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THE WALRUS HAD A WORD FOR IT

SOME DAY, just for the novelty of it, the City Council ought to adopt the agenda of the Walrus in *Alice in Wonderland* and talk "of shoes and ships and sealingwax, of cabbages and kings, and why the sea is boiling hot, and whether pigs have wings."

Better yet, it might follow the Mock Turtle and take up "Reeling and Writhing . . . and the different branches of Arithmetic—Ambition, Distraction, Uglification, and Derision."

In either event, the session would be more entertaining and more instructive than listening, week after week, to Councilman Basil Boyd's now tiresome tirades against Columnist Drew Pearson, and his lonesome lament about the study of the police department.

It would be a relief to everyone if the matter could be got rid of by matching Boyd and Pearson with buggy whips in some vacant lot and let them flail away until one or the other cried "Hold! Enough!"

But it is not quite that simple. An important question is at stake, and it should not be lost sight of in the din created by these two garrulous gladiators.

On Wednesday, Aug. 5, Councilman James Smith moved that a committee of three Charlotte citizens (Dr. R. S. Snyder, Lambert Schwartz, and Dan Marley) be appointed, and that the committee make recommendations to the Council "for the securing and maintaining of proper personnel in the Police Department, as to salaries on a comparable level with private enterprise, the advancement of officers periodically by way of an agreeable system to be worked out for additional remuneration for each term or number of years served, for the retirement of men on an adequate financial basis at certain age limits, for an adequate and thorough training program and any other specific recommendations as may appear necessary and desirable."

The motion went on to instruct the committee "to work in full and complete cooperation with the chief of police and the city manager, and that at the completion of its studies, the city council receive a set of recommendations from the committee, one from the chief of police, and one from the city manager at the earliest possible time. . ."

We take it that the committee has been proceeding along those lines, that it has not permitted itself to be diverted by the hue and cry set up by Messrs. Boyd and Pearson about matters beyond the committee's province, and that the report will be helpful and constructive.

That is what the majority of the Council expects and that is what the community expects. The common concern of all is to develop the best police department possible for the City of Charlotte.

CLOSER SUPERVISION MAY END JAIL SUICIDES

BY THE RATHER simple device of keeping an officer on duty in the corridors at all times, the City of Charlotte may have come up with the best way to stop future suicide attempts by prisoners.

Some weeks ago, Mayor Phil Van Every put a special committee to work on the suicide problem. The group suggested that covering the bars across the top of the cells with a perforated iron sheet or a heavy mesh wire would eliminate the point of suspension used in the three hangings and the other attempts at hanging in the past year.

However, T. A. Early, inspector of correctional institutions for the State Board of Public Welfare, turned the plan down. He said it would cut off too much light and ventilation; this, he added, "would direct more criticism on the city officials than could ever be caused by infrequent suicides."

Well, for Mr. Early's benefit, the city officials' efforts in this matter are motivated by something more than the fear of criticism—at least we hope they are. When the City takes a man from society and puts him behind bars, it assumes an obligation to protect the prisoner against himself.

It is to the end of fulfilling this weighty obligation that a plan has now been adopted to provide constant supervision from the corridors of the prisoners in the cells. This will be expensive, but it will be worth it if it prevents further suicides in the city jail.

THE CHANGING SCENE IN CHINA

FORMULATION of foreign policy toward a particular nation is difficult even when that country's strength and thoughts are well known. When curtains, iron or bamboo, cut off sources of information, the collection of the necessary facts is well-nigh impossible. Thus we would suggest that persons interested in U. S. policy toward China pay close attention to the series of articles Joseph Alsop is writing from Hong Kong, and which have been appearing on this page. Mr. Alsop knew China at first hand during its most recent war, and has kept a keen eye on it since.

He has portrayed a sobering picture of growing Chinese power. What small satisfaction may derive from the knowledge that the Chinese people are at last harnessing the rivers that for centuries have plagued them is overshadowed by the conclusion that the increasing power of the nation, because of its leadership, represents a threat to the freedom of China's neighbors. And one statistic, mentioned by Mr. Alsop in a preceding column, strikes us as being pregnant with meaning for American policy-makers.

