

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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ANOTHER 'POWDERKEG'

IT HAS LONG been a diplomatic cliché to refer to the Middle East as a "powder-keg", but there was never a month when the term was more applicable. Developments in Iran might well be lighting the fuse for an explosion that will open the oilrich area to the Soviet Union.

Some indication that the spirit of revolt in Iran—a spirit that has produced one successful assassination, one attempted assassination and a decision to nationalize the Arab world—was to be found in the news from that vast area between French Morocco and Kashmir this week.

In Beirut, Lebanon, on March 18, twenty persons were killed and at least twenty more were wounded in a clash between the police and followers of Kamal Jumblatt, leader of the Socialist Progressive Party, when the police sought to prevent participants from firing their guns into the air as part of a celebration.

In Baghdad on March 19 two men attempted to throw an improvised grenade into a room in the United States consulate. The grenade exploded and caused four casualties.

In London on March 19 it was announced that Iraq will take legal action to obtain higher royalties from the United States, British, French, and Dutch oil interests operating there. After the Iranian Parliament's vote to nationalize the British oil concession in Iraq, the issue of nationalizing the Iraqi industry arose in Baghdad. The contemplated legal action, however, is a separate matter.

In Damascus, Syria, on March 19 Khalid

al-Azm, former Syrian Premier, announced that he was giving up efforts to form a new Cabinet. The government of Nazem al Kodai Bey resigned on March 9 after seven months' rule. A communique issued in Damascus said President Hashem al-Atassi was continuing consultations for solving the government crisis.

In Cairo last week the Arab League Council voted to send France a note asking that natives of French Morocco receive their independence. The New York Times' Clifton Daniels reported on March 18: "In Cairo yesterday there was talk about nationalizing the Suez Canal and denouncing the treaty under which British forces maintain bases in the canal zone. In Iraq, which also has been quarreling with Britain about royalty rates, Baghdad newspapers commented with approval today on Iran's action and the deputy leader of the Nationalist Party asked the government whether it was thinking of nationalizing the oil industry."

On March 18 in Srinagar, Kashmir, three score groups of demonstrators marched through the streets protesting the United States' refusal to end the feud between India and Pakistan over control of the rich mountain land of Kashmir.

Earlier this month Associate U. S. Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, returning from a trip through the Middle East, reported revolution brewing in every village. If the Western powers emerge from this year of decision in the Middle East still in control of the vast oil resources there, the State Department of the United States and the Foreign Office of Great Britain will have accomplished a minor miracle.

GIVE THEM A CHANCE

EVERYONE has heard the pious remark: "A drunk is a drunk; he doesn't deserve any help." Lately, however, as science and medicine have turned their attention to the problem of alcoholism, the label "drunk" is taking on some new connotations. Much of the failed miss who fell by the wayside, the "drunk" is no more to be pitied than censured.

It is no longer necessary to repeat the evidence that alcoholism is a disease rather than a scandal. It has been generally accepted. However, acceptance of the idea will be of little value to the alcoholic unless there is some framework through which the idea can be expressed.

Fortunately, there is such a framework in North Carolina—the Alcoholic Rehabilitation Program of the State Hospitals Board of Control. The program is not just a name, it has become the embodiment of an idea that the alcoholic can be returned to a useful place in society. It has done some remarkable things in this respect, but it has been handicapped.

You can't rehabilitate a wounded veteran or a mental patient any more, unless you care for persons on the level of society, unless they can find a place in society, unless the wounded vet and the mental patient, it welcomes them back and puts them to work.

DISCOVERY OF SPRING

ONE of the little tragedies in the all-enveloping urbanization of America is that to find Spring on March 21 you have to go out and look for it. On the first day of Spring this week we went on the concrete and asphalt of S. Church St. and saw no great change. We decided to go up the street to the First Presbyterian Church yard and look there. The churchyard has become a sort of bellwether for the vernal equinox.

Along the concrete walk, the stars-of-Bethlehem were out in profusion—a little thicker, of course, on the side nearest The Square where the morning sun is strongest. The little flowers with their six pure-white petals and yellow-brown eyes looked healthy enough.

