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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1957

Mecklenburg Children Need Protection

MECKLENBURG County's crackdown on careless motorists who pass halted school buses on the open highway is timely and necessary.

The law is being ignored in too many instances. The reasons are varied. Sometimes it is traceable to a reckless disregard for the safety of others. Sometimes it is simply thoughtlessness. Occasionally it is false rationalization.

Unfortunately, frisky youngsters do not always observe the rules of reason themselves. Some have a tendency to dart suddenly into highways with unexplainable joie de vivre when they are released from the cares of book-learning.

These thoughtless children need protection—the protection of the law and

the earnest concern of understanding adults.

The law is just. It imposes a proper obligation on motorists. It should be obeyed.

If the law is not firmly and effectively enforced then we might as well have no law at all. Nothing breeds contempt and disregard for law so quickly as the common knowledge that enforcement is nonexistent or timid.

Effective enforcement means, first, enough policemen on road duty to let the motorist know that his chances of getting away with a violation is too small even to be considered. It also means that officers should nail the violators swiftly, on the spot and without exception or favoritism.

While they're at it, both city and county police and the State Highway Patrol would be doing humanity a favor if they kept a closer watch for motorists who violate speed laws in school zones. A burst of reckless speed in such a zone can result in the death or injury to any number of children. Again, the childishness of the child may appear to be the cause of such an accident. More often it is carelessness of the driver.

For Faithful Tending Of The Candles

IF THE common cold can be defeated, will peace be far behind?

A comparison of two plagues of mankind—colds and war—need not be too strained. Both are universal ailments, both seemingly incurable, both are drains on the happiness and productivity of man.

There came from a young John Hopkins scientist this week the claim that the cross of the cold can be lifted partially through vaccination. Although the medical world has not had time to satisfy itself as to the substance of the claim, Dr. Winston Price has satisfied himself through experiment that his vaccine will prevent a high percentage of infections now caused by one cold virus.

There is a large element of drama in the story, attributable to the scientist as well as to his claim. Dr. Price, the Associated Press reports, is known by his colleagues "as a dedicated scientist and something of a lone wolf, working diligently on his theories until he has proved or disproved them."

The Party Regulars Win The Prizes

NATIONAL and southern Democratic leaders huddled in Raleigh this week in search of that elusive quality called harmony. Even as they searched, the old third party threat kept bobbing from the deep and unhealed rift over racial segregation.

National Chairman Paul Butler went a few rounds with it. "In my opinion," he said, "the Democratic Party nationally will not consider the possibility of a third party movement as a threat to keep the party from adhering to its ancient principles and serving the best interests of the people, regardless of race, color or creed."

In other words, the party will adopt another strong integration plank whether or not a third party is put into the field. Other developments are just as predictable. There will be a heated floor fight

involved, of course. The parallel lies in the dedication of men. The National Conference on Citizenship held its 12th annual meeting in Washington this week. "It has offered," the WASHINGTON POST reports, "no disarmament plan, no treaty to settle the differences between the East and West, no mechanism for the substitution of law for violence among nations."

But it did offer in the keynote address of Dr. Raymond J. Seeger, deputy assistant director of the National Science Foundation, a powerful shaft of illumination to spotlight a fact often forgotten in human helplessness.

As The Post said: "Dr. Seeger was not discouraged because special floodlights do not brighten the sky as our civilization passes through the valley of the shadow of death. Light, he noted, is still measured in terms of candle power. All that we need are candles, but enough of them—one candle burning here, there, everywhere—in the homes, in the schools, in the places of your place, in mine, people in their places all over the world."

To us, this added a new dimension to Dr. Price's dedication to the search for a vaccine to prevent the common cold. It adds to his dedication to any man's effort to live in peace, dignity and comfort in the laboratory that is the earth. One man can find a vaccine for a disease of the body. Any man can share in the discovery and final establishment of peace by faithful tending of his candle.

'Ezra, I Don't Know What We'd Do Without You'



Poland: 1957

The Taste Of Freedom

By JOSEPH ALSOP

THE MODERN world can show no stranger city than this Warsaw, which is at once the capital and the epitome of the new Poland of Wladyslaw Gomulka.