It had to do with the growth of the Trans-Siberian Railway which connects the Far East with Russia. Mr. Alsop's information is that this railway now has an annual carrying capacity of eleven to fifteen million tons a year. And, he adds, some 60,000 tons of merchandise are being brought into Chinese ports weekly in Soviet, satellite and neutral bottoms.

How does all this affect U. S. foreign policy? It means that the oft-discussed application of economic sanctions against Red China, the squabble over allied trade with China, do not count for much in view of China's expanding means of communication and trade with Russia and satellite countries. It means that an attempted blockade of China, in the event of a renewal of hostilities, would not be nearly so effective as it was in the days when the Trans-Siberian Railway was a small operation. In short, phrases long associated with policy toward China, "economic sanction", "boycott", "blockade", have lost a good deal of their pertinence.

SEE YOURSELF

THE OTHER DAY a man came barreling into the newsroom mad as a hornet. He was mad, he said, because of a picture on the editorial page which showed him getting out of a car on the traffic side, with eyes straight ahead and the car door wide open. And the cutline beneath the picture referred to the absent-minded "fumble-wit".

Well, as he was shown, It wasn't he in the picture. The picture was posed; the driver a News employe.

Perhaps our visitor had a guilty conscience. Many of us have been guilty of the dangerous driving practices being illustrated in the current series of pictures on this page.

We hope other persons see themselves in these pictures as our visitor did. Maybe the association, real or visualized, will hammer home the point of the pictures, and make drivers more mindful of their errors.

From The Greensboro Daily News

NO WAY TO PREPARE

FURTHER evidence of how the old guard, with its outmoded attitude toward rehabilitation, is taking over again in North Carolina's prison system comes with revelation that several other second-flight prison officials who lost out under the Walter Anderson regime are about to be put back on the pay roll.

The *Raleigh News & Observer*, for instance, reports that J. Ennis Davis, former Granville County sheriff, who was let out as assistant prisons farm supervisor in 1952, is expected to return as farm supervisor in the near future. Similarly there is report that H. T. Currin, who left the prison tradition officers post last fall, may be restored to some prison job. In both instances there are strong political overtones and a reversion to the philosophy and program which obtained in the prison system in previous years.

If or when these predictions materialize, they will be superimposed upon certain changes and personnel developments which have already occurred and place more and more of the group which operated the prisons before they brought sharp public arousal and resultant corrective action back in roles which led to the system's decline and mounting repeater list in the first place.

It is exceedingly difficult to fit this reversion into the pattern of promised penal reform and preparation for that separation of the prison system from the highway department to which Governor Umstead, Highway Chairman Graham and Prisons Director Bailey are committed.

Penal reform in North Carolina is not coming of politics and prison old guardism. Our prison system needs above all enlightened management and a non-partisan administration.

State and county fairs are fine. They give farm boys an opportunity to see horses.—*Memphis Press-Scimitar.*

A News Pictorial

That 'Middle-Way' Can Be Dangerous

A nice broad street, and where does Mr. Charlotte Motorist drive but a-straddle the center line. Not only is this against the law, but it's dangerous, as evidenced by the fact that drivers who took the wrong side of the center line got themselves into 109 accidents in the city last year. There are a variety of causes for this type of driving, such as talking to other occupants of the car, centering interest on objects outside the car, lighting cigarettes—all of which add up to the common classification of carelessness. There are some drivers, too, who are not able to judge distances on their right side so they stay far to the left for "safety?"

(News Staff Photo by Tom Francis)—Hunter-

Snafus A-Plenty Featured Moroccan Base Construction

By ROBERT C. RUARK

(Editor's Note: Pursuing his observations of U.S. military operations abroad, Robert C. Ruark begins today a series of four articles on the construction of bomber bases in French Morocco.)

