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The Face Of Violence Is Not Proud

There is nothing pretty about Mecklenburg violence. There is nothing at all poetic in casual homicide.

It does not contribute to the community's rising individualism or to the burgeoning of a romantic and hedonistic spirit. It is tragic—but tragic in the worst sense of the word.

Staff Writer Ann Sawyer's week-long series, MURDER IN MECKLENBURG, gives cruel emphasis to all of its abominable aspects. But it is not designed to shock the multitudes or appeal to some morbid corner of the readers' intellect. It is intended to enlighten the community to the dimensions of a serious problem—and to prick the community's conscience.

It is immediately apparent that homicide among Negroes is the mightiest skeleton in Mecklenburg's closet. In the heart of Charlotte's Brooklyn, life is pathetically cheap. Some years, Negroes do up to 90 per cent of the killing in Charlotte.

It is a condition that would drive a reformer wild. But there are few reformers.

There are just statisticians.

But why is it that Negroes clog the police blotters? Is it because they are Negroes? Hardly. The dominant factors are economic status and background.

The center of violence in Charlotte's Negro community is the center of the city's dingiest poverty. It occurs in the midst of an area of decaying buildings and decaying people.

These Negroes are involved in violent crime not because they are Negroes but because they are poor.

In contrast to their underprivileged brethren, upper-class Negroes probably indulge in criminal little if any more than upper-class whites do.

Mr. Puckette Championed A Cause

THE death of Charles McDonald Puckette, general manager of the CHATTANOOGA TIMES, leaves southern journalism immeasurably poorer.

Mr. Puckette was well known and highly regarded in Charlotte. His daughter, Isabelle Puckette Howe, is a former winner of the editor of THE NEWS.

These associations, and the powerful influence of the man himself, combine to make the impact of his death even greater here.

Mr. Puckette started his newspaper career as a reporter on the New York Evening Post in 1908. He became city editor of the Post in 1916 at the age of 29, and managing editor in 1917.

He joined the New York Times as assistant to the business manager in 1924. In 1932 he became assistant to Arthur Hays Sulzberger, then vice president of the TIMES. He continued in that role when Mr. Sulzberger became president and publisher after the death of Adolph S. Ochs. His role was a broad one, including help in both editorial, news and business operations.

When the CHATTANOOGA TIMES needed a general manager in 1942, Mr. Puckette was appointed to the post. The New York Times and the CHATTANOOGA TIMES are jointly owned.

It was really a homecoming for Mr. Puckette, who was born in Sevierville, Tenn., in 1887, and was educated at the Sevierville Military Academy and the University of the South in Sevierville. His leadership of the CHATTANOOGA TIMES and his efforts to champion the cause of all southern newspapers were notable in every way. He was president of the Southern Newspaper Publishers Association in 1955-56.

The journalistic faith of Mr. Puckette could well be taken from words he wrote in 1944 for the New York Times Book Review: "Because news is and always must be the gold coin of newspapers—and because popular journalism the kind which reaches people and influences them primarily by the facts in the news."

Mr. Puckette left a significant mark on the profession of journalism. He will be missed by all of us.

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'Petty Backbiting' Has Western Diplomats In A Dither

By JOSEPH ALSOP

EVEN a few short, transitional days in this lovely city have provided the answer to at least one major question. The question was: "What is the present atmosphere of the Western Alliance?"

But the real state of affairs at the end of the NATO conference is better suggested by a well-authenticated anecdote concerning one of the last meetings. At one point in the usual row about the communiqué, French Foreign Minister Christian Pineau wished to support the Dulles view. His way of doing so was to announce sardonically: "I must confess that this is one of the rare occasions when I find myself in agreement with the secretary of state."

The mood that this anecdote reveals is apparently not one-sided, either. Undoubtedly, the French and British are being foolishly self-important, in giving such frein to their detestation for Secretary Dulles and above all in the manner of the epigram. Sometimes they have done so much to produce almost wholly on the actions of the United States.

LIKE A BAD PLAY

But there are also excellent reasons to believe that the American policy-makers are not behaving in a very grown up way. Or rather, they seem to be behaving like misunderstood females in the most dolorous sort of bad play.

The nonsense, it now turns out, has by no means stopped there. According to another report which may well be denied but is quite certainly authentic, the State Department actually took formal action in the basis of the neurotic theory outlined above.

