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Dixie's Need For 'Native' Initiative

AS industry looms as the No. 1 economic imperative for North Carolina and the South, we seem in danger of forgetting a fruitful tradition.

Long before industry was touted to be the South's new lifeline, long before safaris after northern factories and capital began, native southerners provided their own initiative. On the tiniest plots of capital and know-how, foundations of some of her greatest present-day industrial empires were laid.



Hodges the Huntsman

Commenting on Gov. Hodges' recent effort to sell the virtues of North Carolina as a site for food processing, the Raleigh News-ObsERVER asks: "If that story can be sold to strangers, why cannot it stir enterprising North Carolinians to set up their own plants for the processing of their own products?"

The question is well posed and it applies, of course, not only to the processing of food but to the whole vast topic of industrialization.

Years ago, the South heard much of "growing from within." Since economists have found in expanding populations, monetary practices, and technical improvisation the secrets of dynamism, that idea would seem to be even more relevant. We hear much, for example, about the tremendous potential for wealth lying untapped in our forests and grasslands.

Perhaps "industrialization" is an inadequate term; it is not comprehensive enough to compass all the possibilities of our regional endowment. It would need to be defined as the older order passes and the new takes its place; and in following the path to an industrialized economy, the South need not accept all the hateful trimmings of industrialization—urban slums, poisonous waterways, rambling, unplanned urban centers. One of the consequences of more "native" initiative will surely be that those who know regional character-

istics will be more apt to exploit and preserve them than to throw away the beauties and oddities which so often are sacrificed to economic revolutions.

But in emphasizing what is valid in her own traditions and natural endowments, in giving all possible encouragement to native initiative and resourcefulness, the South can do without some of the primitive quirks of old native industry. Those include her curmudgeonly reluctance to pay decent wages. The notorious wage-poverty of older home-grown industries, to which native entrepreneurs have clung in the name of homespun social conservatism, distrust of the "Yankee dollar," etc., can be checked. Stingy payrolls will not supply the markets now industry needs to prosper, to keep moving, and to keep our manufactured wealth in this region where it is needed.

But most importantly, we should not ignore the lesson that the architect of the region for landmarks which may be enhanced, not destroyed, by what is to be built.

Sudden Changes Overturned The 'Good Arab' Policy

By JOSEPH ALSEP

BEIRUT, Lebanon—THERE is no remaining vestige of a coherent American policy in the vital, troubled Middle East. As far as this region of the world is concerned, having no policy at all seems to be the aim in Washington.

There are two obvious reasons. In turn, for this strange political catalogue of "next great crises" here are only being prepared (though rather hastily prepared) and America's own foreign secretary, State John Foster Dulles, has no time for volcanoes that have not reached the state of active eruption.

Meanwhile, last summer's volcanic eruptions in the Middle East altogether destroyed the bases for what then passed for an American policy here. Nothing was left, and nothing has been constructed to replace what was destroyed.

SIMPLE CHARACTERISTICS

The characteristics of the old situation, before last summer's eruptions, were relatively simple. The Middle East was crudely divided into the friends of Gamal Abdel Nasser, and the friends of the West. After Sept. 22, Secretary of State Dulles belatedly responded to this division by adopting what Sir Anthony Eden used to call the "good Arabs" policy.

State Dulles belatedly responded to this division by adopting what Sir Anthony Eden used to call the "good Arabs" policy. In other words, the American policy was to strengthen and to unite the Arab friends of the West, and to resist and weaken the influence of Nasser. This general policy of the policy was often remarkably clumsy. Infinite harm was done, for instance, by the State Dept's fondness for exacting what amounted to public loyalty oaths from the West's friends. But the "good Arabs" policy was at least a policy, some sort.

But in the outcome, the script was thrown away in Iraq. The Communist underground there proved to be stronger than the Nasserite underground. In Syria, a few months earlier, the Kremlin had already shown it was abandoning its former policy of using the Arab Communist parties as mere auxiliary forces under Gamal Abdel Nasser's command. Now in Iraq, the local Communists became the strongest advocates of "Iraqi independence." For quite different reasons, an independent policy was also adopted by the non-Communist leader of the Baghdad coup, Gen. Karim Kassem.

Thus Nasser was cheated of his triumph. Thus Nasser and Western powers, too, were suddenly confronted with the possibility that Iraq would become a power center for direct Kremlin influence in the Arab world. Thus a new magnetism began to be felt, as can be seen in Damascus, in Nasser's own "Syrian region," where portraits of Gen. Kassem were now replacing the familiar Nasser-ikons in the bazaars.

