

People's Platform
Add Peep Holes

Charlotte
Editors: The NEWS:
I FOLLOW WITH interest the many letters that are published in your forum. I find them very interesting and enjoy this feature very much.
I desire you to help solve a difficulty that is bothering me. Being very proud of the progress Charlotte is making I try to follow the progressive building that is now taking place in the center of Charlotte.
It is easy to see the work the Duke Power Co. and the Piedmont Natural Gas Co. are doing on the streets. However, I deplore the lack of adequate peep holes available at the Wachovia Bank building. How can we sidewalk superintendents follow the construction when they have only allowed three for average height persons?
Please do something about it.
—AL SMITH

A Downright Shame To Let 'Aida' Lapse

Charlotte
Editors: The NEWS:
MAY I ADD a hearty second to Messrs. Bergamini and Place, regarding the need for national performances of our local operas! It is downright sinful that such a truly professional and great deal for many of us in shaping our later tastes for music.
I recall with great pleasure a number of occasions in my own school days when large groups of students traveled the 25 miles in chartered buses to attend performances at the Metropolitan Opera. I recall many hours in advance preparation learning the story and background for the performance of course. We did have the advantage then of hearing it sung in English, and I am quite sure that these trips did a great deal for many of us in shaping our later tastes for music.
Your column lately have been carrying many lamentations over the current craze for "rock and roll music." Might it be that our folks just haven't had enough opportunity to meet anything else? Just as it's best to wear jewelry, it's best to wear them from classic-type music by composing their better.
—RICHARD VAN SICVER

The Voter Offered List For May 26

Charlotte
Editors: The NEWS:
MAY I offer a special favor of the voting public of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County. We should try and get the best we have in the offering for the North Carolina House, in choosing at the ballot box, as of May 26.
I would like to say you can and will not have any regrets when you check these three: James B. Vogler, Jack Love, and Frank W. Snapp. And should you wish to make the fourth, then I wish you think.
This is my stopping point with this selection. We should get fair action for Charlotte and Mecklenburg County and the State of North Carolina. Mr. Vogler can guide or offer them a safe course to take in the interest of the people of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County. I would like to say: The above are just facts, so let's get the best we can at the ballot box on May 26.
—S. C. VAUGHN

The News Contributors To Charlotte Culture

Charlotte
Editors: The NEWS:
The results of the Charlotte Symphony Orchestra's Silver Anniversary Campaign indicate that it will provide the funds necessary to operate the orchestra this year.
Much of the success of this campaign can be attributed to the spirit and support given it by your fine organization.
This evidence of the News' devotion to culture and encourage all phases of civic and cultural improvement in our community goes to the credit of the staff of the News, and the plaudits of the entire population.
I assure you that the players would not have suffered because such an ambitious production I think it is worthy of a critic's comment. It would not have to be reviewed as a high school play but as a Shakespearean production group in the city. Much credit goes to Fred Simon, the director, for stimulating the actors to learn the long speeches and to deliver them with such vitality and meaning.
—A. C. WELPHELF

Writing As A Lonely Art

By JOHN P. MARQUARDT
In "Wickford Point" I WAS AS good a time as any other to start writing. I had a story about the singing girl. Until I actually faced it, I believed that it would not be difficult to write a short story, but now I recognized the complete loneliness of the trade as I sat at my blank page. I was no longer dealing with facts. My mind was groping in the lamplight as I tried to force an illusion of living people out of thin air. It had never occurred to me that it would be worse than manual labor. And when I sat down before the table on a creaking bedroom chair, I did not realize that I should be doing this sort of thing for years. I did not realize that writing would always be a lonely, disagreeable task, and that nothing which one sets down on paper ever wholly approximates the concepts of the mind. As soon as I faced it, I did not want to write. Instead of a come-present-but-Humbly excuse for stopping before I started. The light was on. I felt tired; I would have to read a book. I would always be seeking for excuses, ever after, not to write, and I have often wondered why I began at all.
"That's what those Herblock cartoons," I argued. "Poole, 'They're terrible. He's a Communist. He ought to be suppressed.'"
"Nothing further from the truth," replied Mr. Cowan. "Mr. Block is won all sorts of prizes. It's easy to call someone a Communist, but Herblock is certainly not in that category."
"Why, he even drew a cartoon of Vice President Nixon," remembered Poole, "coming up from a sewer."
"That," said Mr. Cowan, "is exactly where he belongs."

Droping The Pilot

After Sir John Tenniel
Dropping The Pilot
A lot has happened in the nine years since then. But this week's participation of the Friendship Train culminated with the dedication of the French-American Hospital near Saint-Louis. The scene of the most devastating battle of the Normandy invasion where Gen. Omar Bradley finally broke through the German defenses, was picked by Americans to build a hospital as a small contribution toward reconstructing the terrible damage of 1944. The hospital was a long time in building. Both French and American money went into it. The contribution from the Friendship Train took the form of insurance money paid when the Communists set fire to a Paris warehouse containing some of the Friendship food.



