THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1958

College Classes In A Hydraulic Era

COLLEGE classes are in session again this week, but in an increasingly hydraulic era it seems inappropriate to dwell on the old themes. Doors being pushed open. Mark Hopkins on one end of a log.

In fact we have a recurrent nightmare image that somewhere school doors are opening by the mechanism of an electric eye. For the Mark Hopkinses there are no longer logs, but there are restful green blackboards to write on, where truth will be inscribed upon a background that will cause no eye-strain. Split logs, slate, and the higher equivalent of the blue-backed speller are as dead as the 57 auto.

But of course it is to be remarked that this year sees the first college door opening since Sputnik brought on our wave of educational evangelism and chest-beating. In the secure of that revival we finally conceded nationally what had seemed commonplace to some for long: there would be no giant steps in American education without cost. We would have to pay for progress. Gone the teachers and professors hired for respect (often niggardly enough) alone; gone the shoddy, ill-equipped classrooms where fine learning could not we had decided be fashioned.

Why, in everything else in America, in the great turmoil of our national markets, you paid your money and you took your choice. In a feat of wild surmise (Date: about 1952) we had had it revealed to us that politics had become big business that the credo of the market and its practitioners could save our politics. Now the area needed only to be extended to the classroom. If you plumped the cash down on the counter, there was no question but what a loaf instead of the old unsatisfactory mossy stone of previous American education would come forth.

And so a nation believing in the marvel of the open market place girded itself with dollar bills and prepared to pull a real educational rabbit out of a very dependable magic silk hat.

As was to be expected the old scorners and soreheads raised their cry about no gains without pains as well as cash outlay. We could not become a literate nation they said, if bookcases were torn down to make room for the second television set, or if "I Love Lucy" became the only love story with which we were familiar. A traditional scold, Robert M. Hutchins, spoke of faults in the educational set-up so radical that we would do better to build new colleges and universities than reform the old. But this was quickly dismissed as heresy to be expected and tolerated from men who had sat around like kennel dogs and yelped for years.

Impractical men, they had no idea of what the cash nexus could do. Cynical men they did not know that you could solve anything by taking money bags from one window and laying them at the pay-window marked "education." Scornful men, they were merely presumptuous in mocking us for sending Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer up the river as a security risk in 1954 and talking of bringing him back again four years later.

But in reply we would put our money on the counter and even bang our fist angrily to show that we wanted education and we wanted it right away.

The cynicism of these scolds, these sitters in the seat of the scornful, provoked a typical letter to the editor of the RALEIGH NEWS & OBSERVER a few weeks ago. A self duplicating tier of "businessmen and ex-athletic golden boys," the writer charged, had fastened itself on colleges and universities in the U. S. There they had "found prestige and power without paying the price of coronaries and peptic ulcers." They were only secondarily interested, he said, in intellectual matters but primarily in "bigger and better teams, more drum majorettes, bigger and louder marching bands, larger stadia and gymnasia, more IBM machines, more administration buildings to house the growing hordes of businessmen and ex-athlete administrators." Readers of the letter no doubt considered the source: A Chapel Hill Ph.D. They also considered the very abstract thought with which his letter ended: that "until education is once more the charge of men who regard mind as the most God-like of human attributes, pleas for standards and common sense are as cries in the wilderness."

No one would pay attention, for all we had to do was look around to see that this was the same irrelevant, impractical carping. Surely it was not true that alumni took interest only in the football team. Surely it was not true that "business-men and ex-athlete golden boys" were claiming the upper hand over professors.

Surely in the post-Sputnik era his words sounded strangely out of place. They echoed the vanished world of Mark Hopkins and split logs, and no doubt they will subside to less than a whisper in the loud bargaining of our new educational market place.

Yet Another Page Of Paradox Is Added

THE poison penmen who hoped to destroy Charlotte's Harry Golden by dredging up his "past" must surely be a little chagrined today. They merely embellished a public legend with yet another twist of paradox. If they destroyed anything it was their own self respect.

Golden's public confession that he served a prison term for fraud nearly 30 years ago has not diminished the value of his presence or his writing one whit. He need not apologize to the human race. He has paid his debt. The account is closed. Meanwhile, he has enriched the culture of the nation immensely and contributed to the enjoyment of millions with the CAROLINA ISRAELITE and his bestselling book, ONLY IN AMERICA. He is a credit to Charlotte and to the family of man.

