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North Carolina Should Participate

FIRST MAJOR task for Gov. Umstead's advisory committee on education is to decide whether or not it will recommend participation by North Carolina in full segregation hearings before the Supreme Court.

It would be tragic for North Carolina to choose to sit on the sidelines during the arguments in Washington. Many reasons might impel the state to shun the sessions. But enormously significant decisions are yet to be made by the court.

The pattern to be set will not only apply to Clarendon County, South Carolina, and Prince Edward County, Virginia, it will apply to the whole South. Tar Heels cannot afford to trust others with the shaping of such cornerstone principles as the time element, state discretion, preservation of academic standards in integrated schools, the matter of geographic variations within state borders.

Joe May Be The Man Who Can Do It

A RUN-OF-THE-MILL rabble-rouser could say that high price supports for agricultural commodities are communistic. It would, however, take a truly skillful demagogue to assign dark motives to the advocates of flexible price supports.

But don't be surprised if Public Windbag No. 1 makes the try.

During the agricultural policy debate most farm state supporters advocated continuation of price supports on basic commodities at 90 per cent of parity. The administration position, which has prevailed, was that price supports should be somewhat lower and flexible.

Sen. McCarthy, however, came out for price supports at 100 per cent of parity "or more."

And he hinted that the present administration farm policies are the doings of the "old Wallace crowd."

The McCarthy record on price supports is but one of the interesting aspects of the senator's record which has been overshadowed by the investigations by and of him. Miles McMillin, an editorial writer for the MADISON (Wis.) CAPITAL TIMES, recently detailed the McCarthy voting record for the PEOSSAWAY, the magazine founded by Wisconsin's Robert LaFollette Sr. The record contains several striking paradoxes.

For one thing, McMillin's report indicates that McCarthy only recently began professing such concern for farmers. He previously voted for flexible price supports, against soil conservation appropriations and, according to the National Rural Electric Co-op Association, against REA 80 per cent of the time.

Generally, his votes on foreign policy about six years ago coincided with the liberal outlook of Harold Stassen, whose state of presidential delegates McCarthy headed in Wisconsin in 1948. But now the men are far apart in their views, and Stassen is one of the senator's favorite targets.

He voted for aid to Greece and Turkey, in support of the "Truman Doctrine" in 1947, for the Marshall Plan in 1948, for the North Atlantic Pact in 1949.

Then he turned around and denounced the policies and the men identified with them. The Marshall Plan he termed an "evil hoax." He began a series of personal attacks on President Truman, Secretary of State Acheson (he had voted for Acheson's confirmation) and Gen. Marshall. He repeatedly voted for cuts in foreign aid and mutual security. He was one of 10 senators voting against the Japanese treaty.

On domestic issues, his record on key issues is:

For the Taft-Hartley law, against minimum wage increases;

Institute of Government put it in an analysis of the court's decision by James C. N. Paul:

This state has a stake in the future course of the five segregation cases, and it is at least questionable that North Carolina interests would be adequately represented by other parties to the litigation. There is no guarantee that others will conceive or satisfactorily demonstrate the case for a pattern of adjustment that will best fit the needs of this state. This is not to suggest that the state must not commit itself to any fixed and detailed plan. On the contrary, it need commit itself to nothing. It need only explore the possibilities for action, examine the possible general principles relating to the "law of compliance," and ask the court to sanction those principles which may appear to the state to be both feasible and legal. Such a course would leave open a course for total freedom of action in the future, and would also be consistent with a purpose which, after all, should pervade among the people of the state no matter what is done—a purpose to preserve respect for law, and especially that law which is the basic—constitution of the United States.

Mr. Paul has offered good advice. It should be taken to heart by the governor's 19 committee. Convinced that it is the proper course, we strongly urge that North Carolina participate in the hearings.

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Against any public housing or, in some years, for less public housing than the administration asked.

Against federal aid to education;

For the McCarran Immigration Act;

Against 15 of the 21 governmental re-organization plans submitted by the Hoover commission;

Against economic controls;

Generally, for tax relief for the wealthy and opposed to increases in personal exemptions.

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He regularly opposed efforts to reduce oilmen's depletion allowances.

He was the only senator from his region to vote for the Kerr natural gas bill to deprive the Federal Power Commission of authority to regulate natural gas rates.

In view of this record, it is rather surprising that Sen. McCarthy has decided to be the most radical congressman of all on price support policy.

But, from his viewpoint, this new approving record for the PEOSSAW, the magazine founded by Wisconsin's Robert LaFollette Sr. The record contains several striking paradoxes.

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Manila Problem: Building Dike While Tide Runs Strong

By THE ALSOP'S WASHINGTON SECRETARY of State John Foster Dulles leaves Tuesday for Manila where he hopes to build a dike of international guarantees to hold the Communist tide in Southern Asia.

