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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1958

Wait Fer Y'Leader, You Young Whippersnapper!

A Skill In Season

Feed the Hungry

By ROBERT C. RUARK

I HAVE never been much good as a skill for the worthy cause, so many because so many people get all mixed up in public relations and office expense that there isn't much worthiness in the cause after expenses are paid.

The Runyan Cancer Fund and the Heart Fund have been notable exceptions, and so is a thing we tackle today, the CARE Food Crusade. It has got, in its way, as much of the real spirit of giving mixed up in it as the gifts of the Magi. What I like basically about CARE is that it doesn't concern itself with ideologies or long-term constructions of high dams or six-lane highways.

WHAT A BUCK BUYS

CARE fills bellies. Hungry, growing bellies. For every dollar it receives in contributions, 22 pounds of solid, nourishing grub is delivered to one hungry family in any part of the world—Europe, Asia, the Middle East, Latin America. I feel something about this because I have been hungry around the Vite time, and so you know it is a little worse than being hungry on the Fourth of July.

If you want to consider what the CARE people do, in terms of goodwill toward America abroad, every package carries a message of active concern and friendship from America. To the parents of children with hunger-bloated stomachs, this can have considerably more impact on a mass than a new shipment of bulldozers, which make very tough chewing.

There has been a very fine, recent book by Navy Captain Bill Lederer and Eugene Burdick called 'The Ugly American' which might be required reading along these lines. Lederer has kicked around the East for years, and generally knows his legmen and his boys, in many instances, claim credit for forgery and other devices, for such things as American shipments of relief rice or agricultural equipment to hungry areas.

Along the same lines, I know a dedicated Australian district commissioner who literally brought white civilization, peace, progress and prosperity to the stone-age population of the Highlands of New Guinea, where the people had been cannibal and contact battlers until they were discovered in 1933. This man built roads, so the people could get their pigs and produce to market. He helped them with their primitive agriculture and their health, and in a remarkably short time settled an enormous area of the most primitive people in the world.



It's Going To Be A Long, Tough Winter

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HUMANITARIANISM
In a way, the CARE people are working on the same idea, apart from basic humanitarianism. It's simply that a great number of people are hungry, and are not interested in long-term projects which they may not understand. Build a billion-dollar dam and the populace may spit in your eye. Fill an empty stomach with rice and you'll get off as a capitalist exploiter of the world's poor.

HOW TO CONTRIBUTE
You CANNOT send your contributions to this newspaper, which has NO facilities for handling or processing. But you CAN send your money, or your five or ten or fifty or what you will, to CARE, 600 First Avenue, New York 16.

Sunday you'll likely never meet with all these busy and your country for its kindness, and there could be a day when we'll need as many of these people as we can scrape up in our favor. It's going to be a long, tough winter, all over the world.

Unchain The Walled-Up, Balled-Up Self

I wish they would hurry up their trip to Mars, Those rocket gentlemen. I wonder, Out in the pitch of space, having worlds enough, If the walled-up, balled-up self could from its alley Sally. I wish they would make provision for this, Those rocket gentlemen.—REED WHITTEMORE

space" and "man's triumph over the natural world." Indeed, man's acquisition of vast new powers over the natural world was provided by the year's biggest headlines. Yet he has acquired these powers without acquiring any more power over himself.

The "walled-up, balled-up self" needs room to expand, too. Fears and hatreds gripping the world are as great as any since the wars of the Israelites and the Amalekites. They need the attention of minds fully as great as those working their miracles in outer space.

There are solutions—if they can only be found. And earthlings will find them if they put their brains to work with something approaching the dedication, courage, sacrifice and endurance that have produced Sputniks and four-ton Atlas missiles.

That is all we ask—that the conquest of space inspire mankind to conquer himself, that man draw on inner strengths which are inexhaustible to perfect an order on earth that is not self-defeating. Is it too much to ask? No. We don't think so. For we believe, man will not merely endure; he will prevail.



EVEN to a generation reared on Buck Rogers, Einstein and Mike Todd, the bigness of America's feat in hurling a four-ton satellite around the earth is breathtaking. We are properly awed by the whole gaudy business and more than a little exhilarated. But, then, there is a certain sadness, too. It is the original mixed emotion. The United States and the Soviets are suddenly doing so well in outer space. There are Sputniks and Explorers, moon shots and three-stage miracles, and talk of wading in the canals of Mars and examining the soft under-belly of Venus. The pundits call it the "conquest of

The Silliest 'Trap' Anybody Ever Set

EVER since the peak days of the McCarthy era, University of North Carolina job applicants have been asked whether they are Reds or fellow-travelers. Now, if trustees are wise, the question will be dropped from the application form. It's about time. No sillier "trap" was ever set. Naturally, nobody answered the question affirmatively. But it was insisted at a time when some trustees were eying UNC professors suspiciously and starting at everything that went bump in the night. They shouldn't have bothered. Harold Taylor, president of Sarah Lawrence College, put it well in a recent book entitled ON EDUCATION AND FREEDOM: "The United States can trust its colleges, its students and its teachers as long as they trust each other. Subver-

sive doctrine, totalitarian ideas, disloyalty to democracy, cannot live in a community where people care about each other, cherish the life of the mind, say what they think without inhibition and are unafraid of their government. The college student learns to make such commitments to freedom, democracy and liberal ideals by living in their presence."

