

Adenauer At 81 Is At Peak Of His Political Prowess

Thomas L. Robinson... President and Publisher
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How The U. S. Fell Flat On Its Face

Could not explosives even of the existing type be guided automatically in flying machines by wireless or other systems, without a human pilot, in ceaseless procession upon a hostile city, arsenal, camp or dockyard?

CHURCHILL'S idea was not new. It was older even than Jules Verne's older than Nostradamus, but the Russians in 1957 managed to give it a new poignancy.

Moscow announced with deadpanned assertiveness that it had successfully fired "a super long-distance intercontinental" rocket. The results showed "that it is possible to direct rockets to any part of the world" and that the giant missile had replaced strategic air bases and pilotless planes which are vulnerable to defensive weapons.

Worldwide reaction was instantaneous. One long, frightening shudder seemed to go through the entire population. The impact was said to be particularly severe among the earth's uncommitted peoples. Wasn't this fair warning that the Soviet Union had beaten the West to the "ultimate weapon"?

Whether the claim was true or not didn't really matter. It was made and, by making it at a crucial moment during the disarmament talks in London, the Soviets had gained a tremendous psychological advantage in the cold war.

Washington is reported to be "unconcerned." President Eisenhower at his news conference yesterday continued to poo-poo the announcement. He said it was evasive.

Evasive? This is one field in which Moscow has been thoroughly outdistanced by Washington. The President and the Pentagon have not only been evasive about Soviet successes in missile field but about our own as well.

News columnist Marquis Childs disclosed in a copyrighted pamphlet last week that the United States Technical Intelligence Review Committee has established that the Soviets have fired as many as six long-range missiles over a

period beginning perhaps two months ago. Mr. Childs also disclosed some heartening facts about U.S. missile research. In the long-range bombardment missile category, the United States has 1,000 1,500-mile IRBMs (intermediate range ballistic missiles) and two 5,500-mile ICBMs (intercontinental ballistic missiles) in various stages of development and testing. But a thick veil of secrecy—ordered by the President himself—has shrouded U. S. missile achievements. Virtually all that the world has been told officially is that the United States has no operational ballistic missile of longer range than the Army's 200-to-300-mile Redstone—although it has been admitted that others are being tested.

Why? Why did the United States surrender this tremendous psychological advantage to the Russians? Why couldn't America's missile developments have been announced to the world with suitable fanfare?

Is it because the Russians are actually ahead of us in basic know-how and in translating rocket knowledge into finished models? Has the United States, which was years ahead of the Soviet Union in developing the atomic bomb, fallen a year or more behind in developing an operational missile of intercontinental range? This seems incredible but it may well partially explain the Pentagon's agonizing silence.

But there is more to it than that. "It is impossible to avoid the conclusion," wrote Hanson W. Baldwin, the distinguished military analyst, in the New York Times Sunday, "that we have again fallen flat on our face in the psychological exploitation of technological developments. In those developments themselves, we are further advanced than the facts would seem to indicate, but by no means enough to be complacent."

Obviously, the United States must push ahead full speed on both the ICBM and the IRBM. The inter-service rivalry over missile development must be shelved post haste. A massive coordinated effort is called for. It is too late for a family fuss. The wolf is already at the door.

By JOSEPH ALSOP

ESSEN, Germany. BY ANY sensible test, the most important news in Germany today is probably a medical item. At the age of 81, Konrad Adenauer looks rather younger and is rather more vigorous in action than five years ago.

Five years ago, to be sure, the Chancellor of Germany was engaged in a day-and-night haggling match with the Allied High Commissioners for the final, difficult termination of Germany's post-war tutelage. And when he received this reporter in 1952, he was visibly a very tired man.

After that, he marched into the 1953 elections like a giant refreshed. He came out, too, with an improbable triumph. He achieved an absolute majority for his Christian Democratic party in the face of a complex multiparty system carefully designed to prevent anything of the sort.

Today, the leaders of the opposition really appear to be deeply afraid that Adenauer will now pile the impossible on top of the improbable. At any rate, a main point in the opposition propaganda is a rather plaintive argument that it is "undemocratic" for any party to enjoy an absolute majority—which clearly suggests that Adenauer may get such majority for a second time handrunning. Needless to say, the Chancellor answers this opposition argument with visible relief.

