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SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1958

## Editorial Book Review

## Two Custodians Of Dixie's Conscience

AN EPITAPH FOR DIXIE. By Harry Ashmore. W. W. Norton & Co. 198 pages. \$3.50.

WATCHERS from the ramparts of southern liberalism were quick to detect a familiar flavor in Harry S. Ashmore's AN EPITAPH FOR DIXIE. Woven through the contents like some ghostly thread was the spirit of W. W. Cash, whose brilliant The Mischief Of Dixie South lost the region's consciousness in 1941. Both Hodding Carter and Ralph McGill found striking similarities between the two volumes in their approach to Dixie's past, present and future. Others have spoken ardently of a "blood-brother kinship of the spirit."

To say that such comparisons are unfair is not to detract from efforts of either author. Both set out to distill truth from a polluted bog of folklore and fancies. Both accomplished their miracles with grace and rare perceptiveness in intellectual attitudes are similar. But their methods and their results are as different as the men themselves.

MANY of you knew them as we did for both of these custodians of Dixie's conscience lived and worked in Charlotte. Jack Cash died July 2, 1941, in Mexico after serving long, remarkable but stormy hitch as an editorialist on THE CHARLOTTE NEWS. Harry Ashmore joined THE CHARLOTTE NEWS as editor later to carve his own enviable niche in the annals of southern journalism before moving on to Little Rock to become executive editor of THE ARKANSAS GAZETTE.

Jack Cash was an introverted genius, mild-mannered but capable of deep passions and a dark, angry eloquence in his writing. He was not the most loquacious craftsman of his day but when his mind was free of the cobwebs of an evening's interment he was capable of prose that fairly sang with feeling and erudition.

THE MIND OF THE SOUTH was the product of these moments of magnificent perception. It was a large, rambling, subjective epic, full of fire and truth and historical perspective. As the critics said later, his approach was literary and imaginative rather than formally sociological and psychological.

Harry Ashmore, who came later to THE NEWS' editorial tower, was the complete extrovert, both personally and professionally. His writing was of a different sort, full of brisk and occasionally sardonic brilliance and a kind of self-taught sophistication. He was the perfect newsman, equipped with all of the proper reflexes and a storehouse of knowledge. He was an inexhaustible raconteur in person and he wrote with a style that was tightly controlled and journalistic.

Cash and Ashmore were as different as night and day, yet both men in their own highly personal ways have contributed something fine and important to the nation's understanding of the South. In their own manners they have cut through the sham and the legends and the lies and the facade of angry words to the region as it really exists in the dawn of a new era.

Ashmore's book is brisk and brightly

personal, laced with just enough history and sociology to give it form and perspective. He writes of social crisis with wit as well as wisdom. The traces of anguish and guilt one occasionally senses while reading Cash are nowhere present in AN EPITAPH FOR DIXIE.

Ashmore, after all, is a confessed optimist. He has his doubts about the New South as he is preparing an epitaph for the old one but even the doubts have a hopeful gloss.

"WILL the New South be a better place than the Old?" he asks. "Materially, almost certainly. Spiritually, perhaps. Behind the facade of harsh words and extremist laws there is already emerging the pattern in which the South will finally accommodate its dwindling Negro population as it moves from second- to first-class citizenship: it will be imperfect but reasonably effective, and in the end it will be far easier to achieve than the accommodation produced by trial and error in the blood-shot aftermath of Reconstruction. But the transition can be accomplished only at the expense of the qualities that made the South distinctive, and cast it in the remarkable role it has played in the history of the republic. Perhaps, a generation from now when the last shovelful of dirt is patted down on the grave, we shall be able to see the vanishing age more clearly, to examine its virtues without being distracted by its faults. There will be, I think, other than sentimental reasons for mourning its passing."

Ashmore, with all of the polished craftsmanship of an expert reporter, examines the South as it was and as it is. He finds that there is not one South but many. "Behind the front the South is far from solid," he writes. "In the nature of the distribution of population, and the local political situation, a man is likely to be more excited in Louisiana than in Tennessee, in Alabama than in North Carolina. Out on the fringes the southern cause has generated considerable passion; in the rural places the hot-eyed orators once again holler nigger and conjure up their evil visions. But the cold statistic wind of fear has produced more bewilderment than anger. The prevailing mood is escapist; actuality is not yet at hand, and most southerners still hope somehow it will go away."

Yet, says Ashmore, actuality is at hand and the wheels of history are relentlessly turning. And for better or worse, the South must now find its future in the national pattern. This is Editor Ashmore's lesson and it is one many southerners have yet to learn.