Harry Golden's "past" is beside the point. The point is that his future is secure as a wise and witty commentator on the human comedy.

Life In America: Ingenuity At Work

IN the introduction to THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES OF 1958, edited by Martha Foley and David Burnett, there is this dark lament:

"More than 300 fewer books were published in 1957 than in 1956 in the United States. This in a country that has since doubled in population, gained tremendously in wealth and provides more leisure time than ever before in our history."

But weep not for Americans. Characteristically they are putting that leisure time to ingenious use. Somebody in Pennsylvania is merchandising a strip of poster board designed to look like a row of ten books. "It's like the real thing," according to an advertisement in SATURDAY REVIEW, a leading literary magazine. The titles include BRAIN SURGERY SELF TAUGHT, TOM SWIFT AND HIS ELECTRICAL GRANDMOTHER, RAISING CHILDREN FOR FUN AND PROFIT, EMBALMING CAN BE FUN, and SO YOU WANT TO BUILD A SWAMP.

We may lose the missile race to the Russians but we have at least found a short cut to imbecility.

From The Wall Street Journal

HI-YO, SILVER DOLLARS

THE way the dollar's disappearing, someone was bound to trigger it sooner or later. The Lone Ranger is rating to the rescue of the Treasury.

Tonto and Silver will storm with hoofs across the nation's TV screens this fall rounding up dollars for Uncle Sam as well as assorted scoundrels. They have agreed to induce the nation's small fry to buy U. S. government savings stamps to be turned into Series E Savings Bonds.

The way the Lone Ranger and Mr. James E. Sykes, head of the Treasury's Savings Bond Division, have worked things out, each buyer of a Savings stamp will be entitled to a picture of the Lone Ranger and membership in the Lone Ranger Peace Patrol. On the TV program the Lone Ranger will push the sales of savings stamps through the Post Office and the schools. The idea is to get American youngsters to underlight their dimes and quarters to build the economic and military strength required to preserve our freedom and insure the peace.

The dimes and quarters go into little booklets and after there are enough of them the small fry turns the booklet into a Post Office or a bank and receives for $18.75 a U. S. savings bond. After eight years and eleven months, the bond is turned in and Uncle Sam hands the fry no longer so small $25, no longer worth $25, unless things change in a hurry.

In fact, the way the dollar's been going for some years now, the $25 bond the small fry gets may not be worth the $18.75 the youngsters put into it in dimes and quarters and when the kids find out they've been dry-gulched at his urging, we'd hate to be the Lone Ranger.

We don't want to seem unpatriotic about this matter, but after all the Lone Ranger strikes us as a man as sound as the dollar used to be, and we hate to see him walk into such an ambush without warning.

The fact is the Lone Ranger's on the wrong trail in trying to rescue the Treasury this way. There's only one way to do it really, and that's to rescue the dollar as distressed as any damsel he ever came across. But even the Lone Ranger Silver and Tonto resourceful as they are, can't round up a whole government.

People's Platform 'Vacancy' Sign Is Out In Variety Vacationland

Asheville

Editors, The News:

WE HAVE read with interest a reprint in the Asheville Citizen - Times of an editorial which appeared in The News recently, entitled "In Variety Vacationland, No Vacancy." It is regrettable that the writer apparently visited this area during one of those nights when accommodation facilities were taxed to capacity, but it is unfortunate that he permitted this relatively rare instance to color his economic perspective of the overall situation. May we point out a few fallacies in the writer's analysis?

The occasions on which the existing facilities cannot accommodate the tourist flow are exceptional rather than the general rule. These usually occur in Asheville only when there is a large convention here which has reserved the choice accommodations well in advance.

With an average year-round occupancy of approximately 60 per cent which is well below the average of tourist facilities in a non-resort area, what solution does the writer propose for the remaining nine off-season months of the year?

