# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1959


## U. S. Foreign Aid Must Be Redesigned To Meet The Necessities Of The Age

IN both houses of Congress "foreign aid" has become an oath of satisfying earthiness. It is uttered frequently these days often bracketed fore and aft by other tidbits of Anglo-Saxon profanity.

Barring an act of God, President Eisenhower's Mutual Security Program will be completely gutted. It's as simple as that. "Savers" of both parties are getting in their licks. Even its defenders are on record as being "not too sure" about certain aspects of the whole package.

The consequences may be tragic. The popularity of foreign aid has never been great. But, for years, it has been accepted as a bitter necessity. It is still a necessity—but not in quite the same way as the Eisenhower administration has presented it.

This is the reason a fundamental reassessment of the foreign aid program is urgently needed today.

In presenting his Mutual Security requests March 13, President Eisenhower weighted the program, as usual, in favor of "defense." And, as usual, economic assistance upon which the free world could expect long-range benefits was shamefully neglected.

This is precisely the sort of planning that has given foreign aid a bad name. As C. L. Sulzberger points out in WHAT'S WRONG WITH U.S. FOREIGN POLICY, we are helping to build armies incapable of fighting modern war upon economies incapable of supporting such establishments. This has not greatly helped the beneficiaries of foreign aid. The poverty remains. The areas remain underdeveloped industrially. Since contributions are channeled through existing and often corrupt governments the benefits are not even widely shared. One consequence is the spread of military dictatorships by the armies we build up.

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OF the $150 billion dollars the United States has disbursed overseas in recent years, the greater proportion has gone for unproductive purposes.

This is economic lunacy.

Small wonder that opponents of foreign aid talk of pouring American dollars down foreign ratholes. Unfortunately the wasteful aspects of foreign aid have been so outrageous that it is difficult to find and appreciate the good points of the program.

There are good points — and it is on these good points that a new policy of foreign aid should be built.

* * *

FIRST, it must be recognized that impoverished, unstable countries can confront vital U. S. interests with economic burdens and security dangers that are real, immediate and grave. The Middle Eastern situation today is a good example of this. Deeply resented poverty and a frustrated desire for progress are driving these countries to excesses that serve the global aims of the Soviet Union. We can't solve these problems with rifles. Liberty must be worth something before a people is willing to fight for it.

Economic assistance is therefore more important than military gear. It is the only way these nations can be made stable, peaceful and independent. And economic growth in these areas could not fail to enrich world trade and private investment opportunities—including our own.

* * *

THIS is a long-term process and requires long-term commitments. Programs must be custom-tailored to individual countries and regions for the most efficient use of capital development and technical assistance. Loans are preferable to outright grants because they generate a greater sense of self-reliance and independence—but, obviously, some grants will be necessary for temporary technical assistance and the construction of basic facilities which will not yield revenue immediately. Finally, it is not necessary that economic assistance be dependent upon guarantees of mutual defense. Such guarantees are meaningless anyway unless the friendship is genuine and they always put a bad taste in the mouths of beneficiaries of U. S. aid.

Our military commitments are already so scattered that they are virtually meaningless. At present, the United States is committed to defend no less than 45 nations on five continents.

We say that our aim is to "strengthen the free world" but we still lack the kind of coordinated economic assistance program that can really do the job.

The United States must have such a program. Lacking satisfactory proposals from the White House, it is up to Congress to provide it.

## Egg Rolling Cannot Crack The Word

ONE of the strangest social customs of our time will be enacted again Monday when the annual Easter egg rolling on the White House grounds.

Not having been a contestant in any of these events, we're not quite sure whether it's perfect take all or whether one is supposed to retrieve one's own eggs after clobbering them down the slope.

We do know that with the traditional boundary lines social the town will be jammed with spectators. Most will be hoping for a glimpse of President Eisenhower, but others will be taking the air to sharpen up on his golf game.

It is also notable the event will be punctuated with the music from no less than four military bands.

There will be other events of like nature across the nation to be sure. The kiddies are offered egg hunts indoors and out. Chocolate freckled frocks will be the uniform for mealtime. There has been a California community which offered satiated adults a gold-plated egg as an open competition prize.