Identified

WE suggest that the legendary "abominable snowman" has been identified. At least we saw one this morning in a neighbor's snowless front yard. Dirty, half-melted, and surely abominable.

The Two Germanys 'Standing Pat' Is Dangerous

By WALTER LIPPMANN

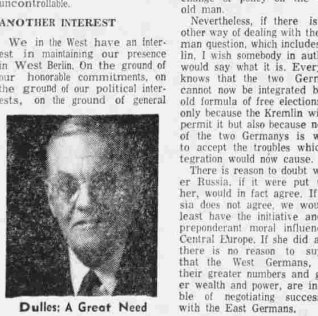
WASHINGTON AT THIS point in the NATO conference in Paris there is a deadlock between Russia and the Allies on all aspects of the German question. We refuse to discuss Berlin except as part of a discussion of the two Germanys. Khrushchev insists that we should discuss Berlin but not the two Germanys. Only the two Germanys, he says, can discuss the future of Germany. Everybody on both sides is standing firm. But, as things are, now, the initiative in the next moves is in Khrushchev's hands. It is the loss of the initiative which we should take very seriously.



Adenauer: A Loud No

For having the initiative, he is able to maneuver, making all sorts of small but important moves, none of them important enough to justify a forcible reply by the West. Suppose, for example, that he begins by ending the Soviet military occupation of East Berlin. It will be impossible for the West to demand that the Red Army reoccupy East Berlin. We cannot be in the position of insisting that the Red Army occupy some territory from which it is to withdraw. I suppose Khrushchev turned over his powers to the East German government, and we find that as our trucks arrive at the checkpoints, there is waiting for us there, instead of a Soviet official, an East German official to look at the documents and to stamp them so that the truck can proceed. Just as we cannot say to the Russians that they must keep their army in Berlin, so we cannot say that we will not allow our papers to be stamped by an East German official, if he is doing nothing to interfere with our free access to West Berlin.

CAT-AND-MOUSE GAME Because the Russians have the initiative, they can use cat-and-mouse tactics at Berlin, and without any overt act of violence, they can confuse and weaken the whole position of the West. The Adenauer-Dulles policy is purely defensive, and in a diplomatic struggle as in warfare it is itself a defensive move. In the prospect of a break-out, it is demoralizing. What is more, the policy of standing pat on the German question—which is in fact the policy of Dr. Adenauer and Mr. Dulles—is very dangerous. For there is the ever-present possibility of disorder and uprising in East Germany, and a high probability



Dulles: A Great Need

that the West German forces would then be sucked in, bringing NATO and the Soviet Union to an open clash. I think it likely that the fear of such a crisis in Germany is the main, not the only, reason why Khrushchev has posed the Berlin problem at this time, that is to say, before all the problems of West German rearmament have been definitely settled. It is true, as so many say, that West Berlin presents an annoying contrast to East Berlin. It is also true that this contrast might help to provoke the kind of uprising in East Germany which might be uncontrollable. ANOTHER INTEREST We in the West have an interest in maintaining our presence in West Berlin. On the ground of our honorable commitments, on the ground of our political interests, on the ground of general

European security, we have to maintain our presence in Berlin in order to make sure that Berlin becomes again the capital of the reunited Germany. But we have an interest, also, in getting a settlement of the whole German question before there is in East Germany a popular outbreak which could lead to a great war. To protect these interests we need to regain the initiative, and instead of reacting to Khrushchev's actions we need to compel him to react to ours. There is a way to do this. But it involves, as any bold forward strategy does, risks. The initiative can be regained by challenging Khrushchev to show that he will in fact permit the two German governments to negotiate a plan of German reunification. He is always saying that this is what he wants. But is he prepared to go through with it, if, instead of rejecting his offer, we took him up on it?

