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TUESDAY, JANUARY 15, 1957

The South Is A Captive Of A Dream

The dominant mood in the South today—the mood that tingles so languidly in the indolent air—is not anger. It lacks the stark passion of Clinton, Tenn., described on this page by Roger Greene.

It lacks the quivering apprehensiveness of Camden, described elsewhere in today's News by Julian Scheer. It is rather a mood of brooding disdain. There are, indeed, certain neo-Confederates who speak and act as if they were to go back to the world of 1861. They are the victims of sentimentality and fictions and obsolete values and they have a tendency to justify cruelty in the name of those values.

There are, too, number of bright-armed militants so infected with the morality and righteousness of their cause that they wish to overturn all of the idols of the past at once. But the great mass of southerners are deeply and intellectually involved in neither the old romanticism nor the new romanticism. The "race issue" is terribly apparent, like the hydrogen bomb, but again like the hydrogen bomb, it has not moved people to hysteria or to solutions. There is rather a sense of monumental nonchalance. It is fed either by deep and unassailable conviction or by sheer inability to grasp the gravity of social

revolution, he first group refuses to face reality. The second simply won't take the time or the trouble. The pattern is profoundly significant and is broken only occasionally by thunderstorms like Clinton and Camden. It has prevented what many have feared most—terrible turmoil on a regional scale. Thank God for that. But it lessens the South's ordeal not one iota.

The great unanswered question of how a region can adjust reasonably to the necessities of a new era of social change looms just as fiercely on the horizon. Its harshness is undiminished. The nonchalance and disdain have only blurred the outlines, rendering them vague and problematical.

The mood is unhealthy. It is a creature of soft lunacy. It is one of those sticky, soporifics that dull the mind and inhibit the will. Community by community, the South must sober up. It must face reality with maturity, responsibility and dignity. The solutions cannot be left to either the hot-headed terrorists or the blind idealists. They must be made by the responsible citizens of the South, the moderates, who will act with calm, constructive good will, and a respect for human dignity, to build a land we can live in with pride.

Speedy Ruling Wanted On Channel 9

APPARENTLY losing applicants owe it to themselves to press their claims for television Channel 9 as far as the law allows.

Their naturally are reluctant to write off large sums of time and money already spent in pushing their cases through the courts. The Justice Department of Washington bureaucracy without first exhausting appeal procedures.

Wholehearted competition between applicants is expected. It also is beneficial in displaying the strength and weakness of applicants to the Federal Commu-

nications Commission which must choose the most worthy to receive the privileged license.

But there is nothing other owing in the case that deserves equal recognition—the public's right to a speedy final ruling, and activation of the channel. The proceedings before the FCC already are weighted with almost a decade of dust.

Despite wearisome delays in the past, the public expects a showing of promptness and efficiency from the FCC in considering and judging appeals of its recent ruling.

The public should not be disappointed.

Humphrey Bogart: Passing Of A Pro

BABY Humphrey Bogart did not frighten his mother. And, in fact, his was a most unmenacing mien as it appeared in a watercolor-like painted and publicly displayed as the "original Maud Humphrey baby."

But in time his features developed the most satisfactory surliness of any tough-guy-type in movie history. It is assumed that "Bogie" himself contributed something to the ugly erosions of his visage. "I don't trust anyone who doesn't drink," he said.

It is certain that he contributed a great deal to the movies and to the art of acting. For scores of pictures, his name on the billboard invariably meant money for the box office, and often a piece of solid acting for the audience. Like another "tough guy," Edward G. Robinson, Bogart could do considerably more than point a pistol and a nasty sneer at the popcorn gatherer. He was a reliable actor who could grace the screen with artfully controlled imagery and emotion.

As the green-smearing captain of THE AFRICAN QUEEN, which won him an Academy Award, and even more so as one of the prospectors for THE TREASURE

OF THE SERRA MADRE, Bogart contributed with a small core of other real professionals a legitimate basis for Hollywood's claim that movies are better than ever.

