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SAURDAY, JUNE 29, 1957

The Questing Mind Of Man

By RALPH MCGILL

In The Atlanta Constitution

WINGS were not right. All the then debated theories were based largely on guess and assumption.

MIND OF MAN

One wonders here at the mind of man. The Wrights had a going business, selling and repairing bicycles. But they believed man could fly. It is an old story. But still one is made humble before the questing power of man's mind.



"In One's Ears A Banshee Screamed"

500 and 600 feet. They knew then man could fly. Back in Dayton they began work on an airplane. In 1903 they were back with it. It was a biplane of wood and cloth.

JET SCREAM

Down on the field the simplicity of their achievement, measured

against today's aviation, is so primitive one stands there awed. The first successful flight was just 120 feet.

Standing there, looking at the distance, one had in one's ears the banshee scream of jets so high in the sky only their thin keening came down to earth and eyes could not see them.

One heard, too, the thunder of great bombers taking off in the second great World War. One remembered seeing the huge flights members in the English dawns, bound for France and Germany with their fighter protection. One recalled, too, the long hours of waiting it out until what was left came back, their wings and fuselages ravaged with shelling.

DEADLY DEW

And the reminder was there, too, of swiftness machines able to drop the deadly dew of hydrogen bombs, commercial flights over land and sea, and that traffic control in an acute problem. Each engine turns up more than a thousand horsepower. The reciprocal engine already is obsolete. The jets are with us now.

So it is, that as one stands there on the field beside the two little shucks and looks at the stone marking that first flight, 12 seconds and 120 feet, one feels almost like weeping at the daring mind and the labor of hands that made it possible.

Carved on the stone of the pyramid monument are these lines: "The long toil of the brave is not quenched in darkness nor hath counting the cost fretted away the ideal of their hopes. O'er the fruitful earth and althwart the sea hath passed the light of noble deeds, unquenchable forever."

Standing there one knows the words to be true.

SCIENTIST TELLER A Telling Argument

Only Miracle Can Prevent Bomb Testing

By STEWART ALSOP

WASHINGTON

SINCE the President's press conference on Wednesday, it is clear that there will almost certainly be no mutual agreement with the Soviets to suspend nuclear weapons tests. Bar a miracle, the tests will go on.

When, on June 15th, the Soviets proposed a two or three year suspension of all nuclear weapons tests, the proposal was monitored by international inspection teams. The President was faced with a simple, dangerous, vitally important choice.

Should the United States try to negotiate a suspension of the tests, it would have to accept a "package deal" including disarmament, independent of other conditions? Or should the United States tie the suspension to the Soviet Union's "package deal" including conditions which the Soviets would almost certainly reject?

The question divided the Eisenhower administration into two bitterly opposed camps. In the latter policy-making levels there were those who favored the "package deal" course. Their arguments ran along as follows: The Soviet experts, including former ambassador to the Soviet Union Charles Bohlen, had expressed the view that the Soviets were probably serious about negotiating a limited agreement. And the Soviet proposal, since it involved the stationing of monitors within the Soviet borders, looked like a serious proposal.

FIRST STEP

Moreover, it was argued, a test suspension would be to the advantage of the United States, since this country has far more nuclear weapons than the Soviet Union. And it would provide the "first step" of which the President has often spoken.

At his first press conference after the Soviet proposal on June 15th, it was obvious that the President was strongly influenced by such views.

This looked very much like willingness to accept a test suspension without the "package deal." A powerful group within the administration, led by AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss and Admiral Arthur Radford, violently opposed any test suspension on any terms, and they were undoubtedly applauded by the apparent weakening of the President on the issue.

Strauss, who has the President's ear, had based his stand largely on technical grounds—that the radiation danger was greatly exaggerated, for example, and that continued tests were necessary to develop efficient missile warheads. Then, apparently fortuitously, Strauss' two main allies in the scientific community, Dr. Edward Teller and Dr. Ernest Lawrence, came to Washington to testify in closed session to a congressional committee. They provided Strauss with the clinching arguments in the battle for the President's mind.

FAST SYSTEM

Both men testified that further testing was necessary to develop a whole family of "clean" hydrogen bombs. They testified further that the development of "clean" bombs made it technically possible for the Soviets to cheat on any test suspension agreement, bar a vast inspection system reaching into every corner of the Soviet Union.

So on Wednesday the President did what he had not specifically done the week before. He placed conditions on a suspension of tests which hardly anyone believes the Soviets will accept, including the kind of vast "inspection system" to be used in the President's phrase, which is contrary to every Soviet instinct.

