THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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A PARKING SURVEY—AT LAST

THE City Council bought insurance against a blighted future when it authorized a complete survey of the parking problem yesterday.

The existence of the problem has long been known. Since the end of World War II, fast-growing Charlotte has experienced a disease that has hit many an American city—the disease of traffic and parking congestion, which eats away at the main business district, forces businessmen to flee to the suburbs, and leaves property deterioration and decay in its wake.

But the extent of the problem and the solution for it have been a matter of opinion, unsupported by fact.

Under the terms of the Council request, the City Traffic Engineer will conduct the survey. Most of the basic groundwork has already been done in the normal course of traffic engineering. A summary of the field reports, a ground-use survey, an inventory of available off-street parking facilities and their rate of turnover, and a door count of main traffic generating buildings are some of the missing pieces which must be fit into place before the whole picture is clear.

That Charlotte is already behind some of the other cities in North Carolina was shown by THE NEWS' series this week telling of progress in Asheville, Winston-Salem and Greensboro. Thanks to the favorable action yesterday, an action undiminished in its significance by the petty quibbling over the precise allocation of funds, Charlotte will be able to find out wherein it has failed to meet the problem of the Motor Vehicle Era.

THE STRANGE STORY OF JIM POPLIN

JIM POPLIN'S decision to resign his State job before his appointment became known generally was most thoughtful. Undoubtedly it will forestall the public outcry that was bound to be heard.

But the resignation does not answer some questions that need answering. Did Paroles Commissioner T. C. Johnson study Poplin's court record before appointing him? Or did he just rely on second-hand information that the Charlotte ex-bootlegger and practicing bondsman "had been in some trouble, about 20 years ago, but that he had been all right since then"? Is it customary to make "temporary" appointments to the field parole offices? How did Poplin get the job in the first place? Who recommended him, and what qualifications were cited?

Dr. Johnson's quoted comments in yesterday's edition of THE NEWS were guarded and evasive. A frank and open statement of the facts, such as that given by Dr. Johnson recently to explain a "backdoor pardon" granted a Buncombe man, is in order.

When Dr. Johnson spoke in Charlotte the other day, he suggested the creation of a three-man paroles commission. He said it would free the Paroles Commissioner of some of the terrific pressure brought upon him, and that it would guard against mistakes in granting paroles and pardons. We would suggest to the Paroles Commissioner that the three-man board also approve appointments to the parole field force. That might block the selection of such men as Charlotte's easy-going Jim Poplin.

DR. OREN MOORE

DR. OREN MOORE'S friends and associates had known for some weeks that the popular and respected physician could not live much longer. But his death came sooner than expected, and the loss to the community and to the medical profession seemed all the greater therefor.

In a day of increasing specialization, Dr. Moore was one of the best. He won wide acclaim within the profession for his work in gynecology and obstetrics. But the respect of his colleagues could not have been greater, or more gratifying to Dr. Moore, than the warm personal affection thousands of his patients and friends felt for him.

Few men combine in such full measure the professional wizardry and personal amiability that was Oren Moore's main trademark. Friendly, jovial, gregarious, he enjoyed life to the fullest. He drove himself hard when he was at his profession, but he applied himself just as enthusiastically to his many other interests. No Davidson football player or coach ever "sweated out" each play of a game more tensely than did the Charlotte physician, who was the Wildcats' No. 1 fan and booster, from his seat on the bench.

Davidson has lost a sturdy friend. The City and the State have lost an excellent citizen. And the medical profession has lost a representative of a type growing more rare each year—a man who bridged the gap between the efficient, competent specialist of today and the warm-hearted family doctor of yesterday.

KLANSMEN AND COMMUNISTS

GOVERNOR SCOTT'S comparison of Communism and the Ku Klux Klan may not be completely accurate, but it makes a valid point, i. e., the Communists seek to overthrow government, while the Klan seeks to supersimpose itself on government.

"Either is obnoxious to the people of North Carolina", said the Tar Heel chief executive. And with characteristic bluntness, he added that Tar Heels "are not going to take any foolishness from the Ku Klux Klan".

Mr. Scott wasn't just talking. When the Klan staged a widely-publicized rally near Whiteville recently, 97 hooded Klansmen were on hand. But they were outnumbered by the 100 law enforcement authorities sent there to preserve order.

