



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Charlotte Needs A Permanent Solution

DONT let anyone tell you the spirit of Christmas isn't durable.

A Yuletide gesture by Home Finance Group employees will supply hot lunches to another 145 hungry youngsters for the remainder of the 1958-59 school year.

The gift, announced yesterday by City School Supt. Elmer H. Garinger, was the latest in a series of volunteer moves by local organizations and individuals to help feed hundreds of children who are going without lunches in Charlotte schools. HFG workers voted to give \$1,055 to the City Lunchroom Dept. rather than exchange gifts among themselves. It was a heartwarming decision.

Others, including the Charlotte Board of Realtors and the United Appeal, have volunteered financial assistance to help

correct a grim situation. In fact, local response has been wonderful.

But this is not a permanent solution. Possibly enough money can be raised through volunteer contributions to feed the hungry children during the remainder of 1959.

But what about next year?

And the next? We hope the citizens committee currently studying the size and shape of the problem will continue to seek a comprehensive answer, one that does not depend on the haphazard ups and downs of public generosity.

It is probable that a combination of sources must be found for the necessary funds. That doesn't matter. What matters is the reasonable assurance that children will not have to go hungry—today, tomorrow, ever.

We Had 'Interstellar Spaces,' All Right

GAZING puckerily at the South in his "Sabara Of The Bozart" years ago, H. L. Mencken thought of "the vast interstellar spaces . . . the now mythical ether."

He thought of it because only in astronomical metaphor could one find words for "so vast a vacuity" as the literally bone-dry South. To his mind not only was North Carolina on the list, she was a capital offender.

Scanning 1958 in literary North Carolina, one might think of the same thing—the "vast interstellar spaces."

But it would be as an unforgetting reader of the lead essay of Harry Golden's ONLY IN AMERICA, "Why I Never Bawl Out a Waitress," haunted by galaxies and spiral nebulae, Charlotte's Golden couldn't conceive as worthwhile for one mortal to scathe another over a mixed-up order.

The point is, that though thoughts might run to the same "interstellar spaces," it would not be because literary North Carolina is any longer part of a "vast vacuity." With Harry Golden perhaps her reigning potentate, she was anything but a vacuity last year.

And so the rest of the "decadent" South. In North Carolina, there appeared anew on the bookshelves works as native Tar Heel as Jonathan Daniels' PRINCE OF CARPETBAGGERS, as well translated as Harry Golden's bestselling essays, as whimsical as Elizabeth Black's and Julian Scheer's TWENTY, as academic as Dr. J. B. Rhine's PARAPSYCHOLOGY. The

FRONTIER SCIENCE OF THE MIND. There were dozens of sterling companions, too many to mention, but all worth talking about.

Southern states, with North Carolina bidding to lead the host, have proved receptive to individual expression that is important. As disturbed with social and economic ferment as Pasternak's Russia, there are in the South windows from which the artist may look out.

"Look at Switzerland" the sardonic Harry Black says in Graham Greene's THE THIRD MAN; "What Centuries of brotherly love—and what has Switzerland produced? The cuckoo clock."

But look, some would say, at the Mississippi of Faulkner, Williams, Capote, McAllister.

We are absolutely opposed to "decadence," but it does seem to produce literature.

May we, then, propose a secretive toast to greater Tar Heel "decadence" for 1959?

Please don't tell Sen. Douglas.

Growing Vocabulary

THE past few years have seen many neologisms introduced into the vocabulary of American politics: "Conservative progressive," "progressive conservative," "moderate liberal," "liberal moderate," etc. Now, we understand, we are to have a still newer one—"limited liberal." Pretty soon we will all be filled with disgust—unlimited.

'Perhaps Virginia Is Too Modest' (!)

IT was as if the peacock had voluntarily closed its tail, or the queen had looked at the cat when, just recently, the genteel NEWS LEADER of Richmond hailed North Carolina's industrial growth.