Predicting elections, particularly other people's elections, is a foolish business. But one cannot help being absorbed by this German election simply because one cannot help being fascinated by Konrad Adenauer, who would still dominate the drama, even if he were doomed to defeat.

Outwardly, there is no change at all in Adenauer at 81, beyond a certain invigoration. He is still erect, still brisk in movement, still given to the same curious abrupt gestures, at once wooden and commanding. The voice is still deep, rather harsh and edged with a biting irony. In the broad, seamed face the same sharp little eyes still peer out upon the world with the same



Konrad Adenauer... "Like A Giant Refreshed"

mixture of hope and scorn, infinite disillusionment and passionate belief in the human future. Inwardly, too, there does not appear to be much change in Konrad Adenauer. A serious talk with him is a return to the heroic period of the cold war when the peoples of the West had not succumbed to the illusion that the

defense of freedom in the world is a second priority problem which can be solved at cut-rate prices. Divided Germany will finally be reunified, the Chancellor tells you with grim confidence, because the Soviet Union will not be able to maintain the present unnatural division of Europe forever.

And then he adds, even more grimly: "But I must be permitted to make another most emphatic remark. If the Russians think that Western unity is breaking down or Western strength is weakening, then they will never give way. They will hold out further. Al-

ways strong, always united, the West must also show that we are always ready to come to an understanding when the Soviets will meet us half way. But as long as Russia has not given way, the West will continue in a state of unrest. And so if we are strong, we shall win, and if we weaken, we shall lose the game in the end."

Yet this man who speaks this unending and grand language on the great problems is also a witty, political fighter when he takes to the stump. Here in Essen, he fills three vast halls on a rainy night and there are lights at the doors among the latecomers.

LIKE TRUMAN

He did not neglect the big issues. It was notable, in fact, that he got his loudest, longest cheers with a genuinely noble passage on the new Germany's dedication to European partnership. But during at least three-quarters of his hour-long speech, he was pouring it out on the opposition as vigorously as Harry Truman in his heyday. With his little eyes flashing wickedly all the while and the audience roaring with sympathetic laughter or shuddering with answering alarm.

It must be added that the Chancellor was decidedly unfair to his chief opponent, the German Socialist leader, Erich Ollenhauer, whom he virtually pilloried as wishing to transform West Germany into a Soviet satellite.

As anyone can see who talks at length with Ollenhauer, this extremely decent, serious and earnest man has no real intention of abandoning or even weakening Germany's links with the West. He only wants to try another way of negotiating—to be sure an almost certainly foredoomed new way of negotiating—with the Soviets.

Indeed, this election is also unfair to Ollenhauer. His views are interesting and deserve more extensive discussion. But with Adenauer on the losing side, his powerful, embattled figure somehow fills the whole center of the stage.

The Clatter And Hope Of The Schools

FIFTY-FIVE thousand pairs of feet shook the foundations of the public schools of Charlotte and Mecklenburg today, but that was all.

The waves of vast social unrest that had swirled about the schools for the last three years had shaken them not a bit. Nor had the ever-rising cost of building and operating them and keeping curricula abreast of a rapidly-changing world.

The schools opened their doors and one-fifth of the population of Charlotte trooped in to partake of the heritage of man, to learn from the lips of teachers and the lines of books within a space of years what it had taken their forebears centuries to discover and record for the coming ages. The students also came to

learn by their own experience how to live with their fellows in an increasingly complex and interdependent society.

"It is impossible to avoid the conclusion," wrote Hanson W. Baldwin, the distinguished military analyst, in the New York Times Sunday, "that we have again fallen flat on our face in the psychological exploitation of technological developments. In those developments themselves, we are further advanced than the facts would seem to indicate, but by no means enough to be complacent."

There was a touch of genius in the founding of the public school system, and there have been decades of sweat and sacrifice in the building of them. They offer the only practical means of sustaining and continuing man's progress. They are at the bedrock of the community.

The annual opening of their doors is one of the most reassuring and hopeful signs of man's maturity.

Build A Barn And Get Rich Quick

THE billboard lobby spared no horses in successfully educating Congress on the merits of building the face of America from the motorists who will be traveling the new 41,000-mile federal highway system.

The usual baskets of mail were dumped on the doorsteps of the solons who had the most to say about bills designed to keep billboards off the highway system. Three letters on the different letterheads were received by one senator—all written by the same man. Thus the public outcry against being allowed to look at the trees and hills, valleys and streams was noticeably swelled.

