

Editorial And Opinion

Why... Unanswered

The mania for speed on the highways has cost three more lives in the Alamance-Orange border area. Two of the drivers were apparent victims of their own efforts, the third, Hillsboro Contractor Mather Howerton, apparently died the innocent victim of another's irresponsibility.

Mather Howerton, according to those who knew him well, was invariably the moderate, careful driver. He remained so to the end, but this was not enough to save him from the dire threat to life and limb which travelled the highways early Monday morning and which just as likely may be stalking you on your next trip to work, to play, to worship or to shop.

Witnesses said Howerton's assailant was careening down the highway at terrific speed and on the wrong side. An unverified report said a passenger had left him in Mebane a few minutes earlier because he couldn't take the man's driving any longer.

Why was he speeding? Why did he value his own and the life of fellow travellers, human beings he could not know, so cheaply? What fostered the mania for speed which brought this tragedy?

The search for life-saving answers in the generation's most perplexing riddle offers the challenge of our time.

Let's Find Out

This country has spent millions trying to import people who don't want to come here. We have spent still more millions importing people we don't want here. Our methods of testing literacy, health and the immigrant's aptitude for American citizenship are archaic. We make a cursory effort to screen out the criminal and the insane. But we haven't the foggiest notion if the next German, Irishman, Italian or Swede will make a good citizen of this country—or of any country to which we might have had a hand in sending him.

We don't really know what effect immigration has on savings, labor's wages of the rise and fall of national incomes. We don't know what bearing immigration has on our foreign investments—or on foreign investments in the US. For all we know, we may be in the ironic position of having pumped untold billions into the rebuilding of European industry, and at the same time siphoned off from Europe the skilled labor essential to this undertaking.

These are a few of the faults, questions and doubts raised in a special report on immigration just published by George Washington University. Its shocking revelations indicate clearly that Congress is more to be pitied than censured if its struggle with immigration legislation appears to be an effort to convert the famed melting pot into a mixing bowl. Few acts of Congress are so subject to pressure groups, special interests, geopolitical do-gooders and a sprinkling of bleeding-hearts join forces to produce measures that confound and confuse everyone.

While the George Washington University study group offers no panaceas, and warns against expediences such as have been used in the past, it makes a strong case, affirmatively, for the need of intensive fact-finding. It offers impressive evidence that it's high time these awful gaps in knowledge be filled. After all, immigration involves the movement of the most important commodity in international trade—human beings.

The Congress not only deserves this fact-finding support, but must have reliable information before it can chart a rational course through the immigration sargasso.

Bigger Minutes To Save

With the approach of the semi-annual clock-juggling season, it becomes more and more complicated to know what time it is.

And it reminds us too, that in America an hour is probably more important than anywhere else in the world. An hour consists of sixty full minutes, and looking back, we are somewhat amazed at what has happened to the minute in our own lifetime.

As a point of reference, we might take the year 1909 when America's best-known minute-minder, Big Ben, first appeared on the scene. You could then drive a horseless carriage half a mile in one minute—if you could find a good road for your "scorching". You could earn a cent a minute, if you were a highly skilled worker in one of the better-paid crafts. A minute was what you were asked to wait at the nickelodeon every time the film broke. And expectant fathers found a minute just as long then as it is now.

Of course, there wasn't much a housewife could do, with a minute. She couldn't whip up a cake, or sweep a room or even get the tubs ready to do a washing. She could crank up the phonograph in that time—but she didn't. There were no extra minutes to "set" and listen, and no one went off to the next room and left such a device running.

One thing, at least, has not changed in that nearly half-century of furious progress. We still say to one another during arguments: "Wait a minute." And even though today's Big Ben is right there to tick it off for us—we still keep right on talking.

But don't forget to turn it ahead (60 of them) at bedtime on Sunday, the 29th.



(Continued from Page 1)

April 1.

I never have caught a channel bass—but specialize on spots, blues, and what is known as Virginia mullet or whiting. My son, Tommy and I went down to Carolina Beach the last week of October and caught—between Friday night at 8 o'clock and Sunday afternoon about 2 o'clock—approximately 80 pounds of fish, mostly spots.

After we had been on the pier for about two hours, I saw I was faced with a decision: whether to spend my time fishing or cleaning fish. Fortunately, we found a fine little colored boy who wanted to make some money cleaning fish. In all, I paid that boy \$9.45 for cleaning fish that weekend. My left arm was sore for a week from pulling 'em in.

