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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1959

Our Community Colleges Cannot Serve Broad Area Without Full State Support

The Charlotte's fledgling community college system is to serve the needs of 14 Tar Heel counties the state must foot the bill. The task is too big for Mecklenburg.

But the idea of greatly expanded educational services—envisioned at a meeting of college trustees Tuesday—is not as grandiose as it might sound to some.

The demand for higher learning is already straining existing facilities. The worst is yet to come. A huge wave of students will hit both private and public institutions in the years ahead. Thousands of qualified students will be turned away unless drastic steps are taken to meet this crisis.

Charlotte's community college system offers a perfect solution. More than 20 per cent of all high school graduates in North Carolina live within a 50-mile radius of the Queen City. They can be educated here more economically than anywhere else in the state.

The people of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County cannot pay for the job, however. They can't even pay half of the cost of building a college large enough to take the pressure off existing institutions of higher learning and to serve adequately the growing needs of thousands of young Tar Heels.

The answer is obvious. Charlotte and Carver Colleges should be fully state-supported.

The same applies to Wilmington College and Asheville-Biltmore College.

The state can support these colleges with a much lower outlay than other institutions of higher learning require because no expensive dormitories are to be built. A community college is a college for commuting students. Nobody lives on the campus. And that makes all the difference in the cost column.

The value of community colleges in serving the swiftly rising educational needs of a state was first recognized in California. There are 63 public junior colleges in California today and they enroll almost half of all full-time college students in the state.

There is a lesson here for North Carolina. The state must spend millions in

the next decade to provide facilities for a bumper crop of college-age youngsters. Those dollars will go farther in community colleges than in dormitory-type institutions of higher learning. Furthermore, community colleges can offer higher learning to many qualified students who cannot afford to attend a dormitory-type college or university.

We are not suggesting that the General Assembly stop expanding the state's present colleges and universities and give the money to the community colleges instead. Hardly. We are suggesting how, for a relatively small additional investment, North Carolina can serve educational needs the present state-supported colleges and universities can never hope of serving. The returns from such an investment would be measured in billions of dollars worth of economic progress for North Carolina.

The Charlotte Community College System qualified last year for a state grant of \$775,000 for new buildings. But every penny had to be matched locally. This was done with a \$475,000 bond issue which included \$200,000 the state would not match to purchase and prepare sites for the college system's buildings. The governor and the Advisory Budget Commission last week offered the General Assembly their new recommendations for capital improvements during the coming biennium. These included \$1.5 million to be divided among all of the state's community colleges (Charlotte, Wilmington, Asheville) and again only on a matching basis.

Even if the proposal is approved by the General Assembly, another bond issue in Mecklenburg is out of the question for now. Clearly, legislators should recognize the state's responsibility and its opportunity in the community college field. Sufficient funds or the swift, steady development of community colleges should be made available now—and without any strings attached.

Charlotte alone ought to receive \$1.5 million during 1959-61 if it is to begin even in a modest way to provide higher education for young commuters from 14 or more surrounding counties.

Just When Things Look Good—Bloody!

THAT'S the trouble these days. You take stock and things look better. The economists are brightening, buildings keep popping up and business has a sheen. Spring is near. The sun is out.

Then along come a fellow like Kenneth D. Williams.

He says if the U. S. comes under attack, Charlotteans will have about three hours to clear out. He should know, too, as Civil Defense director.

He adds a numbing footnote in that as missiles get better the time for scattering will decrease. We could even get hit first and then try to run.

Charlotte will be on the priority list for incoming missiles. We've gotten just a little too big to be ignored. Perhaps the enemy will pick on Chicago first, say, but with a small guidance error we're likely to be plastered.

Mr. Williams knows what to do for such an emergency and heads a program to teach survival to everybody else.

But to consider suddenly the idea of leaving under attack, particularly just as the defoliants are pushing through, is depressing.

Makes us even consider slashing away a haunch of venison and purchasing squatter's rights deep inside Bat Cave.

The Franklinton Boys Whoop It Up

THE local press at Franklinton is having a high time of it this week. Seems raiders dumped several thousand gallons of mash and other liquor products into a stream that feeds the Franklinton reservoir.

Complaints of odor and taste caused a small storm, followed by a hard journalistic breeze on the virtues of the water. One anonymous citizen suggested a city limits sign of "our town is 40 proof!" A reporter added a water-drinking routine that wound up like Red Skelton's famous "Guzzler's Gin."

A thing like this, we believe, can't happen in staid Mecklenburg County. Despite vigilant raiders and a great supply, there isn't enough confiscated liquor around to disturb the content balance of the murky Catawba River. The filtering process is too complete to allow it, too.

