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TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1959

Budgeteers Shortchange The Colleges

HIGHER education was lamentably shortchanged by the hard-shelled capital improvement budget proposed to the General Assembly last night by Gov. Luther H. Hodges.

It was a disappointing reaction to a developing challenge.

A crisis of major proportions is facing state-supported institutions of higher learning in North Carolina. Classrooms are already crowded. Enrollments are zooming. And the worst is yet to come.

During the 1947-57 decade, enrollments in these colleges increased 16 per cent—from 24,300 in 1947 to 28,400 in 1957. In the ten-year period between 1950 and 1969, enrollments are expected to increase 66 per cent—from almost 30,000 to about 50,000.

Those aren't our estimates. They are taken from the governor's biennial message delivered to legislators last Thursday afternoon. Four days later Mr. Hodges and his economic advisers took the rather conservative capital improvements program of the State Board of Higher Education and made hash of it. Proper note was taken of the long-range building needs. But the budget-makers announced: "We feel that at the present time the state can undertake to provide for only a part of these projects."

It is regrettable.

A half dozen years ago the $20 million proposed for state-supported institutions of higher learning might have looked quite respectable. After all, during the entire 1947-57 decade, the General Assembly appropriated only $105 million for capital improvements in the colleges. That helped get these institutions over one hump. But a bigger one lies just ahead.

Certainly community colleges can be depended upon to take some of the enrollment pressure off the state's big dormitory-type colleges. The value of community colleges is certainly recognized in Raleigh. They received a noteworthy salute in the governor's biennial message last week. But the proposed new budget provides only $1½ million on a matching basis for buildings at Charlotte, Asheville and Wilmington. Despite the praise, the proper role of community colleges in North Carolina's system of state-supported institutions of higher learning has not been properly appreciated. Some reappraising needs to be done.

Higher education was not the only budget casualty. Many important projects were axed completely by the budget-makers. Unlike education, most can probably wait. However $4½ million was included for a new home for the legislature and $600,000 to help preserve the barrier islands on North Carolina's outer banks. There is a clear-cut need for a new legislative hall (but when lawmakers measure the need against the educational crisis they might see their way clear to put off construction for another biennium) and we certainly agree that every reasonable effort ought to be made to save the outer banks. Other items will bear close scrutiny during the critical weeks and months ahead. With the legislature meeting only every other year, a mistake in judgment and in emphasis can be costly.

Striped Pants Will Have No Wearers

BENJAMIN Franklin, our first diplomat, captivated the *salons* of 18th Century Paris in a coonskin hat. But, as Chapel Hill's indefatigable Phillips Russell revealed in a popular mid-twenties biography, the rustic hat was a ruse. Franklin was no orthodox bumpkin; but even so it pleased the puritan self-delusion of Americana to continue thinking so.

We still flatter ourselves with this nativist nonsense by trying to thrust bumpkinism against Babylon on foreign soil — or at least that is the message of David L. Cohn, who writes in the January ATLANTIC of "Our Impoverished Diplomats." Swilling down our bourbon, scotch and vodka, devouring our hors d'oeuvres by bushels, we still yearn to cast our diplomats in the silly role of graceless rustics. Our politicians, many of them anyway, enjoy nothing better than prattling to the home folks about our striped-pants, cocktail diplomacy. Perhaps we are so run by the stock 3-B Hollywood image that we find alluring the American who, confronted by a wine list, cutely orders buttermilk.

In consequence of this fantasy:

Out of an $80 billion budget, the diplomatic corps gets a niggardly $700 to $800 thousand or less for entertainment.

Our diplomats drive about in old hearses, discarded Cabinet cars and old wrecks cast off by foreign diplomats in Washington.

Career men go into debt, do without adequate education, medical and dental money for their families to entertain on behalf of the rich U. S.

The consul at Tabriz, Iran, recently entertained the Shah clad in morning clothes rented from a local tailor willing to wait a year for his pay.

Professional or career diplomats cannot ever aspire to top posts—London, Paris, Rome, and others; just last year, the bill for the Fourth of July party in London exceeded the yearly entertainment handout. These prestigious posts go to gilded amateurs, competent or careless, learned or stupid. They go to lush campaign contributors, business magnates who cannot even speak French, to men in search of larks who do not know the name of the prime minister, to many who are incompetent to be ambassador to the next county.

All this arises directly from the puerile illusion that this reeling Gargantuan nation with ranch houses, moscow mules, 3-tone ranch wagons, blaring "communications media," and progressive education bears some precious affinity with the lost world of Ben Franklin, one-room schools, potbelly stoves, buckskins, and teetotalism.

Meanwhile, more and more diplomats resign, and before long there will be no one to wear the striped pants if we pay for them—and we probably won't.

