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When 'Adequacy' Is Not Enough

THERE is a grim warning for Charlotte and other North Carolina communities in the stark tragedy of Chicago's school fire. Within minutes, another 'fire-safe' building became a raging inferno. Ironically, it had been inspected and found 'adequate' in October. Adequacy is not enough where human lives are concerned.

But nothing much beyond that. And it is all too easy to parry the warnings and ignore the advice. This is criminally wrong. Regulations ought to be stricter—particularly in buildings where people sleep, go to school or otherwise congregate in large numbers. Furthermore, punishment for violating the proper standards ought to be severe. Open stairways are perhaps the worst danger zones. They figured in this week's fire as well as the Wincoff Hotel fire in 1946 in Atlanta and the LaSalle Hotel fire the same year in Chicago. If fire breaks out they become 'chimneys' of flames, smoke and fumes in a split second they can become death traps. Locally and throughout the state there are warnings about these conditions, but they are the warnings that are ignored. Nobody goes to jail. That wouldn't be sporting. But if it happened a few times possibly the lesson would sleep in. A human life is worth the trouble.

The North Still Has Something To Learn From Dixie

By ROBERT B. HOUSE
Editors' Note: 'A feeling of neighborhood' is the South's unique achievement, says a distinguished Tar Heel educator, and that is the great thing the region has to teach the nation and the world. These lively notions about Dixie's heritage are condensed from a recent address by the former University of North Carolina chancellor.



CARL SANDBURG
The Conflict Was Inevitable

THE Confederacy is not a lost cause. It is an immortal Greek tragedy with a Christian conclusion: vic spiritual triumph through suffering. I think the South has something in this to teach the North. And since the North has clearly demonstrated that it will not do without us, I hope it will some day learn to do with us, something it has not learned in 300 years. Gen. Lee, his Confederate soldiers, and the Confederate heroes are the heroes and the heroines of our immortal tragedy. There were just not enough of them to force their point on the battlefield. But their quality has made its way into the American spirit, and when that is lost, all America will be lost too. They stood for three things more permanent than nations: (1) Love of home, (2) Love of each other, and (3) Love of God. They were not talkers. They expressed their spirit in deeds. It was the talkers who launched the conflict they had to endure in our day of confusion I fear only the extremist talkers who have all the answers and loudly give them. Some things can be seen and fought for more clearly than they can be expressed in words.

'Young man,' says the hero of Thomas's 'Low Star Freshener,' talking in '64, 'When I came up here in '61 I had State's Rights on my mind. I never gave much thought to the politics of it. I'm a minister of the Gospel when I'm home. Now, I don't know. I hear the boys talk. Heed, if we're fighting for anything, we're fighting for Gen. Lee. A man's bound to fight for what he believes in. He's bound to keep on fighting—that part of it's with him. But whether he wins or—not—that's with God. I reckon we'll keep on fighting, while there's any of us left.'



ROBERT B. HOUSE
The Settlement Is With God

MANY CABINS
The South had its small quota of pillared mansions. It had a much larger quota of simple frame houses and log cabins. 'Folks,' writes a North Carolina soldier, 'I would see right smart of the world since I left home, but I have seen nothing to come up to Henderson County.' Of course this is provincial. But Dixie was provincial. Democracy was provincial. Dixie was provincial. A man had better be sure that he now loves something, lest he fool himself with the idea that he already loves everything. At least Gen. Lee, the Confederate soldiers, and the Confederate women saw to it that no Yankee would take over without a fight.

the culture that cannot be taught but can only be caught in a loss person to person feeling of neighborhood. It is the wonder and envy of outsiders that more people, white and black, greet each other with a smile and chuckle of a truly mutual understanding in the South than in any other region of like size in the world. Perhaps this feeling of neighborhood is our most unique achievement and the great thing we have to teach America and the world. Perhaps it is a result of our tragedy. We have seen folks stripped of everything but what they couldn't lose. We have had to make do with this residue and have found it lovable. There was no union before the war. The South fought for its idea. I have heard the deep humane poet, Carl Sandburg, say that the conflict was inevitable. Certainly a clash of ideas is never settled by a human hand. The settlement is with God who never seems to be in a hurry. STILL SMALL VOICE While Gen. Lee, the Confederate soldier, and the Confederate woman never talked much to man, they did talk on their knees much to God. And, better still, they listened. Perhaps they can still teach that to confused America, until we can bear the still small voice out of the present whirlwind.

