



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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UNC Must Reassert Its Leadership In A Region Torn By New Turmoil

UNIVERSITIES, says Dr. Robert Maynard Hutchins with characteristic scorn for academic lions, have ceased to be "centers of independent thought and criticism."

The aging entente of higher education goes even further. Their dedication is so pronounced, he declares, that "it would be simpler and more hopeful to establish new institutions... than to try to reform the universities to the extent that would be required."

It may be unsettling to some Tar Heels that Dr. Hutchins' remarks were made not in one of the walnut-lined cubicles of the Fund for the Republic, which he now heads, but on the campus of the University of North Carolina, that hallowed of all southern centers of independent thought and criticism.

Whatever disclaimers he might have inserted concerning the exclusion of "present company," Dr. Hutchins has made a point that should trouble no one as deeply as say, Ann Arbor, Berkeley or Cambridge.

The University of North Carolina still enjoys worldwide respect as a center of southern enlightenment. Its reputation as a rallying point for reason in social, economic and racial inquiry is without equal below the Mason-Dixon line. The plain fact is, however, that the University must reassert its leadership during the turbulent Thirties at a time when much of America was stricken with a social conscience. It has not bolstered that reputation in recent years with anything resembling the noteworthy accomplishments of those earlier days of courage and candor.

THAT is not to say that the University of North Carolina is no longer a great university or even that it is no longer a leader in what is occasionally referred to, pleasantly, as the southern renaissance. It is all of these things and more. But it is no longer demonstrating the same dauntless attitudes and intellectual curiosity about the new South of the late 1920s and early 1930s.

FOR one thing, the University lacks a strong fire around whom to rally. In the 1930s there were Howard W. Odum and Frank P. Ramsey, two dedicated associates and the aid of Rockefeller money carried on a monumental series of studies of the South which was to culminate in the *Journal of Southern History* or *The Southern States in 1936* by the University of North Carolina Press. It was at Chapel Hill that sociologists dared to undertake studies of the Negro, his psychology as well as his sociology, of the sharecropper and his plight, of the cotton farmer in general, of cotton altogether, of the wasted resources of the South, of the historical myths that blocked the region's progress and prosperity. It was after such trailblazing research and bold leadership that the late W. J. Cash was able to write in *The Mind of the South* "that a decisive breach had been made in the savage ideal, in the historical solidity and rigidly enacted uniformity of the South—that the modern mind had been established within the gates, and that here at last there was springing up in the South a growing body of men—small enough

when set against the mass of the South but vastly larger when set against anything of the kind which had ever existed in Dixie before—who had broken fully or largely out of that narrow, described by Henry Adams in the case of Rooney Lee and fixed by Reconstruction: men who deliberately chose to know and think rather than merely to feel in terms fixed finally by southern patriotism and the need of unity, and who were, in men capable of detachment and actively engaged in analysis and criticism of the South itself."

IT IS EASY to argue that the principal battles were won during the Thirties, that the University's inspirational leadership provided the breakthrough and that forces of sense and sanity rose up all over the South to establish a new order based upon a realistic appraisal of real and imagined problems.

But this is to say that Dixie's house is in order, that that Dixie's house of the spirit have replaced those of the Thirties, that a massive social and economic crisis hardly exists at all. That is not the way the world works and it is not the way the South works, either.

PESTERING in Dixie today are problems and issues of terrifying complexity. They involve the status of the Negro, the future of agriculture, the effect on the economy of a sudden post-war wave of industrialization, the terrible necessity of regional planning, the continuing waste of great natural resources, the lingering poverty of many of the South's people, the strengths and weaknesses in southern institutions and folklore, the social and economic frontiers still to be penetrated, the swift changes in the regional culture that war, depression and finally prosperity have brought about and, most important, a new and realistic inventory of the actualities of what it is to be done.

The battles have not been won. Yet all around us guardians of the status quo are practicing, with windy evocations of the past, the same old immutability, the same old obstinacy. There is a terrified trepidation toward even the evolutionary changes common to a dynamic society because these changes are either misunderstood or distrusted.

THIS condition confronts the University of North Carolina with a clear and present challenge to reassert its leadership in southern thought and inquiry.

