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Albert Einstein, The Man & The Myth

THE stocking cap, wildly flowing hair, a shaggy moustache, E equals MC squared: These were the raw materials of the Einstein myth.

EINSTEIN
'Wohlwollen'

This man, who was also a symbol, became the tribal magician of modern times.

It is no exaggeration to say that his name summed up in the public's mind all of the marvels of the 20th century scientific revolution.

Here was a man who was held in the greatest veneration by his colleagues and neighbors—as much revered for his great humanity as for his contribution to science. But here also was a man who lived without pomp or privilege, who cut a lonely figure in his march through history, who lived quietly, a semi-recluse, with his books and his thoughts.

Bernard Shaw called him one of the eight "makers of the universe." The seven others, said he, were Pythagoras, Aristotle, Ptolemy, Copernicus, Galileo, Kepler and Newton.

Lord Haldane, the renowned British scholar, hailed him as "the Newton of the 20th century, a man who has called forth a greater revolution of thought than even Copernicus, Galileo or Newton himself."

These were evaluations of Einstein, the scientist. But this remarkable man was a many-dimensioned figure. He was not only the genius who reduced the secrets of the universe to mathematical formulae. He was the flesh-and-blood neighbor of his fellow man, a philosopher of great kindness and compassion, an outspoken enemy of demagogues and political trickery. He dared to speak up for freedom and decency and truth—in all fields.

It was Einstein who gave science the theoretical knowledge needed for the atom bomb. But it was Einstein too who fought courageously for what he conceived to be the ideals of human behavior and human rights—first against the Nazis and later against all comers.

What did he mean to the scientists of the world? Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer probably summed it up best a year or so ago when he said:

> The remarkable thing has been the wonderful eye he has for the deep order of things—the immense power to get rid of the trivia, to see where the wide and the beautiful truth lies. So he gave us a new confidence in human reason and its ability to cope with new experience—to seek unexpected harmony and structure.

Dr. Kurt Godel, the Czech-born scientist, a master of mathematical logic, put it this way in 1954:

> The reason why Einstein appeals to the imagination of so many people in the world is that his theories don't have an interest only for specialists. They also concern very general philosophical problems: For instance, the essence of time, of the fundamental concepts which occur in science and everyday life. Partly because his theories have such a general meaning, partly because of his personality—his "wohlwollen," his well-meaning toward everybody—people feel this influence without knowing him directly.

Einstein's greatness was beyond question—either in the field of science or the field of human affairs. The world yesterday lost one of the giants of the age. But his name and his work will be deathless.

North Carolina: Out Of The Ruts?

Rich in diversified natural resources, the South has not been proportionally rich in ideas or opportunities. . . Of Britain it has been said: "Export or die." Of the South it may equally be said: "Utilize, conserve and diversify—or decline"

THIS challenge, phrased several years ago by Washington University's Dr. Wilson Compton, contained some stern facts of life for Dixie. Dr. Compton might have been talking specifically about North Carolina.

Tar Heels have sighed about their economic woes for years. But far too little has been done about them.

"The Small Industries Plan," just announced by Gov. Hodges, is a happy exception to the old do-little rule. Sponsored by a private foundation, the project will include "a practical demonstration of the use of raw materials and capital, under local management, in developing small industries which will provide new incomes in the selected areas and furnish new jobs."

It is, needless to say, the answer to a great, compelling need.

Best of all, High Point's Capus M. Waynick has been selected to head the program. As a former ambassador to Columbia and Nicaragua and as the man who helped President Truman launch the U. S. Point Four program, Mr. Waynick has had wide experience in helping underdeveloped areas help themselves. In addition, he has held top-level posts in North Carolina's government and knows the state inside-out.

This will, in many ways, be like a little Point Four program for underdeveloped areas of North Carolina.

If successful, the project will help the state rise out of the ruts of the past and build a brighter economic future for itself and its people. It is either this, as Dr. Compton said, or face decline.

