THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1955

The Size & Shape Of An Emergency

FOR A QUARTER of a century, Charlotteans have been wagging their heads gravely over the paucity of hospital facilities for Negroes.

Eight separate surveys have been made.

Mountains of statistics have been collected.

Painstakingly, experts have drafted delicately detailed recommendations.

But getting anything done—quickly—about the problem has been one of Charlotte's biggest, hardest, touchiest jobs.

Now, after 25 years of shifting and sifting statistics, time is running out. The problem is rapidly assuming the size and shape of an emergency.

Nothing illustrates the urgency of the situation better than "reliable reports" filtering out of a closed-door get-together of County Commissioners yesterday. In short, commissioners were told that Charlotte's Negro Good Samaritan Hospital is in desperate financial straits and may have to cease operation in June 1956.

The closing of Good Samaritan would be a serious blow to the community. Inadequate as it is, it serves a vital need.

Mercy, the only white hospital accepting Negro patients, cannot possibly provide space for all Negroes requiring hospital care in Charlotte.

Even with Good Samaritan in operation, the situation is bad. Without Good Samaritan, it would be much, much worse.

An ambitious plan to provide hospital facilities for Negroes at Charlotte's Memorial Hospital is developing slowly. The addition was recommended last January by a special study committee of the Social Planning Council, the latest of many organizations to become concerned about the inadequacy of Negro hospital facilities in Charlotte. But due to a variety of legal technicalities, there have been agonizing delays.

Clearly, a new burst of civic energy is needed. Every attempt should be made to speed up work on plans and specifications for the project. Meanwhile, there should be a farsighted search for necessary funds to construct the addition.

Time is of the essence.

Charlotte cannot afford to wait until it is face to face with a full-blown crisis before it has the means, ability and inclination to act.

'Mellowing Of Soviet Power' Creates A Subtle Peril

By STEWART ALSOP

WASHINGTON

IF THERE is one sentence which describes the basic underlying assumption of American policy throughout the years of the Cold War, it is this:

"The United States has it in its power to increase enormously the strains under which Soviet policy must operate. . .and in this way to promote tendencies which must eventually find their outlet in either the break-up or the gradual mellowing of Soviet power."

'MR. X'

The sentence comes from the famous "Mr. X" article by former policy planner and Ambassador to Russia George F. Kennan. The article, which first outlined the "policy of containment," was written in 1947. Ever since, with some twistings and turning, containment of Soviet power has been the policy of the United States.

This seems a good time to ask, therefore, whether the containment policy is actually working—whether the "gradual mellowing of Soviet power" foreseen by Kennan has actually begun to happen. And a good man to ask seems Kennan himself, the author of the containment policy.

MILAN MEETING

This reporter accordingly made Milan, where Kennan was attending a meeting of the Congress of Cultural Freedom, his last port of call in a three-month tour of the Soviet Union and Western Europe.

JOSEPH STALIN
Neurotic Fears

The congress brought together 150 or so leading intellectuals and political thinkers of the non-Communist world.

The Congress was worth attending because, although those present disagreed strongly and articulately about every other matter, they were almost unanimously agreed on two points.

GREAT DANGER

First, there has been a real change in the Soviet Union. But second, this change confronts the West with a period of very great danger.

To understand both points, it is necessary to examine the real nature of the change that has taken place. To use Kennan's phrase, the "morbid and irrational" aspect of the Soviet regime have largely disappeared since the death of Joseph Stalin.

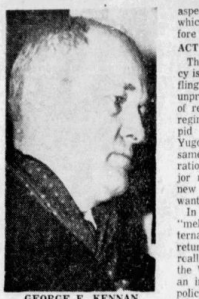
ONE-MAN RULE

The morbid and irrational aspects of the regime were in part the products of a quarter-century of ruthless one-man rule; in part, of the increasingly neurotic fears and suspicions of the aging Stalin. The results of the sweeping away of these aspects of the regime are obvious, both internally and externally.