But amid all this twaddle, a genuine revelation turned up in pre-billboard propaganda. Widows and orphans, Congress was told, are making a living from the proceeds from barns rented out as billboards. This truly is a fabulous piece of information. Had it been known earlier

that a Bull Durham sign on the side of a barn was a badge of respect and an emblem of financial wellbeing, the whole social structure of America's rural society might have been changed.

Had this been known, the farmwife whose barn was adorned by a Bruton's Snuff sign might have become peer of the artist of rustic manners and morals and the architect of the school on the Sunday School picnic back in the sorghum and fatback days.

Had this been known, the possessors of a placarded barn would have been envied and feared as people able to swing a big financial stick, and boys would never have hit the bull between the eyes with handy rocks.

Had it been known that these people had a steady source of substantial income, they would have had a lot more drop-in guests about Sunday dinner time.

Had it been known, there also would be a heck of a lot more barns built along the rural roads of America.

From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

BOTTLED MESSAGES

THOSE persons who have enjoyed Edgar Allan Poe's weird and thrilling ready readers of the news dispatches that tell of some form of message set adrift in a container of one kind or another and arriving at some kind of destination.

The latest such dispatch concerns an Oregonian Fred Krauss, who put a letter in a bottle which he sealed in a hole in a cedar log. After two years, the log and its letter have drifted ashore near Oosaka, Japan. The letter was read by Tokuguro Tsuda, the manager of the Mitsuyama Lumber Co., who wrote Mr. Krauss that such communications enhanced good will between nations and asked for further information on Oregonian lumbering.

But isn't science moving so fast nowadays that water-borne communications will soon be completely out of the picture? Just recently, two scientists, one at the North Pole and the other at the South Pole, talked to each other by radio, establishing a new record. And it won't be long until the globe circling satellites will be launched.

Surely it is not too fantastic to speculate on the shooting into space of spheroids containing letters to unknown recipients. Far out into the stellar paths they will drift along in space until they are picked up by some other planet. Some strange being may open such a spheroid and gain his first inkling of us by deciphering some message as: "If the moon is really made of green cheese, please deliver some means to send us a small sample."

People's Platform Charlotte's 'Blue Laws' Should Be Tightened

Charlotte. Editors: The News: I AM writing in regards to the right or wrong of opening grocery stores on Sunday.

I don't think any "fair-minded" or "hard-thinking" person could give his okay to such a plan as this "eyes" person could do such a thing as that.

If our City Council members read and believe their Bible—and I certainly hope our elected leaders do—they should read the first chapter of Genesis and refresh their minds that God created the heaven and earth and all therein in six days and rested the seventh. Also read the 20th chapter of Exodus. There you will

find the laws that God gave Moses and are better known as the Ten Commandments. In the eighth verse you will find that God told Moses to do all work in six days and to rest on the seventh and that also meant all his family, servants, and beasts of burden.

Now one Councilman said we

are living in "changing times," which is true—but God's law has not changed since the beginning of time.

If I voted for opening grocery stores on Sunday—I would not go to New York to visit and have my picture put on the front page of the newspaper with our famed evangelist—because I would not need what he has to offer.

I am a small retail grocer (that was not caught open on Sunday, Aug. 25) and have all the sympathy for those that were caught; but it is not right to open on Sunday, and to make it "legal" is worse. Two wrongs will never make a right.

I would like to see all sales prohibited on Sunday except those that are unanticipated, such as medicine, etc., but I am just one in a great big city. How do others feel?

—J. F. YOUNGBLOOD JR.

'Outlaws' Deserve Penalty Of Law

Charlotte. Editors: The News: I HAS been four years since the United States Supreme Court ordered the outlaws in our country to end their discriminations. Yet many still refuse to obey the law and respect the Constitution. We want the penalty of the law for them at once.

—MRS. J. D. BIGGERS

GOP To Have Nobe Of The Political Pie

Pittsboro. Editors: The News: THE Wisconsin election shows that the President Ike's star has set completely. McCarthy's widow sized it when she said it was not a Democratic victory but Ike's repudiation.

The result is that instead of having two Republican district judges and two district attorneys, we will have only one and his place will be filled by a Democrat and a Democratic district attorney, so the Republicans will have none of the political pie.