"I think we'll run in the aspirin commercial right after this, only we'll run it as part of the public service programming and not charge the advertiser."

An Ironical Saga Why George Decided To Quit

By DORIS FLEESON
WASHINGTON
SEN. Walter F. George decided to retire from his beloved Senate only after his own die-hard supporters had told him that a handglove swing to Herman Talmadge was in the making.
The patriarchal Georgian had received private assurances as long as six months ago that President Eisenhower would appoint him to a diplomatic post commensurate with his prestige. The intermediary was the President's golfing companion at Augusta, Ga., Robert W. Woodruff, chairman of Coca-Cola.
But George and a small but loyal band of old friends could not believe that the former governor, son of the gals-snapping ole Gene, was a real threat. The senator's feelings were hurt when word reached him that he had long protected came to him with their earnings.
PENALTY OF AGE
On recent trips home, however, he began to discover the penalties of longevity beyond three score and ten. He had never had a personal organ and many of the old friends on whom he had depended were dead.
It was decided that men of unquestioned personal loyalty to George would take private action to expose his present great reputation rests chiefly on the protractor leads, notably in foreign affairs, he undertook following the loss of a much-loved son, a bomber pilot who never got home from a World War II strike.
George finally decided to quit the Finance Committee chairmanship, Senate arbiter on pocketbook issues including taxes, to become chairman of foreign relations. He left finance in equally conservative hands, maybe more so—those of Sen. Harry F. Byrd of Virginia.
At that time, he said, he felt he should devote his remaining years to doing what he could to save the

peace of the world. He has been doing exactly that on the highest level of statesmanship.
His friends bitterly feel that he suffered at home for it and not just by reason of the demagogic appeals Talmadge was able to make to the nationalist spirit that is always latent in U. S. politics and which served Sen. Joseph R. McCarthy so well for a time. When George was no longer finance chairman, even though he remained on the committee, his friends suggest he had lost much of his usefulness to the interests he so long protected.
It is, they think, another version of the story of the late Sen. Alben Barkley made famous as an illustration of the ingratitude found in politics. It is the story of Barkley's constituent, who the Kentuckian so long helped but found about to vote against him in his race with "Happy" Chandler.
THE FAVORS
Barkley recited all the favors he had done this voter and asked, "How can you do this to me now?"
"But what have you done for me lately?" asked the voter.
Basically, George's problem was that he and his rival—so unlike in personality—drew support from the same interests. When those interests had to choose, the bulk of them headed for the camp of the man with his future ahead of him, whose years exceed only six lengths of the George tenure in the Senate.
HIS MAJESTY
But the George ending has its own majesty. He leaves the Senate at the peak in his influence, in his contribution and in his friendship with the senators of both parties, all ages and all shades of opinion.
Like the valedictory of his old associate, Barkley, who died only a few days ago, it is a splendid farewell from its dean to the United States Senate.



Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round Friendship Train Reaches A Hospita

WASHINGTON
IT'S been nine years since several million dollars were raised over the U.S.A. school-children to businessmen to junior chambers of commerce to labor unions, sent the Friendship Train to Western Europe.
The Dark Days
That was in the dark days of 1947 when France was torn with riots and a railroad strike; when Communists struck the agricultural workers of Italy just as the crop was ready for harvest; when sabotage squads were sent from Moscow to wreck French trains.
A lot has happened in the nine years since then. But this week's participation of the Friendship Train culminated with the dedication of the French-American Hospital near Saint-Louis. The scene of the most devastating battle of the Normandy invasion where Gen. Omar Bradley finally broke through the German defenses, was picked by Americans to build a hospital as a small contribution toward reconstructing the terrible damage of 1944. The hospital was a long time in building. Both French and American money went into it. The contribution from the Friendship Train took the form of insurance money paid when the Communists set fire to a Paris warehouse containing some of the Friendship food.

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1956

Fluoridation: Charlotte Can Be Proud

THE OBSTACLE that confronts the scientist in his patient attempt to promote the betterment of mankind are staggering. Man's rise from savagery to civilization has always been a humpy journey. Every new scientific proposal must win its way to acceptance in some sort of battle of ideas.
So it was with smallpox vaccinations, immunization against diphtheria, chlorination of water for safety and even the fortification of milk with vitamin D.
So it was with fluoridation.
The battle has not yet been won in some areas. Dissenters remain active—and many of them are quite capable of their opposition. But dedicated champions of science and enlightenment prevailed in Charlotte and the entire community today can be glad they did.
Results of the city's seven-year experience with fluoridation, released this week by Dr. James B. Carroll, dental health officer of the City Health Dept., tell a story of significant success.
The survey shows that native born first grade children in Charlotte who have been drinking fluoridated water since 1949 have 40 per cent less tooth decay than youngsters who drink unfluoridated water. The comparisons were made among Charlotte's children and those of nearby Mooresville and Statesville who have not had the opportunity of drinking water with fluoride added.
Furthermore, experts found that "no ill effects from fluorides could be observed on the teeth, supporting structures of the teeth or on occlusions of the teeth."
The report's significance is not confined to Charlotte. It will be scrutinized with interest throughout the nation. The Queen City actually was a pioneer in the fluoridation of municipal water supplies to prevent tooth decay.
It can be placed back-to-back with the report of the famous Newburgh-Kingston study in New York State in December. Health leaders in the Empire State said flatly at that time that the adjustment of the fluoride content of water is a "safe and effective" to