We still like to believe, however, that Christianity has achieved something of a minor triumph in towering above all in the presentation of its most meaningful event.

The emphasis is still on religious faith, distractions to the contrary. Church services are carefully prepared, sermons are hammered home and choirs harmonize better with added voices.

To be sure hats are decked with boughs of springtime, but there is a reverence to the day which our world of commerce can chip but cannot crack.

For despite the oddity of Monday's fumbling eggs, we know Washington's churches will be jammed the day before.

## The Golfer's Greatest Sand Trap

THE women's pages of a neighboring journal held an item of interest the other day. The story listed a golfer who will be married soon and he and his bride are to spend their honeymoon at a certain tournament where he'll defend his title.

Verily, he has won a fair jewel. It is not so with most wives. Often there is a great sand trap of misunderstanding between womanhood and husband-golfers.

A pitch to the point is the saga of the ardent golfer who, after lining up his ball, suddenly doffed his cap and stood at parade putter while a funeral cortege went by the green. His opponent impressed, followed suit and then complimented his friend's action.

"Oh, I suppose it was the least I could do," the enthusiast replied. "That was my wife."

From The Milwaukee Journal

## THOSE RUSTLERS ARE STILL AT IT

CRITICS of television movies often complain that Americans are forgetting their cares of today in nostalgic return to days that are no more—the old west, cowboys and Indians, cattle rustling.

They're wrong. Charles A. Stewart, secretary of the Texas and Southwest Cattle Raisers' Association, says that "there are more cattle being rustled today than back in 1877 when our association was formed to bring cattle thieves under control."

The old days of stampeding a herd and running it off are gone. Stewart told the WALL STREET JOURNAL that it "is the one, two or half a dozen steers stolen in a pickup truck or the calf stuck in the trunk of a car that give us the most trouble." But rustling is widespread enough to cost ranchers millions of dollars a year.

Some rustling is done at the fringe of cities where cattle graze awaiting loading for market. A lot of this, the lawmen feel, probably goes to supply home freezers. Quite a bit of calf rustling is done by young-sters who tuck a straw in the trunk of their car and pick up a few quick dollars. In the nine months ending in November, Stewart's association traced down and recovered 1,039 head of stolen cattle valued at $148,161.

You don't hang a man for cattle stealing any more. But, as one cattleman said, "out here we consider stealing a calf as serious as kidnaping a baby." And the Federal Bureau of Investigation enters rustling cases when cattle are taken across a state line just as it enters similar kidnaping cases.

Biggest headaches for ranchers are the "shade tree butchers"—the thieves who kill and butcher a cow right on the range and carry off the meat. It's hard to trace down a side of beef. And with meat prices as high as they are, such butchering is a temptation.

So don't laugh at the people who like western pictures filled with rustlers. They're interested in a modern problem.

Senators Squawk

## The Rougher Life

By CONGRESSIONAL QUARTERLY

WASHINGTON

SOME of the moving moments of the U. S. Senate's occupation of its new $25 million office building:

A trailer-truck crammed with file cabinets eases down the gleaming driveway of the new marble building. It approaches the entrance to the underground garage and stops abruptly. It can't go any farther. The entrance is too low. The file cabinets are dumped onto the driveway and then carted inside to the unloading platform.

A six-foot, two-inch, statler of the Appropriations Committee looks around happily at his spacious new office. Then he sits down at his desk — or tries to. But his knees won't fit under it. The new walnut desk is too low.

SUFFERING SENATOR

A roly-poly senator bops over the threshold of his new office and immediately crumples from an attack of claustrophobia. He now refuses to budge out of his old office until a wall is knocked out of his new office to make the entrance room bigger. That is being done.

A white-faced elevator operator and his bed-faced senator-passenger rise up and down the shaft like a yo-yo, unable to make the elevator stop at the right floor.

A swarm of elevator company bigshots flit nervously from elevator button to elevator button like bees working a clover field, trying to find which of their creations offer nonstop rides.

A senator raises his fist to smash home a point, only to be drowned out in a Bronx cheer of electric clicks with the DPX microphones which have something of them non to say and a roll-call buzzer loud enough to summon all the ships at sea.

