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Strengthen Civil Defense In Charlotte

For the first time in history cities have become principal targets for any enemy seeking to conquer our nation. The city has moved from a position of support in the rear. It has moved out into a very distinct way into the front line...

local civil defense program then let the appropriate corrections be made. If there is little or no interest in its work then let the city and county governments help stimulate some.

Whatever the situation surely there is a more constructive remedy than the withholding of financial support. It is clear that civil defense concepts are changing. The development of new and more destructive weapons underlines the need for an updating of techniques. The answer may lie in a carefully balanced program of evacuation and shelter. It certainly does not lie in total abolition of local civil defense organizations.

Civil defense in Charlotte and Mecklenburg County needs to be strengthened, not crippled.

ABANDONMENT of Mecklenburg County's civil defense organization, as proposed yesterday by City Councilman Herbert H. Baxter, is unthinkable.

Charlotte is one of 187 target areas listed in 1955 by the Federal Civil Defense Administration. "These are areas regarded for civil defense purposes as probable targets for nuclear attack which contain major concentrations of population and industry," said the FCDA.

However difficult the task may seem in this era of "bigger and better" bombs, no target area can afford to throw in the towel and say it's hopeless. Citizens must adapt themselves to the dangers they face in an age of peril. There is even greater peril in lack of knowledge, lack of foresight and lack of preparation. Given the facts, no matter how harsh, we are confident that the citizens of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County will do what is necessary to bolster the security of all.

If there is something wrong with the

Get The Disagreements In Perspective

CONDUCTING hearings on the risks of radioactive fallout is a little like watching a radio set in a darkened room. Scientists in this country and around the world are in sharp disagreement over the extent of health hazards created by nuclear explosions. For months now they have been busily brandishing test tubes, scribbling prescription blanks and bitterly berating each other as quacks, bunion choppers, herb cooks and barbers.

If the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy gathers its testimony from several different scientific sources then it is sure to get several different scientific opinions. It is extremely unlikely that anything approaching a simple consensus on the dangers of fallout can be reached.

Nevertheless, the hearings will have definite value—so long as the committee does not correlate available data and place the disagreements in perspective.

Then, too, the hearings have compelled the Atomic Energy Commission to come out from behind its lead shields and share with the public some of its vital information about these life and death matters. In the past, the AEC has been arrogantly unwilling to take the public into its confidence. Furthermore, it has frequently used the strictures of federal

security regulations to cover up its own failures in the field. When pressed for information by press and public, it has responded with nothing more substantial than a few saccharine assurances that everything is going to be all right.

The main difficulty is that the AEC has two goals—research directed at improvement of current weapons models to meet requirements of the armed forces and the "protection of atomic energy workers and the public against the harmful effects of radiation." It is a little like combining the offices of lawyer and prosecuting attorney. There is a contradiction here that can only be solved successfully by a division of responsibilities. Britain has already done this. The United States should follow suit. Certainly the enormous power of the AEC should be subjected to some kinds of checks and balances.

It is no longer a question of whether or not the risk is involved in the explosion of more and more nuclear weapons. Of course, there is risk. The question is, How much?

Perhaps that question cannot be answered exactly by the hearings under way today in Washington. But the bigger the storehouse of information we can assemble on the subject the closer we will be to some safe assumptions. The greater danger lies in the greatest secrecy.

The New South: How Will It Differ?

PEERING bravely at a New South glinted in the gloaming, the GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS paused to wipe a tear from its editorial eye yesterday.

"Lost, increasingly as the new suburbia takes over, are the lovely tree-lined streets still the hallmarks of old towns like Warrenton, Edenton and Salisbury," lamented the GDN. "And under the trees on the broad piazzas only a handful of the South's colorful personalities remain, mostly old widows waiting to die. . . In the crumbling of the old patterns the South loses much of its distinctiveness. . ."

We share the wistful romanticism and sacrificial longing of the GDN. Yet despite the changes of the new order, we take comfort in the thought that something of the old will remain. A state of mind dies hard, and the South has nourished and nurtured a state of mind for the best part of two centuries.

What is that state of mind? It is a richness of ritual and fantasy, a phan-

tasmatopia of pain and splendor, a cruel and rigid sense of caste, pride and passion, white supremacy and noblesse oblige, memory and desire.