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CASABLANCA, French Morocco

IT WAS AN ODD thrill, diminished by progress, to come back to Casa after all these years. When I saw it first, when the old war was young, it was a mysterious place full of veiled Arabs and sinister sounds and smells. Now, as everyone knows, it has turned into a Pittsburgh with palm trees.

The Casablanca area, as you have heard tell, is the hub of our much-discussed and much-fought-over big bomber bases, bases from which we could possibly launch an atom-bomb war against Russia with some faint idea of getting a few of the planes back. They have been toiling at the bases — Nouasseur, Sidi Slimane, and Ben Guerir—for a couple of years now, and they aren't finished yet.

There have been Congressional investigations, and a large lambasting from a press that has rarely seen the bases. Vast numbers of men have been hired and fired. The Air Force has fought with the Corps of Engineers as I they have battled with the Atlas Constructors, with PUSOM, the architect-engineers, the Department of Defense, the Bureau of the Budget and the French government all mixed up in the act.

LOTS OF LOOSE MONEY

Casa was, and is, still flooded with hairy, hard-drinking, rough-voiced construction stiffs, who made more money than they ever saw, drove big cars, shot craps at the only real crap-game in town, flooded the economy with loose money and referred to all Arabs as "rag-heads". There is one place down by the wharves where an ex-GI makes a handy living selling fried chicken.

A former Marine makes a tidy living just publishing a weekly paper called the Moroccan Gazette expressly for the construction stiffs and their families. Huge new hotels have sprung up, as have apartment buildings, modern garages, cocktail lounges, and new shops. There was a time in Casablanca when an American truck chauffeur was making a thousand bucks a month. There was a time when the Corps of Engineers was hiring pimply kids on summer vacation as inspectors on the projects.

It was boom town in the old sense, as the Gold Rush was boom, because America abroad is the new gold vein, and everybody wants a claim, large or little, in it. The shops got rich off the wives of the construction stiffs, who had money to burn and burnt it. The bad-booze and hot-fountain-pen boys flourished. On the project at Nouasseur, the first thing the project manager built was a jail house.

TOO MANY COOKS

There was a solid battle, for the last two years, between Air Force, Atlas and the Army Engineers. Plans got cancelled, redrawn, recancelled, drawn again. Locales were started and switched and returned to. The job—until recently—was done on a cost-plus, fixed-fee basis by the civilian contractors, under the supervision of Air Force and Engineers. There were so many cooks in the broth that you couldn't see the soup. Each force was busy hamstringing the other. It was what they called a sick project.

It was ordered in a hurry, a couple of years back, in case we had to go immediately to war with Russia. It was what was called a "crash" program. That's how it operated — hurried, inexact, overexpensive, faulty, at first. But the runways are there now at Nouasseur and Sid Slimane. You can take planes off them, and land planes on them. They're still trying to fix the bugs and iron out the wrinkles. The airfields will possibly cost us a half-billion dollars before we're through—but the important thing is that we got them, flaws and all.

'Simmon Pudding Is Delectable

Persimmon Maligned Unjustly

By A. G. PETE IVEY

In The Winston-Salem Journal

I HAVE JUST returned from a statewide inspection tour of the North Carolina persimmon crop.

Sparing no expense (see expense account) and risking disease (the bezoar), I have surveyed persimmons of the Coastal Plain, the Piedmont and the Mountain region.

Persimmons are getting ripe early this year. The hot dry summer had something to do with it. Although persimmons usually don't begin to fall from the trees until mid-October, this year persimmons in eastern Carolina—in Nash County—were luscious and edible the second week in September. In the Piedmont a few persimmons were ripe the last week in September. In Burke, Buncombe and Watauga counties persimmons will be ready for pudding or beer by the end of this week.

Of course, we'll have persimmons all during October. All the fruit doesn't ripen at the same time. And those skeptics who won't venture to taste a persimmon before frost has bitten it will wait until nature has wreaked its ultimate magic on the persimmon.

