



# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

THOMAS L. ROBINSON.....President and Publisher  
 RONNIE S. GUYTTER.....General Manager  
 ROBERT H. LAMPERT.....Advertising Director  
 CECIL PRINCE.....Editor  
 PERRY MORGAN (on leave).....Associate Editor  
 R. L. YOUNG JR.....Managing Editor  
 JAMES MCDOWELL.....Circulation Manager

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 3, 1959

## CHAIN GANG EMPIRE !!

### Slave Laborers Toil All Day, Go To School At Night

**D**RIVING the first cock crows, in the mist BEFORE the dawn, mist is heard booming from the loudspeakers. It is the alarm signal for those who are to work in the fields today.

This Communist writer describes the beginning of a day of toil in a Chinese commune — a day that doesn't end with sunset, but continues throughout the evening with indoctrination classes beginning at 8 or 9 p.m., after a supper in communal mess halls.

The routine is the same 28 days of each month — and for every day in the month (with no days off) if the poor peasant wants to earn a tiny "bonus" over bare existence. It is the same for women — now that they are relieved of the "dignity of housework" and can work beside the

men in the fields, or in dam or canal construction, or in factories. School children are not exempt — working between two and six hours a day in addition to school lessons on one day. And the Communist didn't forget the old folks — "Houses of Happiness" for those unable to do anything, but otherwise designated to tend the commune's chickens, etc.

In Mao's new "chain gang empire" everything is organized on military lines — the entire work-

ing population divided into corps, divisions, regiments, brigades, companies, platoons. For big projects, communes supply their quotas of divisions or regiments.

#### THE ELDER SON

But let us continue the Communist writer's description of a day in a Chinese commune as stated above.

"The main worker in the family, the older son, leaves home first of all and comes back last as deputy commander of the second (workers) company there is always work to be done in one's spare time.

"At exactly 5 a.m. the second company is on parade: 39 experienced peasants, 73 women ranging from 15-year-old enthusiastic girls to middle-aged mothers.

#### COMPETITION

"The first platoon, led by the deputy company commander, is today going to bring in the harvest. The second is building pits for fertilizer in groups. The third platoon is going to help a neighboring village which belongs to the commune.

"When it is just beginning to get light, the first platoon already is in the fields. Groups within the platoon compete for swiftness and precision of their work. The best educated and most developed man in the platoon, its commander, reads the latest newspapers and tells the peasants after lunch, telling them of events in Formosa.

#### COMMENDATION

"By supper time one group has succeeded in outstripping the other in area harvested. The deputy commander announces that the progressive group will be reported to battalion headquarters for commendation. He delivers to the victors the banner of honor under which they march back to the village. The platoon returns from work, as always, in column and

#### MAO'S OBJECTIVE

"The Chinese coolie's life has never been a good one—whether he was building the Great Wall of China, pulling boats up the rivers. But he never was working solely for a predatory central government, stockpiling the fruits of his productive efforts to build the power and prestige of the state for aggressive purposes.

"Mao's objective is to convert every township — similar to a county in this country — into a commune, plus city communes in factories, mines, government departments, sections of cities, etc. The Chinese peasants and workers never took part in production in the past nor perform physical labor.

#### OUT WITH THE OLD

Or, as Peiping Radio puts it, "the commune is eradicating old thinking and customs such as individualism and capitalism. . . Many housewives and loafers who never took part in production in the past now perform physical labor.

This commune system now being pushed in the cities as well as



MAO TSE-TUNG  
A Ruthless Idealist

of the farms is what the magazine America has described as "the demonic phase of communism inspired up by Mao on the shape of the people's communes." Here is a nightmare phantasm of collectivism which for better or ill is now being materialized within the Communist bloc in 41 years.

Here, in fact, is George Orwell's "1984" in operation. This is what Mao Tse-tung calls "the great leap forward" which is even further away from the theory of pure communism than in Russia.

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

It is off my radar any S

## A Milestone Was Passed In Virginia

**H**ISTORY may remember Virginia's retreat from massive resistance as the turning point on the South's road to reunion.

The Old Dominion had emerged early in the game as the leader of southern intransigence. It enjoyed a unique respect below the Mason-Dixon line, principally because it went about its business of preparing its defenses with such lordly swank and swagger. There was no demagoguery in Virginia. That would have been unbecomingly vulgar. Its legal stratagems were semi-hoaxes but they each bore the mark of elegance. Even "massive resistance" was a misnomer. It was more in the nature of aristocratic disdain.