The Clomps Fade With The Years

AS taxes grow and April 15 draws ever nearer, it appears to become more difficult day by day to keep upper and sole together.

That is to say, one might seriously consider taking one's worn brogans back to the cobbler for a final treatment before assigning them to the junk heap.

But, in observing the passing scene, it comes to mind that the brightest digit in the shoemaker's cash register is still the American teen-ager.

This is unchallenged. The facts are there. Take five minutes at any local high school.

A great portion of the students slowly glide in that bovine stride that seems to signify rejection of the world. Many are able to embellish this by apparently wearing their shoes about a half-size too large. Then they have command of the best shuffle of all, that of the dangling heel, which merits an extra clop on the pavement everytime a foot is advanced.

Needless to say, this is hard on the heels. They wear rapidly, and as stated above, this is a joy in the heart of every shoe repairman. They probably hope secretly that our population might remain a teen-ager at heart for years to come, clumping through life to the rapid erasing of heels.

The age seems to extend through college, and then disappear.

It can only be advanced that when one pays for one's own fashions, including shoes, it makes for a brighter step — and it costs less money.

From The Washington Post

NEW LOOK FOR THE 5:18?

IT'S almost like Christmas all over again — waiting for General Motors and O. Roy Chalk to unwrap the first of those 200 new buses of "radically different design" which Mr. Chalk has purchased for D. C. Transit Co. The unveiling comes on Feb. 13 in Pontiac, Mich., until which time Mr. Chalk has promise GM he will be mysterious about the whole business.

Most anything would be an improvement over the gear-grinding old smoke belchers that now ply the curb lanes bearing an arrogant warning for everyone else to keep out but, unhappily failing to extend reciprocity most of the time. Will the new models have wings? Built-in orange juice dispensers? Gyro stabilizers? Radar to chart a path around the traffic jams? Or perhaps periscopes to permit motorists to see around and beyond the behemoths?

Until the freeways are built, there's little to be done about speed. But riders would certainly welcome whatever GM can produce to make the longer rides more pleasant. Who knows: it might even build a bus from which a weary commuter could go straight to dinner and enjoy it. We wait—and hope.

With gambling in Havana halted, it will be difficult to get down a bet on when the next revolution will begin. — GREENSVILLE PIEDMONT.

Snow is that mysterious substance which improves almost everything it lands on except streets and sidewalks. —JACKSONVILLE TIMES-UNION.

Consider the plight of the graduate student in accounting who had been using a computing machine so long he'd forgotten how to do long division.—MARQUETTE (MICH.) MINING JOURNAL-GAZETTE.

Africa Seethes With New Social And Political Unrest

By ROBERT C. RUARK

MERU, Kenya

IT SEEMS strange to me that my friend Harry Selby and I have just passed blithely through areas — Thika, Fort Hall, Nyeri, Nanyuki—which were nearly no-man's land five years ago, when a full-scale war was being waged by the British against the Mau Mau gangsters who terrorized Kenyans black and white alike.

A short six years ago the full-scale war had not yet been declared, but the killings had started, including the famous Christmas — New Year massacres in which the thugs boldly announced that they were wanting a dozen of heads" to celebrate the Yuletide, and had 13 by New Year's Day.

THINGS HAVE CHANGED

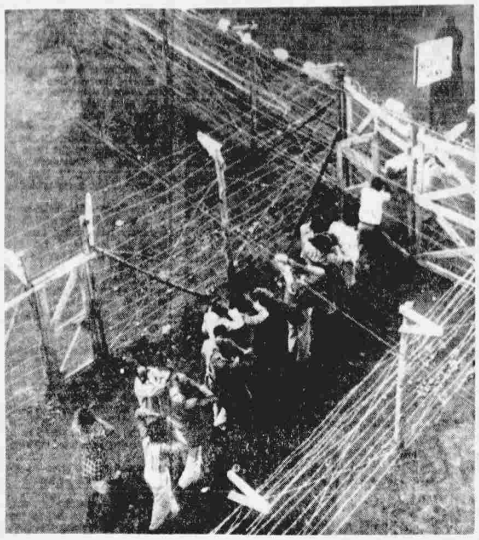
As we sip a beer here at Meru, it is not easy to remember that six short years ago you wore a pistol the moment you hit a town or city and looked at Africans you had known all your life with something passing distrust. You guarded your guns and ammunition assiduously, for losing them meant a heavy fine and generally a jail sentence.

Six short years, and you were afraid almost to switch on your safari radio set for the almost certainty of hearing new violence. I remember the day of the fog elephant riot so clearly for its tusks, but for the fact that the safari news that night reported the massacre of an entire white family at Kinangop.

