



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

EDITORIAL PAGE

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River Problem Back Where It Belongs

IT'S JUST as well the Coast Guard couldn't find the men and facilities needed to patrol the Catawba River. That puts the problem right back where it belongs—in the laps of county commissioners who, after all, shouldn't be too taxed in finding a solution, considering their first hand knowledge of local needs and conditions.

The General Assembly has passed legislation to regulate speed, operation and equipment of craft on the waters of Mecklenburg and Gaston County peace officers. A tri-county patrol, also including York County, S. C., has been organized but not yet formed.

Unless the three counties can form a patrol empowered to make arrests and prosecute offenders in any of the three counties, enforcement admittedly will be difficult because the county lines run down, not across, the river. It might not be easy for a Mecklenburg officer to

catch a speeder in the Mecklenburg portion of the river and probably would be useless to catch him in York or Gaston unless the offender could be prosecuted in those counties by the Mecklenburg officer.

Jurisdictional problems, however, do not prevent assignment of a Mecklenburg patrolman to the river. His mere presence would tend to reduce recklessness. He also could check boats for proper safety equipment and keep an eye out for accidents. Prevention rather than prosecution is the correct aim of law enforcement anyway.

We have no doubt that the Mecklenburg County Commission can work out a solution to this local problem, either by itself or in league with Gaston and York counties.

If money is a problem, license fees charged to boat owners would be an equitable way to raise at least part of the cost.

The Tempest Tellers Ride Again

THE appearance of Hurricane Connie—huffing and puffing in futile splendor off the Carolina coast—was all it took to flush the tempest tellers out of the shrubbery. A tempest teller, in case you're puzzled, is a summer edition of that garulous human type known variously as the blizzard wizard, or snowsnort. In winter he tells you how much deeper were the snows of yesterday. When the mercury boils up, the air gets still and the tropical storm season begins, he regales you with wild and windy yarns about the size and fury of "the big blow of '39."

The champion tempest teller of all times was probably Big Ike O'Neal of Ocracoke. His whopper about the August '39 storm:

"The tides were rising fast and my old dad, fearful that our house would wash from its foundations, said, 'Here, son, take this ax and scuttle the floor.' I began chopping away and finally knocked a hole in the floor. Like a big fountain, the water gushed in and hit the ceiling and on top of the ceiling was a mallet. The duck that had gotten under our house as the tides pushed upward."

Tempest-tellers don't stop with the hurricane of '39 though. Big Ike, for instance, used to tell how a live porpoise was found in the branches of an Ocracoke live oak after the storm of Sept. 3, 1913.

The true hurricane connoisseurs, however, go even deeper into Tar Heel lore for their storm stories. Sooner or later one will come up with details of the 1749 gale which destroyed Beacon Island and the 1752 blow which washed away the town of Johnston, once the county seat of Onslow County.

Old Mecklenburg tempest tellers like

to remember a 1916 hurricane which dumped tons of water on the southern Appalachians (22.22 inches at Altapass) and sent the waters of the Catawba to record high levels, scaring the daylight out of one and all.

According to Aycock Brown, a 1933 hurricane actually transformed North Carolina's outer banks overnight. It cut the dunes that would have taken man-operated dredges months to slice. Some of the inlets—such as Drum—became navigable and are still open.

Last year's Hazel—the most destructive lady to visit the state in years—set a whole new corps of tempest tellers loose in North Carolina living rooms. They were equipped with a store of reference so large that they have been able to dine out well, if incomprehended, for fully 10 months.

There are simply no openings for additional tempest tellers. For this reason we are just as happy that Connie decided not to call.

The Search

THE NEW YORK TIMES inadvertently gives us a glimpse of the American mind this week.

Listed one, two and three on the general best seller list:

GIFT FROM THE SEA by Anne M. Lindbergh. THE POWER OF POSITIVE THINKING by Norman V. Peale and A MAN CALLED PEPPER by Mrs. Peter Marshall.

There are no miracle drugs on these pages, only eagerly sought lighthouses on seas of uncertainty.

shiny a hollow tree, surprise a reposing possum, toss it to the ground, needle it quiet with a pine tree limb, throw it into a croaker sack and take it home before you can say scat.

Either the story is incomplete or poverty of unequalled proportion and unparalleled loss of initiative has struck this lad.

Low Cut

ALL OUR qualms about entrusting milady's fashions to Frenchmen were reawakened Saturday when we read Nadene Walker's ASSOCIATED PRESS report on the new Paris designs:

Top trends are: A return to curves and a natural waistline, fitted right where nature put it. A hardly changed neckline still comfortably below the knee.

How décollete can you get?

