annual report of income, including the source of any gift or fees in excess of \$100. It would also require that all communications, both written and oral, between Congress and the executive branch be part of the public record.

This may sound visionary and many cynics will say privately that it has a ghostly resemblance to a case could never be enforced if it were passed. But Case and other conscientious members of Congress are increasingly aware of the cynicism and the scorn which more and more are directed at Congress by the public, high and low.

JUDGES GUILTY

Anyone who went through the recent crisis in France must have been struck by the fierce contempt which virtually everyone felt for the deputies in the National Assembly. Jail them, hang them, burn them or merely throw them out of the country—this was what one heard on every hand. The political system was in bankruptcy, and it is doubtful if anyone could have been found to bid a single franc for its future.

This is the end of cynicism and frustration. Condemnation of Sherman Adams and Bernard Goldfine produced a fine glow of moral indignation. But as Case, who was one of the first to appeal directly to Adams to resign, knows full well, the Republic has not yet rid itself of its own guilty in far too many instances.

HARVEST COMING

The Adams-Goldfine case makes wonderful political hay, and the Democrats are preparing for the harvest in November. Republican leaders such as Vice-President Richard M. Nixon, see Adams, if he stays on, in a hopeless position.

Already his authority has been greatly weakened. But in the coming campaign every Republican running for Congress will be asked whether he or she supports President Eisenhower in his defense of Adams. While there may be some ironic satisfaction in actually every eager office seeker will answer "No." And it takes a man's word as to where his loyalties Adams after the election. His usefulness will be at an end.

Rep. Smith Puts Cows Before People

he himself introduced a bill for printing 110,000 copies of a government publication on "diseases of the horse."

But most of the time he simply says "no," without too much debate. And as chairman of the Rules Committee and head of the Dixiecrat coalition in the House of Representatives, he "no" can be both potent and persuasive. He is one reason the Democrats find it fairly easy to elect Congress, but difficult to elect a President. For Smith, a nominal Democrat, goes down the line for Republicans. He also believes in putting himself ahead of both the Democratic Party and the majority view of Congress.

First Things First

Last week, for instance, the congressman put himself ahead of several million city dwellers who need more housing: ahead of several million who need clean air, better sewage, more water, factory relocation, and public works; ahead of four southern states which need more electric power through the Tennessee Valley Authority.

It's Happened Before

To sidetrack this legislation, Congressman Smith simply disappeared. He had three dairy farms in northern Virginia, and he went off to look after his cows, for five days he was gone from Washington. He refused to answer the telephone. His office pretended not to know his whereabouts. Meanwhile, vital legislation affecting millions remained blocked in his Rules Committee. According to congressional red tape, there could be no action during his absence.

This is not the first time the congressman has placed his cows before the people.

man has placed three barns of cows ahead of a civil rights bill," cracked Speaker Sam Rayburn, "but I never suspected he would resort to arson."

Smith's concern for cows is understandable. But those who have watched this congressman, who looks like a 19th century Virginia squire, sometimes wonder why his concern reaches a climax at crucial moments when legislation concerning people is at stake.