THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

Brodie S. Griffith ..... Editor and General Manager
Cecil Prince ..... Associate Editor
R. L. Young Jr. ..... Managing Editor

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UNC Stays In The Bidding — A While

As to the menacing school and college needs bearing down on North Carolina, appeasement and not victory was the order of 1959 in the General Assembly.

But in one notable area, the appeasement yielded to massive retaliation.

An appropriation of $1,439,104 for "merit increases" in faculty salaries for the university at Chapel Hill was won at the price of dedicated begging by President Friday, Vice President Carmichael and others.

It is high time. Yet it must be said that state and university officials who knew full well how menacing are the raids on North Carolina professors never pressed their case as ardently as they might have before the taxpayers. They never made it sufficiently clear, just as in the case of public schoolteachers, that the lag in educational salaries is not hundreds but thousands of dollars behind national averages. They never made it clear that one distinguished professor can make or break an academic department, both by the weight of his own eminence and by the circle he attracts.

Gov. Hodges did pass through one mood in which he warned several times about the professors vanishing from Chapel Hill. That mood seemed, unfortunately, to evaporate as his interest in other matters quickened.

It was hardly surprising when the Advisory Budget Commission failed to respond to half-hearted warnings. But it was the blow which compelled University officials to take their brief to the legislature in earnest, and to get the vital appropriation for merit increases.

Mr. Carmichael compiled a report which told North Carolina's lag in naked figures: Of 15 state universities in the Association of American Universities — of which it is the oldest and probably the most distinguished — the University of North Carolina ranked 13th in average professors' salaries, 13th in associate professors' salaries, 11th in instructors' salaries, and at bottom in salaries paid assistant professors. The discrepancies were so abysmal between Chapel Hill salaries and those at private universities with which UNC used to be favorably compared that Mr. Carmichael thought it needlessly dismal to harp on them.

The appropriation may, in Mr. Carmichael's words, make the University less "a happy hunting ground for universities on the prowl for distinguished teachers and researchers" — for a while.

Yet a dizzying speculation has made the price of talent zoom. Chapel Hill — with no hope of cornering the market in the way that once was possible — will need this appropriation and more in the future just to stay in the bidding.

Stock Your Family Shelter With Books

For as little as $150, you can have an adequate hideaway from nuclear weapons in your basement or back yard.

That information is to be found in "The Family Fallout Shelter," a blunt pamphlet being distributed by Civil Defense.

It takes its place, as fact, with the precise estimate of the Pentagon that it will take 224 bombs to make rubble of this country, and that one big one and one small one would level Washington.

We learn with the same irresistible detachment that when American H-bombs were detonated in the Pacific last summer, rabbits 40 miles away suffered eye burns one-twelfth of an inch in diameter; while 300 miles away the burns were only one-fourth as large.

Marvelously, even when we are told that shelters must be raised on the hearth, our clinical attitude does not give way to deep horror. We do not blanch or run away even when experts talk of melting away whole cities.

Maybe it is merciful that the poet can yet chill us more by wondering what it may be like "to lie in cold obstruction and to rot" or "dwell in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice" than Lord Russell can chill us by talking of genocide. Dante's Inferno, with its slime pits and hot fires, somehow is more real to us than Hiroshima.

Perhaps it testifies to the enduring power of literature to stir us. More likely, it is that we cannot think of being destroyed by a weapon whose moral significance will be beclouded by the universality of its killing. The old allegories certainly give to death a comforting symbolism it is not likely to have in a nuclear war.

For that reason, we may well stock our shelters with the great works of literature — and see the impersonal holocaust outside through the lens of a noble story. Civil Defense says, in fact, that books are relatively stout shields against radiation.

Voting Machines: Hope For The Future

For a while, the Mecklenburg county commissioners threatened to put their foot down against voting machines. At their meeting Wednesday, however, the county fathers notified the urbane ladies of the League of Women Voters that they are willing to put the question of voting machines to a popular vote.

Their momentary hesitation about shelling out for the machines immediately was perfectly understandable. Did not the League ladies themselves, in a fact sheet, cite "possible psychological barriers to some people overwhelmed by machines?"

Delay was only human and just a bit nostalgic. The baneful echoes of Sen. Lindsay Warren's caveats against the cities and their ways have scarcely died in Raleigh's corridors. And there are no two ways about it: Voting machines are the trappings of creeping urbanism, the ornaments of political automation.