A letter to a constituent is dropped in the new mail chute and goes tinkerty-flinkerty-flip. It gets stuck half way down.

The senators, long accustomed to the double-salaam treatment, naturally erupt at this huffing. It's akin to Waller Raleigh slapping Queen Elizabeth with his muddy cape.

Sen. Norris Cotton (R-NH), who claims his desk is so close to the wall "that I am almost sitting on the window sill," says the whole building is the result of being planned by a congressional committee. "A camel is an animal that looks like he had been put together by a committee. The new office building was not only put together by a committee, but one that changed members constantly during construction."

The Senate Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee is one of the 12 committees that have offices in the new building. The committee handles complicated bills in the electronics field.

HE'S BITTER

But the other day its chairman, Warren G. Magnuson (D-Wash), couldn't get his voice through the new microphone. "It's a remarkable age we live in," he said bitterly. "You can hear a beep sound from 250,000 miles in space but can't make yourself heard over a mahogonnie six inches from your face."

Recipients of these and scores of other complaints is the architect's office in the basement of the capitol. Spokesmen there defend their work, say the mistakes by and large are natural ones which can be cleared up easily. "If it were a building for anybody else," says one of the defenders, "you wouldn't hear anything about it."

Despite the complaints the catalan of senators is moving steadily from the old building to the new one across the street. So far, 20 senators have moved in. And 22 more are expected to move in by June. The rest will stay in the old building. The extra room will be used for committees scattered around the Capitol Hill neighborhood.

MORE ROOM

Besides providing the 42 senators with five and six room suites, each with three toilets, the building will house 32 of the 15 standing committees of the Senate. Each new committee-headquarters will comprise a hearing room, four office rooms and an ante room. There is also a gymnasium complete with two steam-bath cabinets, a 500-place auditorium, two dining rooms for senators and their guests, two cafeterias for the public and office workers, and a roof-top sun deck with a commanding view of the capitol. The entire building is air-conditioned. Total cost: $25 million.

The building resembles the old one in architecture, but its brilliant white marble exterior presents a sharp contrast to its grayer, Sooty old sister. Inside, the new Senate Office Building has marble hallways which give it a palace atmosphere. But the offices themselves could not be called gaudy.

To Some Senators, Mikes Talk Back

'Okay, I'll Come Down To Escort You Up'

U. S. Black Mark

## The White Stake In Africa

By ROBERT C. RUARK

NAIROBI, Kenya

HEAVEN knows it is difficult to speak a few kind words for colonialism these days without having your head bashed in but there should be some differentiation between colonialism and exploitation.

To colonize, I suppose means to make a community in and bring some sort of order to a place in which no order existed, by force or benevolent despotism. This eventually should lead to a democratic process in which all hands who can pull their weight are adjudged equal.

To exploit, I suppose is easily to enter another man's country and place him into slavery, kill him off, and keep the constant foot on his neck — all this for personal greed and power.

AMERICA FIRST

In the exploitation department, I suppose North America ranks first in what it did to the aboriginal Indian. We never made much of an effort to colonize the noble red man. We poisoned his blankets and gave him diphtheria, fed him bad booze and stole his land.

We turned loose armies against him and until very recently have decreed him of a great many civil rights, including the vote.

This happened, I suppose, because Washington, New York and Pittsburgh thought he wasn't up to it. But America, after all, was his land. It did not belong to Britain. It did not belong to France. It did not belong to Spain. It belonged to the Sioux and the Choctaw, the Cherokee and Apache.

BACK TO INDIANS?

Perhaps it is a very small point I make here, but I should very much it hurts us, 11th generation Americans, descendants of the sweepings of Europe, would be willing to turn over the keys to government to a thoughtful Navajo or Hopi, put on a New Mexico blanket and say, "Sorry, we stole your country, sir, we're real thieves. I think we would want to give up a stake in a country we figured was up for grabs and devil take the laggard.

The white settler in Africa who has come in for so much abuse has been in these parts a rough 50 years. Old Colonel Grogan, who strolled from the Cape to Kenya, is still alive, but there are now a passel of third and fourth generation white Africans. They reckon they carved their homes their very lives out of virgin bush.