Pointing to North Carolina's reported gain of 153 new plants this year, representing a capital investment of \$111 million, a payroll of \$30 million, and a work force of 9,200 employees, that arbiter of elegance wondered reprovingly at Virginia's lag in the industrial race. "North Carolina's industrial promoters," it was led to confess, "know a great deal more about what is going on down there than our people seem to know about what is going on up here. The North Carolinians are selling their state aggressively, successfully. By comparison, Virginia's efforts are pathetic."

On the other hand of course, the NEWS LEADER couldn't help but muse, North Carolina could be lying or padding her figures. And this led to a converse possibility which was truly astounding.

"Perhaps Virginia is too modest," it is a characteristic of Old Dominion."

What? Too modest? Is Fulgencio Batista "too democratic," President Eisenhower "too political," or Russia "too capitalistic"? Since when has Virginia been "too modest"? Since when has she ceased to claim the loveliest women, the most charming manners, the most intriguing history, the ablest statesmen, the most literate education, the tastiest hams, the most readable poetry, the most beautiful countryside, the most valiant soldiers, the most engaging cities? You name it, Virginia, did the superlatives.

Alas, one needs "A Guide to Virginia Jargon." Consulted, such a book, under the word Modest (Adj.) would possibly yield the following: "Any address, or suggestion tending to bring another state into good repute, relatively speaking, with the Old Dominion."

Life In America

A DETROIT man has invented an anti-mach device for women which sprays the molester with an indelible ink as it sets off a siren.

From The Washington Post

MINING FOR MIDAS

WELL, it seems that a team of indefatigable archeologists from the University of Pennsylvania Museum which has been digging up the sites of ancient Phrygian cities has uncovered what is believed to be the palace of King Midas at Gordium. This was the fellow who—according to legend—acquired the gift of turning everything he touched into gold, with results that were pretty nearly disastrous to himself.

The story goes that after finding the archaic Silenos (one of the boon drinking companions of the wine god Dionysos) sleeping it off in some Phrygian grove, Midas made him a prisoner and refused to release him until the gift was granted. As is usually the case there was a catch in the bargain, which Midas discovered as soon as he reclined himself in his royal banquet hall for his royal dinner. One of the many things you cannot do with gold is to eat and drink it.

This Midas however, was a real historical personage whose kingdom was in central Asia Minor not very far from the modern Turkish capital of Ankara. He had inherited it from its founder, his father King Gordias, along with a considerable royal treasury which apparently was not enough to satisfy him because

the legend about the "Midas touch" is said to be an allegorical allusion to his habit of confiscating almost any golden object which came to his notice. But this of course might have been necessitated by some complicated fiscal system like our own practice of gathering all the gold into Fort Knox.

Another legend about Midas grew out of his notoriously bad musical taste. It is said that he actually preferred the shrill notes of Pan to majestic chords from Apollo's lyre. The indignant Apollo, therefore, cursed the ears of Midas to grow into the contours of the ears of an ass. So conspicuous a deformity could not of course be concealed from the king's subjects and must have caused him no little embarrassment. And so to this very day "Midas" or "Midas-eared" are the epithets that disgruntled musicians apply to the musical critics. We are happy to pass this crumb of information to whatever it may be worth, along to former President Truman on the off-chance that he may find an occasion to make use of it.

Professional wrestling's most mysterious hold is on its audience—ORLANDO, FLA. (S) SENTINEL

'Leave Defense Tolke' Is A Discredited Slogan Now

By JOSEPH ALSOP

WASHINGTON

THE latest and most impressive Soviet rocket-launching is only one more proof that national defense ought to be the over-riding issue in the new congressional session. For once in a way, moreover, what ought to happen in theory may almost happen in fact.

All the ablest and best informed leaders of congress, reading from Sen. Stiles Bridges on the right to Sen. Hubert Humphrey on the left, have returned to Washington in a mood of active, vocal, almost angry displeasure about national defense problems. There is hardly a trace, any longer, of the old willingness to "leave defense to the experts." Except for one or two old faithfuls like Sen. Leverett Saltonstall, the more influential lawmakers all more or less deeply distrust the President's budget-minded defense planning.

ENORMOUS FRAUD

There are two quite practical reasons for this novel distrust. First, the congressional chieftains are far more aware than the general public of the enormous fraud practiced in the post-Sputnik period. They know, in fact, that the pretended increase of the American defense effort since the Sputniks was really nothing but an increase of defense publicity.