Internally, the experts at Milan agreed, the most striking post-Stalin phenomenon, is the downgrading of the power of the secret police. The MVD is now headed by a career man, who reports to the Presidium as a whole rather than to an individual. To emphasize the dominance of the party over the police, the MVD has been publicly stripped of the power to arrest a Communist Party member, without the prior approval of the local Party Committee.

LABOR CAMPS

At the same time, there is hard evidence, much discussed at Milan, that the whole labor camp system, which used to be a special empire of the secret police, is being reorganized root and branch. Thousands of prisoners have been amnestied and the living conditions of the others rendered far more tolerable.



GEORGE F. KENNAN
Enormous Strains

The subordination of the secret police power has in turn led to an easier atmosphere of life for the ordinary Soviet citizen. But this does not mean for a moment that the Soviet system has been changed in any of its essentials. The Soviet system will not be abandoned, to use Party Secretary Khrushchev's colorful phrase, "until shrimps learn to whistle." The new regime has merely shuffled off those internal aspects of the Soviet system which were irrational and therefore unprofitable.

ACT OF REASON

The "new" Soviet foreign policy is equally no more than a shuffling off of the irrational and the unprofitable. It was a simple act of reason on the part of the new regime to end the incredibly stupid Stanlinist policies toward Yugoslavia and Austria. In the same way, it is no more than rational to wish to avoid any major risk of nuclear war and the new Soviet rulers undoubtedly to want to avoid this risk.

In this sense, there has been a "mellowing of Soviet power," internally and externally. But is a return to reason in the Kremlin really an undiluted blessing for the West? Is it not possible that an intelligent and rational Soviet policy will hold far greater dangers for the West, and especially for the United States, than a morbid and irrational Soviet policy?

MAJORITY DECISION

The majority of those gathered at Milan believed that the answer to both questions was "Yes." They believed that, under the new circumstances, to paraphrase the sentence quoted above, "The Soviet Union has it in its power to increase enormously the strains under which American policy must operate." Among those who so believed was the author of the famous article on which American policy has so long been based.

Listening To Politicos, But Not Closely

NO DOUBT about it. This is sap time for the '56 campaign, both as to what the body politic is taken for and as to the rising of swollen ambition. It's probably very silly to pay any heed to politicos when they're listening for groundswells and looking for lightning, but then it wouldn't be playing the game to ignore them. So we have paid passing attention to some of the gospel, such as:

Former Rep. Monroe Redding's charge that Kerr Scott was "dictating" to Tar Heels when Scott endorsed Sen. Sam Ervin's re-election bid with the simple statement, "I'm for the senior senator to continue." Granting that Sen. Scott had raised a signal for his friends, we just can't find any "dictation" hidden in that statement and are forced to conclude that what Mr. Redding really meant was: "I was hoping Kerr Scott would come out for me." Of course, that's just a guess as to what the former congressman meant, based on reports of his own itchy feet. Only he knows.

But it seems very clear that when New York Gov. Averell Harriman says, "I'm for Adlai," as he does at every opportunity, he really means, "I'm for Adlai until Carmine DeSapio gets my bandwagon greased and ready."

Adlai himself broke credulity's back last week when he moseyed down to Texas to pay a "friendly social visit with two of the oldest friends I have," namely House Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senate Majority Leader Lyndon Johnson who are old friends, indeed, but two of the ablest wheelwrights in politics, too.

Then there is GOP Chairman Leonard Hall going about with his determined air saying President Eisenhower's illness has made no change in Republican campaign plans. To Mr. Hall "wrecked" has no kinship with "change."

And no doubt the headshrinkers are after Sen. Mike Mansfield after the little gem he unloaded on the Young Democrats at Durham Saturday. Quoth he: "We hope that the President will want to run and that the doctors will want him to run. We Democrats want to go up against the champion because we think we can take him and his party." A man can get away with that kind of statement only so long as he doesn't cross his heart and hope to die or say it on his Scout's honor.

Next thing you know Estes Kefauver's going to come out for legalized gambling and Richard Milhous Nixon will put Checkers in the dog pound.

'Shall We Open The Doors Now?'

