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Whitney: Capitalist With A Conscience

WEALTH is unfortunately, the first prerequisite to service as U. S. ambassador to Great Britain. But John Hay (Jack) Whitney, President Eisenhower's new appointee to this key diplomatic post, is not "just another American millionaire."

Our British friends have already expressed their approval of the appointment. Mr. Whitney is no stranger to England. He attended Oxford and has spent a great deal of time in the British Isles...

Saddle Up, Tex, But Don't Ride Herd

EFFORTS to mobilize a posse of disenchanted Democrats to take out after President Eisenhower's emergency refugee programs are reprehensible. There is plenty of room for individual disagreement on the matter...

In this question of admitting refugees, the United States has a moral responsibility through choice. By simply doing its duty as it sees it the nation can score a powerful victory against the hosts of darkness...

The Red Press & The White King

CONTRARY to some belief, the Soviet press does not hide behind the injunction: "Ask no questions, and we'll tell you no lies." With no encouragement from its readers it cheerfully feeds them ingenious fictions...

From The High Point Enterprise

THOSE TERRIBLE STOPPERS

A LADY friend tells of walking home from work when a neighbor stopped right in the intersection's traffic light, which was green, to offer a ride. Since he stopped, she antipathically nudged him to scoot on through while he had the "go" signal with him...

The Cantankerous Teacher

Skipper Coffin's Salty Legacy

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain ONE OF the lights in my life went out the other day when a magnificently cantankerous gentleman named Oscar Coffin died in Raleigh, N. C., possibly from boredom. He retired last June as the head of the journalism school at the University of North Carolina...



He Knew A Teacher

It is impossible to estimate how many newspapermen O. J. Coffin created in his own image. He left an editorship of a Carolina daily newspaper to head up the journalism school at the university and at a furious rate for 30 years. He may have created a few monsters, such as me, but mainly his fledglings got jobs and held them, progressed in them, and achieved recognition in them.

SHAMEFUL PROFESSION

One thing is certain: Coffin turned out a small percentage of amateurs, and practically none of his boys and girls wound up in the advertising business. Very few became book-authors, a shameful profession, the Skipper always said.

O. J. was a humorously irascible gentleman whose hooked nose and crazy chin gave him the appearance of a truculent turtle. He had a pair of piercing blue eyes behind frothy glasses and a laugh that brought the carter's view that there was very little room in his racket for ineptness.

He had an idea that a man writing a piece ought to know what he was writing about, so that it at least might be intelligible to the author before he pained it off on the public.

The Skipper had been a school teacher, a reporter, a columnist, several kinds of newspaper executive, an editorial writer and finally an editor-in-chief before he started pounding knowledge into the knotty heads of young squirts who wanted to write the Great American Novel that very minute. While discouraging this, Coffin taught them the rudiments of a coherent, short sentence.

He taught them the value of the word "and," for emphasis, and

I fell under the man's spell in an unusual fashion. I was not a journalism student, but I came down with an attack of love for a dolt who was. The old professor asked me, in an interview, why I wanted to take up journalism in the winter quarter of my senior year. I replied that I was in love with this 30-and-so, and so, in the easiest way I could contrive to keep her under my eye.

PRactical IDEA

"I like a practical man," O. J. said. "And she is the prettiest girl in the class. You're hired. She'll get married before she ever makes a newspaper hand, but I got some ideas about you."

I can say with a whole lot of pride that he gave me the first job that developed in the summer of 1935—"because," said he, giggling evilly over a slug of bourbon, "the job is so damned awful that you're the only man I got who's ornery enough to take it. I give you a month, outside. As a matter of fact, I listed three, before country-weekly claustrophobia in Hamlet, N. C., drove me out into the northern snow."

The Skipper and his tiny, razor-tongued wife, Miss Gertrude, took us all to raise, and we spent more time in his house than his son, Wilson.

We ate his food and drank his bourbon and soaked up practically all the philosophies of the working press, observations as wired they generated electricity. Coffin was a Mencken without the posturing, and an hour with him was as strenuous as a third-degree.

The salty old boy had an unpolished but with Phillips Russell, the noted biographer who taught creative writing. Dr. Russell would inject us with quiet culture and O. J. would adapt it to harsh practicality. They worked together as cynically as a thief and his fence, with Phillips Russell hitting us over the head with Japanese hokuriku and O. J. adapting the ancient art form to the vulgar present.

Well, he's gone now, as all the good men go, although some several thousand of us thought he was imperishable. If he's some place where he can read his obit, he probably has already produced a blue pencil and is busy hacking them to bits.

'There Must Be Some Way We Can Forward March To The Rear'



Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round Hoover Jr. Was Forced From Post

WASHINGTON Hoover Jr. from the Eisenhower administration is that he didn't want to retire. His father, the ex-President, even made a special appeal to the White House on behalf of his son, without success.

INSIDE fact about the exit of Herbert Hoover Jr. from the Eisenhower administration is that he didn't want to retire. His father, the ex-President, even made a special appeal to the White House on behalf of his son, without success.

leader George Meany accepted an invitation to a dinner honoring Indian Prime Minister Nehru, but threatened to tell Nehru to his face that the latter was a friend of the Communists. When word of Meany's private threat reached the White House, anxious aides immediately dropped the AFL-CIO boss from the guest list.

Water For Texas Interior Department engineers have discovered a unique way of irrigating the parched Texas Panhandle. It may be a godsend for the future.