They hit the place than anything we can think of.

The Coast Guard is charged with safeguarding life throughout the area, but has anybody given thought, in view of this newly heralded collector's item, to protection of limb as well?

Meanwhile

Folie, meenie, minie, moe

Who's got a Nags Head by the Toe?

A jockey who had just ridden a long shot to victory explained to the surprised owner how he did it. "I just recited some poetry to him. 'Roses are red, violets are blue. How do you like me made into glue.'"

—MEMPHIS PRESS-SCIMITAR.

Motorists have gone in for three color cars. The pedestrian will stick to his traditional black and blue. — DALLAS MORNING NEWS.

It is claimed that a certain UN interpreter is so expert at languages he can actually understand the mush-mouthed drooling of a movie actor who imines he is speaking English with a southern accent. — JACKSON (MISS.) STATE TIMES.

Nothing is more un-nerving than driving your car just after the brakes have been adjusted to fever pitch. — TALLAHASSEE DEMOCRAT.

Russia Today: Corpse Worship & Political Suffocation

By STEWART ALSOP

ALMOST as soon as the Western error arrives in Russia, it begins to feel an aching thirst to leave it. This is not a purely subjective reaction. It is universal, even among Westerners who find in Russia a fascination they can find nowhere else, and it is strange that there should be this thirst.

For there are many wonderful things in the Soviet Union. There is the juicy Russian bread and the fresh Russian butter, the best in the world, served in great dollops, at least to foreign visitors. There is the incomparable ballet, and the hermitage in Leningrad, with its marvelous collection of Rembrandts and French moderns, and the Kremlin itself, so beautiful in its color of yellow paint. There are, also, it must be said, the genuine achievements of the regime, in rebuilding a devastated land.

A LITTLE MAD

Finally, there are the Russian people. As long as they are not officials and as long as they are not talking politics, they are as nice a people as you could find anywhere. They are amazingly courteous and kind, and at the same time they are a little mad, but mad in an entertaining and un-moral way, like characters in a Russian novel.

Altogether, the universal phenomenon of the thirst to leave Russia is very difficult to understand. To begin to understand it is to begin to understand some of the things about the Soviet Union itself.

Partly, of course, the thirst to leave derives from the simple fact that the Soviet Union is a police state. One old Russian hand

says that there is not enough oxygen in the air here, which conveys some notion of the sense of suffocation induced by the all-prevailing power of the state.

SENSE OF DANGER

Yet for the foreigner in the Soviet Union, there is no sense of personal danger at all. In these days, too, the Russian people themselves undoubtedly have a greater sense of personal security than they have had in many years. The fact that Russia is a police state is by no means the whole explanation of the thirst to leave this country.

There are other bits and pieces of the explanation. There is the simple, almost universal ugliness, for example. Private taste, of course, does not exist in the Soviet Union; not in the way we know it. The official taste is both atrocious and endlessly repeated, whether in the corrupt Communist style of Russian public architecture or in the nightmarish summer prints supplied to the artists in the Soviet Union.

MYSTERIOUS

Aside from the ballet and some theater and music, what passes for art or literature in the Soviet Union is as much cut to a government approved pattern as the ladies' prints. It is utterly mysterious that so many Western intellectuals and artists should find, at a distance, a peculiar attraction in this uniform and ugly life.

Added to the ugliness, there is also the old business stiffness of life here. Take the story of the Austrian ambassador and his dog. The ambassador recently applied through the foreign office for a suitable mate for his female cocker spaniel. There was a long



Western Traveler: 'A Bird In A Cat's World'

delay, and when the ambassador inquired as to its cause, he was solemnly informed that it was difficult to find a Soviet citizen who owned a cocker spaniel and who had equal rank to an ambassador. Surely there has never been a society more pompously rank-conscious and class-conscious.

ISOLATION

Then there is the sense of isolation which all foreigners feel here. Foreigners are cut off from normal life. In Russia, Russians not only by the state and the language barrier but by the ideological iron curtain. It is almost impossible to have a serious political conversation with a Russian. It is only possible to listen to a gramophone recording. And the extent to which the gramophone recording is genuinely believed by the ordinary Russian is greatly underestimated in the West.

Finally, there is the strangely oppressive feeling that there is something here you do not really understand, and can never understand. This feeling is shared by the most experienced Westerners, including the able ambassadors who brilliantly represent the three major Western powers here.

TO THE COMB

The sense of something utterly alien and wholly incomprehensible is everywhere in the Soviet Union, whether on a collective farm or in the pages of "Pravda." But this reporter felt it most strongly on a visit to the tomb of Lenin and Stalin.

