



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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The Necessary Instrument Of Progress

North Carolina has a moral responsibility as well as a practical stake in the establishment of a state minimum wage law.

Even the badly battered 75-cent measure, now hanging on for dear life in the House of Representatives, would help tens of thousands of Tar Heels out of the ruts of despair. It deserves a favorable trial reading on Tuesday.

House action on this essential legislation already resembles a charade of atoms at work. In committee and on the floor, political parties have been constantly breaking off from one nucleus to join another. The bill squeaked out of the Labor Committee by the margin of Chairman Ed. Wilson's tie-breaking vote. It was later subjected to a barrage of amendments, and attempted amendments, during a floor debate that was both unmaneuvered and unmanageable.

Exemptions of every description have now been added. They run the gamut from howling alley pin boys to baby sitters and some are no doubt justifiable. Some, too, are plainly ridiculous.

But it was obvious from the beginning that minimum wage advocates would have to bend a bit in order to establish the principle of wage floors. The larger triumph will be worth the pretzel-shaped designs in their social consciences.

Big barriers still lie ahead, however. Yesterday's bitter rearguard action delayed the final reading in the House for 96 hours. As Rep. Watts Hill Jr. of Durham observed, it will give everybody a chance to lobby except those most affected by the legislation, who can't afford a lobbyist.

But Tar Heels must depend on the honor and integrity of their elected representatives on this vital issue as on all others.

Most already realize, we feel sure, that this legislation is a fair, sound, carefully reasoned and necessary instrument of progress. It can help obtain higher purchasing power for the people, increase per capita income and build a healthier, more prosperous economic future for the state as a whole. Gentlemen, it is up to you.

Make Umstead's Present Really Count

Raleigh legislators had a beaming good time during the House celebration of Rep. John W. Umstead Jr.'s 70th birthday.

He was liberally lipsticked by women House clerks and then received a present from fellow delegates.

It was tied with the wrappings of 86 signatures. The gift itself was a bill to authorize the State Hospitals Board of Control to build and operate a school for retarded children.

Rep. Umstead is chairman of the hospitals board. The training facility has been a key project of his. With 86 supporting names in hand, the veteran Orange County leader can battle for his school with imposing strength.

There is one deterrent: The cost. Not only that, but the \$4.5 million plant for the western region is offered as a substitute for a proposed legislative building. The cost of the latter project is the same.

Despite the House strength offered

him, the champion for the mentally ill is bucking one of Gov. Hodges' pet ideas. The governor has been rather firm in his conviction that Raleigh expansion is a dire need.

True, it is. But we'll side with Rep. Umstead when it comes to the most pressing case. North Carolina's mentally ill have received shabby treatment all too long. The few state outlets for training and care are jammed. And it will become worse.

Crowded though they may be, we believe our state delegates have an awareness of the difficulties faced by mental health. If a headcount were taken today, we are certain the training school appropriation would pass.

Unfortunately, there will be the inevitable time lapse from birthday party to final financial consideration. But if the legislature is sincere in its best wishes to Rep. Umstead, it will be able to endure clothes-closet conditions to help the mentally ill.

Get Thee Hence; We Want Helicopters

For a few minutes, anyway, we were whirling along on flashing rotors of imagination with Charlotte's helicopter service.

Then along comes a Winston-Salem man to try to crash-land us into reality. He is Thomas Davis, president of Piedmont Airlines. His dim view was that a copter runs were still five or six years away.

His air line apparently has more than taken interest in this field, and Mr. Davis allowed he'd do more than dabble "when we think it can be made into a paying proposition."

The gentleman pointed out that only New York, Chicago and Los Angeles have helicopter service, and that these are subsidized quite cozily by the federal government for toting mail.

Bah and junebug, Mr. Davis. Take your pessimistic viewpoint and depart. We'll have none of that around here.

Charlotte is going to have these flying harbers show (and out) its way another. Feeder service from area towns to our airport is but one source of revenue. Consider these other sure-fire schedules which could be made today if we had the machinery aloft:

- 1—The Uptown Airlift with discounts for passengers
- 2—The Mint Museum Special for a dash of culture
- 3—The Coliseum Express to all events
- 4—The Civic Club Flyer to promote better understanding in the provinces
- 5—The Golfers' Champion, which would buzz along, clearing the links with its backwash
- 6—The Southern Comfort Super Chief to ABC stores—which would discourage the bootleg trade

See, Mr. Davis? These are but a few possible flights. Just wait until the boys at the Chamber of Commerce put their minds to work. We're only amateurs.

