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MONDAY, FEBRUARY 4, 1957

Will North Carolina Never Learn?

A study made during 1950 in Delaware showed that untrained drivers had nearly five times as many accidents and five times as many arrests as a comparable group of trained drivers.

AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE ASSN. REPORT
FOR YEARS, the proof has been piling up. Surveys in Arizona, Illinois, Massachusetts, Michigan and the District of Columbia have bolstered Delaware's case for driver training.

By 1955-56, some 52 per cent of the nation's schools were offering driving instruction to 56 per cent of the eligible students. But in North Carolina only 24 per cent of the schools offered this training to 19 per cent of the eligible students.

Meanwhile, Tarheel's highway death toll gets more frightening by the minute. In 1955 alone, more than 1,800,000 licensed drivers of North Carolina operating more than 1,800,000 motor vehicles killed more than 1,100 persons and injured another 17,000.

Obviously, it is high time that the state shouldered its responsibility fully for the manner in which untrained drivers are allowed to make battle-

grounds of our streets and highways.

Driver education is recognized as the most effective long range plan yet devised to improve traffic behavior. Present driver's license examinations simply are not enough protection against the fools and incompetents that haunt our thoroughfares.

Rep. Thomas J. White of Lenoir is on the right track when he proposes a state-wide driver training program to make the instruction available to students in every North Carolina high school.

Such a program will be costly. As much as \$2,100,000 a year might be needed to start. But even if the state would provide only the cost of teacher salaries and local school sources would provide the remainder, a reasonable start could be made.

In the name of sweet sanity, the 1957 General Assembly should make a thorough study of potential revenue sources and enact legislation to provide the necessary funds. It will take at least a year to set the statewide program in motion. There is obviously no time to lose.

Southern Violence And Yankee Piety

THE South, goodness knows, has more than its share of heavy-handed thinkers with the hair trigger of racial reaction.

Native violence carries multiple deadlines; threats of more to come elch even larger uncertainties into the troubled scene of segregation. There is nothing to be said in defense of it, but there is reason to hope that it carries its own antidote. Certainly violence destroys the ends its users profess to seek.

"One may be hated and still retain his human dignity," said Florida's Gov. LeRoy Collins in a distinguished inaugural address, "but one who hates suffers a shrinking of his soul. We can never never find the answer by destroying the human spirit. Indeed, through hate, we magnify our bewilderment and fortify our fears."

Collins' words themselves suggest that the South's worst reaction of violence and threats already is prompting more vigorous and candid expressions from the best of its leadership.
"In our search for the answer," said Gov. Collins, "we should begin by being honest with ourselves, by recognizing realities which exist. Man's greatest failures have come when he has refused to recognize the realities of a changed situation and failed to understand that to admit the existence of a reality is not necessarily to welcome or even agree with it. . . . We can find wise solutions, I be-

lieve. If the white citizens will face up to the fact that the Negro does not now have equal opportunities; that he is morally and legally entitled to progress more rapidly, and that a full good-faith effort should be made forthwith to help him move forward in the improvement of all his standards. The Negro also must contribute by his own attitude. . . .

But the solution of the racial dilemma demands more than the suppression of physical force. There is intellectual violence, in arrogant assumptions of superiority, in equally large barriers to the preservation of harmony between individuals and regions.

The City Council of Philadelphia, for example, has petitioned President Eisenhower to undertake a mission, a la Korea, to the "moral wastelands of our country." The President was asked to proclaim: "I will go to Alabama, I will go to Georgia, I will go to Florida. . . ."

The Philadelphians would do better to go to Florida themselves and have a talk with LeRoy Collins. Or, for a quicker, eminently adequate response to their certified claim to piety, they might examine that part of Collins' speech that says:

"Be practical about it, compulsion and ignorant interference by those without a background for understanding now only generate resistance, resistance develops hate, this defeats the Negro's own purpose. . . ."

The McCarran Image Must Be Muted

MANY years ago a 16-year-old boy sneaked aboard ship in an Irish port and came to America as a stowaway.

Eventually, Patrick McCarran settled on a Nevada homestead and married a domestic servant named Sarah Stinson. They bequeathed to Nevada a son named Patrick Anthony McCarran who was tough and shrewd enough to rule the state as a political fiefdom for a score of years from a seat in the U. S. Senate.

With the power Senate seniority added, McCarran was able in his later years to shape U. S. immigration policy in his own image. The image was pious in the eyes of the nation. The title of Liberty that attracted his father.

