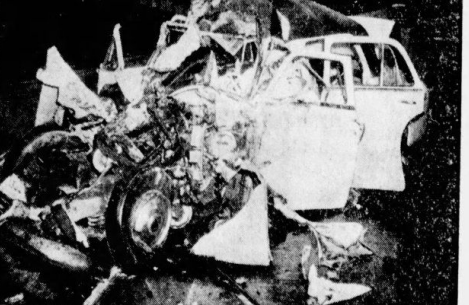
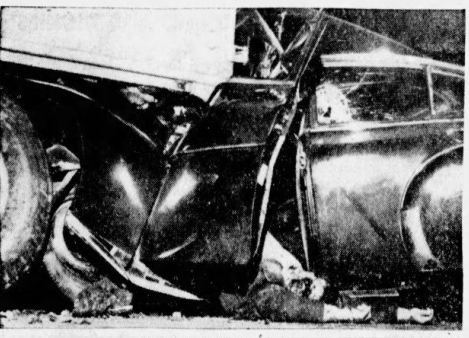


Don't Let Your Labor Day
Holiday End Like This...



Slow Down And Live

From The La-Grange (Ga.) Daily News

MORAL RESPONSIBILITY

A SMALL BOY on our block was struck by a car the other night after supper. It seems he ran out into the street from between two parked automobiles. We'd never actually seen the victim of a traffic accident, although we'd read and written plenty about them, so we joined the rest of the curiosity-seekers to have a look. He was lying in the street, partially covered by a blanket brought by one of the neighbors. In fact, the pretty sight. He was just a little kid, and the blood on his face and teeth made us a little sick. But luckily, it appeared that he wasn't too seriously injured, for as we approached he was talking to his mother, who was leaning over him.

Keys To The Kingdom Of Safety In North Carolina

By ALBERT COATES
In Popular Government

A THOUSAND YEARS ago the English king called on all his "faithful subjects to give diligent counsel and aid" to the protection of "men traveling from place to place, as well as men sleeping in their beds," and required all persons "15 years of age and upward to give information to the sheriff of persons violating the king's justice on the highway." In the swing of the centuries the problem of highway safety has shifted from the man in amish to the man behind the wheel; from the hit-and-run robber to the hit-and-run driver; from the savage who ran amuck with his keen-edged knife to the citizen who runs amuck with his high-powered motor car. The Motor Vehicles Department in North Carolina today calls on all drivers "16 years of age and upward" to assume personal responsibility for traffic law observance to the safety point. And it calls to you no less insistently than the English king called to "all persons 15 years of age and upward" to make the highways safer for people "traveling from place to place" a thousand years ago. Fifteen hundred thousand drivers at the wheel are traveling 40 million miles a day on our streets and highways with differing degrees of care and carelessness, speed and recklessness, sobriety and intoxication. They are running into each other at intersections; sidestepping each other in passing; and crashing into each other in head-on collisions on straight-aways. They are killing each other at the rate of a thousand or more a year. They are crippling and bruising each other at the rate of 15,000 a year—with injuries ranging from sprains and bruises and nervous shock to fractured skulls, broken necks, broken backs, broken legs, broken arms, punctured lungs, and blinded eyes. They are destroying each other's property to the multi-million dollar point.

These are not empty figures. Cut them and they bleed with the blood of men and women and little children. Listen to them and they echo with the cries of pain and suffering of people who have reached the point of no return. Follow them and they lead you to hospital rooms, disfigured faces, disrupted families, courtroom trials, prison camps, and cemetery plots. For violation of these laws every year, thousands of drivers lose the right to drive. Added thousands lose their liberty in days to months to years, and pay hundreds of thousands of dollars for hospital beds, doctors' bills, lawyers' fees, court costs, jury verdicts, fines and penalties, and property sold at sheriff's sales to satisfy the judgments of the courts.

AT THE WHEEL
Democracy is no longer in the saddle, it is at the wheel. Everyone may not aspire to be a king, but everyone aspires to sit at the controls of the deadliest weapon that modern science and mass production ever invented—the machine of the rank and file of the people. That is why the state requires every aspiring driver to show on

'Rehabilitation' Won't Solve Problem Of Juvenile Crime

By ROBERT C. RUARK

NEW YORK
FOR AS many years as I have been writing this column, I have screamed steadily on several constant subjects. One was on the pampering of criminals, young and old. One was on the sentimental coddling of children, leaving them free to express their unfettered personalities no matter whom or what it hurt. Still another was against makeshift lenience in the courts, and the advocacy of punishment in such a manner that the penalty more or less fit the crime, without too much respect for the motive or background of the criminal. In eight years we were never too much concerned with the sad plight of the malefactor; it was the poor, dead guy on the deck that got my tears.