"NO," says he, "history does not run backward and it buries its own dead. I can only hope that in the new time the triumph of the thin-lipped men is not absolute—that somehow we in the South carry over traces of the old qualities of humor and grace that once distinguished most of us, proud or humble, black or white. If so, Dixie's epitaph can read simply: R. I. P."

Even if AN EPITAPH FOR DIXIE lacks the subjective splendor of THE MISCHIEF OF THE SOUTH, it remains as an exciting guidebook to years of social crisis.

Everybody except Klansmen, of course, knows it didn't happen that way. Even so the Indians understandably resent the meddling of the Klan minority and there have been reports they may go on the warpath against any further intrusions by the Klansmen.

If they do, we hope the Indians will tie the Klansmen to stakes and tickle them with feathers until the Klansmen can laugh at their own folly.

## Joint Chiefs Must Be Separated From Their Services

By STEWART ALSOP

WASHINGTON  
 The appointment of still another committee to consider yet again the reorganization of the Defense Department is, of course, a way of sweeping the whole problem temporarily under the rug. It certainly is not the "decisive central direction" in order to "clear inter-service disputes" which the President promised in his state of the union message.

Even so, it may prove impossible to keep the problem under the rug. Sen. Stuart Symington, for example, is determined to force defense reorganization a major issue in this session. Events themselves, including the mounting evidence that the present system just is not working, may aid him.

The issue is one, moreover, which involves not only billions of dollars, but possible victory or defeat in war.

## HUMAN ISSUE

Yet it is not the sort of issue most people understand, or care very much about. It thus seems worth trying to examine the issue in simple, human terms — for it is essentially a human issue. Consider, then, the unhappy position in which the Chief of Staff of one of the services finds himself.

As a member of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, he attends the weekly JCS meeting as one of the three

voting members. The Joint Chiefs are collectively assigned to "advise the President" on the whole range of American strategic planning. The JCS, therefore, is an immensely powerful body, charged with a national responsibility wholly transcending service interests.

## TOP DOG

But except for the few hours he spends weekly at the JCS meetings, a Chief of Staff spends the rest of his time as operational commander and top dog of one of the services. As such, his natural instinct, and the instinct of all his subordinates, is to do everything possible to get a bigger share of everything — more men, more money, more missions — for his

own service.

His subordinates — "Indians," they call them in the Pentagon — devote their most earnest efforts to preparing the Chief to do battle to this end in the JCS meetings, outguessing his own interests for more of everything, getting him ready to beat down the arguments of the other service. Both as a professional soldier devoted to his service, and as a human being aware that his name is on the list, a Chief of Staff inevitably enters most JCS meetings in the mood of a knight entering the lists against two formidable opponents.

## REAR PIT

Thus the JCS has never really functioned as the national strategic planning board it was supposed to be. It has functioned instead — depending on the amount of money available — as a sort of polite bear pit, or as a mutual backscratching society. The problem is infinitely complicated by the new weapons, which simply cannot be made to fit into the old ground and sea categories. Nowadays, the Chiefs enter the lists prepared to do battle, not only for more men, money and missiles, but for such things as anti-missile missiles, reconnaissance satellites, and a manned space platform.

Under the present insane system, moreover, there simply is no way to achieve real, national strategic planning.

The chairman of the Chiefs has no vote, and is thus hardly more than an end-of-the-service henchman. The service secretaries inevitably tend to become more loyal to the king. The secretary of defense has severely limited powers, and he cannot know where all the bodies are buried. Congress cannot possibly perform the function of strategic planning. And the President has other things on his mind.

## NO WAR PLAN

The results of the system are plain for all to see. The JCS has failed to do its strategic planning job in any national way — and, by the way, there does not even exist today a firmly agreed national war plan. The best able to judge are convinced that, if a major war broke out tomorrow, the result would be chaos, with each serv-



PRESIDENT EISENHOWER  
 Something Must Be Done

ice fighting its own private war. Moreover, the country simply is not receiving a fair return on its investment in either military manpower or money, and it cannot possibly receive a fair return under the present system. Almost everybody who has examined the problem obviously—from former Army Chief of Staff D. D. Eisenhower on — has agreed that something must be done, and all sorts of solutions have been offered.

But the basic elements of a solution are obvious. The Joint Chiefs must be absolutely divorced from their services, and there can be no question of any Chief returning to his service. The chairman of the Chiefs must be given real power, subject to the review of the President and the secretary of defense, and the defense secretary's power must also be increased and clearly defined.