It is one of history's little ironies that if McCarran's immigration act had prevailed when his father left Ireland the senior probably would never have been born a U. S. citizen. The father probably would have been trussed in fantastic amounts of red tape, subjected to minute insinuations and suspicions, and shipped back to Ireland on the next boat.

President Eisenhower has now made a new appeal for revision of the McCarran Act. A group of House Democrats also have launched a new attempt to make changes which both parties have endorsed but have failed to effect in the last two Congresses. Nothing less than basic revision will satisfy legitimate demands for a larger measure of common sense, fairness and simple democracy in immigration policy.

In the light of the Hungarians' fight for freedom showed just how narrow and unwelcoming the traditional U. S. haven for the oppressed had become. Bold and resolute bending of the bars by President Eisenhower permitted the nation to prove its sympathy for the aspirations of the freedom fighters.

But a good report of democracy is not built on feverish generosity spurred by an unexpected revolt. The U. S. is tested daily by the operation of its immigration laws and in the uneven scales of the McCarran Act, it is found wanting as a preceptor for a world seeking freedom.

From The Philadelphia Evening Bulletin

SAID IT WITH SPONDES

MANY people are worried about the influence of Rock 'n' Roll, without knowing exactly what to do about it, short of demolishing the radio and the record-player. Dr. Jerome Taylor, professor of English at Notre Dame, offers another solution in an article in AMERICA.

He points out that our forefathers had to cope with the same problem. Boethius, who flourished some 1,400 years ago, dealt with the effect of wild music on impressionable juveniles. He mentioned one cat, for example, who wanted to burn down his girl friend's house, after listening to music in the Phrygian mode.

That Phrygian stuff was crazy, man, real zany. It came from Asia. Minor featured hot trumpets, and bore no relation to the shepherd's pipe melodies that made Greece what it was in the palmy days. According to Boethius, quoting Pythagoras, there was only one remedy for this early Rock 'n' Roll. You had to make the patient listen to the

old, square, long-hair music until he snapped out of it. Only the even, slow beat of spondes would cure him of the effects of syncopation.

In a practical way, that would mean playing MY COUNTRY 'TIS OR THERE or reciting HAWAIIA to any juniors that you think may need it. If they fall asleep, so much the better, for juniors are never more attractive than when they are asleep.

It was springtime in England, and the Brooklynite visiting a London park was overwhelmed by the number of sparrows milling about the lawns. He tapped lightly on the shoulder of the Englishman standing next to him. "Hey, Mac, didya ever see so many birds?"

"My good man," said the Englishman, with a reproachful look. "Those are not 'Birds,' they're BIRDS." The Brooklynite scratched his head thoughtfully. "Dat's funny," he mumbled. "dey choips like birds." — MEXICUS PRESS-SCRIPPER.

Ghost Of Stalin Haunts Russia's Mechanized dream

By JOSEPH ALSOP
These last few weeks have been the most interesting and awakening political experience which this reporter can remember in a very long time. Above all, the surprises have come thick and fast, succeeding one another with a rapidity at once bewildering and intensely stimulating.

There is the character of Russian architecture, for example. Who would have been prepared for something like the architecture of Palmyra — alien styles borrowed from a foreign culture, and made larger, heavier, and more ornate and more grandiose to suit the taste of borrower? Or again, there is the character of official Soviet taste. Even after many warnings, who could expect to find a great nation apparently committed, in the year 1957, to the approximations of taste of a single man principally of the mid-Victorian era? Yet that is the taste which reigns here under the curious label "Socialist realism."

OBSTINATE VIGOR
The charm and vitality of the people is wonderfully retained despite the hardness of their lives; the obstinate vigor of the Russian intelligentsia, which should have died in the grim years of Stalin; the intensity of most Russians' interest in the arts and the things put off crudely. It was possible because of their limited opportunities in these realms of experience — all these are other surprises in a long, astounding list.

