THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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MONDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1958

A Big Package Of Community Service Is Wrapped And Tied By Many Hands

MECKLENBURGERS who take pride in their community and want to preserve its human values will give generously to this year's United Appeal.

It's as simple as that.

There is a great deal of whoop-de-do about this annual campaign. It is administered with an enormous amount of energy and fanfare. After attending a few pep meetings, the average solicitor pursues his quarry with the fervor of an evangelist and the guile of a confidence man.

But the chief reason for the drive's success is that contributors really believe in Mecklenburg's United Community Services. They have first-hand knowledge of what member services do to stop social erosion and protect the community's interests. They know that this is the best way to do a big job. They don't respond to the lively campaigning because they are momentarily dazzled by a show or because their hearts are suddenly sodden with emotion. No. They give because they want to and because, by giving, they are helping to build a better community.

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IN one sense the United Appeal is just another restatement of the American ideal that men of all political beliefs, religions and races can work hand in hand. Considering the fact that federated fund-raising is a wholly American invention, it proves once again that the United States is capable of adapting basic philosophies to meet the changes of an imperfect world.

The goal of $1,083,080 may seem lofty, but it isn't. It represents the bare minimum that 38 different services must have to do a decent job during the coming year. The agencies requested some $1,172,000. Those requests were scrutinized with the greatest of care. Wherever it was at all possible, reductions were made. What remained were the absolutely essential needs. Not a nickel more can be cut if standards of decency are to be maintained. We are absolutely certain of that fact.

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THE United Appeal is, after all, a businessman's answer to complicated social and community problems. It operates on business principles. Its board of directors, its budget bodies and all of the others who guide its operation represent a sum total of business experience which would be impossible to duplicate in any one business.

The cost of fund-raising averages less than 4 per cent. Complete financial statements show exactly how every dollar is spent. Needs of individual services are measured by the best business brains in the community. And instead of 38 separate and expensive campaigns there is one single drive — quickly and economically conducted by less than 3,000 volunteers.

"It's Simple! Give the Amount You Think Is Cricket."

Furthermore, Mecklenburg's United Appeal means home rule. It is a local community saying:

"This is the way we are going to raise money to support the causes we believe in."

The happy result is one big package of community service, packed by many hands and secured by the strong cord of humanity.

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LAST year, some 63,000 individuals responded to the United Appeal. This year, more hands will be needed to tie up the package. We feel confident that the response will be forthcoming. Why? Because we have faith in this great and growing metropolitan community and in its essential neighborliness. That is the spirit of UA. Neighborliness, people helping people.

That's the way it has usually been when United Appeal time rolled around in Mecklenburg in the past. That's the way it must be in 1958. Either the people of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County support these urgent community needs in a forthright fashion or the community will fall sick. Our people know this. They have demonstrated that knowledge with nickels, dimes and dollars in the past. They will do so again.

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HOW much should each individual give? Walt Disney's "Jiminy Cricket," rendered for THE NEWS by cartoonist Hugh Haynie, has the only logical answer: "It's simple" says he. "Give the amount you think is cricket."

After 25 Short Years, A Discreet Fuss

SMALL wonder that there is a special glint of pride in our editorial eye today. We are celebrating the 25th anniversary of Dr. Herbert Spaugh's first appearance as a CHARLOTTE NEWS columnist and we don't mind making a bit of a fuss over the fact. A discreet fuss, of course, but a fuss nevertheless.

It seems only yesterday that the beloved Moravian minister began his "Musings Of A Minister" as a twice-weekly feature in THE NEWS. It wasn't. It was 1933 and the community was locked in the grip of the Great Depression. Perhaps the times were particularly ripe for spiritual aid and comfort in a newspaper. At any rate, the column's popularity grew and soon it was being offered daily to News readers under the title, "The Everyday Counselor."

Dr. Spaugh's incisive, lucid style and his ability to apply constant principles to a changing scene have won him the respect and admiration of tens of thousands of readers. He has been a powerful force in the personal lives of many of these readers. In fact, Charlotte's Alcoholics Anonymous program was an outgrowth of "The Everyday Counselor."