From The Pascegoles (Miss) Chronicle-Str

ECONOMY FOR OTHERS ONLY?

A NEW ORLEANS newspaper in an editorial headed "Economy Wins Friends," says that among recent converts to less Federal spending are Senators Paul Douglas of Illinois and Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota.

"The teens sound so long and so vainly by Senator Byrd of Virginia, promises fruit at last, although a grave national emergency was necessary to jolt the legislators into a mood to stop useless expenditures," the editorial says in part.

Senator Humphrey might be classed among the "economical" liberal category in Congress, but the New Orleans publication is way off base when it says that Senator Douglas is a "recent" convert to Federal economy.

Actually, Senator Douglas is one of the few sane realists in Congress and, in our humble opinion, by far the most able man in that august body. He has been on his feet fighting pork barrel appropriations while Byrd was giving lip service to economy.

Douglas saved a lone fight a year or so ago to cut the pork out of the omnibus rivers and harbors bill, and thereby saved the taxpayers several hundred millions of dollars.

Not so in the case of, for instance, the released convict. More often than not the ex-con is shunted from employer to employer, hiding his background when he can. Yet the chronic lapsing back into crime when his employer turns him out. That the treatment should be accorded an ex-convict is regrettable, but that a person innocent of wrongdoing but guilty of being sick should receive the same treatment is unthinkable. Yet many of us are guilty of it—if not in practice then in theory.

S. K. Proctor, executive director of the Alcoholic Rehabilitation Program, is currently urging community leaders to recognize the basic cruelty of that attitude. Mr. Proctor is urging such leaders to help secure employment for some of the patients who complete the month alcoholic treatment at the Butner Rehabilitation Center.

The alcoholic needs sympathy, he needs guidance, he needs medical and psychiatric attention, but these do not constitute the full treatment. The greatest therapy of all is yet to be provided: the opportunity to take part in the life of the community. This means that the alcoholic must have a job. Physicians agree that the feeling of insecurity is a major factor in problem drinking. Even the "reformed" alcoholic may lapse back into problem drinking if he is insecure, jobless.

THE PIGEONS

The pigeons seemed a good deal more pleasant, preening themselves with casual grace and refraining from flying up abruptly into our faces. They seemed happier and decidedly more colorful in the sunlight.

There were a few first dandelions around the tree stumps, small and tender and doubtless most enticing to fanciers of dandelion wine. A squirrel sat peacefully among one patch of them.

In the Old Manes a youngster sat in a tawny, her ruffed-out skirt showing Winter-white knees. A boy perched on top of the sliding board watching the pigeons.

The foliage on the trees isn't as thick as it will be in a few weeks, but it's coming out, all of which convinces us that this time the calendar is right.

Same old cry. Let me have my cake and eat it, too, but for goodness sake (and Federal economy) take it away from that guy.

The International News Service quotes a reputable doctor as saying "A man is a fool to drink before he is 40," and a fool not to drink after he is 40." Humm. So that's why they say life begins at 40. A Briton named, oddly, McGonogue Said, while adjusting his monocle: "To nationalize steel is to nationalize the soul." But not off by a jot, that's Iran-ol."

Fugitives from Iron Curtain Are Becoming Forgotten Men

By JOSEPH ALBOP

YOU COULD see that the wily little man with the round, high-colored face had probably been with his hands cuffed as a veterinary captain in a Soviet artillery regiment who had been "deserted" in 1945.

Despite his horribly shabby cast-off clothes he retained an air of competence, and his Russian peasant quality prevented him from being truly downtrodden.

Yet after eighteen months of freedom's privileges. After eighteen months of interrogation centers and D. P. camps and life as an emigrant, this naturalized citizen of the young capital had been veiled by an almost visible melancholy.

Melancholy seemed in fact to have settled upon him slowly but relentlessly, as dust settles upon the forgotten furniture in an abandoned house. He finished his schnapps in one gulp and summed up his problem in a single tragic question.

"Do you really think we were right to come over—all of us who have sacrificed this life of dust, or should we have stayed with our own people?" The little man was a continuing question is worthy of more than momentary consideration as a symbol of a missed opportunity. It is the opportunity of an island of freedom in the midst of the Soviet zone of Germany. Here, in Berlin, this reporter has just explored a rather prolonged and complicated of the various resistance and liberation movements, German and their main or advanced bases here.