reduce sharply tooth decay in children. As the most practical and effective public health measure for the prevention of tooth decay, fluoridation is obviously here to stay.
At the present time 23 million people in 1,150 communities drink artificially fluoridated water. Another 4 million Americans have spent all their lives in such areas as Colorado Springs, Colo., and Bartlett, Tex., where the drinking water contains fluoride in higher concentration than that used for dental health. Repeated long-term studies have found no adverse physiological effects.
Fluoridation has occasionally been under legal attack. But it is significant that in 15 court cases, fluoridation was upheld 14 times. In the one exception, the ruling was reversed by a higher court.
It is not mass medication. It is not a medicine, not a cure-all, does not treat decay that has already started. It is an important dietary factor during the time teeth are forming.
As Dr. Carroll wisely warned News readers yesterday, proper dental care is an important part of fluoridation. For healthier, more attractive teeth, children, and adults, too, should continue to brush their teeth regularly and make periodic visits to the family dentist.
But we in Charlotte are witnessing progress—significant scientific progress—in the prevention of dental decay. It is something of which we can all be proud.

Town Hall

THE friendly wrist-slapping Mayor and Phil Van Every gave us for disagreeing with him an annexation let us smiling happily through our tears. What we have been grumbling about all along was the fact that the mayor had not been using his eloquence half enough to educate the public on the issue. Finally the ice is broken. Now, if his honor will only turn his eloquence toward the perimeter...

Politicians And Cigars: An Interview

APPARENTLY unnoticed by the fleet reportorial teams that cover our city, Winston-Salem Mayor Marshall Kurfess has been in town the last few days soliciting votes for the Senate.
If the light at Mint and Third hadn't been red, we wouldn't have noticed him either. But it stopped us and, looking idly around, we spotted hizzoner. He was on a wall, smiling, and he'll be there until someone tears him down or weather wears him out of sight.
He was in a technical campaign poster, and a big, brown cigar was in there with him and the smile. We'd recognize that cigar anywhere, but we're not sure about the mayor.
A tree near the building shaded the upper part of his face and, although we do seem to remember a rather high forehead, what we remember most from the poster was the name Kurfess, a smile and a cigar.
At that, we suppose Mayor Kurfess wouldn't be disappointed. Most politicians don't mind being faceless in the voter's mind, if the name, the smile and cigar are remembered, particularly the cigar, particularly in the cigar made in the Old North State.
You'd think, wouldn't you, that the mayor of Winston-Salem, where they make Winstons and are soon to make Salems, would rather use with a cigarette? You'd think that if you didn't know a real genuine politician would rather be caught tongue-tied than without a stogie.
Why, so we wondered. To find out, we called in our own political consultant,

WINKEN, BLINKEN AND NOD

FRANK SULLIVAN, writing in The New York Times magazine recently, presented a strong case for the after-lunch nap for working folks. He said that a short daily siesta can go a long way toward preventing ulcers, heart trouble, neuritis and a host of other afflictions caused by our complex way of living.
Most of us working folks will go right along with Mr. Sullivan. We're all for mid-day naps. But working out a way to get them in a day and time is more easily said than done.
In the first place, you don't find many bosses who encourage the habit. But suppose they did. Suppose bosses all over town got together and voted to allow us toilers an hour for a nap in addition to our lunch hour. Where would we take this nap?
The most logical place, of course, is at home. But that would be tough to work out. If all the working folks went to their homes at noon, we'd create a veritable five-clocks-in-the-middle-of-the-day. And by the time we'd crowded into a bus or cussed through traffic, we'd be too cross and tense to sleep.
Too, if we were going home anyway for a nap, we might as well lunch there also. Men wisely as well would

WINKEN, BLINKEN AND NOD

develop ulcers and neuritis from having to stay at home every day, cook lunch for their husbands and shush the little ones "while Daddy takes his nap." So what would you gain?
We didn't go home, restaurants downtown might install nap rooms adjacent to their dining room. But in this town where people talk shop and do their civic duty over lunch, you know what would happen? They'd simply hold another community meeting in the nap room. And who can sleep mid chatter with a bunch of socializers who were urged to sign the congressional No VENOM
With no personal venom toward George at all, it was being said that the George crowd was so soft underbelly of the Democratic campaign this year to recapture the presidency.
One example: Socializers were urged to sign the congressional
They gain in that they have unquestionably restricted the fights they might have made or the policies they might have pushed in order not to put George on the spot in his hard contest against Talmadge. It was tacitly understood by the Senate majority that George was not to be embarrassed if it was possible to avoid it. Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson usually figured it was possible, though Senate liberals fretted and fumed.
No VENOM
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