

THOMAS L. ROBINSON, President and Publisher
RODIE S. GRIPPIER, General Manager
ROBERT H. LAMPERT, Advertising Director
Cecil Pounce, Editor
PERRY MORGAN (on leave), Associate Editor
R. L. YOUNG JR., Managing Editor
JAMES McDOWELL, Circulation Manager

MONDAY, MARCH 2, 1959

The New South: Some Came Running

This is a criminally frivolous dispute, absolutely unworthy of this nation; and it is being carried on, in complete bad faith, by completely uneducated people.

JUST as Grandpa predicted, there's been a second invasion of the Confederacy by northern armies. Only these fresh troops aren't soldiers; they're writers.

Hardly a week passes that some certified journalist from north of the Mason & Dixon doesn't turn up in our newsroom with notebook, pencil and plans for installment one. Some kind of call of the wild brings them south. To the rest of America, this is still a land of desperate moments and positively delicious social turmoil. Each trauma must be meticulously recorded.

James Baldwin was different. First of all, he was a reporter, not a distinguished novelist. He seemed less interested in miscellaneous facts than in broad impressions. Also, he managed an amazing detachment when discussing the role of the Negro in Dixie's social ferment. This cannot not have been easy, for James Baldwin is himself a Negro and also an extremely thoughtful and sensitive individual.

He did not tarry long. He gathered his broad impressions quickly and quietly, then hustled south to Atlanta. Now, many months later, he is sharing the results of his visit with the readers of several upper-middlebrow and highbrow journals. What he has written for publication so far is as disheartening to sensitive southerners as the polished rant of a particularly arid white supremacist.

BEFORE arriving in Atlanta I spent several days in Charlotte, North Carolina. I was in the current issue of PARTISAN REVIEW, the nation's leading "little" literary magazine. This is a bourgeois town, Presbyterian, pretty-if you like towns—and socially so hermetic that it contains scarcely a single decent restaurant. I was told that Negroes there are not even licensed to become electricians or plumbers. I was also told, several times, by white people, that "race relations" there were excellent. I failed to find a single Negro who agreed with this. In the usual story of "race relations" in this country, Charlotte, a town of 165,000, was in ferment when I was there because, of its 50,000 Negroes, four had been assigned to previously all-white schools, one to each school. I saw the Negro schools in Charlotte, saw, on street corners, several of their alumnae, and read about others who had been sentenced to the chain gang. This solved the mystery of just what made Negro parents send their children out to face mobs. White people do not understand this because they do not know, and do not want to know, that the alternative to this ordeal is nothing less than a lifelong ordeal.

Loveless Advice Manufactured Here

A PROFITABLE venture, it has been advanced, is in the woman-dominated field of the national advice or singed valentine column.

Apparently, if one has a psychology textbook left from college one can play it from there.

But it also stands to reason that to fire mental boilers one must have some bright letters in order to give sparkling answers. Not having any handy at the moment, we're forced to compose our own. But if the right syndicate is watching this could put us in another income tax bracket.

Without further mouthing, come in Vaslie de Rignon!

DEAR VAS: I married a beachcomber, but like I keep telling him, who needs a beach combed in the winter? He answers by roping me to a tidal rock. I love him, Vas, but it is damp at high tide. How can I change him?

DEAR SOAKED: Try sand lumped in one end of his bath water. If it doesn't work, tell this seabird to find another gull. Good luck!

DEAR PUZZLED: Good luck!

There is more, much more. The "impressions" are always tamer and certainly more vivid than the "facts." For instance, the existence of chain gangs is a fine foamy impression. But it is not a fact. Likewise, it makes no sense reading that Negroes may not be licensed as electricians or plumbers in Charlotte. But it is not a fact.

These and other distortions would not bother us particularly if they didn't support a superstructure of unreasoning racial prejudice. The author is guilty of precisely the same charges he huris at white men: Blind hatred of another race. It is Jim Crow in reverse and the charges are truly black or white with no in-between.

BEFORE he even takes his readers on a guided tour of Charlotte and Atlanta, the author uses a series of fairly incredible recollections to make it perfectly plain where his literary journey will lead.

"I remembered the Scottsboro case, which I had followed as a child. . . I remembered the soldier in uniform blinded by an enraged white man, just after the Second World War. . . I remembered Willie McGee, Emmett Till and the others. My younger brothers had visited Atlanta some years before. I remembered what they had told me about it. One of my brothers, in uniform, had had his front teeth kicked out by a white officer. I remembered my mother telling us how she had wept and prayed and tried to kiss the venom out of her suicidally embittered son. (She managed to do it, too; heaven's only know what she herself was feeling, whose father and brothers had lived and died down here.) I remembered myself, as a very small boy, already so bitter about the pledge of allegiance that I could scarcely bring myself to say it, and never, never believed it."