FOR THE NEIGHBORS... Some of my pier companions—and there seemed to be about 500 of them that particular weekend—gently chided me for not making the neighbors to whom I had promised great quantities of fish clean them.

My reply was that the neighbors would love me a little more if I took them fresh fish from the Atlantic—if the fish I took them were cleaned... and ready for the pan.

"In this day of prepared foods, each neighbor would thank me to my face, but curse me a little once the door was closed, if I took him fish he had to clean—and a lot of these fine fish would never reach the skillet," said Greenwood, and that's how we rode heavily back into Raleigh with about 80 pounds of cleaned fish... the last of which we ate, and almost as good as last fall, only a few days ago. I gave away about 50 pounds of fish—cleaned fish—and now I'm expecting a lot of tomatoes, corn, and Kentucky Wonder beans this summer.

You can't figure on fishing. It's like the old slot machines. Play them often enough and you'll hit once in awhile—but mostly you don't. With golf, it's different. The ball is always there waiting for you.

My best luck with spring fishing has been around the middle of May—at Atlantic Beach... and that was several years ago. Because the N. C. Merchants Association usually has its convention the third week in May—this time on Monday and Tuesday, May 21-22, in Winston-Salem—I don't get to do much fishing until summertime.

"RUN AWAY"... I have three boys—and they worry me a great deal. It's not that they annoy me—but that I'm haunted with the feeling that I don't spend enough time with them.

One is going on 17—and is already rapidly slipping away from me. Tommy is 13—and little John Decatur, the delight of living, is three ("Daddy, I wanta talk to you a question").

In trying to keep in some semblance of contact with 7,000 members of our Association, I have to be away from home a lot. And when I am home, it's Sunday School teaching and preparing for civic club duties, etc., etc.

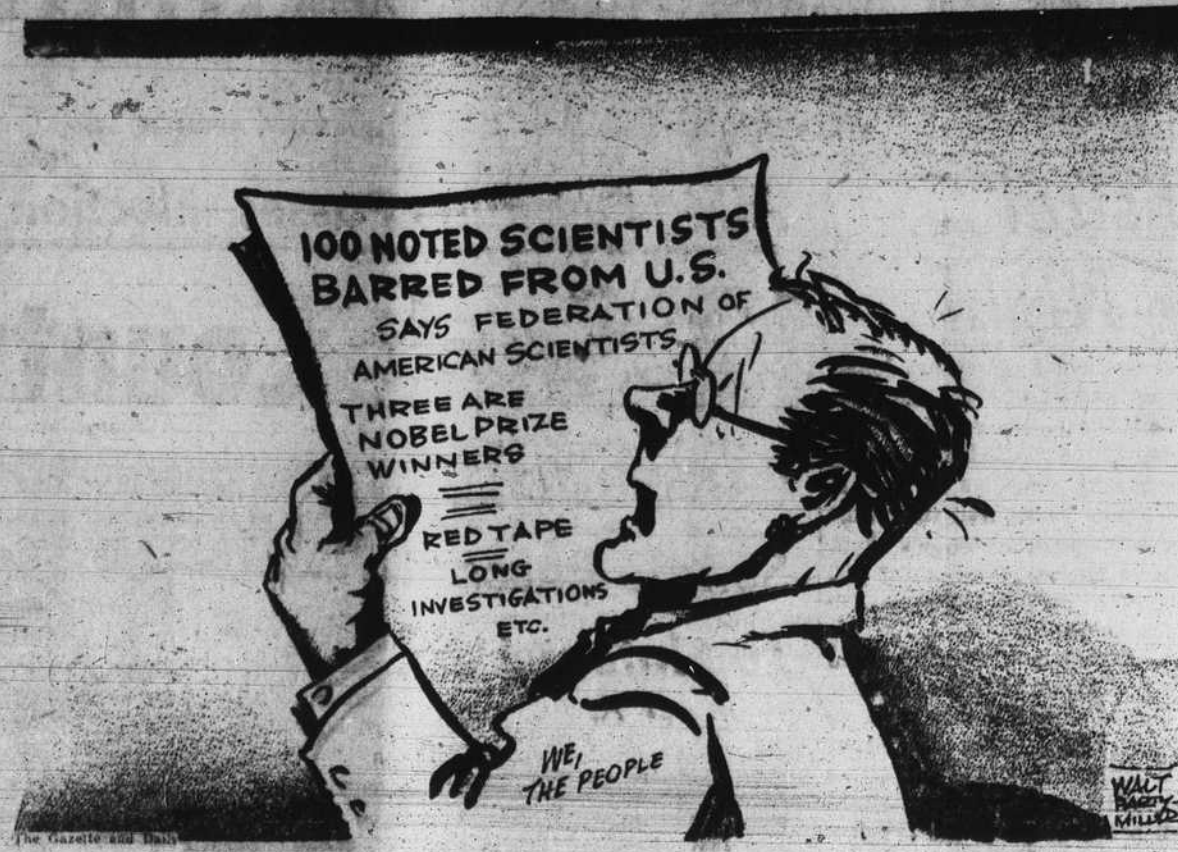
We 1956 model fathers, in desperate efforts to provide money—and things money buys—for our children, sometimes sacrifice things which no amount of money can buy: companionship with Martin, Tommy, and Johnny... Bobby, Sue, Martha, Jane, Frank, Joe, George... the children.