In contrast, hooded Klansmen led by Carolina Grand Dragon Thomas L. Hamilton blocked traffic on U. S. Highway 29 near Camden, S. C., beat up a white man, and threatened two Anderson newspapermen. According to news reports, no South Carolina law authorities were on hand.

Strict surveillance of the Klan's activities will keep the evil organization within bounds, but that is not enough. It needs to be wiped out. And the best way to do that is to pass a State law forbidding the wearing of masks in public. Once unmasked, with their silly countenances exposed to full public view, members of the Ku Klux Klan will slink away to the oblivion which well befits them.

CAUCASIAN COMPLEX

AN AMERICAN sergeant killed in Korea was refused burial in a Sioux City, Iowa, cemetery because he was not a "Caucasian". He was an Indian. The President, by promptly authorizing a hero's burial in Arlington National Cemetery for the soldier, spiked what would have been a fine piece of propaganda for the Communists. But more important, he properly held—as stated by an aide—"that the national appreciation of patriotic sacrifice should not be limited by race, color or creed."

The Korean War, as previous wars, has proven many times over that patriotic sacrifice is not limited to white men. Red blood flows amply beneath red, black and yellow skins. But further, soldiers who have served shoulder to shoulder with other races have come to appreciate a man for what he is, rather than what his color is. Discrimination thus based on a man's character is on more solid ground than is discrimination based on his color.

The "Caucasian complex" is as dangerous as any other master-race theory. The President is to be complimented on his forthright refutation of it.

INFLATION AND POLITICS

THREE Republican Senators who say that President Truman is playing politics with inflation have decided to join the game. Shortly after Mr. Truman asked Congress to restore three key provisions to the weakened control law, Senators Welker, Nixon and Ferguson introduced a measure carrying out the request. Said Senator Welker:

"We believe the President sees these provisions as an excuse to blame Congress for inflation, instead of keeping the blame himself where it belongs. If these provisions are removed, and he fails to control inflation, then the nation will know whom to blame."

Well, maybe the three GOP Senators know what they're doing. But there's an old political saying which, in the parlor version, goes like this: "Never get into a braying contest with a jackass". We rather suspect Messrs. Welker, Nixon and Ferguson may be doing just that.

The President, despite other deficiencies, is an astute politician. He probably remembers, as we do, that the Republicans and conservative Democrats who riddled his control measure argued convincingly that the stronger controls were (1) autocratic, and (2) not needed. If the Republicans abandon that position now and give Mr. Truman the powers they previously denied them, won't he be able to charge that they were playing politics before? Won't he say that the Republicans are not so worried about a "police state" after all? And if they give him the controls, how are they going to prove to the voter they were right in saying the controls were not needed?

These questions may become academic, for the full Congress may not go along with the trio of Republican Senators. At any rate, let us hope that the battle of political wits is sufficient diverting to enable the harassed American voters to forget the obvious and distressing fact that both major parties are more concerned over the 1952 election than over the deadly inroads of inflation.

With high prices and high taxes, the capitalistic system should be safe—you have to be a capitalist to eat.—*Memphis Press-Scimitar.*

'I'll Be Glad To Lend You My Sickle'

Optimists' Views On Korea Also Indicate Present Peril

By JOSEPH & STEWART ALSOP

WASHINGTON

ANXIETY ABOUT the future in Korea is bringing on a bad attack of nerves in the Government. As recently reported in this space, the American policy makers have little hope of a Korean cease-fire until after the San Francisco conference on the Japanese peace treaty. But the question now being asked is whether, even after San Francisco, a cease-fire can be arranged.

We shall not buy a Korean truce by abandoning the project for a Japanese treaty. We shall not yield to the new Soviet blackmail. Will the masters of the Kremlin then order the cease-fire talks to be renewed in earnest, or will they order a renewal of the war?

The most careful inquiries reveal a wide but depressing range of official and expert opinion on this crucial point. To begin at the dark end of the spectrum, Gen. Matthew B. Ridgway has lately sent the opinion from Tokyo that the whole cease-fire project was probably a blind from the start, and that we must now be prepared for an eventual full scale renewal of the Korean fighting. A middle group here merely states that the odds against a final cease-fire are heavy, and are increasing. And the comparative optimists call it "still an even bet."