Col. Nickerson: A Case Of Two Fables

HAVING fashioned their fable tenderly by the bright writers of U.S. journalism watched in dismay as the fable fell apart this week.

The facts being developed before a court-martial at Huntsville, Ala., are that Col. John S. Nickerson Jr. is no Billy Mitchell and his trial is no atomic age equivalent of the Mitchell case of 1925. The Army ballistic missile expert, to be sure, has a large fund of courage, conviction and sincerity. Moreover, he may be correct in contending that the aircraft industry has exercised undue influence on the Defense Department's development of strategic weapons. The department is not immune to the motives of political and dollar profit.

But Billy Mitchell was a prophet trying to drive a great truth—the coming of air power—into the heads of apathetic and short-sighted generals and admirals. When he charged the military with a reasonable administration of the national defense, they stripped the prophet of his honors.

Col. Nickerson's prophecy—that the age of missiles has dawned—already has been accepted. A vigorous national effort is underway to develop a missile that will fly to Moscow before the Russians can build one deliverable over Washington. The issue in the Nickerson case is not truth but judgment—whether or not Defense Secretary Wilson was correct in assigning missile development to the Air Force and eliminating the Army program which Col. Nickerson contends, is far more advanced than the Air Force's.

Aside from the merits of Mr. Wilson's choice of the Air Force, his decision to concentrate the missiles program in one

service was correct. It was an attempt to end a wasteful and inefficient competition between the services that would never have developed had the armed services unification decreed in 1947 become something more than a fable. Unfortunately, unification is a fable and the inter-service squabble that has come to a head in the Nickerson trial is only one of a disheartening series of proofs of it.

In 1955, an earlier squabble resulted in a duel between the Army's Nike missile and the Air Force's Matador. Both sides claimed victory, and the argument continued to rage. More recently, the Air Force chortled when one of its balloon pilots plotted an altitude mark set by a Navy team.

Although Secretary Wilson has tried to reduce duplication and dampen inter-service rivalries, he has not insisted on further unification. It could tend to concentrate stupidity," in his view, and might lead to a dictatorship. Besides, he would like to get room for "healthy differences of opinion."

Good reasons all. And certainly competition should be retained in the missiles program. But it should be controlled competition, with its results shared between whatever groups are contending. That kind of competition produces progress, efficiency and thriftiness. The kind Mr. Wilson has tolerated up to now produces waste, duplication of effort and may even deter progress.

A single coordinated missile program is a necessity.

The largest lesson of the Nickerson trial is that the U.S. does not have such a program and that inter-service rivalry is one of the major reasons it doesn't.

Jobless Poles Turning Coyly To Capital

By DORIS FLEESON

WILLIAMSBURG, Va. THE nation's governors are a well-known seedbed for presidential and vice-presidential candidates for the United States Senate.

With wide open presidential nominating conventions in prospect on both parties, the present collection of state executives shows less inclination than in the past to disclose prospects.

Only one, a former senator, admitted straight out that he was looking toward Washington when his term expires next year. He is Gov. Ernest McFarland, who was the Democratic Senate leader when he was caught in the first Eisenhower triumph in 1952.

LOST OUT

McFarland lost to Sen. Barry Goldwater, a circumstance he hopes to avenge. The contest will be clear-cut.

Since his arrival here Goldwater has aligned himself with the GOP right wing, including the late Sen. Joseph P. McCarthy. With a rather unusual lack of pretense, he has never conceded merit to the modern Republicanism associated with the President and the White House staff. Goldwater is orthodox and proud of it, a defender of right-to-work laws and other legislation generally considered too hot to handle by most of his colleagues.

CONCESSIONS TO SOUTH

McFarland is a liberal of sufficient moderation to command southern support for the leadership. Like the senior Arizona senator, Democrat Carl Hayden, he has made concussions to the South to gain southern votes for the reclamation projects vital to the state.

Gov. George M. Leader of Pennsylvania will be out of a job next year, when his term expires, as he cannot succeed himself. One of the fresh young Democratic faces, Leader seemed here to be somewhat disillusioned by the struggle he had in Harrisburg to modernize the state government. It is still widely expected that he will be drafted to run for the Senate seat to be vacated by Republican Edward Martin.

It was not an accident, he argued, that New York governors, who were free to run for reelection as often as they liked, so often became President because they got a chance to prove themselves in Pennsylvania, he said. Governors spent two years learning the job and two years running for the Senate. He said he wouldn't repeat the pattern.

