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MONDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1955

United Appeal: People Helping People

THERE is a story about a farm woman who lived far back in the Great Smoky Mountains.

Her cabin had no floor, her roof leaked and sunlight streamed through cracks in the wall. She was terribly thin and her face was drawn and weary.

One day, during the depression, a welfare worker approached her with a question.

"What would you do," she was asked, "if the government gave you \$200?"

The woman straightened up, leaned on her hoe and thought for a moment.

"Reckon I'd give it to the poor," she said.

This is perhaps an extreme example of our national addiction to philanthropy. But it does illustrate a simple compassion and an attitude a lot of Americans share.

This feeling that we are our brother's keepers has long been a part of our national heritage. It has figured in our history ever since the first settlers carved an empire out of the wilderness.

Some may remember Victor Anderson's painting of the "barren lands" held a century ago in rural America. People's miles around pitched in to help their neighbors.

It was a way of "bein' right neighborly"—and it was expected.

PEOPLE still feel like that, but in a different way. The nation has grown big and so have the communities. People often don't know who their neighbors are, much less what their neighbors' problems are.

Yet while the nation has grown, the problems have grown even faster. And it is no longer possible to meet all of these problems simply and on a highly personal basis.

It takes a united effort and collective means. This is why Charlotte and Mecklenburg County are launching today the United Appeal for 1955-56 to do the vital jobs that must be done—in the spirit of collective neighborliness.

These jobs are too big for a few Mecklenburgers or any small fraction of the

county's population. They will require the help of all citizens. They will take a kind of massive unity that Charlotte and Mecklenburg have never seen before.

Unity is the watchword. It is the backbone of the way we have today of serving the needs of all our people—the children, the young people, the sick people, the aging, the family—so that the entire community may be a healthy, happier place in which to live and raise our children.

It will mean united planning for community health and welfare services.

It will mean united budgeting, so that each community service receives its fair share of community support.

It will mean united fund-raising, eliminating multiple appeals, to assure community support for all worthy community services.

THIS is not simply an overgrown "charity" drive. The United Appeal program is not designed solely to raise funds for the "underprivileged." It is more important than that and wider in scope. The agencies supported by the United Appeal are needed, community services which all citizens join in providing for the benefit of everybody. It is a case of "Everybody Benefits... Everybody Gives." The benefits may be direct or indirect but thoughtful study will prove them valid.

The community is a reflection of all its parts. Where one part suffers or is in need, the whole community suffers and stands in need. When one part is helped, the whole benefits.

The services supported by the United Appeal are carefully planned and carefully budgeted. The work and the budgets are scrutinized in detail by a large, representative group of Charlotte's own citizens. There is no fluff, no unnecessary expense.

The donors can be sure that every penny he gives will be distributed wisely—and placed where it will do the most good for the community as a whole.

We believe in the United Appeal. We offer its program our wholehearted support. We urge all Charlotteans to do likewise.

Just Out Yonder, The Golden Age

THE clearest crystal ball in the business belongs to the editors of THE Progress Farmer. They undraped it in their October issue and before startled eyes of more than a million subscribers unfolded a picture of Atomic Age farming starting enough to break all the snags in new ground.

Some of the projects wonderers are atomic watermakers to bring crops luxuriantly through the dry seasons, small-scale atomic engines to provide power for crop production, spraying and irrigation, "new look" animals genetically designed to defy disease and hot weather, atomic sky trucks to bring crops to the world one big produce market (perishables harvested one day will be for sale the next in South Africa, in Siam and Australia) and atomic power to handle grain, grind feed and clean the barn.

That is by no means all one can expect in an age when plants may look different because "it is feasible to control in a span of two or three years what would have taken a century of laborious plant breeding and selection to accomplish.

In the pasture is an atomic racket scooper. Suppose you want to visit Aunt Georgiana who lives some 2,000 miles away. You can leave after lunch, load up and get back for services in the evening.