The status quo has no status. The University can no longer afford to live in the shadow of past triumphs. It has an obligation to mobilize its forces and act, to rise above complacency and illusion. Exploration of the socio-economic condition of the South today will require fully as much courage, candor, independent thought and constructive criticism as was the case in the Thirties. If anything, it will require more, for certain age-old, anguished orthodoxies have not been recently challenged in North Carolina. They have grown wild and weedy for a decade.

The leadership in this great adventure must come from a young, eminently promising but still untested inheritor of the mantle of Frank Porter Graham. His name is William Clyde Friday.

The Klan Has Plenty Of Places To Meet

A RAG-TAG assortment of Ku Klux Klan members, run out of Robeson County by angry Indians reportedly have decided to turn "the other cheek."

Thank goodness the check is being turned from a safe distance. Any further meddling in the affairs of a peaceful community by bedsheeted buffoons almost surely will invite the wrath that was so narrowly averted near Maxton last week. It is something of a miracle that no more injuries and some deaths did not result from that armed encounter in a dark field.

The violence that did occur is deplorable. Yet the Klan has earned none of the sympathy and martyrdom it seeks to salvage from its flight by fine talk of Christianity and persecution. It is due only contempt for having provoked a situation that endangered innocent people.

To be sure the only violence it intended to commit Saturday night was to the

cross. This would not have abridged its right peacefully to assemble. But the issue is such a thing as covert violence—the wounding of the pride and sensibilities of a community—and this the Klan already had committed in Robeson County by cross burnings and arrogant "warnings" to the Indian residents.

The Klan can hardly dissociate itself from the threat of violence. The organization has committed crimes and atrocities throughout the South. Individuals who don't its regalia also have to assume the burden of being suspected by reasonable people of having an intent to injure people.

There are plenty of empty caves and isolated forests where Klansmen can mumble their mumbo-jumbo, flit about in bedsheeted robes and prostrate themselves before their kiegles.

It's a pity they were unwilling to use one of their phrases, to stay in their place.

Joint Control Of Outer Space For Peace Is U. S. Aim

By STEWART ALSOP

WASHINGTON
It is a more political proposition than "let's play" or "let's make a deal," says a senior State Department official.

These are the obvious questions to ask about the administration's announced intention to seek agreement with the Russians on "control of outer space for peaceful purposes"—which means, control of the ballistic missiles. As Secretary of State Dulles made crystal clear in his appearance before the National Press Club, the space control proposal will form a cardinal point of American policy in the months to come.

The answer seems to be that the proposal is both a propaganda move and a matter for serious negotiation. Various ways of extracting every possible ounce of propaganda value for the proposal are being considered.

WAGING PEACE

There has even been tentative talk, for example, of convening a special session of the United Nations General Assembly to be addressed on the subject by the President. Other possibilities are a major speech or series of speeches by the President on outer-space control, another letter to Bulganin on this subject alone, letters to all heads of government, and so on.

Whichever way of dramatizing the issue may be chosen, the point is that Dulles and his advisers unquestionably see the proposal as a means of seizing that famous initiative, putting the Soviets on the defensive, and ducking out from under the charge of "neutrality." It is not unfair to suggest that the domestic political advantages of such "waging of total peace" have also not been overlooked.



It's Trial Balloon Season

ence that suggests that the proposal is serious falls into two parts.

Like the President's atom-for-peace plan, the outerspace proposal has been something of a cut-before-the-lance proposition. The idea was first suggested by the Soviet-born Harold Stassen about a year ago, and it has been rather languidly put forward from time to time since. When he was drafting the President's letter to Bulganin, Secretary Dulles, desperate for counter proposals, seized on the idea and laid great emphasis on it, and he put even greater emphasis on it in his Press Club performance.

But until now the idea has been just that—an idea, rather than a plan. Now serious studies are going forward both in the Defense Department and in the State Department's policy planning staff, and the inevitable planning pa-

pers are beginning to pile up. As far as the liquid-fueled ballistic missiles are concerned, these studies confirm Dulles' statement that "at the present stage of the art... we have something which is readily adaptable to be controlled."

Given what Dulles called "even the most superficial form of inspection from the air," the ballistic missiles in their present stage of development can be easily detected and thus controlled. But since serious study of the problem began, all sorts of hideously difficult questions have emerged.

THORNY QUESTIONS

How about the air-breathing missiles, for example, or the solid-fueled missiles, which are much more difficult to detect and control? And how about the shorter-range missiles? Short-range air-breathing missiles fired from submarines could destroy our coastal cities. And how would the International Space Agency, or whatever it is to be, actually operate?