ALL these organizations had their own marked characters, yet all were united in a mere trickle of the tremendous positive usefulness of Berlin as a base of freedom amid the East zone slavery and oppression.

NEW YORK IT IS EASY to foresee a future like incipient since it seems likely now that the contemplated extra taxes on booze will remove the art domain of common folk, and even a short beer will eventually dwindle beyond the pet of all but millionaires.

We have seen this pattern start before, in England, where even a medicinal remedy of adolescent gin is being used for the purpose of a working stiff, while Scotch, if available at all, is quarry mostly for the rich and the aristocracy using up their blocked pounds sterling. There is just so much tax that a commodity will bear, and there is just so much that it is popular quit using it.

The Treasury's current proposal to raise the tax on spirits from 30 to 52 cents a gallon, counting the state's tax, puts gin in the same category as uranium, which will undoubtedly make the WCTU and the cork shroffs and the bootleggers very happy. This is the Government's idea of getting to be real dumb, indeed.

YOU SEE, LIKE IT you see, despite the serious against it, and the legislation against it, a great many people do not. Some get drunk, and some don't, but they drink. The President and the United States Preachers drink. Vice-President Barkley drinks. Athletes drink. Dignitaries drink. The rest of the stuff, myself, but then I am a man of exceptionally noble character, and I can make a few temptations.

Well, when you have a great many people paying in taxes for the sake of the Government, you are or beer or gin or whatever, it is kind of foolish to shy the golden marks open up a new and remunerative way for the crooks to get rich. When you put honest, labeled, tax-paid booze outside the pocketbook of old Joe Average,

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

HERE are three pictures I have received of Berlin—the most controversial city in the world—during the last three decades.

Berlin in 1923 was a city of despair. People walked in the streets with their heads down, and their garbage cans immediately they were placed outside the hotel's kitchen. Inside the hotel women waited, willing to sell their souls for a cup of coffee that cost one million marks on the street. Inflation ran riot at the time, with braggadocio foreigners burning marks to light cigarettes and the German people watching the daily depreciation of the printing-press money which was paid. I interviewed President Friedrich Ebert, then the German president, and he said: "I was a soldier, suddenly found himself at the helm of the new German Weimar Republic. The Kaiser and the Prussians of Potsdam were gone, leaving a group of place and the Democrats to take their place. The result was chaos, desperation and despair."

Berlin in 1938 was entirely different. The Allies had failed to help the struggling Weimar Republic until late in the day, and Hitler had had turned to a swashbuckling dictator who promised them the moon and who, by 1936, had occupied the Ruhr, built up the German army and, if he could not get the moon, was well on his way to producing the rest of Europe. While the Allies gazed the German people to pay reparations, Wall Street bankers poured loans into the German industry and the German people turned placed their bets on the swashbuckler who promised them the moon. So, from starving Germany in 1923 we went to the opposite extreme of rearming Hitler in

effectively supported by the West. Yet it was only when one saw and talked to the Russians who had died the war, that one realized how stupid, and even how brutal our commitments have been in their dealings with this problem. The shocking situation that had been created by the political fugitives were boldly returned to the MGB, has at least been remedied. But those people who were represented to our propaganda are none the less well represented by the little man described here, with his heart-breaking inquiry.

They were all the same—the veterans of the armed force sergeant, the wife of a secret police officer, shivering in a secret police office, and the former secretary of the communications staff at Carlshorst, the Russian headquarters, who had brought his family out with the help of "friends in the secret police— even among them there are some who are respected."

All had been interminably interrogated, the communications officers, no less than the continuing years. When the interrogations ended, all had been flung upon the dustheap, as the veterinary captain said, and were now on their way to a weary existence in one of the grim D. P. camps. All had come hoping for a better life. All had got nothing, except to be utterly cut off from the world they knew. All—and this is the inner core, the heart—had been treated hard choice they had made.