Kenya was nervous, and very edgy then, as trusted housemen clasped their masters, and horrible things were done by black to black. It was not until you passed Isiolo and got into the hot Northern Frontier Department that you felt like taking off your necktie and your pistol.

Kenya is nervous, and very edgy today, and not from Mau Mau or K.K.M., or any secret society of thugs and terrorists. Kenya suddenly seems to have become a testing ground for race relations in Africa, with the constant threat of the African demanding more than equality with the white settler in Africa. The sophisticated Kenya African, led by the flamboyant Tom Mboya, a brilliant young Luo whose strength lies in trade unions, wants what Mboya, recent chairman of the big Pan-African shindig in Accra, calls "undiluted" democracy.

"Undiluted democracy," as Mboya sees it, means vote for vote, black, Asian and white, and with six million Africans to sixty thousand whites, the ratio comes out at 100 to 1. To now, a recent plan for multiracial government has ended in disaster, with the first elected Africans walking out of the Legislative Council en bloc, and the Indians threatening.



Natives Suspected Of Terrorism Are Herded Into Stockade In Kenya

Kenya occupies a rather unusual position in this "Africa for the Africans, white man scram" slogan that Mboya sounded so clearly at Accra. Kenya is squirrely in the middle. North is self-governing Ethiopia, and West is self-governing Ghana, where black supremacy is the rule. South is the Union of South Africa, which upholds its rigid white supremacy by law and force.

And Kenya, flanked by Uganda and Tanganyika, is the trial horse for the future, since the white settlers here feel themselves true natives of Africa, and want to hold their lands and homes. There has been the effort for peaceful coexistence of people of different colors and cultures, but the fresh firebrands among the more sophisticated natives, fired by Ghana's independence, upheaval in the Middle East, and Radio Cairo's poison, do not want coexistence, peaceful or otherwise.

TRIBESMEN TO SUFFER

I use the word "sophisticated" advisedly, because the politically-minded African is in the minority of city-and-suburb dwellers. The nomads that I will be seeing tomorrow, the scattered tribesmen, don't know Tom Mboya from Tom Thumb, never heard of the Legislative Council, and are interested mainly in water and the welfare of their goats.

It will not be the bush native who throws Central Africa into turmoil, but it will be the majority of unsophisticated tribesmen who will suffer if the white man is suddenly thrust out and the rule of this country left to the opportunists, who have in past generally proven more ruthless against their own people than the more benevolent white colonist.

QUEEN MOTHER'S VISIT

There is much to-do, as this is written in Kenya and England, over the troubled times which rumble ominously like distant thunder. This could be one reason for the imminent visit of the Queen Mother this month. Certainly, the Queen Mother's visit will be some sort of barometer of the tempo of the times, because already there is a running public battle between two African factions as to whether the mother of England's Queen will be hucketed or given the silent treatment or met with spurious enthusiasm.

This should be an interesting month for this part of the world, and I am glad I'm here to see it.

People's Platform

Who Speaks For The South On Segregation?

Linville Falls

Editor, The News:

A STATEMENT frequently made by segregationists about the ineptness of a number of southerners who urge compliance with law is that they do not speak for the South, do not stand for what the South stands for.

The segregationists are no doubt entirely correct. In the South there are some 30 million people of many colors and descriptions, having many gradations and shadings in their beliefs. It would be quite presumptuous for anyone to pose as spokesman for so conglomerate a group.

For example, for whom does the segregationist speak? Surely not for the millions of Negro citizens, not for the states of Kentucky, Tennessee, Texas, West Virginia, Oklahoma and the District of Columbia, all of which are peacefully desegregating their schools; not for the Catholics, the Unitarians and the Quakers; not for the university schools of the South; nor for a single one of the great denominations which have spoken on the issue.

It must be conceded that the segregationist is spokesman for the official policy of the dwindling number of resistant states. That policy is a suspension of constitutional guarantees as effective as if proclaimed by a dictator. The fruits of the policy have been cross-burnings, assaults, bombings and murder.

While the advocate of law observance can claim to speak for no one except himself, he must derive comfort from the fact that the Supreme Court, both political parties, United Nations, all religious bodies, labor unions and the overwhelming weight of informed opinion throughout the world condemn legalized segregation. The southern "stand" is in opposition to such imposing and respected forces.

Another statement often heard from segregationists is that the opposition is disloyal to "our southern way of life."

Certainly there are many features of southern life worth preserving — the tradition of hospitality, urbanity, good manners, neighborliness, mastery of parliamentary procedure, appreciation of the leisurely and the informal, a staff of salute which minimizes the sharp commercial instinct. For all of these things the integrationist would like to stand.