On the one hand, the long lull of the cease-fire talks has benefited the enemy far more than most people realize. Quantities of new heavy equipment, including considerable artillery and about 600 tanks, have been brought into the war zone. The depleted Chinese and North Korean units have been filled up, so that the enemy is now estimated to have about 500,000 men in Korea, with 400,000 in striking positions between the 38th parallel and the front. The buildup of air strength, which had reached 1,000 planes in Manchuria two months ago, has continued slowly. Thus the enemy in Korea is much stronger now than he was. On the other hand, so are we. Our forces, dug in at Chorwon and Kumwha, occupy incomparably the best defensive position they have ever held in Korea. They have had time to strengthen their hold on the Iron Triangle by every device of the military art, so that they can be sure of taking a fearful toll of the attacking enemy. For the first time, they have their full complement of weapons and equipment of all kinds. And for the first time, the divisions and regiments are more than up to strength, with substantial reserves of manpower.

This single point of immediate concern in turn symbolizes the very deep and anxious concern that is universally felt about the long range results of a serious renewal of the Korean fighting. For if the enemy air enters the battle, the question of retaliatory air attacks on the enemy bases in Manchuria will be inescapably raised at once. And even if the fighting follows the old pattern, the letdown and deception of the false cease-fire negotiation will still give rise to the strongest pressures to widen the war. In short, if it begins again all-out, the Korean War can hardly go on forever as a limited war. It must some day burst its precarious bounds, and become a much larger and more terrible conflagration.

These grim truths are of course the best arguments for optimism about an eventual cease-fire agreement. If the enemy both understands these truths and does not want a wider war, he too must desire a final cease-fire in Korea. But these same truths also indicate the peril of the present moment. We are traveling a narrow ledge, skirting a clangorous abyss, and we had better realize that this is our situation, in order to avoid mis-steps.

Hanging Too Good For Dope Peddlers Like Waxey Gordon

By ROBERT C. RUARK

NEW YORK

IF you seek some sort of classic in loathsomeness, a stern moral lesson on just how horrid mankind may become, old Waxey Gordon is the subject of the sermon. I can think of nobody who has so thoroughly tagged all the bases of depravity, with no real excuse that society shoved him.

Gordon, born Wechsler, has been bagged by the state for such delightful whimsies as grand larceny, black marketeering, and income-tax violation. He was a key figure of the bootleg era, which means that he had to be parcel to murder and kindred violences, and his final infraction of decorum was a fast pass at the dope business. It will be his last infraction of anything, because he is now liable to life imprisonment under the Baumes law as a fourth offender.

In some ways it is not too hard to be charitably inclined to the bootlegger, the hoodlum, even the occasional murderer, if he seems to have been nudged into his fate by circumstance. But from a standpoint of moral leprosy it is impossible to understand the thinking of a citizen who graduates from preying off his country in the black markets of a war to running narcotics as a last grab at illegitimacy. And old Waxeroo had a neat pound of heroin on him when they lowered the boom.

TORTURE ILLEGAL

We are an enlightened people, in some respects, and so we do not consistently practice the more barbarous tenets of punishment to fit crime. We do not cut off the hand of a thief, as do some Arabs, nor do we administer the death penalty for more subtle crimes against the commonweal. We do not legally administer torture as a just pay-off for some crimes.

It almost seems a pity, in the cases of the Waxey Gordons, that there is not something more horrible than death or imprisonment to repay a man for a complete life of conscious criminality, committed with thoughtful malice. The man who popularizes narcotics addiction is much too good for hanging — something along the order of the old-fashioned rack, or perhaps the Chinese water torture, is more his just repayment.

Yet, I understand that much emphasis on marijuana smoking is being ordered by organized, big-business crime today, merely as a logical springboard to the sale of more profitable drugs, such as heroin. The dope traffic has nearly assumed the proportions of illegal hooch in the old days of prohibition, as a moneymaker for the mobs.

I keep thinking of suitable rewards for the narcotics boys, and I do believe the only just one is enforced addiction to what they sell, administered by the state. A public exhibition of the malefactors, in a sort of zoo, after they have been deprived of the panacea they peddle, would be extremely interesting.