Contrary to the expectations of both Washington and Cairo, however, last summer's shattering Western defeats by no means produced comparable triumphs for Egypt and Nasser. The key event was the Baghdad coup d'etat. If the terrible convulsion in Iraq had followed the script, producing a government of Nasserite puppets, then Nasser's triumph would surely have been total, at least for the time being.

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Party, "El Neur" is coming out daily. Thus far, in short, Nasser has submitted to the great change in the Arab world. Increasing reports are heard that some of those around Nasser are actively pro-Soviet, and positively like and even promote the Communist trend. But although Nasser has admitted, there is no doubt at all that he does not, like it. Hence, an attempt to work out a viable, hard-headed new attitude towards Nasser ought to be the first order of business.

But such an attempt has even begun, instead, in the great defeats of last spring and summer, the Americans and the British, too, have been reduced to a mere desperate rear-guard action. Even the rear-guard action is pitiful and incoherent, moreover. In Jordan, for instance, brave young King Hussein surely deserves generous and active support. But the American government has not yet said whether such support will be forthcoming next year, or even whether to fill the gap in the Amman embassy with a new ambassador.

Thus we are simply drifting, in a new Middle Eastern situation which is much more dangerous, at bottom, than the old, post-Suez situation.

Senate's Embattled Liberals Fight For 'Time & Space'

By ROWLAND EVANS, JR.

WASHINGTON—THE DEMOCRATS from the northern, industrial states are laying rather elaborate plans to cash in on their influence in the Senate. They will have a ready package of proposals ready for Sen. Johnson, the voice of power and authority in the top-heavy Democratic Senate, before the session starts on Jan. 7. These proposals are a bit more than requests, but not quite in the nature of demands.

One of them, of course, is the well-known plot to change Rule XXII and make it easier to break Senate filibusters. Not so well publicized, however, are at least three other northern Democratic proposals, each of which will be taken up

now seems to want is a new and effective role in the party's inner circle. The Democrats are not entirely dominated by the skillful Johnson; an increase in the number of Democratic managers by the addition of a new anti-leader from the ranks of the liberals; and a shake-up of the Senate's internal structure, the Steering Committee, 11 of whose 15 members may now represent southern or border states. This committee controls the appointment of new senators to standing committees.

Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey, the humanist who presides over the Senate Democratic liberals, would be the obvious choice for a new assistant leader, but he might defer to Sen. Frank P. Murphy, a leading presidential possibility. Humphrey would prefer to keep his present identity as the unofficial emissary and negotiator of the northern liberals.

As of now, the floor leadership is composed of Johnson, now top man, and Sen. Mansfield, his loyal lieutenant and the assistant floor leader. How successful the Northern liberals are in their quest for more power within the Senate Democratic hierarchy may well bear on the course of the new Congress and the outcome of the Rule XXII struggle. It might even have an indirect influence on the shape of the Democratic national convention in 1960.

LEGATES

The northerners are the legates of the New and Fair Deal who seemed to profit from the campaign against the "radical wing" of the Democratic party. If the astute and moderate Johnson makes concessions on the liberal wing equality program he should find it easier to keep the peace between the opposite wings of his party. Kasper has some doubts about cohesion among the Democrats throughout the session, although, of course, he would not avoid, a Rule XXII battle.

If, for example, Johnson agreed to place Humphrey or a Humphrey candidate on the nine-man policy committee, the panel that controls the flow of legislation to the floor, the northern Democrats would be less inclined to press the limit in the great struggle over the filibuster rule.

The Republicans already have a well-advertised organizational fight going on. Their liberal wing is denouncing a spot in the party's conservative Senate hierarchy. With the relative decline of the conservatives, the liberal Republicans are certain to get an assistant leadership in the new Senate.

The bid by the Democratic liberals for equal space and time with the southern and moderate blocs, however, seems to have shriller overtones. It may, in fact, be an opening gun in the battle for control of the 1960 Democratic national convention.

In California, where the Democrats scored their greatest election gains, a move by party officials is already afoot to weaken the influence of the moderate congressional leaders in the wide-open nominating convention in 1960. It is based on the sound theory that control of the convention machinery—the keynote man, the programming—will carry with it unusual power to influence the selection of the nominee. This would be true, of course, only if no candidate locks up the nomination ahead of time.

If Johnson fails to make concessions now to the Senate liberals, the militant and triumphant party officials from the West Coast and their national committee allies, will intensify the effort to undermine the Democratic moderates in Congress. It is a good bet that the Senator from Texas will go at least part of the way with the northerners. He will probably do that for party harmony, even though he knows there is no power in the world that, in a showdown, could upset his ultimate control of his party in the Senate.