Sun Shines On The Scuppernong, Too

ALTHOUGH it's sliding sidewise into true autumn the sun is hot again with the straight-up heat of the summer. Along the streets housewives have opened windows closed against a space of damp and coolness. Curtains flutter and floor fans and air conditioners run intermittently in pace with the ebb and flow of summer's strength. Mostly it ebbs, though, for morning begins and afternoon ends in coolness and long shade. And autumn sleep that comes easier and goes harder already has put an end to the restlessness of summer nights.

But in the fields the sun is still supreme, bearing on backs bent to cotton. It puts red bands around necks protected in the upright time of planting and of plowing, and the skin stings as the strap of the heavy sack slides off the shoulder and along the neck as the picker goes to the basket or the spread "to empty." It starts the sweat across the back and under the belt. And the rows that were comparatively short to plow and chop stretch far away to the picker. The sun is hateful but it is better than the rain that beats the fleece into the dirt and makes it harder to pick and cheaper sold, that fattens the leaves where the stinging worm hides with a bite tobacco juice can ease but can't cure, and the farmer is not angry at the sun.

Nor is the task without reward. There are few cotton patches that do not hide somewhere along a row a fist-buster or two to sweeten the mouth and freshen the throat. And aching backs, pricked fingers and skinned knees are trifles to a man who goes to the well for water and strays back to a scuppernong arbor where the dark tan grapes have shriveled into ultimate sweetness. There he can stand as in another Eden, spitting seed and hull to the yellow jackets and savoring a nectar that doesn't go to the market place.

The scuppernong and the runty melon are gold and silver to the men and women who go down the rows of cotton and, somehow, when the steelyards are hooked to pole and basket and the weights are set down in the book, their sweetness is remembered more than the harshness of the sun.

From The Greenville (Miss.) Delta Democrat-Times

SOME GRIPES ABOUT STRIPES

SOMETIMES we wonder if insignia manufacturers don't inspire some of the changes that are made in the armed services with regard to rank and rating. Whoever it is is keeping things confused and changes expensive.

Remember back during World War II—at first it was simple. Privates had no stripes; privates first class had one; corporals two; buck sergeants three; staff and tech sergeants, with one and two rockers under the three and finally the topkick with three below and three above, the master sergeant with a diamond in the middle. Simple.

Then someone decided the field infantry noncoms should be distinguished from the clerks and mechanics. So the indoor men got technicians' ratings, with a corporal becoming a T-4 and a sergeant, a T-3. They were still called corporals and sergeants and they got the same pay—but the chevron was changed. The technicians had a T embroidered under the stripes. The insignia people must have received a big boost. There were a lot of men in the Army by then.

Between World War II and the Korean conflict, the chevron makers must have had a real field day. First the Air Force split from the Army and picked out some upside down stripes. Off came the old and on were sewed the new. Then someone told the Army that their stripes were too big and gauche. So they changed the stripes to a sort of miniature neon yellow chevron. You could hardly tell a sergeant from a private first class from 10 paces. And the technicians disappeared.

As if that were not enough, all ranks were reorganized, with everyone from buck sergeant on down losing a stripe. Bidding farewell to the buck sergeant, former backbone of the corps, the Army now had sergeants reduced to corporals, corporals to privates first class and privates first class to privates. A new rank was invented—the recruit. All this produced more frantic tearing off of insignia and sewing on the new.

Now we are informed, in order to preserve the dignity and prestige of the infantry noncom in the field, there will now be "a separate category of enlisted personnel, called specialists," who will include "those who have technical and administrative skills," but not those "holding leadership positions."

That means that thousands of noncoms will become, instead of corporal, sergeant, sergeant first class and master sergeant: Specialist third, second and first class, and master specialists. With —you guessed it—a whole new set of chevrons.

We don't know why they don't go back to technicians. We bet the Army has as many old technicians' stripes in the warehouses as the Navy has hamburgers. But then, we couldn't use any old stripes, could we?

The Real Drinking Man Still Downs His Liquor Chugalug

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain

THE drinking habits of a nation are an odd thing to contemplate, and must reflect some sort of state of mind. Right now America seems to be on a heavy vodka kick, possibly due to clever publicity, possibly due to world affairs.