Much has been written of the awfulness of a hophead divested of his junk, but it really must be seen to be appreciated to the full extent of its horror. It is a temporary hell in which every single sense of the victim runs and rends him, a momentary suspension in time during which the capacity for exquisite suffering is magnified a thousand-fold. It is the fate of every human who goes for the needle, yet the lice who infest the commercial crime world are willing and eager to bank on implied torment as a spur to their sales.

When the cops put the arm on Gordon, the old villain wept and pleaded to be allowed to run, so the law could shoot him. Actually, the end would have been much too easy. I think they ought to get him habitually on the hop habit, at state expense — and then take away his nose candy. And watch him leap and scream.

Collected By Bill Sharpe

TURPENTINE DRIPPINGS

Back To Bare Feet
(V. C. Marley, Asheboro Courier-Tribune)

I enjoyed plowing some in bare feet this week. As a boy I always liked to go barefooted and hated to wear shoes to plow. Gravel always bothered me when I had on shoes. The loose dirt feels so good to your feet on a hot afternoon. Just wait till I begin to pick late beans and you'll wish you had done likewise.

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Literary Note
(Blanche Manor, News & Observer)

A hostess of our town decided to do something a little different in the way of entertaining her women friends, so she worked out the idea of having them drop in for dessert and to listen to a well-known reviewer.

Cards were sent out which said: "Dessert at one—Literary discussion" which accounts for the telephone call made early next day by one of the invited guests.

This lady called her favorite book shop to inform them that she would like to buy a copy of "Dessert at One."

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Wrong Tent
(W. A. Bivins, High Point Enterprise)

"Yes," said a local oldtimer the other day, "I have had some terrible disappointments in my time, but none stands out over the years like the one that came to me when I was a boy." I said, "And what was that?" He continued, "When I was a boy I crawled under a tent to see a circus and heard a preacher saying, 'Come on, brothers and sisters, and hit the saw-dust trail to glory.' I snuck out, for I did not care to go to glory before I had seen an elephant."

* * *

Oh!
(Roy Thompson, Winston-Salem Journal)

Got a letter from Dr. John Williams, who is a dentist and who used to practice here.

"Most of the work here is extractions," he wrote. "These boys are actually glad to come to the dentist. I don't blame them. Anything to get off that line."

John's in Korea.

* * *

Costly Haste
(Pinehurst Outlook)

Impatience, negligence and incompetence — the three cardinal sins of the gasoline wastrel—are costing North Carolina motorists more than $53,000,000 annually or about $62 for each vehicle owned, according to a recently published study by one of America's topflight automotive engineers.

After a series of controlled mileage tests lasting more than a year, Delmar G. Ross, former president of the society of Automotive Engineers, has concluded that the average motorist gets less than half the motoring miles he should out of a gallon of gas.

The primary cause of gasoline wastage says Mr. Ross, are speed, mechanical negligence and sloppy driving habits.

"Speed alone cuts mileage almost in half," Mr. Ross says.

* * *

And Hurry!
(Sanford Herald)

Worth Perry tells about the famous Maestro who couldn't decide whether to marry a very beautiful but stupid girl or a homely looking female who was blessed with a beautiful voice. Finally he decided to marry the soprano.

The morning after the ceremony he woke up, took one look at his bride, and shrieked, "For Gawd's sake, sing!"

* * *

Congenial Dog
(Camden Chronicle)

An economist says that aversion to hard work seems to be growing among the men of this country and that it threatens our economy. And this reminds us of the story of the villager who was talking to another villager one day.

"Jake," he said to him, "that ain't a pretty dog; he don't seem no account. What makes you like him so much?" Jake pondered a moment, looking into the hound's sad eyes. Then he replied: "It's this a-way. This dawg not only don't fuss at me when I git a notion to be wuthless, but he jes' goes along an' be's wuthless, too."

* * *

Inflated Verse
(John Bragaw, Washington News)

"I am a nickel.

"I am not on speaking terms with the butcher.

"I am not large enough to purchase a box of candy.

"I am too small to buy a ticket to the movie.

"I am hardly fit for a tip—but believe me, when I go to Church on Sunday, I am considered some money."

I should have said that is the way it used to go. But the other day I came upon the same writing, marked "origin unknown," and instead of starting "I am a nickel," the first line was "I am 25 cents."

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Blabberland
(Rocky Mount Telegram)

A democracy is a land where you can find artist's drawings of our secret missiles in one of the illustrated magazines.