Nixon's Dazzling Ringer: A 'Good Show'?

WHAT is to explain Vice President Nixon's dazzling performance in London? We confess, now to having snorted when it was first announced that Sir Richard would be himself off to London to represent the U. S. at the dedication of an American Chapel at St. Paul's Cathedral. But while we haven't suffered damages, we must gracefully acknowledge that in a sweeping tour he took everyone from Prime Minister Macmillan to Queen Elizabeth into tow. There are good reasons why the prim and proper Brit might have reacted with less enthusiasm to the vice president. For one thing, his political detractors say, he is a lover of expedient. You can never pin him down. For another, he remains a master of the political corn ball. Take his immemorial 'Checkers' speech of the 1952 campaign. But perhaps his magic has simple sources. To the British, his facilities with the expedient seems an old political skill. While to us, playing fast and loose with what we call 'principles' in politics carries shock, to the British who take neither themselves nor their politicians too seriously, the politician is to be admired as an end or a thing of beauty in itself. It may qualify as what they call a 'good show,' so long as it does no injury to animals, especially dogs. A recent biographer of Sir Winston Churchill, now a devoted admirer, confesses he began a biography in the conviction that Churchill was the biggest ego in British politics. But speaking of dogs, that reminds us of Checkers, which reminds us that the vice president is, as we said, a master of the corn ball. But why should this appeal to the cruddy Englishman? There has been a kind of hypocrisy here. The Englishman protests that any domestic politician would have been finished by a Checkers speech; but what he won't admit is that some of his greatest political magicians dealt liberally in corn balls. Disraeli, for instance, Disraeli was not only a rogue, he was an eccentric who curled his hair into outlandish ringlets that fluttered on his brow when he spoke; he was also a cony snatcher about Queen Victoria, who once a year sent him primroses. Perhaps Nixon, who disquiets us, strikes a spark of yearning nostalgia for the old days in Britain—when the wicked Lord Pease confessed to say, 'we can't go on legislating forever and ever,' and Disraeli wore purple brocaded suits to the House of Commons.

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'Didn't I Meet You In Korea Once?'



People's Platform

Constitution Means What Courts Decree
Editors, The News: WE hear much talk about the Constitution of the United States these days. A new era has come along and we must get a new set of interpretations for our Constitution, like the King James Version of the Bible; the Constitution of the United States is very sacred. The people who made it were much wiser than people of today and we must allow their wisdom to hold the people of today in check. Of course, much that I said in that first paragraph is pure nonsense. The Constitution does not mean today what it meant then, but it does mean what the Supreme Court has said it meant in the interpretations that are still recognized in the courts. No one is more for the Constitution than I am, but I am not a loud bellow by the words of dead men. —J. W. JEWELL
No Schedule-Hunting Now In The Mornings
Editors, The News: I WANT to thank you for the TV Green Sheet you publish every week. It is such a pleasure to have the pages with a full week's program already listed and not to have to hunt for it every morning. Hope you continue the good work. If I hadn't been one of your subscribers all these years I would start now, just for this section alone. But I enjoy the whole paper. —MRS. B. J. OVERCASH
It's An Ideal Program For The Youngsters
Charlotte, The News: MATERIAL which appeared in The News on Nov. 28 concerning Pop Warner Football I am sure that many people will realize that the program is a good one for youngsters from nine to twelve after reading your views on it. —DANIEL E. MARTIN

