



# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

EDITORIAL PAGE

THOMAS L. ROBINSON.....Publisher  
J. E. DOWD.....General Manager  
B. S. GRIFFITH.....Executive Editor

FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1955

## A Black Sheep Can Be Bleached

IN CHARLOTTE and all other communities of our acquaintance, beer remains the incorrigible black sheep of the alcoholic beverage family. It has a bad reputation that generally is deserved.

The reputation arises not from any inherent evil in beer but from the circumstances of its sale and consumption. Too often the sale of beer occurs in raucous, slop shops from which issue into the public thoroughfares foul sights, sounds, odors and characters. "Come early and stay late" is the standing and eagerly accepted invitation from many of these places.

In establishments of this type, operators are prone to look only at the money in the customer's hands, overlooking his condition or age. In fact, the very economics of an establishment devoted chiefly to beer sales demands encouragement of excessive drinking and a tolerant attitude toward improprieties. These establishments forget their responsibility to the public and to the law under which they are licensed to do business.

That the law is lax as to minors is being openly flouted in Charlotte was documented in a series of articles published in THE CHARLOTTE OBSERVER this week. The stories showed clearly that the law against such sales simply is not being enforced.

With 500 retail outlets and only one ABC inspector assigned to watch them, enforcement admittedly is a tough proposition. One enforcement official was quoted as saying: "If the public wakes up, it'll push this beer-selling right into the package stores."

## School Board Faces Its Duty

THE City School Board is now embarked on its difficult duty of charting racial integration in the public school system.

The board has authorized a study committee to compile and evaluate all information related to integration and the massive problems it entails. This committee is to be a working unit, not a pigeon hole. It will have the tools it needs to do the job.

The board clearly has measured up to its responsibility to the community and to the law. It has faced the problem and in the facing avoided needless and destructive arguments and endless delay inevitably would have brought.

Referring a matter to a committee often means killing it. That was not the case in the board action Wednesday. It recognized that decisions must be made and can only be made after intensive study and evaluation. Once completed, this information can be the subject of thoughtful consideration by all citizens. The board will want the counsel of the

We're inclined to believe that in exactly where beer sales belong—in package stores and in Grade A hotels and restaurants. Restricting beer sales to these places should improve enforcement and at the same time stimulate moderation and good sense in sale and consumption.

For one thing, the number of outlets to be policed would be reduced. For another, such restriction would put more responsible people behind the counter. It would eliminate shops whose existence depends on multiple, rapid sales, without any discrimination as to public propriety or the law.

The county commissioners Monday will hold hearings on whether to allow Sunday beer sales in the county area as they are now allowed in the city. There is logic to the argument that if beer can be bought inside the city limits on Sunday it should also be available outside the city. It also could be argued that Sunday sales in the widespread county area would increase enforcement problems.

Whatever the commissioners decide, beer should be made every day to live within the law and the scope of good manners. There is no reason why this should not be the practice.

If the present sales setup cannot be policed adequately, a new system of outlets should be patterned on the package store system under which liquor has been so effectively handled.

Beer and liquor are in the same family. They should be handled with equal restraint.

public, which it represents, but should for the present be left to its orderly studies of the problem. Doubtless will also benefit from the results of a state study to be started as soon as Gov. Hodges names a commission authorized by the legislature. It is probable that the two study groups can exchange information to the benefit of both. Certainly the position of Charlotte and other large cities should have a strong bearing on the evolution of state policy.

One local board member, J. B. Hobson, commented that "this is the gravest matter for ever to face a public body." We think that statement indicates the feeling of all the members and at the same time underlines the necessity that we all lodge in the board members our understanding and faith that they can and will arrive at wise solutions.

There is a heavy, troubling responsibility. They have faced it with quiet sanity. We all will do well to match that attitude.

## Politics: So Easy To Exaggerate

WHEN the time comes for Tar Heel governors to appoint a covey of state judges, sideliners like to read "politics" into every name on the magic list. This year was no exception. Throughout North Carolina, knowing glances were exchanged when Luther H. Hodges announced his 1955 selections for the Superior Court bench.

