



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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'On This Spot In 1775...' (Whoosh)

A SWING through the Deep South has reinforced our suspicion that southern markers who place historical markers along highways don't really want anyone to read them.

North Carolina motorists are well acquainted with the inadequacies of this state's historical markers. In this and other southern states you usually spot the markers as you're rounding a curve, popping over a hill or nearing an intersection. There are no signs on either side of the marker telling you that it's coming up, so you can check traffic and slow down. If you do spot the marker in time to stop, there's no place to pull off the road. The markers are usually faced perpendicular to the road, so half the motorists don't have a chance to read them. The signs themselves and the letters are too small.

In sum these markers are next to worthless. Beyond that, they sometimes constitute a traffic hazard. The motorist who insists, despite the handicaps, on reading historical markers menaces other traffic and passengers by making sudden stops, pulling onto shoulders (with part of the car on the highway) or by taking his eyes off traffic to read while driving.

Historical markers can be changed from a traffic hazard to a state asset. Here's how one state did it.

In Montana a sign "Historical Marker 1,000 feet ahead" is placed on either side of the marker. The marker is several yards off the highway. There is ample room allowed for cars to drive off the highway and park. Frequently these markers are adjacent to roadside parks—complete with picnic tables and fountains.

Off We Go To The Land Of Oz

WE ARE AFRAID that the City Council was tilting at windmills when it decided that comic books should be investigated. Probably no harm will be done if the citizens committee takes a peek at the newsstand and certain perspective about its task and approaches the problem with good common sense. Other cities have gone off half-cocked on "cleanup" campaigns and the results have often been something less than desirable. Book-banning and censorship movements get out of control quite easily.

Obviously, pornographic and obscene literature is beyond the pale of toleration. But there are laws to deal with this sort

The markers are large—eight by four feet. They are picturesque, hanging from cedar posts, with a four-inch border of historical scenes in keeping with the story on the marker. The stories are well-written, having been prepared by an expert with a sense of history and humor.

This Montana system won the praise of R. Getty Browning, chief locating engineer for the N. C. State Highway Commission. Mr. Browning told us that he used a model for North Carolina historical markers. Hundreds of out-of-state visitors to Montana have written officials of that state praising the system.

In North Carolina the Department of Aesthetic Affairs (which used to be called the State Historical Commission) suggests sites and subject matter for historical markers to an advisory committee on historical markers, which makes the final decision. Then the Board of Conservation & Development puts up the money for the markers.

Perhaps the reactivated Mecklenburg Historical Association could instigate an improvement in the historical marker system by erecting, on at least one major highway near Charlotte, a model marker—big, attractive, with adequate parking space alongside and with signs announcing the marker a thousand feet or so on either side of it. Surprisingly, no reading markers could be used to our knowledge, the story of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, thus it could well be the subject of the marker.

But above all, apparently, the archivists and historians need to call to our attention what we can do to make their interesting message across to the motoring public.

of material and they only need to be entered.

Aside from that, we believe strongly in self-regulation by the industry involved—if the policing is conscientious and firm. In addition, we believe that the family itself has a duty to regulate exposure of children to excesses in the entertainment field—and that goes for television, radio and the movies as well as comic books.

Certainly, a lot of work needs to be done in this field of environmental factors that exert influence upon youthful behavior. The extent of that influence has not yet been scientifically determined—and therein lies the area of social research which should be explored thoroughly by experts.

The Winner And Still Champion

FROM Bucks County to the Deux Magots, they were known as Papa today. After all these years, the men in Stockholm finally gave Ernest Hemingway the Nobel Prize for literature. It was the trophy he had to win to remain the champ.

"It is sort of fun to be 50 and feel you are going to defend the title again," said Hemingway four years ago. "I won it in the '20's (A FAREWELL TO ARMS) and defended it in the '30's (TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT) and the '40's (FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS) and I don't mind at all defending it in the '50's."

Almost everybody but John O'Hara agreed that Papa made a poor showing with ACROSS THE RIVER AND INTO THE TREES in 1950. O'Hara even thought this one was great. "He may not be able to go the full distance, but he can still hurt you. Always dangerous, always with his right cocked. Real class. . . . The most important author living today, the outstanding author since the death of Shakespeare. . . . The most outstanding author out of the millions of writers who have lived since he."

O'Hara, Hemingway's friend, disciple and sometime drinking companion, was obviously carried away. But Papa almost lived up to the prize in his return match—1953's OLD MAN AND THE SEA. It was a tough but delicately compassionate tale of an aged fisherman's fight to land a fish, the climactic catch of his long, hard life. It won Hemingway the Pulitzer Prize. He deserved it. And he deserved the one he got yesterday too.