Publicly, at least, the State Department is fairly hopeful that a strong SEATO—workable Southeast Asia Treaty Organization—will emanate from the Manila conference.

The club will be small in membership, since no Asians but the Filipinos and Siamese are willing to join. But with the British, the French, the Australians and the New Zealanders all signing up, it will be enough to make Peking and Moscow think twice before starting another aggressive push to the southwards. That is the theory at any rate.

The practice, unfortunately, is going to be something else again. There are some delicate and dangerous problems that the Manila conference will have to deal with. But the most delicate, the most dangerous and the most urgent problem arises from the fact that the dike to hold the Communist tide has got to be built while the tide is still running very strongly.

PHONY ASSUMPTIONS The fact is that the assumptions behind the Geneva agreement on Indochina are already beginning to look pretty phony. The main assumption was the same one that Chamberlain made at Munich—that you could placate a determined aggressor by allowing him to take the first bite, and so dissuade him from taking the second and third.

Since then, Ho Chi Minh has yielded to Hitler by Chamberlain, so northern Viet Nam was yielded to the Communists by Mendes-France and Anthony Eden, with the tacit consent of the Eisenhower administration. The Geneva agreement had hardly been initiated when the Indochinese Communist leader, Ho Chi Minh, took to the radio to promise all other Indochinese that they would be "liberated" very soon.

HO MAKING HEADWAY Since then, Ho Chi Minh has made considerable progress toward making good on his promise. The immediate target of his efforts is Southern Viet Nam, the most vulnerable of the three regions of Indochina that the Geneva agreement supposedly "dedicated" to the Communists.

The position in the south is worse than chaotic. The great city and port of the region, Saigon, still has a large French garrison and a ghostly French administration. The presence of the French mainly serves to inflame the already violent Nationalist feelings of the Vietnamese population. The French writ does not run anywhere more than 30 kilometers from Saigon, and even in its immediate suburbs there are many centers of Communist power.

The parallel Vietnamese administration of Premier Ngo Dinh Diem, whom the French would like to replace as top nationalist, also appears to be powerless to influence the already violent Nationalist feelings of the Vietnamese population. The two big religious groups with private militias, the Bao Dai and Hao Hoa, have turned against the government.

The Vietnamese administration has no more authority than the French administration beyond the Saigon suburbs.

Maybe, by a series of miracles, the position in southern Viet Nam can somehow be got under control. On the face of the facts, however, southern Viet Nam seems likely to provide the next explosion in the Southeast Asian chain reaction which "the prophets of gloom and doom" used to be rebuked for predicting.

TRUCKS IN LAOS To make matters worse, the position in Laos, with its long common border with Thailand, has also become a hot spot. Laos cannot be held if southern Viet Nam goes. Even in Cambodia, where the outlook is still not too bad, the presence of southern Viet Nam will have an explosive effect. And the leading State Department spokesman, Nelson Rockefeller, confesses that Thailand will be under great peril if Laos alone is lost.

Such are the circumstances in which Secretary Dulles is going to Manila, to ask for a SEATO guaranty of Southern Viet Nam, Cambodia and Laos, and Thailand as one of the guarantors.



INDOCHINA HO HEADS SOUTH Pressure on Saigon

What is happening in the countryside, of course, is the real key to the whole picture. The mass of the people have been convinced by the Geneva surrender that the Communists are bound to win in areas beyond the immediate reach of the French, the people have been misled by the Communists.

If they face the facts, however, the Communist guerrilla forces, which have come out of hiding, are there to make them see the light by force of arms. The promised withdrawal of Communist troops from the French side of the line has turned out to be a farce. Indeed, there are good reasons to believe that the troops in the south are now being reinforced by new Communist contingents released for this duty by the cease-fire in the north.

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Americans Are Nice People --Until They Go Overseas

By ROBERT C. RUARK

I WAS carrying on recently about the American and the impression they create abroad, which wins us no friends and creates an automatic resentment which no amount of stupid spending will erase. This is not snap judgment, since for the past 20 years I have been what grandpa used to call a mail-order, and never was a tourist.

There seems to be some popular American suspicion that everything which is "foreign" is dirty, inferior, and deliberately designed to defraud or otherwise maliciously intended. There is constant criticism of other people's working habits, food, drinks, traditions, culture, doctors, communications, and folkways in general.

I met a low-comedy American woman in Europe not so long ago who asked me if I had used boiled water in the ice cubes, and when I said no, I took it out of the tap, she hauled out a miniature chemical set and went to work. After she finished telling me about her killings in the stock market, of course, she proceeded to declare flatly that all the people were liars, and thieves, and the servant class, and the food unfit for human consumption.