But at least these perhaps unanswerable questions are at last being seriously examined. As for the second part of the evidence that the proposal is serious, it consists of the simple fact that Dulles intends to launch private diplomatic talks with the Soviets, probably both in Moscow and Washington, on the American proposal. Indeed, a kind of preliminary feeling-out process at second hand has already occurred. The results are not encouraging. The Russians have asked the obvious questions: Are the forward bases of the Strategic Air Command also to be inspected and controlled? And why should the Soviet Union abandon a weapon in which it has a commanding lead?

Just because these questions are



Goal Beyond The Missile Race

so obvious, the odds are probably a hundred to one that the space-control proposal will come to nothing. But the attempt is worth making all the same. For anyone who thinks seriously about the nature of the weapons must ask himself whether a free society can survive in the era of the ballistic missiles. The missiles are ideal

weapons of surprise attack, requiring an automatic, instantaneous and totally undemocratic response. By their very nature, they thus present the unfree society with a crushing advantage. Which is another reason why the proposal, however seriously advanced, will doubtless come to nothing in the end.

Point Of No Return



Here's How Fly Without Fear

By ROBERT C. RUARK

ONCE or twice a year, because I am an incurable sentimentalist, I am apt to dash off a little gem about air travel. This little gem is not a bitter piece because I once had to take a taxi to Madrid from Lisbon, Portugal, but because I am really in love with the iron birds.

I love them, basically, as prone to fault as they are, because they have added a great deal of extra time to my span and, as I crowd the two-and-one-half-million-mile a while back to cure himself of a fatal, and every time I hear the good bass voice of the head pilot coming on loud and clear, to tell you what's going on up here. I like to think I had something to do with the public address system for me and the other nice old ladies. At least I scoured at 'em until they decided to let the helpless customers in on the act concerning weather, wind and time elapsed and expired.

NEWS'S TERROR

This more or less comes to mind as result of the pitcher, Don Newcombe, getting himself hypnotized a while back to cure himself of a fear of airplane travel. From the yellowed periodicals I have just got around to reading, due to Christmas festivity, it seems Big Newk collected the fanatics every time he thought about the wild blue upstairs, and was about to give up baseball—like they all say before they sign that contract—until a hypnotist took him and scared him out of being scared.

BE PREPARED

Now comes a public service, and you do not need to pay any fees to hypnotists or psychologists. The way you fly all over the world in planes is as follows: First you buy a shoulder bag, like a great big lady's pocketbook. You place within a couple of fifths of whatever benevolent beverage you prefer and a carton of your favorite brand of debatable benefit to the lungs. A pocket book or two by Mickey Spillane is standard equipment, unless they are a Southerner and a Southerner, Erskine Caldwell. A new novel of anybody who sells for a trade price of \$5.95 and is a mandatory.

I would suggest as extras a couple of candy bars, some matches, at least two newspapers, Time, Life and Newsweek, and your slaving kit. Internationally, I find that a clean shirt occupies little room, but may make you a possible human being on the other end of the flight.

Now if you're a man, you can't just carefully for the prettiest girl who is going your way, with the next prettiest girl as a savior.



DON NEWCOMBE
Hypnotist To The Rescue

If you are a girl, look for the handsome fellow with the mustache and the shoulder bag. Follow closely on, and as soon as one or the other settles, swoop down on the spare seat.

When you overlook the stewards and stewardesses, a gentleman who can offer you the papers, a news magazine, a slug from a bottle of Old Watslaw, and a leg shave, if necessary, is not to be spurned, especially if he can turn on a fascinating lunch of lies to keep you amused.

WHAT YOU DO

You must never think of a flight in terms of miles or time, because the time runs short one way and long the other. You must think of it in terms of what you can do.

Sample: For me, Barcelona, Spain, to New York, is a good thing. In Barcelona, a couple of snorts of something in Lisbon, and a night's sleep, with breakfast in New York, Nairobi, in East Africa, to Barcelona is lunch in Nairobi, an orange crush in Khartoum, breakfast in Rome and lunch in Barcelona. From lunch to lunch is not a very protracted period if you have Old Doctor Ruark's handy-dandy overnight kit.