Providing Aunt Georgiana is unattractive to keep the kind of culinary goodies she should expect from an Aunt Georgiana are all revved up and ready for this golden agrarianism. We'll have us an automatic fox hound that would bust a plastic barking box before he would run a rabbit, a hen so bred in modesty she wouldn't make a federal goose out of every egg she laid, and a sweet-tempered settin' hen trained to smile and lift her skirts whenever we come around to admire the nested birds.

And that's not all, either. How about a cow without a tail, a mule without a tail, a pig without a tail, a pig called Fauntleroy with the manners of a saint? There's just one thing questionable in this picture of what's going to happen to the farm when the atom finally is hounded. And that is, what's going to happen to the farmer?

If he's to be freed from stubborn clay, sticky barnyards and fighting grass, what's to become of the stubborn strength fashioned from adversity, the patience learned to behind a hammer-headed mule, the character that flows into hands stained in the soil? Why, he might even vote PROGRESSIVE Farmer and subscribe to MECHANICS ILLUSTRATED.

The Inevitable Death Of October

A BLOOD-LETTING on North Carolina highways during October is as inevitable as falling leaves.

The fatality score for the first week of October, 1954, was 31. The tally for the black week ending Friday was 30.

There is nothing unusual about the way October accidents happen. Cars run in front of speeding trains. They skid and overturn. They collide head-on, sidewise or in any other possible way. The drivers aren't looking, are incompetent, are drinking, are speeding or are just acting like fools.

October that makes it historically the most unlovely month in the accident statistics. Whatever it is can't be remedied. October is unchangeable and we would have her so.

What must change is the driver. He must use even more care, more skill, more responsibility. For despite engineering, education and enforcement, it's easier to get killed on a highway than on a battlefield.

Particularly in October. But that remembered by you and by ourselves.

From The Baltimore Evening Sun

BEAUTIFYING THE MALE

A DISTURBING increase is reported in the male division of artificial methods of self-beautification. It goes from head to toe: the toupee business, part of which reports a quadruple rise in receipts within the last year; the shoe business, in which the so-called elevator, or height-increasing lift, is thriving. Men are wearing corsages, men are getting facial muddpaks, men are applying scents.

Why is this so? The original Crockett or Boone might have called this a sexified age; but our athletes (who appear in the lotion ads) are more proficient than the old-timers were. Is it a plot among manufacturers to create new goods, new markets? There is something highly puzzling here. An able pondering fellow, he frowns but not to scratch too hard on that new cranial divot.

The urge for self-improvement has always been around; witness the muscle-building apparatus with which the ad-reader of a generation ago dreamed of attaining herculean proportions. But that was to become a man among men. One adopts artificial tummy lines and phony fragrances and begins to follow varying degrees of "style" in most of his clothing in order to become a man among women.

Another couple faced the judge with the eternal problem. "We were happy for over a year, your honor, and then the baby came." "Boy or girl?" "Girl—she was a blonde and moved in next door."—LAMAR (Mo.) DEMOCRAT.

There ain't no justice. Teacher gets only three months vacation and mamma gets nine.—DALLAS MORNING NEWS.

Heavy Weather In California



HER BLOCK OFF THE WASHINGTON POST

Geneva Revisited

Russia Calls The Signals

By WALTER LIPPMANN

ENOUGH time has passed and enough has happened to enable us to see more clearly and concretely the significance of the meeting at the summit in Geneva last July. I am afraid that an honest examination must show that Moscow has had the initiative, and that it has taken a formidable advantage of the military and political situation.

It has adapted its foreign policy to the fact that there is a military stalemate, and it is exploiting this fact in an astute and carefully calculated diplomatic campaign. The campaign is designed to undermine the western military system and to neutralize American power in Europe.

We shall soon be asking our own policies. We shall be asking ourselves whether they have not remained frozen in the pre-Geneva mold, and whether as a result we are not coming off second best in the diplomatic duel in Germany, in the Middle East and in the Mediterranean.