'I Don't Quite Know How To Tell You This—'

Herlock and Melroy are in a room. Melroy is holding a newspaper with the headline 'DEFENSE COSTS'. Herlock is looking at it with a thoughtful expression.



Touting Teddy Like Striped Toothpaste

ONCE TRUMP had trumpeted the theme on Teddy Roosevelt's 100th anniversary year, 1958, we guess the lesser instruments of the Fourth Estate had no choice but to join in heroic song.

From Drew Pearson to the wire service savants, the front has rung loud with the chorus. All hail, Teddy Roosevelt, "fit as a bull moose." Rough Rider who led a charge up San Juan Hill, President who brought American to first-class nationhood and the crowned heads of Germany and Japan to peace at Portsmouth, conservationist, architect of occasional nude swimmer in the Potomac. One little old 250-pound package of political TNT.

Already, putting envious eyes on this giant of the century's early decades, the public gangs for a renege performer, for someone to stick full-sized feet into TR's old number 13s.

Perhaps the gasp means something good—that in our hunger for political direction and thrust we have developed a healthy wish for vigor in the seats of government.

But being of an historical inclination, and wanting to make sure we weren't being handed a loaded telescope, we decided to look back at the record. Sure enough, TR's contemporaries had their opinions of this giant who is daily rising to all the dizziest heights of puff-puff. But what opinions!

President William McKinley, whom Teddy accused of lacking the grace of a chocolate éclair, called him "a smart aleck, a rough and uncouth person."

"Now look!" Mark Hanna exclaimed when he was elected, "that damned cowboy is in the White House!"

Woodrow Wilson questioned, "what will happen to this country with that mountebank as President?"

And the Liberal leader of Britain's House of Lords, Lord John Morley, saw him as "an interesting combination of St. Paul and St. Vitus."

Now many a hero has borne many a costly epithet from his contemporaries, but it does begin to seem that all the hail and highbush about Teddy is a neat telescopic job. Some someone who knew and worked alongside of TR must have said something flattering about him.

But search the record as we may, it grows darker. It might be thought that

all the members of the TR booster's club, who are flocking to follow more widely into that mythical 90-league chest or scratching about for confirmation. Our fatal error, ourselves, was to take a peek into H. L. Mencken's record. Everyone knows H. L. Mencken had little love for citizens in the architect of the time except Henry Cabot Lodge. He admired Lodge for being quite aloof from the vulgar rough and tumble of the common herd.

But TR hardly shared such grace. No other congressman, not even President McKinley, made so great an effort to puncture the 90-league chest or knock out a few of those shining Rooseveltian teeth. To Mencken, Teddy was really a mountebank, an overrated windbag, a frolicsman, a gigantic charlatan—indeed all of a piece with Kaiser Wilhelm, Emperor and lordliest of the Prussian Junkers.

"In his palmy days," Mencken writes, "it was often impossible to distinguish his politico-theological bulls from those of Wilhelm II, who led the war, indeed, I suspect that some of them were boldly lifted by the British press bureau, and palmed off as felicitous imprudences out of Potsdam. Wilhelm was his model in politics, and in sociology, eugenetics, and administrative law, sport, and communal policy no less. Both reared for doctory armies. . . . Both dreamed of gigantic navies, with battleships as long as the Brooklyn Bridge. Both preached incessantly the duty of the citizen to the state, with the soft pedal upon the duty of the state to the citizen. . . . Both were intimates of God, and announced His desires with authority. Both believed that all men who stood opposed to them were prompted by the devil and would suffer for it in hell. . . . In fact, there was any difference between them, it was all in favor of Wilhelm. For one thing, he made very much fewer speeches."

We closed the record in dismay. Must we conclude that TR is being touted to glory in 1958 by the Fourth Estate, such as Madison Avenue has touted striped toothpaste to the dollar? Dare we suggest that he was a charlatan? In 1958, such suggestion is heresy enough to raise the hackles of every patriot in the land and we shrink from it in horror.

But now, thanks to science, California truck farmers have a remedy. They spray their vegetables with Orban; that "ascorbic acid antioxidant" is absorbed by the plants' cells; and lo! they are green again.

AIN'T PROGRESS GRAND!

People's Platform

The People Are Rulers of Courts

Editors, The News: WE demand as American citizens that you advocate the formation of a "People's Platform" to express ourselves as to our choice between mixing and not mixing the races. Why don't our leaders, the leaders of the NAACP work for this decision at the ballot box, instead of trying to get the Supreme Court

to rule in their favor—not allowing the voices of the people to be heard on such a vital matter?