NO EASY LIFE

Their lives birthed babies with one hand, and again could a lion growling in the back yard. They cleared land and underwent plagues of locusts. They withstood drought and frost, suffered hail, break and crop sabotage and no bed. And they insisted they were as much a piece of the land as the people who had lived on it for thousands of years and didn't do anything with it.

They were smart, too. Kenya and Uganda and Tanganyika and Rhodesia is home to them as much as to the natives. The native position today is roughly that Africa belongs only to Africans, ignoring the Arabs occupying the East Indians, ushering all the progress that the non Negro has brought to the country.

WRONG WORD

The settler, basically, has been a benevolent despot, if despot is the word. He has developed, in fact, the country, he is responsible for the wealth that is there, he has introduced the concepts of health and sanitation, he has built the roads and railroads, he has made improvements in housing, he has set time limit prescription and the maintenance of the integrity of certain wild tribes which do not adapt readily to trousers.

His mood, basically, can be so expanded, is that he hastened the process of civilization and removed the old controls. He created appetites without providing the means of satisfying them and he stamped on some old customs without providing interim amusement. By this I mean that the Masai have gone out because they are no longer allowed to kill kill and eat lions and he is the cause of lion and leopard controls.

But I cannot blame the colonist merely because he is not black or brown and the locals are black. Africa for the Negro is not a just solution unless it includes the white and browns who consider themselves Africans, too.

People's Platform

## A Last Rebel Yell For 'General'

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

THE end on March 16 of "General" John Salling, 112 years of the great Southern wealth of Virginia brought no happiness to this Southerner.

It is fitting, however, that it was a Virginian that chated Father Time for so long. For it was in Virginia (and vicinity that most of the ferocious battles were fought in that War Between The States, mostly, in Virginia that the Confederacy's most brilliant and decisive military victories were won; it was Virginia, who, produced more military geniuses of that conflict, in Virginia that a gallant army with honor, finally gave up the fight.

And now today, a hundred years later, we see that Virginia's proud and bravely independent spirit still prevails. She has battled and continues to battle a totalitarian minded court and to the last legal ditch to preserve the sacredness of the Tenth Amendment, and the right to educate her children in accordance with the custom and precedent which she profoundly believes is wisest and best for all.

To be sure, the great Confederate spirits of Lee, Jackson, and Stuart will receive the spirit of John Sallings with gratitude and gentleness. Though he never fought under that inimitable hero, they surely know that his service during that struggle was as valuable as any rifle-carrying Men In Gray. For the lad John Sallings, we're told, spent his war years digging saltpeter (for gunpowder) so that our Rebs might tire the rifles with a deadly accuracy that routed the Union forces time and time again.

Let von baton-wielding bandmaster signal for the players to strike up the stirring strains of "Dixie," after which let Southerners (in this age of alien legislatorships who ARE NOT ASHAMED that our forefathers were ill to engage in a military struggle in defense of what they believed to be their rights and liberties, give three stout rebel yells to the memory of "General" John Sallings — Virginian —Confederate—American.

—J. R. CHERRY JR.

## Theory On Program Of Aid Giveaways

Charlotte

Editor, The News:

AFTER reading M. Parks Yandle's letter on why we give away billions of dollars I am prompted to give him, and every one else who just can't quite make out why, the real answer.

If you count the high number of Catholics the people of the U. S. have put in the White House to handle our affairs you have the answer. For what other reason would we take from our own people and give to a country which has already been swallowed by the Soviet. Everyone of those countries are almost solid Catholic and your brethren in Washington have seen and will see to it that they get financed regardless if they accept communism or not.

So if anyone thinks he is not feeling already the sad effects of the Catholic Church they let him open his pocketbook again. May the Lord help us not to be crazy enough to put a Catholic in as president.

Also World War II this Catholic representative Church cost the people of the U. S. billions and a lot of that money went to the Catholic Church millions of dollars worth of damage done to their property in the Pacific while the Protestants received only a few thousand.

