

Thomas L. Robinson President and Publisher
Brodie S. Griffith General Manager
Cecil Price Associate Editor
R. L. Young Jr. Managing Editor
W. W. Simon Circulation Manager

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1956

Armed Forces Day: A Debt Overdue

A DULATION in war, indifference in a peace is a public attitude toward military men that has plagued poets for centuries.

It has plagued the warrior, too. For not until recent times has the peacetime serviceman been accorded society's ordinary courtesies. He was held to be a loafer and a laggard avoiding responsibilities and civilian opportunity to "make something of himself."

The public's attitude has changed because peacetime has changed from idyllic periods to years of constant caution. Now the thoughtful citizen sees quite clearly what he could never see before—that the uniformed men and women who only watch and wait are as much as his shield and protector as those who stormed trenches in France and pillboxes on Iwo Jima. The clock ticks and nobody knows the hour peacetime.

Today's military forces are armed with weapons that defy the imagination.

They include a bomb that, aimed true, can disintegrate a city, or, if aimed poorly, can shake it down. There are unmanned missiles that seek out and destroy distant targets. There are invisible lights that see through the dark of night. These products of high science arm the serviceman with might, but they do not provide the morale that binds men and machines together in effective fighting forces.

Morale is left for the public to provide. It cannot be provided fully with taxes to buy weapons. It must also come from public interest and esteem for the men and women of the armed forces.

This Armed Forces Day provides an opportunity for all citizens to reflect on the debt of affection and gratitude owed to the men and women of the services.

It is a debt that can be paid only in continuing installments of support and esteem. But Armed Forces Day is a good day to acknowledge it.

The Vanishing Impulse Toward Unity

AS THE fear of war has grown less, the impulse toward unity has dried up like a trickle of water in the desert.

This bundle of rich, ripe prose from the pen of News columnist Marquis Childs accurately sums up the sad state of the Atlantic alliance today.

Despite current efforts to try to develop the political potentiality of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization, it is becoming increasingly obvious that the alliance has failed utterly to take the bold steps necessary for unity and cohesion that would have made postwar Europe a strong force politically and economically.

The headlines tell the story only too well. Britain steadily has refused to join in European economic cooperation. U.S. immigration and tariff policies have had a depressing effect. The French continue to go their own willful way in struggling to hold her overseas possessions against a tide of nationalism.

The lesson we learn so reluctantly is, of course, one of the oldest in power politics. The cementing fear of a common enemy is what makes alliances so valuable in time of war. When the danger of the common enemy is removed, the only real danger left is from one's allies. It is the Me First! principle in action on a global scale.

The Year There Was No Spring

TWENTY years from now some old gentleman will take a grandson upon his knee and tell him about the year there was no spring. We can hear him now:

It was way back in 1956, boy. Nobody paid it any mind, leastwise nobody in high places. The country had a secretary of state who was always flying off to far places. He'd come back now and then and get on television and radio and talk about wars and alliances, but he never said anything about there not being any spring.

Fellow named Eisenhower—everybody called him Ike—was president. He was getting over a spell of sickness that year and there was a lot of to-do about whether he was going to run again. Smooth talker named Nixon wanted to run with him—I forget now whether he did. Anyway, being in the spotlight like that, they both had plenty of opportunity to comment on winter turning into summer, leaving spring out. Well, you guessed it. Neither one of 'em said a mumble! word. They just let it go. Maybe they didn't know what to say. Understand, I didn't want 'em to say

much. But they could have mentioned it. They could have just said out of the blue at one of those press conferences they were always having—"Well, there's been no spring this year."

Another fellow disappointed me, too. Back then, I was keeping up with a fellow named Stevens, or Stevenson was he. He was a real good talker, and I kept expressing him to say something. But lot of folks thought he talked too pretty, and I guess the politicians convinced him he oughtn't to talk about spring being left out.

Well, it was that way with all the big people.

Now, they may have said something at home, but when they talked for the papers, it was always something about war or guns, or peace and prosperity. I kept wanting to ask 'em what's peace and prosperity without a little springtime?

That's about all there was to it, boy. One day was cold and the next day it was hot as blue blazes.

People just didn't say much about it, but it was something, boy. It was the longest summer there ever was.

Woodpeckers, Candidates & Utility Poles

HOW is a political candidate like a woodpecker, and how are these noisy birds unalike?

That was a riddle asked us at lunch the other day. Having chewed on it, we conclude that they are alike in that both foul up utility poles and trees, the woodpecker by drilling and the candidate by tacking

up unseemly pictures of himself along the roadside.