... The American people are the rulers of our Supreme Court and all other government departments—not the nine Justices but the millions of citizens of our nation. In fact, the facts and demand that we be given a right to vote on this issue as we did on the Volstead Act.

—J. A. GRAHAM

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round A New Movement After Hitler's Fashion?

HOW does hate get unleashed in the United States? What induces people to bomb schools and places of worship? Why do people adopt the tactics of Hitler in a country which fought a long and bloody war to wipe out Hitlerism?

These are questions many Americans are asking in the wake of the bombing of approximately 50 schools and places of worship. This writer, who has visited some of the dynamite schools and synagogues has been trying to get an answer. The results of this investigation are so important that they cannot be squeezed into a single column, but here is the first installment.

Secret Meeting

A secret meeting which John Kasper, the race baiter, recently held in the dingy apartment of Edgar Johnston at 1103 Bellevue St. in southeast Washington. Six of his most trusted followers attended.

The meeting lasted four hours. During it, Kasper proclaimed a new national movement fashioned after Hitler's and urged to depart every Negro to Africa and to stop mixing with Orban; that "ascorbic acid antioxidant" is absorbed by the plants' cells; and lo! they are green again.

'Everyone Else Wrong'

"We're going to adhere to Hitler's policies," the swartzer hawknosed

Kasper harangued. "Fanatic as it may sound, everyone else is wrong and we're right."

Kasper began the meeting by telling about his trial in Clinton, Tenn., for stirring up racial riots. Floyd Fleming, a citizen movement leader, was arrested on the "eastern seaboard," asked jokingly why Kasper had blown up the school. "He cracked back that he would start some dynamite in Johnston's apartment, so their host would be blamed and locked up."

Seven Founded Nazis

He recalled that only seven were present at the founding of Hitler's Nazi Party. Then he pointed back and announced that he had a list of the seven names. He said the seven would be the "hard core" of the new movement with headquarters in the nation's capital. He reserved the leadership for himself and stressed that authority would go down ward some day. "We have seven now," Kasper added seriously, "because it will give other people ideas."

The Poet Pound

Edna Pound, the great friend of Kasper, had earlier suggested a name for their movement which Kasper, sheepishly admitted sounded "corny."

How Long?

"Right in 12 years," replied the self-styled director. "I want to see that 'coalitions, combinations, and co-

operative efforts" must fail, as outlined in Hitler's "Mein Kampf," because sooner or later the compromises dissolve.

"When we hurried those crosses on the lawns of particular individuals, you saw the response picked up in the papers across the country," boasted Johnston. "You mean you had something to do with that, Ed?" laughed Colburn.

"We shouldn't say this out loud. We should be careful of the walls," cautioned Fleming, a small nervous man who spoke in spurts and emphasized his points with jerky gestures. "If you have something like this in your mind and you want to do it, you do it. But you don't discuss it."

Pound's Words

Kasper assured his followers that Pound had extraordinary perceptions. "What has taken me to him is his un-failing earnestness and ability to be right. Whatever he has told me has turned out to be true," Kasper said. He claimed Pound had been railroaded into St. Elizabeths by three Jewish psychiatrists. Fleming suggested another name for the new party—National Reform. But Kasper objected that there were too many nationalistic and reform parties. He also brushed aside the idea of reviving the old German-American Band.

To Reach The Masses

Though of Germanic descent, he decreed: "No foreign ideologies should be allowed to confuse the public. My aim is to reach the masses of the common people."

foolish as it sounds." What Ezra Pound had proposed calling the movement was "What In Our Bread"—or, to shorten it, the WHIB Party. He got the idea from the group of British housewives who had demanded that the government put the wheat vitamins back in their bread.

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From The Franklin Press

AIN'T PROGRESS GRAND!

SCIENTISTS in California have come up with a new garden spray, says a news story.

It's not for bugs or beetles or blight. It's for smog. And smog, in case you didn't know, is "ozone and oxidized hydrocarbons"; that is, air, mist, smoke and poison carbons.

California's truck crops used to be worth \$5 million dollars a year. Then smog came along and ruined their market value. For smog burns and bronzes the leaves of truck vegetables.

But now, thanks to science, California truck farmers have a remedy. They spray their vegetables with Orban; that "ascorbic acid antioxidant" is absorbed by the plants' cells; and lo! they are green again.

AIN'T PROGRESS GRAND!

P. S. Story didn't mention a spray for human lungs.