It would be ridiculous to suggest that political considerations played no part in the governor's choices. Of course they did. But it would be highly improper, we believe, to charge that Gov. Hodges has subordinated the judiciary to politics or to his own political aspirations. In fact, politics may have played a smaller role in 1955 selections than most old pals suspect.

True, it is easy to say that when Mr. Hodges named Hubert E. Olive to be Superior Court judge in the 22nd Judicial District he was really eliminating his strongest potential opponent for the governor's race in 1956. But one should not overlook the fact that Judge Olive has

demonstrated ability and experience on his side—having served 10 years on the Superior Court bench previously. His strong vote in the 1952 gubernatorial primary attests to the high public confidence that he enjoys. In addition, he was warmly endorsed by Tar Heels on all sides of the political fence.

Surely, the entire state applauds the governor's decision to rename Judge Suse Sharp as the Superior Court bench as a special judge for a four-year term. Since his original appointment by Gov. Kerr Scott, Judge Sharp has compiled an outstanding record for distinguished judicial service. Her integrity, her wisdom, her fine grasp of the fundamentals of even-handed justice have won her respect wherever courts are rapped to order in North Carolina.

Politics? It is easy to distort and exaggerate. Politics is not always front and center as the cynics would have us believe. Sometimes it bows to other, far more powerful considerations. And of this we are proud.

From The New York Times

## DELIGHTS OF FISHING

THERE is a common and accepted fiction that fishermen go fishing to catch fish. Some do, of course, but more don't. The fish caught are really only a lesser part of the catch. The greater part is the day in the open, the little things that feed the soul, the calm, and the soul, though we are so perverse and so practical that we seldom talk about them.

How many of us would get up to see an early summer dawn without the excuse that fish bite better then? Yet it's really the dew world that a man goes out to see, a sunrise full of the golden green of trees spangled with dew-dripping leaves, full of robin song, full of mist from the lake or river, full of the strange, thin echoes of man's world just coming awake. It's the sudden flight of a nesting duck, startled into whirling and beating water and gleaming light and soft ripples. It's the sight of wild geranium bowing under the weight of dew, and the red and gold and blue-silver leaf of wild columbine. It's the fragrance of woodsmoke from a farmhouse chimney and the taste of vacuum-oiled on a sunlit bank or sand bar.

It's the fishing, yes. The way a fly follows a riffle, the way a plug plays the flow, a wormed hook goes down into a

deep pool. The strike, the rush, the play of line, the sound of reel, the catch, or the lost fish. But it's also the gleam of a dragonfly, the rattling cry of a kingfisher, the stark awdwardness verging on grace and beauty of a heron. It's the slow climb of a fish, the slow travel of the shadows, the drift of a cloud.

Fish? Oh, yes, one must have a reason and the day must have a purpose. But it's the fishing, really, the dawn and the morning and the day, and man's knowing that it's still there, still real.

This is the time of year when a man likes to watch his wife like a hawk to keep her from getting rid of his clothes that aren't worth keeping. — JACKSON (MISS) STATE TIMES.

Pioneering was easier when Dave Crockett was in Congress. We didn't have the problem of abundance.—MEMPHIS PRESS SCIMITAR.

This is the time to remember that if you pack about half as much stuff as you usually do in your vacation trip, you'll have twice as much as you need.—MATTOCK (ILL.) JOURNAL-GAZETTE.

# Tarboro Figured In Vaccine Scare A Century Ago

By JAMES H. BREADY

In The Baltimore Evening Sun

IF THE fuss these days over polio vaccine strikes the nation as unprecedented, that only shows how well it can forget its own history. Today's agitation over safety precautions is almost a ripple on a millpond, by comparison with the wave of disbelief early in the previous century when the original vaccine for

smallpox was being mislabeled. Instead of a researcher from Pittsburgh and a lady official, or from Texas, the principal figure then was a doctor from Baltimore. Instead of scattered instances of disease as in 1955, the vaccine started an epidemic that threatened a whole town. When smallpox struck Tarboro, in North

Carolina, it came from no commercial laboratory but from the desk of Dr. James Smith himself. The Baltimore area "father of vaccination in America" whose formal title, by act of Congress, was the United States agent of vaccination.