In short, the power of decision belongs, not in a polite bear pit or mutual backscratching society, but in a chain of command totally divorced from selfish service interests, and exclusively devoted instead to national defense interests. This would seem to be no question of any Chief returning to his service, but it is obvious as the Chiefs must be given real power, subject to the review of the President and the secretary of defense, and the defense secretary's power must also be increased and clearly defined.

## People's Platform

## Justice For All Might Be Painful

Charlotte  
 Editors, The News:

A People's Platform seems to be upstaged because the jury in the Welzel trial voted a commendation for mercy. The writer cannot help but agree for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.

Of the fact that he was not given the death sentence he asked, "Is this justice?" Justice? What would become of us if we had justice for all? But for the grace and mercy of God, go I. There is more than one school of thought at this case.

Murder is a heinous act, a dastardly deed, but there are thousands of murderers today in our highest societies who go unpunished. There are loose in every town persons whose tongues accomplish injury worse than the tongue of a trigger to destroy their victims; the tongue gives breath to lies, adds scandal, ruins reputations, blackens character, creates a spirit of revenge and murder, and many times, helps to give a soul into hell.

— M. L. GAY

## Baruch And Graham Don't Need Defense

Editors, The News:

HAD I not known that the space issue in the News is valuable I had written numerous times that our secretary of state is detrimental to the United States and that no previous secretary of state has so badly guided our foreign affairs or caused our country to lose face in the world.

And may I repeat as I have so often said that Mr. Acheson is replaced there will be no change for the better in our foreign affairs no matter how much money is spent.

— HENRY KAYE

## The 'Common People' Support Rep. Jonas

Editors, The News:

THE friends of Charles Raper Jonas are glad he will make another bid for Congress. He is the only man that can carry the Tenth District — and by being a people friend to the common people like me.

— MARY G. RODGERS

## Quote, Unquote

"The perversion of the mind is only possible when those who should be heard in its defense are silent." — Archibald MacLellan.

"The hangover became a part of the day as well as allowed for by the Sunman's calendar. F. Scott Fitzgerald in 'Echoes of the Jazz Age.'"

While the Air Force is so hard up for cash it almost had to cut plans for the Weather Bureau's hurricane research, Col. Harry Shoup of Colorado's research and two fellow colonels flew a DC-3 to Hastings, Neb., where they spent the day hunting with a former Air Force buddy, Charles W. Youngson.

## 'It's About Time Somebody On This Team Scored'



## Invitation To Disaster

## A Bold Nation's Timid Plans

By WALTER LIPPMANN

NEW YORK

THE President's program, as set forth in his message and in his budget, is not likely, it would appear, to win the kind of popular support which he will need in this Congress. For while his delivery of the message was impressive, the substance of his proposals will almost certainly produce a sense of disappointment and frustration.

The country was expecting and was ready for a large expanding national effort. What the President has proposed is a narrow concentration on specialized strategic weapons accompanied by a contraction in almost every other field of national activity. The program says, in effect, that if only we can catch up with the Russians in missiles, we will be well and we can retreat almost everywhere else along the line.

If experience is any guide, the President will find that the country cannot be rallied successfully to a program of this character. It expected a program of national revival. It did expect a program for contraction. The country will prove more than a democracy can be rallied successfully by a big and a bold program — like, for example, the Marshall Plan — than by a small and timid program — like, for example, the program which the United States is being too poor to build school houses or to develop new water resources in the arid lands of the West.

## Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON  
 IT has now been four years ago this month that "Generous Doug" McKay handed 400 acres of the Rogue River National Forest over to the Al Sarena Mining Company at the behest of his crony, GOP Congressman Harris Ellsworth of Oregon.

Doug's excuse for letting 400 acres of this virgin Douglas fir get out of the taxpayer's hands was an old mining law and the excuse that the Al Sarena Mining Company was going to mine gold. Various people, including this writer, Congressman Charles Porter of Oregon, Democrat, and Sen. Dick Neuberger of Oregon, claimed the excuse was phony and that no ore would ever be mined.

## Interesting Letter

The other day Sen. Neuberger received an interesting letter from the U.S. Forest Service. It stated that no mining had been done or even occurred on the Al Sarena acreage since 1935. Earlier, at Senate hearings, a forest ranger testified under oath that he had observed no mining in 13 years he

SPEAKER RAYBURN

Strong Men Rally Round



How the program was put together becomes clearer as we see it as a whole. The spirit has been treated as a challenge to our missile program which has been to build a national missile and the like has been chosen by the President's accepting, we never has before, the views of those in his inner councils who would like to dismantle, the welfare measures which have come down from the New Deal.

