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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1955

Atomic Energy Commission May Win Cabinet Status

By DORIS FLEESON
WASHINGTON
SCIENTIFIC circles report in Washington that Chairman Lewis L. Strauss of the Atomic Energy Commission has thought of a way out of all his troubles with the five-man commission and the case, suspicious control exercised over it by the Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy.

chairman is not preparing an aggressive defense of the government against the claims of the Dixon-Yates syndicate for costs it incurred in the now cancelled project. So there will be more signs that Chairman Anderson of the Joint Committee proposes to let him off the ground any time soon. In fact Anderson has authorized his principal officer the

The Big Squeeze: Loosened Laces?

CITY Manager Henry A. Yancey's selection of aid for widening, grade raising, elimination as Charlotte's top need for 1956 was particularly appropriate. If it means that municipal energies will be concentrated on this problem in the year just ahead it offers at least a faint ray of hope that the tangles of midtown rail snarl jacket may be loosened after all.

The difficulty is that the matter won't wait. The first phase of a long-range un-lancing plan—a railroad crossing south of the city—is already under way. Upon its completion next summer, the Southern Railway System's regular trains from the Columbia Division will be shifted to the main line through town—actually increasing traffic woes on western thoroughfares. Obviously, this will make underpasses at Trade and Fourth Sts. more necessary than ever before.

The problem slims down to a simple hunt for funds. The state or federal government will

have to pledge half the cost of the grade elimination project before it can get underway. Charlotte and the Southern have already promised to contribute equal shares to make up the remaining 50 per cent—the city raising its share by issuing bonds. It must be noted that Mr. Yancey has for years recognized the need of a vast grade elimination project in midtown. It is to be hoped that some of the city manager's earnest enthusiasm will be transmitted throughout the municipal family and that the search for aid will be a bit more enterprising and vigorous than it has been in the past.

As we said, there is little time. The traffic squeeze is painful enough as it is. It will get worse.

We cannot believe that a community of Charlotte's progressive nature will permit the slow strangulation of the heart of midtown without exhausting every possible way out.

'Ah, Yes—We Must Look After Our Little Four-Wheeled Friends'



One For The Road

Happy New Year & Throttle Down

By INEZ ROBB

WELL sir, there were times when it seemed we could just hang on another 24 hours, keep out of our heads. And, with only one hour to go, we ought to be able to touch first base in 1956.

Again, there have been times in 1955 when it might have been best if we had all stood in bed, preferably with the covers over our heads. And, with only one hour to go, that still might be the guarantee that we will get through 1955 alive and kicking.

BIGGER AND BETTER
During the three-day Christmas holiday, we Americans managed to slaughter more than 400 of our unrepresented citizens. This, in the true American spirit of constantly bigger - and - better records, set an all-time holiday high in road mayhem.

But it is confidently expected that we shall better this record on the upcoming three-day New Year's holiday when both highways and drivers are expected to be considerably more loaded than at Christmas. During the next three days, we shall be killing ourselves and each other at such unprecedented clip that some of us will never see the dawn of the new year.

I understand the casual and callous about the forthcoming mass murder on the highways, it is because I so obviously reflect the casual and callous attitude of us Americans and of the nation in relation to the death toll on the roads every time we celebrate such a holiday as Christmas or New Year's, Memorial Day or Labor Day.

SOMETHING DRASTIC
If we, as individuals, were not choosy and casual about such slaughter and if we did not reflect the national feeling, then surely as individuals or as a nation we would do something drastic to put an end to this maniacal destruction of human life.

Before every big holiday week end, safety councils across the nation predict such-and-such a number of highway deaths, and, almost invariably, American motorists make good on their predictions.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round
WASHINGTON
HEART specialists who have followed the public statements of Dr. Paul Dudley White on the President's health are a little puzzled by his latest.

Pointed Question
After his last examination of Mr. Eisenhower, Dr. White was asked by a newsmen:

"Doctor, is a person who has had one coronary thrombosis more likely than other people to have a second?"

False Ring
"Probably a little," Dr. White replied. "But the majority of our patients, as I have said before—and I have looked some of them up, but haven't had time to go through the whole list—the majority do not have second heart attacks."

Heart specialists who are familiar with Dr. White's research find that this does not jibe with his own earlier statements.

On previous occasions he has found that 69 per cent who have had heart attacks have them a second time with fatal results.

Checking The Record
Volume 117 of the Journal of the American Medical Association page 1171, 1941, publishes a study on heart attacks by Bland and White (Drs. Edward F. Bland and Paul D. White). In order to ascertain what happens to those who have had heart attacks, Drs. White and Bland studied 162 patients.

"Of these," they reported, "112 (69 per cent) died during the decade following their acute thrombosis and 50 (31 per cent) survived this period."

Additional Results
Of the 162 who survived their initial attacks, Dr. White and Bland found that 30 died within one year, 74 died within four years and, including these,

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You may complain that my screed is no cerebral little earful. But I didn't intend that it should be. I hope that it may scare even one motorist into saving the life that is his own. But I doubt it. But for those of us who do manage to survive into 1956, Happy New Year and throttle down.

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ADM. STRAUSS
A Cozy Chat

prestige to be made where people who have become controversial figures are concerned. An authority on this subject is Oscar Ewing, the New York lawyer, who ran afoul of the American Medical Association when, as head of the Federal Security Agency, he proposed a medical aid program.

Labelling it socialized medicine with the alert help of the public relations arm just hired by Gov. Knight of California to push Knight's presidential bid, the doctors trounced Ewing. Indeed had he worked the taxpaying less stubborn than Harry Truman, Ewing would have bit the dust.