It was a good show while it lasted. Doctrinaire adherents of "segregation at any cost" loved it, cheered it, even thought it would succeed.

It is difficult to believe that the architects of Virginia's massive resistance had any illusions about success. It is more likely that they were buying time, putting off the day when massive resistance would give way to massive integration.

They paid a terrible price. By the end of last September, nine schools in three communities were closed, nearly 13,000 children locked out. The resulting disruption in human lives will haunt the state for years.

Time ran out yesterday. A few Negroes were finally admitted to previously all-white schools in Arlington County

and in Norfolk. The transition was peaceful.

This was certainly not massive integration. Nor is it likely that there will be massive integration in Virginia. The pattern of biracial education will undergo only microscopic alteration. What has happened is that, forcibly and rudely, Virginia has been brought face to face with something North Carolina discovered before it was too late. How moderate are the expectations of the federal courts really are, how little it takes to satisfy the judges and how much can be left in the hands of local authorities.

Popular attitudes will remain pretty much what they were the day before yesterday. Many white Virginians will still fear mass mongrelization at bayonet point and speak uneasily of an end to racial integrity. There are, after all, limits to what court orders can accomplish.

Yet one fact is inescapable. The leader of massive resistance in the South yesterday gave up, under protest, an old and treasured institution and accepted a new legal basis for its relationship with its minority race. That is what the historians will remember as the measure of the South's institutions in the 1950s against the prevailing standards of the nation at large. A genuine reconciliation may be a long way off — perhaps half a century or more. But a milestone was passed in Virginia on Feb. 2, 1959.

## "What Do You Mean, 'Where's The Space Ship?' You Trying To Spoil A Good Story?"



### Innocents Abroad

## Are U. S. Tourists Jerks?

By ROBERT C. HUARK

**P**ALAMOS, Spain — Mr. H. Allen Smith, that well-known agrarian reformer, world traveler, brilliant critic and growl-watcher, has fallen victim in love with Mexico in a volume called "The Pig In The Barber Shop" which is, for Smith, a rather sober treatise.

The Sage of Mt. Kisco, as Mr. Smith is sometimes known, has expounded lavishly on a theme that has long intrigued me: 50 per cent of American tourists are jerks.

"I don't think so—the jerk part, I mean. You do not have to travel to be a tourist to be a jerk. I know people who have lived in foreign countries for years and still maintain a typically 'tourist' attitude to the people and the country—a sort of 'what are those people doing here anyhow?' view and a thoroughly righteous wrath at the fact that the natives don't speak English.

**SMITHBERY**  
Smith tells of one English lady who remarked approximately that "there is no reason in the world why Englishmen should not be easily understandable by anyone."

"Stinks," I know towns in the South's beloved Mexico where the locals don't even speak Spanish. I am not so angry as Mr. Smith's great misanthropic views. My views tend more to pity. I feel downright sorry for the couple which has wasted until late middle age to make the first adventurous stab at the invasion of foreign soil, and is attempting to make two or three weeks of frenzied meanderment into one unforgettable experience.

**IT'S FRIGHTENING**  
It is a frightening experience to be lost abroad in a matter of hours from one's native land onto

a completely new rank of real estate, where everybody talks with his hands, jangles for your baggage, and the air is filled with what is only gibberish of panicking proportion.

The lives of the late-blooming globetrotters have generally been

panemionism, with so many minutes devoted to this or that rabidly rained, so much to the museum, so much to the cathedral.

**PHOENIX-LIKE**  
But there is a strange and wonderful thing to be said for the American tourist. He has enormous recuperative powers. The first-timer, especially if he starts home for their only summer vacation, is apt to become an incurable globetrotter. He rises, so to speak, phoenix-like, from the ashes of his last debacle abroad.

There is, naturally, a minority. These would be the sad ones, the loud ones, the homesick ones and the arrogant ones who predicate everything on good old Jacksonville, where a man can taste the water and get a decent park chop and where all the natives speak English, if only of a sort. These people might as well have stayed home for their only summer vacation, and be done with it.