The best we can do is admit to fluoridation in the water and then catch abuse by letter-writing "anti" forces who have no sense of humor whatsoever.

From The Raleigh News & Observer

NO DIALECT, NO POETRY

THE various groups that object so militantly to sundry dialects may finally make the language as stringently chaste as copy book English. But the heart and the music often lie in the racy idiom. A strait-jacket may bring so-called purity but the price is often high. Until certain ridiculous strictures were imposed, dialect was a wonderful means of fighting prejudice. Those who object to dialects usually turn out to be more bigoted than the mean word they profess to abhor.

illness continues. Incidentally it is said that the Social Security people translate their instructions into 22 languages. There is no record of a check being returned because of an idiomatic offense.

A Texas rancher had some boots made and they turned out to be too tight. Someone suggested he have them stretched.

Not on your life!" said the rancher. "These boots are gonna stay too tight. Every morning when I get out of bed I got to corral some cows that busted out in the night and mend fences they tore down. All day long I watch my ranch blow away in the dust. After supper I listen to the radio tell about the low price of beef, all the time my wife is nagging me to move to town. Man, when I get ready for bed and pull off these boots—well, that's the only pleasure I get all day!"—FORT MYERS (FLA.) NEWS-PRESS.

And we get patiently stumped when we reach the place where a playwright is castigated for having a fictional character say: "That's mighty white of you." We feel sorry for the song writers and poets who have to deal with bright flashing colors. No one in his right mind will try to describe dogwood or rose, if this

The new report card has all kinds of statistics on it. Mary, 16, told her mother, "Look at this," she exclaimed, pointing to one of a mass of items. "They gave me an 'F' in sex and I didn't even know I was taking it!"—MATROON (ILL.) JOURNAL-GAZETTE.

By MALCOLM B. SEAWELL

Editors' Note: North Carolina's attorneys general strips the mask from a phony 'civil rights' organization and gives the bark of his hand to professional hate-mongers in this provocative survey of the state's social scene. It is condensed from an address in Charlotte this week at the Brotherhood Banquet of the National Conference of Christians and Jews.

I RATHER suppose that if all the thoughtful people in the world could be asked, "What do you most desire?" the overwhelming reply would be, "Peace on earth; good will toward men."

However, it seems that the world is not over-populated with thoughtful people—and so it is not when any organization seeks to promote—that is to give away, not sell—any idea for the betterment of mankind that organization becomes suspect to so many people.

A man can easily understand that an automobile dealer who approaches him about buying the latest model car is carrying out a trade or business, and is offering something tangible. A man will go to his doctor for medical advice, or to his lawyer for legal advice, and is willing to pay for what he receives, or thinks he receives. But attempts to interest some people in the idea of brotherhood, and they immediately become suspicious, thinking that this age-old approach to understanding is a new import, and probably from behind the Iron Curtain.

MUTUAL UNDERSTANDING

I know that we, as a people, cannot survive unless we are drawn together in mutual understanding. This need not be a physical nearness—but we must, in the long run, the direction in which we wish to go. And we must realize that we must go the way together, or attempt the trip in vain.

This is an age when man is labeled—when he is catalogued. A man is a "liberal," a "moderate," or a "conservative." If man raises his voice in matters of politics or racial relations, he is pigeon-holed in one of those drawers. He is given no opportunity to protest that he is liberal, conservative and moderate all rolled into one human being—a human being who doesn't wish to be catalogued.

Plans were made and Williams took himself off to New York and elsewhere to raise funds for the committee. Some of the money has found its way to the two Negro children now in the custody of their mothers last week.

HUMAN PARASITES Those who desire to promote better relations—"brotherhood"—between religious groups fall prey, too often, to those who hope to make money for themselves or bid away for some idealogy in which they believe. These parasites turn, more often than not, to the ministers and to the teachers of our country—and to those

who have been classified as "liberal." One such outfit is the Southern Conference Educational Fund, Inc. It has been called a success to the Southern Conference for Human Welfare. Both outfits have been called communistic by congressional committees. Through well prepared literature and propaganda, the Educational Fund prepares the way; then a representative of the fund called on the person who has had time to read its tracts. The desire of the representative is to get money and support from the unsuspecting.

The unsuspecting take the representative of the Educational Fund at "face value."

MEET MR. BRADEN One of the representatives of the Educational Fund is Carl Braden of Louisville, Kentucky. He is the field secretary for the fund and is now under indictment for contempt of Congress. State officials in Kentucky have called Braden a "dedicated Communist."