Jazz In Church: A Provocative Effort

It might slow the coin trickle in some of Charlotte's churches, but we believe the jazz experiment at a Newark, Conn., Sunday service was an interesting omen.

The curious jammed an Episcopal church for the Russ Martino Quartet and heard the Twentieth Century Folk Mass. Music included a waltzing offertory hymn, a Latin beat and swing in four-four time.

Reaction to all this was mixed. Comments ranged from "fine" to "like a cocktail party."

The Rev. Anthony P. Treasure, pastor, explained this was an attempt to translate ancient liturgy into a contemporary setting. Composer Geoffrey Beaumont, an English vicar, had written his jazz mass after being told most church music was foreign to the majority of church-goers.

This is unfortunate, but true. Yet much of this world's great music has been written for the church. There are full symphonic arrangements for the church. Even the dance was once an interpretive medium for religious services.

There are several local churches that do emphasize live music. Of course, any educational process engaged is admittedly slow with only weekly exposure. The biggest fault, at least with Protestant musicianship, has been the steady hymnbook decline. The "familiar" tunes are couched in difficult, archaic scoring. Lyrics are often outdated platitudes.

A reform is needed, not merely to modernize or domesticate, but to create timeless additions to the repertoire of church presentations.

We suspect transient jazz is not the answer, but we'll wager nobody nodded during that service.

From The Reporter

SHORT AND LONG DIVISION

LISTENING to President Eisenhower's recent television broadcast, we noticed his statement that "in global totals our friends are contributing over 200 ground divisions . . . to the task of defending the free world." We found this reassuring, but it also played our curiosity. How, precisely, did he arrive at that round number?

A man from our Washington office went first to the White House, where he was told that figure of "200 divisions" was "always" used for this purpose, and that for a further breakdown he would have to go to the Pentagon. At this latter establishment, our man was told that any breakdown would trespass on the area of "classified information"—but he was once again reassured that the number of 200 was "always" used and was official.

Unaccustomed as we are to military intelligence work, it nevertheless seemed incumbent on us to sit down with pencil and paper, a few newspaper clippings, and a couple of standard reference books, and to top up the figures as best we could. No matter how we tried, couldn't hit the bull's-eye. If we took only divisions of those countries with which we have close and reliable alliances, we fell far short. If we counted the police and armies of all countries with which we have some kind of or mutual-defense pacts, we were way over the mark. So we soon gave up this particular numbers game. Any reader who has a penchant for puzzles can continue on his own. We shall only remind him that if he arrives at either more or less than 200 divisions, he has made a mistake somewhere. For remember, that number is official.

Rebellion In Tibet May Upset Red China's Applecart

By JOSEPH ALSOP

WASHINGTON

Among the tiny number of Americans who know the factors in the problem, there is almost breathless excitement about the rebellion in Tibet. It can, they say, shake the Chinese Communist regime vastly more profoundly than the rebellion in Hungary shook the Soviet regime.

Everything depends, of course, on whether the Peking government can swiftly down Tibet in blood, as the Moscow government downed Hungary. If that happens, the rebellion will merely have revealed to Asia the ruthlessness of Chinese Communist imperialism. Judging by Jawaharlal Nehru's reaction, the Asians are more likely to be intimidated than incited.

GRAVE QUESTION

But the war-like Khamas of eastern Tibet have already maintained their rebellion for two years. The attack on the Dalai Lama is likely to inspire the tribes of northern and western Tibet to join the Khamas. Altogether, the odds would seem to be against prompt suppression of the rebellion by the simple technique of human massacre. And if this rebellion, which has simmered along through the last two years, actually continues through another year, what then will happen?

Geography is the only reason why this immensely grave question really exists as a question. Geography not only gives the tough Tibetan mountaineers an insistent advantage over the better-armed Chinese soldiers, who are not used to a country with lowlands 14,000 feet above sea level. Much more serious geography also exists: fantastically multiplies the cost of maintaining ad-

quate Chinese anti-guerrilla forces in Tibet. The Chinese armies now in the country have been much exaggerated. They do not number many more than 60,000 men; but they are now being greatly strengthened. They can certainly suppress the rebellion by next autumn at the latest, if they can only prevent the rebels from planting their summer crops in Tibet's limited area of arable valley land. But 120,000 men is a conservative estimate of the total force that will be needed for this kind of summer campaign, if the rebellion does not conveniently collapse.