But Mecklenburg has cast her lot forever on the side of the city. With the population of Charlotte due to pass 200,000 by next year, the cost of ballot-counters and election officials will grow by bounds. Voting machines, if okayed by the voters, can be paid for in 30 years by savings in election costs, and their life expectancy is 60 years. Buying them will bring a common-sense economy to the democratic process.

On Nipping Smelt Rats In The Bud

The prim and proper New York Times was sniggering up its sleeve the other morning at Rep. Leslie C. Arends (R-Ill) — and all because the congressman had mixed his metaphors dazzlingly during a debate over who was to blame for the national debt.

All Mr. Arends said was, "Let's not point the finger without putting the shoe on the other foot."

Good for him. As for the Times, we predict that its scorn will go in one ear and come out the other like water off a duck's back.

The whole trouble with the plain talk we hear from politicians these days is that it is too plain.

Pointing with pride and viewing with alarm has been reduced to mere renderings of dreary facts and figures. No one ever tears off a mask to display his cloven hoof or lies spreadeagled on the horns of a rudderless dilemma any more. Even if such a phrase is dropped, the speaker hastily adds, "If I may be allowed to mix a metaphor."

Pish and tush. It makes a man turn over in his grave and throw caution to the wind.

Actually, the art of mixing metaphors has always been practiced best in the British Isles — as when the immortal Irishman Sir Boyle Roche smelt his visionary rat floating in the air of the House of Commons and wanted it nipped in the bud. Then there was the prohibitionist M. P. who declared that "the floodgates of irreligion and intemperance are stalking arm-in-arm through the land." One of the finest examples of all came from the member who blared, "The new minister will have to have courage and a double-edged scythe to cut down and winnow away the army of barnacles that have got into the establishment."

Nothing so grand ever finds its way into the Congressional Record and more's the pity. And when a man like Arends throws a monkey wrench into the works and says something salty he promptly gets his fingers burned with a journalistic haymaker. If we were Mr. Arends we would leave no stone unturned until this unfair criticism is nipped in the bud.

From The New York Herald Tribune

THE SOUNDS OF PARIS

Zut, alors! It seems only yesterday that Paris was reported to have licked the noise problem by silencing its automobile horns. Now we learn that the prefect of police there has appealed for a week of quiet, with particular emphasis upon motorcycles, motor bikes and motor scooters. In this incident is mirrored all human experience. A child passes through measles and mumps befall him. A man survives the state income tax and the federal confronts high. A city overcomes auto horns and scooters get it down. Will the answer never be found? Does all life lead to the earplug? Is civilization pricing itself out of the market? These are profound questions, and we leave them to be pondered by our friends in Paris preferably on a cafe terrace with the breezes in the chestnut trees sighing softly overhead.

It's considered square today to speak proper English. Writing it is almost a lost art. The schools still teach English certainly, but it must be so unappetizing, so far down on the list of appealing subjects, that no one really cares about it. — Orlando Sentinel.

Will Summerfield's Smut-Smiting Get Out Of Hand?

By MARQUIS CHILDS

WASHINGTON

From time immemorial public officeholders have set themselves up as guardians of public morality. In ancient Greece Socrates, perhaps the greatest of all philosophers, was charged with corrupting the morals of the youth of Athens and put to death.

In barring from the mails the unexpurgated edition of the novel, "Lady Chatterly's Lover," Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield has put himself in the role of public arbiter over private morality. Quite aside from the merits or demerits of the case, the reasons are not hard to find.

Summerfield: High Piety

SHOCKING DISCOVERY

Summerfield, who with Ezra Taft Benson is the only holdover from the original Eisenhower team, is a man of great moral earnestness. As postmaster general he has become familiar with the flood of pornography sent through commercial channels into every corner of the country.

It was a shocking discovery, as it must be to every innocent citizen, to learn that big-business methods and techniques have been applied for profit to the dissemination of smut. Not alone to those who answer phony sounding ads but unsolicited in the mails this filth comes to young people whose names are on mailing lists available for a price.

CHAMBER OF HORRORS

Summerfield says the volume is up to perhaps a half-billion dollars a year. He tells of one raid in New York City that netted 17 tons of pornography which was being mailed out by assembly-line techniques.

In a locked room adjoining his office the postmaster general has assembled a chamber of pornographic horrors. It runs the gamut from the nudist magazines, published allegedly in the interests of those seeking health through sun-bathing, to the vilest representations in photographs and drawings. All the material, including several pornographic motion-picture films, was taken from the mails in the drive to stop the traffic which for a few exploiters apparently brings in very high profits.

UNDISGUISED DISMAY

Summerfield has shown a number of members of Congress through his chamber of horrors. Women members, he explains, are escorted by a woman postal attendant.

