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SEGREGATION UNDER FIRE

WITHIN the next few months, perhaps before June, the U. S. Supreme Court will rule on three cases argued before it last week. The plaintiffs charged discrimination in the provision of public facilities, and challenge the 54-year-old "separate but equal" doctrine of the court.

That doctrine was established in the famed 1896 *Plessy v. Ferguson* decision arising out of a Louisiana provision for separate railroad accommodations for white and Negroes. The court held that segregation *per se* did not stamp Negroes "with a badge of inferiority", but laid down the theory that separate facilities must be equal.

One of the cases before the court last week presed the claim of a University of Oklahoma Negro graduate student that he was restricted to certain seats in the classrooms, the library, and the cafeteria. Another involved the complaint of a Texas Negro who was refused admission to the University of Texas Law School but told he could enter a new law school at the Texas State University for Negroes. The third challenged the law which forced a Negro to sit in a special section of a Southern Railway dining car curtained off from white diners.

There have been other cases since 1896 which sought to upset the "separate but equal" dictum. What gives these three much significance is the intervention of the Federal Government on behalf of one of the plaintiffs, and the intervention of several Southern states on behalf of one of the defendants.

The U. S. Attorney-General, Howard McGrath, stated the government's interest concisely when he asked the court to reverse its "separate but equal" doctrine because it is "an anachronism which a half-century of history and experience has shown to be a departure from the basic constitutional principle that all Americans, regardless of their race or color or religion or national origin, stand equal and alike in the light of the law."

It is almost impossible at this stage to forecast the great upheaval, the turmoil and the bitterness which would result from a judicial ruling that separate facilities do not satisfy the Constitution, even though they are identical. Although the court is supposed to consider only the legality of the question, it cannot but be aware of the explosive forces a reversal would set in motion.

Even if the court upholds the constitutionality of the system of separate facilities, the handwriting is on the wall for states of the South and elsewhere where segregation is the rule. There will be an increasing demand from minority groups that facilities be equal, if they are to be separate.

They are not equal today. In North Carolina, for example, the State Education Commission reported:

"The amount invested in the school plant per white pupil enrolled in the county administrative units in 1943-44 was found to range from $139.19 in Currituck County to only $40.53 in Cherokee County. . . . The investment per pupil enrolled in Negro schools was found to vary in 1943-44 from $187.56 in Stanly County to only $2.13 per pupil in Gates County. The state average for buildings for white children in county school systems was $154 per pupil and for Negroes was only $44. In cities the average for whites was $305 and for Negroes was $129."

And North Carolina, it should be pointed out, is one of the most progressive of the Southern states in equality of educational opportunity.

Numerous suits have been filed in Southern states seeking to force equal Negro schools, and there will be many others if the Supreme Court upholds segregation. They will add up to millions of dollars of modernization of present buildings and construction of new ones.

Hence, no matter which way the Supreme Court rules, the South is going to have to bestir itself in the next decade. It had best get busy and adjust its thinking accordingly, for there's a deal of adjusting to be done.

SPARTANBURG'S NEW AUDITORIUM

HAVING heard nothing to the contrary in recent weeks, we assume that the Mayor's special committee is still studying plans for a new auditorium-coliseum for Charlotte.

In that case, it might be of interest locally to see what Spartanburg is going to get for the $1,200,000 it will spend for a new auditorium in the very near future.

The building will cost $850,000. Equipment, preparation of the site, and architects' fees will boost the total cost to $1,200,000.

For that money, Spartanburg will get a building measuring 158 by 209 feet, and off-street parking space for 750 cars. The main auditorium and two balconies will seat 3,500 persons. A big stage will be equipped with spotlights, dressing rooms, and an orchestra pit.

An arena for sports events, dances, industrial expositions, and automobile shows will be built under the main floor. Dressing rooms and showers, check rooms, offices, committee rooms, and a kitchen to handle banquets up to 750 persons will be provided. Bleacher-type seats on this floor will add another 1,500 to the over-all seating capacity, with all parts of the building connected by a public address system.

According to the *Spartanburg Herald-Journal*, which gave these statistics, the new structure will be about the same as auditoriums in Asheville, Columbia, and Augusta, Ga.

If Charlotte is going to provide for the future as well as the present, it will need a larger main auditorium than that. And if the planners are seriously considering a coliseum as well, it would have to be considerably larger than the present Armory-Auditorium to be of practical value.

Thus, the probable cost of a new auditorium-coliseum for Charlotte will doubtless run two or three times the amount Spartanburg is spending. We mention that merely to remind the Mayor's committee that a bond issue of that size will need a lot of selling, and that it might be of value to seek public reaction to some tentative plans as a deterrent to subsequent criticism of the final plans.