This Is The End A Fin For Mama

By ROBERT C. RUARK
PALAMOS, Spain
ONE time I saw a lady completely devoid of make-up, and fled shrieking into the kennels, where I sat and quivered for hours, like a gun-shy dog. So you cannot say that I am an admirer of a little rouge; but a touch of lipstick there, a modicum of attention to the ears and neck, even Cleopatra could not make it on as she pleased. She needed a spoonful of kohl to make her wicked, little ol' eyes glitter. I will hold still for a shinglebust thrust through the septum of the nose, if it'll make the Ubangi babes feel chee and a little beetle here is permissible to reduce the lips of the stolid crowd. I have steeled myself to a point where even gold or silver nail polish no longer induces nausea, although I took some practice. Four-colored hair I can go along with, and blue mascara—and, so help me, once I saw a gal with two sets of eyebrows, one straight and the other slanted. BASIC DESIGN There is nothing wrong with the basic female design, but also there is nothing wrong with trying to improve what God has wrought. Within the realm of reason, that is. During the shaggy-haired-pole-mouth stage, my fingers itched for a comb and a solid tube of red lip rouge, because all the dolls looked rather like rumped coppers. But I have also thought that the false was a palpable fraud, despite the fact that I have listened, fascinated, for hours to the female justification of the store-bought delusions of amplitude. The girls say that most frocks are cut on a basic bust of universal plenty, and if a lass happens to be built on the general lines of Ray Bolger or Fred Astaire, she needs a little help. All right. You should pardon the expression, I last in the sponge. LAST STRAW But there comes a time to kick down a slat. I have in hand an advertisement for false detresses. 'Beard Magic—Now!' And I am glad I cannot reproduce the illustrations. To be frank, it is an advertisement for false detresses. The copy is too repulsive for words, but a brief précis is that it is you are kind of shinglebust in the rear, you can now have foam-rubber padded pants to give you a Marilyn Monroe aspect. There are several variations. One is called 'Two-Timer' and I am sure are named 'Hidden Flatness' and 'Hip Enhancer.' One is described as a secret weapon, and another claims to 'feel real.' Have we come to this, that we must get slapped, for pinching checked shirt, and full Biblical length beard. Though John Kasper holds no official position in the new party, he is looked upon as its future and decisive party. Surprisingly, he comes from a moderate family background in Mercharville, Va. He received a B.S. degree at Columbia University. Before he gained national notoriety, he hung around Edw. Edwards and in New York's Greenwich Village where he was tagged a drifter and a dreamer with a penchant for riding pants, boots and dark green shirts. Curious Background An FBI investigation, directed by Arthur J. Altmeyer, also discovered that Kasper liked to throw interracial parties and romance Negro girls—a curious background for an arch-segregationist. The philosopher who first inspired Kasper was the post-war Ezra Pound, an American turncoat who broadcast for the Axis during World War II, but escaped a treason trial because of mental illness. These are some of the breeders of hate who met secretly in Louisville to organize a third party. What went on behind the closed doors will be told in a future column.

Okay, Adlai, We Know You're In There

With conventional bluntness and courtesy, Adlai Stevenson has once again disavowed that he is, or ever could be, a presidential candidate in 1960. Fervent Stevensonites if perceptive, will rejoice. Adlai is yet running true to his word— and as everyone knows, reluctance is one of the little niceties of political form in which he takes particular delight. Even as he made his speech of acceptance in 1952, Adlai said he had prayed 'for the merciful Father of us all to let this cup pass from me.' The routine nixing of candidacy somehow reminds us of the joke, the punch lines of which go something like this: 'Come out!' 'No, I'm hiding!' 'Come out! I want to kiss you.' 'No, I'm hiding—in the closet.' Right now, Adlai is saying he is hiding. If by some chance the 1960 Democratic convention should nominate him, we suspect Adlai would reveal that he is 'hiding in the closet.' Not that we doubt his sincerity. His habitual reluctance must be now reinforced by two rather convincing reasons from the closet. But it was Plato, we believe, who first came through with the idea that candidates who proclaim reluctance with utmost sincerity are usually those most worth having.

To be sure, this thing of candidates throwing themselves in the least to guard their availability until fortune serves their way is not without perils. 'Silent Cal' Coolidge, whose political philosophy was, don't act until the tide of fortune laps at your doorstep, tried to play the game from the White House before the 1928 election. He then made his cryptic utterance, 'I do not choose to run for President in 1928.' This for laconic Calvin Coolidge was only an off-beat way of saying, 'I'm hiding.' Unfortunately, Herbert Hoover had gained unstoppable momentum before it occurred to Coolidge to reveal he was hiding in the closet, or to declare his availability. By 1928 convention time it was too late. The convention nominated Hoover. 'When it became clear... how the convention was deciding, wiles Arthur Schlesinger Jr., 'Coolidge's hearing, the news in visible distress, refused to let and threw himself despairingly across his White House bed.' The trouble with Coolidge was, he wanted to run and he didn't want to run. Perhaps the Adlai we know is not sure, let him avoid Cal's mistake. Let him inform the boys in the back room that he's 'hiding in the closet' before it's too late.