The Trick Is To Keep Them Busy

INSTEAD of fretting over the kids, find them work and let them keep themselves out of trouble. This is the simple, unpretentious principle behind the United Church Women of Charlotte's summer teenage employment project which is currently registering students in Charlotte and Mecklenburg high schools.

The enterprise was proven valuable last year when more than 200 teenagers were successfully placed in various jobs throughout the area.

The happy objective of the program is to help the teenager find a more secure place in the life of the community and show him that friendly adults are interested in his welfare.

Following the registration of interested teenagers, several hundred church women will conduct a door-to-door canvass of employers for job possibilities. Jobs and youth are then matched with the cooperation of the Employment Security Commission of North Carolina.

The main convenience of the set-up is that employers and teenagers have access to a central pool of information on what's both available and needed in summer jobs of this area.

The United Church Women of Charlotte deserve the commendation and full cooperation of the community in a worth-while project.

Words To Be Painted On A Cloud

IT WAS A DAY for writing poetry, but all the poets had gone fishing. The sky was a gentle, washed out blue, the color of a sailor's worn dungarees. The city streets, bathed by a vernal sun, somehow looked wider and cleaner. Pigeons milled genially on the churchyard lawns, and open convertibles moved across The Square as sedately as Spanish galleons.

Midnight, April 15, had long been clocked into memory. Suddenly it was a new world. The children's faces glistened from the wash rag, pretty girls' heels clicked blithely on the sidewalks, and the Buick chrome flashed like broken glass along the boulevards.

In thousands of trash cans was wadded evidence of man's despair: Reams of paper a-scrawl with deductions, expenses, hopeful computations. No more the horrible maze of ". . . if line 5 is not more than $2,000 enter 22.2 per cent, according to Tax Rate Schedule II and enter difference as Item 7 (A), page 3."

No longer did it seem that T. S. Eliot was correct—that April was the cruelest month. The envelope was in the slot and even the fiscal hangover seemed waning. The world had turned from hemlock to peppermint. Suddenly the city seemed fresh as new laundry: ducks paddled on the park lake, the Giants were beating Pittsburgh, the hackers were a-swarm on the golf greens, boats skittered like water bugs over the muddy Catawba, and dogwood petals made a gentle snow upon the backyards.

Goodby, Coleman Andrews. Say hey, spring.

From The Asheville Citizen

WOMEN IN MOTION

IN A NICE little statistical mood the State Department announces figures showing, among other things, that it granted passports to 70,242 "housewives" last year.

The assumption is that the ladies were trying to put as much distance as possible between themselves and mop, broom and kitchen stove. There was a deal of them, anyway. More "housewives" traveled abroad than students, teachers, businessmen, laborers, farmers, writers or musicians—to name a few professions.

Is "housewife" an occupation? Yes, on a passport or a quiz show. And at home? We wonder.

Face the little woman with the chores of home on a full time, professional basis and she'll rebel. I didn't get married just to run a home laundry. Don't you "where's dinner?" me! I slave over a hot stove all day and you fiddle around in an air-conditioned office. I'm not your slave, bub, remember. I never have any time off, and you . . .

But when they sashay off to Cannes or light out for Lunnon to get a look at the Queen they put "housewife" on the passport. It seems to be good for plenty of mileage, anyway.

Salt is said to keep grease from smoking. Peppering the seat of the pants has the same effect on Junior.—FORT MYERS (FLA.) NEWS-PRESS.

'There Must Be Something We Can Do About It'

People's Platform

New Law Is First Step To Integration

Lenoir

Editors, The News:

THE REPORT of the governor's "integrated" Special Advisory Committee on Education, dealing with segregation in the public schools, states its objectives as follows:

"(1) Preservation of public education in North Carolina.

"(2) Preservation of the peace throughout North Carolina."

The first conclusion of the committee reads as follows: "The committee is of the opinion that mixing of the races forthwith in the public schools throughout the state cannot be accomplished and should not be attempted."

Finally, the committee recommends that the legislature of North Carolina "transfer complete authority over enrollment and assignment of children in public schools and on school buses to the county and city boards of education."