TO HANG WITH FROST

There are many, however, who have always said persimmons —and to hang with the frost. For one, I have already gathered persimmons, plucked them off trees and picked them up off the ground, and I've made some puddings during the month of September, all this before frost.

Some people are so prejudiced against persimmons they won't touch them before or after frost. They've heard all about how sour persimmons are—how they pucker the mouth and make chills run up and down the spine. Such people also are misinformed, as well as unawakened to the delight of a ripened persimmon. Only the green persimmon has the overpowering alum-like taste. The ripe persimmon is sweet, tart, exhilarating. Just enough astringency is left to give it a pungent flavor. Persimmons, ripe persimmons, are good, no matter how you eat them. Picked from a tree or from the ground where it has fallen, the persimmon is a delectable morsel. Persimmon pudding, made from choice fruit, is an unforgettable pleasureable experience. And they say drinking persimmon beer is pure ecstasy.

May I tell you about the time I became a devotee of persimmon pudding? It was in October, 1939, fourteen years ago, at Mrs. M. C. Myatt's Boarding House on Marshall Street. Prior to that time I had been chary of persimmons, believing, as many people do, that the persimmon is bitter and not fitten to eat. It happened at the supper table. Ezra, the waiter, said after we had dined, "We got two kinds of dessert, peaches and salmon pudding."

'I'LL TAKE PEACHES'

Stuart Rabb who was sitting there said, "Who in the world ever heard of pudding made out of salmon? I'll take the peaches." The man with his elbows on the table said he could see no advantage in eating a pudding made of fish. He, too, ordered peaches.

"I'll try the stuff out," I said to Ezra. If Mrs. Myatt was going to produce an oddity in desserts, it might be sporting to give it a whirl.

Ezra brought it. It was not salmon, but persimmon. Ezra had just mispronounced it. He had left off the per—as many people do in saying persimmon. And it's not extraordinary to make a mistake between 'simmon' and sammon. Anyhow, Ezra brought the pudding, covered with whipped cream. Delicious. It was smooth, with a rare mellow consistency. I urged the doubters at the table to taste it, and they did to their amazement and pleasure.

After that, persimmon pudding was served often at the boarding house. Persimmons were brought from the country, and Judge Starbuck who owned some trees on Cherry Street brought a supply several times during the seasons of 1939, 1940, and 1941. Several people who since their childhood had been prejudiced against persimmons were cajoled into trying and out the pudding.

Some few, of course, refused to make the attempt, and a few more, after tasting it, still stubbornly refused to admit that it was good. However, those of us who were fond of the pudding were glad to find anti-pudding boarders. For then we could make a deal with them, eat their desserts and ours, too. In fact, we encouraged some people not to eat persimmon pudding and we cited the dangers of the bezoar.

THE DREAD BEZOAR

The bezoar is a disease: hairballs growing in the stomach. Possums are susceptible. Here is the way the possum contracts it: He eats persimmons, green or ripe and the astringent pulp remains in his stomach for a time. Meanwhile the possum licks his fur and some of the hair comes off. When he swallows the fur it gets into his stomach, with the persimmon juice, it all accumulates, congeals, and a hairball is formed. When the hairball reaches a certain size, it gives the possum the misery. That is the bezoar. It can, and often does, result in death to the possum. Persimmons can even cause pain to the human stomach, if too much persimmon juice of the unripe variety is consumed It was this threat that inspired a writer for The New Yorker to pen the following verse:

Not for him the bugles call,
Not for him the cannons roar;
His diet was persimmons,
And he died of the dread
bezoar.