The story goes back to 1796, when Edward Jenner, an English country doctor, injected in a 1-year-old boy fluid from a cow that had had a variant disease called cowpox. Later, he injected

fluid from a human dying of smallpox. The boy did not get smallpox. The artificial stimulation of antibodies—as it can now be more accurately described—had been going on for years, in both England and America, in a method then called inoculation that used fluid from the milder smallpox called cowpox instead of the disease prevalent, sometimes proved fatal and was widely shunned. In contrast, vaccination

appeared foolproof. The parallel between smallpox and poliomyelitis vaccines is historical, rather than medical. Jenner's vaccine virus was live, but it was not the same virus that causes smallpox; the virus used by Dr. Jonas E. Salk is dead, but identical with that which causes the disease.

Jenner's vaccine was introduced into the United States in 1800, almost simultaneously at Boston, Philadelphia and Baltimore. Dr. John Crawford received, and supposedly used, Baltimore's first supply of variolous cowpox crusts. The first listed vaccination, however, was by Dr. James Smith, 30-year-old resident physician at the county almshouse (a predecessor of City Hospital). Nancy Malcom, 7, was his patient; whether the first Baltimorean to be vaccinated (both arms) cried, is not recorded, but the shot in her right arm took.

Other doctors, nevertheless, held off. The public, also, remained skittish. Dr. Smith, who for the rest of his life kept trying to sell people on the new method, skilled himself not only in public health but also in public relations. In 1802, he founded a vaccine institute to dispense free shots for the poor, and obtained official support from the Medical and Chirurgical Faculty. In 1809, he persuaded the Legislature to authorize a lottery; in 1810, he founded a vaccine society—both to finance the free-vaccine program. He named one of his sons Edward Jenner Smith. He got 27 other doctors to agree, in 1812, to vaccinate gratis, even, to pay 25 cents to any child presenting scar proof of previous vaccination.

Not as far as known, did Smith go so far as to advocate universal vaccination; availability and persuasion were his goals. In 1855, it takes longer than should be medically necessary to eliminate pox, there again the Sweetest century can make the present generation look good.

Then as now, a movement arose urging federal controls. Smith heeded it, affirming that smallpox could never be wiped out if people who could not afford the vaccine were left unvaccinated. In fact, to encourage vaccination and setting up a national vaccine institute was passed in 1812. President Madison appointed Smith to head the institute, in statute was to sell its vaccine which, however, was sent out free of postage.

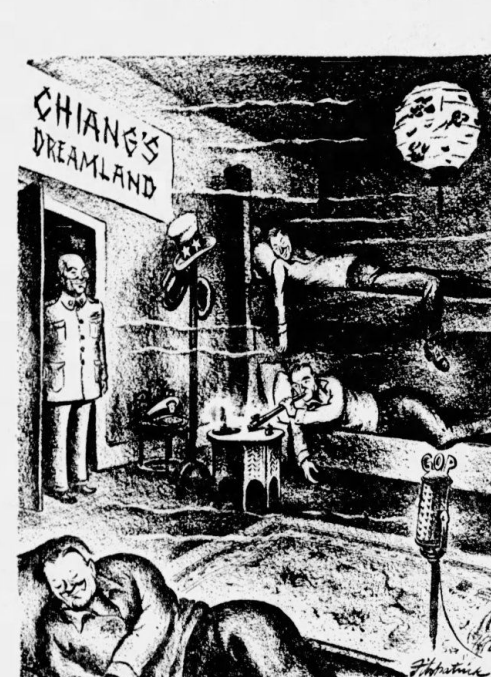
But then, as with the Cutter Laboratories vaccine in 1956, was where the federal arrangement of one envelope of vaccine crusts mailed off to North Carolina in 1822 proved to be, instead, scabs from smallpox victims, and highly virulent. Writing Congress that it (and later printing the letter in his own Baltimore magazine) Smith passionately defended himself, alleging "a wicked trick" by someone entering his busy office.