* * *

Make It Unanimous
(Jim Griffith, Morganton News-Herald)

As one wife said to a lazy husband: "Rent is up and food is up so why don't you get up."

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

A-Bombs Can Be Used To Make Power

(Ed. note—While Drew Pearson is on a brief vacation The Washington Merry-Go-Round is being written by several distinguished guest columnists.)

By GORDON DEAN,
Chairman, U. S. Atomic Energy Commission

WASHINGTON

THE other day I received this letter from a lady who lives in a town where I spent a good share of my teen-age years:

"My Dear Mr. Dean:

"I refer to the enclosed clipping that the United States is planning new A-bomb tests, and that the purpose is to see whether they have been made more deadly. I take it that, as in the past, the big aim is to scare the daylights out of Russia. She will, of course, go at it with a will, and try to outdo us in this devilish weapons-of-mass-destruction armaments race. Nice business!

"I should think that the terrible and disgraceful result of our little experiment with the A-bomb in Hiroshima and Nagasaki would make men, who call themselves Christian, confine their experiments with atomic energy to the wonderful things that can be done with it to improve life and industry—not destroy them.

"I remember your father here as a courageous and fine sermonizer, Mr. Dean. I think it is too bad for his son to concentrate on the murderous aspects of atomic energy."

This was a disturbing letter to receive, not because the lady is right—because she isn't — but rather because it shows that there are apparently honest, patriotic, thinking Americans who fear we are not justified in trying to maintain and increase our world leadership in the field of atomic energy.

I don't know how many people in the United States share the views of this lady. I hope there are not many, for they are just exactly the views the men in the Kremlin are asking the world to believe about us, and which they would dearly like to have us begin to believe about ourselves.

Soviets Follow Master Plan

TO hold the belief, even for a moment, that the Soviet leaders are in the atomic bomb business just because we are, is one of the worst possible mistakes we could make. These men do not do things because we have done something first to stimulate them. They do things because they believe their own interests are best served by doing them, and they do them as part of their master plan to achieve domination of the world. We did nothing to force them to blockade Berlin. We did nothing to force them to take over Czechoslovakia. We did nothing to force them to send the North Koreans to invade South Korea. And we have done nothing to force them to block almost every single effort in the United Nations to bring peace to the world—including the American-supported U.N. plan to place atomic energy under effective international control.

Even if we did not have a single atomic bomb, I am convinced that the Soviet leaders would be just as hard at work building atomic bombs of their own, and—if they knew we had none—there would be a much better chance than now exists that they would use such weapons against us. Our ever-growing stockpile of atomic weapons, far from being a stimulant to war, is actually the most important single safeguard against World War III.

Our bombs are for defense—of ourselves and our Allies. They are not for the purpose of making aggressive war against anyone. We used the atomic bomb against the Japanese not to destroy lives, but to save lives—the lives of the hundreds of thousands of Americans and Japanese that inevitably would have been lost if World War II had continued.

War, Not Bomb, Is Bad

TO me, such a thing would be unthinkable, and most unChristianlike.

It is war that is bad—not just atomic war. And it is the way atomic bombs are used that is bad—not the bombs themselves. Our bombs are to protect liberty and to prevent war until that day, which I sincerely hope will arrive, when the Soviet leaders provide some real evidence that they honestly want peace. And if war does come through Communist aggression then we are the best means we have of saving the lives and liberties of those who would otherwise become Communism's innocent victims.

We test atomic weapons because we must test them in our development program. We do not test them to scare anyone. They are actually evidences of the progress we are making, not only in weapons, but also in the manufacture of materials for peaceful use. We must remember that these materials we are now putting into weapons can, if never used as weapons, be easily converted for use in the production of power and the manufacture of radioactive substances for the benefit of man's health and welfare.

Atomic energy holds tremendous promise for a better life for all of us in the future, and we are advancing steadily toward greater realization of this promise. It is peculiarly fortunate, in my view, that atomic energy is also simultaneously providing the means by which we can preserve our lives, our freedom and our way of life until this promise is fulfilled.

My father, incidentally, was not only a great "sermonizer"; he was also a veteran of the Spanish-American war and World War I, and is buried in Arlington Cemetery. He knew that aggressors are not deterred by weakness, and—as he did—I sincerely hope that, through strength, we may have fewer new graves there in the future.