RECIPE FOR PUDDING

A long time after first eating persimmon pudding at the boarding house, I didn't know the recipe. Mrs. Myatt declared it was a secret, and that she just mixed a little of this and that and improvised as she went along. But finally she did reveal how it's done. Here is her recipe:

1 quart of persimmons (making about 2 cups of persimmon pulp)
1 pint of milk
½ lb. of butter
½ pint flour (2 cups)
1½ cups brown sugar
4 teaspoons baking powder (dissolved in a little warm water)
½ teaspoon of salt
½ teaspoon of cinnamon

Strain the persimmons through a colander, throwing away the seeds and stringy pulp, saving only the strained pulp for the pudding. Mix ingredients, stir and pour into a baking dish. Bake in a 325 degree oven about an hour.

Serve hot or cold, with whipped cream.

You won't go wrong by using that recipe. It will provide eight helpings — or six generous helpings. Some people vary the recipe. For instance some people put in sweet potatoes to give the pudding more thickness, to make it stand up better. Mrs. Myatt doesn't do that, because, she says, the persimmon flavor is overwhelmed by the sweet potato flavor. "You might as well go ahead and make a sweet potato pudding," she said. Some others put in an egg or two. But not Mrs. Myatt. "Put in eggs and you have a cake, not a pudding," she said.

UNFORGETTABLE TASTE

The taste of the pudding, using that recipe, is unforgettable. I can make a persimmon pudding from start to finish in about three hours and have servings ready for my wife to deliver to our skeptical friends. Once an old professor of mine from Chapel Hill was in town, and I urged him to have persimmon pudding at the boarding house. He refused. I insisted. He refused again. I insisted again. He looked at me out of the corner of his eye and acquiesced. But after he had eaten the pudding, he exclaimed that he was so grateful that I had overcome his sales resistance.

The moral to the whole story is: North Carolina has a unique and wonderful crop in its persimmons. Many people are living their lives out in this climate without ever knowing and appreciating the true goodness of the persimmon. The word ought to be passed around that persimmons are a treat of the first magnitude—when they are ripe, whether eaten alone, in a pudding or consumed otherwise.

Busy Mrs. Hobby's Program Due To Receive Plenty Of Criticism

By MARQUIS CHILDS

WASHINGTON

RECENTLY FOUR officials of the Eisenhower Administration, two of them of Cabinet rank, were flying together on the way to speaking engagements at a large convention. Between spells of poring over papers they had brought with them, they fell to comparing notes on what the new regime of government responsibility was like.

One of the men said that he almost never reached home from the office before 8:30 in the evening and then he had dinner on a tray, since the family meal was long since over. Another described nine days straight of 14 hours a day. Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare, was the last to speak.

"I will simply report," she said, "that I can't remember when I've had dinner in a dining room. I come home usually around 9 or 9:30, have a little supper on a tray and go right to bed where I do some necessary reading for an hour or two."

5,000 SPEAKING REQUESTS

The plight of the only woman member of the Eisenhower Cabinet is aggravated by the fact that she is a woman and an attractive, intelligent, articulate woman. One of her assistants estimated that she had had roughly 5,000 requests to speak in the four corner of the United States. Many of these are accompanied by political pressures and sometimes they come with the endorsement of the White House.

In her eight months of office Mrs. Hobby has made 23 "major" speeches and some minor ones. They have taken her into nearly as many different states. That is quite a few speeches, demanding, time-consuming, since Secretary Hobby is not the type to take a mimeographed manuscript as she gets on the plane with time enough en route to read it so that she does not stumble over unfamiliar words.

Like many others in the Administration, Mrs. Hobby has a conscientiousness and a caution that compel her to take on an almost-overwhelming burden of personal responsibility. You step into a great organization already staffed from top to bottom with a whole set of brand-new problems and the first instinct is to be sure that you personally know that everything is in order.

But the first Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare has found that her job has another dimension which makes it even more difficult. She must approve a program for the enlargement of the Social Security system in line with the campaign promises of a year ago. And she must keep that program down the middle of the road in accord with President Eisenhower's philosophy.

In one of the most interesting speeches she has made, before the American Hospital Association meeting in San Francisco, Mrs. Hobby undertook to explore a little new territory. She said that she believed most Americans were opposed to compulsory federal health insurance — "socialized medicine." Most families can pay the bills for ordinary illness.