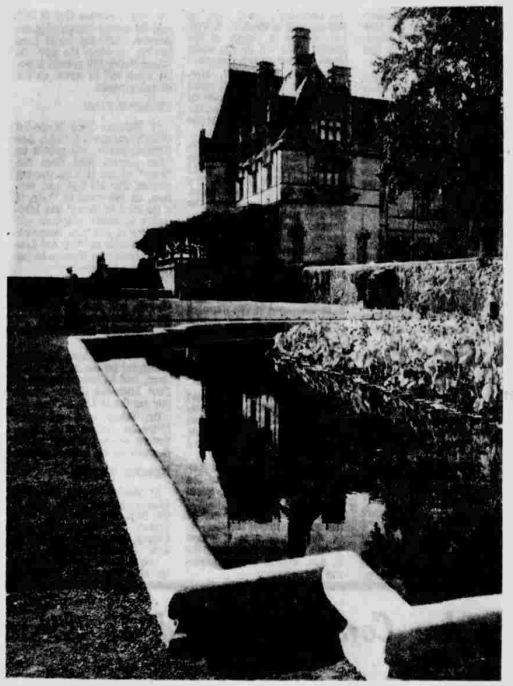
If the writer stopped at an Asheville Tourist Association member court (regardless of the type of sign displayed) he would have found the court operator busy on the telephone long after his court was filled locating suitable accommodations for the tourist, and doing everything in his power to make him comfortable and happy and thereby building good will for Variety Vacationland.

The Asheville courts are in constant contact with the Cherokee-Gatlinburg area courts during June, July and August and know that the visitor has a far better chance of getting accommodations in the Asheville area than he has in the area to which the writer insists he is driven.

Asheville Tourist Association members are pledged to do everything possible to make the visiting tourist welcome and happy and we are sure that if the tourist would contact any member of our association he would thereby be enabled to find suitable accommodations.

We trust you will give this information the same publicity as you gave the criteria in your editorial.

—G. E. MASTER
President
Asheville Tourist Assn.



(Hugh Morton Photo)

Biltmore House Near Asheville: Economic Perspective Colored?

Democrats Lead Us Over The Precipice

Iron Station

Editors, The News:

DAVE Clark in his recent foreign policy debate merely acted as mouthpiece for the partisan carping outlined in literature sent out by Paul Butler and the Democratic National Committee.

Believe me, three World Wars is proof enough of the complete failure of Democratic foreign policy.

I would a thousand times prefer Dulles' brinkmanship to plunging madly over the precipice of total war and destruction.

If the Democratic record of three wars is an example of a successful foreign policy then they have one. To me their record indicates dismal failure.

—ROLAND BALLARD

Why Don't Ministers Lambaste Cigarettes?

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

A question of great importance to many Americans—indeed to a vast majority of citizens of the Southeast — offers material for serious consideration. The question: Does cigarette smoking contribute to mouth and lung cancer?

Medical researchers on one side are convinced that it does. On the other hand, tobacco producers and processors contend no definite connection has been proven.

Medical researchers show statistically that a large majority of victims of this dread disease are veteran smokers. Tobacconists quickly counter with contention that many cancer victims never used tobacco in any form. This, of course is indisputable since cancer killed people before tobacco was used. Such a debate, it seems, is fruitless. Some contend smoking is harmful, cancer or no cancer. Know of any football, basketball or swimming coaches who encourage their charges to smoke heavily? Others state without fear of contradiction, that smoking is expensive. For the amount a husband-wife team of smokers spend on fags they could purchase any one of several articles such as bonds, furniture, automobile, real estate, insurance or a dozen other things that would be of use, comfort and pleasure for long periods of time, but the smoke is like the snowflake on the river, a moment white then gone forever.

Wouldn't we consider it a national catastrophe if 90 per cent of any other crop was destroyed by fire, without insurance, and the remaining 10 per cent had to be spat out—unfit for a human to swallow, after it was prepared and chewed up?

Tobacconists contend their industry offers livelihood to many people, farmers, processors, advertising media, and contributes a great source of revenue through taxation to federal, state and local governments, and again dwell on the fact that no definite connection with cancer has yet been proven.

Come to think of it, have we not been a bit unfair to the distilleries, breweries and the farmers who raise corn, barley, wheat and rye? Yea even the 'shiner and the bootlegger?

Has anybody ever bothered to prove a definite connection between hard liquor and road hazard? Would not the drunken driver be just as dead if crushed in the wreckage of his careening convertible while cold sober? Was not the little child just as dead when run over by a lovable lady, as his little neighbor knocked down by a rummer on the lam?

Doesn't the grain farmer feed his family and flock from the income off his crop just as does the tobacco farmer? Don't the breweries and distilleries pay their employes well? Don't they advertise through every means available to them? Doesn't the alcohol tax fill our various governmental tills just as adequately as the tobacco tax?