I read the other day the story of a young man who stood at the bar of a court of justice to be sentenced for forgery. The judge had known him from a child, for his father had been a famous legal light and his work on the "Law of Trusts" was the most exhaustive work on the subject in existence.

"Do you remember your father?" asked the judge sternly, "that father whom you have disgraced?"

The prisoner answered: "I remember him perfectly. When I went to him for advice and companionship, he would look up

'And Yet We Are Short of Scientists'



York Gazette & Daily

A Catalogue Catalogued

The American housewife has known it for years. The farmer knows it. The beleaguered handyman husband knows it. At long last the United States Government has formally recognized it.

What's "it"? Why, the Sears, Roebuck catalogue; that massive tome of illustrations, catalogue numbers, and prices, that household byword and bookcase standby, that aid in supplying the needs of the rural dweller as well as the city or suburban resident.

The Library of Congress has finally evaluated this publication as a catalogue of the desires and tastes of a large part of the American public in everything from covered wagons to ivory thimbles. The library has filed a complete set of the Sears, Roebuck catalogue (in microfilm), starting from the first edition in 1888.

As we've said, for years the American housewife has known the value of such mail-order catalogues. She knew it in 1912 when she first bought silk stockings by mail with the admonition, "Treat them carefully," and when pajamas were "for men only" in 1899 and got few buyers.

In 1953 the United States Overseas Information Administration was sending the Sears catalogue to at least 63 foreign countries. Just last December mail-order catalogues had to be chained to the tables in West Berlin while Germans crowded three and four deep to catch sight of the illustrations. An estimated 25 per cent of all the viewers were from Communist-controlled East Berlin.

We're happy this potent bit of Americana is now "formally" at home in its own government library. —Christian Science Monitor



WASHINGTON — The Congress completed action last week on the farm bill.

Action Was Swift... During the Easter recess the Senate and House conferees had worked to iron out differences in the farm bill.

When their agreement was reached the conference report had to be acted upon by both Houses. Action came fast and on the same day with the Senate and House passing the farm bill by substantial margins. The House acted in the afternoon, and we got a vote in the Senate at 9:10 o'clock that night. As I had previously announced, my vote was cast for the farm bill. As this column is being written, its fate now is in the hands of the President. I understand that there is wide disagreement in the Administration as to whether he should sign or veto the bill. Fifteen Republican Senators voted for the bill.

Watch-Dog... The Senate rejected a proposal to set up a Congressional watchdog committee to check on the Central Intelligence Agency. Senator Mansfield of Montana has been leading the fight to get this action. I voted for the bill.

Supreme Court... The U. S. Supreme Court has knocked out State laws by its action in the sedition case. I have been doing all that I can to call attention to the continued encroachment of the high tribunal on the states. This ruling has served to illustrate the dangers that lurk in the actions of the Supreme Court which tend to reduce the states to meaningless zeros in the body politic. I expect to continue this fight, and I think those of us who have been in the minority on this matter will now pick up considerable support from others following this ruling. Something must be done to halt this headlong destruction of the rights of the states.

Chilly... There were many folks from North Carolina in Washington to see the cherry blossoms. It was rainy and very cold. I felt sorry for those who had left their topcoats at home, because it was cold enough to snow and did snow a little.

Influence of Silence... The writer is situated in his time: each word has its reverberations, each silence too. I hold Flaubert and Goncourt responsible for the repressions which followed the Commune, because they wrote not a single line to prevent them. It may be said that it was none of their business; but was the case of Calas the business of Voltaire? the sentence on Dreyfus the business of Zola? the administration of the Congo the business of Gide? Each one of these writers, in some particular circumstance of his life, weighed up his responsibility as a writer. The occupation has taught us ours. Since by our very existence we influence our time, we must decide that this influence shall be deliberate. — Jean Paul Sartre.