CRIME AND POLITICS

LAST January, Tennessee's liberal Senator Estes Kefauver introduced a resolution in the upper House to investigate organized crime and gambling in the U. S. Though one would think that opposition to crime and gambling would come naturally to the Senate, no action has yet been taken; Kefauver's bill is right where it was three months ago.

Perhaps the double-slaying in Kansas City, Missouri, last week will give the bill a boost. Shot down were Charles Binaggio and Charles Gargotta. Binaggio ranked, according to Missouri newspapers, as No. 1 man in Missouri's Democratic Party. Gargotta was his right hand man.

But Binaggio and Gargotta were not ordinary politicians. Binaggio was notorious for his activity in gambling, was widely suspected of being the Missouri link in the nation-wide "bookie" racket run by such men as New York's Frank Costello and the big men in Chicago who held the old Al Capone gang together.

Part of the opposition to Kefauver's resolution took the form of pooh-poohing the necessity for such an investigation. While Kefauver suggested that the rackets were gaining so much power that they were becoming potent political forces, his opponents said it was his imagination, no such nation-wide ring existed.

While the Binaggio-Gargotta affair does not prove they were linked with Costello and the Capone gang, it does prove that crime and politics met in Missouri.

Binaggio and Gargotta were the kind of gamblers who could buy politicians, swing elections and operate without telling opposition from the law. Moving from precinct to city to county to state, Binaggio was ready, willing and perhaps able to move into national politics.

Binaggio won't do it now, but how many more Binaggios are there in the nation? How much longer will it take them to establish sufficient state power to swing a national election?

Perhaps the Senate will now listen to Kefauver.

From The Wilmington Star-News

COURTESY A PRIME NEED

RECORDS of the National Safety Council show an increase of 6 per cent in highway fatalities during the first two months of this year over a like period in 1949. To some extent, comparatively mild weather, which permitted more than average motor travel, explains this. "But to explain it is not to excuse it," says the council. "The fact is, more people are being killed in traffic this year—needlessly."

How shall we account for the needless slaughter? Chicago's traffic chief, Mr. Michael Ahern, in the main, attributes it to discourtesy. Chicago had 204 fatal traffic accidents last year. Concerning them, Chief Ahern says: "Most would not have happened if the drivers involved had not been heedless of the rights of others. Every such fatality involved not only the violation of a traffic law, but an act of discourtesy as well."

In proof of this, a break-down of Chicago's 1949 traffic record shows that 94 accidents involving death were caused by violation of the law concerning right-of-way; 51 resulted from drunken driving; 34, speeding; 21, driving on wrong side of road; fourteen, disregard of signs and signals.

Taking the ball at this point, the Safety Council adds: "We think courtesy is one of the greatest factors in safe driving."

It's not too hard to live on a small income—just so long as you don't spend too much trying to keep it a secret.—*Starkville (Miss.) News.*

Springtime In Washington

Peoples Platform

Foster Father Plan Urged

DERITA

Editors, THE NEWS:

YOUR editorial in THE NEWS, "What About Ted Franklin Wilson?", should, in my opinion, be followed up. Our youth problem is far greater than most good citizens realize and a condition far greater than should be expected to be stopped by any one organization.

While I do not profess to know the answer, I believe the following program would help.

First of all I would prohibit the sale or possession of the so called "comic" books. Secondly, why would it not be a good idea for the ministers in each voting precinct (regardless of color) to get together and form a committee of citizens to act as council in dealing with those unfortunate boys in their communities?

This committee would in turn appoint a good citizen to act as a "foster father", to aid in correcting the mental attitudes of potential delinquents before they go too far. Some of these need an honest to goodness fatherly "dressing down". Then, and only after these boys have been lifted with and found to be too belligerent, this citizen's committee could make its report to the proper authorities.

In substance it is my contention that the majority of these poor unfortunate boys can be corrected before they get into serious trouble.

It is my opinion that this so-called Foster Father committee could count on the Boy Scouts, 4-H Clubbers, etc., in their immediate vicinity to assist in making the reports. The better boys know who the future gangsters are.

In any event I think it's past time for something to be done.

—THOMAS B. HENDERSON.

Worried About Young People

CHARLOTTE

Editors, THE NEWS:

AS A RESULT of the recent murder by a teenager, how about a series of articles by your best writer? Spring is here and many young people are planning things, running away, wanting money. I am not a mother, but I am an aunt and interested in young people. Your paper can be a great help by putting people to thinking.

—MRS. M. J. BAGBY.