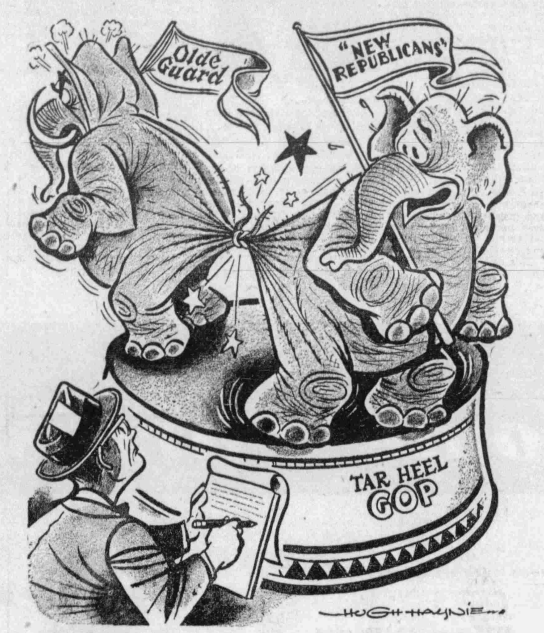
But that list's biggest, most significant, most perspective-changing item is unfortunately the hard-to-pin-down one. Maybe the best way is to describe this central surprise as the discovery that, although the problems of this powerful Soviet society are widely different from the problems of our Western society, they are very real problems for all.

MISHPAPEN STATE
It sounds hallel when you put like that. It may also sound too reassuring; and it is well to remember that the Soviet leaders do not appear to have any current problem so urgent, so hard to solve, and so likely to produce a weakening result as the crisis that now confronts the Western leaders in the Middle East. The general Soviet problem, which the wisest foreign observers regard with a deeper importance than the unrest in Eastern Europe, is in fact a long term problem.

The problem actually arises from the greatest sin of Soviet achievement. By great sacrifices, at fearful cost, the Soviet Union has now been raised to the level of a high technical society, with an industrial production surpassing the combined production of the industrial nations of the West. As a high technical society, the Soviet Union may seem malformed and misshapen to Western eyes. Consumer goods have been persistently slighted, and are being slightly neglected in favor of the kinds of industrial investment that increase the strength of the state rather than the comfort of the citizen. This is now a high technical society all the same.

DE-STALINIZATION
The Soviet leaders unquestionably launched the famous de-Stalinization campaign because they recognized the demand and the need to briefly and crudely set forth above. Almost equally unquestionably, they were as surprised as everyone else by the uncomfortably dramatic response which followed. Hence the status of Stalin is now being regilded in patches, and the patches are likely to get colored in higher in the near future. Yet that will only obscure, and cannot permanently solve the problem created for the Soviet leaders by their own success.

'Oh Yes, We Plan To Present A United—Er—Front In '58'



That Labeled Land

I AM NOT in the slightest concert with the moral implications of such as the much-disputed "Baby Doll" and similar works by Master Tennessee Williams. I do not denounce the sleek-lipped immorality of all the Erskine Caldwell accounts of low life in the South. You can have William Faulkner who you can read him, which I can't.

The sermon for today is that one I shot her in the belly, and I got to be a big boy. I am going to write a book about the South which is not littered with clay exerts, link-headed null hands, idiots, rutting, lineared preachers, juvenile delinquents, or the s's, slanders, cripplers, freaks, and other characters who don't wash. Live off sardines and soft drinks, hang around bus stations, and breed merrily within the family.

I got stuck with a paperback the other day (and I shall not plug it by name) which boasted that it contained writing as realistic as "Tobacco Road," an old Child-well clay-exert. So it did, and it contained all the ingredients of the preceding paragraph. It also contained most of the ingredients of Tennessee Williams' Faulkner, and the other southern discomf.

GIVE 'EM SYMPATHY
It is possible that some of these people were born and raised in stoneware and it rubbed off on them to a point of unfortunate. For this they deserve sympathy, but the by-product is the clinical rarer than literary.

It is possible to grow up in the South without a full chorus of nymphomaniacs, drunkards, Negro-lynchers, randy preachers,

Down With Southern Writers!

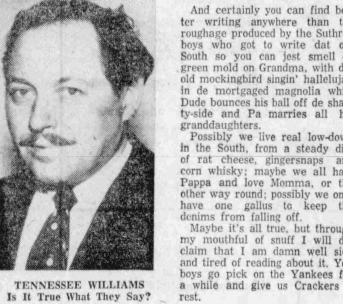
By ROBERT C. RUARK
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People's Platform

Letters should be brief. The writer's name and address must be given, but not published in the discretion of the editors. The News reserves the right to condense.

New York Mayor Knew The Score

Charlotte
Editors: The News.
I Dahir will not vote for Mayor Robert Wagner when that worthy seeks his second term as mayor of New York. But Wagner's born and bred in South Yorkville, is fully aware of a very important southern tradition, that our local mayors can handle their own affairs without advice from citizens of Dubuque, Iowa, or Appleton, Wis.