Dr. Spaugh's civic leadership is worthy of no less attention. He has been active in many worthy endeavors. As chairman of the City School Board, he has rendered special service at a time when public education is threatened by many perils. And we must not forget that Dr. Spaugh is also entering his 34th year as minister of the Little Church on the Lane. He is still serving a congregation of more than 500 persons just as faithfully as ever.

Forgive us this prideful interlude and join us in a salute to a remarkable Charlottean.

Life In America

SMELL-O-VISION is to be added to Cinemascope, stereophonic sound, and three-dimension soon. Michael Todd Jr. and Vincent Korda are planning a film called SCENT OF DANGER, and "the odors" says Reuters news service, "will be released electronically to coincide with the objects on film. . . . The odor will be controlled so that it does not linger or mingle with the next odor released." Each seat will be equipped with its own odor-sprayer.

People's Platform — New South's Course Will Be Charted At Polls

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

THERE has been a great deal of discussion in editorials of The News and in People's Platform about a New South. A lot of faith in the future has been expressed and the neo-Confederates have expressed their familiar brand of prejudice and fear of any change.

I think the discussion is healthy. A few years ago it would not have been possible to speak so frankly about matters such as the Negro question, organized labor and the like.

One aspect of the controversy has not been touched on though. It is the political race that is going on right now in the Tenth District, one of the most promising areas in the New South. Whoever is elected will have a glorious opportunity to help shape the character of this area and determine how it will fit into the scheme of things in the New South.

By our votes we will be helping to chart the course ourselves. It's something to think about before we go to the polls on Nov. 4.

—G. W. RITCHEY

'I Can Use Money Better Than Elvis'

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

MAYBE I've been asleep, but I have just learned that Congressman Jonas voted against increasing each income tax exemption $100, and, at the same time, voted for lowering the tax on big moneymakers. I suppose I'm being selfish, but I believe I can use that money better than Elvis Presley.

I also just learned that Jonas voted against a $20 per person tax cut. That would have meant $100 less tax per year for a man with a wife and three children.

I'm tired of this Republican way of doing things. I'm going back to the Democratic Party for a congressman and so is about everyone else I know.

—L. H. SCARBORO

Let's Take A Look At Roper's Record

Lincolnton

Editors, The News:

I NOTICED in your People's Platform a letter by our former state senator, Mr. Sheldon M. Roper, attacking the voting record of Congressman Jonas. I wonder if Mr. Roper would dare to publish his own voting record while a member of the State Senate. I am sure he must have introduced and voted to abolish the state sovereign in our state government. I believe such a bill was thrown in the waste basket by the last legislature. How many times did he vote to investigate some of the mess that has come to light in Raleigh the past few years? Such as the free liquor for legislators. How many votes for better working conditions and better wages? Come, Mr. Roper, produce your record. I know it. Let the other people outside Lincoln and Catawba Counties learn it also.

It also appears by the number of letters appearing in the People's Platform by state, county and city employes that they are being forced to donate their literary talents as well as their monetary assessments to the party.

—DAVE EUREY

Snepp Can Influence Eastern Legislators

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

AS A personal friend of both Frank Snepp and Bud Coira, I find myself compelled to point out the inaccuracies of Mrs. Franklin S. Caulkins' letter of October 13.

I would like to refer to Burke Davis' editorial in the Greensboro Daily News in which he singled out Frank Snepp as the most outstanding freshman legislator in the past session of the General Assembly.

Secondly, I would like to list the outstanding legislation which Mr. Snepp introduced and the legislation passed: Bill to aid education of mentally retarded children; bill to segregate the prisons from the highway department; bill for driver education and an anti-shoplifting bill.

Mr. Snepp also served on the Judiciary, Finance, Corporations, Public Utilities and Courts and Judicial committees.