A Plea For The Birds

SANTA BARBARA, Calif.

Editors, THE NEWS:

YOU may wake at dawn in the Spring and feel the beauty and serenity of the time. It is the season of resurrection, new life upon earth, rebirth of day, with fresh hope, courage, and opportunity. The song of a bird, or a chorus of the heavenly songsters, may stir your heart, for birds appreciate the gift of life.

But instead, you may hear disturbing sounds—startled chirps, sharp calls, or cries that tear your heart, if you know the meaning. You may go to the window and learn the reason, or you may go forth at dawn, and see what I have seen: torn nests! nests wrecked in an instant that had been built as homes with love, wonderful, loving labor); carnage, not of battle, but of wanton massacre; the wrong and the pity of it; and the irreparable loss to all.

A cat can easily spring 15 feet or more. It can see well in dim light. It can locate the best hidden birds by its extraordinary sense of smell. As a lone hunter it travels swiftly, stealthily, long distances. The number of cats estimated in the nation is fifty million. Most cats are at large at dawn. Will we save the remnants of song birds before they have all vanished?

And how do we pay for this senseless slaughter? A recent release from the Bureau of Entomology placed the figure of insect losses to plant life in the U. S. in 1949 at four billion dollars, the losses for 1950 to be still larger. Also, it stated that insects build up immunity to insecticides and before long go on increasing as much as ever.

All birds feed their babies insects in the Springtime—huge, unbelievable quantities of bugs that would work havoc on gardens, crops, and trees. A baby bird will eat twice its weight in insects a day. And countless millions of eggs of bugs are cleared the same way. When man sees insect damage, it is too late. Birds prevent many insect plagues. Weeds cost the nation another four billion dollars a year, and birds are of incalculable benefit in their work against weed seeds.

Those who permit the Mr. Hydes to be out at dawn, content to pet their Dr. Jekylls occasionally during the day, are accessories to one of the most cruel and expensive crimes of the nation. We could solve the problem, if we but knew it and would face it.

—GERTRUDE CHARNY,
President, Friends of The Birds, Inc.

Shameful Compromise

NORFOLK, Va.

Editors, THE NEWS:

NEWSPAPERS tell us, this morning, that the squabble between the Republicans and the Democrats, in Washington, has been compromised, or minimized, by the appointment of a Republican to the State Department.

What may be said of this sort of thing? Is it not one of those arrangements that weakens political parties and the means of sovereign will? What are political parties but the means of the people in expressing their wants?

This shameful action is not without its shameful precedent. Augustus Caesar compromised with the profligate Antony for the satiation of his own vile appetites against Cicero. Those men, as these men, sacrificed all the decencies of civilization for the satiation of their own ambitions.

When the sense of honor is lost in the activities of political gain, no one may say that the democracy of the people is safe; that the sovereignty of the people can find expression. For men who place their own limited interests above the interests of society have no sense of right and wrong. They are ready to sacrifice all the rights of others and their interests to gain their own glory.

Interests, not the people, are gaining over the people and their interest. If this thing goes on, we may look for some evil fate that will destroy what we have.

—GARRETT BAXTER.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Chile President Battler For Democracy

WASHINGTON

ONE of this country's best friends and a courageous champion of democracy arrives in Washington tomorrow—President Gabriel Gonzales Videla of Chile.

With Latin dictators popping up all around him, Gonzales Videla has helped keep Chile as one country which warded off revolution, retained its parliamentarian system and purged Communists by peaceful means.

Probably one reason the Chilean president has fought so hard against Communism is because he was ambassador to Franco during the Nazi occupation and saw the results of totalitarian rule firsthand.

Early in his term of president, Gonzales Videla faced an all-out showdown with the Communist Party—and won. A wave of strikes had swept the country, followed by the most serious strike of all by the coal miners.

As the coal strike continued, and as paralysis crept over Chile, the president finally decided to take things into his own hands and left for the worst strike hotbed, Lota. Accompanied by his wife, he flew to the Lota airport, then drove direct to the chief coal mine, which extends four miles under the Pacific Ocean. There at the mouth of the mine shaft he held a meeting with amazed miners who could hardly believe they were talking to the president of Chile in the flesh.

"I did not come to challenge you or belittle you," Gonzales Videla said, in an impromptu, impassioned plea. "The proof is that I did not come with military escort. I came alone as a friend to talk over your problems, which are my problems also."

After he finished, the miners went back to work.

That is the kind of friendly president who arrives in the USA tomorrow, again accompanied by his wife, and again unaccompanied by the trappings and folderol of high office.