GET ON LAST

Unless you are tracking down the prettiest girl, or boy, as mentioned, always get on last. This gives you the pick of the least loathsome as a seatmate, and 'im' as gets on last gets off first. Finally, if possible, always check on the pilot. If he is gray or bald, relax. There are bald pilots and old pilots, but there are no old, bald pilots. If you will bear these tenets firmly in mind, you will not have to hire a hypnotist.

Quote, Unquote

"Marriage is a damnably serious business, particularly around Boston." — John P. Marquand.

People's Platform

Let Klansmen Lead
Way To The Moon

CHARLOTTE
Editors, The News: I AM standing by waiting for the Defense Department to send me a medal. I have a foolproof idea that will enable us to beat the Soviets to the moon.

Our dear old South has all the ingredients necessary. All that is needed is the shell of a large rocket, one Klansman and one Indian. Just place the rocket shell on a launching platform and let the Indian chase the Klansman into the rocket shell. The Klans-

men would later have to be desecrated. But what is important is to beat the Russians to the moon.

Just think. We'd also insure "white supremacy" on the moon by setting a Klansman there first. I realize the moon has no atmosphere but a group of Klansmen could create one of hot air very easily.

Yes, sir, we could colonize the moon. The intellectual level of our "kolony" would be low, but the "kolonists" would be white! —DOROTHY MARTIN

Indians Made History
In Routing Klansmen

Charlotte
Editors, The News: THE RECEPTION accorded the Ku Klux Klan Saturday night by the Lumbee Indians was the greatest contribution to American history since Washington crossed the Delaware.

If the Catholics, Jews and Negroes greet them similarly hereafter, the hate merchants will soon disintegrate. —A. C. BUCKLE

Drew Pearson's
Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON
SPEAKER Sam Rayburn, who made a special plea to the House of Representatives for a quarter of a million dollars to investigate the Federal Communications Commission, plus other regulatory agencies, has now given his official okay to a whitewash. When the Rayburn-created committee unperished milk-coalition inside the FCC of which Rayburn's nephew, Bob Boyley, is a commissioner, Mr. Sam gazed at the probe should be diverted to other channels.

Here Are The Facts

However, this column has done some probing of its own and here are some of the findings which Mr. Sam doesn't want investigated.

One involves FCC chairman John D. Doerfer, Republican of Wisconsin, who took his own on a cross-country trip to

Oklahoma City in 1956, then to Spokane, Wash., then back to Washington, D. C.

Expenses Paid

The first leg of the trip was paid for by Oklahoma City's Station KWTU. To wit, the National Association of Radio and Television Broadcasters handed Doerfer \$375. Doerfer presided at an annual convention of the association in Tulsa, Okla., and he received radio and TV licenses worth millions and whether these licenses shall be renewed, he is not supposed to become obligated to any one TV owner or association of owners, any more than a state should take expense money from a little before his court.

Doerfer not only did this but he went further. He compounded the impropriety by turning around and charging the tax-

payors for his own travel from Oklahoma City to Spokane, then from Spokane to Washington, D. C. On top of this, he turned in vouchers for \$12 per diem expense money.

'None Of Your Business'

Edgar Bell, manager of KWTU in Oklahoma City, was asked by this column's chairman Doerfer was paid to come to Oklahoma City.

"I will tell you the same thing I told the congressional committee," he replied. "This is none of your business."

Mum's The Word

"You mean you don't consider it any of Congress' business that Doerfer was cheating the taxpayers?"

"I wouldn't even give Dun and Brad-

street the information," he said. "I consider it a matter between the station and Mr. Doerfer."

Pressed further, Bell declared irritably: "I don't want to argue with you over the phone."

No Comment

When Chairman Doerfer was called for comment he avoided the call. On a second call, his secretary was told what the inquiry entailed and was asked whether the chairman wished to give any explanation. The secretary made it clear the FCC chairman did not wish to comment.

This is the conduct of the chairman of one of the most important agencies in Washington, which Speaker Sam Rayburn urged to ignore despite the fact that he urged Congress to appropriate \$250,000 for an investigation.

From The Reporter

WE DO NOT CHOOSE TO RUN

MARY is running a "We Love New York" contest that offers according to the full-page newspaper ad we have before us, "100 prizes... and Togetherness too." Tell the department user "why your family loves New York in 25 words or less... and you can win one of our 100 wonderful prizes. The 100th prize, it seems, is a treasure that costs Mary's nothing to give but whose value is precious beyond price. It's the spirit of Togetherness."

As a matter of fact, what we like