This, I am sure you will agree, is an outstanding record of positive legislative achievement. The question then resolves itself to this — if Mr. Coira is elected, he like Mr. Snepp will have one vote. It then becomes a question of which man can persuade his colleagues to vote for those measures which he feels should become law. Fortunately, or unfortunately, there happens to be a large number of "eastern North Carolina Democrats." Mr. Snepp's record speaks powerfully for his ability in this connection. If Mr. Coira, the Republican candidate, can persuade this group, he will be the first of his party in 57 years to do so.

—O. DICK BAXTER

Federal Tax Issue Deftly Sidestepped

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

MR. Jonas very deftly sidesteps the issue of taxes, stating that we should live within our budgeted income or budget the income for expectant disbursements for governmental operations. What services of government in this day and time does he propose that we curtail or even cut out in order that this can be accomplished?

—THOMAS WOODBURY

Outspoken Tycoon Raises Reader's Ire

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

GOT a good chuckle out of your recent editorial reference to leftwing businessman Cyrus Eaton as being noted for "lusty politics."

Communist-coddling Cyrus Eaton is noted for "lusty politics?" Impossible, man!

You've attempted to have us believe, in effect, that the swordless, befuddled pacifist Mr. Eaton qualifies for admittance to the lusty Valhalla of the old capitalists. But alas, you've succeeded only in making a sissy out of the term, "lusty politics," and exposing yourself to a siege of haunting by a couple of the truly lusty immortals already dwelling in Valhalla—Andrew Carnegie and J. Pierpont Morgan.

Shucks, why about any bright young un of school age knows that pantywaist Cy Eaton couldn't have made waterboy on Carnegie's and Morgan's team of lusty politics. Can you, Mr. Editor, honestly fancy the rugged capitalist pair of Andrew and J. P. cavorting with anti-capitalist thugs whose fanatical ambition was to confiscate their wealth and destroy the free economic system under which that wealth was secured? I think not. In those days Americans were not so anxious to defy the powerful natural law of "self preservation."

Yet, behold how lame-brained we are today. Only within the last week or so I read that your "lusty" capitalist Mr. Eaton had sought and was granted an interview in Moscow with the number one anti-capitalist thug, Nikita Khrushchev.

Humph. "Lusty" Cyrus — indeed! May the robust ghosts of Carnegie and Morgan haunt you soundly, by golly!

—J. R. CHERRY JR.

All Anti-Mixers Are Not Bigots

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

YOUR editorial, "Name, Rank and Serial Number, Please," which appeared in your Oct. 15 edition, is very timely and deserves thoughtful consideration.

You state that many southerners are simply not willing to undergo a public display and testing of their feelings regarding the segregation issue because they fear the reaction of the "majority." You also state that the size and temper of majorities can hardly be known until they are tested.

I interpret this to mean that you are of the opinion that the majority of southerners are in favor of racial integration but are afraid to let this be publicly known (Editors' Note: Sorry, Wrong interpretation.); and that the size and temper of southern majorities have not been truly tested.

Come, now, let us reason together. Following the decision of the Supreme Court in 1954, public disapproval was preponderant. Following the administration's use of federal troops in Little Rock last year, public indignation was overwhelming. And, would you not consider the landslide victory of Gov. Faubus for another term as governor a clearcut testing of the size and temper of the people?

I do not sanction or condone any course of action in opposing the law of the land except within the framework of law and order. At the same time, I cannot agree with any policy of adulation and deification of every person, place, or thing that takes the South to task for its reluctance to quickly accept something that is tantamount to a cataclysmic upheaval of a way of life to which it has been accustomed for more than a century—while vilifying those who honestly feel that a great social error has been made.

It does not stand to rational thought that all who oppose integration are demagogues, merchants of hate, and bigots. It is my feeling that most of them believe we are in error in trying to eliminate the differences between people instead of trying to conciliate the differences.

I am opposed to forced racial integration. I believe that I am a Christian, and it is my purpose to continue working for a fair and just solution of our nation's gravest social problem — within the framework of humanitarianism, law and order. May God guide and direct all of us.