My schedule last week was one of the most busy since I came to from his book on the Law of Trusts, and say, "Run away, boy, I am busy."

Tar Heel

PEOPLE & ISSUES

By Cliff Blue

IKE... When Eisenhower entered the race for the Republican presidential nomination in 1952 he was led to believe that he could almost have it on a silver platter which proved quite wrong. He had to engage in an all-out campaign in which Ike and the late Senator Robert Taft slugged it out right down to the bitter end. Then he had to go through with the same thing in the campaign with Adlai Stevenson. It was not easy sailing in the campaign for either the nomination or the election.

Now, four years later, President Eisenhower consented to run for a second term with probably the same thought in mind, that there will be no fight for the nomination and that the fall campaign will be smooth sailing. That the President will have smooth sailing for the nomination goes without saying, but the 1956 fall campaign may well pull Ike in for considerable more personal campaigning than he planned, just as the 1952 nomination campaign called for much more activity on his own part than he anticipated when he got into the race. Campaign managers and candidates get jittery before voting time and sometimes put on more steam than is necessary; and of course all they can put in often times prove inadequate.

DEMOCRATS... If the Minnesota presidential primary showed that Stevenson was down, the Illinois primary showed just as conclusively that he is not out. The Florida and California primaries will be of great influence on the Stevenson candidacy.

PRESIDENTIAL PRIMARIES... The writer of this column has long advocated presidential primaries as a method of determining the choice of the voters of the State. One reason is that the states providing presidential primaries, or primaries for the selection of delegates seem to have

cantaloupe has become quite popular in the home garden. Hills may be spaced as close as five feet apart. A fault of this variety is that it becomes over-ripe very quickly. The best of them all, in my opinion, is the Japanese or Hybrid Seedless melon. It will average from 8 to 12 pounds in weight, and is of excellent quality. There are seldom more than a dozen mature seeds in a melon. The rest of the seeds are undeveloped and may be eaten with the melon. Seeds for planting are quite expensive this year— from six to eight cents per seed—but the results are worth it.

a great deal more influence determining the presidential candidates, or at least who they not be than do the states clinging to the caucus system.

Look at New Hampshire, Nevada, Illinois, Florida and California! Does anyone in North Carolina seriously have the effect in determining the nominee for the Democratic ticket comparable to the effect given the decision voters in these states?

STATE SUPREME COURT RULING... In 1950 an election was held on the question of beer and wine in Moore County and the voters gave decisive votes against the continued sale of both beer and wine. The election was held within 60 days of another special election, contrary to state law. Judge H. Hoyle Sink ruled the election could be held, but it was held and beer and wine voted out, and the election was appealed to the State Supreme Court. The State Supreme Court ruled the election had not been held legally, so beer and wine dealers in Moore resumed sale of the beverages.

Last week the State Supreme Court appears to have re-asserted itself from its 1950 ruling in Moore County election, and refused to disturb a recalculation on beer and wine in Moore County in which the beer and wine was banned. It might be added that of the seven State Supreme members now on the bench rendering the Davidson decision were not in Moore County decision was ed down in 1950.

SLOGANS... It's something interesting to note that the candidates have on the campaign cards... Whiffield, candidate for an ant governor, has on his card "The man who never does issue," which is a pretty statement as the Pender legislator has always been spoken in his views. Several ago when Hawley Poole of County was running for house, this slogan appeared on his cards: "He pays his and grows too."

Balanced Representation Will Serve Orange County Best

The University is one of diversified Orange County's greatest assets, as it is the entire State's. A large segment of our people are associated and dependent upon it. Its welfare and that of Orange County as a whole, therefore, are very closely tied together, inseparable.

A BALANCE OF REPRESENTATION from Orange County to the legislature is important, therefore, to the welfare of the University, the county and all its people.

If nominated and elected as your State Senator, I will work hard for the University as for every other segment of Orange County. As a member of a BALANCED TEAM representing a great county, the best interests of all will be better served.



EDWIN J. HAMLIN
• EDITOR
• BUSINESS MAN
• CIVIC WORKER

YOUR SUPPORT AND VOTE FOR

HAMLIN for State Senator

WILL BE APPRECIATED GREATLY

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