**GUIDED PANDEMIONISM**  
On their own in foreign terrain they might appear to be occasionally inebriated with their cameras and worries about the water and their complete helplessness with the language.

There might be times when they would be heaven if they got back to the same American mountain or beach resort they've patronized for 30 years, and where they know everybody. They might get desperately bored with each other, or sick to death of guided

"He honest? Do you think I'll make a fine 'ambassador of good will' . . ."

smuggled safely in a suburb of thought, whether they live in the country or in the city. One man's story might be another man's Rotary, but he is generally secured by the surroundings to which he has devoted most of his life.

Mostly, though, I would say that the American makes a better tourist than the English, the French, the German, Italian, and Spaniards are about the best, since they know how to relax, and usually speak at least a fair fragment of their own language. The English have been handicapped by currency shortage and an unwillingness to realize that the Sudan is not a suburb of Surrey. The French are almost as quarrelsome abroad as at home, and the Germans persist in believing that he is beloved in lands he has ravished, a considerable error in estimate.

But the American bumps along, and most generally he gets home intact, to live to come again and say hello to some old friends he made on his last trip.

## Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

**W**ASHINGTON. The President is a lot madder over the Republican criticism against him at the Moscow than he let on at his press conference. Privately he boils at the indignation that his leadership was responsible for the Democratic landslide last November.

**Healthy Effect**  
The Democratic meddling has had a healthy effect, however. For those who meet weekly with Ike to map strategy can see him reaching for leadership as never before. He seems to realize he has only two years to go and in that short time he must repair the political damage he has received as a great president. He wants to leave the White House with the same popularity as when he entered.

## Eisenhower Roars Back Into Action

One year ago Ike was talking wistfully about the Queen of England and her relatives' easy job of living comfortably and making speeches. Now he seems to realize that the United States cannot run that way. He now even reads the papers, but only if they don't depend on the abbreviated news summary prepared by his staff. He asks more questions of congressional leaders, has more suggestions to make. He is jotted at the way Sen. Lyndon Johnson and the Democrats have shown the initiative, but he isn't sinking over it. He is determined to catch up.

**Adenauer Spanked**  
President Eisenhower sent a chilling message to crassly old Chagall and Adenauer of West Germany the other day urging him to concentrate more with the West in solving the Berlin crisis. The

"diplomatic spanking" was sent before Eisenhower knew that West German businessmen had agreed to sell Russia the 12,000 miles of steel pipe which the United States government had refused to let American businessmen sell. If he had known this, he would not have sent the message.

**What Ike Wants**  
What Eisenhower really wants is to get out of West Germany's trade with East Germany in case of a Russian blockade and to announce this in advance.

The East German reply to Eisenhower's West German trade to keep their own money going that they might throw up their hands and tell them to go home. He wants to change their tactics. If Adenauer should cut off all trade, however, Adenauer, who is urging the West to fight

to the last man to save Berlin, has refused so far to consider cutting off trade. He claims such a trade boycott would hurt only the East German people who are anti-Communist, not the government.

The State Dept. refuses to accept this explanation, and has urged Eisenhower to keep negotiating. The State Dept. is convinced that West German businessmen just don't want to interrupt lucrative commerce across the border, regardless of Berlin's fate.

**Porter's Persuasion**  
It was Congressman Charles Porter of Oregon the enemy of Dubois, who helped induce Fidel Castro of Cuba to move to the Kromer in the Kromer, but out of the Havana Sports Club where they had every appearance of a Roman holiday.

## The Young Capitalists Earn An 'A'

**C**HARLOTTE'S ambitious Junior Achievement program has earned an "A" for excellence in its first year of operation. It has been such a success, in fact, that plans for a greatly expanded operation in 1959-60 are already being drafted.

Those plans describe the community's wholehearted support.

What is Junior Achievement? It's an educational program in which young Charlotteans, aged 15 to 19, organize and operate their own small-scale business enterprises. Meeting once a week throughout the school year, 250 teenagers learn about capitalism by actual experience. Adult advisors drawn from local business and industry offer expert counseling.

They select a product or service they wish to produce and go to work on it. They elect officers, sell shares of stock in their company and use the working capital to purchase and process raw material. They set up production lines, plan sales and distribution programs, pay salaries, commissions, rent and taxes, and, if their business is a success, they pay dividends to stockholders. At the end of the year, they liquidate their companies and issue stockholder reports.