Although he made a few himself Bogart offered no defense for bad movies or for an industry suffering from too many turkeys. "I don't give a damn about the industry. If they go broke, I don't give a damn. I don't hurt the industry. The industry hurts itself—as if General Motors deliberately put out a bad car."

His only fault as an actor (and it was no fault at all) was that he could not escape being Bogart. Even as the shifty, quaking Captain Queeg, he never quite dispelled expectation or anticipation, in the audience that he was about to break through a barrier or a wind-up to a big helming of nuttiness and mental illness on the high seas.

A fitting epitaph for Bogart, who died of cancer yesterday, will be carried a few years from now in a trade journal: "Bogart re-issues big box office," it says.

Eric Seaverid In A CBS Broadcast

SUBVERTING OUR SOPHOMORES

DUTY, as they say, calls. As chairman of the Independent Pessimists Party and self-appointed protector not only of the public but the parental waf, we feel bound to drop for a moment the question of whether the Russians will take over the Middle East and consider the question of whether the teenagers will take over the United States; lock, stock, living room and garage. Parents can keep the barrel. They will need it. Teenage used to be a phase; now it's a situation.

There are 16 million teenagers now and that number will increase by 70 per cent in the next 10 years. The WAZZ STREET JOURNAL tells us that American sellers and advertisers are doing about this. They are infiltrating the bobby sox and crew cut ranks with all the modern techniques of brain-washing available. Some are really after a moment, but teenagers as agents provocateur to subvert the old man's pocketbook; but they expect to have the teen-age agents so enmeshed in their coils by the time the youngsters have pocketbooks of their own, they will be docile and obedient. That kid in the ad, for example, who rushes into the living room on Christmas morning and says, "Gee, Dad, it's a Wurlitzer!" well, the strategy intends to have him, as a bribe, showing his bride the new silverware and saying, "See, honey, it's Gorham."

Some use the soft-sell on the kids, some the hard-sell. Ford Motors uses the soft-sell, telling the youngsters in their magazines "how to safely change a tire in two minutes." No light is offered parents on how to safely check the teenager. Some manufacturers aren't content with the slow strategy of sowing seeds

for future harvesting; they are turning over the weekly allowance directly. The Elvis Presley theme song, we are sorrowed to inform you, has resulted in the market being flooded with Hound Dog Orange Lipstick.

Some advertisers use teen-age language. One company sells bingo drums that are "fire tuned but city cats get good results by warming gently over the romantic flame of the gas stove." And if somebody will translate that we'll put it in the next publication of the Independent Pessimists Party and be against it.

Teen-agers used to be told what to think. Now swarms of motivational researchers are going around asking them what they think. One fellow has made quite a thing of this; calls himself the George Gallup of the teen-agers. He says, proudly, so help us, "Parents generally have little resistance or protection against youth's bombardments. Thus, with parents rendered helpless, it becomes evident that youth is the market to reach."

Apparently, this same man is responsible for the Army switching its recruiting sell. Used to rely on the call of adventure. Now, said the researchers, the kids want security. So now the Army ads say, "retire at 47." Period. Great. But all, apparently, is not lost. The JOURNAL quotes one kid who complained that his father bought a new car without even asking his opinion on the make to get. Maybe the nucleus of a last-child, 11th-hour parental counterattack still exists and can be rallied. The war-cry might be a paraphrase from the cry of the revolutionaries of 1848: "Parents of the world unite; you have nothing to lose but your shirts."

Clinton, Tenn. Becomes Dixie's 'Test Tube Of Terror'

By ROGER GREENE

Editors' Note: The eyes of the nation are on an obscure little Tennessee town, caught up in the turmoil of social segregation. The Charlotte News requested the Associated Press to send a close-up of the town and its ordeal as the time approaches to trial in the case of the mob charges. Here is the AP's special report.

CLINTON, Tenn. THE TINDER was here, and it needed only a spark to ignite the flames. The fire was put out, but the tinder is still here.

What happens in Clinton in the weeks ahead could set the pattern for hundreds of cities and towns across the South.