The difference between the two, we guess, is that woodpeckers have to peck, while politicians hammer up their posters in obedience to a bad habit they could correct.

Is that the answer, do you suppose?

From The Carlsbad Current-Argus

DAYS OF YORE

SEARS, Roebuck & Co. which is now distributing to 20 libraries over the country microfilms covering every page of every catalogue issued from 1888 to the present day, is obviously making a fascinating contribution to future historians.

The first set of films—51 rolls, depicting 140,000 catalogue pages and 64 years of varying tastes and prices—has been given to the Library of Congress which considers it "highly important Americana."

For decades within easy memory, such catalogues were sent free to all askers, and could be found in all rural homes where they stimulated desires to buy everything in them (their frank purpose) but were highly educational just to read.

Young persons today may wonder that a 1907 catalogue covered 31 pages with pictured data about saddles and harness; that silk stockings (not nylon) were first listed in 1912 with the honest warning that they were delicate and should be treated carefully; that a man's suit cost only \$11 and a five-piece parlor suite only \$23.

Housewives who might see references in these films to "bosom boards" might be relieved to know that these were cardboard stiffeners which men wore under white dress-up shirts, and may have started that expression "stuffed shirt." Pajamas, for men only, first

made the catalogue in 1898, but few were sold out on the routes for many years.

The big mail order firms no longer distribute their catalogues generally. The printing cost may run \$3 each. The average rural dweller is only now minutes away from retail stores which sell about everything he could want. Yet, sociologists some day will scan these films of long-ago days, and prove remarks about men's dress shirts once being priced at 50 cents.

Adlai and Estes have declared a truce. In politics a truce is when your opponent keeps on cussing you, but pronounces your name right.—FLORIDA TIMES-UNION.

About two per cent of the cigarettes smoked today still are roll-your-owns. The original do-it-yourself boys are real diehards.—NEW ORLEANS STATES.

We should always be conscious of our blessings, and one of the greatest is that we're not getting all the government we pay for.—LEXINGTON HERALD.

"Can a person catch a cold by kissing?" some one asks. Yes, indeed—and it's the most delightful way to catch a cold.—JACKSON (MISS.) STATE TIMES.

Cut-Rate Grand Tour Of Europe In Sight For Millions

By MARQUIS CHILDS

WASHINGTON THE rush of American tourists going abroad is already on in a volume, both for the number of individuals and for the dollars they spend, that will set a new record this year. Steamships are booked solid into the late summer and it is becoming difficult to get an airplane reservation.

What is happening is that a sector of the public that would never have dreamed of going to Europe or South America today is being persuaded by lower fares, the seductive travel ads and the quick crossing by plane to venture for the first time out of the country.

FAT INCREASES In 1929, the peak travel year before World War II, 517,000 Americans went overseas and spent \$693,000,000. In 1954, the latest full year for which there are estimates, the number was 912,000, spending \$1,388,000,000. But on the basis of the half-year estimate available for 1955—314,000 tourists spending \$705,000,000—the number of individuals was well over a million and the money spent \$1,600,000,000. This total has doubled since 1929, while the population was increasing by a roughly one-third.

But there are indications that the surface has hardly been scratched and that, with lower fares and more facilities, the overseas tourist trade will double and perhaps even double again within a decade.

The other day North American Airlines, which pioneered domestic air coach service and has been struggling to get a foot in the door for scheduled as against non-scheduled service, applied to the Civil Aeronautics Board for a permit to fly from Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore and New York



"What ya mean you never get to go anywhere? Ya travel around the sun every year..."

to Luxembourg for a one-way tourist fare of \$145 to \$158. The start this caused the air industry can be imagined in view of the fact that the one-way tourist fare to Paris is now \$110. Not long afterward, both Trans World Airlines and Pan American World Airways announced they would ask the International Air Trans-

ported Association to sanction lower fares for certain types of service.

Luxembourg, which has not had direct service from America, is delighted at the prospect and the government has now proposed that a bi-lateral agreement be negotiated which would permit a Luxembourg airline to come to the United States. Picturesque Luxembourg, central to most capitals and one of the best airports in Europe.

The key to overseas fares is held by the International Air Transport Association, to which the airlines of every country belong. Director General of IATA Sir William Perivial Hildreth. A witness recently before a House subcommittee looking into the cartello-meritly aspects of air rate-making, Sir William was charming, affable but somewhat evasive.

He was asked why it is impossible to fly air coach from New York to Los Angeles, roughly 2,500 miles, for \$80 while the New York to Paris flight, about 3,200 miles, costs \$130. The following exchange occurred with Rep. James M. Quayle, Democrat of Pennsylvania.