Above you have the sum and substance of the report of this committee.

The governor has endorsed this report and the legislature has accepted his recommendation that it take no action at this time except to pass the buck to the "local authorities."

Please note that the preservation of segregation in our system of education is not even one of the objectives of the committee.

And you will observe the word "forthwith" in the first "conclusion" of the committee, which can be construed only as envisioning the ultimate complete integration of the races, not only in our schools but everywhere else, for once accepted in the schools it will extend inevitably throughout the social structure.

I believe the law just passed by the legislature, delegating authority over assignment of pupils to the local school boards is the first step toward complete integration in the schools, regardless of what its proponents may claim to the contrary.

Are the people of North Carolina willing to accept this do-nothing-but-conform-to-the-court's-order policy without first exploring by positive and definite action, every conceivable way within the law of maintaining the social order that we have known for 150 years, or more? I don't believe that they are.

Every sensible and informed person knows that the NAACP (National Association for Advancement of Colored People), and the whites who support it, is waging an all out campaign, no punches drawn, for the complete abrogation of all forms of segregation, some even to the extent of repeal of our law prohibiting marriage between whites and Negroes. And in the face of this campaign a rather strange thing has come about in the name-calling game, on that part of the press of North Carolina, and of the northern controlled press in other southern cities, which I have the opportunity of seeing:

Those who advocate the maintenance of the way of life that we have known for generations are called "noisy and raucous emotionalists," "extremists," "alarmists," "sophists," "fist-shaking defiers," and probably worst of all "insolent wavers of the Confederate flag in the face of the U. S. Supreme Court."

On the other hand the NAACP and its supporters who are attacking on every front in an effort to tear down our social structure of 150 years are "temperate," "reasonable," "sensible," "realistic," "ardently devoted to the public welfare," and to "peace," of all things!

Peace, that magic word is, in these modern times, always the stated objective to cover up appeasement and surrender of principle.

North Carolinians, I don't believe are going to be fooled by any such "New Fluidity of Approach" on the part of the governor, his advisory committee, the legislature, or the press. But they will have to let the governor and the legislature know how they feel about it, or we will have integration, with all of its sure-to-be-tragic consequences, slipped over us before we know it.

—ROGER M. WINBORNE

It's A Woman's World

Why Husbands Leave Home

By ROBERT C. RUARK

LONDON

THE GENT who runs Social Security created a headline the other day that I have been at some pains to show the Old Warrior. It says: "Deserting Husbands on the Rise; U. S. Aid Terms Problem Serious."

This fellow says that 45 per cent of the children now receiving governmental support are waifs deserted by papas who couldn't stand the pressure any more, and who just took off. The problem is getting so serious, says Mr. Charles I. Schottland, that the Department of Health, Education and Welfare is considering calling a national conference, just to keep the restless papas more securely leashed.

SURRENDER

I have informed the dogs that their situation is grave, that they may be sniffing out their own hamburger shortly, because a man is so little use around the house these days that he might just as well whip off and let the dames run it all.

I see in the papers now that women are better drivers than men, and that insurance companies, who Lord knows do not deal in sentiment, are reducing premiums for women drivers under 25 years old because the dames are better and safer drivers than the guys.

MILADY'S IN CHARGE

You read daily about how women live longer than men; how women are generally smarter than men; how they withstand heat and cold better than men; how they control the nation's buying habits; how they control most of the static money.

There is a story from Japan in which I learn that desk sergeants in police stations are being replaced by charming sort of geisha types, and there is talk of a lady President before I shuffle off to wherever it is I'm headed. Women run the offices and run the homes. If they feel like having a baby they don't actually need a husband to provide it. There are even ways round that once vital function of a husband.

WHY STICK AROUND?

I can tell the Social Security bloke why husbands run away. It's because we are becoming unwanted, unnecessary, and literally superfluous. Why stick around to toil when the old lady can do it all better than you can?

