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Death Behind Prison Bars—Part II

WHEN 18-year-old Eleanor Rush 'came to her death (in Woman's Prison) due to her own violent efforts against necessary restraints...

when the young woman, bound and gagged, was somehow able to break her own neck in an isolation cell. Fulp, according to newspaper accounts, had exhibited suicidal tendencies behind bars...

An Awful Decade Ends In Hope

IN NAGASAKI Tuesday citizens honored the souls of those killed by the second application of atomic energy as a military weapon.

the operation of their nuclear electric power plant. The conference is one of the most hopeful things that has happened in the 10 years since the bombing of Nagasaki.

In Geneva U. S., Soviet and British scientists, meeting in the first international conference on the peaceful use of atomic energy, discussed ways of converting nuclear fuel into cheap electrical energy.

Now, almost suddenly, the nations that hold a monopoly on atomic know-how are competing for the esteem a productive, peaceful atom would produce. Business organizations, too, have scented the opportunity at hand and have turned out in large numbers at Geneva.

To Col. Blimp, Care Of Pentagon

OUR SUSPICION that the legendary Colonel Blimp left England some time ago and moved into the Pentagon has now been confirmed.

the Army of the British public "which is the Army's ultimate employer." To guide its field commands in handling requests for non-secret information, the Pentagon pamphlet supplied a balance sheet so that in judging the information requested against such things as military power, industrial power, military morale, "other strategic angles" and "anything you can think of," an officer could arrive at a sort of mathematical indication of whether to answer questions.

A Lot Of Ham About The Yam

THE ATLANTA JOURNAL is real gone on sweet potatoes. It droolingly declares the yam a noble work of nature divinely designed to give man release of spirit and strength of body for his daily labors, and refers to "ribbiticking goodness that is appealing," particularly if the "tater is baked."

and hilled 'taters with the attendant ache in back, stain on hand, pine straw dust in nose, and, finally, eaten them, we are compelled to decline the JOURNAL's universal invitation to ask for second helpings.

From The Washington Post & Times-Herald

AUTOMATIVE HOMES

AUTOMATION, the latest transformer of our lives, now promises the housewife new relief from drudgery. "What drudgery?" may well ask. "Haven't mechanical gadgets already taken over the running of the American home? Don't housewives today merely boss a retinue of robots?"

grams. An electric beam will do it. This raises a new social problem. What will women do with their time? What new mischief will they get into? Well, a lot of them will still find plenty to do. Automation hasn't promised any kind of a thermal eye to chauffeur the family car or operate the family grocery cart, nor any kind of electronic brain to answer the question, "Mamma, what'll I do next?"



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"Your personal feelings aren't important, Comrade, those are the orders from Moscow... we're on a peace offensive..."

Second Term Quandary
Ike Must Train A Successor

By WALTER LIPPMANN

BEGINNING in the late spring the President's way of talking and acting gave the impression that he had decided to run for a second term. But last week, just as Congress was adjourning, he let it be known that he has not made his mind, that he is putting off the decision, and that he is finding it a very difficult decision to make.

to answer this question, he has now told us, he must know what the state of his own energy and health. Because he does not have the gift of prophecy, he cannot, he says, answer this question now. He is deferring the decision, presumably until early in the coming winter when he will size up the prospects of his own energy and health. He will have had a medical check-up.

With great respect I venture to suggest that the President is making his decision more difficult than it ought to be. He is putting off the decision, and that he is finding it a very difficult decision to make. He is putting off the decision, and that he is finding it a very difficult decision to make.



Howe, St. Louis Globe-Democrat. The Balancing Act

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round
Power Lobby Has Its Way With FPC

SOME people were surprised when the Federal Power Commission waited two days until after Congress adjourned, then announced a decision to turn Hell's Canyon, last big remaining dam site in the U. S. over to the Idaho Power Co.

