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MONDAY, MARCH 25, 1957

People's Platform Dependent Children 'Welfare' Becomes Hel fare'

about which they are writing. If there is no "stain" raised by the Welfare in Mecklenburg that you can smell, I would advise you to examine your nose. There may be a clothespin fastened tightly to it. You must be either ignorant of what is happening around you or callous to it.

I would advise you to send a reporter to check welfare records and to get a true picture of what is happening. You would easily see then that I am trying to give the children a chance, and you might even agree with me that in their aid to dependent children, long ago the "W" in Welfare was changed into an "H" and they now have quite a different kind of "fare."

I am sending you a clipping from a Charlotte lady, also a letter from the same lady with name and address clipped from it. —J. A. SPEIGHT, Chairman, Committee On Expenditures Of The House

not fit to preach you are infinitely unfit to teach. You will not do in the pulpit, as much of your congregation will be asleep at least. Your characters will have been formed and the children will not know what you are talking about if they are in the audience. On the other hand, you come into immediate touch with the young while character is malleable and plastic in the classroom and on the playground and there character is formed into a life of usefulness, not in the pulpit.

And may I take out time to pay a tribute to the men who constituted the faculty of Oak Ridge Institute in 1901 when I entered there. The two Holts, J. A. and M. H., and T. E. Whittaker, future in the faculty and masters in the classrooms, and then there were three young men, all Wake Forest graduates, Edgar Timberlake, for 38 years teacher of law at Wake Forest College, who died at the age of 80; George Foster, who went from Oak Ridge to Chicago University on a scholarship, and taught 30 years thereafter at Western Reserve; and Harry Trautman, the second Cecil Rhodes scholarship man who was returned and who taught Greek and ancient history at Baylor University ever since.

No young men in this area were ever exposed to a higher type teacher personnel than those who were fortunate enough to matriculate at Oak Ridge Institute just after the turn of the century. The institute, now over 104 years old, the last of its type in the state, and wonderful to relate, has survived through a state or denominational support. We are trying to convert it into a four-year college, with endowment to assure its future. With this done, I believe I could depart these borders without regrets. —JOHN W. HESTER

Columnist Confuses Belief & Longevity. Editor: The News: Dr. George B. Crane, professor and medical officer of "Advances" leaflets on almost every conceivable subject... has recently concocted a travesty of fact by frightening people into religion.

In his column, "The Worried Clinic," of March 18, Crane sets forth a "prescription for long life," in which he advises those over 40 to reduce weight equal to that at age 21, "avoid tobacco and hard liquor..." then team up with God by leading active in a local church.

This is nothing more than the obsolete and impotent "hell fire" theological weapon, revamped into a health phobia for accumulating fat. The phobia, namely, frightening people into going to church, the entire theme of which is as foolish as it is absurd. There is not an iota of evidence that belief in God, or church membership, renders a person less susceptible to disease, or extends the length of his life. If the promise were true the medical profession would have been out of business long ago.

Moreover, if emotional disturbances stimulate blood pressure and consequent heart strain as Dr. Crane contends, it would be more logical to assume that religion, being a highly emotionalizing influence, would be a major offender in creating coronary heart disease. The fact is, neither believer nor disbeliever in God, is immune to mortality. Such a condition is in reality a matter of certainty. Dr. Crane will have to produce stronger proof than his unsupported word, that church going and belief in their faith will forestall the inevitable at any age before his premise is acceptable. —MRS. J. W. LUTZ

The Assembly's Conscience: A New Test

FOR A few minutes tomorrow, North Carolina's political conscience will be given into the keeping of a handful of Tar Heel legislators. The 15 members of Senate Judiciary Committee I will decide whether the whole Senate will consider legislative reapportionment or whether that matter will continue to rest in the naked grasp of negotiation for representative government by previous Assemblies. The committee's duty is clear.

It must bring the matter before the full Senate. The committee's integrity is at stake, fully as much as is the future of democratic representation in North Carolina. And that is totally at stake. There are no legitimate grounds for evasion or pigeon-holing. The committee is not being asked to

make any troubling declarations for proportional representation or for obedience to the state constitution. It can discharge its duty simply by bringing those issues back before the Senate. This may seem a useless objective in view of past failures, and predictions that this Assembly will merely dig another grave for reapportionment. But if that be the case, we think it important that every legislator objecting to reapportionment be required to do his part of the digging.