Just what the devil is the difference if the product is harmful to the human body?

Does anyone claim that the use of either tobacco or liquor make for fine rcharacter, stronger minds or cleaner, healthier bodies? Why pull padded punches with one and make a punching bag of the other? Why don't our ministers lambaste naughty old Nicotine like they do old demon rum? Can our farmers and factories find no plant to propagate and process that might afford a livelihood and governmental revenue, yet not be harmful to human beings?

—A. C. BUCKLE

Can ABC System Decrease Drinking?

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

FROM the papers I learn that the ABC forces and a citizens group are setting up a committee for alcohol education. No one can deny the great need for alcohol education. The liquor group promised bootlegging would cease if we legalized liquor and they say now that there are more bootleggers than ever. They say they do not want to sell it but reduce the sale. If it were not for the fact that they get the choicest locations with plenty of parking spaces on or near busy thoroughfares so as to make it easy to get, we might half-way believe that. They have never given an intelligent citizen the least bit of indication that their aim is to decrease drinking and drunkenness.

They may say we are setting up an education committee. Why? The law requires that a percentage of ABC money be spent in this way. Advocating total abstinence and emphasizing the sinfulness of drink would deter to some degree drinking and drunkenness. What do they do? They select a minister to head their group. I, too, am a minister but I do not advocate liquor and its evils. Then they teach that it is all right to drink if you know when to quit. The millions of alcoholics thought they could quit. Alcohol is a habit-forming narcotic. It is a slave maker and a manhood and womanhood breaker. The conscience of every man, who drinks, unless it is seared by habitual indulgence, tells him that he wins when he drinks.

If drinking is no sin what is? They say alcoholism is a disease. Then every cause has an effect. So what is the germ cause of this disease? It is alcohol. So when we accept that fact that alcoholism is a disease to be consistent we must accept the fact that every ABC store dispenses disease germs. Should we legalize the sale of disease germs?

It is a tragic fact that under this so-called system of alcoholic education tax blood money from liquor will be used to produce more drinking and more alcoholics.

Paul spoke of people who "professing themselves to be wise became fools." Let our responsible citizens be alert and aware of the insidious evils that threaten to destroy under the guise of offering to build.

—REV. H. L. FERGUSON

Reds Respect Force
Is America Ready To Fight?

By JOSEPH ALSOP

TAIPEI, Formosa

IF ONE knew the answers to three questions, it would be easy to predict the future development of this baffling, immensely dangerous offshore islands crisis.

CHIANG

Question number one is whether Communist representatives at Warsaw will agree to an informal cease-fire in the Formosa Strait. The American policy-makers faintly, palely hope for cease-fire at Warsaw. If the hope is realized, the artillery blockade of Quemoy will be automatically lifted, and the immediate problem will be solved.

The crisis will then subside into another interminable, probably fruitless round of ambassadorial talks, as happened in 1955. But the Chinese Communists could have got this much without creating the crisis. Hence the odds against a Warsaw-arranged cease-fire would seem to be pretty heavy.

POOR STOPGAP

Question number two is how much longer the American government can persuade Chiang Kai-shek to hold his hand. Yesterday, the President-Generalissimo indicated to this reporter that the effort to supply Quemoy by convoy over open beaches under heavy fire was a very poor stopgap at best — which is a charitable judgment. Chiang further revealed his determination to strike rather soon at the heart of the trouble, by sending his crack air squadrons against the Communist gun positions and lines of communication.

Chiang has not yet ordered air attacks on mainland targets, solely because of American pleas to wait and see whether the Warsaw talks would produce a cease-fire. If a cease-fire is not soon produced, Chiang will be very hard to hold any longer. And if his air squadrons begin to operate over the mainland, the fat will be in the fire whether the American government likes it or not.

JUST TALK?

As for question number three, it is whether the American policy-makers will come round to Chiang Kai-shek's view of the problem if their Warsaw hopes are disappointed. Another way of phrasing the question is to ask whether President Eisenhower and Secretary of State Dulles really meant anything, by all their big bold talk about defending the Matsus and Quemoy against Communist aggression.