OMINOUS RUMBLINGS

It can be imagined that the American reaction would be, whether or not the complaint was justified, if the State Department received such a message about a foreign embassy in Washington. On top of this humiliating episode there now comes ominous rumblings from Washington about alleged secret documents in the possession of the State Department.

ONLY A BEGINNING

It is a simple, practical fact that this sort of thing has got to be stopped, abruptly, completely and pretty sternly, if the Western Alliance is to be restored to



"It's time we put our differences behind us."

any sort of working order. The conditions for a new start have already been created by the Eisenhower declaration on Soviet aggression in the Middle East. It is no substitute for a serious, detailed Middle Eastern policy to say that you will not permit the Soviets to control the kind of overt aggression which they have no intention of committing.

CLEARING THE AIR

The resignation of Sir Anthony Eden, tragic though it was in many ways, may also help to clear the air. But there are two elements for a real new start. On the one hand, the old relations of mutual frankness and freedom of communication on all issues, and the policy decisions, which are now totally broken, must be rapidly resumed at all levels. Since America is the leader of the West, it is up to the American policy-makers to make the first show of large-mindedness and generosity. Otherwise the Western Alliance may well openly surrender in the rough year ahead.

—And Just Think! It's Scott Free!



Safari Under Water

After The Deluge, A Toast

By ROBERT C. RUARK

IKOMA, Tanganyika. I DON'T like anybody tell you any different, we made it. I know we made it because we were here and just saw an old friend, a hyena, who borrowed a sawback off me seven years ago.

rained clouds gathered, and we missed freedom by 10 minutes. The wet got us, the red quibbo, lava and lava did. Half-an-hour's rain is sufficient to reduce it to an absurdity. I went out and it will swallow a five-ton truck as easily as you lose a four-ounce sinner in an ocean.

DYING OF THIRST

"There is," he said, "no place to go. We can't go back, and we can't cross. We can sit here and die of boredom or go out there, get stuck, and die of thirst." We pushed the truck down onto the plain, and so help me, a miracle occurred. The rains rained to a certain point, as we raced madly away from them, halted, and stopped. The rains ahead started to fall in its foam-flecked banks. We swam the vehicle across, made camp, got unloaded, pitched the tents, and the heavens opened again and drowned East Africa. I had just time to shoot a lope for the boys to eat and a Tommie for us before the deluge.

STRAIGHT-UP ASCENT

We were faced with spending the winter where we were, or attempting a straightup ascent of Ngoro-Ngoro, a tiny little peak of 7,500 feet, all wet day of milked milk consistency, with a sheer snow surface to hurt you permanently if you skidded.

We are me, of course, Professor Frank Bowman, and 12 Africans, plus one truck and one jeep. Professor Bowman is a scholarly-type hunter who looks like Gen. MacArthur in a Mexican War hat, and he is my chaplain in the absence of the mump-ridden Harry Selby. Frank and I just arrived after a harrowing journey, from Singida, in the other end of Tanganyika, and the exodus of the Israelis made me fit trouble by comparison.

SHAIRI A MANGU

We have just devoted six days to a journey which a sane man could make in six hours on a modern road. Between mountains and deserts, rain and mud, snow-casting vehicles and digestive upsets, African temperament, and acts of God, known as "shairi a Mungu" in these parts, I have some kinship for Moses and Noah.

Frank didn't think it was very funny when he caught me retreating a few feet, but I just wanted to know what the chances of stopping the rain were.

We started out blithely enough, with the horns of a beautiful Kudu bull and a similar sable antelope, in two new vehicles. The boys went ahead in the truck, which made around nine miles before a mild forest fire occurred in its innards. Heart, lungs, liver and spleen were affected, and there was some suspicion of cancer of the cervix.

THE RAINS CAME

Two and a half days later, involving two hundred mile trips for spare parts and some of the fanciest profanity I ever heard from a sane, sane professor, we departed.

The rains were no surprise. When the rains came in East Africa, they came in from the west.

"Professor," said I, "one of us is going to get drunk out of sheer triumph."

"Pass the jug," said the good professor. "Everybody thinks we are drunk, anyhow, so we might as well have a waka. Wholly we drink to it!"

"Noah," I said, "I never really appreciated that kid before."