Ewing's proposal for a Cabinet Department of Health, Education and Welfare was a casualty. When the Eisenhower administration moved in, a Republican Congress handed it to the President on a silver platter. He named Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby to head it. She was a tyro in the field but was also non-controversial.

What is Mr. Ewing going to do when 50,000 automobiles, buses and trucks start rolling on a foggy day with the smoke pouring out of the exhaust pipes? All he can do is stay in his office and send Charlie and Pete out to look the situation over and make a report.

He dictates to his secretary: "Take this message to Mr. So and So. According to my inspection report the smoke coming out of your chimney. Please let us know when you are going to correct it."

What does Mr. Citizen do? He says, "Ah, hell," drops the letter in the waste basket. So \$200 of the taxpayer's money goes to the bow-ows.

We whipped the British about taxes. Our officials had better refresh up on history.

—WM. C. MCINTYRE

People's Platform

Find An Answer To Hypertension

Charlotte
Editors, The News:
WHY doesn't medical science know something about hypertension? Blood pressure. It, too, is a fatal disease. I have been under the care of different doctors for a period of 20 years. Sometimes I am at the stroke stage before I get to the doctor and more than likely will die of a coronary or stroke. My husband died of a coronary just six months ago due to high blood pressure. The doctors treat me and though this new dia blood drug helps a lot my blood pressure won't stay down.

I am a widow now and unable to hold down an eight-hour job and am only 42. My medicine which is high must go on as long as I survive and there are, I suppose, millions like me.

Doctors, put your heads together and find something for this hypertension disease so that we who have suffered so long with it may be able to relax and enjoy our life a little more.

—MRS. J. W. HOUGH

—So \$20,000 Goes To The Bow Wows?

Charlotte
Editors, The News:
I read that a smoke engineer has been employed by the city at \$7,500 a year. That means \$20,000 a year for smog, a new name for fog.

Let's see what the taxpayers will really have to pay:
Smoke engineer — \$ 7,500
Car allowance — 900
Two inspector helpers — 6,000
City secretary — 1,200
Telephones — 100
Stationery, etc. — 600
Office equipment — 1,500
Telegrams, long distance, etc. — 200
Office outfit — 2,000

Total — \$20,000

In the end what is he going to do? Nothing as far as correcting fog. That's God's work. No man controls it.

SMOKE!
Doctors, I suggest here and there to big manufacturers, hotels, office buildings, schools, hospitals, apartment houses and churches but they are too busy to be bothered with any such suggestions. Who fires those furnaces usually a man with a strong back and not much intelligence. It doesn't require an Einstein to figure out how to fire those heating outfits. He knows to build a small fire and when it gets to burning he dumps on coal, stirs it up and

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Mr. Eisenhower: A Place In The Sun

His doctors, it appears know better than Mr. Eisenhower the beneficence of sunshine. The President, who he came South was going no farther than Georgia, has now followed the sun all the way to Key West. Harry Truman popularized sport shirts and absorbed the vigor with which he hurled himself at Congress and the GOP.

Herbert Hoover has found Florida a good place to wet a line and Richard Nixon deemed it a good place to fall off a fishing boat. Winston Churchill, who made a decision about the greatest menace in the world, stopped off in

Florida on his way to deliver his famous Iron Curtain speech at Fulton, Mo. in 1946. And it was he who defined the Florida climate as the place for tired men to go, particularly men like President who perhaps has not yet made the big decision facing him. Florida weather, said Sir Winston, is "salubrious" meaning conducive to well-being, especially physical well-being; "beneficial" because wholesome and salutary. If that is how Florida is, we are glad the President is there, and we hope the decision he makes is full of salubrity.

From The Greensboro Daily News

OUT OF A CAN

IT HAS come to our attention that a greatly increased incidence of serving canned cranberry sauce swept North Carolina about Thanksgiving. Every consumer or admirer of edible vittles should do all possible to halt this depraved practice before another holiday catches us without a sufficiency of the home-made.

To be sure, it's more trouble in the kitchen to begin work with the berries and carry them through to perfection—but, ah, the difference. You can taste something other than preservative and can-lingering oxides, whatever they are.

An accomplished lover of cranberry sauce or jelly on nutmeg cake, at the peak of his powers, taste the New Jersey or Massachusetts cranberry bog in which his fruit was picked, and on good days can tell you whether they were picked morning or evening, and whether by man or woman. The cranberry, after all, tastes, and the delicate bitterness which is one of its charms only intensifies the attack upon the turkey and everything else in sight.

But the canned jelly is not so. Its flavor is pleasant enough, but the characteristic bouquet is gone. The cranberry juice is into the fresh sauce as a trained peach is to the peach just from the tree. We say a can in every household will

be one of the terminal signs of the passage of a proud, hungry and properly-fed people.

A certain jobber had been trying for months to collect an overdue bill. All his plans and threats were completely disregarded. As a last resort, he sent a tear-jerking letter, accompanied by a snapshot of his little daughter. Under the picture he wrote: "The reason I must have my money" He received a prompt reply with a photo of a voluptuous blonde in a bathing suit. The picture was labeled: "The reason I can't pay." —FORT MYERS (Fla.) News-Press.

Whether the layout of the typewriter keyboard should be changed is an impractical question in this dawnning age of automation, for it can be envisaged that automatic machines will do all the dictating to automatic typewriters in an era when about all that automation man and woman will be doing is to make the machine that makes machines to push the buttons.—LEXINGTON HERALD.

Our taxes are the price we Americans pay for freedom, says Sen. Mike Mansfield of Montana. And freedom, obviously, is a solid gold something entrusted with precious stones. — NEW ORLEANS STATES.