Perhaps this "dose of the white man's own medicine" is deserved. Hatred is being returned in kind. But "the white man" is not all white men—no more than "the Negro" is all Negroes. There are southerners of both races who look with love and hope at their region. There are whites who are working quietly and courageously to advance the cause of social justice in the South—not out of any sense of southern benevolence, as Mr. Baldwin scornfully suggests, but because they are simply being faithful to democratic ideals. There are Negroes who share these same ideals and can work with understanding and in harmony with other southerners to achieve them. There is a plurality of idealism and truth that crosses racial lines and it is the quintessence of democracy.

THE South has many problems, but it is not inhibited by many different kinds of people. There is evil, but there is also good. The good is worth preserving and it is worth encouraging. The blind hatreds of both races can preserve nothing but the evil.

Dear Vas

DEAR VAS: I suspect my wife is running around. She used to leave weekends to play bridge, she said, but her last bridge date was in June, 1947. I haven't seen her since. Isn't this suspicious?

DEAR WAITING: You have been dealt out. Try to finesse through to another partner. Bid soon on a new hand. Good luck!

DEAR VAS: My girl has six fingers on her left hand. We have argued frequently where she's to wear her ring. I maintain third finger, but on her it's another thumb. She is not sensitive about this, but I am. Our wedding is soon.

DEAR NERVOUS: Some people are all thumbs in everything. She'll be useful at hitchhiking. Good luck!

DEAR VAS: Gambling is my best friend's problem. He lost his money at cards, his home at the wheel, his wife at Reno and his car at the track. What is it he needs?

DEAR PUZZLED: Good luck!

Neotism Does Not Bother Congress: It's The Publicity

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON. THE PROBLEM of neotism, favoritism to one's relatives, has arisen to plague the new Congress. It is not the practice that bothers Congress so much. It has been prevalent a very long time. It is the publicity that hurts.

The publicity now has resulted in a long-winded and emotional speech on the floor by freshman Rep. Steven Carter of Iowa who had enrolled his 19-year-old son, Steven Anthony, a part-time university student, as his principal assistant at \$11,873 a year. Rep. Carter announced that he was cutting his son's pay in half, and apologized for any inconvenience the publicity may have caused other members.

SMALL CUTBACK

Rep. Leonard Wolf, also a Democratic freshman from Iowa, announced that he was reducing his wife's pay from \$12,324 a year. He reduced the stipend to an almost-even \$12,000.

The case of Rep. Carter and his son was not the most flagrant known heretofore. It was the boy's youth and inexperience that attracted attention. But Rep. Carter still authorized pay for his son which was greater than normal salaries in his district and analogous areas, than that of most reporters who write about it.

SENATE SILENT

This is one of the different subjects on which reporters feel they should give information. The House reveals its payrolls; the Senate does not. There is

neotism on the Senate side, too, every bit as scandalous as that revealed in the House, but the truth is often hard to come by. House reporters in this instance scanned the House payrolls and copied down family names similar to those of representatives. Most often they were right in suggesting a relationship. But sometimes they were wrong. Representatives with such names as Smith and Brown were held up as neotists, whereas the persons of like names on their staffs were no relation at all.

BIG TASK

Equally, reporters missed many examples of kinship when sons-in-law, nephews, nieces, and cousins had names different from those of their employers. It would take a joint enterprise by the whole press corps to turn up all the relationships in their true state.

Both Washington and the country at large admit the practice is bad. But it is hallowed by tradition and there is no likelihood that Congress will do anything whatever about it. Each member regards his salary as a mere reflection of his worth without question and only the voters can say him nay.

A REFLECTION

The fact that more Democrats have been turned up as keepers of clerk hire in their own families is a mere reflection of the heavily Democratic makeup of the present Congress. Members of both parties are guilty now and have been guilty in the past.

People's Platform

Fewer Leaders?

Charlotte. I SEE that Mayor Jim Smith has moved his business to Gastonia. I guess he and his cohorts have raised Charlotte taxes too high even for him to endure and there are higher taxes to come.

Charlotte should be thankful that she does not have more "leaders" than she is already burdened with. I do not like the definition of "leaders" to those in politics but also refer to the Chamber of Commerce, newspaper editors, dogged commissions and the like. We'd be better off without them.