Two Senators From Maine

THE two Republican Senators from rock-ribbed Republican Maine are sometimes in each other's hair. Just at present not only Margaret Chase Smith, the junior Senator, but other progressive Republicans are burned up by the maneuver of Owen Brewster, the senior Senator from Maine, to stifle criticism of the evasive GOP policy statement issued in February.

So many Republican gripes were registered against this statement that, in order to satisfy the progressives, a rewritten post-card version is now being mailed with an explanation by Republican Chairman Guy Gabrielson that the report "grew out of a suggestion by Sen. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, who was consulted in its preparation."

That, however, is not the case. Though Senator Smith did suggest revisions, actually her recommendations were deleted and toned down.

The popular and courageous junior Senator from Maine had proposed a ten-point liberal GOP program, of which point 10 read: "Smashing the filibuster on civil rights." However, when Gabrielson and Senator Brewster got through toning point 10 down, it merely read: "Protecting the rights of veterans and minorities."

In Smith's Point 9, "oppose any curtailment of veterans' benefits," was completely omitted. So was her point 5, which read: "making foreign policy truly bi-partisan . . ."

However, the post-card statement being mailed by the GOP national committee makes it look as if Mrs. Smith had endorsed the entire new platform.

NOTE—At the February GOP meeting, Brewster and Gabrielson proposed a plank for "safeguarding liberty against Socialism." But this was opposed by even such a solid conservative as Sen. Arthur Watkins of Utah who argued: "After all, reclamation projects are a form of Socialism."

Confusion At Key West

NEWSPAPERMEN covering Key West have only one explanation for the flatly contradictory statements issued from Washington on one hand and the Winter White House, on the other. They were so contradictory that it sometimes looked as if the President's left hand didn't know what the right hand was doing.

On the night before John Foster Dulles was appointed to the State Dept., Charles Ross, Presidential press secretary, was queried about the reported appointment and issued a categoric: "It is not so."

Several newspapers were already on the street with the Dulles story at the time of the Ross denial, but knowing the Dulles appointment was a fact, they stuck to their own guns. Next day the State Dept. issued an official announcement confirming the appointment and making Key West look ridiculous.

Simultaneously the Winter White House informed the press that Ambassador Jessup's post had not been filled. This played right into the hands of Senator McCarthy, who has been trying to get Ambassador Jessup out. Furthermore, it was not true. Jessup's post is not vacant and the State Dept. had to issue a press release correcting Key West and explaining this fact.

Backstage reason for all this confusion is that too much liquor flowed at Key West. This is something no one likes to advertise about the President and his entourage but, on the other hand, it is a fact worth mentioning to the people who put them in office, who pay their salaries and who expect leadership to remain clear-headed and sober.

Courageous New Statesman

A SENATOR who has shown recent courage is Dennis Chavez of New Mexico. Despite the hot breath of political pressure, Chavez was the only Senator from the Southwest to vote against the Kerr-natural gas bill.

A devout Catholic of Spanish descent, Chavez also introduced an amendment to the DP bill to let in Spanish Republicans who had participated in the civil war against Franco. He referred to them as "the first victims of World War II" and compared them with "the Pilgrim fathers".

Sen. Wiley Becomes Statesman

CONGRESSMEN asked Rep. Andy Biemiller of Wisconsin if in the Democrat cloakroom the other day: "What do the McCarthy charges mean in Wisconsin?"

Replied Biemiller: "They mean that McCarthy has made Sen. Alexander Wiley look like a statesman."

Use Your Imagination, Take Your Choice On Flying Disks

By ROBERT C. RUARK

NEW YORK

IT LOOKS LIKE we got four choices on the flying saucers. They belong to our Air Force, the Russians, the Martians, or else the U. S. Navy has a plot afoot to overthrow the U. S.

Otherwise uncounted numbers of supposedly competent observers just have saucers in front of their eyes, and this I can believe, too, since I recently suffered from a bug which turns the air into a pattern of polka dots. Virus X, I believe it's called, with scientific terseness.

Airline pilots I know say they believe the saucers exist. A long rundown by True Magazine, some time back, vouched for the spinning disks. Other periodicals have presented rather well-documented reports on the presence of odd aircraft, unidentifiable but visible to several witnesses simultaneously.

The recent secretary of the Air Force, Stuart Symington, says if there are weird aircraft on prowl in the Air Force, he knows from nothing. This statement could be either honesty or deviousness because of security. I have no Russian sources and my Martian correspondent is off on a drunk.

That leaves the Navy as the guilty party, so far's I'm concerned, or else we must fall back on the supposition that there really aren't any saucers, or disks, or do-jiggers. The latter conclusion is hard to buy, for the total observers said the disks had windows, and not even a vodka-and-pernod imagination is likely to whip up a flying disk with windows in it.