UNDERLYING REALITY

In retrospect it is clear that never that what happened at Geneva was a public acknowledgment by the heads of states that they cannot wage an atomic war. The words used at Geneva were in the declarations and pledges that they would not go to war. But the underlying reality was that the government knew from their scientists and military leaders that in the existing balance of power war has to be avoided.

NEW YORK knowledge about war was all that was agreed to at Geneva. But that agreement was enormously important. For on both sides of the Iron Curtain there have been built up during the cold war military and political structures of alliances based on the expectation of a third world war. There is no doubt about this in regard to the foreign policy of the United States since the declaration of the Truman Doctrine.

And in the East the threat of encirclement by the United States has long been used to justify the domination of the satellites and the police repression within the Communist orbit.

ATOMIC STALEMATE

It is clear enough now, I think, that some time last winter the Kremlin, realizing that there was an atomic stalemate, formed a diplomatic policy based on that fact. The major premise of the policy was the fear of Soviet military aggression, which had been so strong since the Korean aggression, should be removed from the minds of the people of the Old World. Then when the fear had been removed, the Soviet Union would be able to exploit diplomatically the great divisions of the non-Communist world that exist between the two Germanys, that of Islam and Europe, etc., etc.

The removal of the fear of Soviet military aggression was easy enough because, as a matter of fact, Soviet military aggression was impossible in the existing stalemate. On this point the Soviet policy was not to deceive the

West. The policy was to advertise the stalemate which neither East nor West could alter.

The inability of Moscow since the spring may reflect a number of things that are happening in the Soviet Union. But on the military level it has expressed the fact that war is at this time impossible. What the Kremlin wanted was what the Kremlin got at Geneva was a spectacular demonstration that there was no longer need to fear Soviet military aggression.

PRIORITIES SHIFTED

The removal of that fear has made it difficult to keep the democratic parliaments voting the military appropriations. It has also produced a reappraisal of their foreign policies. The fear of Soviet military aggression having been largely dispelled, there is a new order to speak of, priorities in many nations.

Among the Germans, for example, reunification has become more important than the military alliance with the West. Greece and Turkey have allowed themselves a quarrel over Cyprus that they would never have dared to indulge in if they were still afraid of being conquered by the Soviet Union. Egypt and perhaps also Syria, are feeling free to maneuver for high stakes, something they would not risk if they thought the Red Army might descend upon them.

CLASSIC POSITION

The strength of the new Soviet diplomacy is in the fact that in these various conflicts they have worked themselves in the classic position where they hold the balance of power. This is most evident in Europe where they are now in a position to play upon the balance between the two Germanys, the balance between France and Germany and the balance of Germany with Poland.

The Western position is inferior. It is in danger of being eroded by the big cards—namely Eastern Germany and the Potsdam frontier. For another the Soviet Union is stronger because it can be more flexible in bargaining while we are bound to a German policy which is not negotiable. As a result, because the Kremlin is shaping up for direct dealings only too well, we are in a position to be used for our own purposes. At the present time we are unable to use them. They are frozen by rigid and highly emotional commitments. Before our eyes they are being proved, our assets must be made negotiable.

That is something which the President was just beginning to do when he was stricken.

These Lower-Case Crooks Got Too Big For Britches

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PLEASE me to note that Adolf Hitler is officially dead, as of this month, as it pleases me that Juan Peron is out of business in Buenos Aires, as it pleases me that the reward for the killer of Serge Rubinstein is only \$5 grand, and that the last suspect was last seen in Tangier, a rather loose place for a suspect to be seen in. When I mean, saying that a suspect was seen in Tangier is like saying there are people in New York. As a man who has attempted to pay his bills and obey the law of the land, I have observed that it is big enough to take Hitler as they think they are. Hitler, Mussolini and Peron were outside international decency, and another, but less political, monster, Rubinstein, was outside of any sort of decent compliance with the rules other people endeavor to live by.