EXPERTISE Sir William: The answer is that the terrific developments here, the expertise, has produced a wonderful thing. I hope we can match it, but you've no chance.

Quayle: Do they suddenly lose their expertise when they get out of the Atlantic? Is the TVA initiative and expertise still available when we get headed toward Paris—is that not still available?

Sir William: No, sir. I think that is not quite a fair question, you see. In the States, on country, no currency problems, one control and an enlightened one at that. In the States, you're a standard of living demands this great development. On the Atlantic, you are not dealing just with the Americans. It is conceivable that if the whole Atlantic traffic were in the hands of four or five American airlines, you might—God forgive me for saying this—but I am trying to be honest for literally millions of Americans.

thing, because after all if you get little airlines flying because their government wants the prestige of a flag line, and you get a lot of them, little ones, you do not get either as same degree of overall efficiency.

But members of the House committee were not satisfied with Sir William's explanation that rates had to be kept high for the benefit of the Swiss, Swedes, Spanish, Danes, British and French.

OBSTACLES Nor were senators interrogating members of the Civil Aeronautics Board satisfied with their replies at an appropriation hearing.

Sen. Margaret Chase Smith, Republican of Maine, wanted to know why there should be so many obstacles in the way of granting North American's application to fly at a reduced rate to Luxembourg. You seem, she remarked, never listening to CAB members, to be more interested in the airline companies than in the traveling public. Sen. Edward R. Roybal, Republican of Minnesota, wanted to know why it should cost more than twice as much to fly over water as it does over land.

TRAVEL REVOLUTION The pressure to reduce fares has been increasing some and overseas will become irresistible in view of fairly conclusive evidence that it is not the cost factor which keeps them where they are today.

Despite the growth of the past decade, something like a revolution in travel is in sight. A new type of steamship is being designed which will provide minimum service for a five- or six-day crossing to Europe at a one-way cost that may be as low as \$125 to \$160. The grand tour to Europe is no longer for the privileged few of wealth. It is in sight for literally millions of Americans.

Off-The-Highway Robbery



A Catalog Of Complaints Homecoming Has Its Little Trials

By ROBERT C. RUARK

HOMEcoming is a many-splendored thing after an absence of six months. It is strange about a home an office. You can live in either for a year and nothing occurs. But the second you turn your back, things begin to happen.

A pipe burst and flooded the dining room. Thieves broke in and pinched a few odd bits and pieces. A record winter wrecked the garden and ruined the trees.

The big dog got in a horrid fight and nearly snuffed another dog to death, with ensuing trouble with the victim's owner and a large vet bill.

The little dog has gotten so fat she's bigger than the big dog. The big dog is about to become a father, which will mean several more months to feed, not to mention rug cleaning bills.

You may not believe it, but at-

er six months prowling the globe, I can't find anything. I have even forgotten where they keep the shirts and socks and handkerchiefs. Somebody with a zeal for organization has organized my books so I can't find anything but read within six feet of where I last saw it.

SIX-FOOT STACKS There is a six-foot stack of magazines which I am sure I'll never have time to read. There is a six-foot stack of correspondence I am sure I will never find time to answer.

There is a six-foot stack of writing work yet undone, and I better get working on that, or I will be hearing from the jolly old bank manager.

While back was turned, they went and traded in the car. In place of my rusty, trusty old friend, there is a chromium,

gleaming monster about the size of the Queen Elizabeth, which is so grand I'm afraid to drive it.

The dining room is all torn up for repairs. Somebody has just built a garage in the back 40, and it seems to be bigger than the house. It would have to be big to house this Leviathan they call a car.

But homecoming is a joyous thing, and the dogs are now sprawled happily in the doorway for me to trip over. The slaves are happy, and Mama is happy because the tired traveler will have to untire himself and get stuck into that battered Underwood again, because all the babies are in sore need of shoes.

I have only one triumphant thing to report. I am the only separate person in the world who did not write a line about Grace and Rainier.

People's Platform

Letters should be brief. The writer's name and address must be given, but may be withheld from publication in the discretion of the editor. The editor reserves the right to condense.

Turn Emotionalism Into Good Channels

Asheville Editors, The News:

I notice that during his nationwide "Hour of Decision" broadcast from Richmond he de-

veloped and encouraged the youth of Charlotte in their recent Youth Crusade sponsored by Charlotte teenagers. I also noticed that a resulting upswing of religious interest on the Myers Park campus brought some protest against religious fervor and emotionalism.