BARCELONA IS TOPS This was in the city of Barcelona, which was old in culture, science, and creative comfort when this dame's ancestors were still painting their faces with blue clay and hiding behind trees for fear the Druids would get 'em. This is a city that is cleaner than anything in Europe or America, with better shops than Paris, the best restaurant in Europe, and a medical standard of living that makes any New York millionaire seem to be camping out. This is a city that contains the best tailors and some of the finest female modistes of the world, the two best eye doctors in the business, and a slum that would make a slum in Westchester.

Over coffee with an old friend, an Arab, last year in Tangier, he said that he was an adventurer. He passed by the cafe in which we were sitting and called loudly, "Hey, Ruark, who's your rag-head friend?" My "rag-head friend" was merely the prince of an Arab house that had been around for about 5,000 years. He was educated at Oxford, his castle is filled with awards from Queen Victoria, and intimately signed photos of the royal family up through the present Queen Elizabeth. His father was knighted by a "rag-head," but my kinsman hit him a "rag-head," because he was the headless of his religion.

Some gossip columnist printed a letter from an American friend the other day, from Istanbul, in which Secretary Dulles is going to best friends in Europe. The letter said, among other things, "Istanbul is a dirty city, and the buildings look as if they were built during the Roman occupation."

"I don't suppose I crossed this gentleman's mind as a dirty city, and he has no better, dirtier place in the world than his beloved New York. I don't know if it is really odd to expect to find Turkish food in Turkey, or that the buildings actually probably were built before the Roman occupation."

He criticizes the native drink, which he misspelled, of course, and which is called rakia, and never occurred to him that our native drink, corn liquor, tastes like carboys of minerals.

We have hundreds of thousands of ambassadors of this sort abroad for us as workers these days, and millions more as short-term visitors. They have lost the old timidity that once made them fearful of travel abroad, when crossing the ocean was an adventure instead of two meals and a good night's sleep on a plane, or half a week on a fast ship. They have lost the sense of awe and the uneasiness, born of power, money, and the meddling of other people's affairs, which used to make them so nervous.

Americans are the kindest, most generous, and often the politest people in the world when they're home. But they sure don't pack those qualities in the kit bag when they take off for Yurp. Strange, because there's no overweight charge for politeness.



"Now don't get mad... the psychologists say the people are just letting off deep-rooted frustrations..."

People's Platform

Liberalize N. C. Compensation Law

Charlotte Editors: The News:

REFERRING to your editorial a few days ago relative to the Workmen's Compensation Act, I heartily agree with you that something should be done in regard to this because the present benefits under the Workmen's Compensation Act are certainly not adequate with today's cost of living.

In the 1953 session of the legislature, I introduced House Bill No. 194, a bill to be entitled "An Act to Amend the Workmen's Compensation Act by Removing the \$8,000 Maximum Limit for Compensation for Total Disability." The purpose of this bill was to pay a person for life should be entitled to compensation because disability.

Under the present act, after a person has drawn the full amount of the permanent disability to the extent of \$8,000, it then becomes necessary for the Welfare Department of the community to step in and help the disabled party and family to survive.

The bill was sent to the committee on employment security. When this committee met, it was reported to the full committee that the additional insurance cost to the employers for this extra compensation would be about three per cent annually, and the bill was killed.

Keep up the good work and you may be assured that I will do everything I can to help change these antiquated compensation benefits when I return to the legislature in January, 1955.

—ARTHUR GOODMAN (Editors' Note: See editorial, "Am The Disabled.")

What's The Matter With Folk—Or Me?

Micro Editors: The News:

SPEND many hours in observation and meditation about folk and things, as I relax on the veranda of my little modest white paneled house with the green shuttered windows beneath a canopy of pecan trees, fondly called "Shady Nook" by my children as they come and go to "back home." Nestling close by is Highway 301 that stretches by my side like a dull grey ribbon, running through our little town under the heat and burden of the day and yet into the night shrouding convalesces of every sort.

I notice license plates from everywhere. Seems all the folk of Florida and the north, while those from New England and New York are headed south. Restless and undecided, seems to me.

What's the matter with the folk? Or is it me?

Along came the polarized goat caravan with a cortege of harnessed billy and nanny goats under the bearded mandator riding high upon the neck of the hunkladen, straw-piled chariot, as though he were the chosen king of a spectacular parade entering city hamlet and rural side, pausing for rest and the vending of his photographic wares, while throngs of folk cease their speeding errands and gather around to gain full view of such a highway hazard and pungent breath-taking scene. It's ominous.

What's the matter with the folk? Or is it me?

In our recent Farmers Day event, weeks ere, merchants gave nothing but a grunt of greeting and a short goodnight when they get home. Men shouldn't be allowed to listen to the East Coast radio, unless the mink and schmin is for wifery.

Males are forced to take courses in care and changing of babies before they get their better halves (and some) That they also take courses teaching the difference between cotton and silk, so that they can buy their own, to pliment their wives, on a dress and make sense about it.