For awhile, I tried knitting and gardening and making fudge, and I must say I kept as clean a house as the next fellow, but it wasn't appreciated. The Old Warrior was always testy after a day in Wall Street, or cornering the cork market, or writing a book or producing a picture. The dogs didn't mind me; they minded her.

MALE DRIVERS

I wasn't allowed to drive the car any more, because you know what they say these days about male drivers. I suppose I was a little dowdy at the end of a hot day in the kitchen, but then she showed me the frozen foods and electric washers and vacuum cleaners and things, and pretty soon there wasn't any real excuse to keep me on. There wasn't anything I could do that the electrical gadgets couldn't do better.

I tell you, it's terrible to feel unnecessary and unwanted, especially when they quit kissing you good-by when they shove off to invent an atom bomb or something in the morning. There is just so much chatter with the milkman and the butcher's courier, and then you begin to take those sneaky sips out of the tiger-sweat bottle you keep under the sink — you don't keep dirty dishes in the sink any more — and then everything just sort of goes to pot.

ONE MORE STATISTIC

Probably that is why we will add one more statistic to the dreary array compiled by the Department of Health, Wealth and Insanity. Because I have heard of a far place where the pants still belong to the fellow, and dames ain't even allowed to drive, and they still have the babies, and still cook and scrub and sew, and so, again, I am running away. Don't bother to write, because they just shot the postmistress, and the new postmaster tears up all the mail with foreign postmarks.

"Don't blame men for the mess the world is in . . . Remember, 'The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world' . . ."

There'll Always Be A Congress

High Wind On Capitol Hill

From THE CONGRESSIONAL RECORD

JOHNSON of Texas: Mr. President, While the senator is talking about casualties, he might point out—

Langer of North Dakota: Mr. President, I ask for the regular order.

Presiding Officer: The senator will state it.

Kerr of Oklahoma: Mr. President, I asked unanimous consent that the senator from Nevada might yield to me for some remarks. I understand that he did so. I did not hear any objection to it.

Malone: That is correct.

Kerr: Do I correctly understand the senator from North Dakota to object?

Langer: I want the Record to show that I tried to get an opportunity to talk. The senator from Nevada would not yield to me, but he yielded to other senators who rose after I did. I want the floor in my own right.

Kerr: Mr. President, a parliamentary inquiry.

Presiding Officer: The senator will state it.

Kerr: Does the senator from Oklahoma have the floor by unanimous consent, having been yielded to by the senator from Nevada?

Presiding Officer: The senator from Oklahoma has the floor by consent of the senator from Nevada.

Kerr: I thank the Chair.

Malone: Mr. President, I did not yield the floor to the senator from Oklahoma. I simply asked permission to yield to the senator from Oklahoma for a statement without losing the floor.

Kerr: That is the request which I made. That is the way I understood the situation.

Malone: And there was no objection.

Presiding Officer: Will the senator yield?

Malone: No; I will not.

Presiding Officer: The senator from Nevada declined to yield the floor.

Malone: I asked unanimous consent that I might yield to the senator from Oklahoma for a statement, without losing the floor.

Kerr: Mr. President, a parliamentary inquiry.

Presiding Officer: The senator will state it.

Kerr: Will the senator from Nevada yield to the senator from Oklahoma for a statement, without losing the floor, upon obtaining unanimous consent to do so?

Malone: The senator has unanimous consent.

Presiding Officer: The senator from Nevada can do so unless some other senator makes a point of order.

Malone: No senator objected. It has already been done.

Kerr: I thank the senator from North Dakota for asking for the regular order. I take my seat.

Malone: Mr. President, I am sorry that this matter took the turn it did.

Langer: Mr. President, will the senator yield?

Malone: I am happy to yield to the senator from North Dakota.

Langer: I have no objection to the senator from Oklahoma making his statement. He is perfectly welcome to make it. As a matter of fact, I should like to hear him.

Malone: Mr. President, we have suddenly become very courteous to one another.

Kerr: Mr. President, will the senator yield?

Malone: I am happy to yield to the distinguished senator from Oklahoma for a statement.

Kerr: I ask unanimous consent that I may complete my statement without the senator from Nevada losing the floor.