SERGE RUBINSTEIN The Rabbi Complained

NOGOODNICK

The box score: Mussolini kicked to death. Adolf Hitler a suicide in the last sad days of Berlin. Peron over the hill, and as sure as I sit here, somebody will scrag him. Rubinstein murdered at home, and even the rabbi who buried him said he was a no-goodnik, which I wouldn't want a rabbi to say over my bones.

Although I am not a practicing religionist, I have a great respect for organized religion, no matter what shape it takes. Hitler and Mussolini got bigger than God, in their own estimation. Peron made a mistake when he tangled with the Catholic Church, because the saintly man who was named Facelli and is named Pius doesn't like to be put up with two-bit dictators.

SHIBBOLETH

There are all sorts of shibboleths you could work in here, but the soundest is that a man should honor his parents, respect law, worship God in some manner, and set himself up as perfect, or somebody'll lay him low. The greatest of the scowflaw, scoldfrop-tips-yes were the old body got to Trotsky and done him in. Nobody even knows if Lenin made it off on the square, or Stalin.

But of all the gaudy galaxy of the prewar, very few are left. Berlin, Peron over the hill, and the greese-haired Ciano got in a chair, via pistolero. Mussolini got jammed on until it quit hurting, and they threw poor

Clara Petacci into the act as well. Goering took his last pill. Some they hanged and some they shot, and some just disappeared away.

It is not true that only the evil men do live after them. I know of a tiny Spanish town which has just erected a monument to Sir Arthur Fleming, who discovered penicillin. It is a little town close to Portugal, named Gijon, and nobody in the town can spell penicillin, but the effects of the drug have made Sir Arthur immortal. In that town, also, the memory of Abe Lincoln has proved pretty fragrant for quite a spell.

There are about three things you can't tamper with, even out of egomania. One is God Almighty and his representatives. One is the law of the land. And the other is the freedom of the press. Peron didn't ask me, but I could tell him that when he expropriated La Prensa, a fine paper, he was through. He didn't even have to tangle with the press. The paper was enough to beat him.

Hitler, Peron, Rubinstein, Mussolini, Goering, Lucky Luciano, and von Ribbentrop—they were all in a stamp. They were all lower-case crooks who got too big for their britches.

People's Platform

Saucers Are Real

Davidson

Commission Passed 'Unwarranted Law'

Editors, The News:

I LAST Wednesday's issue of The News I was interested in reading a letter from one of your readers, seemingly a typical skeptic who doesn't know the actual facts. I have an uncle who is a saucer, the Air Force investigating committee has identified flying objects. Recently, he was allowed to publicize some cases which make the most level-headed men think.

I admit that some people who report everything from seeing their cars to gigantic ships ready for the asylums, but some of the past incidents are worth lending some thought. For instance, how does the writer of the letter explain the tracking of an object which outclimbed a V2 rocket and WAC Corporal at White Sands proving grounds? Ballours at a speed of 18,000 miles per hour? Or a meteor traveling upward? Maybe it was an hallucination which showed up on radar.

The long publicized death of Capt. Tommy Mantell over Godman Air Force Base while chasing an object, described by him as a "metallic, could not be mass hallucination of some 500 responsible persons. If corresponding radar sets don't and, if it were a balloon, there was a strong wind of 300 miles per hour pushing it.

Hundreds of commercial pilots, in addition to their passengers, have reported weird objects in the sky. They are men. That many comets don't enter our atmosphere and they don't make right angle banks at fantastic speeds.

Under Air Force secrecy, there are also films of formations of these weird objects which were officially declared as the real stuff. I don't think our reader knows this or he wouldn't want our trained pilots thrown in the booby-batch. Either this, or he has no scientific attitude whatsoever.