Butto about confitures, so they know the difference between a pompadour and a Roman cut. Every husband is equipped with a portable cabinet in which to dump the contents of his pockets, instead of leaving all the junk on the dresser. (Believe me, male pockets are messier than women's purses, and that's going some.) Men be reminded once a week about Patti Berg, Babe Zaharias, Maureen Connolly, Gussie Moran, so they realize their better halves might give them some healthy competition on the golf course or tennis court.

P.S.—I'm just kidding, men. I love you as is—especially Bob Six.

Charlotte Is Paving Its Way To Hell

Charlotte Editors: The News:

CHARLOTTE is going to keep on building new streets, boulevards and driveways, spending the people's money, until the town is going to do just what Asheville did in the '20's, go bankrupt all in one year.

What's the matter with the folk? Or is it me?

When I watch TV, saying I am in a nervous frenzy, awaiting and hoping for soft sweet music and professional dancing—Perry Como, Julia La Rosa, and Sonja Tucker, other like unto these, while the applause is deafening for all the funny acts.

What's the matter with the folk? Or is it me?

—JULIA HOWELL GADDDY

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

(Editors' Note: While Drew Pearson is on a brief vacation, the Washington Merry-Go-Round is being written by the guest columnist, for today's being the well-known glamour girls: Ethel Merman and Marilyn Monroe.)

Says Ethel Merman . . .

If I were one of the lawmakers you're always writing about, I'd pass laws that Men never have business conferences on nights their wives give dinner parties.

Political and business talk be banned at dinner tables. Men wear binders at the beach. Morning papers be delivered after breakfast and their feet be washed, and wifey could see it before he buries it in the news.

Men dress more sensibly in hot weather—that they wear something like a mandarin-type cotton or linen jacket, which takes the place of both jacket and shirt attractively. Husbands never be allowed to over-eat and talk themselves out during their business day, so they're good for

M. Monroe's Pin-Up Days Over—Almost

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Says Marilyn Monroe . . .

I've been quoted in the entertainment columns of newspapers, and even in news stories, but this is the first time I've been invited to contribute to a column which deals with national affairs on a high level. Nearest I've come to affecting the national establishment was when a War Dept. representative, through a comedy of errors, ordered killed a picture of me taken with some young girls in Atlantic City, but the newspapers ran the picture anyway and a truce was arranged.

Later, 11 Marines went AWOL in Korea to hear me sing, but the incident was handled on the spot. They were confined to camp for a month, and Washington was not distracted from its more important problems.

In brief, as Lorelei would say, what is a girl like I doing in Drew Pearson's column? Perhaps it's because I've been lucky and a lot of my fellow Americans have cheered from the sidelines as a little background found success and happiness the hard way. Being neither a natural-born actress, singer nor dancer, I still pinch myself

as I drive to work on the lot in a vintage automobile and go into a singing, dancing, and dramatic routine in Irving Berlin's No Business Like Show Business.

I work with such talented people as Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Mitzie Gaynor, Johnny Ray, and Gene Kelly, and I feel warm all over when Irving Berlin tells me that I'm a fine performer distinguished from a pin-up personality.

You might like to know that my pin-up days are over—well, sort of. I still want to look like a pin-up, but my services and others take pleasure in my pictures, but I also want to be known as a good actress. I'm doing "Year After Next," which I will start soon, will give me a wonderful opportunity to show how I've improved since my first small bit in "Ladies of the Chamber."

As to the future, I just don't know. On the horizon, like a black cloud, is the frightening future. Dios who has decreed that girls must be flat-chested. If this comes about, I will be a dead black and people will be speaking of Marilyn in the past tense because no matter what Dior decrees come out of Paris, I just don't qualify.

ON THE SUPERSTITIOUS SIDE

IF THE cards are running wrong, do you walk around with that "good luck" when you step up to the plate, do you pull your cap a couple of times? And after you brag on your fortune, do you knock on wood?

These are all signs, says a psychiatrist, of an "anxiety complex" that stems from dealing with the unknown. Hence the little acts of superstition, even though they're not really serious in a you-should-have-your-head-examined-in-a-manner-of speaking.

This knock, knock, is surely a relief. As to touching wood, however, we wonder if the psychiatrists aren't in over their heads.

ON THE SUPERSTITIOUS SIDE

In time the game was converted to the search for good luck omens. "Touch wood, it's sure to come good," ran an ancient proverb. So a game got accepted. Just like baseball and the strange incantations of Dodger fans.

All the same, we like the custom. But the unhappy fact is that modern technology is making the superstition of wood plastic and there isn't a lump of wood anywhere but in the head of the other driver. The same goes for iron—for cold iron, even in Scotland. The Scots prair on cold iron. Nowadays everything is aluminum, duraluminum or tin plate, and like the trumpet it gives forth an uncertain sound.

Superstitious? Not us. (Knock, knock.)