Towering into the pale sky, as though still seeking to dominate the city, there is Joseph Stalin's gift, the Palace of Culture and Rest—every proportion wrong, every ornament false, every consideration of usefulness and beauty sacrificed to heavy, empty show.

And then one realizes it was meant to show the nature of Stalinism, with its anti-human system of priorities, its total sacrifice of all human values to the state's crude power.

RENAISSANCE The war's grim ruins still three quarters surround the palace of Culture and Rest in its wide, bleak park. But further, over towards the blue ribbon of the Vistula, there is the new Warsaw that Wladyslaw Gomulka began to build before his fall from power in 1956.

It is a comfortable city, by any means. Life has grown better since October, but only a little better. For the average worker's family, it is still a cruelly hard struggle to keep enough food



Memories Are Long

Warsaw in 1957. It is a city looking both ways, towards the West whence come the renaissance, and towards the East whence came Stalin's hideous skyscraper; and it is governed by a Communist Party looking both ways too.

It is not a comfortable city, by any means. Life has grown better since October, but only a little better. For the average worker's family, it is still a cruelly hard struggle to keep enough food

on the table; and the final failure of an old pair of shoes is a painful reminder of the privations of the foreigners and the Poles who have some money to spend, there is no comfort, much less luxury. There is only a kind of frantic anxiety in the strange, shabby restaurants and clubs of the various intellectual organizations where those with a little cash in their pockets gather to enjoy themselves.

FREEDOM'S MEANING

Despite the gaiety, it is not a happy city, either. Someone has written that the leaders of the revolutions that swept Europe in 1848 had no program; they had only an innocent belief that all problems would be automatically solved by the dismantling of the tyrants. That was the spirit of the vast majority of Poles last October.

Their regained personal freedom is so sweet to every one of them that you can still almost see them tasting it, as you can see a child delightedly tasting the summer's first ice cream cone. Yet most of them are unhappy because they have now been brought face to face with the hard central fact that freedom for a nation does not solve any problems at all, but only gives the chance to tackle the existing problems in a new way.

NERVOUS LEADERS

The Gomulka government is rather nervously aware of the disappointment because Poland's liberation has naturally failed to work a general miracle. Being composed of indoctrinated Communists, the government is also naturally extremely nervous by the challenge with which it is now enjoying their new freedom.

The censorship is not the only bad sign, either. Gomulka's "new economic policy" is far less bold than his first. Proposed new tax laws, new "anti-speculation" regulations are making some people wonder whether the secret police, having been thrown out of the political window, may not one day walk in again through the economic door.

But unless the Kremlin finally finds the Polish example unbearably dangerous, it is this report's guess that this peculiar existence will somehow be made to succeed. One reason for this guess is the singular presence of Wladyslaw Gomulka. The other is the singular Polish propensity for heroism, which Gomulka both shares and understands.

Britishers Baffled By Dixie's Ideas On Racial Segregation

By ROBERT C. RUARK

LONDON IT is rather difficult to be a proud American in these hard days, with the news magazines and the British press playing all-stops-out on the segregation scramble back home.

It is not only the news magazines and the British press playing all-stops-out on the segregation scramble back home. It is not only the news magazines and the British press playing all-stops-out on the segregation scramble back home.

One Englishman I know asked me quite seriously: "But could you please explain, old boy, how a thing like your Governor Faubus ever got to be a governor at all?"

PROVINCIAL POLITICS

I had to say that it beat me, too, but some powerful queer critics turned up in back-country politics and ran their states more as dictator than as servants of the people.

Our friend went on to say: "But after all, your country is a major catastrophe. Even for being the international seat of democracy. Why all this rubbish about different races going to schism? You've got an Italian in Mayor LaGuardia and a former Dutchman, Roosevelt, was your president, your Mr. Bernadine Baruch is a Jew, and your Joe Louis, a Negro, rather raised a question of white supremacy in the prize ring. Your Lena Horne is about the loveliest woman in America, and Dr. Ralph Bunche one of your most distinguished citizens."

I said this was so, and some of us were aware of it.

LEADING QUESTION

"Well, then," he replied with some logic, "what's so bloody awful about educating a child, black or white?"

"Education, I said, was not a sin, any more than riding on a tramcar is a sin, but some object to sending their children to school with the children of the colored Negroes to ride in the back of the buses."