Mr. Dahir says that Mayor Wagner should have honored the visiting Arabian king "as a serf, in your best interests." Instead of paying attention to the desires and interests of his constituents, which reminds me of the time the Prince of Wales (now Duke of Windsor) first visited New York. The Prince invited Mayor "Red Mike" Hyland to accompany him to the British battleship "Renown" standing majestically in New York harbor. "Red Mike" took one look over at King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia and said, "Sorry Prince, everybody around here knows that I never eat lunch."

But Mayor Wagner's decision not to call for a ticker-tape parade for King Ibn Saud of Saudi Arabia goes a bit deeper than the fact that the King did not swim the channel, with a dance marathon, or a beauty contest. It was that helped Mayor Wagner arrive at his decision was the fact that Saudi Arabia is a slave kingdom, where the King receives \$20 million a year for oil; they have three hundred Castilles for three hundred miles of desert roads; where a subject has his wrist hand chopped off at the job when he is caught stealing food. Did Mayor Wagner say any of this? No. It was said last summer at Geneva by a United Nations Arab spokesman studying the slave kingdom of the visiting Ibn Saud. — H. L. GOLDEN

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round Barden Ends Long Legislative Blockade

WASHINGTON
NOT many people realize that the tactics of one potent congressional committee chairman can block legislation affecting millions of people. Such a chairman is Graham Barden, charming, courtly congressman from North Carolina, who for years has exercised one-man rule over the House Education and Labor Committee. His refusal to hold meetings in the past delayed new schools and higher minimum wages.

Inside Story
The other day, a group of Young Turk congressmen revolted against Barden's long-time one-man rule. They won part of their battle. But he won the right to block Negro Congressman Adam Clayton Powell, the Harlem Democrat who bolted to Ike.

Secret Mission
The Young Turk congressmen, Udoell of Arizona, Metcalf of Montana, Roosevelt of California, Thompson of New Jersey, and Mrs. Green of Oregon, had carefully planned their strategy for six months. They even sent Jimmy Roosevelt on a secret mission to Texas last month to clear their plans with Speaker Yarn-burn.

So, when the Labor Committee met, the Young Turks were ready with a new set of rules, drafted by Udall, which they planned to ram down Barden's throat. They had a test vote which they had decided subcommittee should be appointed.

Tar Heel's Strategy
Barden, however, outsmarted them. Secretly he had his own new set of rules drawn up, surrendering part of his power, but not all. He slipped a copy to Rep. Sam McConnell of Pennsylvania, top-ranking Republican on the committee, plus keep certain controls in conservative hands.

Confidential Caucus
Sure enough, McConnell called a confidential caucus of the GOP committee members, decided to back the Democratic chairman against other rebellious Democrats.

Half-Hour Lecture
Barden knew, of course, that McConnell was on the spot. Republican orators had publicly berated Barden for hamstringing labor legislation. Yet actually they didn't want labor legislation — only enough to win votes. Barden knew therefore, that McConnell would go along with his strategy all set.

Unbottling Committee
This meant that he could no longer bottle up legislation in the full committee. "I am proposing a resolution to be adopted today by the members of the committee," he said.

"Can we consider the provisions one at a time?" inquired Young Turk Metcalf of Montana.

"Mr. Chairman," interrupted Metcalf, "the resolution is open to amendment by the committee?" Barden was now irritated.

hally surrendered. "The committee's jurisdiction is not so much so much that I have decided subcommittees should be appointed.

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"Well," he growled, "if you're going to tinker it all up, I don't want any of it."

By now Adam Clayton Powell had arrived in the committee room.

"Mr. Chairman," he inquired meekly, "the subcommittee chairman going to be appointed according to procedure?" He knew that if seniority prevailed he would be a subcommittee chairman. He also knew Barden didn't want him as such.

"No!" declared Barden, "because of complications."

Edith Green of Oregon came to Powell's aid by offering a formal motion in opposition to Barden, calling for seniority in appointing subcommittee chairmen. All eyes turned to Powell, who also knew that according to procedure it was to make a plea for fair play. He merely offered a meek second to Rep. Green's motion.

Barden Has His Way
When the votes were tallied, Barden won 19 to 9, against Powell. Not a single Republican voted for Powell, though the Harlem Democrat had campaigned for three hundred thousand dollars of Negro votes in November.

Most important result of all this maneuvering is that subcommittees will now handle all according to procedure. Legislation will not be bottled up by Barden in one big central committee.