Referring to letters to the editor in the issue of the 15th, the editor column, Graham said some parents were protesting because they were afraid their children were becoming emotional. They have already shown us that they have lost our charity. It makes them feel like beggars—and only relieves them temporarily. But when we give with love in His name, our hearts are enlarged and we multiply it and help ourselves.

Youth for Christ, I salute you! You are the only one in all the Christians of this area to pray for your cause. What I wouldn't give to be your age, with your marvelous opportunities. Yours is a high adventure because the spiritual world is an unexplored frontier. We've never plumbed the depths of God's great reservoir. The paper stated the Youth for Christ has turned the city's teenagers upside down. May you turn the world upside down—it is entirely possible. May God bless you.

—A. M. ANGLIE

Foreign countries call us an island of plenty in a sea of want, and that is true. When we can become Christian enough ourselves to share our Christ and our wealth in His name, then we will have become emotional. They have already shown us that they have lost our charity. It makes them feel like beggars—and only relieves them temporarily. But when we give with love in His name, our hearts are enlarged and we multiply it and help ourselves.

Youth for Christ, I salute you! You are the only one in all the Christians of this area to pray for your cause. What I wouldn't give to be your age, with your marvelous opportunities. Yours is a high adventure because the spiritual world is an unexplored frontier. We've never plumbed the depths of God's great reservoir. The paper stated the Youth for Christ has turned the city's teenagers upside down. May you turn the world upside down—it is entirely possible. May God bless you.

—A. M. ANGLIE

Big Brothers Would Help Rehabilitation

Raleigh Editors, The News:

HUNDREDS of persons held in our prisons could be released and rehabilitated by organizing big brother movements under the sponsorship of church and civic groups. If elected lieutenant governor, I will cooperate with the government in promoting necessary legislation needed to deal with all prison problems.

—KIDD BREWER

For Festival Support, A Note Of Thanks

Charlotte Editors, The News:

I WANT to express my sincere appreciation for your great help in making the Music Festival a success. It was, we appreciate very much the publicity and helpful suggestions from The Charlotte News.

JOHN OTTS Asst. Supl. Charlotte City Schools

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON CONGRESSMAN Victor Wickersham, the Oklahoma Democrat who complains that a congressman's salary is too low to live on, continues to amaze his colleagues and Washington residents by the way he's able to roll up profits.

Not only does he seem to have an uncanny instinct for knowing in advance where the government is going to place new buildings, but he has a knack for acquiring real estate for next to nothing.

Legerdemain

Take, for instance, his acquisition of 882 acres of land adjacent to the Everglades National Park in southern Florida. It didn't cost him a single, solitary cent.

Mr. Wickersham Has A Magic Touch

Wickersham heard that the late D. A. McDougal, one of Sapulpa, Okla. (home town of Mrs. Tom Dewey) had left 17,650 acres near the Everglades National Park when he died. So Wickersham made a deal with the widow and Tom McDougal daughters to take an option to purchase for \$10 an acre, or a total of \$176,500. This was a bargain, inasmuch as all has been found in and around that area.

Big Profits

The state congressman, who humbly says he was "reared on a cotton, wheat, and dairy farm" near Mangum, Okla., then scraped up some other realtors to whom he sold 90 per cent of the land for 100 per cent of what it cost him. In return, he kept 5 per cent, or 882.5 acres as his fee.

Those who came in on the deal were Gene Olin, Dr. W. T. Burch, and Tim McCue, all of Alexandria, Va.; Edgar F. Burch of Fort Lauderdale, and Allan Bruze of Washington. In other words, they put up the money, Wickersham got a nice chunk of land free.

Other Operations

Wickersham also acquired 370 acres on the Potomac River which the Geological Survey now wants; also bought eight acres near Colorado Springs, where the Air Force Academy is being located; negotiated for land in Virginia near the Central Intelligence Agency building; and owns or traces of land in western Maryland between the proposed Geological Survey site and the new Atomic Energy Commission building.

The changeableness of Ezra Benson, in wanting to sell his cotton surplus then not selling it, then promising to sell it, then withdrawing it, has Congressman James Whitton of Mississippi really sore.

"I seem wrought up and I am," he said frankly to Benson's assistant secretary, M. L. McLean, at a special Appropriations subcommittee meeting called after Congress learned that Benson had refused to sell 628 bales of cotton after the subcommittee had offered for it which Benson considered too low.

"Your failure to sell," the congressman pointed out, "has forced drastic and extra-trace of land in western Maryland between the proposed Geological Survey site and the new Atomic Energy Commission building.