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON. PRESIDENT Eisenhower has decided to accept Prime Minister Nehru's invitation to make a return visit to India. He told his staff that he might defend other Asian countries if he visited India alone, and he had neither the time nor energy to tour Southeast Asia.

Honeymoon Is Over

Meanwhile, Nehru's honeymoon with the United States is already over—less than two weeks after he thought he charmed him into being a friend. Nehru is stalling, and because Eisenhower did not tell him a single word during their White House conference about the new American Near East policy announced shortly after he left.

Ike Won't Accept Nehru's Invitation

WASHINGTON. The new policy wasn't explained until after Nehru left, but Nehru won't accept the explanation. He has seen press reports published before he arrived in Washington that Dulles concocted the idea while he was recuperating in Key West several weeks ago.

Watching Hungary

Pennsylvania Congressman Carroll Kearns, Republican, had some breath-taking experiences with the Hungarians border recently. He surprised everyone by appearing with his wife on the Austrian side of the Hungarian border at 4 o'clock in the morning to inspect a refugee camp.

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People's Platform

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Stalin And Hitler Deserved Each Other

Editors, The News: I AM incorporating in this communication that portion of my last communication you deleted. I trust that you will carry the same.

"I have profound respect for the Hungarians' attempt to obtain freedom, but I have none for the U.S. America, which incited the Hungarians to revolt in the belief that we could and would come to their aid. We are now cepts criminals in that unfortunate human slaughter. Furthermore the Hungarians are Nazi in their political outlook and Hitler they were the last to leave Hitler in World War II."

"I might be of interest to your readers to know that I opposed our taking sides in the war between Stalin and Hitler before our formal entry into the war in the honest belief that freedom had no right to be crushed by either of the senseless dictators in the ascendancy. But that they should be permitted to check each other out and free-oms given a chance, I am now completely convinced that I was right."

"We fought World II with Russia as an ally, and in fact, gave her all the fruits of victory. Furthermore, I have not been able to find out when the relationship of ally and enemy was being made. We became enemies. We have had no commitments from Russia or Russia's separation as being matter of drift, so far as I have been able to ascertain. Russia has no American official on the ground, which maybe we thought was sufficient commitment on her part as to the rights of the countries of the

middle of Europe, now Russian satellites.

But simple honesty and fairness demand that we know when the separation of war-time allies ended and we of The West began to build NATO as a barrier against Russia, for we must only, we assert, but to Russia it means something different, offensive measures. Under these conditions, which appear to me to be logical to assume exist, we then are confronted with the issue as to whether Russia is to be wholly condemned if she has not lived up to the U.N. charter commitments.

National interests and self-preservation override the provisions of the U.N. charter, as we have heretofore seen and will see more as we move along. The utterances of the U.N. is not the voice of God nor is it the seat of the conscience of the world. The Security Council is subject to veto, right or wrong, and the General Assembly is composed of representatives of eighty nations, at least sixty of which are have-not nations, and subject to a Harlem type of demagoguery. We have only one vote in that conglomerate organization; we are riding high, wide and handsome now, but tomorrow we may be actually raided as a foreign investment in Egypt.

— JOHN W. HESTER

Quote, Unquote

If I would not be a slave, so I would not be a master. This expresses my idea of democracy. Wherever there is a slave, there is a master. This is the extent of the difference. It is no democracy.—Abraham Lincoln.

TAKE IT AWAY, CHARLOTTE!

WE SEE by the papers that residents of the Charlotte area are just as concerned these days over being a "one-TV station" town as they are over Civil Defense Administration's failure to make them a "critical target."

Ah, well. Things will be better. In the meantime we concur heartily with the DURHAM HERALD's analysis of "critical targets."

"Something else has been added, for some cities to be proud of and others to be jealous about. For our part, we can't see why any municipality should show either attitude about being classified a 'critical target' area. That's a distinc-

tion we're not in the least inclined to fight about."

AMEN, DURHAM HERALD.

We'll gladly transfer Guilford's "critical target" label to the Mecklenburg capital—if Civil Defense Administration concurs. After all, there ought to be a critical target or two somewhere in Charlotte's environs—outside that one- elephant junky.

Virginia highway safety engineer announces he will be candidate for governor. Has he devised any method of avoiding collision with the Byrd machine?

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