We choose to believe the Assembly's conscience is not dead, but only anesthetized by carefully nurtured illusions of urban political power. And if this is so, there is still reason to hope that that conscience, continually tested, will finally come alive.

Creeping Secrecy In Court Proceedings

LEGISLATION introduced in North Carolina's General Assembly to establish a statewide system of family courts is noble in intent and fundamentally wholesome in design.

There is, however, a joker in the deck. One section of the Senate bill introduced by Sens. Adam Whitley Jr. of Johnston and Calvin Graves of Forsyth reads as follows:

Where in his opinion it is necessary to protect the welfare of persons before the court, the judge may conduct hearings in chambers or otherwise to exclude persons having no interest in the case. All information obtained and social records prepared in the discharge of official duty by any employee of the court shall be privileged and shall not be disclosed directly or indirectly to anyone other than the judge or others entitled under this article to receive such information, unless and until otherwise ordered by the judge.

In two innocently-garbed sentences a powerful new tool is provided to close our judicial proceedings to the public. It is part of an alarming trend to give, chip by chip, the positive right to know about the administration of justice. If the proposed family courts deal only with the very young there might be some justification for secrecy. But they are broader in their jurisdiction than that. They cover a multitude of domestic problems—including divorce.

It has been the custom for some time a North Carolina to protect juveniles

from the public gaze. The theory is that tribunals dealing with minors are not really courts but social agencies dealing with the care and rehabilitation of the young. It is contended that publicity would interfere with rehabilitation and reform.

In actual practice, this principle is sometimes carried too far—ignoring the deterrent effect of publicity, the education of the public to real social problems, the protection of the accused, the constructive interest of society in the welfare of its youth. But it is at least based upon a humanitarian instinct, however misguided at times.

The absence of secrecy in the handling of cases involving adults is disturbing, however. It is difficult to see any social virtue in covering up divorce and non-support lawsuits, or cases where a husband or wife is charged with assault or battery on one another.

Adulters, wife-beaters and runaway husbands do not deserve the protection of secret trials. Furthermore, secrecy in divorce actions would surely encourage this sort of litigation. It might even incline complainants to testimony that they would not dare to make public in the face of possible contradiction.

It is a right to a public trial is not only a right of the accused but a right of the public as well. It is clearly in the public interest that justice be done. There should be no further retreat from this principle.

Mr. Kennan was U. S. ambassador to Moscow until four years ago when the Kremlin began to feel that his insight into Russo-American affairs was a little too keen. They declared him persona non grata. He remains today perhaps our best authority on the ways of Soviet politics. RUSSIA LEAVES THE WAR is the first of three volumes that will explore relations between America and the U. S. S. R. from the early days through 1920.

The expression of American ideals, reveries and conceits in Mr. Wilbur's poetry needs no defense here. His typically American concerns are so deeply felt that he can write seriously about the McCarran Act and have it come out as poetry of persuasive charm and great delicacy.

Of course, as in all fine writing, it is the individuality of expression that produces its effect. It matters not whether you are seeing Paris or brightlights through Hemingway's eyes or Navajo dances and Fruscan places through D. H. Lawrence's. It is the point of view, the reflecting consciousness, that counts.

It Is The Point Of View That Counts

LEAVE it to the literati to deal darkly with their own hallowed institutions. Consider the slings and arrows suffered by the winners of this year's National Book Awards. The books are tolerably good, one crtic muted, but "national" they are not.

It seems that the fiction award was presented to Wright Morris for "The Fields of Vision," a novel set in Mexico. The non-fiction prize went to George F. Kennan for "RUSSIA LEAVES THE WAR." The poetry prize went to Richard Wilbur for "HINGS OF THIS WORLD." That takes care of Mexico, Russia and the world at large, it is argued, but nothing is American but the authorship.

The carping is capricious. The winning books are as American as Grandma's apple pie. Each, in fact, is a superb reflection of the American consciousness circa the 20th century. Each tells in its own special way what it means to be an American in the world today and what it means to be human under the aspect of eternity.