In such anti-guerrilla operations, moreover, many of the guerrilla-chasers will have to be widely dispersed in small packets. The packets will unavoidably require air-supply from Lhasa and other Tibetan centers; so there will be an additional need for some transport aircraft and aviation gas. With their supporting aircraft, the fuel for the planes, their own ammunition and their food, forces numbering 120,000 men in Tibet will surely need a minimum of 10,000 tons of supplies each month. That is the lowest tonnage figure, after a wide allowance has been made for the Chinese soldier's knack of doing much with little.

FEARFUL TERRAIN

The tonnage of supply may seem trivial, until you take a look at the steep, available supply routes. This is the new military road, running from Lanchow in northwest China, through the barren wastes of Tsinghai, and across uncultivated terrible mountain passes to Lhasa. No road in the world traverses much fearful terrain, so ideally suited to guerrilla attacks on convoys, and the length of the whole road is close to 1200 miles.



Mountainous Tibet: Few Roads and Even Less Hope

Furthermore, a truck setting out from Lanchow for Lhasa cannot carry a pound of other supplies if it carries its own fuel for the road trip. Thus the convoys of military supply trucks must be sustained by great numbers of additional trucks, to establish, alongside fuel depots. Considering the character of Chinese transports, 10,000 trucks is a fair minimum estimate of the overall number needed to lay down 10,000 tons of supplies per month in Tibet. And this is no job that can be taken over by coolies, either. For there is no food along the road, and the Chinese soldier's stomachs, even carry their own rice requirement out of Lanchow.

Again, a special call for 10,000 trucks may seem relatively trivial, until you consider that this is nearly a quarter of the entire road transport capacity of Communist China. Fuel for transport, air transport, and road transport in fact constitute the three most critical shortages in China today. A prolonged and obstinate rebellion in Tibet will impose an increasingly unbearable strain in all three critical shortage areas. And this strain will come just when Communist China's morale and resources are already strained to the utmost by the civil upheaval of the communes program.

Certain results are easily predictable. The inhuman dif-

ficulties of the communes program will at last be doubted by continuing rebellion in Tibet. The difficulties between Russia and China will also be increased, since Russia will surely be asked to help out. And if, if the Tibetan rebellion really long continues, the equation can just imaginably produce a far more startling result. The strain of the communes plus the strain of Tibet can just imaginably equal a general explosion.

This sounds like daydreaming, and at this stage it is daydreaming. But it is sometimes useful to contemplate the other side of troubles, when the Western alliance has so many troubles of its own.

'Pardner, Some Of Those Non-Texans Are Getting Downright Unfriendly'



Arm The Schoolteacher For Classroom Warfare

By ROBERT C. RUARK

LONDON

Honest to John, this education business—especially as I am now finished with it—is about the hardest kind of all about to beat me to my knees. If and when Gov. Rockefeller affixes his signature, there will be a law on the New York books allowing teachers to physically chastise teen-age pupils, "using reasonable force in a moderate degree." At the same time I crawled across a survey out of Pearl River, N. Y., which says high school students are waddling inattentive in the morning because they don't know how to eat breakfast.

The big argument, it seems about the Corso bill, which passed the New York Assembly and Senate last year but was vetoed by ex-Gov. Harriman, deals with the degree of force to be used. Whether, for instance, the Corso bill might define a slap, a rap over the knuckles with a ruler, or a stout hiding with a hickory stick. I think this haggling beggars the point completely.

ARMING TEACHER

Judging from what I have heard of the conduct of some of the student youths who consider schoolhouses as workshops for zip guns and verdant fields for armed blackmail, I should think the average teacher with a thought to force for his chickadees had better enroll at the nearest gym for a swift series of lessons in jujitsu. I do not really advocate that Teach should pack a rod, but methinks a pair of brass knuckles and certainly a stout sap might turn up handy in maintaining order in the classroom.

It is difficult to envision some burly, if slightly retarded, youth of the dimensions of Mickey Mantle, subjecting mildly to a box on the ears or a crack on the knob with a thumb. A short length of baseball bat might be the apter weapon—even better, the saloon keeper's favorite shillelagh, a sawed-off pool cue. Used dexterously, the weighted end of a pool cue can pound reason into the knottiest of skulls.

Perhaps a crack across the knuckles with a ruler might inspire a touch of knowledge, thirst in a grammar-school stu-

dent. But I can't see it working with the blue-jean-and-pimple set, not unless you want to see old Teach knocked stiff by a deluge of heavy chains who would like nothing better than a free-for-all, with books on, instead of an algebra lesson.