No doubt there is room for cutting back on some of the subsidies and grants in aid. But the basic conception of the program is, considering the time we live in, a curious one — that this nation, challenged as never before in its history, is to reduce and contract its national responsibility for the internal development and welfare of the nation.

This need not have happened if the President and his advisers had

grasped the nature of the challenge, and had risen up to respond to it. Once it was certain there would be no opposition to getting more money for missiles, the crucial point was what this nation was going to do about education and research. For that is where we are most deeply challenged, and it is there primarily and fundamentally that we must demonstrate to ourselves, and to the world, our capacity to respond to the challenge.

In this perspective, the educational proposals are a pitifully inadequate response, and the abandonment of the school construction bill an irretrievable retreat from responsibility.

## The Pay-Offs

As of today, here are the pay-offs:  
 Pay-off No. 1 — The Al Sarena Co. has now logged commercially 2,961,000 board feet of valuable fir and pine. It received this timber for nothing, though it belonged to all the people of the United States.

Pay-off No. 2 — The man who persuaded Generous Doug to grant this timber bonanza to his Al Sarena friends, Congressman Ellsworth, has now been

rewards by Eisenhower. Ellsworth was defeated for Congress because Oregon voters revolted against the giveaway, and subsequently made chairman of the Civil Service Commission, where his job it is to promote clean government.

## Little Rock

The House Armed Services Committee has never been under tighter secrecy wraps as it considers our critical race with Russia.

Behind closed doors recently, the committee was discussing the defense potential of a ballistic missile with a range of 1,250 miles.

"About how far is that?" someone asked. "Isn't it a fairly short range for a missile?"

"Well, I'd say it was about as far as we'd like to go," suggested Rep. George Miller of California.

"Yes, but it isn't the point in that direction," observed another colleague dryly.

"He drew segregationist Rep. Mend Rivers of South Carolina," they're

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## The Klan Needs A Good Solid Tickling

IF the Ku Klux Klan could take a joke it long ago would have dissolved itself in laughter at its own puerile pretensions.

Unfortunately it can only make jokes and most of these are so grotesque that no one else can enjoy them. In this category is the Klan's warning to Robeson County Indians against "race mixing." The logic and intelligence of this bit of twaddle is matched only by that of the man who, having murdered his parents, pleaded for the mercy of the court on the grounds he was an orphan.

In order to make any sense of the Klan's complaint, history must be rearranged into this general pattern:

Once upon a time the Robeson County Indians inhabited a continent called Europe. The natives of America were divided into various tribes, such as Scotch, Irish, German, Dutch, Italian, etc. Being persecuted in Europe, or for a variety of other reasons being afflicted with wanderlust, the Indians decided to sail across

the great waters to America. They did the first permanent settlement being made at Plymouth, Mass. where, after the first harvest, the Indians set aside a day now celebrated as Thanksgiving Day. In the course of time the Indians did a number of amusing things. They bought Manhattan from a white tribe for next to no wampum and seized the possessions of most of the other tribes. In the course of time there was some mixing of races for which the Indians, as the conquerors of America, were responsible.

Everybody except Klansmen, of course, knows it didn't happen that way. Even so the Indians understandably resent the meddling of the Klan minority and there have been reports they may go on the warpath against any further intrusions by the Klansmen.

If they do, we hope the Indians will tie the Klansmen to stakes and tickle them with feathers until the Klansmen can laugh at their own folly.

From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

## MARKET BULLETIN

WHEN reading business news, it is always our delight to be apprised that the molasses market has turned sticky in late trading, the bottom has dropped out of housing, hogs are depressed, or airlines have soared to record heights. So we are very glad indeed to hear about what is happening to the Jivaro Indians' market for shrunken heads in Ecuador.

Ecuador, we might as well tell you — since one never knows when information of this sort will come handy — is darn near the last refuge of headhunting. One late, furthermore, the Jivaro has turned off surprisingly peaceful. Thus it can be

seen at a glance what has happened, in the last North American market news tradition, to the South American Indian market for shrunken heads.

"Dear Sir," the businessman wrote, "I have a communication which says 'from what is happening to the Jivaro Indians' market for shrunken heads in Ecuador.'"

Just about the time you teach your children you can't put more in a conular than it can hold, along comes a woman wearing slacks — MATTON (ILL.) JOURNAL-GAZETTE.