The present orders of the American command out here are to try all imaginable devices and to use all possible resources, to supply blockaded Quemoy without getting into a fight. By a costly combination of air and sea supply, it is theoretically possible to get enough tonnage into Quemoy to feed the garrison and civilian population, even with the beaches and landing strips under heavy fire. Each landing of supplies will involve some casualties for the Chinese who do the nasty part of the job, but in theory, the job can be done in this manner.

SILENT GUNS

Yet this will most emphatically not "defend Quemoy" as the American government has promised to do. The offshore islands positions are difficult enough already. If every ounce of supplies has to be landed under fire which can never be returned, the Quemoy position will become absolutely untenable for the long run. Already, the Nationalist guns on Quemoy cannot be used for serious counter-battery fire, because the garrison commander has no prospect of replenishing his stocks of ammunition.

In short, the offshore islands are not Berlin. If you read off the evil day of final choice, but it will not solve the problem to push a trickle of supplies through the Communist artillery blockade of Quemoy. No one in his senses can suppose that such a position can be indefinitely held in such a manner, without a military or political or psychological crackup somewhere. The attempt, if prolonged, will be nothing more or less than an invitation to a crackup, and there are plenty of signs here in Taiwan that a crackup will result.

CALLING THEIR BLUFF

In other words, if the President and Secretary Dulles really mean what they have said, the only way to defend Quemoy is in the classical manner, by meeting force with force. If the firm intention to do this is revealed — by turning loose the Chinese Nationalist pilots to attack mainland targets, for instance — there will then be some chance that the Chinese Communists will agree to a cease-fire.

If Peking will not agree to a cease-fire after the U. S. has manifested a firm intention to meet force with force, then it will be absolutely clear that Peking is ready to run all risks in order to gain a smashing victory here. Furthermore, if the American government is not willing to meet force with force, the Chinese Communists will quite surely gain their victory in the end.

PAPER TIGER

It looks well of course, to be patient and steady and resigned to setbacks. But resistance to force must begin somewhere, and if the United States can plead, to bring the Chinese Communists to reason, patience and meekness, no doubt make a good impression in London, but then, are people to conform Peking's conviction that the American government is a paper tiger. And if we are not ready to use force as a last resort, the President and secretary of state ought never to have talked so big and bold.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

High Official Solicits Free Draperies

Editors' Note: Drew Pearson is on a brief work-and-play vacation. Today's column is written by his assistant, Jack Anderson.

WASHINGTON

BUBBLY Bertha Adkins, the GOP's top lady politician, made a pitch to the Dan River Textile Mills the other day for some free draperies for her new office.

Bertha posed for pictures earlier this week with four teenagers who had been selected as "typical modern American girls" to promote Dan River fabrics. After Bertha had obliged for the photographers, she apologized for her new office, which she complained sadly was "drab."

Feminine Touch

"It had been a man's office, she said, and needed the feminine touch. Wouldn't it be nice, she added brightly, if Dan River Mills could donate some slip covers and draperies.

The Dan River representative tactfully reminded Miss Adkins of another tie the manufacturer, Bernard Goldfine, who got into trouble for presenting gifts to high government officials.

"Oh, well," shrugged Bertha, "it wasn't a bad idea."

Sourpuss Blues

The dreary news from Formosa and Little Rock battles over the White House these days take a setting toll. Aides are almost afraid to crack a joke for fear it might be misinterpreted to irritate the boss, Sherman Adams. Some aides have made him however, smile. Even White House protocol, Thomas Stephens, The President's protocol and ceremonies secretary, is supposed to have died.

After the Maine election some informative souls whispered around the White House the revised slogan: "As Maine goes, so goes Sherman Adams."

But most White House employes considered it an act of disloyalty to repeat it. That the wisecrack was attributed to Vice President Nixon only heightened the tension.

Nothing Funny

The President, who brushes at a smutty story but relishes a good joke, has found little to laugh at lately. Four White House aides, including Allen, his partner at Lemon and Jordan, has gone disciplined.

Ike was sulking funny in jokes, on himself, such as the current story about the aide who asked him about the civil rights bill.

"I thought Goldfine paid that," Ike is quoted in the punchline.

Quote, Unquote

"Tennis has the dubious distinction of giving more sportsfans stiff necks than any other sport known to man." — Walter O'Keefe.

"Greed is only as rich as it is generous, if it hoards it impoverishes itself." — H. D. Thoreau.

"I would rather fish than eat, particularly eat fish." — Corey Ford.