



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

TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1955

'I Hear It May Be A Warm Autumn'

Nostalgia Turns The Tail Of Wooden Ice Cream Pail

By ROBERT C. RUARK

FLAMMABLE, Spain
A COUPLE of things occurred
the other day that take me
long look into simplicity.

I made two purchases — one, an old-fashioned hand-crank ice-cream freezer, and the other, an old-fashioned ice-cream suit.

Don't everybody speak up at once, but how long since you saw a freezer, some good Jersey cream and a quart of sliced peaches. It calls for toil, of course, like anything else but it's worthwhile.

But I got a young slave in the house at the moment, who is paying his keep in a variety of ways such as picking tomatoes, and shucking corn, and it is very easy to add ice cream churning to the daily duties of a small boy, especially if he gets to lick the dasher.

STILL GOOD
I preempted a portion of the dasher, just to see if it was good with the small boys, and my dreams of youth hadn't led me astray, as they so often do.

FIRST FROCK
I cannot detail the feeling a young lady gets from her first long frock, but I imagine it is something like what a young buck felt when Ma led him down to the dressmaker store and got up the dough for the first white flannel.

Flannel is hot and furry and collects filth like a boy bait, but man, oh man, what a thing to slide into that vast expanse of snowdrift and proceed forth to shine amongst the maidens.

People's Platform
All Is Not Rosy In The Southland
number of fights he gets into, and to hear him tell it only Negroes get more cutting scraps and street fights over little silly things that later don't make sense.

IN HIS LETTER he stated that the Negro hasn't reached the point of citizenship, commenting on a list compiled by Mrs. Gwendolyn Jones, who incidentally must congratulate. He said the great southland isn't New York and its filthy slums. I would like to know what part of the southland he is referring to as great.

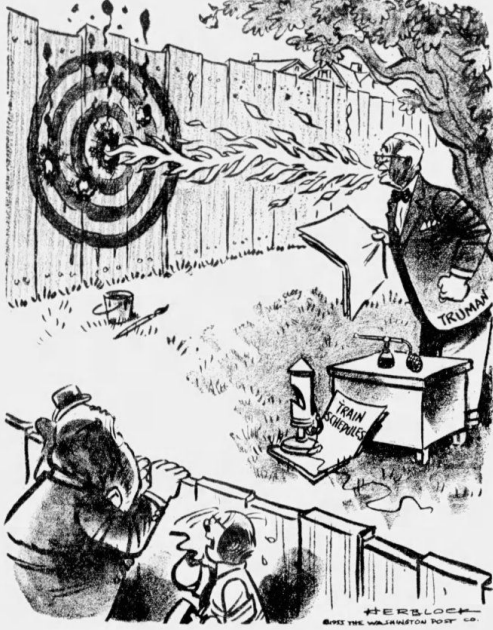
PUSHED AROUND
He mentioned that "the great Southland isn't a place that can be pushed around by politicians on the Supreme Court. Perhaps Southland is the place that can be pushed around by little evildoers."

De Sapio Says No
The Democrats have decided that they're still Democrats. They are squaring off for the usual old heavy battle for the presidential nomination.

Secret Move No. 1—Carline De Sapio, head of Tammany, and biggest wheel in the Averell Harriman entourage, has told Mayor David Lawrence of Pittsburgh, biggest wheel in Pennsylvania Democratic politics, that Adlai cannot carry New York State.

De Sapio conveyed this information to Mayor Lawrence because he noted a handworn rug by Adlai Stevenson co-horts to step up the nomination for him this fall nine months before the Chicago nominating convention.

Secret Move No. 2—Made in California by Paul Ziffren, Democratic national committee man, and Congressman Harry Sheppard of San Bernardino, to block Kefauver from getting California's potent 65 delegates.



Before The Riots Began The Sick Smell Of Trouble

By STEWART ALSOP

Editors' Note: This delayed report was sent by Stewart Alsop on the very eve of the outbreak of North African riots.

AS CASABLANCA A SICK CITY gives forth a sort of smell, a special emanation of its own. The sick smell is always much the same whether in Cairo during the riots or in Prague in the first weeks after the coup or in Shanghai just before the Communists got it or in Jerusalem during the Palestine terror.

Just what they planned to do, no one knows. There are no weapons in the truck, but the two long empty coffins have air holes punched in them. The fifteen frightened Arabs are made to lean forward in a line, with their hands outstretched against the walls. From time to time a black Senegalese soldier walks down the line, and pokes their feet out, making the leaning as painful as possible.

CROWD GATHERS
A crowd begins to gather, but it is quickly dispersed when a platoon in a heavy truck is driven bell-to-leather into it. A young Moroccan slithering along an alley and slip him until he screams, and then let him go.



At the moment there are hardly more dead and wounded than one might expect traffic to inflict on a crowded holiday in an American city. But this is a sick city and both French and Moroccan are perfectly aware that the blood-letting can come at any time.

It can come, for example, if the Army, without Brucker's consent, the secretary of the Army with the French is full, and pass the word to the mobs to move against French. Or the bloodletting can start if the French extremists can't get the upper hand and the military are permitted to "teach the Arabs a lesson" by shelling and bombing Arab towns, as in Syria and Algeria after the war.