ADENAUER'S PRESTIGE What are the risks of such a move? Perhaps the greatest risk, which may for the time being be too great a risk, is that it would damage severely Dr. Adenauer's prestige in Germany. He has been ardent in opposition to the idea of a negotiation by the two Germanys. But just under the surface, the idea has wide support in West Germany, even in his own party. Yet he is almost certain to resist the idea to the end, and the United States is too deeply committed to force a such change of policy on the grand old man. Nevertheless, if there is any other way of dealing with the German question which includes Berlin, I wish somebody in authority would say what it is. Everybody knows that the two Germanys cannot now be integrated by the old formula of free elections, not only because the Kremlin will not permit it but also because neither of the two Germanys is willing to accept the troubles which integration would now cause. There is reason to doubt whether Russia, if it were put up to her, would in fact agree. If Russia does not agree, we would at least have the initiative and the preponderant moral influence in Central Europe. If she did agree, there is no reason to suppose that the West Germans, with their greater numbers and greater wealth and power, are incapable of negotiating successfully with the East Germans.

But Then There's Southern Hospitality

NIKITA ("Call Me Monsieur") Khrushchev is rapidly overtaking Washington's irrepressible Perle Mesta in the hosting game. Amply tacked, tea-ed (and perhaps vodka'd) in his suite at the Kremlin recently have been such American VIPs as Adlai Stevenson, Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt, Walter Lippmann, Eric Johnston, and Sen. Hubert Humphrey. Now the secret is out: Mr. K. wants to visit the U. S. This, the word is from security-conscious Washington, would prove trying for a number of reasons. For one thing, there would be danger, with so many refugee Hungarians, Poles, Czechs, and Balts at large, of an assassination. For another, officials would be all balled up about saying the wrong thing. And for another, though it seems far-fetched, there is apparently some fear that our allies would think some "deal" was cooking if Russian and American officials got together. Now these may be substantial objections, but Mr. K. might really enjoy something if he could visit the U. S. Frankly, a visit seems a good idea, and we think we have a solution to get Washington off the hook. There still is, in short, such a thing as southern hospitality—and why

should it flag at the thought of a Russian premier? By tradition, southern hospitality adapts itself to even the most trying company. The rule is that the guest must always be made to feel at home. If Mr. Khrushchev can't be invited to visit the U. S. officially, why can't he be carried back to old Kentucky, or given a look at our old Kentucky home, or go marching through Georgia, or see the Carolina moon, or be taken back to Alabama? We suspect that Mr. K. takes himself and his mission too seriously, and maybe underneath a magnolia or a long-leaf pine sipping a mint julep, he would catch the bug of indifference and get some breezy cavalier spirit in his blood. Why, we could take him so far from a smoke stack, huh, that he would forget the "menace" of capitalism ever existed.

Life In America

A Miss Charlene Majors of Guntown, Miss., student of geology at the University of Mississippi, has filed a claim to the moon and resources and gives notice she will "defend said title against any persons or natives that might attack."

WHERE MONEY DOESN'T COUNT

THE Associated Press moved a little filler story out of Montreal the other day—this sort of story is called a "bright" in the trade, or sometimes, strangely, a "bric" about a lady named Mrs. N. Mesereau. It seemed the lady had sent in 1,350 entries over the past three and a half years to a contest sponsored by a local radio station. Several times she had won. The story made its point this way: "Total prize money: \$22. "Mailing costs: \$54. "Net loss: \$32." That sort of balance sheet is about as misleading as a balance sheet could be. A more accurate statement would deduct \$54 in mailing costs from \$22 in prizes and \$5,000 worth of fun, for a net profit of \$4,968. The incurable optimists who enter puzzle contests are attracted, of course, by the prospect of a couple of oil wells or a trip for two to Miami, or a hundred bars of soap a year for life, but their reward doesn't lie in winning prizes. It lies in the anticipation of winning prizes—in the pursuit, not in the capture. Fishermen, hunters, and gardeners (especially gardeners) are brothers of the puzzle fan. Nothing is gained by calculating the cost of a trout on the

breakfast table, or the price per pound of wild duck. In the giddy era of the Victory Garden, Richmonders were known to have invested close to 50 cents a tomato, but such cost accounting was fatuous. They had 50 cents worth of fun in growing. Mrs. Mesereau in Montreal we may be certain, totted up her postage expenses in curiosity, not in anguish. Who is to put a value on the conversation her entries provided, the boredom they dispelled, the joy of suspense at last relieved? Such assets cannot be reckoned in anything so impermanent as the dollar. These benefits are of the spirit, and so long as the puzzle fan, the hunter, or the gardener brings home an occasional radio, a brace of ducks or a lone-some watermelon, the postage, the shotgun shells and the hybrid seed are conceived not as expenses at all. They are investments, and the true dividends are beyond the tax collector's reach. The one good thing about a double feature is that you can't walk in in the middle of both features.—DALLAS MORNING NEWS.