Congress wouldn't listen. It repealed the law; that is, the federal program. A month later, cited how in 1819 he had brought five vaccinated children (four of them his own sons and daughters) into the house of one Leonard Snyder, a dying man, and had injected pox in them—the boys in the ill-fitting small room died. They didn't catch smallpox, he added.

Individual congressmen were receptive to Smith's unflinching call for a revival and expansion of the national agent system, until the government would even "furnish, free of expense, to vaccinees by mail, true and genuine vaccine material, with instructions for using the same." Opponents, however, alleged that this would be an interference by the United States in the duty of the states, and the opponents prevailed.

Not as far as known, did Smith go so far as to advocate universal vaccination; availability and persuasion were his goals. In 1855, it takes longer than should be medically necessary to eliminate pox, there again the Sweetest century can make the present generation look good.

## In The Dangerous World Of Unreality



CHIANG'S DREAMLAND

Some will argue that both races fear together and should mix socially, that is all poppycock; they would take the honor of the country that has protected and given them the advantages of living in a free country. Let a settle this for the best interest of all concerned and with ill will to none.

## People's Platform

South Won't Accept Integration Of Races

Editorial. The News. MICH has been talked and written regarding the Supreme Court ruling whereby they have attempted to pass the buck and leave the responsibility on federal judges to say when and where the decree should be invoked.

At the outset I will say that the only reason Warren was appointed chief justice over the Hon. John J. Parker was: (1) nothing was expected from North Carolina in electoral votes, and (2) Warren was known as governor to favor mixing of the races. I will cite one other instance wherein this state was ignored as set forth above, and that was appointment of Herbert F. Seawell as district attorney. Mr. Seawell had endorsement of leaders and people in both parties and lost.

As to educational advantages and school building facilities in this country, Negroes have more modern buildings than have white pupils and they are satisfied and the average Negro parent is not in favor of integration, for they know it will not be, to say the least, workable.

Some of the people that are shedding crocodile tears over the plight of the Negro race are not

## What's Funny About Giving Diplomats A Whisky Fund?

By ROBERT RUARK

NEW YORK I SEE nothing whatsoever amusing in labeling the State Department's request for larger entertainment funds abroad as the "whisky allowance" any more than I found the term "cookie pusher" hilarious. I think they should be the increase in entertainment funds, and I think salaries, especially for the consular service, should be raised.

Nobody I know works as hard as an American consulate abroad. Apart from stamping papers, the consuls and their assistants, peccabooks, children and pets. They bury you if you die. They handle the nine million different details that afflict American nationals abroad, and it is their responsibility to determine the fitness of the people who want to emigrate to America.

A vice consul makes about half the wages of a waiter in a good restaurant. He pays full taxes, although he lives abroad. He has to live up to a standard, to give a good impression of American abroad, which he cannot possibly financially afford. It is not only housewives who die broke, consuls die destitute.

FEW CROOKED There are a thousand and one ways for a crooked consul to go on the take and get quietly rich, but for some reason very few do. As a class they are the proudest and the best public servants I know. I claim to know a little about consuls, since I have used three passports since the end of the war.

A great many American diplomats abroad die deep into their men teams to live up to the demands of their jobs. They must

buy drink for drink, cookie for cookie, with their consular numbers, with leaders of the city and country in which they are stationed, and the visiting firemen from America who come packed with even a minor importance.

It is possibly deplorable that a great deal of diplomacy is built around cocktails and tea, but it has ever been thus, and so if we need more cocktails and more crumpets to help us along abroad, an extra quarter million seems a small price to ask, even in a budget-cutting year. We have certainly thrown away enough billions down countless foreign ratholes to build or buy friendship. Another six bucks in the kitty won't cripple us.

WRONG TARGET The State Department, as a whole, has been the target for more unjustified slander than any other government office, and I have been hit with two bits from time to time. But apart from some stupidity in the upper echelons, and the exposure of a few traitors in the ranks, and a few hundred homosexuals out of all the thousands who toil, I know of no better men more dedicated organization.