The American trappings and point of view of Mr. Morris' richly symbolic novel are immediately recognizable. The uplift in his story simply becomes a mirror of consciousness in which each



Kennan



Wilbur

'Please Don't Mind Me—Go Right On Fiddlin'



Little Things Come First

A Most 'Entire' Man Passes

By ROBERT C. RUARK

A little more than a year ago Alan was lumping around in a plane in Luzon in the Philippines with Ramon Magsaysay, the President of the Philippines who was killed in a crash the other day. Next to our own President, I think there was no living man we could so ill afford to lose at this moment. If we had owned a litter of Magsaysays to scatter through the East as an advertisement for Western democracy, we would have small problems with the browns and the yellows.

Apart from being the most charming, dynamic and toughest man I ever met, he was one of the shrewdest—and a staunch friend of America, a bitter enemy of communism in the way of foehardness, and he held the bulk of his people in his palm. As a potent guerrillero against the Japs, as the exterminator of the Communist huck parasites, as a ruthless enemy of graft in his regime—and the Philippines were rotten with graft when he took over—this was altogether the most entire man I ever came across.

SUPERB POLITICIAN

In addition to everything else, he was a practical administrator and superb politician.

Coming back on a plane from Aparri in Luzon where he'd gone to dedicate a new immigration project, the khaki-clad open-shirted President slid into a seat beside me on the aircraft and talked for an hour about his plans.

"The mistake the world is making with simple peoples is to try to bury them into political conceits they don't understand and aren't prepared to cope with," he said. "I know, I am a peasant myself. Gimme a cigarette."

HIS GOALS

He looked at the end of the cigarette. "When my people can raise their produce and get it to town on decent roads," he

went on, "when they can be cured of their illnesses and buses can take pregnant women to hospitals in a hurry, when they have the necessary water to grow rice so they don't have to import it, then we will think more of their political education." "I say spit on the big, fancy schemes I want all the little things first. Then perhaps we can get on to the bigger things." We had ridden in the rain on a bumpy road for miles. In one tiny barrio some children waded

water pouring down his face, soaking his bare head, the flat, brown faces which had been dully apathetic as the other people preceded him came suddenly, vividly alight as if a private sun was shining as he spoke.

This man radiated something that Lincoln must have had—except he was big and charming, handsome and persuasive. He was the kind of man who would listen attentively to a child but who once shot his cousin for leading a gang of rapists during his anti-Jap underground days.

PALACE OPEN

Whereas former Philippine presidents were men of protocol conducted government by crony and appointment, Ramon Magsaysay threw open the palace to the barefoot peasants. He saw as many as a thousand a day. And he was always off in a plane, looking to the welfare of some obscure village in the outer islands.

All this he was heavily criticized. Some day the critics said for this informal gadding would kill him, because he was a sitting duck for assassination. The man scorned all security measures.

And if somebody called him in the middle of the night with a problem, Magsaysay would get out of bed to cope with it. He— together with Virgil Pinkley and myself—might have been killed at least a thousand times in one day if assassins had chosen to fit themselves into the crowd.

PERSONAL GRIEF

Ramon Magsaysay and I became friends in a short time and conducted quite a later correspondence on a "Ramon" and "Bob" level. And so I grieve for the man personally, but I grieve more for the man than for the Philippines, and less for the Philippines than for America and the Western world.

If ever we had a good man on our side, at a time when a good man is hard to find, Ramon Magsaysay was that man.

When he spoke in the rain,

Youth & Philosophy: A Colloquy Recalled

Editors: The News: Pittsburgh

AN OLD Roman faber says that there once appeared in the heart of the city of Rome a great gulf that threatened the entire city. The oracles were consulted and they said that the most precious thing in the city of Rome was the fountain of the gulf of the city would be destroyed.

The men brought their most valuable property, the women their sacred utensils from the altars and cast them into the gulf, but the water did not more threatening. Finally, a young man thrust himself into the most valuable thing of the city was not the youth of the city. And answering his question, he mounted his charger and rode headlong into the gulf which closed over him and the city was saved.

H. H. Williams, my old philosophy teacher at Chapel Hill just after the turn of the century and with whom I had many arguments, was interested in procuring a scholarship for me at Yale University. However, my father had virtually bankrupted himself trying to do something for my mother who was dying cancer and my younger brothers and I were growing up as wild as March hares and with no prospect of getting a decent education. So I concluded that I had to go to work and do something for those boys.