The Post Office Department has prosecuting the mass-pornography peddlers. Formerly the prosecution could take place only at the point at which the material was mailed, the two chief centers being New York and Los Angeles. Today the accused can be tried at the point at which the material is received and where the damage is done.

BLURRING THE LINE

Those who criticize Summerfield in the case of Lady Chatterly are fearful that in his zeal he will blur the line between pornography and art and literature and open the way to wide suppression of work that should not be branded by the censor. He himself has no doubts of the rightness of his action. In his desk he keeps a marked copy of Lady Chatterly and he points to the explicit passages and the use of short Anglo-Saxon words not employed in polite society.

The novel, by D. H. Lawrence, makes a poor case for those who champion freedom of expression. When it was first published in its unexpurgated form it was banned in England and in other countries. Critics have found it turgid and self-conscious, and the book would probably have been forgotten if it had not been for the love scenes between Lady Chatterly and her husband's game keeper.

POTENTIAL HARM

Nevertheless it is the work of a widely recognized genius who exercised considerable influence on his time. Without the publicity resulting from the action barring the book from the mails the new edition might have been all but ignored. The postmaster general says the publisher invited the action, which raises a question as to why he responded to the invitation and gave the book such wide publicity.

The drive to stop commercialized smut is all-important. But if it spills over into the area of literature, and unfortunately legitimate publishers often use dubious lures, it can do great harm.

"We're raising him up to be a censor!"

Who Can Catch It?

Hoyt's Knuckler

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain

The class will kindly come to attention and refrain from yawning while the professor suffers a slight attack of nostalgia, due to a series of events. Paul Gallico came to call in Spain the other day, and we did not talk about Paul's tremendous fresh success, "Mrs. 'Arris Goes to Paris," which is already a book, soon a musical comedy, and about to be a movie one fine day.

Mr. Gallico was a sports writer, Mr. Ruark was a sports writer. (Lousy sports writer, I might add.) So we talked about the return of the knuckle ball, as practiced by Mr. James Hoyt Wilhelm, who had nine or 10 in the bag for Baltimore last time I looked. His earned-run average was practically nothing, or about one run for every 10 innings. And he is working for about the worst ball club in the American League.

REMEMBER RICK?

It just so happens I know something about knuckle-ballers, because I have a Collier's magazine of June 22, 1940, handy. It contains the first major magazine piece I ever sold. It was bought by Quentin Reynolds, then sports editor of Collier's, and it was bought blind. I mean, with no agent. Its title is "Catcher Killer," and its subhead says: "When Dutch Leonard lets go his knuckle ball even he doesn't know whether it's going to break right or left, up or down. So what chance has the batter against such a freak? Or even the poor, bruised guy behind the plate?"

It might amuse you to know right now that the poor, bruised guy behind the plate was then a very good catcher for an awful ball club, the Washington Senators. He is now a very successful business manager for the Detroit Tigers. His name is Rick Ferrell. And he still bears psychic as well as physical scars from catching an old guy who said he was 29 years old in 1939, and was probably 35.

EAGER CUB

Leonard became a magazine piece in 1939, the day he beat young Bobby Feller, 1-0, in 13 innings, when young Mr. Feller was still so young and fast that he wore his baseball cap with his street clothes, and practiced his throwing motion in the mirror of his hotel room. (Lord, I was an eager cub in those days. I knew everything, and generally wrote it.)

That year, Dutch Leonard, working for a nothing ball club, which was chronically tied for last place with the Philadelphia Athletics, won 20 games. The magic 20 is something even if you are pitching for the world champions. Leonard made it with a club that couldn't field, couldn't hit, and rarely spoke English, because old Clark Griffith was exploiting the Cuban sugar cane mines. And Leonard threw nothing but knuckiers. He couldn't have killed a butterfly with his fast ball, and his curve was a symbol of togetherness with a bat.

DIPSY-DOODLER

"How," Mr. Ferrell said for Collier's, "do you expect anybody to hit it when I can't even catch it? It comes over the plate all right, and it looks soft. But about the time I try to put a mitt on it the damn' thing jumps and socks me in the leg. The guy's about to beat me to death with this dipsy-doodler."

With a decent ball club, Leonard might have won 30 or 35 games that year. Because when you've got a catcher with guts enough to catch a knuckler, you got a pitcher nobody hits.

Red Smith quotes Yogi Berra on Hoyt Wilhelm. "If everybody threw a knuckler," Yogi says, "there wouldn't be a .200 hitter in the league."