Charlotte has 16 Junior Achievement companies, counseled by 52 volunteers from 15 local firms. More than 1,500 stockholders have a stake in the success or failure of the miniature companies. Students from all 10 downtown city and county high schools are involved.

In the coming year, Junior Achievement plans to organize nine additional companies to accommodate another 180 teenagers.

Obviously, the active assistance of more and more local businessmen will be needed. Surely this help will be forthcoming—so that Junior Achievement will continue to grow and so that Charlotte teenagers can become partners in progress with American business.

## Better Part Of Wisdom

**A**FTER his opponent beat him on points in an eight-round London fight, a heavyweight boxer argued that his contract called for ten rounds and persuaded the referee to continue the bout. He was knocked out in the tenth round. —New York Times

Moral: It is only a good idea to quit when you are behind.

## Who Introduced Elephant-Watching?

**H**ANSELED fever — known in medical circles as *giddita triepa* — is still raging in the eastern provinces.

After carrying on something fierce about North Carolina lacking "a real metropolis," the good, gray GREENSBORO Daily News has committed another astounding breach of elementary journalism by the argument — an argument which, by the way, has no visible means of support — that "North Carolina has no predominant city despite the blustering claims of Charlotte and Greensboro."

We were unwise, that Greensboro had been claiming possession of anything more substantial than the state's predominant pea patch or predominant case of unmitigated gall, but let it pass, let it pass.

The fact remains that Charlotte weighed in as North Carolina's predominant city in 1775 and has never abated.

The locals asserted their authority first on the question of liberty and later on practically everything else under the sun. Queen Charlotte's influence on the state's manners and morals, general culture, economics and education has been simply awe-inspiring. While Greensburgers were still dabbling in bird-watching, we introduced elephant-watching. We think, that's all. When the top blowers of our Coliseum's biggest mess you ever saw this side of that other one in Rome. Maybe they'll even import some gladiators and revolutionize intercollegiate athletics.

So what if we don't run the legislature over in Raleigh as the GDN rather testily implies? A few more rebuffs and we'll decide, elect Harry Golden governor and annex half the Piedmont. That'll show 'em who's predominant.

Sad Sam Jones has signed his contract with a well-known magazine. The Postman already has brought two seed catalogues. Almost any day the thought may come up that another forsythia would look good in the back yard. Then they will become a lovely color — the fragrance of the dead lawns and lawns blending into moon-mellowed haze. The fragility of leafless trees will become pure beauty. In a week or two or three (depending on the weather) buds will be retted and varnished, rods solid, looks sharpened, nets mended, new ties tied.

It's the grim season, the year at its worst, no doubt about that. But there is help for getting through. The days are growing longer.

The average man must have faith that he can do it. — HAVSTON CHENY

From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

## THE DEAD OF WINTER

**T**HIS is the season which farmers and poets call the dead of winter. And dead it is. From the second Sunday after Epiphany until the Sun enters Aries, and Uranus and the Moon are in conjunction — or Saturday, March 21, when at exactly 4:55 a.m. CST spring begins — man encounters his most dispiriting ordeal. Often it takes all this energy just to hope to survive the dreary time. Nature is unfriendly and fellow mortals seem drained of all compassion.

This is not the winter of sleek birds, songs and parties. That ends a week or so after the New Year begins. Snow no longer is ermine. Icicles no longer are crystal pendants. Sharp air no longer stimulates; it cuts. Ice and snow are a black, gritty abomination, an impalpable which makes the whole scene grim and gray.

This is the season of sniffles, coughs, sinus infections, sore throats, warts, warts and warts. The fire on the hearth is only a risk frowned on by underwriters. Skates are as dull as trees are bare. Even the hardy sparrow no longer is a reminder of how wonderful the world can be. The salt has lost its savor. Temperatures are as short as the days.

Ah, but the days are getting longer.

Arou U

RAI, or TWO evening finds.

the at that g bying ab litng a glidely House pro to have a glidely any t light, the monke Add Hamo Onslon Onslon claimi sure e House appor chann stales here's menta ested.

by th take when Speak pleatly suppo in con forme honee

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S

It i off w regard any S