Concerning the experiment on the hungry children, it seems that the little dears can't concentrate because nobody has taught them to eat breakfast. A proper survey was run, and only 31 per cent of 640 high schoolers ate the usual fruit-jelly-cereal-bananas sort of thing, despite the cajoling of all the radio and TV commercials. None of this was ascertained because of poverty, but merely because of lack of training.

SIMPLE FARE

The thoughtful principal of this splendid high school is starting an educational class in breakfast-eating. I suppose, to wear the little darlings away from a diet of pure goof balls. The first class in the school cafeteria will tack into juice, cereal, milk, toast, jelly, and an egg. Once they have become conditioned to this simple fare, I suppose that kippers, rashers of bacon, steak-and-eggs a la Australian, broiled kidneys and mushrooms, and finally apple pie will be gradually introduced into their tortured little teen-agered masses. They will get their Ph.D. in waffles with brandy sauce, or at least eat appetizers, and then everybody will make straight A's in deportment.

I'll have you know old Pelez, here, was raised rough and salty. A naggin of Jamaica rum, meat, got me out of bed, and a slab of salt horse and a couple of kippers, rather to have me standing whale-watch in the cross-trees before I jumped ship and swam to miles to school every day. It is needless to say that I was the teacher's pet, and she allowed me to sleep until noon, a kid in the eighth grade with a full beard, but God, sir, they don't raise children the way they used to.

People's Platform

Nation's Big Issue Is 'Sound Money'

New York

Editors, The News: Sound money means more to more people than any other issue now before the nation.

What other issue has as many supporters as the 115 million life insurance policy owners who are ready to listen to a

call for action to protect their loved ones?

There can be no doubt that nearly all members of the House and the Senate own life insurance policies, and want their wives and kids to receive sound money.

Our fumbling fiscal policies have hurt us more than half way toward disastrous in-

flation. We must solve this problem and solve it quickly. Mr. President, "The People do not want a ten-cent dollar."

There is your one big, easily understood issue.

You should vote every bill that will needlessly hurt life insurance policy owners, holders of government bonds, Social Security cards, and company pen-

sions. . . . — E. F. HUTTON

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Editors' Note: Though Drew Pearson has returned to Washington, his recent tour of the turbulent Caribbean included Mexico, and today's column is written from material gathered in Mexico City.

MEXICO CITY The best and staidest friend the United States has around the approaches of the Panama Canal is Mexico.

This does not mean that Mexicans cannot be very vocal in their criticism of the "colossal of the north." Mexicans do not live up to the Listerine ad that "not even your best friend will tell you." They do tell us. But by and large, Mexico has become more stable, more confident in itself, and more friendly than any other southern neighbor.

Today, Mexico is one of the few countries in the world where foreign capital

not only can be invested, but withdrawn without restriction—except in the petroleum, transportation, and soft-drink industries. It's easy enough to put money into most countries, but awfully tough to take it out. Not so with Mexico. You can take your capital or your profits out any time you want to.

Healthy Growth

The result has been \$1.7 billion of foreign capital invested in Mexico, of which 78 per cent comes from the U.S. plus a steady, healthy growth of the industry. It has helped to make Mexico City the biggest in all Latin America—bigger than Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro—close behind Chicago as the third largest city in the Western Hemisphere. Mexico is also one of the few places outside the U.S. where you can start

from rags and graduate to riches, as did, for instance, Cesar Balsa, the former hotel bellhop in Barcelona, Spain, who now owns five hotels in Mexico. Migrating to Mexico a little over 10 years ago, Balsa now owns the fabulous El Presidente hotel in Mexico City and Acapulco, plus three others, and will soon operate the Maria Isabel.

Patino's Palace

This is the 600-room palace being built by Simon Patino, the Bolivian king, in honor of his daughter Maria Isabel. Patino is financing this, the biggest hotel in Latin America, and will lease it to Balsa, the son of a hotel barber in Barcelona, who began life as a bellhop and now operates the biggest hotel chain in Mexico.

Incidentally, more and more American

conventions are coming to Mexico, and Balsa has already booked conventions for the year 1961.

Series Of Revolutions

The real reason for Mexico's present bustling system of free enterprise is that the revolution now envisaging Cuba hit Mexico 40 years ago. A whole series of revolutions churned Mexico at that time, expropriated American ranches and companies, and the reigning oligarchy, quarreled with the Catholic Church, and subjected the country to an upheaval not unlike the Russian revolution.

One-Party Government

That upheaval has now settled down to a one-party, slightly left of center government which leans toward labor and hasn't seen a revolution in years.

Mexico Is Our Friendliest Neighbor