Vodka is a reasonably mild potable, tastless and odorless, since it is only a grain alcohol and little else, and is possibly less harmful to the system than other beverages. But unless the aim was to get stinking, I see no reason for it, since you might as well be drinking needled water.

LAME EXCUSES

They have kicked off vodka with a couple of lame excuses—the Moscow Mule and the Bloody Mary, both of which I find nauseous. Ginger beer and vodka in a copper mug make up the Mule, and the Mary is Worcestershire, pepper, salt, lemon, and tomato juice, with a stick of vodka inside. I will take my health food straight, thank you, without confusing it with tipple.

A permanent fiancee of mine, Mrs. Inez Robb, was writing the other week about the horrors of commemorative cocktails, notably the Atoms-for-Peace cocktail, made of brandy, champagne and blue curacao, and I never hope to see one. Mrs. Robb did not take her dissertation on roast pigs far enough.

ABOMINATION

The contrived cocktail is an abomination before the Lord. Anybody who would drink an Alexander and still face his friends will eventually abscond with his mother's egg money. The Manhattan is for people who sneak candy on the side. Even the Martini is a loathsome drink until it is rendered bone-dry, and then it is straight gin and not a cocktail at all.

The Jack Roses and things with creme de menthe and champagne confusing the healing powers of honest whisky, gin and brandy are for people who lunch at restaurants that cater to ladies. Booze is not a confection. It should taste straight and honest and harsh to the unaccustomed tongue, thereby discouraging drunkenness among women and children.

HERETICAL

It is heretical for a southerner to say so, but I always scorned the mint julep as a perversion of decent Bourbon or rye whisky, and felt that the sugar and mint involved were injurious to the system, possibly leading to diabetes. As for the old-fashioned, if I desire a fruit salad I will order one, and not confuse the issue with whisky. Cherries, hunks of pineapple, oranges and assorted grasses have a tendency to promote overacidity.

People that put whisky in coffee should be deprived of access to both, and Mr. Stanley Delaplane should hang his hung-over head in shame for starting the "Irish coffee" fad that currently afflicts us. Only a bone-bred I.R.A man could admire the taste of Irish whisky, which tastes like castor oil, to me, and alongside which Tunisian eau de vie is almost palatable. People who put rum in tea should be shot not imprisoned.

FOR THE THIRSTY

If a man is thirsty, and likes coke, perhaps the addition of a shot of rum will not harm the coke, and I accept the Cuba Libre, but only one to a customer, because too much coke makes you fat. The daiquiri, I believe, is not so much cocktail as highly seasoned ice, and if you like flavored ice, go ahead. You can buy the same thing on a stick from the man in the little white truck.

Gin, when taken with tonic water, is an admirable drink for weaklings and women, and when taken with ginger ale . . . ugh. Gin is admirable when poured over ice rescued, and sprayed with a thin film of vermouth by a perfume atomizer.

BRANCH WATER

It is a shame to desecrate sour-mash Bourbon with much dilution, but a little water is permissible. Scotch and brandy are on limits for soda, if you care for carbonation, but both marry much more happily to honest branch water.

The real drinking man still bites the neck of the bottle, fips her down, chugalug, and watches the hair grow on his chest as he touches the stratosphere without motors. These people never have liver trouble, a malady that is often fatal to people who drink eggnog, because of the cream and eggs. Time, Gentlemen, please.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR
Like Needled Water

People's Platform

Overtime Parker 'Let Off Easy'

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

I WOULD like to take issue with a reader who, in his letter to your paper, complained about paying a $3 ticket for parking after 4:30 p. m. on E. 4th St. This was letting him off easy. In many cities they now tow cars to the city lot and let them pay a towing charge in addition to the fine.

If the reader will stop and think he will notice that by parking there he blocks one lane of traffic and causes traffic to move 50 per cent slower during the time of day when traffic is heaviest. He goes on and talks about restraint of personal liberties. Well, if people were allowed to park wherever the wished and for as long as they cared to do so, I am sure he would find it would take many more hours to move about and conduct his business than it now does.