In the end one did not wonder that one day she said to the doctor, who have almost crippled the Russians in East Germany, have instead been reduced to a mere trickle. One wondered, rather, why all governments nowadays, even with the best intentions, seem to be so utterly lacking in sympathy, kindness or the fine gesture. This seems, indeed, to be one of the marks of our time.

Comes A Time A Pleasure Ceases To Be A Pleasure

By ROBERT C. URKAK

YOU BEUAK in the bootlegger. Only the bootlegger profits. Joe's stomach afflicts him, and maybe he is slightly and or drops medium dead. Uncle Sam drops the revenue, and steps to his law enforcement agencies—which he has to do to end the law.

LAST GRAIN, FINAL STRAW Certain and for sure, whisky is a luxury—and so, for that matter, are soap, automobiles and women's hats. But the commerce of the nation and the prosperity of the people and the strength of the country are erected on the sale of what we call "luxuries." Luxuries make us a better people than Russians, who have few luxuries. You cannot penalize a luxury so far that it abdicates in dismay.

What used to be called "Merric England" is a drab nation today, and the Government is getting poorer. England taxed itself loose from happiness. In its socialization it gave a great many people a lot of nothing, and some from the few things they admired as a daily adjunct to pleasure. The nation is dirtier, greener, and quite miserable to live in, and is also dependent on the loans of Germany and the rest of the world.

But as for this country, and the heavy bond in whisky taxes is just an indication of the kind of nation we can make anything, even fifth cooking rye, to a point where it loses utility and eludes the common sense. It kills it as a fact of economy.

It is not sensible to overpenalize pleasures, just because it does not happen to taste better.



Collected By Bill Sharpe
TURPENTINE DRIPPINGS

His Weakness

(Winston-Salem Journal—John Wesley Clay)

Reminds me of the old woman up on Gunpowder Creek. She didn't have symptoms, but she had a world of "complaints." She had old complaints and new complaints. Fact is she was always complaining. She had tried all the remedies and all the doctors. None of them seemed to do her any good.

Finally a young doctor settled in the community and the old lady immediately went to him for himself in curing diseases, but he couldn't reach the woman's complaints. It was not that she was not cured, but that she was not cured on curing complaints.

Political Training

(Al Beach, Chatham News)

It seems that someone would amplify the expressed theory that it's a small-town, rural sort of a marshmallow world and that the big city doesn't amount to so much. I'm sort of a political leader and that more of them will be needed in high places if there's to be anything like the world worth saving.

Don't get me wrong, I believe that in the big cities there are a lot of nice, useful people. I do believe, however, that big-city folks are down-to-earth tough, the realization that all people are "folks." In the big cities the race is to stay alive and, somehow, you learn all at once a schooling in human relations as do your smalltown cousins. I could, however, from my own experience, take either side in a debate.

The Methodist's Angle

(Waynesville Mountaineer)

Turner Cathey likes to approach problems from a practical angle. The other day while discussing the increased production of poultry here, someone asked him: "How far can Hayward safety go on the poultry program?"

Then with his typical sly grin, Cathey replied: "Just as long as they keep expanding Lake Junaluska, and getting more and more Methodist preachers there will never be any danger of over-production."

Champion

(Roboro Courier-Times)

A few weeks ago Earl Bradsher Sr., who lives in Roboro, was in the middle of a walk over to the school lot and while there he watched the kids shoot marbles. They were putting so many pieces in the ring and you could keep what you knocked out. It was just as you and I played in the old days. "Papie" Bradsher asked if he could join the game and the boys told him "yes" provided he had some marbles. He ran home and stole some

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of his grandson's and then got in the game. On the first round, Bradsher got all of his back plus about six from the other boys who were playing. Then he had first shot. He took his shooting marble and landed right in the center, knocking the ring. The same thing happened again, and by that time those who were watching the game called in the best shots in the school. "Papie" Bradsher again knocked down and cleaned up the crowd. After the game was over he gave his winnings to one little fellow who had gone broke.

The next day at lunch time he was back again and again he cleaned the crowd. After several days it got so bad even the best shots refused to play with the old man—who had been a real champion in his day—50 years ago.