TOO TOUGH

Leonard and Wilhelm have remarkably similar backgrounds, since they have both been trading flotsam, and came to a starting position after dreary years of relief work. Mostly knucklers don't start if the catcher is valuable. When Wilhelm was working for the Giants, he used to bet everybody five dollars that nobody, including Willie Mays, could hold them out of five pitches. And he won.

There've only been three real expert knucklers I remember. George Caster with the A's, now Wilhelm, and Leonard. And Leonard was a real ball player. Quent Reynolds paid me $400 for the Collier's piece, and Leonard cut me 50 per cent. It was the last deal I made with a knuckleballer. Too tough on the hands.

Wilhelm: Late Bloomer

'Judge, I'd Like A Separation'

People's Platform

Legislature Was The Worst Ever

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

The 1959 session of the North Carolina Legislature which ended June 20 was the worst I can remember. If there was any legislation at all passed that was for the best interest of the state and the people, I failed to notice it.

The income tax bill to withhold wages was a steal. Both the federal government and the state are now in the stickup business. Usually it is a thief who holds up a person and relieves him of his pay check, but now it is the politicians.

The bill for the state to fix a price on milk in order to keep any one from selling it at an honest price was purely class legislation. Another piece of class legislation was the bill passed to increase fire insurance rates so as to provide a retirement fund for firemen.

The bill forcing all parents to have their small children vaccinated, taking control of parents over their own children and giving it to the state, was a fine piece of Communist legislation.

Our whole American government, from Washington down to the smallest state, is headed for bankruptcy. The 75-cent minimum wage bill is nothing to crow about, but those who put it over think they have done the working man a great favor. A well-bred bird dog could not live on $30 a week.

American statesmanship seems to have died in America, and cheap politicians don't know how to do anything except waste, spend and tax the people, raising salaries of those in public office who are already getting too much. It means more taxes.

—PARKS A. YANDLE

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Hoover Deserves Credit For Seaway

WASHINGTON

A lot of people are taking credit for the St. Lawrence Seaway, as it officially links the Atlantic Ocean with the Great Lakes. But the man who probably deserves the greatest credit will not be present.

He will be in semi-seclusion in the Waldorf Tower in New York—Herbert Hoover.

He Served Well

It was Hoover who served with such imagination and vigor as secretary of commerce during the Coolidge administration that he became President of the United States. Those were the days when the job of secretary of commerce was not considered a routine obligation to kowtow to big business. Hoover built up the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce, pushed the idea of connecting the Atlantic seaboard with the Great Lakes cities, and even proposed repairing the eroding lip of Niagara Falls.

They All Failed

Later when he tried to put across the St. Lawrence Seaway as President he failed—as did Franklin Roosevelt and Harry Truman who followed him. They all failed because of opposition from the railroads and shipping interests along the Atlantic seaboard.

'Socialistic Ditch'

And the man who next to Hoover deserves credit for the St. Lawrence Seaway is George Humphrey, recently retired secretary of the Treasury who once bitterly opposed the Seaway as "a socialistic ditch," but who became its champion under Eisenhower. Reason for the switch: Humphrey's M. A. Hanna Co. had secured valuable ore concessions in Labrador and needed to open a water route through the Great Lakes. Having skimmed the cream of Minnesota's iron ore, Humphrey's National Steel Company and other steel interests had to get new ore supplies from Labrador or else starve.

So almost overnight big steel went to bat for the St. Lawrence Seaway. George Bender, who as GOP senator from Ohio played ball with Humphrey, complained, as he switched his position from opposing to approving the Seaway: "I wish George Humphrey would give us a little more advance notice."

Headlines & Footnotes

Time magazine has started hostile investigations of the 11 senators who voted against publisher Henry Luce's wife, Clare Boothe, as ambassador to Brazil. . . . Gen. Curtis LeMay, the Air Force's gruff vice chief, told reservists to their face the other day that they would be useless in case of war because they would never be ready in time. "Reserve officers are good only for answering telephones," he snorted. "The whole shooting match would be over in 30 days." . . . The whittled-down housing bill was the work of Speaker Sam Rayburn and Senate Leader Lyndon Johnson who pulled the economy strings inside the Senate-House conference. . . . While the Eisenhower administration is trying to raise interest rates on GI home loans veterans can't get settlements on their home purchases. The banks are delaying the contracts until the interest goes up. . . . Metropolitan Opera star Richard Tucker and Francis Cardinal Spellman, meeting at New York's LaGuardia Airport the other day, swapped favors. The Cardinal agree to arrange an audience with the Pope for the Jewish-singer this summer in return for the first pressing of his latest recording.