It will be a long, long time before this sick city is well. Here in Casablanca, and throughout Morocco, fear and hatred have bitten too deep to be erased and forgotten.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round Bad Luck Dogs Army-McCarthy Witnesses

WASHINGTON
SOMETHING seems to happen to people who get mixed up in the Army-McCarthy dispute. They get fired, resign, lose their jobs.

John Kane, public relations man to Stevens, got out after Stevens began knocking under to McCarthy senators over Cohn and Schine, while Lt. Col. Jean Wood, who worked night and day helping Stevens on the McCarthy probe, suffered a heart attack and has retired on disability.

Late casualties of the Army-McCarthy probe are three career members of Stevens' office staff who were called upon to testify at the hearings. They were transferred or downgraded three

A Witches Brew Bubbles In Morocco

ONLY in communism does the blood-soaked cry of nationalism find a rival as a threat to the world's old order. A combination of the two brings out the very worst in both. This was the case in Indochina where a genuine desire of the people to be rid of their French rulers was subverted and directed to its own ends by communism.

The U. S. particularly and Britain, too, have been able to organize nationalistic forces in their possessions and in large measure to yield control gracefully to them, thereby preserving the ties of trade and friendship. The French have not been so skillful.

The bloody Moroccan riots show the French in a situation where it seems impossible for them either to leave or to stay in their North African territory. The blood is being shed by advocates of both courses. The tribal chiefs prefer French rule and keeping a doddering puppet sultan on the throne. The city nationalists will not negotiate as long as the present sultan is retained.

Terrorism has been launched against the French and pro-French Moroccans and these groups, in turn, have struck

John L. Lewis: Needle And Pen

JOHN L. LEWIS, a man who once could excise the American public to a white heat on any winter's eve, has been very quiet of late. In fact, the bushy-browed labor leader who could shut down the coal mines at the drop of a searing Shakespearean condemnation of mine operators, is completely eclipsed in the public prints these days by unionists like Walter Reuther and George Meany.

But this is not to say that Mr. Lewis has lost his touch at the bargaining table or his talent for turning a phrase calculated to penetrate and sting. He brought both facilities into play last week in winning a \$2-a-day increase, the largest ever, for some 120,000 soft coal miners. The contract will continue at least for a year the peace that has prevailed between Lewis and the operators since 1950.

Hot Weather Note
SCIENCE, that greatest of all spoilsports, has just flipped the keep-cool set on its elbow again. It seems that when the weather is steamy and you're looking for relief you won't (repeat won't) find it in a tall, icy, gin-and-tonic no-matter how frostily refreshing, it looks "if the main idea is to keep cool," says a New York Times science writer, "it's better not to dispense the gin but to dispense with it."

In fact, the men in white insist that alcoholic drink is warming because the body has no way of disposing of alcohol but to burn it as fuel.

His thespian talents aroused as of old, Lewis summed up with a flourish: The agreement is a constructive instrument with edifying virtues. Nine workers require strong meat and eating money

Proof—Just Like Lincoln Said

CALL it cussedness, but we particularly despise those exasperating wisecracks who insist on proving their pet theories to us with enormous condensation and no little pride. It is thus with a great deal of pleasure that we pass along two proofs positive that turned neatly into proofs negative.

OF SHIRTS
PRESIDENT EISENHOWER began his vacation the other day wearing, we are told, a "blue and watermelon red sports shirt reminiscent of former President Truman's summer styles." This garment, however, lacked something of the fireworks-and-flowers madness of some of Mr. Truman's selections—it has been described as "an early-conservative Truman shirt."

Conceivably it is what an earlier age would have called an "historical shirt" (one, the OXFORD DICTIONARY informs us, "adorned with worked or woven figures") or an "illustrated shirt," an apt expression which we think needs no illustration. Anyway, the really fancy sports shirt has become the mode or rather perhaps has returned to fashion. The O.E.D. suggests that under the Tudors shirts must have been pretty generally stunner. At least in Henry VIII's time there were laws forbidding any "servycrann" to wear any "shirt or shirte binding made or wrought with Silke Golde or Silver," and another which prohibited anyone "undre the degree of a Knight" wearing "any garded or pyshed sherte."

That "a creditable day laborer would be ashamed to appear in public without a linen shirt." Today of course one is pretty much at liberty to wear what one wishes, though so far as we know few choose a shirt of fire or a hair shirt. Bloody shirts are rarely worn now and shirts of mail have gone out for good. Boiled shirts have declined in favor even if stuffed shirts were once worn.

Lawyer—How far were you from the scene when the accident occurred? Witness (primly)—Twenty feet, six and one-half inches.

Witness—Well, I figured some fool would ask me that question so I measured it.—GREENEVILLE (TENN.) SUN.

Secret Move No. 1—Carline De Sapio, head of Tammany, and biggest wheel in the Averell Harriman entourage, has told Mayor David Lawrence of Pittsburgh, biggest wheel in Pennsylvania Democratic politics, that Adlai cannot carry New York State.

De Sapio conveyed this information to Mayor Lawrence because he noted a handworn rug by Adlai Stevenson co-horts to step up the nomination for him this fall nine months before the Chicago nominating convention. Typical of what bothered De Sapio was: Secret Move No. 2—Made in California by Paul Ziffren, Democratic national committee man, and Congressman Harry Sheppard of San Bernardino, to block Kefauver from getting California's potent 65 delegates.