The Reason

(Camden Chronicle)

Seeing a magazine article by a caterer in which he said that so many people were prejudiced against him, he visited this country and was taken out to a small restaurant to dinner. Asked whether he would muton. And then he went on to tell how fine—he thought muton was—infinitely better than venison. He said: "I'm a wonder at you saying that; if muton is better than venison, why does venison cost so much more?" "V.V.," replied the German, "I will tell you the real reason. People always prefer fat ish deer to fat ish sheep."

In No Hurry

(Lexington Dispatch)

Joseph W. Noell, editor of the Roboro Courier-Times, observed his 80th birthday a few days ago. He was interested in his life which appeared in several State dailies this week. For more than a half century Mr. Noell has lived in Roboro and worked at his present job. He has been there so long he really likes the place and is quoted as saying: "There is only one other place I would ever work at his Roboro with—and that is Heaven. Though I feel and hope I will go there, I'm in no hurry to make the change."

Futile Compromise

(Greensboro News)

Taking cognizance of the amendments which have been written into the measure, as originally offered, at the behest of our stream despoilers, the Franklin Press, of western part of the state where stream pollution has already taken heavy toll of one of our major natural resources, pointedly observed that "industry has been asked some questions all set to get—an antipollution bill that you would work only where and when it would cause no body inconvenience or expense. Unfortunately for industry and for the state, effective laws just don't come that way."

McClroy's German Job Difficult, Delicate

1936 — and Berlin was cocky, confident and supreme. Berlin in 1951 is still a city of ruins. Though other German cities have made great progress getting back on their feet, Berlin still is like no man's land. In the Russian zone are piles of neatly stacked bricks and beside them neat piles of scrap iron, for the Russians have taken the ruins and chiefly for the purpose of shipping the scrap iron back to Moscow. You pass long lines of guard walls and skeletonized buildings—some blasted by German bombs and others by the bombings of the buildings, some blasted by American explosive bombs which knocked down the walls of the buildings. Take your pick; the Berliners don't like either.

McClroy Has Difficult Job

(The World Today)

It is biggest problem facing the United States and the world today is how to avoid the mistakes of both 1923 and 1924. It is how to avoid the mistakes of crushing Germany as in 1923 and rebuilding the German military and their just for power as in 1924. The man who has the difficult job of guiding Germany on this delicate course is John J. McClroy, a former New York Republican lawyer who served as Assistant Secretary of War under Henry L. Stimson. He has some experience in making a world a better place. Some Americans think McClroy has been coddling the Germans. The Germans, on the other hand, think he has been too tough. When I put some of the ideas set up to him, McClroy's reaction was extremely frank.

On Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays," he said, "I think we are doing a good job. On Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays I think we're not. Twenty-five years from now you'll be able to tell whether we're really doing our work well. I realize," McClroy continued, "that a lot of people claim we are relinquishing too much power to the Germans but whom are we relinquishing it to?—to the men who have spent their lives in jail or in exile because they have opposed Hitler to the men who have their roots deep in the principles of the Weimar Republic. We are not relinquishing any Allied powers to the Nazis. Of course, you may think that's just a matter of semantics. But an official who is a former Nazi, but you won't find any former Nazis at the top."

McClroy has an American resident stationed in every county of the American zone whose job it is to mingle with the German people, hold town meetings every two weeks, listen to their gripes, and encourage them to debate government problems. This is something the German people never enjoyed before and many of them are pleased but flabbergasted. These town meetings have been so successful that the Bonn government isn't too happy. It feels the Americans are getting a greater hold on the people than their leaders. McClroy himself has traveled all over the American zone participating in these meetings and letting the Germans fire questions at him. He feels that if he can get their gripes in the open and have a chance to answer them, he will have won an important part of the battle for a German democracy.

Converting Bonn officialdom to democracy, however, is a tougher problem. McClroy still has a great deal to do to revamp the German Civil Service system, which means every German bureaucrat a petty quasi-dictator and which tolerates arrests and holding without warrants, nor has been able to persuade the Germans to revamp their school system which gives free public schooling only through the tenth grade. Furthermore, the Bonn government appears reacting toward the side of the big German industrialists — the same men who refinanced and rearmcd Hitler. This is McClroy's biggest problem. For, if this drift continues, history might repeat all over again.