But when the segregationist uses the expression, "our southern way of life," he never seems to mean any of those things. He seems to mean only a system of caste legally enforced. He may not intend to do this, but the image of the South he is fashioning and exhibiting to the rest of the world is of a region obsessed with the significance of pigment, with the preservation of a fixed status for some millions of southerners, with holding fast to a state of society in which he enjoys a secure and preferred position.

There is, of course, nothing sacred about custom. Its right to survive unchanged depends upon how it affects humanity. Society has progressed as it has had the wisdom and courage to abandon outworn institutions.

The only way of life worth preserving is one which is always subject to change.

—M. A. WRIGHT

Institute Is Sorry If Advertisement Misled

Raleigh

Editors, The News:

ON JANUARY 19, 1959, the North Carolina distributors of malt beverages in one of a series of newspaper advertisements supporting state legal control of alcoholic beverages, reprinted an editorial from a North Carolina daily newspaper which commented on an address made by Rev. R. M. Hauss, executive director of the North Carolina Allied Church League, to a group of Methodist ministers at Lake Junaluska in September 1958.

The quoted editorial said in part: "He declared that any state can properly control alcoholic beverages if the people are determined and aggressive, and he urged the conferees to work for control legislation in their own communities."

Since the appearance of this advertisement, Mr. Hauss and the Allied Church League have protested that the sentence, "Any state can properly control alcoholic beverages if the people are willing," was not made as an endorsement of the state ABC laws for legal sales, but was made with specific reference to bootlegging and alcoholic beverage advertising, and further state that in his full statement at Junaluska and in the original press report it was made clear that he "deplored" the state liquor store system and was not urging conference members to work for it in their local communities.

While the beer distributors, acting upon the editorial, reproduced the editorial in good faith, they nevertheless apologize both to Mr. Hauss and to the Allied Church League if the quotation was misleading and not representative of Mr. Hauss' personal views or those of the Allied Church League.

— N. C. MALT BEVERAGE CONTROL INSTITUTE

'You Boy, Understand Me Still In Driver's Seat, Yes?'

All World's Religions Teach Basic Morality

Charlotte

Editor, The News:

THERE are in the world 13 living religions today.

Gandhi was one of the greatest statesmen who ever lived to serve his people. When asked about a specific religion, he replied, "I believe in all religions."

After giving much thought to what he said, I have come to agree with him.

If you who read this don't believe in any religion except your own, you should read some of the others. Then probably you will come to realize that all religions are simply a way for all humanity to try to better themselves, to try to lead a more moral life.

I quote from the religion known as Confucianism, "From the Chung Yung":

"To fulfill the law of our being is what we call the moral law."

"The moral law when reduced to a system is what we call religion."

I quote from the religion known as Christianity:

The Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you."

The above quotation is a religion within itself and is the very foundation stone of all religions.

—PETER TWINKLE

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Mitchell Stands Pat On Civil Rights Bill

WASHINGTON

SOME important backstage by-play took place between the White House and the Senate just before President Eisenhower's civil rights bill was sent to Congress. It got Secretary of Labor Mitchell in the position of being the most vigorous and consistent civil rights champion in the Eisenhower administration.

Johnson's Advice

About 12 hours before Eisenhower sent his civil rights bill to Capitol Hill, Sen. Lyndon Johnson, the hard-working Democratic leader, pleaded privately with Harlow, Ike's administrative assistant, to advise strongly against including the Anti-Discrimination Employment Commission in the new civil rights proposals.

Johnson sincerely believes that a civil rights bill should be passed and has introduced one of his own, milder than the administration's proposal. But he argued that Ike's proposed Anti-Discrimination Employment Commission would be challenged by southern senators as an FEPC and probably provoke a filibuster.

Money Promised

Johnson pointed to the Government Contracts Commission headed by Vice President Nixon which already rules on racial and religious discrimination. He said it was doing a good job, had handled more complaints last year than in the four previous years and suggested that the administration leave well enough alone.

"If it's money you want," he told Harlow, "I'll get you the money but don't put this in the legislation."

Persons Passes Buck

Harlow immediately called Gen. Jerry Persons, who has replaced Sherman Adams as Ike's right hand man.

"This is Jim Mitchell's baby," said Persons. "I'll talk to him."

Persons, who comes from Alabama, has been opposed to a strong civil rights stand, but felt that Mitchell should have the last word on Johnson's proposal. He informed the secretary of labor of Johnson's rather tempting offer. Johnson is a man who delivers and Mitchell knew that money for the present Government Contracts Commission would be forthcoming.

It Stayed In

"Heck no," said Mitchell. "The Anti-Discrimination Employment Commission has got to stay in."

It stayed in. Next day Johnson, though his advice was ignored, said he would do his best to pass an adequate civil rights bill.