The rush-hour traffic Friday night was about the worst I have ever seen it. The rain caused traffic to slow down and then the largest other underlying cause was cars pulling into an intersection knowing they could not clear it before the light changed, due to traffic stopped in front of them. The condition was bad enough on corners where there were policemen to control it. Unfortunately we do not have enough police to control all the downtown corners at a time like this.

I have seen the condition corrected in Jacksonville, Fla. by a city ordinance stating a $10 fine for blocking an intersection. They also remind the motorist by posting signs from the wire near the traffic lights about the law and fine.

— RICHARD L. ECKERLE

The Home Needs A Family Altar

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

I AM sure you have heard of family altars. Today, if all of our homes had family altars, more of them would be happier. When all the family gather together and read God's word and pray together, happiness will always be there. Mothers and dads, if you have no family altar, better start one before the home circle is broken.

I well remember when I was young we had altars in our churches where sinners were saved on their knees and God was ready to forgive. But first we must everyone bow our heads and ask Him for forgiveness before we can be saved. I wonder how many churches are there today that have altars.

I remember when dear old saints of God walked up the church aisle and shouted and were so happy over a son or daughter being saved. Today, if you did that in some churches, people would call you crazy. But if you haven't been saved, you have nothing to shout about. There is only one way and that is God's way.

—MRS. MAYME BARGER

Quote, Unquote

A movie company has announced it's having trouble in costuming a planned production of "Adam and Eve." Solving this problem is a test for anyone's ingenuity. As for us, we're anxious to see Hollywood's version of Paradise.—Mattoon (Ill.) Journal-Gazette.

A considerable number of people are living on the reputation of their reputation. — Carlsbad (N. M.) Current-Argus.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Ike's Doctor Pleaded For Research

WASHINGTON

JUST four months before Dr. Paul D. White, the Boston heart specialist, flew to the bedside of President Eisenhower in Denver, he flew to Washington on another mission to the Eisenhower administration.

On that trip he was pleading for money for research into the cause and cure of the disease which later was to threaten the life of the President. Ironically, he got nowhere.

White House Orders

Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, then secretary of health, education, and welfare, did not want more money appropriated by Congress for research on heart disease. This was not entirely her fault, however, because she was following White House orders on the budget.

Dr. White made an eloquent plea before a Senate Labor subcommittee headed by Sen. Lister Hill of Alabama, a crusader for more medical research.

Unhealthy Country

"The United States is one of the most unhealthy countries in the world today in large part because of the serious threat of coronary heart disease," testified Dr. White, naming the exact disease which was to strike the President.

"The health of the professional and business leaders is constantly threatened and apparently more and more so every year," Dr. White told the senators—by coronary disease and also by related circulatory ailments like high blood pressure and brain hemorrhages.

Dr. White then described a research project begun two years ago, aimed at discovering why coronary heart disease is common in the United States, yet relatively rare in poor areas like southern Italy, Sardinia, and southern Africa.

"These studies are likely to be even more important for the citizens of the United States than for anybody else in the world," Dr. White declared, "but very few funds are available. In fact, I myself had to draw on a small private coronary heart research fund and on my own pocketbook."

Senate Has A Heart

Dr. White literally begged the senators to approve the stepped-up 1956 budget of $24,318,000 for the National Heart Institute that had been recommended by a group of distinguished citizens.

Sen Hill listened to Dr. White's plea and acted. He increased the money for heart research almost to the figure urged by the Boston specialist—namely, to $23,900,000. Then the appropriation went to the House of Representatives where Congressman John Taber, New York Republican, is proud of the meat ax he wields over appropriation bills.

Taber let down with his ax. Assisting him in the axing was a Democrat who normally has been a good friend of medical research, John Fogarty of Rhode Island. When they got through chopping the Senate medical bill, the heart fund was down to within a million and a half of the figure originally set by Mrs. Hobby—$11,278,000.

Dr. White couldn't help but remember this as he flew in a special White House plane to Denver.