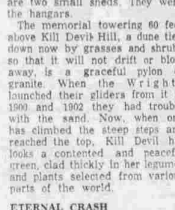
MUSKIE'S FUTURE

The term of another young Democrat who unexpectedly won control of a normally Republican state—Gov. Edmund Muskie of Maine—also expires next year in conjunction with a Senate vacancy. Sen. Fred Payne of Maine has given Muskie the best reason for his announced decision not to seek reelection.

Muskie also was reserved in his comments, but his friends were not. They think he will run and win the Payne seat.

A sitting senator, Albert Gore of Tennessee, whose term is up next year, got a break from Tennessee Gov. Frank Clement, who cannot succeed himself then. Clement said he would not run against Gore, adding pointedly that he did not consider that Sen. Estes Kefauver was in the same "friendly feud-democratic" category. Kefauver, who is up for reelection in 1960, apparently can take this as notice of another rocky road he must travel.

It's Nice To Have A Watchdog In The Ho-o-o-OUCH!



Another all-time cost of living record! Inflation! Administration's tight money! Fang!

The Summer Has A New Typical Sound

WITH the spring showers and summer heat, the sound of the power mower is heard once more in the land. Once the dominant sounds of summer would have been the loud smack of a baseball in a worn leather glove, the splash of a tanned body in a swimming pool, the pop-pop-pop of a tennis racket, the buzz of the lawnmower or the clacking of an old-fashioned lawn mower.

But this is a mechanical age. Why do for ourselves something that can be done for us? Today the typical summer sound is the steady vibrating whir of the power mower. Since 1946 the industry has sold 17 million power mowers in the United States and about 12 million of them are estimated to be still in use. Last year alone 3,200,000 power mowers were sold and this year's business is expected to be even better, with ladies, too, in the market for mowers.

What is the irresistible attraction of the power mower? Why has it lured the American male from the golf course, the fishing pole and the swimming pool? Part of it is the fact that there are more home owners than ever before, with equipment, cliff divers, now slipping in the grass in their own front yards. Part of it is a man's stark necessity of cutting his own grass—and the subsequent temptations to find an easier and a shorter means of mowing. Part of it is the expanding economy that allows more people to buy more gadgets.

But the real secret of the power mower may be something else. Not every man can be an engineer and build bridges or a street repainer and wield a power drill. Not every man can operate a bulldozer and knock down trees or scoop up dirt. But every man is master of his own lawn and can exercise his sense of masculine strength by pushing along his power mower over the non-resisting grass.

A man today has little enough chance to feel that he can master the world about him.

There are three ways he can experiment with a sense of power over the inanimate world in which he lives. He can ride horseback and soar through the air as his sturdy Pegasus gallops along. He can go up in a ferris wheel and imagine he is master of all he surveys below.

Or he can push a power mower and watch every blade of grass flatten beneath his irresistible onslaught. That is why the sound of the mower is heard every day in the land.

From The Greensboro Daily News

THE REAL O. HENRY

NOBODY, it seems, really knew William Sidney Porter, even in his own home town. And so a college professor, an associate professor of English at the University of Texas, has written a candid biography ALIAS O. HENRY and the Macmillan Company has published it.

It will shock some of O. Henry's fellow townsmen, surprise others and enlighten still others.

Professor Langford approached his job with some trepidation because he knew O. Henry was a shy, retiring and elusive figure, even among his close friends. In his own home town, Greensboro, a number of legends had grown up around him and his family. With the passage of years there had sprung up the idealized portrait of a happy Will Porter clerking in his father's drugstore on Elm Street, of a gracious Aunt Lina who gave him his rearing and much of his education, and of a colorful father, charming in ways of the Old South.

Professor Langford was not out to shatter these romances, but he was out to find the truth. By consulting the fine O. Henry collection in Greensboro Public Library (to which he give much credit), by probing other original sources and by talking with some of O. Henry's and his time.

Consider the Greensboro portion of his life, as seen by Professor Langford: O. Henry's childhood was rather sad, and he was finally glad to leave Greensboro for Texas to help rid himself of a rasping cough.

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sensitive child like Will, that must have been just that.

But Professor Langford's portrait of these Greensboro days is largely sympathetic. He does trace a good deal of Will Porter's later instability to his early unhappy family situation.

