

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Charlotte Must Rise To The Occasion

POLITICAL juggling must be permitted to ward the ordered design of Uncle Sam's proposed North Carolina-Ohio superhighway.

This is an engineering project, not a trophy to Indian-wrestle over in the backrooms of county courthouses. It reflects national needs and the results of traffic studies painstakingly carried on over a long period of time. And since, in the national interest, the interstate system is the most important of all highway plans, its standards must be the highest. Its origins and destinations cannot be left to the haphazard outcome of political free-for-alls.

Political pressure groups which would bend and twist the North Carolina-Ohio link merely to satisfy special interests should be resisted. The highway should go where it is needed, and not necessarily where it is wanted.

Further, the administration has never been able to make up its mind about proposed \$40 billion shelter program. At the moment, however, there is not much point in taking into consideration shelters that do not exist. It will take years to produce them — even if the idea is approved.

Home Front Needs Survival Insurance

IN CHARLOTTE, Sheboygan or Chicago, the big question was the same today: What is Civil Defense's answer to the Soviet Union's startling new offensive capability?

The man in the street who is learning to peer at a sky with a fresh sense of foreboding has a right to expect something better than past fumbblings and irresolution.

According to Federal Civil Defense Administration headquarters in Battle Creek, Mich., Russia's success in missile-making has brought "no basic changes" in home front planning. The announcement is hardly reassuring. Perhaps overall plans are as good as ever. Perhaps they are readily adaptable to the threat of the intercontinental ballistic missile. But attitudes toward those plans on the part of all concerned had better undergo some very basic changes if Civil Defense is to have any meaning at all.

Specifically, the official floundering must be halted and the operational capability at all government levels for meeting emergencies must be improved. Finally, the public must be inspired to cooperate patriotically in the entire enterprise.

Certainly, Civil Defense today faces a new urgency. Yet the nation is still befuddled about the feasibility of evacu-

Romance Routed

The Trains To Remember

By JULIAN SCHEER
 Charlotte News Staff Writer

YOU read the small item and, suddenly, you're holding hands with age and sentimentality. You recall the excitement and the fall into a soft-sad mood of remembering. The item was brief: The Norfolk and Western Railroad, the last stronghold of passenger steam service, will soon be dieselized. And you know the diesel will chase away the last romance of the rails.

Long before cars or airplanes, or even pictures of Robert E. Lee, adorned the walls of the high-ceilinged back bedroom my brother and I shared many years ago, an engine engulfed in billowy steam had the place of honor over our bed.

It was, of course, an N & W—pictured on the Abingdon run high in the mountains of Southwest Virginia.

You could look out from under your tent of blankets at the picture and you were there in the cab—there with a sweaty fireman throwing in shovelful of coal, or hanging up the engine from the cab's window, straining to see if the bridge around the bend was clear.

VANTAGE POINT

The chug of a steam engine was a boy's heart beat. Trains on those days, were for looking at.

Like on Saturday morning. There was a vantage point near the Broad Street station where you could watch the freight roll by. You checked off the names of the lines you saw painted colorfully on the sides of boxcars—and hoped to get a Santa Fe or an L & N or some other line you'd never seen before.

WOULD YOU DARE?

Trains were for inspecting when someone was coming or going and the family went on mass to Main Street Station.

If you were lucky, you got a chance to go on the train and you ran down the aisles, looking at everything, touching everything—and asking the conductor the time—so he could pull out his big gold watch and tell you, to the very second.

And you stood near the big engine and watched the indescribably brave boys, wild boys, who would run and dart in and out of the steam as it rushed out from under the engine. You gasped when the steam belched forth and wondered if ever you would dare venture so close.

Trains were for small towns. In the town they ran right down the middle of the main street and lights would flash and bells would ring and horses whinnyed—and

you got awfully excited four times a day.

There was a train north and a train south, No. 27, but it didn't stop.

But old Mr. Montague, the ancient stationmaster who couldn't lift mail bags anymore because he was "down in the back," could flag down No. 32 either way. And you looked carefully at those who got off, for they were important, even if they'd just ridden from Saluda.

FOR THE NIGHT

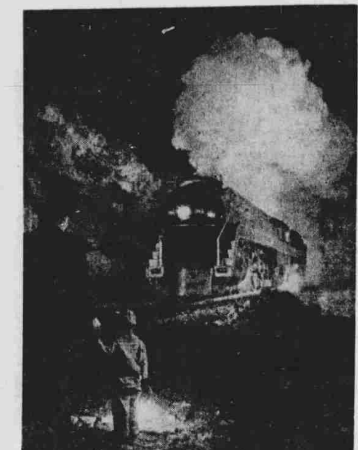
Trains were for nighttime. They rumbled through the town, setting dogs to barking and windows rattling and waking little babies.

Old men with fat bellies and watch chains, though they liked it, if they wanted to appear wise, "Harry's got to make time to-night. He's late again."

LUCKY PEOPLE

These are the trains to remember when a story appeared, the little item.