—BEN M. BETTS JR.

'Boy, If You Think That One's Complicated—'

This Is Alaska

Promised Land Of Aviation

By ROBERT C. RUARK

IT is the promised land of the aircraft, this Alaska, as New Guinea is the new world of aircraft. The country's terrain makes aircraft as indispensable as the Model-T Ford was to the old-time farmer.

Somehow, the necessity of using the iron birds takes a great deal of mystery from their operation. It's as simple as this: To get from here to there, you have to fly. Maybe once you hollered, "Mush!" and did it by dog sled, but now you just crank up the Super-Cub and arrive in a slim two hours at what you mightn't have made in six months a few years before.

AS COMMON AS CARS

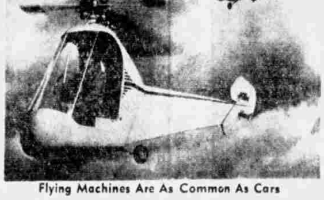
I have been doing considerable hunting and fishing out here, and have been to more places in a mild two weeks than I might have touched in two or three years by surface transport. If it snows you change your wheels for skis, or if it's water, you're over you strap on the floats. If you're real de luxe-y, you have wheels-and-skis, or wheels-and-floats. But de luxe or not, a small aircraft parked in front of a house is as common a sight as the casual car in an American city.

There is a nice Scandihoovian gent named Ray Petersen around who is kind of typical of Alaska's air age. Ray just bought three Fairchild 5-27's with Rolls Royce Dart engines, turbo-props, which he says cost as "much money for one airplane as is contained in the company's net worth."

SLIGHT EXAGGERATION

This, I gather, is a slight exaggeration, since Mr. Petersen is the boar coon of a thriving firm called Northern Consolidated Airlines Inc.

Mr. Petersen, who has one daughter, Rose Marie, who wants to be a bush pilot, and a flock of other children, including Susie, 7, who wants to be a stewardess on Pa's airline, and a 5½-year-old, Ray Jr., who plans to be a pilot for Papa, got his start in the airline business freighting Eskimos from a place called Bethel.



Flying Machines Are As Common As Cars

This occurred after his father went busted ranching in Nebraska and Wyoming, and Mr. Petersen was cropping in the bayfields. He got the flyboy bug because it was so hot downstairs in the hay, and so cool upstairs in the air. He learned to fly in Chicago and perfected his technique in a strange land, Alaska, where pilots carried anchors in their planes.

Maybe this is a gag, but the old bushwoos used to tell me that in the early days you navigated by anchor. If you dropped it and heard it splash, at least, in the fogs they have, you knew you were over water.

FULL-FLEDGED MOGUL

The prospect of Petersen pleases me. He is a fulfilled, full-fledged mogul in a very expensive and tricky business. But he is no older than I am, give or take a year, and he flew his first plane when I was a junior in college. His first daughter, Rose Marie, was born in a two-room cabin, yet Pa has just bought himself a trio of hot turbo-props. All from a standing start of an open-cockpit biplane.

BRIGHT FUTURE

There is something of Alaska's bright future mirrored in a man like Ray Petersen. As he was saying t'other night, all the people have tapped so far in this country is placer. The basic wealth of the land is still to be mined. Alaska is full of Texas money at the moment, and the Texas money will kick off what can't help but be a boon of unprecedented proportion.

And somehow, it all comes back to Wilbur and Orville Wright, and their disciples . . . one of whom, latter-day, is a man like Ray Petersen, who reached higher than the hayfields.

From The Richmond Times-Dispatch

LITTLE BOYS AND DIRTY NECKS

THE trouble with mothers of little boys is that they don't read the right medical advice.

Take, for example, the declaration a few years ago by a Buffalo, N. Y., skin specialist that "daily bathing is the worthing you can do to your skin, especially when you use soap."

Nations where people seldom take baths have the least number of skin infections and diseases, the medico in question told the Oklahoma Medical Association.