It all begins when that inept John Foster Dulles let the President lose the U. S. and heberate England and France for trying

ing to save their property in the Suez Canal. My old teacher-philosopher at Oak Ridge Institute, A. Holt, was wont to say that there was a point on the Blue Ridge Mountains where if a pole was moved but an inch or two the waters would find their way either to the Gulf of Mexico or the Atlantic Ocean. The line of demarcation between fortune and ruin is imperceptible.

We hear still the argument of moderation in this school segregation matter. No Negro vote of Raleigh has asked to attend a white school; four-fifths of the Negroes of the State live in that area; it is only in the West where there are but few Negroes do we find desegregation attempted; and it is only those where we find white racial renegades or scalawags or Carpetbaggers are egging them on that there is recognition of desegregation. Gov. Hodges has repudiated his former known and expressed determination that no Negro child would be admitted to a white school in this state. He is building further opposition to overcome in 1960 if W. Kerr Scott is then living.

Some silly person recently suggested impeachment of the U. S. Supreme Court. This indeed would be an act beyond the call of duty. The act has impeached itself. No one lives who dares to come to its aid. And integration is as dead as a dodo through America, Europe, Africa and Asia. All the Christian churches, including the Catholics, have repudiated it. It has almost died aborning.

—JOHN W. HESTER

By Helping Others You Please God

Charlotte. Editors: The News: I WAS listening to a wonderful sermon Sunday on the radio and heard so many tell of having loved and lost and asking people to pray for others.

One woman asked prayer for those she worked with who were lost. She had a heavy burden for others.

I think, if we have been born again, that we are all interested in lost souls and have a desire to help others.

—MRS. MAYME BARGER

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Editors: Note: While Drew Pearson is touring the Mediterranean, his column is being written by Jack Anderson, his junior partner.

MIAMI BEACH. BIGGEST racket in Miami Beach today is an under-the-table loan business financed by the underworld.

The borrower can get all the cash he wants without red tape. But he mortgages his health; if he misses his payments, he can expect a brutal beating. The interest rates, too, are steep: Up to 200 per cent a week.

Meet Mr. Milstein

Chief shylock is Joe Milstein, transplanted New York racketeer, who runs a dive called Joe's Bar as a front, but loans mobster money out of a plush, red-trimmed back office.

Under-The-Table Loan Racket Exposed

Milstein also practices blackmail on the side.

Underworld sources claim Milstein is bankrolled by New York's racket boss, Vincent "Big Boy" Gigante.

But Milstein is also known to have financial ties with a California racketeer, Julius "Doc" Bloom.

Police Record

The Russian-born Milstein has a police record in New York City dating back to 1916. His crown in crime was "Izzy the Elf" Rapoport, until they were arrested for grand larceny in 1946. A record of Milstein's phone calls indicates he is on speaking terms with the nation's most notorious gangsters.

Lesser loan sharks also handle racket money in the Miami area. This column can supply police with their addresses: Barberbers, liquor stores, and other

fronts. But the acknowledged kingpin of them all is bald, braggart Joe Milstein.

His sucker list is made up mostly of small businessmen who can't negotiate legitimate loans but are anxious to invest in the Miami boom. One witness swears he was present, however, when Milstein counted out \$100,000 for a big borrower.

Dio's A Customer

Hard-up hoodlums also come to Milstein for a stake—at the usual interest rates. One recent customer is Johnny Dio, the tight-lipped racketeer who refused to testify about his connections with Teamster vice President Jimmy Hoffa, Hoffa and his brother Frank reportedly are paying off Milstein at the rate of \$1,800 a month.

Bob Fineststein, who lost money operating heavyweight champ Rocky Mar-

ciano's Miami Beach restaurant, admitted to this column that he had borrowed from Milstein. Fineststein denied a report, however, that he had been arrested in Las Vegas and Beverly Hills when he tried to run out on a debt. "Mr. Milstein is a fine gentleman," Fineststein said.

Blackmail Plot

One who wouldn't agree is a Georgia theater owner who dined Milstein's girlfriend, Shapely Pat Nealey, not long ago. Milstein checked the Georgian's Dun & Bradstreet rating, then threatened to sue for alienation of affections.

Except for guarded hints, Milstein hasn't yet asked for money. He declared in front of other witnesses, however, that he hoped to take the Georgian for \$250,000.