Papa has given America and the world

No Shortcuts To Learning

Education Needs Overhauling

By HARRY L. GOLDEN

In North Carolina Education

WITHIN the past few years there has been a tremendous amount of new school construction, but I submit that the magnificent buildings and elaborate facilities have far outstripped the actual processes of education. Often it appears as though the public ceremony dedicating the building is the all-in-all, since nothing else is "constructed," "renovated," or "repaired." It's like moving into a \$50,000 home with holes in your shoes and no desire or resources to get them half-soled. In the end, the beautiful new high school building stands there, in all its glory, as a mockery to the boys and girls who enter—most of whom just barely read and write. In this elaborate construction we are, of course, trying to keep abreast of our business community—bigger and better facilities all the time. This works very well in private enterprise, but in education, it's something else again.

For one thing, we do not "follow" it to its logical conclusion. When a large corporation puts up a magnificent building, it does not turn the edifice over to executives making \$3,000 a year. The janitor gets that. For another thing, there is a direct connection between "bigger" and "better" facilities, and expanded production and distribution of goods and services; whereas there is no such connection whatsoever in education. In education all you need are a few benches, a desk, a pointer, a blackboard, some chalk, and a teacher; everything else is "the fluff."

The big problem which faces us today in education is fairly simple. No one reads books anymore. This may sound like an over-simplification to you, but I don't think so. The high school boys and girls no longer read any books. This loss of culture is appalling. Today you can stand before a group of high-school seniors and tell them the basic tales of our language; the stories out of Dickens, Verne, Hardy, Conrad, Hugo, Dumas, and Balzac; and they stare at you as if you had just dropped down from the planet Mars. The students (sic) are required to read one book a semester, but they can usually catch something on TV, and that's that. They are required to read one thousand lines of poetry—which wraps up their little credits and away they go—bibliog and all.

This is not the fault of the teachers. The teachers are not permitted to do their job. Our entire system of education needs an overhauling. A magnificent building is all right, but it will never produce educated men and women. Only teachers can do that, and they can do it (and they have done it) by candlelight if need be.

FRUSTRATING
And so, at long last, we have run smack into something, (education), that we just cannot buy or phony-in on any way. Frustrating isn't it? Does not that make it presumptuous of me to

challenge the entire idea of "progressive" education? I believe that someday the educational system will wake up to this danger of letting them do what they want. What nonsense! Do the authorities really believe they can replace the school teacher with the authority to tell them what to do? Today it is a huge joke. You watch the children running from classroom to classroom, loaded down with books, and it's all a fake. They know nothing. Nothing at all. If you doubt my word, I dare you to go into a classroom of high school seniors in your own town and ask them five questions: (1) Who was the Marquis de Lafayette? (2) Who was Jean Valjean? (3) Name four members of the United States Supreme Court? (4) Who was the first man to circumnavigate the globe? (5) What do we call the series of letters written by Alexander Hamilton, John Jay, and James Madison which helped bring about these United States of America?

If you get more than 2 per cent correct answers, let me know, and I promise to put a peanut with my nose from Charlotte to Atlanta.

They know nothing—since no one reads books anymore—and the teachers are helpless. The teachers are paid twice as much as they are worth, as baby-sitters, which they are; and they are paid half as much as they are worth as teachers, which the system does not allow them to be. What amazes me is that the late philosopher, John Dewey,



New Schools Alone Won't Make Education Better.

gave us this plan of "progressive" education, although it is silly fair to state that the idea was not his. It was the idea of Dr. Dewey's original plan. Basically, however, not even a thousand John Deweys could improve on a system which has been developed during three thousand years of man's search for knowledge. There are no shortcuts in economics you start with the land. In education you start with a long spear. He gets up in the morning puts a revolver in his pocket and goes out looking for the guy who has been chasing him around the edge of a mountain with a long spear; and pretty soon recognizes his "tormentor"; by an amazing coincidence, it is usually someone who is not a member of his own clan, race, or church. Sometimes the fellow man-gone fool even turns out to be a business competitor. Then the uneducated "dreamer" lets him have it; or more often, he lets him have it in his intellect. The crying need at this moment in our history is (1) qualify our teachers; (2) give them a living wage; (3) give them a little darlings of their bibliog and their zip guns, and (4) turn them over to the teachers without any interference. Never mind the beautiful buildings—we leave those to Du Pont. What we need is the uneducated, "book-learning," breeds resentment, fear, suspicion, and hatred; and soon, as it has happened so often, they'll join the first demagogue who comes along

MULTIPLE TRAGEDY
It is a great tragedy. A tragedy for the students, a tragedy for the teachers, and a tragedy for those of us who have read a book. It is most certainly part and parcel of the current drive against intellectualism. When all these uneducated boys and girls come out of school, they somehow carry with them a vague suspicion of all those who have read a book. That's how simple it is. It is part of our state of affairs today, and you cannot separate one from the other. It is part of the current fear of "learning." Among the uneducated, "book-learning," breeds resentment, fear, suspicion, and hatred; and soon, as it has happened so often, they'll join the first demagogue who comes along



"Kinda reminds you of voters in the States on election day..."

People's Platform

Are Democrats For Jonas A Menace?