—SYLVESTER STOVALL

Bouquet For Snapp On Copper Stand

Charlotte. THE FOLLOWING is a letter which I have sent to Rep. Frank W. Snapp.

—HARRY P. STOKELY

Dear Frank: Receiving this letter, I'm flattered hundreds of business men throughout the State of North Carolina, and without exception, they all agree.

Along with other business men, I think that the helicopter is a good idea, but I do not think the City of Charlotte should operate it. I think that the City of Charlotte, counties and state should get out of all physical businesses and withdraw as fast as possible from the business they are now in.

I am especially interested in the State of North Carolina getting out of the wholesale grocery business, along with the liquor business, (wholesale and retail). By doing this would give the taxpayers an opportunity to earn their existence. The following states operate as such: South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Ohio, Texas, New York, Missouri, Illinois, Kansas, California, Washington Nevada and Pennsylvania.

In my opinion, when the government is in business, they should abide the rights and privileges of the people, which is a violation, according to the Constitution of the United States.

It was originally intended that the government should look after the people, not get in business against taxpayers. By staying out of business and attending to their duties, they will get more taxes and combat unemployment, which is growing in leaps and bounds all over the country.

Frank, please permit me to suggest that you introduce a bill

while you are in Raleigh, to repeal the law that says you give the business back to the taxpayers. If there are any further changes to be made, let them be made by senators and legislators, not the appointees. The only way this can be accomplished is that we, the people, work together, telling you and the other legislators what we want.

Your opinion evidently has its weight, as I see by The Charlotte News, February 18, that the city has been passed by the council. This bill does not limit the city to helicopter service, but provides authority for the city to lease or transportation service. This is better, but I still say it should be leased out and governed by those in authority. (And this authority given by the law makers.)

You, and the other legislators, I am sure, will hear more about this from a few long outstanding citizens than from me.

—HARRY P. STOKELY

Workers No Longer Given Free Choice

Charlotte. A NORTH Carolina judge ruled that the Raleigh Railway employees must join and pay dues to the railway brotherhood. In other words their freedom as American citizens is at an end. They are no longer free to choose for themselves what they wish to do. There is nothing in the Constitution of the United States that says that any employee must join a union and pay dues, before they can get a job in free America.

The ruling in Henderson is the same as in all strikes, yet it is never accepted any responsibility for these stonings, bombings and damage done to cars. No one ever goes to jail for taking the money lost in wages while on strike even though they win an increase in wages. I know from my own experience with union strikes. Collecting dues from workers is a great racket.

—PARKS A. VANDLE

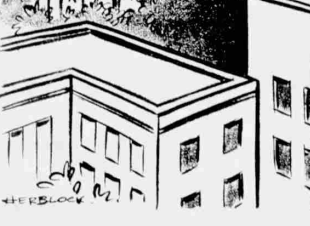
Quote, Unquote

"There are certain people whom one almost feels inclined to urge to hurry up and die so that their letters can be published."—Christopher Morley.

"Flowers have an expression of countenance as men, women or animals. Some seem to smile, some have a sad expression, some are pensive and diffident, others again are plain honest and upright, like the breadfruit, sunflower and the hollyhock."—Henry Ward Beecher.

Conservatives and liberals, or whatever division one wishes, have followed the practice. It is an unhealthy business in a democracy and it is one, oddly, which Congress itself would never tolerate in an executive agency. But there it is. Public office may be a public trust, as Grover Cleveland said.

'December, January, February, March, April, May— Here I Come, Ready Or Not'



Animals Scarcer

KITALE, KENYA. I SHOULD think it likely that this will be my last proper big safari, and the thought grieves me. Not that this has been a sour safari, and we have had great fun and enormous good luck, because I have been out with old and good friends, but mostly because the Africa I knew and loved so much a decade ago has changed tremendously, even in the bush areas.

I don't shoot much any more, not for trophies, anyhow, because I've done all that, but it is still fun to be a kind of unpaid hunter for friends. And there is still plenty of shooting in East Africa and in the Sudan—still millions of animals to look at and take pictures of in the parks and the preserves.

WILDNESS GONE

What I mean mainly is the loss of the old wild freedom, when you could take off in almost any direction and find something exciting to see or do without having to check a sheet of papers, fill out questionnaires, and worry about your time limits in any one area. The people were wild and the animals were wild, and the living was wilder.