"But with all that," writes Julian Meade, "we are strangely sensitive, hot-blooded, and still held prisoners by our inheritance. . ."

That inheritance includes the Confederacy, the most unbearable memory of all. Our actual tragedy isn't that our fathers were badly treated," wrote James Franck Cabell, "but that we ourselves are constitutionally unable to do anything except talk about how badly our fathers were treated. . ."

If change it must, let the South's changes be selective. Let the region rid itself of its anger and its guilt and its attachment to fictions and false values and cling to its graciousness and gentleness, its appreciation of beauty and of laughter, its graciousness, its self-reliance and its deep respect for personal integrity and honor. Then the new South will be better than the old.

From The Greensboro Daily News

ALL BRAIN, BUT NO HEART

ALL IS NOT lost, in this world of hardening arteries, organization men and mechanical brains.

Univac has goofed. And this time the error is worse than during the 1952 presidential election.

About six months ago Univac sorted through thousands of cards to find a young idealistically-for-each-other couple as a stunt for Art Linker's show PEOPLE ARE FUNNY. Univac picked Barbara Smith, a pretty 23-year-old receptionist, as a perfect mate for handsome John Caran, 28-year-old advertising executive. Univac based the selection on similarities of their diskettes and desires.

On the night they first met, Barbara said, "He's my kind of guy," and John said, "She's exactly the sort of girl I've been hunting for." They became engaged and announced plans for marriage.

But Univac overlooked one ingredient. While Barbara and John had many similar interests, they did not love each other. The more they saw of each other, the more they knew it. Now the engagement is off.

"I don't blame Univac," says Barbara. "On the screen we did seem ideal for each other, but it takes time to find out about the other fellow. I guess you might say it is the human element, so I've done the only thing I could do. I gave him back his diamond ring."

"I'm sure looked as though the machine had done a swell job," says John. "But it didn't work out."

Hoofbeats for love! The machine age has goofed. Univac is not all powerful; cold, calculating metal will not prevail over warm hearts. Frankenstein, Univac and automation may have their places, but love will triumph.

BY WALTER LIPPMAN
NEW YORK
While Mr. Stassen was back in Washington, he was given fresh instructions. They marked a recognition on the part of the President that for the first time in the long history of talking about disarmament, we are in sight of a negotiation. What Mr. Stassen

to take it for granted that neither side really believed that an agreement was possible, and that therefore, we were all free to make proposals without asking ourselves seriously what we would think if the Russians accepted them. Now, with Mr. Stassen reporting that he is on the verge of a negotiation, we find ourselves in a game where the chips mean



'Shouldn't We Have Reins Or Something On It?'
The President can argue about the substance of any particular agreement. But he must assume sincerely, that is to say, with the hope of reaching an agreement and not with a concealed intention of preventing an agreement.



Of Time And The Desert
A Visit To The Black Tents

By JOSEPH ALSOP

IN THE mud-plastered desert of Iraq, the atmosphere is rich with Bedouin jubilation. In their young days, a year ago, the wiry, hawk faced old men sipping tea at the police officers' desks knew a very different sort of joy of victory. Then their eyes shone, they exchanged congratulations, because with sword and spear, in wild night combat among the black tents, the men of the Shammar had decisively defeated raiders from the great rival desert tribe, the Anzab.

But now the deflated raiders are a sharp Mosul lawyer and his still sharper business partner, who can still be seen fleeing across the desert in a baby blue American sedan. Sheik Turki, leader of the Frit (the name means "devil") clan of the Shammar, sums up the victory briskly and neatly. "They tried to steal our land and 1000 dumbams of land good for wheat. They wanted to grow their wheat there with their tractors and combines. But now it will be our wheat that grows there, and if we are wise, the tractors and combines will be ours as well."

BOLD PIONEER
Sheik Turki looks for assent in his leader, the chief of all the Shammar, Sheik Achmed Ajil Al-Yawar. Sheik Achmed smiles in answer. And well he might, for he was himself the bold pioneer of the mechanized dry-farming of wheat and barley that is now beginning to transform the life of his people.