What has already happened is not pretty. Mocking a huge sign on the town's outskirts, proclaiming "Welcome To Clinton—A Wonderful Place To Live," once peaceful little Cumberland County community (population 4,500) has witnessed repeated outbreaks of mob violence. In a bloodbath and bloodshed since the first Negro students were admitted to Clinton's all-white high school last Aug. 27.

Piety crosses have burned in the hills, and in a row of a dozen white-beat Ku Klux Klansmen have roared through the streets. White students have thrown eggs, tomatoes and stones at the Negroes, splattered ink on their books and taunted them in the school corridors. "Nigger, go home."

Police, Troops Defied

Gun-toting, cat-calling crowds have defied the seven-man local police force and stones at the tanked National Guardsmen as "im soldiers" and "jungle generals."

On way the mob has spread around the old white-painted county courthouse, a young National Guardsman nudged his bayonet into the middle of a husky rifter. The local man promptly stuck his own long-barreled squirrel rifle into the rifter's stomach and asked ever so softly: "Now, mister, who's gonna pull the trigger first?"

These are not people to quit easily. They're back in their blood strain. The town's ancestors scored pressure to fight for the Confederacy. Although grieved in Clinton, many residents slipped off across the mountains to enlist in the Union Army.

First In Dixie Clinton was the first southern community specifically directed by a federal court to admit Negroes to its previously all-white high school. Before last August, Clinton's other Negro students had to go to the Negro high school at Knoxville, 20 miles away, upon graduating from the local Negro grammar school.

Similar cases have developed elsewhere, but the national spotlight has centered on riot-ridden Clinton—and the South is watching tensely to see what happens next.

The big test will come when 15 white persons, arrested by U.S. marshals, are tried for riotous disorders, go before Federal Judge Robert L. Taylor in Knoxville on charges of criminal contempt of court. Their trial originally



Angry, Cat-Calling Mob Rocks A Clinton Negro's Automobile

was scheduled for Jan. 28 but has been put off indefinitely to allow both sides time to prepare their cases.

Among lawyers, the attorneys general of Texas and Louisiana and many prominent southern lawyers have volunteered to aid the defense.

Ironically, it was Judge Taylor, a 57-year-old native Tennessean, who first rejected a request by a group of Negroes for admission to Clinton High School in 1952, two years before the Supreme Court made its historic decision.

Integration Order

Then on Jan. 4, 1956, at the direction of the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati, Judge Taylor issued his Clinton integration order—and on Aug. 27 backed it up with an injunction forbidding any violence or interference with the school desegregation process.

The all-important question is how the people of Clinton and segregationists all through the South will react to the outcome of the impending trial.

Deep Bitterness Clinton today is quiet and outwardly calm, but undercurrents of bone-deep bitterness are reflected in talk around the courthouse and along the main street.

Behind the town, on the steep pine-covered ridge where the Negroes' school is, a crowd of about \$1,000 out of his own pocket to help send Clinton Negroes to the Negro high school in Knoxville.

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People's Platform

Letters should be brief. The writer's name and address must be given, but will be withheld from publication in the discretion of the editors. The News reserves the right to condense.

GI Bill Is Needed In Peacetime, Too

Friedberg, Germany Editors, The News: WE ARE 11 Charlottans serving in the U. S. Army stationed in Germany. This morning we read in the European edition of the Stars and Stripes that Reps. Olin E. Teague (D-Tex.) and William H. Ayres (R-Ohio) are trying to have a peacetime GI Bill enacted.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON POLICY-makers have been training the night owl at the State Department trying to figure out how to spend the \$400 million President Eisenhower wants for the Middle East.

They have definitely decided, however, not to finance the Aswan Dam for dictator Nasser. They figure this would finance the Aswan Dam for the next 10 years. Instead, they will offer Nasser economic aid, but only on a year-to-year basis.

Canal Comes First

The first big grant will probably go for clearing the Suez Canal. Uncle Sam is paying for most of the \$400 million bill for opening the Suez again to sea-going traffic.

Saving An Airfield

Our policy-makers are particularly anxious to save two military airfields in Jordan, now used by the British, from falling into Red hands.