Now comes a new champion of small fry who are reluctant to undergo frequent ablutions.

Dr. Harvey Flack, editor of the British journal, FAMILY DOCTOR, says a "high-water mark" around a boy's neck is a sign of good health.

What the proponents of excessive cleanliness don't understand, says the doctor is the "profound dermatological truth" that the skin's own natural protective layer of grease shouldn't be disturbed too often by washing.

"Tidemark around the neck has never yet been responsible for any irritation — except in adults who attach too much importance to adult standards," in Dr. Flack's opinion.

The sad thing about all this is that little boys with tidemarks around their necks, don't read editorials, so they won't see what Dr. Flack said. And one thing sure—mothers won't tell them.

Ulcers are caused not so much by what you eat but by what's eating you. —HARTWELL (GA.) SUN.

How can that big Texas oil man hold up his head back home after reporting a thief found only $2,000 in his pants pocket in a Tampa hotel? —TALLAHASSEE DEMOCRAT.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round — Tennesseans Bewildered By Terrorists

CLINTON, Tenn.

IN the middle of the debris of Clinton High School, there still stands a notice: "Don't bother this experiment—Kermit Jeffress".

The dynamiters who took out their hate on the school of this quiet Tennessee community did not bother the notice. There it is, surrounded by broken glass, plaster, demolished cinder-blocks, desks and tables—screened and undisturbed—four wooden trays of dirt in which are growing barley seedlings. They were planted to test the effect of atomic energy on vegetation, and they passed through an explosion which, to appearances at least, was just as violent as any atomic blast.

Wilted And Struggling

One tray is tagged "Barley, no exposure—Good Bunch." Another is labeled "Dose No. 1 fission neutron—Johnson". Those seedlings have gone away to another school at near by Oak Ridge now, and since they have to get up early to make the long drive, they haven't had time to water their barley. It is wilted and struggling to keep alive.

Devastation

Wilted and struggling to keep their school alive also are the community leaders of Clinton. When you look at the devastation inside and around their high school, you can understand why. Broken glass is everywhere, even out on the lawn. There is plaster and dust, and the lockers in which children put their sweaters and lunch boxes, some blown open and some in a heap on the floor.

The passageway between two parts of the building, once so crowded that one-way traffic was necessary, is now a complete shambles. The shattered roof sags low over the passage. By walking carefully between piles of dislodged cinder-blocks and broken desks, you manage to get into the English room. You have to be careful not to slip through a gaping hole which one dynamite detonation blew in the ceiling of the cafeteria below.

On the blackboard of the English room is written "Do Not Erase," and although the Hitlerites who blew up Clinton High School erased just about everything else, they did not erase the lesson for "English III Literature assignment for November." The assignment is captioned: "The New Nation, The Golden Age," referring to the nation which our forefathers built in the days when the country was surrounded by the hate and passion which today blows up schools and places of worship.

God Waits

On the floor of the wreckage I picked up a book, its cover ripped off by the explosion. It was a collection of the world's great literature called "Exploring Life Through Literature." I skimmed through its torn pages—George Eliot's "Silas Marner," Coleridge's "The Rime of The Ancient Mariner," A. Conan Doyle's "The Adventure of Six Napoleons," the story of William Tell, Leo Tolstoy's "God Sees the Truth but Waits."

God Sees the Truth but Waits. Some members of the Clinton School Board who had already raised $3,500,000 to build new schools since 1950 weren't quite so philosophical. They didn't see how they could wait. Children had to be educated. To some it seemed that God had waited a long time about protecting their school from an unseen, unknown fanatic.

The Price Of A Coke

They didn't say this, but you could feel their dismay, their bewilderment as to why a little community of only 6,000 people should be picked to suffer.

If the high school children of America each contributed the price of one coke, enough money would be raised to rebuild the school in no time.

You can buy a friendship brick to combat bombs of hate by sending money direct to the Clinton School House, Clinton, Tenn.