—CHARLES FEEZOR

Charlotte

ATTEMPTING to outlaw the use of so-called "high power" rifles, the Mecklenburg County Commissioners have drafted a resolution giving unqualified approval to the sale of .22 caliber rifles, but precisely which of the various .22 calibers is not specified.

In this caliber there are the .22 short, .22 long and .22 long rifle, and known to riflemen as the 217; these three have a muzzle velocity of 1,125, 1,240 and 1,335 ft. sec., respectively.

Next in order is the .218 B&O (2,800 ft. sec.), .219 Zipper (3,110 ft. sec.), .22 Hornet (2,600 ft. sec.), .222 (3,200 ft. sec.), .220 Swift (4,110 ft. sec.), the .22-250 and others, all .22 caliber and easily qualified as high power cartridges, in fact, they are for the most part of higher velocity than the .30 calibers such as 30-30, 35 Remington and 30-06 and regarded as big game rifles.

To give approval to a .22 without distinction as to the kind of .22 cartridge is meaningless and indicates a serious lack of knowledge of firearms generally, and cartridges particularly, both in theory and mechanics.

The Commissioners have obviously become involved in something of which they know nothing, and the resolution would do well to become better informed on the subject before proceeding to foist such an unwarranted resolution upon the citizens of Mecklenburg.

—J. A. DAVIS.

Quote, Unquote

Remarks and conversation about the weather would be decreased 80 per cent if nobody would mention it unless something good could be said about it.—Cincinnati Enquirer.



The Geneva Micky

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

A LOT has been said about the White House team during President Eisenhower's illness, but not much about who makes up that team. FDR once called his team "anonymous" assistants. It's true that the men around any President must be as anonymous as possible. They must stay in the background, let the President take credit for the hits, while they take credit for the errors. Usually there's a lot of back-biting in a White House staff. Some want to pull the President one way, some another. There's less of that in Eisenhower's staff than most I have seen in Washington. When they have differences they keep them quiet. Because he's been away a lot, and because he believes in Army general staff delegation of authority, they have handled a lot of major decisions for

Ike's Team Functions Efficiently

three years, find no trouble continuing that system. Here is a recall of who they are: Head of the team is Sherman Adams—Cool, tight-lipped, efficient ex-governor of New Hampshire. He really runs the White House. Gen. Wilton Persons—Chief lobbyist for Congress. In the Army, Persons was nicknamed "Slick." The name has stuck with him, partly because of his charming, quite way of manipulating people in deal-making things they don't want to do. Fred Seaton—Ike's foremost troubleshooter. Is close to the President, sees him frequently, understands practical politics. Maxwell Rabb—Secretary of the Cabinet. This is a key post and extremely important. Rabb is right-hand man of

Sherman Adams, calls Cabinet members, tells them what to do. Cabinet members know that when he calls, Rabb is really talking to Adams, and they act accordingly. Jack Martin—Former assistant to the late Sen. Taft. He was close to his contacts with Taft friends. He now handles many minority problems and also lobbies on Capitol Hill with the Taft right wing of the Republican Party. James Hagerty—Press secretary, is one of the most effective the White House has had in many years. Hagerty knows when to leak, when not to leak. He's a straight-shooter and renews trust in Bernard Shanley—White House counsel. He is one of the few who still feel the spirit of the crusade, still talks glowingly about the Great Reform.

Gerald Morgan—Assistant counsel, is an astute lawyer with plenty of experience after he couldn't stomach a Harold Stassen—Now adviser on disarmament, has handled a lot of other problems in the past. Nelson Rockefeller—Shifted to the White House after he couldn't stomach some of Mrs. Roosevelt's reactionary policies. He is the chief adviser to the President on psychology of warfare, propaganda and cultural activities. Gabriel Hauge—Is a tweedy, Harvard, Ivy-League, economist, former McGraw-Hill writer who advises on the economic outlook, but doesn't often get close to Ike. Kevin McCann—Is the former president of the White House and author of "The Man From Abilene." He is Ike's chief speechwriter.