Editors, The News: Charlotte
[I]n a recent speech in Charlotte, Sen. Allan Lennon called on the Democrats to either get in the party and support the Sedberry and other Democratic candidates or get out for good. Mr. Sedberry spoke to the Young Democrats here on Sept. 18 referring to those people who register as Democrats and vote for a Republican candidate as "Republican candidates as 'Republican' candidates." I, in effect, that this type of voter was a greater menace to our country than our foreign enemies.

I resent being referred to as a menace. I have always been a

Democrat, and regardless of what Mr. Sedberry, Mr. Lennon or any other Democratic Party leader has to say, I probably will always remain a Democrat. The fact that I will support Congressman Sedberry will always remain a Democrat. The fact that I will support Congressman Sedberry will always remain a Democrat.

Democratic Dollars Shrank In Value
Charlotte
Editors, The News: Charlotte
[A] WOMAN high in Democratic councils reported recently that small contributors to her party's war chests were being given buttons bearing this legend: "My Dollar Went Democratic." She was so right! When the Republicans took over in January, 1953, the good old American dollar—under the Democratic presidents—had shrunk in value to 52 cents.

—TONY LEVANT

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON
The inside story of how Dr. Edward Condon, the scientist now with Corning Glass, cleared his security on Tuesday, Oct. 19, but unclerred on Thursday, Oct. 21, is one of the most amazing in Washington.

Here is a play-by-play account of why the eminent scientist, who according to Dr. Edward Teller, shortened development of the H-bomb by one year, found himself OK one day and out on his ear the next.

As part of the campaign to smear Averell Harriman, now running for governor of New York, the Eisenhower administration has been digging into the files of the Commerce Dept. to see what security cases he handled while secretary of commerce. And they were all set to spring three or four cases where Harriman might have been lenient with security clearance. One of the cases was that of Dr. Edward Condon, director of the Bureau of Standards under Harriman and who was pilloried by the House Committee On Un-American Activities when Vice President Nixon was a member.

Political Artillery Aimed At Condon

Harriman, when secretary of commerce, refused to fire Condon, felt that he was unfairly treated, and flew here from Sun Valley, Idaho, to defend him. Eventually, however, Condon got tired of being hammered over the head by congressional committee and resigned to take a job with private industry. He was appointed ambassador to the Court. The father-in-law of Congressman Sterling Cole of New York, chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, is also secretary of Corning Glass and has defended Condon even more than Averell Harriman.

Condon Is Cleared

However, Republican National Committee strategy of making a big issue of the Condon case was seriously set back by the House Committee On Un-American Activities when Vice President Nixon was a member.

Any Man-Gone Fool Knows A Bird Dog Has No Brains

By ROBERT C. RUARK

NEW YORK
I WAS having a short word with the most intelligent member of this family—my dog, Schmorckel—on the other day, and he is pretty sure at Charley Wilson, the Defense boss. Schmorckel, since he can read and also speak three languages, had been looking over the papers, and expressed himself in very certain terms of displeasure. Here, without quoting, is an abstract of what he had in mind.

The nerve of that guy expressing dogs in terms of people, he said, didn't matter. The nerve of the unemployed and the difference between bird dogs and kennel dogs was smart as me. We would really ride him on a rail. He didn't insult the people; it's the dogs who got the right to snap back.

REMEMBER BLAZE?
I would like to mention that the biggest trouble dogs have is when they get mixed up with what the books call the best friend, man. Remember what happened that night when that big, dumb foreign dog, Eliott, was stupid enough to give Elliott Roosevelt a ride home after an aircraft during the war? The language, had been looking over the papers, and expressed himself in very certain terms of displeasure. Here, without quoting, is an abstract of what he had in mind.

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Condon Is Uncleared

This news, however, was not published until last week on Oct. 19. And it did not restore the security clearance until last week on Oct. 19. The board made a most thorough investigation, and in the end Dr. Condon was cleared.

The demands of the election campaign were urgent. Furthermore Brownell had already told Secretary Thomas what his finding was to be. That was how Thomas, as in a few short hours reviewed a case so voluminous that the written evidence weighs 10 pounds.

From The St. Louis Globe-Democrat

ATOMIQUIVERS

ALL FIRST-class worries at all times should, of course, surmount the horror factor of oncoming developments. Just they run out of something to worry about tomorrow. For them, there was an interesting sentence in the news story of the atomic-powered submarine which was laid up dockside by a broken steam pipe.

The Navy stressed, "the story related, 'the steam line did not involve the atomic reactor and there was no danger of contamination.'"

It was a preview of a whole new scale of jitters to be possible when atom power comes to common everyday use. For example, when lights fail, the householder will call the utility, not to rant,

but to ask if contamination is afoot in her house. Or maybe in routine auto collision, the traffic cop will tip toe forward with Geiger counter rather than arrest ticket in hand. Or—we can see it—the beautiful, double-parked blonde, waving of law and order with the cry: "Stand back, my motor conked and I'm radioactive."

Maybe it ought to be thought over. All over.

In Washington the grimy old Treasury building is getting its first bath in 115 years. And when will the tidy old taxpayer be brought home from the cleaners?—ASHLEY CITIZEN.