Wilmington Is Sophisticated But Southport Had The Sin

By ROBERT C. RUARK

IT is a curious thing to me that so many of the POWs who were brain-washed or who elected to join the Communists or became turncoats came from small towns.

The three POWs who arrived in the U. S. last week flip from America to the Korean Communists and back to America again, are all from tiny towners. William Covart comes from Dalton, Ga. Lewis Griggs is from Jackson, Miss. and Otto Bell is from Hillsboro, Miss.

You might be tempted to say that a man would be more apt to acquire the seeds of treason in a city. It is popular to suppose that the city boy is more susceptible to evil associates, by constant examples of bad health, broken homes, and flagrant sinning by his elders.

Conversely, the hillbilly from Nowhere, W. Va., is supposed to be stouter, with vitamins, bright with sunshine, clear-eyed from the good, fresh air, and constantly reminded of God's wrath by the lavish nature that surrounds him. There is supposed to be no association more evil than the one pool hall and an occasional snort of shine to lead him into sin.

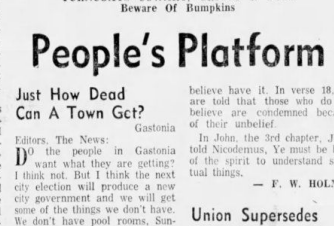
I was raised in a small town, and I am here to say that I learned a lot more devilry in Southport, N. C., than in the comparatively large and sophisticated city of Wilmington. I have met more downright onery farmers than downright onery city slickers. And there is nothing so vicious as the gossip and intrigue that stirs a small community into violence. You can get a man lynched in a small town by starting a rumor, and the lips of the onlookers are

licked with unconcealed relish. It is popular to suppose that the country boy is blessed with a certain native shrewdness, shrewdness of constant contact with birds and bees, but it isn't necessarily so. Some of the dumbest people I ever met were cracklers from the Erskine (Caldwell belt) — some of the shiftest and most shifless, as well. As far as nutrition is concerned, I'll bet a malnourished city boy any day against a cotton-pickin' cleyaver, I'DE HANDS.

The downright dullness of small-town life creates a receptivity to nearly any sort of suggestion that will pull the brain's owner out of his routine rut of mumble-peg and tobacco-chawing in front of the deejay. The turnip-rooted cat or the dog with a can tied to its tail are only manifestations of boredom.

As I recall the last war I was mixed up in, my slum kids caught on a lot faster and made much firmer fighting cocks than the burlesque refugees from Iowa and Georgia I had aboard ship. Most of the trouble-makers were poor little lads from southern boys from small towns. The fo'c'sle sea-lawyer came off a hard-earned farm.

I feel sorry for these three dumb guys who probably thought communism was a kind of game, like tarring-and-feathering and who thought reparation was a punishment involving work, or something equally simple. I don't think the government should be too vindictive, because I would like to see one of the three can spell "treason," let alone define it. There were so many good kids who had no business being in Korea that it seems to me we can forgive a few of the bad ones as unimportant to the general scheme.



People's Platform
Just How Dead Can A Town Go?

Editors, The News: I'd like to see the people in Gastonia want what they are getting? I don't want it. But I think the news would die, one of the three can spell "treason," let alone define it. There were so many good kids who had no business being in Korea that it seems to me we can forgive a few of the bad ones as unimportant to the general scheme.

When I read the letter in The Charlotte News asking for help in solving the Christian's problem concerning the writer's religion I was touched with a feeling of sympathy and would like to pass on to him a few thoughts that may be of some help.

By this I mean that when any person seeks God and finds Him, that is proof there is a God, and when one accepts the promise of God, as found in Luke II, 9-10, and goes to God in honest sincere prayer and receives an answer, he will know there is a God, and that His word is true. For by grace are ye saved through faith, and not of yourselves. It is the gift of God. Not of works, lest any should boast, Ep. 2:8-9.

In John 3:16, we are told there is everlasting life, and those that