In the fog of press releases, even the most knowing men on the Hill took some time to perceive that the Sputniks' challenge was not being answered with any great effort or investment that had not been previously programmed. But they have perceived it now, as they could hardly fail to do. Three days after the Soviet moon probe, the President himself blandly told the White House meeting of congressional leaders that his 1960 defense budget would actually be somewhat less than his 1959 budget.

STAGGERING FIGURES

The figures are \$40,850,000,000 of requested appropriations against \$41,140,000,000 last time. These are staggering figures. The congressional chieftains must surely be less about the neglect of the Sputniks' challenge, if they were not increasingly aware of the detailed defense facts.

A year ago, for instance, few

people in Washington would have paid much attention to Brig. Gen. Thomas Phillips' article on "The Growing Missile Gap" in "The Reporter," or to Albert Wohlstetter's article "The Delicate Balance of Terror" in "Foreign Affairs." Now a great many people are asking questions about these articles, and so they should.

INFORMED BRUSH

Gen. Phillips, one of the best defense experts in the business, paints the darkest picture of the missile gap that has been traced by any informed brush. Some of Phillips' facts are questioned at the Pentagon, quite probably as a result of the corruption of complacency in our current intelligence analysis. But as Chief of the War Projects Division of the semi-official Rand Corp., Wohlstetter belongs, in effect, to an annex of the Air Force Planning Staff. Not even a Pentagon press office can question Wohlstetter's knowledge of the defense facts.

After denouncing this allegedly gloom-prone reporter as an "unwarranted optimist," Wohlstetter, the government-employed expert, bleakly remarks that "we must fight by complete readiness to fight a big war. . . . We must be prepared to deliver with little or no warning." Therefore, he says, "strategic deterrence, while possible, will be extremely difficult to achieve." He concludes, in effect, that the United States "may not have the power to deter attack" at "critical junctures in the 1960s," if we go on as we are going.

MINIMUM DETERRENCE

This plain warning of a possible failure of the American strategic deterrent is plainly confirmed by signs in the Pentagon, such as the rising talk about "minimum deterrence." Minimum deterrence means nothing more nor less than a strategy of killing the Soviet Union with a few big, dirty H-bombs, thrown in the death rattle after this country and almost all its striking forces have been killed already. Behind the theory of minimum deterrence, there is nothing more nor less than flabby, helpless acceptance of the gravest sort of inferiority to the Soviets in strategic striking power. Wohlstetter's warning is also



The Rockets: Ike Will Be Burdened No More

confirmed by the Kremlin's threat to Berlin, which can only be met by complete readiness to fight a big war. Nikita Khrushchev would hardly be making this kind of threat if he did not think the military balance was sharply tilting in his favor, and if he did not expect the West's answer to be influenced by the tilt of the military balance.

In this, one hopes, Khrushchev has miscalculated. Thus far, the Western response to the threat to

Berlin seems likely to be completely firm. The crisis arising from this threat is also likely to give just the needed extra push to the existing congressional impulse to do something about national defense before it is too late.

Room For Room, Goal For Goal, Lyndon Matches The Age

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON

I dreamt that I dived into marble halls with vassals and serfs at my side, 'Ampt of all who dwell within those halls that I was the hope and the pride.

"I had riches too great to count, I would boast of a high ancestral name. "But I also dreamt, which charmed me most, that the voters loved me from coast to coast."

This slight variation of an old ballad was put together by the press galleries in tribute to Senate majority leader Lyndon Johnson's preparations to match the spage age, room for room, goal for goal.

In a Capitol building so burst-

ing at the seams that the east front is being extended, the persuasive Texan has secured a sweep of six handsome rooms extending across the whole west end of the top floor, Senate side.

REALLY MARBLE

The fireplaces actually are marble and the view of the Washington Monument is superb. Unhappily, the White House isn't quite tall enough to rise above the Potomac Park foliage, but at least one has the comforting assurance that it is there, just to the right of the monument.