These are the trains that carried lucky people away from where they would flash and bells would ring and horses whinnyed—and



"You Gasped When The Steam Belched Forth"

These were the trains that pulled circus wagons, or dropped ice for thirsty kids from refrigerated cars, or tossed off mail bags with winter's catalogues, or brought Aunt Lizzie in summer with a grip full of winter clothes for disappointed children.

People's Give West Charlotte A Part Of The Park Dollar

Editors, The News: Charlotte
 Ernest J. Sifford, chairman of the Parks and Recreation Commission.

Our community has more than 2,500 children without adequate park facilities. Bethesda, Zeb Vance, Seversville, Harding and Heights Schools do an excellent job with their meager facilities. One of the oldest communities of our city has repeatedly been bypassed by the Park and Recreation Commission when requests are made for a park on the West side of Charlotte.

The good citizens of our community have supported bond elections time and again so that we might receive our share of recreational facilities. A park and a swimming pool were promised. As you know, those promises have not been fulfilled. Inadequate funds have recently been given as the reason for not doing something for our side of the city. Recent articles in the local newspapers reveal that there is an amount of \$25,000 which has been rejected by the City of Charlotte. Why not use this money to provide a park for a section of the city that has begged for some help for years?

An adequate piece of property is available in the city of Charlotte. This is a tract of land (8.6 acres) which can be purchased for \$7,000 or the city may own a similar tract of land to the present owner for this site. A contractor has promised to make all necessary grading for \$1,000. This would leave \$6,000 for further development and equipment.

Why not make available to one of the oldest sections of our city the rights and privileges that so long have been withheld—a decent park?

—MRS. W. H. HAINES

Einstein Types Due Scorn Of Americans

Editors, The News: Charlotte
 TO THE degree that students should be encouraged to become science-conscious, I agree with your editorial captioned, "Bumper Crop of Tar Heel Eggheads Is Needed For Our Future Freedom." But dear me! You do have one or two peculiar notions about the characteristics of a genuine egghead. It is not, as you imply, and how the nation generally looks upon all who are intellectually inclined.

An intellectual whose brilliance is rooted in common sense, patriotism, and the great principles and traditions underlying America's greatness, is not, as you imagine, "more than occasionally the object of suspicion

or ridicule" by the rank and file. Such an intellectual is not an egghead. He is in truth a bonafide intellectual — a scholar — and deserving of great respect and admiration.

When are certain intellectuals eggheads and become the object of scorn by an informed and intelligent citizenry? Why, when the above mentioned qualities are in large measure either absent, become dormant, or are repudiated as evidenced by word and deed.

Admittedly, certain so-called "intellectuals" or eggheads do bear the scorn of Americans and properly so. The late Albert Einstein, for example, not

scorned because he was a brilliant mathematical physicist — but scorned because he was (1) a rank socialist to say the least, an enemy of his country's economic and social character, (2) an enemy of congressional internal security investigations involving Communists and pro-Communists, (3) frequently lending his name and rank as window-dressing for various Communist causes which sought to undermine the very country which sheltered him. On top of all this, he was as odd as a "three dollar bill" — a recluse — reportedly darting here and there to avoid coming in contact with human beings outside of his classroom at the In-

stitute of Advanced Studies in Princeton, N. J.

Robert J. Oppenheimer is another "intellectual" who is no doubt the object of much scorn by many people — and understandably so. Not because of his significant contribution to the development of the A-bomb, but because Communists and communism long held him in utter rapture. So much so, that he was adjudged a security risk by a panel of citizens and suspended from his post dealing with the nation's high secret scientific endeavor. Furthermore, he admitted that he opposed the development of the H-Bomb because of moral scruples. Yet, the record shows that

this renowned "intellectual" not only committed perjury in connection with his nefarious activities, but the simple, inescapable truth "somehow" eluded him that the Kremlin tyrants have no scruples whatsoever against developing the H-Bomb—and even using it on him and millions of his countrymen when the time is deemed advantageous.

Therefore, Mr. Editor, when you generalize that, "The basic trouble with that intellectual pursuits simply are not well regarded in the U. S.—your judgement is as erroneous as it is insulting. However, a very conspicuous basic trouble is that too many top scientists appear to be "going egg-head," and are suspending their proper pursuits and loyalties to become fools, dummies, and dangerous dummies! Meanwhile, back at the Kremlin, tyranny roars its approval!"

—J. R. CHERRY JR.

On The Banning & Bombing Of Books

THE home of a South Carolinian who wrote a chapter of a book urging moderate approach to race relations has been damaged by dynamite.

The book, SOUTH CAROLINIANS SPEAK, was not damaged. Some 11,400 copies are in circulation, and odds are sales will increase. The dynamite was for additional publicity and, moreover, tended to affirm the book's thesis.

Partisan Rudeness On The Potomac

GIVEN the utmost grace, administration efforts to embrace bipartisanism through Adlai Stevenson would still have been strained. Mr. Stevenson is a symbol rather than a source of Democratic power the administration urgently needs to get its answer to the spunkies approved by Congress. The necessity of not offending the Democratic majority in Congress called for the liberal use of tact and diplomacy on the part of both Stevenson and the White House.