Outsiders Blamed

The 50-year-old officer, a lean bespectacled man with thin red hair, spoke warily. "I think the people realize now they were fooled by outside agitators who told them they were the way and they could do anything they wanted. It didn't work out that way."

"We're getting along fine now after the trouble. Nobody harmed me, but I didn't do too well in my studies the first nine weeks of school. I was too scared with all those boys in the streets and white kids throwing rocks at us. I think I'll do better now."

Down in the town husky, barrel-chested James V. Meredith, 35, waited on customers in his grocery store. "What do I think of integration? Mister, I ain't sending my kid to school with no Niggers, I know that."

It's Not That . . .

"It's not that I dislike 'em. We get along fine, most times. We believe in the Negro getting his education, but in his own school. We just don't believe in mixing 'em."

Meredith, who ran for mayor with the support of the pro-segregation White Citizens Council in the Dec. 4 town election, was defeated by a 4-1 margin. The new mayor, Thomas L. Seebach, also ran for mayor and offered \$1,000 out of his own pocket to help send Clinton Negroes to the Negro high school in Knoxville.

"I'd say 96 per cent of the people are against integration," Meredith said, and asked:

"A chunky man who described himself as a member of the Anderson Young Men's Club, nodded agreement, adding:

Pro And Con

An even greater flood of mail, pro and con, has descended upon the Rev. Mr. Turner, pastor of the First Baptist Church. Giverly rubbing his nose, still sore from the beating he absorbed from men who called him a "Nigger lover," he tall, handsome preacher told me:

"I have received more than 500 letters, some threatening but more than 90 per cent favorable. I have no ill feeling toward anyone except that they've closed on me. I'm a principle—a principle—a big one, at that. There is no color line around the Cross of Jesus."

Either way for or against myself, he said, you can't legislate human morals. If a man is prejudiced, he's prejudiced—north, east, south or west."

No Aswan Dam For Dictator Nasser

WASHINGTON "It was a remarkable achievement," continued Cannon, as a year which President exerted such vast influence that he carried the district by the wide margin of 30,000 votes.

Franklin D. Roosevelt was not pleased by Cannon's bombastic introduction, rose to acknowledge the applause and laudatory remarks.

"Did I do all that?" he uttered. "Congress is indeed the pinnacle of a mountain, for one must climb hard and high to get here."

Hero In London

Secretary of State John Foster Dulles is no exception to the human animal's capacity for self-delusion. Dulles has been exoriated by Britain's Conservatives for softness toward Nasser and denounced by Laborites for being too militaristic. Despite that, Dulles considers himself a hero to the British people.

Trip Delayed

D. S. Saund, the naturalized Californian from India who made history by getting elected to Congress, has delayed his

"You can't tell where the fire is going to kindle up next. From this thing to keep the Niggers in our school. Feeling is high. Yes, sir, it's real high. The Supreme Court should have kept its hands off. It should have the power to do things to the states."

At the town library, across the street from the high school, a pretty, dark-haired Mrs. Sam Peters, the chief librarian, told her she saw members of a Jewish mob attack the Rev. Paul Turner after the white preacher escorted six Negro students to school on Dec. 4. The 23-year-old minister was mauled, stomped and had his nose bloodied.

Riffraff "I've lived here a long time, but I've recognized two or three in the mob," said Mrs. Peters, whose daughter Carol, 16, is a student at the high school. "The rest were riffraff and outsiders."

"I'd rather not have integration, but if that's what the law says, I'm willing to go along with it. My daughter has accepted it in a Christian way. But if other towns have as many trouble-makers as we've had, I don't think we'll see integration in the South for 50 years."

At the town's trim little newspaper plant, Editor Horace W. Wells Jr. of the weekly Clinton Courier-News pecked away at an article describing a flogging of a last-minute editorial.

"Now that a great many people have been made to realize that the order to integrate Clinton High School is the law of the land and that the courts intend to back up anyone who seeks to interfere with the law, many are finding they have been misled and misinformed," he wrote.

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