I made application for a teacher's job at Oak Ridge Institute, which was accepted. Upon receipt of the letter of acceptance, I walked across the street to the People's Bank, of which he was the president. He happened to be in, and I handed him the letter. He read it, not quite quizzically, and asked me if I were not interested in his efforts to get the Yale scholarship. I replied that I just had to go to work and make some money. Well, he said, if you just want to make some money, why don't you go out and preach? I rejoined that I did not wish to commit blasphemy, that I had had some sense of the eternal fitness of things.

And then he turned on the current of his conversation. He said, young man, if you are not fit to preach you are infinitely unfit to teach. You will not do in the pulpit, as much of your congregation will be asleep at least. Your characters will have been formed and the children will not know what you are talking about if they are in the audience. On the other hand, you come into immediate touch with the young while character is malleable and plastic in the classroom and on the playground and there character is formed into a life of usefulness, not in the pulpit.

—MRS. J. W. LUTZ

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON. OHIO Sen. Frank Lausche, much publicized in the coming of Congress, hasn't been getting many headlines lately, but he has been doing some quiet and effective homework.

The other day he yanked the Securities and Exchange Commission's subpoena to be the policeman of Wall Street, up to Capitol Hill for a secret grilling of the man personally, but I grieve more for the man than for the Philippines, and less for the Philippines than for America and the Western world.

Three Violations

Lausche pointed to what seemed to be three violations by Silberstein or his Penn-Texas Corporation. He wanted to know why the SEC hadn't referred them to the Justice Department.

J. Sinclair Armstrong, handsome young SEC chairman who is anxious to slide over to a job as assistant secretary of

Lausche Wants Wall Street Policed

the Navy before getting involved in too many Wall Street squabbles, was peeved. He complained that previous closed-door testimony before Sen. Lausche had leaked, had no plausible excuse for not referring possibly serious violations to the Justice Department.

Members Polled

Sen. Lausche, dissatisfied, polled the individual commissioners. A majority of them agreed with Armstrong, Halliwell's Co., and who now seeks to acquire Fairbanks, Morse.

The three possible violations of the SEC laws which Lausche pointed to were: (1) Failure to disclose promptly to the SEC and to Texas stockholders various transactions in Fairbanks, Morse and Halliwell's Co.; (2) Failure to disclose certain transactions with Swiss banks; (3) Failure to disclose promptly certain profits arranged by Silberstein with people he induced to buy stock.

Fort Sumter

IN THE black hours of early morning the United States officers stood at the parapet atop Fort Sumter and looked off into the darkness toward the place where, they knew, the nearest guns had been planted. "At last there comes a bright flash, like heat lightning, off beyond the unseen marshland, and a sudden red spark climbed up the black sky, seemed to hang motionless for a final instant directly overhead, and then came plunging down, to explode in great light and rocking sound like land mark and end and a beginning. —Draze, Cotton in "This Hallowed Ground"

Stock Bubble

The negotiations are complicated but important, in view of some fears that another depression might be in the offing. A big stock market is being built on Wall Street, might help spare a financial to-boggan. Here are some of Silberstein's manipulations:

Sworn Statement

David L. Subin, Lansdale, Pa. history manufacturer, has been on the board of Penn-Texas or closely related to its financial dealings since 1951. Yet last week Silberstein filed a sworn statement with the SEC that he had not known

Direct Phone

Silberstein admitted in his sworn statement that these shares were acquired through Francis J. duPont and Co., and that his son-in-law, Peter Cates, working as broker for that firm, secured the account. "Son-in-law Cates has a direct phone to Silberstein's desk, yet I know of nothing about the transaction until March 14, when, belatedly, it was filed with the SEC. Incidentally, more than one-half of the \$36,000,000 worth of stock, Silberstein banks, Morse, passed through the hands of his son-in-law.

CHANGE OF NAME

CHARL SANDBURG can plead poet's privilege if he chooses to ignore the fact in future editions of his writings—but Chicago is no longer "hog butcher for the world" or even the nation. For some time now, the word is, Omaha has had more impressive statistics on hog slaughtering and cattle slaughtering, too. St. Paul and St. Louis also outdo Chicago on hogs. On the other hand, Chicago itself has now taken steel honors away from Pittsburgh. It's annual ingot capacity has gone ahead of Pittsburgh's. The WALL STREET JOURNAL reports. Let poets beware. These turnabouts may even unsettle the mass mind. Are the old stereotypes, the traditional city levels, in need of a