From the administration instead has come more than one instance of downright rudeness. There was the fabled explanation by Press Secretary Hagerty of Stevenson's role as a consultant on NATO policy. Then it was revealed that the President had not bothered to confer with Stevenson personally or even to send him a note of invitation. Capping this comes the rather surly explanation by Assistant President Sherman Adams of why Stevenson and other Democrats

Drew Pearson's Bitter Service Rivary Hurts Security

WASHINGTON
 ONE reason for our disastrous lag behind Russia on rockets and missiles is the bickering between the armed services. This was tacitly admitted when new Secretary of Defense McElroy gave the green light to the Army to fire one of the six Army satellites which have been gathering dust in a Huntsville, Ala., warehouse because the Navy was in charge of the satellite project.

This was a victory for Col. John Nickerson, court-martialed for protesting that the Army had been eulogized into a back seat in the missile race. More important, it highlighted the backbiting cutthroat competition between the Army, Navy and Air Force which has reached a point where the nation's security has seriously suffered.

All-Time Peak

It was only a few short years ago that the three armed services were put under one secretary of defense in order to prevent this bickering. Yet today rivalry has reached an all-time peak. Never has it been so bad.

To illustrate: The Army missile base at Huntsville looks over Air Force officers very carefully before they are allowed security clearance to come to Huntsville. They get clearance in the end, but not without enough red tape to make the Air Force wonder whether they are members of a foreign power rather than fellow defenders of the U.S.

Suspicion

Again, when civilian representatives of the secretary of defense meet with representatives of the Army, Navy and Air Force on materiel matters, they sometimes act as if they were representing three foreign governments. When it comes to writing specifications for such things as motors for missiles, all three services hang back from revealing too much to the other.

Started Under FDR

The big question is: Why hasn't unification worked? Why hasn't the secretary of defense cracked military heads together?

Charles E. Wilson was a big businessman, sometime head of General Motors, supposedly skilled in efficiency and money saving. But under him the armed services ran more wild than ever. He exercised no authority, it's too early yet to judge his successor, Neil McElroy, an-

other big businessman, head of Procter and Gamble, one of the biggest soap companies in the world. But so far, he's leaned over backward to please, not boss the armed services.

To get the answer you have to go back perhaps to Roosevelt's day, when the Army and Navy got into the habit of running to the White House. Under the traditional American system, the Army and Navy are supposed to be bossed by the civilian secretaries. But FDR loved the Army and ran the Navy. The admirals always knew they could go over the head of the secretary of the Navy direct to the President, and they did — time after time.

Good Friend

In one case, Charles Edison, later governor of New Jersey, resigned when he tangled too vigorously with the admirals and they went to the White House. The generals, not to be outdone by the admirals, also took their troubles to the White House. They couldn't always see Roosevelt, but they had a sympathetic friend in General "Pa" Watson, his military aide.

THE NEXT-TO-LAST LEAF

FIRST the birch trees, then the elms and sycamores and dogwoods—and now at last the oaks—have shed their fiery foliage on the lawn. Weekend after weekend, the docile husband and devoted housewife has raked leaves and gathered them into burlap bags and crammed them into cardboard cartons and deposited them in mountainous piles along the curbstone. And week after week, day after day, the blustering winds of autumn have wafled them, sometimes gently, sometimes furiously, back onto the lawn or into gutters and downspouts and light winds and breezes and an abrupt, unimpaired, immovable compost pile under the hedge.

It's very discouraging. Do you remember the O. Henry story called THE LAST LEAF about the little girl who was dying and who watched the leaves blowing off a tree outside her bedroom window and said her spirit would fly away, too, when the last leaf left the tree? Well, sir, this



Charlotte Could Set Example For Others

Huntersville
 Editors, The News: WITH interest, I have read in your paper several pros and cons concerning Sunday funerals. Why not first think about closing movies, grocery stores, service stations, etc.? The drug counters, ambulances and things that are necessary to help those who get sick or hurt could be available to those in need.

Charlotte has been called a churchgoing city. What a wonderful thing it would be for all Mecklenburg and a good example for others if all places open for pleasure and material gain were closed on Sundays.

We have six days to work and gather in that which we need for Sunday.

As we have an opportunity to vote, let us be guided by the teachings of the Scriptures. Then pray that our lawmakers will base their decisions on the teachings of the Holy Bible. Let's all remember the Sabbath Day, to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labor, and do all thy work. Exodus 20:8-9. Also verses 10-11.

—MRS. EDITH FERRELL

Quote, Unquote

I never give them hell. I just tell them to truth and they think it is hell.—Harry S. Truman

To destroy the Western tradition of independent thought it is not necessary to burn the books. All we have to do is to leave them unread for a couple of generations.—Robert M. Hutchins

Private property began the instant somebody had a mind of his own.—E. E. Cummings