"Why is this permitted?" my English friend asked. "Why is it prohibited by law, and put down? How can this awful government be so stupid?"



DR. RALPH BUNCHE A Puzzlement?

nor defy his President and your Supreme Court?"

BASEBALL BARRS

There was a tremendous uproar over letting Negroes play our national pastime, but Jackie Robinson was a successful test case. He withstood all the riding and the boos and the catcalls, and set such a sterling example that there are nearly as many Negroes as whites in baseball, most of whom are tremendously popular with their white teammates as well as the fans.

This education thing will follow the same example as our good people prevail and our bad people are made into figures of shame. The bad ones get weeded out on both sides.

"Sounds frightfully Pollyanna and most inefficient on the part in the education American," he said. "If you run your industries and your wars that way, you'd never get anything done. You expect source right, I said. But up to now it's worked out pretty well."

People's Platform

Letters should be brief. The writer's name and address must be given, but may be withheld from publication in the discretion of the editors. The News reserves the right to condense.

Segregationist Rector Departed From Text

Charlotte

Editors, The News: REV. HENRY EGGER of Saint Peter's Episcopal Church is commended by his text last Sunday, Galatians 3:28, seemingly not to preach from, but to depart from.

He did an excellent job in departing when he stated the text and preached a pro-segregation sermon. Rev. Egger, who he knows that when a minister announces his text, his sermon must come out of the text if it is interpreted correctly.

The Rev. Egger said, "It is my contention that it is not God's will to mix the races. I think when Rev. Egger stated his 'contention,' which has no scriptural basis, if the right interpretation is given, he was not aware of the fact that many of the people who heard him know that the races are already mixed throughout the Southland. And the decision of the Supreme Court of May 17, 1954, has already mixed them throughout the country."

He should know that the mixing of the races began more than 300 years ago, and has continued to this day. Therefore, I do not believe that it is right for Rev. Egger to try to misinform those whom God has entrusted to his leadership.

True Christian leadership demands that one should have a clear understanding of the fact that all men are children of God. They are God's children both by creation and redemption. Acts 17:26, "And hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on the face of the earth." Galatians 3:28, "For ye are children of God by faith in Christ Jesus."

Too, I should like to remind Rev. Egger that people differ in opinion as to living and according to the race to which they belong, but according to their economic and educational status. The man who is compelled to live in

a slum area because of the low wage he receives for his services, should not be held altogether responsible if he succumbs to the evil of that community. Instead, give that man equal economic, political and educational opportunities, and, if he has the energy, he will change his environment and become a respectable and worthy citizen. This has nothing to do with race.

Dorothy Coates, an intelligent and really decent citizen, was misquoted at a H. R. d. g. High School simply because she is a Negro. She knocked on the door of education and asked for a chance to learn, but was refused to withdraw because of cruel treatment. What Christian can look at the picture of Dorothy in the recent issues of Life magazine and the Jet, surrounded by jeering students, without weeping as Christ did over Jerusalem because of the sins of the people?"

Jess said, Matthew 25:45, "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me." I think the Rev. Henry Egger lost a great opportunity to do an invaluable service to the community when he preached a sermon supporting segregation, which had no real scriptural basis, instead of a sermon based on Matthew 25:45. A message from this text would have been very timely and very appropriate, and, I believe, helpful.

We are passing through a very crucial period in the history of these United States of America. Therefore, this is no time for a minister to theorize or express unscriptural and purely personal opinions from the pulpit. When people go to church on Sunday, they are looking for a message, some bowed beneath a load of sin, they want to hear what the Bible has to say about their condition and what God through Christ will do for them, and not to hear the simple non-biblical opinions of the preacher.

—REV. A. WALTER WILLIAMS Director Of Baptist Missions for Charlotte and Mecklenburg Counties.

Love Affair

FROM THE TIME I heard Al Jolson at Hammerstein's, he was my idol. I somehow saw every show he was in, and always, for minutes after he'd left the stage, you sat still, knowing that a great presence had just departed.