Henry Taylor, a radio correspondent, has asserted that one of the recently viewed apparitions is the Navy's flying phantom, the jet propelled XF5U1. This thing looks like a poached egg with propellers, and is certainly as unearthly as anything the Martians might send us on a scouting tour.

I am inclined to go along with Mr. Taylor. Abashed at the fate the Mighty Mo, or Schmo, downeast by the recent tussle with the Air Forces, the Navy obviously has gone out on its own and is preparing to capture the continent. I presume this will make an emperor of Capt. John Crommelin, and so far as I know, he even now is shopping around for a hat with a television antenna on it.

NAVY IS MUM

Navy is as mum as Air Force about its possible participation in the witches' dance that our people keep seeing, but that too can be security. When you prepare to replace the battleship with a flying saucer, a certain amount of reticence is understandable.

I wish, here and now, to go on record. I believe that there are flying saucers. I believe they are aircraft containing life. I believe that very soon a solution of them will be offered to the public. My hunch is that they are ours. Like Mr. Symington, I know from nothing, either.

My faith in the saucers is founded on past miracles. I am the boy who considers the routine miracle of flight as completely incomprehensible. The telephone baffles me. Radio is one of the darkest mysteries, and such things as radar and the chipped atom just leave me with a gaped mouth. If television is possible, anything is possible.

We are a nation widely open to suggestion, but too many people have seen too many saucers to discount them as anything but real and present, if unaccounted for. Somebody is up there in those skies playing with toys we wot not of, but on purpose. I was kidding, earlier, about the Navy plot to win peace, but if Adolf Hitler should slip out of one of these babies at La Guardia it wouldn't surprise me.

Actually I hope these phantasmic Constellations are owned and operated by the Martian Airways Inc., and that some of the boys come soon to call. It might shock us out of a dangerous susceptibility to self-annihilation—and avoid the incident in which a later visitor may peer from the porthole of his space-ship and say to the co-pilot:

"I don't see anything now, Max, but I could have sworn that planet was here yesterday."

Little Reason To Mourn The Passing Of Latin-Teaching

By HENRY C. MCFADYEN

ALBEMARLE

THE SUMMER following my first year in high school we moved to a new community. In September my mother went with me and my sister to enroll us in the new school. We stayed there only ten minutes. That was long enough for my mother to find out that Latin was not taught in the school. She indignantly herded us into the car and drove as rapidly as a Model-T would go until we reached a school where they taught how many parts Gaul was divided into.

Not only did I learn about the division of Gaul. I went on to complete four years of high school Latin and two years in college. It was assumed that this study would aid me in my mastery of the English language and would train my mind sort of the way a muscle man builds up his biceps by hefting barbells a couple of hundred times a day. I hope all that exposure to Latin had the desired results, but I doubt it.

By the time I got to college I should have been able to read Latin with some ease. I couldn't and I was in no way different from the other boys in my class, who had come from two dozen different states and three foreign countries. We all got our translations out of ponies. In class each day we went through an amusing act. We students would stumble through the passage just as if we had have it. We copied down between the lines, and the professor would sit up there and pretend that he was being fooled.

NO LAMENT

Latin has disappeared from a lot of schools, and I do not hear much lamenting at its passing. On the other hand there are still some folks who feel about it just as my mother did. They offer several defenses for it. The first is that it will help the student in the mastery of his English. This argument does not make much sense to me. I just can't see that it is easier to learn two languages than one. Lots of English words come from the Latin, they point out. I reply that lots of English words come from Anglo-Saxon too, so, maybe we had better put in some courses in that language.

Then there are those poor lads who are going into medical school with no high school Latin to help them understand the terms they are going to encounter. I do not doubt many learn over the years, for I know that they would not have picked up many medical terms from Julius Caesar.

The heavy artillery of the Latin folks, however, is that it trains the mind. They feel that the way to whet the mind to a keen edge is on the hard rock of such subjects as Latin, algebra, and solid geometry. Here is how I look at that. No subject ever trained anybody's mind unless it aroused his interest. Provided a person is real fascinated by Latin, algebra, and solid geometry. For them the study of these subjects will be as worthwhile. The majority of students have no interest in such subjects, however, simply because they do not see much reason for learning them.

There is as much mental discipline in making a cedar chest as there is in learning declensions and just as much cultural value too. Provided, of course, that the person has a reason for making the cedar chest.

The acid test, of course, is how I feel about Latin and my own children. I do not worry if they live and die without knowing about amo-amas-amat and agricola-ae. That is all the Latin I can remember.