Quote, Unquote

It's a big mistake to think this generation of girls is less modest than their mothers and grandmothers. The truth is each generation of the weaker sex went just as far as they dared to. — Kingsport (Tenn.) Times.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Shocking Expense Found At Navy Base

WASHINGTON

If you like oysters, join the Navy. But don't enlist. Get a commission and have yourself assigned to the Cheatham Annex depot of the Naval Supply Center between Yorktown and Norfolk, Va.

For years oysters have been dug and shucked on government time at Cheatham Annex by civilian workers of the Navy Dept. destined exclusively for the digestive tracts of Navy brass.

They were eaten at the officers' mess at Cheatham Annex. They were shipped via Navy mail facilities, at the rate of six to eight quarts a week, to the officers' mess at the Norfolk Supply Center.

And, prior to his retirement on Aug. 1, 1953, they were also expressed regularly to Washington for the personal use of Vice Adm. Charles W. Fox. Adm. Fox, known to his men as "Oyster Forks Charley," was the Navy's paymaster-general from 1949 to 1951 and was chief of Navy materiel from 1951 to 1953.

Now on the carpet over this and other shocking revelations at Cheatham Annex are Comdr. F. L. Chapman, who commanded the depot from 1948 to 1953; Lt. Comdr. L. W. Race, who was there from 1953 to 1954, and Comdr. W. G. Nichol, who was in charge from Jan. 4, 1954, until his replacement by Rear Adm. A. A. Antrim on April 1, 1954.

Toy Train Parts

A General Accounting Office investigation also discloses that officers at Cheatham Annex used government money and government personnel to make toys for their children and to build a virtual country club for their private off-duty enjoyment.

Moreover, due either to sheer incompetence or negligence, additional thousands of dollars in public funds were lost to the government through faulty administration.

Lt. Comdr. Race was found to have bought parts for a toy locomotive for his own personal use, and paid for them with a check written on government funds. The parts comprised 20 small wheels and axles for an electric train set.

"An excessive stock of pallets was on hand," states the confidential GAO report, "some deteriorating in open storage space. New pallets were being purchased for this and other activities." Total cost of the new pallets was $539,696.

"An expensive locomotive crane is kept but used only a few hours a year. In emergencies a crane could be rented from the Chesapeake & Ohio Railway and would be available on two to three hours notice." The crane was used only 49 hours in a total of two years, yet it cost $1,030.22 to service.

A civilian cafeteria operated at Cheatham Annex owed the government $10,723.77 for electricity, water, and various other utilities. It was also found that government employes using the cafeteria owed $4,469.90.

Fancy Mahogany Bar

It was also discovered that the Navy had installed a fancy mahogany bar in the commanding officer's residence, equipped with running water, sink, and electric refrigeration. The bar cost Uncle Sam a whopping $1,316.82.

The officers' mess at Cheatham Annex had a total membership of only seven officers. To accommodate them, the kitchen in the officers' mess was redecorated at a cost of $1,285.89. Wood cabinets, apparently in good condition, were replaced with steel cabinets. Two new kitchen ranges were purchased, though the old ranges appear to have been in satisfactory condition.

On top of this, the officers' mess was found to owe the government $465.59 for electricity and other utilities, plus $305 for janitor service.

"Equipment purchased for the officers' mess was charged to other activities," stated the confidential government report.

GAO investigators were mystified over a 9-hole golf course maintained by Naval officers. No records could be found explaining how the officers financed the construction of the course, yet it obviously had not been dropped down by parachute.

Commander Nichol told the investigators that the golf course was watered with hoses. But when government inspectors checked, they found an efficient sprinkler system had been installed, not unlike that which had been installed for President Eisenhower by friends at the Burning Tree Club at a cost of $80,000.

Yet the Navy says it doesn't have $600 to repair Roosevelt's old sloop for the use of midshipmen at Annapolis.

Those few Defense Department officials who know about the GAO report say the Navy should change its enlistment posters to read: "Join the Navy and eat oysters."