These quarters are solely for Johnson as leader of the Democratic Senate majority, the Democratic Policy and Democratic Steering Committees, and the Senate Space and Preparedness Committees. The vassals and serfs, now "after self-consciousness," by an unspoken rule, are all assigned to the payrolls of these activities.

The master's voice comes to them over the latest thing in telephone and intercommunications—a handsome gray enameled contrivance with 17 pushbuttons, plus one for hold. The telephone company, a Johnson aide explains, asked him to let it try out the system with him. The extras invited the company that the telephone experimenters certainly knew where, to come for maximum testing efficiency. This is this all. To fill his requirements for public rooms, the majority leader has latched onto this handsome two-room suite

just off the Senate floor which was formerly the Senate District Committee room. It has been beautifully redecorated and a new bathroom installed.

At last count 17 unholstered chairs and a large leather couch suit the press and public, with plenty of standing room left over. Two lovely secretaries preside here.

The interests of Texas are celebrated in another three-room suite, in the Senate Office Building, which has its own staff and administrative assistants. Nobody has yet figured out how many and what rooms elsewhere are occupied by the large collection of plain Indians who work for Lyndon Johnson and his sub-chiefs on space and defense matters.

A 'TIGHT SHIP' OFFICE

Of one thing the taxpayers can have no doubt: All the people in these offices work for their pay. Johnson drives himself and expects his staff to keep up with him. He is also a perfectionist.

He knows too that senators who run "tight ship" offices are taking out invaluable campaign insurance. His correspondence is literally endless; for example, it includes annually all the graduates of Texas high schools.

In a somewhat paradoxical way, Johnson's efforts to bring order and ironclad efficiency to the human and largely accidental business of politics is a very large part of his considerable charm.

People's Platform

Rockefeller Sounds Like F. D. Roosevelt

Editors, The News: WHAT chance has Nelson Rockefeller to become President of the United States?

He is more like Franklin D. Roosevelt than any living man. Listen to him speak and you will be surprised how much his voice sounds like the FDR of the early 1930s. He is like Roosevelt in a second way, he has a small brain trust of college peo-

ple who surround him who furnish him with ideas. He is beyond all doubt the best bet for the poor people of the country. Lyndon Johnson, many poor people would come roaring getting their rights then, would have to agree to a proposal that Martin would step down as chairman of the GOP Policy Committee and agree to name Halleck as his successor—if the Hoosier would get out of the race.

He has had all the experience of an administrative staff that a President would need. His service in the State Department and other places would make him expert in foreign affairs.

— J. W. JEWELL

'10c-9c-8c-7c-6c-5c-4c'



Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

DESPITE pretenses of neutrality, the White House did not remain aloof in the bitter battle between Joe Martin, 74, of Massachusetts, and Charlie Halleck, 57, of Indiana for the GOP leadership of the House. Ike, of course, pulled wires vigorously behind the scenes for Halleck.

Secret Meeting

In fact, the drive for Halleck was launched about six weeks ago at a secret White House meeting attended by Halleck and presidential aides Jerry Morgan and Jack Anderson. Former White House adviser Tom McLean Philadelphia tissue king (Scott's), was also present.

How 'Poor Old Joe' Was Quietly Sacked

They planned the strategy for the Halleck campaign, decided to canvass the 153 House Republicans for the necessary votes to unseat Martin from the leadership post he had held for 20 years. The canvassing job was then turned over to three Halleck adherents—GOP Congressman Robert Wilson of California, Gerald Ford of Michigan, and John Byrnes of Wisconsin.

Barrage By Long Distance

This trio began a barrage of long-distance telephoning to GOP colleagues, most of them at home for Christmas. The anti-Martin campaign reached a climax at a big "pep session" several days ago at the Congressional Hotel, attended by 35 Halleck supporters.

Belated Phone Calls

Martin forces were also busy—belatedly. Martin phoned numerous colleagues, pleading for support. He even went to the extent of phoning GOP Rep Frances Bolton of Ohio while she was eating

Thumbs Down

Halleck turned the offer down. At another Martin strategy session, Rep. Dick Simpson of Pennsylvania angrily told Pennsylvania Republicans that Martin was a victim of "White House connivance."