But when the legal conference in the police station at last breaks up, Sheik Turki's guard also

CHANGELINESS
Once again, for Sheik Dhabar's camp, one recaptures a sense of changeliness; as here the flocks and herds are all roundabout. As is fitting, the dark goat hair strips of Sheik Dhabar's tent shade a space both long and wide, in which scores of Bedouin men sit cross legged on the carpets spread in a long rectangle around the coffee hearth scented with the dusty earth.

Sheik Achmed is greeted with a curious mixture of respect and familiarity, for it is he not the chosen leader of all the Shammar and a member of the Shammar family as well? The coffee-server goes around offering a little sips of the bitter refreshing coffee of the desert Arabs.

Sheik Dhabar's father, the Arabian white bearded old vigneron Sheik Muhammad, celebrates the past. All recites while he tells

made him safe up. Since the state of Wisconsin files such matters as a public record so newspapermen can examine them, I went to see Commissioner Numan to ask what he was going to do about the senator's federal taxes. He replied: "Oh, with a United States senator I don't think we would bother."

Double Standard
I asked Commissioner Numan if that sort of setting one tax standard for one group of citizens, another standard for others. The question didn't seem to worry him. Later, as I watched Numan's work, I

became convinced he not only set a different standard of tax collection for such important people as senators, but also for himself. I saw Commissioner Numan on March 27, 1952, the story of Numan's association with mobster Francis Costello on March 28. His failure to pay taxes on a legal fee of \$25,000 on April 19 of other revenue on which he failed to pay taxes; on April 28, he was deposited \$100,000 on which he failed to pay any taxes at all.

Prison Doors Close
Two years later Numan was convicted of tax evasion. Last week, three years later, after appealing to the Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court without

REDUCING PRESSURES
What is there to be said against making an agreement which contains the necessary technical stipulations? In the last analysis, the argument is that if you agree to limit armaments before you have done anything to settle the real issues, you have in effect accepted the present division of power. An agreement which stipulates arms control, which fixes the size or stipulates how or when they may be used, is tantamount to a military agreement. It will, therefore, reduce the pressure of armaments in Western Europe, including West Germany, and so make these countries less disposed to carry the burden of the NATO military establishment. It will stimulate the American demand to cut the budget at the expense of the military services and of foreign aid.

NO CHOICE
As against all these risks, the President has decided that the risks and the costs of not negotiating may be still greater. I do not know how he could have decided differently. For now, if he is faced with a serious offer to negotiate, can the President of the

STRANGE ASSUMPTION
If we look at the case against an agreement, it is not fair to ask whether he does not rest on a strange and dangerous assumption—that if tensions are relaxed, if the fear of war is reduced, the advantages will go to the Communist side. Most of us really believe that with less fear and anxiety and tension we shall languish while the totalitarian states will flourish.

People's Platform
'Ve Were Robbed!'
The urban vs. rural arguments cropped up again in Salem Whitewater of Craven repeated the old saw of farm laborers having to work while the stock and pigs still out. That's sheer marlarky. How many hundreds of thousands of factory workers, white clerks and salespeople would have loved to get that extra hour of sun to work their gardens or play a few holes of golf.

Th Lawmakers Spoke
'Sheer Marlarky!'
I've in the church you attend the Sunday school class you teach? Religion when truly alive must control conduct.

Do The Lawmakers
Have A Conscience?
Salisbury
Editors The News:
THIS is an open letter to the North Carolina legislature of 1957:

Quote, Unquote
Nothing exists which the British bourgeoisie does not understand; therefore there is no death, of course, no life—Sir Osbert Sitwell.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round
WASHINGTON
THE wheels of justice sometimes grind slow.

Memories Of 1945
It was 1945, about 12 years before, that I first suspected Joe Numan was not on the up-and-up as commissioner of internal revenue in the state of Wisconsin had looked into Joe McCarthy's taxes, found that he had failed to report his full income and

CAB 'Leak's
The Civil Aeronautics Board, which decides who shall operate which prize routes, has been conducting an investigation of "leaks." It should, I think, be noted that Numan was appointed in 1944 by Roosevelt, resigned in 1947 under Truman.

Prison Doors Close
Two years later Numan was convicted of tax evasion. Last week, three years later, after appealing to the Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court without