You'll pardon a little gratification if finally, as has been graphically shown in the recent crackdown on crime, and especially juvenile, unwanted, foolish crime in New York, some of the hammering seems to have paid off. The police and the papers of New York have declared full-scale war on the thrill-killers and thrill-robbers. The punks and the thugs who use their exuberant youth as an excuse for wanton slaying, vandalism, mugging, rape, and general roadhouse. As occurred recently, four teenagers confessed to kicking two men to death, throwing one in the river. They tortured two men with cigarette ends, and horewounded a couple of girls. They were caught kicking and beating another man. They came from good homes. They ranged between 15 and 18 years of age. At the same time this happened, a domestic relations court judge was saying that strong punishment was no deterrent to juvenile crime, and "but rehabilitation was the answer. I respectfully submit that the only way to rehabilitate a thrill-killer is to exterminate him, preferably by the same methods he used on his innocent victims, but certainly as swiftly as gallows, gas or electric chair will remove him from public liability. As for the lesser offenders, the lads who haunt the parks and week for fun, this business of slapping a kid with a one-book

line and a suspended sentence is completely ridiculous. The poor "boy," apt as not, weighs 200 pounds and could stand off Rocky Marciano. He returns to his neighborhood as a big shot, at the same time his father is being shamed \$15 for illegal parking, and gets chewed out by the judge as a scold. UNKNOWN CRAVING
There is some unknown, as yet unsatisfied craving for importance in the peacetime of the adolescent terrorist. He wants to be a big shot. I still claim that public whipping, and a suspension in stocks, plus shaven skulls, would be a fine counterirritant to such a misplaced arrogance. If it sounds barbarous it is not as barbarous as being kicked to death, burnt with cigarettes, lashed with a whip, raped, or otherwise violated—which is what these puny acts have been doing all over the country with great consistency. It is not a problem only for New York. Newspaper records ever since the war have recorded vandalism and idiotic juvenile thrill-crimes from Vancouver south. They've got it in Denver, and in Southport, N. C., and any other place where the boys grow ducktail haircuts and wear jeans.

SPARE THE ROD?
Abetted by a lot of nonsense about child-rearing, with the rod spared and the child spoiled, the teenagers of a certain infantile intelligence have come pretty close to destroying law and order, because the cop gets public credit when he roughs up some young hunk who'll cheerfully slice up the copper who wants to give him a break. Old women—male and female—weep over the holigan in court; they get his sentence suspended, and let him off with warnings, and talk toughly to his parents. Eventually, the child winds up in a death cell, a child no more for kicking an old lady to death to relieve his boredom. I say that anybody old enough to commit a crime of violence is old enough to pay the penalty for that crime, with the possible exception of aimless idiots who should be permanently shut away as menaces. I've been saying it out loud, for eight years, and am happy to report that finally it appears I wasn't whistling into the wind.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

By ELLA RAINES

(Editors' Note: While Drew Pearson is on a brief vacation, the Washington Merry-Go-Round is being written by several guest columnists.)