It is a macabre experience to see the wax, powerful faces of the old revolutionary and the ruthless dictator preserved under glass in the chilly underground dampness, while the Russians shuffle by in an unending line,

'A Frantic Thirst For Vodka Of Hypocrisy'

People's Platform

CHARLOTTE

Editors, The News:

I NOTICED you took another swing the other day at an eminent champion of American honor, Sen. Joe McCarthy, because he declared that Eisenhower offered "friendship" to tyrants and murderers at Geneva. Did you mean to deny that he offered "friendship" to tyrants and murderers? Or did you mean to deny that he offered it to "tyrants and murderers?"

Unbow your head, Mr. Editor, and look me in the eye. You know, Eisenhower knows, Congress knows, and the American people know that the President died in fact offered friendship to tyrants and murderers. The security of this republic demands that we admit it with candor.

There's nothing new nor unprecedented about it, of course, but it must register with us if we're to plan to meet step by step the advance of intelligence. Are we aware of how much trouble the "I like old Joe" line has gotten America and the free world? Yes, Joe McCarthy is dead right. WALLOWED IN SLIME

Griming like a little of the Chinese cats, the American delegation wallowed with Communist slime and corruption at Geneva in the name of "diplomacy" and came home shaking it off on the American people by intimating there's hope for global peace by dealing with the same tribe of incorrigible thugs who were present at Geneva. This we're told while brutal conspiracy yet grips

one third of the globe. The rattle of the press since Geneva along the same "peace" line has been deafening.

Why this frantic thirst for the vodka of Russian hypocrisy? Why? Does the answer lie in the context of the immortal words of a great American patriot (Patrick Henry) who about two centuries ago phrased this question: "Is life so short, and peace so fleeting, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?"

The chiefest standard of the Republic's banner of the Republican Party counseled us wisely after the Geneva Conference. That great "America-freedom" Sen. William Knowland of California in a Senate speech spoke thus: "Neither we nor the free world must

sell ourselves into a little Red Riding Hood belief that because the wolf has put on grandmother's cap and nightgown, his teeth are any less sharp or his intentions any less menacing."

DELUSIONAL FACADE

Keen practical students of the mind of world conspiracy like McCarthy and Knowland know that representatives of "free nations" cannot sit down with a group of hard core, diehard world revolutionists who have dedicated their entire lives to all that is base and evil, and expect anything worthwhile to result then or later in the direction of real peace. A delusional facade of "peace" may well appear by Communist creation — but only temporarily and until it serves conspiracy's purpose. No, the leadership of world conspiracy will never permanently change its spots.

law enforcement, since it does and has done the shore resorts down here a serious damage already. Especially so in view of the particularly poisonous and deadly types of old stump hole likers sold around the state.

In fact, like runners who would come to grief fast in Rocky County if they made many trips. At least they always have so far.

—DR. WALDO M. JONES

Negro Better Off Without School Issue

Lincolnton

Editors, The News:

I READ two good letters in the People's Platform, Wednesday on the segregation issue.

I think this organization known as the NAACP is going to be a far greater potential source of nuisance and trouble than the old Ku Klux Klan ever was. They are evidently picking up some money from the lawyers who hire don't work for peanuts.

They are apparently trying to incite the mass of Negroes about this issue. In my opinion, the Negro is going to be in worse condition than he would if this issue had not come up. The southern people are not going to take this invasion of their rights lying down.

—G. N. RAMSEY

Dean Has Friends In Lincolnton

Lincolnton

Editors, The News:

I ENJOY reading your paper. I so much, your editorials and the People's Platform, and I notice that my friend, J. R. Dean, has gotten back into politics or rather he has withdrawn as candidate for governor until 1960 in favor of Gov. Hodges.

However his recent decision was a great shock to our friends Paul Shadburn, in Greensboro, who says that Mr. Dean has 5,000 friends in his city, and we feel sure that he has that many in Lincolnton.

Now we would like to know what Mr. Dean will do with the \$300 he has already collected on his campaign fund? Mr. Dean is a prospective candidate for governor of North Carolina, and if you want to contact him, his address is Corner of Dean St. and Dog Ave., Lincolnton, N. C.

— J. F. LONG

Quote, Unquote

Late-arriving city fisherman to patient old countryman who has been fishing the same spot all day: "Well, old timer, are they biting?" Countryman, raising his head slowly: "If they are, stranger, they're biting each other."

—CARLASH (N. M.) Current-Agers.

Is Prosperity Just A Rumor?

CAN anyone be so "pore" that he can't buy a possum?

The question is raised by a story from Durham saying a high school junior, Charles Edgerton, wants a live 'possum from which to derive a skeleton for a science fair exhibit.