I saw him at the Winter Garden when he was at his best, a real one-man show. Oh, there were some other people occasionally on the stage; a line of dancing girls, enough of a company to keep the thing going while Jolson took a glass of water or mopped his brow off stage. But he was the show and many's the night he'd look at the audience about a quarter of eleven and say, "The girls are waiting back-sings and they have some songs and dances, but they've worked pretty hard tonight, let's let 'em go home, huh?" I'll stay here as long as you want but let the poor kids go home, huh?" And he'd send everybody home while he stood there maybe another hour, singing, clowning, giving the audience the time of his life and having the time of his life. For this was Jolson's big love affair. Through all the years, the love of his life was — the audience. — From "Take My Life," by Eddie Cantor with Jane Ardmore.

Memories Of Jolson

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

KEEPING the allegiance of strategic countries in this part of the world is a constant struggle between the destructive effect of John Foster Dulles' boob-boosts and the constructive work of people-to-people friendship. In this key country of Greece, however, we seem to be winning the battle—thanks to three factors:

- 1—The American college in Greece whose alumni have organized against the Kremlin.
2—The basic good sense of the Greek people who differentiate between American good intentions and official faux pas.
3—A cultural program engineered by Dr. Duncan Enrich of the U.S. Information Service which outcultured Moscow's frantic bid to undercut us in the Balkans.

People-To-People Friendship Pays Off

You have to remember what most concertgoers don't remember, that it's a simple matter for Moscow to send all sorts of entertainment to Greece. They hop from Roumania and Bulgaria—both Iron Curtain countries—down to Greece on your almost no extra expense. S. Infors, in contrast has the expense of transporting cultural programs halfway around the world.

Ballet Lost Friends

However, when the famed Moscow ballet arrived in Athens it was not a howling success. Its ballet dancers were guarded by a long-haired Kremlin chapone who did not permit them to mingle with the Greek people.

Afternoon and evenings in the same theater, was Dixy Gillespie's jazz orchestra, plus a group of dancers who were the inebriated behavior of some musicians won no friends among Athenian women. So the battle of the ballet vs. Gillespie was a draw, except that the Russian dancers were fascinated with the Negro jazz players.

U. S. Successes

The American ballet theater, on the other hand, was a tremendous success; while the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, plus a group of dancers who were the Herod of Athens alongside the Chicago orchestra, was forced to play more encores than any orchestra in Athens.

Latest contest between Communist and free-world entertainment occurred between the Moscow circus and an American-produced skating pageant called "Holiday on Ice." I went to both. The circus at the Moscow circus were probably the best in the world, and I have been going to circuses since a Wallace-Hagenbach played Parsons, Kansas, in 1908. The Russian bear act was better than any animal act I've seen. John Ringling North has tried to lynch Ringling Brothers even if one bear did defect to the west.

Colleges Help

However, "Holiday on Ice" outdrew the Moscow circus, partly because it was American, partly because it was staged to raise money for the four American colleges in Greece and the alumni of these colleges were out hustling tickets.

From The Sanford Herald

LONELY LITTLE TRIBE

HALF a dozen persons called the office to ask what a Smiling is.

They were referring to a word in a recent RALEIGH NEWS AND OBSERVER article that described failure of a move to have Lumberton annex the Barker-Ten Mile section of Robeson County. The final paragraph said:

"One source also mentioned the difference in the county and city units in that the city unit has only Negro and white schools while the county unit has schools for four races—white, Negro, Indian and Smiling—with the possibility that pupils of these races might also have been involved."

I didn't know what a Smiling was. But I learned the answer from Penn Gray, city editor of THE ROBSONIAN.

"Smiling," Pen said, "is the predominant family name in a group of persons who moved into Robeson County from Sumter, S. C., in 1910. Elders of the band said they were Indians returning to the soil of their fathers. However, the Lumbee Indian Commission in Robeson declined to accept them as being members of its tribe."

blood, it exercises its identification as a dark-skinned people. The Smiling could pass as white. They were apart from the Negroes, too.

So Robeson County established a special school for the lonely little tribe. From 40 to 50 children normally are enrolled in it. There are two teachers.

If Smiling is not an Indian name, what sort is it?

Perhaps it was attached to the stray legion by someone observing the happy nature of its members. We assume they are happy.

For folks always assign that state of being to the least privileged and most stunned of men.

Pause is given the thirty parent by news that the reigning European beauty is mainly notable for her freckles. It would be just his luck to pay the orthodontist \$800 only to find, when his daughter is 18 that buck teeth are all the rage.—COLUMBIA (S. C.) STATE.