KINGDOM FALLING

But the people are increasing, always increasing, now that so many of nature's balances have been removed by what we call civilization, and as the people push deeper and deeper into the bush, the bush must go and with it the wildness that once made this country a vast animal kingdom, dotted but sparsely by humans.

Old Africa Is Passing Out

By ROBERT C. RUARK

swrought, tremendous crowds of antelopes. Ten years ago you drove to a field that looked likely, and if you saw no fresh tire marks on tracks, you pitched camp and hunted outward for a couple hundred miles in all directions. If another outfit arrived and spotted your hoofprints, he pushed on to another area, out of sheer hunting etiquette.

GAME SLAIN

The push of burgeoning people and flocks has forced the game into tighter pockets, so the answer has been national parks and restricted areas—and, in some cases, wholesale slaughter of the game to make room for the people. A thousand-plus rhino at Makueni, for instance,

PEOPLE A BOTTLER

To my mind, there seem to be too many people and too few hyenas everywhere, too many farms and not enough forest-bearing bush. I know this is all necessary to the passage of time and progress, and things are never the same as they used to be, but in this instance it is not an old man's maudering. It's fact.

LIVES BETTER

I can't say it's progress, except that now we have kerosene refrigerators when we used to have canvas water bags, the vehicles almost never break down, and the talk is more of politics than of bullet weight or game.

THE 'NEW' AFRICA

Safari's Aren't The Same

It's just a few short years, tremendous changes have been wrought, tremendous crowds of antelopes. Ten years ago you drove to a field that looked likely, and if you saw no fresh tire marks on tracks, you pitched camp and hunted outward for a couple hundred miles in all directions. If another outfit arrived and spotted your hoofprints, he pushed on to another area, out of sheer hunting etiquette.

From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

LIVE AND LEARN

BUT for that rhubarb between Florio-Alger's state librarian, Dr. Dorothy Dodd, and Gov. Leroy Collins, we would not have known that Horatio Alger's books still are in print, let alone those Bobbsey Twins books.

This is not because we belong to that callow school which insists that hardly any Americans can read any more. (Being in the writing line, we can't afford to take such a view.) But we were fairly well convinced that no red-blooded contemporary read anything milder than Mickey Spillane. And we did feel that since Mr. Spillane stopped writing a few years ago, the TV audience was bound to grow after people got tired of reading his books a third and a fourth time.

So bless the young for reading Horatio Alger, the Rover Boys and Tom Swift—and how glad we are that the government would not let Dr. Dodd put them under a ban—because they lead to better things. Only one writer could drive a young reader more quickly to VANITY FAIR or HUCKLEBERRY FINN, and he is old James Fenimore Cooper, the man who tried to bore a nation with Natty Bumppo. Culture still has a future—in Florida, too.

The president's budget balancing program stood up in Congress about like the average American householder's economy campaign stands up at home—until the first bill came in.—DAILY OKLAHOMAN.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

LIVE AND LEARN

WASHINGTON. ONE factor behind the increased number of near collisions between airplanes is the failure to equip military airports with up-to-date radar facilities.

Nine Are 'Blind' This is true of New York, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Indianapolis, Memphis, Atlanta, and the Federal Aviation Agency's 26 traffic control centers are not even equipped with radar.

Civilian Air Radar In Sorry Shape

The FAA control centers at Washington D.C., National Airport, one of the busiest in the nation, is still using a radar system which was developed in 1941, which was produced for the Navy by General Electric for use on airplane carriers and battleships in World War II. It is so obsolete that General Electric no longer is making tubes for the VG-1.

Markers Inadequate

Early in January the FAA installed a completely new OGI radar setup in Washington, produced by the Raytheon Co. The new receiver, antenna and transmitter equipment, is excellent. Only two things are missing, and they are so important that the little plexiglas markers which show where planes are located, slide off.

Control towers could keep these markers on horizontal screens, but not on

Using Old Model

FAA controllers in Washington have had to fall back on the obsolete VG-1, which though admittedly inadequate, has a horizontal viewing screen which the plexiglas markers can be moved about to chart the location of flying aircraft.

Not Kept Pace

One reason for the outmoded radar is that with the heavy emphasis on military aviation, the unique radar needs of civilian flying have not kept pace with

the enormous increase of air traffic flying at all altitudes, in all directions, in our congested airways.

Fighters Toughest

Add to this the increasing number of military jets, which are difficult to track on a radar scope, particularly the fighter type jets—plus the peaker flying volume by the commercial airlines, geared to passenger convenience rather than fuel conditions, and you get some idea of the headaches of an air safety engineer.