Charles can't pay for the animal, but a donor of one (sex immaterial, medium size, please) would earn his undying thanks.

Here clearly is a matter for economists and political strategists to ponder. How is it with Cadillac as like O'Neal of Ocracoke, he would suggest that Charles exercise his heritage and catch his own 'possum. They are not exactly rare.

A 16-year-old boy ought to be able to

ADD: COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

FROM Nags Head, where one never knows what may happen, come an interesting dispatch and what is to us an admittedly new word, "fulgurites."

The dispatch relates that a young Texan, grandson of a Midgett, which must be as indigenous name as can be found in those parts, has collected fulgurites to prove that lightning does when it strikes one of Nags Head's sand dunes.

While the item, which we assume stems from one of Aycock Brown's discoveries, gives its own definition, we sought corroboration or amplification from Webster's New International Dictionary, which has the final word around the shop, and found that said authority put it this way: "Fulgurite: A vitrified crust, often tubular, produced by the fusion of rock, sand, etc., by lightning." They've found, says their Nags Head collector, "after almost every rain along the coast here."

From The Greensboro Daily News

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Just one question we'd ask any fulgurite collector operating amidst Nags Head's sand dunes is he sure he didn't detach his formations from something else which had a head and torso? From the dictionary's description they must look more like the tanned, knobby and crusted feet and ankles of old-time Nags Headers who haven't had on shoes since



"What's the use of abolishing war ... they ought to abolish highways ..."

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

BASICALLY the conflict of interest that forced Secretary of the Air Force Talbott out of the Cabinet is also what poisons the political bloodstream through the lobbies of Washington.

There is hardly a senator or congressman in Washington who does not have a conflict of interest. He has to choose whether he will serve the people who voted for him or the big campaign contributors who put up the money to win the vote.

Two Masters

Talbott was serving two masters—the Air Force and his own private company which sought juicy contracts to do personnel engineering for manufacturers of Air Force equipment.

But when northern congressmen voted for a natural gas bill to increase the price to northern households, yet simultaneously failed to pass a badly needed school bill, many of them were voting because money had been poured into their campaigns or their party's campaigns by the gas-utility lobby.

Big Contributions Poison Political Air

The family of Congressman Oren Harris of Arkansas, who introduced the natural gas bill, was the recipient of an interesting little favor. During the war, when the most precious possession of a woman was nylon stockings, Mrs. Harris received a generous supply from Ham Moses, head of Arkansas Power & Light. Harris, however, has always played close to the gas-utility lobbies.

Chief difference between Talbott and many congressmen is that he was caught. His record of trying to influence defense contracts because of campaign contributions, however, has not entirely caught up with him and is equally serious.

Reluctant Committee

The Senate subcommittee investigating Talbott did not so into these contracts. In fact, it was not anxious to investigate Talbott at all, and did so only after receiving a tip from a very high business executive and after a member of the full committee had purposely leaked the official documents to the New York

Times to force the subcommittee's hand. Even such crusading senators as Symington of Missouri and Jackson of Washington dropped Talbott like a hot potato and almost kissed him on the cheek when he left the witness stand.

Perhaps this complacency was because of the maddening knowledge that nearly every senator and congressman likewise has a "conflict of interest" as serious as that which trapped Talbott.

High Costs

Reason is the cost of being elected to high office. The 1950 Republican senatorial primary in New York, for instance, cost the two sides a total of \$1,170,000. The Democratic primary in Florida that year cost \$1,000,000. In St. Petersburg Times as costing \$2,000,000.

Where do these huge sums come from? Not from average voters but from men with special favors to get from government—utility magnates, oil kings, liquor schemers, timber magnates, railroad bosses. The so-called "limit" of \$5,000

per candidate is violated repeatedly by attributing each \$5,000 to a different member of the donor's family. Some infants have given \$5,000 to major candidates before the infant was out of the bassinets.

Butler's 'Conflict'

The voters seldom know all this. They realize vast sums are spent on TV, radio, signboards, brochures, and paid workers, but they don't know the source of the money. Yet a "conflict of interest" is created, just as definitely as in the case of Secretary of the Air Force, Butler of Maryland, for instance, who immorally on a bill to increase the price of natural gas when he received \$10,000 in campaign money from oil-gas tycoon (Nat) Muchison and Mrs. Muchison, and \$3,000 from Jack Porter of Houston.

The entire situation has ridged Congress with so many "conflicts of interest" just as reprehensible as Talbott's, that many admirers of the ideal, like Talbott, wonder why they must be above suspicion when their accusers in Congress are so saddled with financial obli-