A man like Jefferson Caffery, for example, has actually saved lives in the Middle East, at a time when the Egyptians were so sore at us that they momentarily forgot to hate the government, while our paymaster in Spain was in great part the work of Jimmy Dunn, who was not only equally well known in Italy. It's just that you never hear much about these people when the McCarthy's begin to rant.

## Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON ITS funny how short some people's memories are. Or else how often flashbacks into the past regarding a problem which is quite acute today.

Flashback No. 1.—Took place in the office of old Harold Ickes when he was secretary of the interior in the days when this country was desperately trying to prepare to defend itself for a war that had already started in Europe. Ickes at that time told me how he had called in Richard Reynolds, head of Reynolds Metals, and argued himself back and blue in the face trying to persuade Reynolds to join the aluminum business. The government needed more aluminum, he told Reynolds, and also needed to start some competition against the Aluminum Corporation of America.

Reynolds, a big government loan, also promised to buy all the aluminum it produced. He also promised cheap electric power from Bonneville Dam in the Northwest. But Reynolds hung back, finally said no.

Didn't Take Train Reynolds left his office, Ickes told me, and went to the train to take the train back home. So the old curmudgeon phoned him, asked him not to take the train, but stay over another day.

Reynolds, who, finally yielded to Ickes' appeal. He agreed to go into the aluminum business.

Flashback No. 2.—Took place after the war in the office of Jess Larson, head of the General Services Administration, whose job it was to dispose of the government's war plants and also stockpile strategic metals for the future. Already the government had sold its surplus aluminum plants at bargain rates to Reynolds, Alcoa and Henry J. Kaiser. But the Korean War was on and more aluminum was needed.

That ended the private aluminum reboots. Contracts were signed for 320,000 tons of expanded aluminum products divided between Reynolds, Kaiser and Alcoa.

Flashback No. 3.—Occurred just recently in the Small Business Administration, called to investigate complaints that two of the aluminum big three would not share their raw product with small aluminum manufacturers.

Advice Good Even with no war on, the advice of Ickes and Larson to the government was sound. There was such a tremendous demand for aluminum even in peacetime that the government had to release 150,000,000 pounds scheduled to go into its own stockpile. The gamble on America's future which Reynolds had refused to take without government subsidy and guarantee had proved a sound one.

So the Small Business Committee wanted to know why a fair share of the 150,000,000 pounds of raw aluminum which the government had given up had not gone to the small manufacturers, as understood under the original government contract.

Larson Agreed Larson agreed to these demands. Jess Larson agreed to them. The Korean War had created a terrific demand and aluminum was badly needed. However, the Reynolds Co. wanted even more. It proposed that, in case of price controls, its aluminum should be exempt from control.

This, however, was too much. It was too much not only for the government, but for Robert Patterson, former secretary of war and attorney for the Reynolds Co. In front of the government negotiators he remarked:

"Gentlemen, we have asked for enough."

Pig Business "Isn't it true that the government really put you in the pig business?" asked Congressman Sidney Yates, Democrat of Illinois, referring to the production of pig or raw aluminum.

"No," replied Reynolds, "they did not put us in the pig business. We borrowed the money from RFC. We went into business with our own credit. The government has been paid back every bit of the money—plus."

The story that I had received," pressed Yates, "is that the government had a plan for something like 32 cents on the dollar."

"They sold it," declared Reynolds. "It is almost 40 cents now. However, the government put those plants out to 500 or 600 other people. We were the highest bidder. Anybody else could have bought them, and some had a lot more money than we did."

Reynolds forgets Mr. Reynolds' ingratitude went even further. Under the contract his company was to have the government, two-thirds of its production was to be sold to the government and to small users in order to prevent monopoly. But here is Mr. Reynolds' testimony when cross-examined by the Small Business Committee.

"The purpose the government had," he said, "was specifically to provide raw materials for our own fabricating plants, recognizing that we could not lease fabricating plants unless we had the government source of supply. Therefore, it was contemplated that any of this metal be sold to outside users."

It was how easily some people forget.

In contrast, Kaiser showed that it had allotted small business considerably more than required by the government, while giant Alcoa, once a monopolist, had leached over backward to sell \$5,000,000 extra pounds of raw aluminum to small fabricators.