But for a broader evaluation of O. Henry, Langford puts him closer in spirit to Dorothy Parker, Robert Benchley and A. E. W. White than to Mark Twain or Artemus Ward. His real greatness did not lie in the trick endings of two stories but rather in the words of one critic, in his concern about the "great contemporary subject: The isolation and frustration of personality."

It was his penetratingly fresh view of the City of New York which won the praise of Van Wyck Brooks who commented on such vivid description as the "night-sounds in hotel corridors, the quarrel in the next room, the... old coal-carrier in the morning... the old brownstone dwellings where the steps sparkled on Summer nights with 'stoppers'."

In summation, it was O. Henry's great understanding of the human heart that gave him a touch of immortality. His stories, like de Maupassant's, live because they are universal and timeless in their probing of the passions, the foibles and the wonder of people.

Joey: "Mother, please give me a nickel for the poor man who is crying out in front of the house."

Mother: "Certainly, dear. But what is the crying about?"

Joey: "He's crying 'Ice Cream, five cents a cone.'"

That fellow with an especially worn-out look is probably just back from his vacation.—GREENSBORO DAILY NEWS.

Some linguists can master all tongues except their wives.—GASTONIA GAZETTE.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round Millionaires Tangle Over Inflation

WASHINGTON

SECRETARY of the Treasury George Humphrey made a serious tactical error at the start of the current inflation hearings.

Gaylord Freeman of the First National Bank of Chicago was called in for Treasury strategy conferences on how to combat the Senate investigation. He and Undersecretary Randolph Burgess recommended that Humphrey meet fire with fire, that he blast the senators. Old Treasury hands advised against it, urged Humphrey not to make extravagant claims.

He pushed their advice, aided with Burgess and Freeman. Freeman then wrote the long political statement which Humphrey read into the record, claiming the fiscal moon, the stars, and most of the financial universe for the Eisenhower administration.

This was just what Bible-pounding Sen. Bob Kerr of Oklahoma and other Democrats were looking for. They have been firing back, picking Humphrey's statements full of holes ever since.

Most amusing cross-examination in years has been Kerr's roughing up of Secretary Humphrey. Humphrey, long accustomed to being salaried to by business treasurers, complained privately at being cross-examined by a two-bit millionaire from Oklahoma.

Whether Humphrey or Kerr has more money is a debatable point. Humphrey's wealth is in uranium, iron ore, paint, rayon, steel, and biscuits. Kerr's wealth is in \$100 million worth of oil and gas lands.

The wealth of both men has benefited from tax favors. Humphrey's companies have got tremendous write-offs from Un-

People's Platform

Text Of Fanatics Hard To Swallow

Editors, The News, Rock Hill, S. C.

NO ONE should deny in a democracy the right of resolution of peaceful protest on any matter of importance. In the adoption of a resolution by the Orangeburg, S. C. First Baptist Church protesting the pro-integration stand taken by the Baptist convention recently in Chicago, the church stated that the convention adopted a segregationist stand that was "not in keeping with the views of the members of this church." The Orangeburg

Baptists are entitled to their protest. The Chicago meeting brought into focus another matter when they strongly condemned "suppression of freedom of conscience and expression in religion" and showed the other side of the coin. The convention condemned the dismissal of ministers for expressing pro-integration views.

In a step by step convention indifference of the unwillingness of some of their members to permit freedom of conscience, the Baptist convention adopted the most meaningful statement on the South's race problem since the court decision.

No one doubts that many good people are experiencing agony of spirit and mind on this most important decision. But only a few will swallow the fanatic text that "only my opinion is right."

We are witnessing today the betrayal of those freedoms (of conscience and expression in religion) by vocal minorities in some communities," was one of the statements made in Chicago. The resolution continued: "Churches who are able to enforce the resignation of pastors and incite retaliations against peaceful citizens who speak or act according to their convictions..." are reminded that those who deny these freedoms to others do not long retain them for themselves.

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—MICHAEL J. O'SHEAN

secretary of the Treasury, but their search was fruitless. Now historians want to examine the diaries, all on file at F.D.E. Lytle Library, but the two senators say no. Arthur Schlesinger, the Harvard historian and ghost writer for Adlai Stevenson, did get a look at the diaries but was lucky. Other historians are banned.

Morgenbau made a note of almost everything he did from sneezes to talks with F.D.E. and his 90 volumes of notes are a historian's paradise.

George Allen, Eric's golfing friend and business partner in Howard Johnson restaurants, refers to the new undersecretary of state as follows: "Chris Herter is a glass arm pitcher. He was overused in the State inside the State department, however, say Herter is doing a fine job.