CATASTROPHIC ILLNESS

"But we have not yet found a way," she went on, "to save the average family from destruction by catastrophic illness. And we have not yet found a sure way to see our medical skills through the increased illnesses of age."

Every organization in the field of medicine should put their brains to solving this problem, the Secretary said. Mrs. Hobby also talked about the need for more doctors, pointing out that American medical schools are graduating only 7,000 doctors a year as compared with about 6,000 before World War I. Yet the population has increased from 105,690,000 to 160,000,000 and today a greater percentage of all doctors are engaged in research.

To most people this seems common sense. The crippling illness costing thousands of dollars is a dread hanging over middle-income families. But Mrs. Hobby's speech drew an immediate response from Dr. Edward J. McCormick, president of the American Medical Association.

Dr. McCormick said it is unnecessary for any family to suffer "catastrophic" financial loss due to extended or chronic illness. The AMA has been working on the problem for years, according to the doctor, and it's being solved. The main trouble is that stricken families do not know where to go to obtain help that is available.

As far as Mrs. Hobby's medical suggestion was concerned, the word was that. The middle of the road is a hard place to find. You get hicketys from both sides and the rewards are not likely to be in proportion to the hours of effort.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Hoover Commission Has Prima Donna

WASHINGTON

EX-PRESIDENT Herbert Hoover, who stepped out of the White House just 21 years ago, came back to the room where he once held Cabinet sessions and was sworn in the other day as a member of the new Commission on Government Reorganization.

After Justice Harold Burton finished giving the oath, Hoover suggested that the first order of business was the election of a chairman and was promptly and unanimously elected to that post. He then said:

"I had expected that we would proceed to elect a vice-chairman at this time, but some difficulties have arisen, and if there is no objection I suggest that we let this go over until the next meeting."

There was no dissent.

Hoover did not explain what the difficulties were over the vice-chairmanship, but they threaten to upset the otherwise peaceful calm of his commission. Here is the inside story of what has happened.

Hoover had planned to propose Joseph P. Kennedy, ex-Ambassador to England, as vice-chairman. The vice-chairmanship, he felt, should go to a Democrat and he considered Kennedy a good, safe, anti-Stevenson Democrat. But at the last minute, Sen. Homer Ferguson, Michigan Republican, came to him and said that he wanted to be vice-chairman.

Ferguson faces a tough political race in Michigan, probably from Democratic Gov. "Soapy" Williams, and he indicated that the vice-chairmanship of the Hoover Commission would give him prestige in his re-election race.

Republican Rivalry

HOOVER was not too happy about this because he wanted a Democrat to be vice-chairman. And he was even more unhappy when he learned that if a Republican was to be vice-chairman several commission members felt he should be hard-working Congressman Clarence Brown of Ohio, the man who actually wrote the reorganization legislation.

Brown made it evident during the swearing-in ceremony that he has great love for Senator Ferguson of Michigan.

"Look at him bootlicking those fellows as if he knew all about reorganization," the Ohio Congressman remarked as Ferguson posed for photographers with Herbert Hoover and Justice Burton. "He wants that photo to help him in his campaign.

"Yet that fellow," continued Congressman Brown "didn't even read the reorganization bill before he tossed it in the hopper."

Brown referred to the fact that he personally had written the government reorganization bill and given it to Ferguson to introduce in the Senate. Tossing a bill into the hopper refers to placing it into the legislative basket or hopper in front of the presiding officer's desk in the House or the Senate.

So Mr. Hoover is unhappily trying to unravel the question of who becomes his vice-chairman before his next meeting on Nov. 16.

Note—Actually, there probably would have been no reorganization commission without Congressman Brown. Inside fact is that Eisenhower didn't want one, but appointed his brother, Arthur Flemming and Nelson Rockefeller as his own committee to reorganize the government. But Brown came to the White House and reminded Ike he would have to get his reorganization through Congress; therefore he'd better let Congress participate. The yields