I suggest the pope of Rome sell his crown which is adorned with precious stones and gold and open the coffers of millions of dollars and help his own people instead of letting the U. S. taxpayers support them. I for one am sick and tired of it.

—MISS MYRTLE PORTER

## Quote, Unquote

Nature does nothing in the prose mood. Though sometimes grimly with poetic fury, as in earthquakes, etc. and at other times humorously. — Henry David Thoreau.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

## Trujillo's Kingdom An Empty Vista

Editors' Note: Though Drew Pearson has returned to Washington the following column was written during his recent trip through the trouble-torn Caribbean.

CIUDAD TRUJILLO

RENAMING the first city of Christopher Columbus in the New World, in honor of dictator Trujillo is like renaming Columbus, Ohio, "Wolfville" in honor of the Wolf family which controls its newspapers, banks, and insurance.

However, Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo, absolute ruler of this well-kept and rather beautiful police state, is a dictator with vanity.

### Family Socialism

He operates family-owned socialism and the whole family profits handsomely with it. His brother Hector is president. His son Ramfis, aged 29, is chief of staff of the army. Trujillo owns the slaughterhouse, the cement plant, the power plant, even sells beer named in his honor—"Presidente" beer.

The American public, however, seems to have a sense of smell regarding dictators. For at the height of the tourist season, the hotels of Ciudad Trujillo are not buzzing with tourists. The well-cops streets look empty. Traffic cops stand on pedestals to govern traffic, but the traffic is not there.

### Haiti Is Jammed

Next door in turbulent Haiti, the hotels were crowded. Tourists brook no ill over Haiti. But in the Dominican Republic, not for some reason they kept away from the land of the dictator. The Jaragua and Ambassador hotels in Ciudad Trujillo are as luxurious as any in Miami, but today, pathetically, they are half empty.

Out on the edge of town is Trujillo's Fairgrounds—beautiful buildings in a crystal setting beside an azure sea. But nobody came to the fair. It was a flop. So now Trujillo has transferred his government out to the Fairgrounds—his industries are located in that section.

Twenty-eight years ago when Trujillo was just getting started as a dictator, I came down to his "republic." I had previously written a series of columns telling how in 1911 while serving as a postal clerk he had been forced to leave the country temporarily for stealing from the mails, how in 1912 he was convicted of stealing cattle, how in 1918 he served six months for forging the signature of his employer.

After he was released from jail, Trujillo joined the National Guard, then trained by the U.S. Marines, where he was employed as a secret agent to spy on his own people for the very unpopular Marine Corps occupation. The Marines promoted him. Eventually, after the Marines withdrew, he staged a revolution and took over.

### Meeting In '31

Having detailed this history in the American press as early as 1931, I went to the Dominican Republic that same year and met the man I had called a cattle thief. He walked into the Faustus Hotel where I was having dinner, and over a bottle of warm champagne we discussed the problems of the Caribbean — each retaining his right to disagree.

In the years that followed Trujillo became the apple of many respectable eyes. He has been entertained by such society queens as Mme. Gwendolyn Cafritz in Washington. He has entertained and decorated a long list of congressmen. He has had speeches delivered on the floor of his own Congress by U.S. Rep. Donald Jackson of California and Gardner Withrow of Wisconsin praising his leadership.

He has also had the savoir-faire of John Foster Dulles, Robert Hinshaw, come to Trujillo city and stay for three months as a Trujillo guest. And he has had Mrs. Eisenhower's brother-in-law, Col. Gordon Moore, become his partner in a sugar deal.

### Some People

Some people asked me if I wasn't afraid to come down here on this trip. Maybe, in view of the Galindez kidnaping, they said, I would be shot or poisoned. Trujillo is too smart to do that. Besides I am of the opinion that Trujillo is more philosophical now and wants to retire. He is pushing 68.

### Tough In Defense

But whether philosophical or not, Trujillo is still a fourth rate power when it comes to defending his island against Fidel Castro. His gunboats patrol the coast night and day. He is alert and ready for any eventuality. We built Trujillo up as the greatest dictator of the Caribbean and the best target Castro and communism could possibly have. Now we are stuck with him. This is one reason the Caribbean is so trouble-laden.