Let me give you an example of how Braden and others work. You all know the two young Negro children of Monroe, who were sent to Morrison Training School following many, many acts of delinquency. They live in the front pages of the papers of the west. There was a well directed propaganda campaign aimed at North Carolina, its courts, and its people. By whom was this propaganda directed?

When the story reached a point of interest, Conrad J. Lynn, an attorney of New York City, came to North Carolina and secured powers of attorney from the parents of the two children. He became general counsel for a committee called "The Committee to Combat Racial Injustice. One Robert F. Williams, an obscure Monroe, N. C. Negro, became president of the committee; Carl Braden became a member; Weismann became a member.

Weismann was later to sell "The Nation" a story about the case. It was an account replete with outright lies.

Conrad J. Lynn had, therefore, been connected with the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee. The Emergency Civil Liberties Committee has called a Communist-run organization.

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FINANCIAL HARVEST The release of the two children was a great day for their mothers and for those who were inter-

ested in the children, but it was a sad day for Williams' committee. It marked the end of a financial harvest! This organization, the National Conference of Christians and Jews, and all other organizations which seek sincerely to promote better understanding of a "brotherhood" must be watchful that they do not become affiliated with such organizations as I have described.

There are other organizations in North Carolina which gain much more publicity but which are far less dangerous than the Southern Educational Fund, Inc., the Emergency Civil Liberties Committee or the Committee to Combat Racial Injustice.

BLACK SHIRTS The other day, there came across my desk information from the State Bureau of Investigation describing the organization within this state of a group known as "The Black Shirts" in Salisbury.

"The Black Shirts" is associated with the National Defenders of States' Rights, which organization has been placed on the subversive list. The "Black Shirts" meet once a week near Rockwell. It has among its membership some bootleggers and other ruffians who like to attend meetings armed. Some of its members like to carry concealed weapons. The names of the members are known to the State Bureau of Investigation.

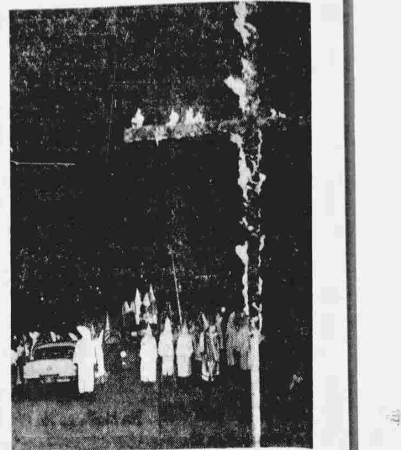
There are within this state a few who belong to an organization called "The Confederate Underground." It has about the same aims as "The Black Shirts."

KLAN IS PITIFUL The Ku Klux Klan in North Carolina is as pitiful in numbers as it is in purpose. There are two Klans here. The two are constantly seeking to get members away from the other, and spend about as much time quarreling over their membership as they do in discussing their warped theology.

Such organizations as these are no menace of any consequence to the peace and welfare of the state. We know the names of their members. We know their purposes. We know how to deal with them.

MUTUAL DISTRUST Aside from that, it is doubtful if they would survive. Their members are not drawn together for the purpose of promoting anything worthwhile. Their members are mutually distrustful. The ultimate twin gods of their members are hatred and violence. And, above all, in this day and time—no one worth ainker's damn would have anything to do with such organizations.

And, some day, we will enter into an age of understanding because there are people who be-



"The Klan's Twin Gods Are Hatred And Violence"

lieve in brotherhood and dispense grace and justice. Because there are those who believe in the law—believe in the law as a living force for good.

To these, the law is a way of life, because it has a spirit which leads man closer to God and offers a way to understanding and brotherhood.

AG-OLD APPROACH This is an age-old approach to human understanding. Moses admonished his people that they must keep the law, and to the end that they might be ever mindful of the law and of their obligations that his people should bind the law upon their wrists.

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Double Trouble Bugs & Elephants

By ROBERT C. RUARK

MOROTO, Uganda Since I have been to the conclusion that I am a very talented fellow. Also, I am very valuable on safari. True I cannot claim the distinction of my gun-bearer friend, Mwema, who recently had three children by separate wives on the same day but I can do one thing Mwema can't. I am an authentic attraction of the male sex. I generally dudu in Swahili.

To the dudu I am possibly the most attractive piece of meat that ever hit these parts. I am a male, and so naturally everybody else to concentrate on me and, as they say of pregnant ladies, I am eating for more than one person—nine whites and 34 Africans, to be exact.