THE world's next No. 1 glamour girl, scheduled to make her formal debut on her 21st birthday, this coming Christmas Day, is Princess Alexandra Helen Elizabeth Olga Christabel. Now touring the United States with her selected retinue, the Duchess of Kent, the young princess will make her initial visit to the United States within the next few weeks before returning home to England. Tentative guest lists are now being compiled by leading business and political circles. The race is on to see who will win ten honors for the best party for the visiting, titled Britishers. At this writing, top-ranking diplomats, American military brass and political leaders are being handpicked for the dinner parties and palas soon expected to create so much excitement in Washington. American housewives from Seattle to Key West, from Portland, Me., to San Diego, will be anxious to read how their royal highnesses are entertained. Since it is the dream of most American housewives, those who entertain lavishly or on limited budgets in their respective communities, to win recognition as brilliant party-givers, a poll among them, as to how they would entertain the princess and her entourage, is not surprising. In addition to the usual celebrities earmarked for such an occasion—the aforementioned diplomats, military and political names—Mrs. American Housewife would undoubtedly add the following guests, and with good reason: the Duchess of Kent and the Princess Alexandra, unusually democratic in their ways despite their traditional British background, would be flattered to meet our Florence Chadwick, Maureen Connolly and Babe Didrikson Zaharias. With Ted Williams, Willie Mays and Bob Mathias on hand, American sports would be well represented. Hollywood For Glamor
Hollywood celebrities, always a sure-fire guarantee of glamour and excitement at any soiree, would by necessity include Gary Cooper, Joan Crawford, Cary Grant, Marilyn Monroe, Rock Hudson, Debbie Reynolds, Clark Gable and Judy Garland. TV's Eddie Fisher, an established singing favorite of Princess Alexandra's cousin, Princess Margaret Rose, would be a hand as well as a hit. Perry Como, Frank Sinatra and Peggy Lee. There isn't an American housewife hosting such an affair who wouldn't have arranged to have the hand models of Guy Lombardo, Sauter-Finnegan and Xavier Cugat alternating for the listening and dancing pleasure of her guests.

How To Entertain Titled Britishers

Entertainment-wise, a dream after dinner show would come with Les Paul and Mary Ford, followed in order by the individual talents of Liberace, Patty Page, Danny Thomas, Jane Powell, Jackie Gleason and a musical finale comprised of Helen Traubel, Rose Stevens, Blanche Theobald and Roberta Peters singing "Minnie the Moocher." The incomparable Shirley Booth would, of course, act as mistress of ceremonies with an assist from David Wayne and Danny Kaye. Menu-wise, simple home cooking would grace the table and it's an even bet Yankee hot roast with corn on the cob and baked potatoes would be the main course. American housewives would embellish the meat-and-potatoes dinner. Side orders of Yorkshire pudding would be an additional touch. Dining in the way of a bit of British fare to complement the distinguished guests. For dessert, apple pie—hot, spicy and topped with Wisconsin cream. Even visiting royalty couldn't ask for anything more—unless it might be for "seconds."



"Personally, I like seeing women active in politics . . . !"

Victory In Sight?
Barkley Beats The Bushes

By STEWART ALSOP

LOUISVILLE, KY.
THE KIND of people a touring reporter meets on his travels—politicians, local sages, other newspapermen—almost unanimously believe that former Vice President Alben Barkley will handily defeat Sen. John Sherman Cooper in the Senate race here. Two reasons are advanced for this conviction. One is simply the old man himself—Alben Barkley, 78 years old, 50 years in politics, 40 years off in Washington, four years the traditional heart's beat from the White House.

Barkley has become a habit with Kentuckians. Not all of them admire him. But almost all of them have at least a sneaking affection for him. After a talk with Barkley in the presidential suite of the hotel, the reporter can understand why. The Seelbach's presidential suite, with its high ceilings, its ornate woodwork, and its atmosphere of leisurely, pre-World War I comfort, inspires a strong nostalgia for a simpler past. So does Alben Barkley.

"DASTARDLY WAY"
Not that there's anything particularly nostalgic or old-fashioned about Barkley's political views. He is, for example 100 per cent for such recent inventions as the TVA system and rigid, high farm price supports. There was considerable bitterness in the White House when Sen. Cooper deserted the administration on both these issues. Cooper's votes made Barkley just as angry as anyone in the White House—Cooper, he implies, has been sneaking away

with good Democratic issues in his dastardly way. Yet Barkley is an old-fashioned politician just the same. He learned his politics in a time when there was no way to reach the voters except to belong at their parties, to be expected to carry a quarter of a mile against a headwind, and a campaign was, more even than now, a physical endurance contest. Barkley is proud of his local sobriquet—"Iron Man Barkley"—which he won by his custom of making 16 or 17 ear-shattering speeches a day towards election day. It was the climax of all his campaigns. He intends to repeat this performance this year—this time for a specific purpose.

Moreover, Barkley's personal popularity is probably matched, or almost equaled by Cooper's, and in his own peculiar way, Cooper is also a superb campaigner. Thus the real difference between the two men comes down to the simple fact that Barkley is a Democrat and Cooper is a Republican.

ALBEN BARKLEY
"Iron Man" Returns

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