You're getting over the hill, they say, when the women you know look as if they say they are.—ORLANDO SENTINEL.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round One Guest Held Up Presidential Party

WASHINGTON IMPOSIBLY drove slowly up to the east wing of the White House. A liveried doorman helped out ladies in long, gowns and men in white ties and tails. They filed into the lower White House where naval and military aides with gold braid on their shoulders greeted them up in the order they would proceed in to dinner. It was the first of the official White House dinners, the most select of the Washington social season, especially select this year because they have been cut down to five. This was the dinner for the Supreme Court. Missing Hosts Justice Hugo Black, oldest member of the court in point of service, arrived promptly a few minutes before eight with Mrs. Black and was told by an aide where to stand. Other Justices, William O. Douglas, Tom Clark, John Harlan, William J. Brennan, Charles Whittaker, Potter Stewart, arrived with their wives,

promptly. So did the three retired justices of the court and the other justices—78 in all. All stood in the main ballroom waiting the entry of their hosts. But their hosts did not appear. Time Drags On Minutes ticked by. Five minutes is considered the polite limit of the delay of an official White House dinner, or at the most ten. Guests arrive ahead of time. They do not keep waiting and waiting, and he does not keep his guests waiting. Pierre S. Du Pont, III, scion of the great chemical company, stood patiently. Not far away stood the Supreme Court Justice, William J. Brennan, who had written the devastating opinion forcing Du Pont to divorce itself from General Motors. Nearby was Justice Tom Clark who first filed the suit against Du Pont. Some guests wondered why Mr. Du Pont was invited to the Supreme Court dinner. But he and his family had contributed \$248,423 to re-elect Ike in 1956, and he stood patiently in line waiting to greet the man he put in the White House. Richard Mellon, Pittsburgh, who with his family dominates the Aluminum Corporation, the Mellon banks, and the Gulf Oil Company, stood patiently. He personally gave \$33,000 to elect Ike in 1956 and with his family gave \$100,150. Millions For GOP Not far away stood Winthrop Aldrich, former ambassador to Great Britain, former head of the Chase Bank and uncle of Gov.-elect Nelson Rockefeller. He had tapped his friends for \$2 million for the Republicans in 1948, raised almost as much in 1952. Nearby was John M. Olin, head of the Olin-Matheson Chemical Corporation, which gets an average of half a billion dollars annually in defense contracts from the Eisenhower administration; also Spencer T. Olin, chairman of the GOP Finance Committee. Their family gave \$33,550 to re-elect Ike at the last election.

People's Platform

Space Experiments? They're Ridiculous

Charlotte Editors, The News: THE space-travel experiments of our armed forces have now become ridiculous. All the data accumulated from the many rocket shots amounts to exactly the same thing that many young kids learned when they tied a paper-bag with a few pebbles in it to a tomato's tail. The danger of going some place, but gosh knows where. This pyrotechnic demonstration is creating a tax burden that most certainly will bend the backs of our great-grandkids. The use of live monkeys in recent tests will undoubtedly bring serious criticism, to which we would like to add our own protest. It is absolutely unnecessary to use live animals in space experiments we believe rats are the proper candidates—yes, rats

A Rescued Fragment

TO SNATCH in a moment of courage, from the remorseless rush of time, a passing phase of life, is only the beginning of the (novelist's) task. The task approached in tenderness and faith is to hold up unquestioningly, without choice and without fear, the rescued fragment before all eyes in the light of a sincere mood. It is to show vibration, its color, its form; and through its movement, its form and its color, reveal the substance of truth.—disclose its inspiring secret. The stress and passion within the core of each convincing moment.—Joseph Conrad in "Three Great Tales" (Modern Library paperback).

The Task Of The Novelist

Speculation arose that perhaps Ike wanted the first families of upper-bracket America to get better acquainted with the Supreme Court justices who had ruled against him so patriotically. Finally at 8:30, an unprecedented half-hour late, the President and First Lady appeared. Howard Young, a house guest, had arrived late. "It was terrible," he confided. They had to send two men to help me. Mr. Young, an art collector who had entertained the President at his Wisconsin camp, had kept the \$100,000 contributors waiting 30 minutes. Mr. Young himself gave Ike only \$500. Dinner began. Long Wait Downstairs, however, a new batch of guests began arriving. They were invited to the White House you arrive on time. They did. But they too waited. They did not half an hour but an entire hour.

Organization Praises Coverage Of Crusade

Charlotte Editors, The News: I'm behalf of the Christian Business and Professional Women's Council of Charlotte, I wish to extend to you and your staff our sincere thanks and appreciation for the excellent coverage you gave in your paper to the recent Billy Graham Crusade. We appreciate your sturdy support in precisely that respect God. We appreciate the hard work and concentrated effort evidenced by all your staff and the thorough and correct writing you gave each day. Many people in Charlotte were blessed by this alone. —MRS. DAVID J. HORST, Publicity Chairman CB&PW Council

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