DUDU-PRONE It is the first time in my life that my talent I ever had been appreciated and I had to be a bug dudu to gain the recognition. I believe it to be a scientific fact that some people are dudu-prone and if that is so I am dudu-prone. Any bum can attract things like mosquitoes, but I get the more exotic thing—hunting bugs. Such things as claim the black safaris, which crawl up your orifices, and waddy brown caterpillars, which leave raised red welts like a tractor trail and which later turn purple and brown.

The terse fly, I believe, also expresses a fondness for individuals and I have observed the loud that Weik has noticed that they generally spear me through clothing because the insect's drill press burrs worse when he has to go through cloth to sink his bit. There is a scientific reason for this. When the terse enters my flesh he points his lance at a pore and gets gently sorted it. When he is biting you through a jacket he obviously can't locate a pore and so naturally takes pollock, and mostly I scream like a wounded horse when I am stabbed.

It would rank the African mosquito as superior to most brands, since they think for themselves. They will lie in ambush outside a mosquito netting just waiting for you to roll over and present a careless arm or foot against the net, and wham!

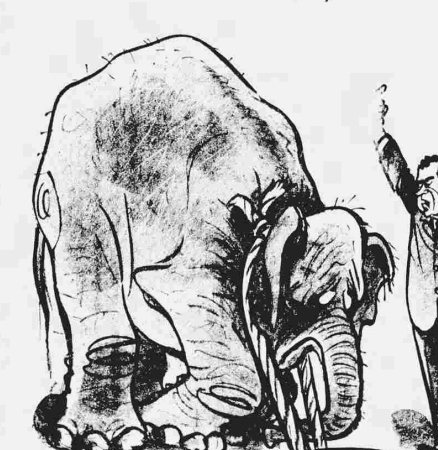
MORNING APPROACH Possibly my latest brush with a safari was a worthy recall. I was crawling in the dead of night along what we call a morning approach to a leopard. Leopards seem to feed mostly at dusk and dawn, and I crawled smack into a surging stream of these murderous little monsters. I was an elephant and I don't know how I merely a few yards away so I had to crawl and let them feed until I could rip off my pants. And I can promise you that anybody who has ever laughed at the phrase, "So-and-so's got ants in his or her pants," never actually had ants in the pants. I would personally prefer an invasion by lites.

CAME THE ELEPHANTS But bug control has not been I hasten to add, my only contribution to this safari. I am discovered three jumboes with their feet about elephants in camp but frankly they make me nervous.

We had three making free of the premises one night and four the next, and I do not mind confessing that when I had to go to the all fresco tents' room and discovered three jumboes with the same basic idea. I remained for a considerable time in the little, shabby structure, hoping that one of the jumboes wouldn't knock it out of carelessness if nothing else.

There are a couple of large, spars watching as I write this, and I can tell they will be sorry to see me go. When they arrived on the scene they were clad in a halo of nasty little biting flies and now every last fly has come over to my camp table and are currently providing me with a kind of buzzing fur coat. I imagine, too, the elephants will be along any minute now.

'Wear It Proudly'



WASHINGTON SENATORS are scratching their heads as to how the happened in appoint two conflict-of-interest officials to the two highest posts in the Commerce Department—secretary of commerce and under secretary. Senators figure that the White House staff just wasn't on its toes.

In addition to Adm. Louis Stokes, who helped conceal the notorious Dixon-Yates private utility conflict of interest, the new under secretary of commerce, John J. Allen, is at cross-purposes with the public interest.

Gambling Czar Congressman Allen of Oakland, Calif., was defeated last year, and shortly thereafter was rewarded with a sub-com-

Here's Another Conflict - Of - Interest

rector of the Bureau of Standards. The how from the scientific world was so how he happened himself, ate crow and reinstated Dr. Astin as such.

By this time Jess Ritchie and AD-32 had become a national issue. To settle the controversy, Secretary Weeks asked the National Academy of Sciences to decide the merits of the battery addition case and for all it made Dr. Astin and the Bureau were right. AD-32 had no value.

Helpful Fellow In addition the new under secretary of commerce, when Congress introduced two private bills and one resolution for the benefit of Jess M. Ritchie who soon headlines in the famous AD-32 battery addition case.

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rector of the Bureau of Standards. The how from the scientific world was so how he happened himself, ate crow and reinstated Dr. Astin as such.

Voters Wised Up

Finally, last November, Congressman Allen's constituents got wise and defeated him. Shortly thereafter, Eisenhower rewarded him by appointing him a post in his subcommittee—under secretary of commerce.