Hate Front Meets To Form Third Party

WASHINGTON
ANOTHER secret meeting of the nation's hate-mongers took place recently in Louisville, Ky. It was somewhat similar to the one inspired by would-be future John Kasper in Washington, reported in this column. There seems to be a significant link between those who systematically go about the business of stirring up hate when Wallace Allen was arrested in Atlanta on a charge of conspiring to blow up the synagogue there, Mrs. Allen immediately telephoned Adm. John C. Brown of Wetumpka, Ala., one of the most notable hate-mongers, asking for help. To this end he has been in contact with the following: Adm. Cronquist, promoted by the Navy but fired by his civilian superiors for leaking to the press regarding the Air Force. Emory Burke, gaunt-faced leader of the Columbians, a storm-trooper outfit broken up by the government in 1946. Bill Hendrix, grizzled leader of the Florida Ku Klux Klan, once sentenced for sending abusive matter through the mail. John Hamilton, an associate of the old rabble-rouser, Gerald L. K. Smith. Joe Beachman, fire-breathing leader of Chicago's defunct White Circle League. George Lincoln Rockwell, anti-Semitic militant, son of 'Doc' Rockwell, a famous rocking-chair philosopher and radio comedian of the 1930's. John Kasper, would-be American Führer. In rapid literature was found along with some penciled drawings of the Nazi swastika in the possession of the men recently indicted for picking up the synagogues in Atlanta. Also picked up were letters from Rockwell, some ending with the old Nazi phrase, 'Sieg Heil' and one mentioning a forthcoming 'big Front Man. All the indicted men are believed to be members of the National States Rights Party. One of them, Kenneth Chester Griffin, is the party's Georgia organizer. Nation's chairman of the party is funding front man, Arthur Cole of La Follette, Tenn. Mrs. Allen Cowan of New Albany, Ind., is party's secretary and Dupey of Knoxville, Tenn., is secretary-treasurer. Catfish Cole Only the 'national organizer' has a national reputation in the hate movement. It is Matt Kuehl, a veteran hater from Milwaukee, Wis. Most colorful figure at the Louisville convention was the Rev. James Cole, youthful North Carolina Klan leader whose hooded followers were routed earlier this year by angry Indians. Cole showed up for the meeting in dungarees, checked shirt, and full Biblical length beard. Though John Kasper holds no official position in the new party, he is looked upon as its future and decisive party. Surprisingly, he comes from a moderate family background in Mercharville, Va. He received a B.S. degree at Columbia University. Before he gained national notoriety, he hung around Edw. Edwards and in New York's Greenwich Village where he was tagged a drifter and a dreamer with a penchant for riding pants, boots and dark green shirts. Curious Background An FBI investigation, directed by Arthur J. Altmeyer, also discovered that Kasper liked to throw interracial parties and romance Negro girls—a curious background for an arch-segregationist. The philosopher who first inspired Kasper was the post-war Ezra Pound, an American turncoat who broadcast for the Axis during World War II, but escaped a treason trial because of mental illness. These are some of the breeders of hate who met secretly in Louisville to organize a third party. What went on behind the closed doors will be told in a future column.

From The New York Times HOARFROST

THIS is the season when hoarfrost comes in the night to make magic of the commonplace. Walk abroad before the sun has risen more than a hand's breadth and if the night has been seasonal there is a crisp white fibrous on grass blade, weed stem and withered leaf, a tracery of crystal that came in the damp, cold darkness and will vanish in the first warmth of daylight. Walk across a lawn, and the grass underfoot is brittle as spun glass. Scuff a drift of leaves and you are shattering delicate crystal. Look at the newly risen sun through frosted branches and your eye is dazzled by the glint of ten million prisms. Hoarfrost is ice crystal and almost as fragile as a snowflake. It fringes every thing it touches. It makes a dead goldenrod stem a thing of grace and glitter. It transforms the withered flower head of Queen Anne's lace into an elaborately curved and carved chalice. The hoarfrost milkweed pod is such a shell as no sea ever cast up, diamonded and decked with gleam. The blackberry bramble is no longer thorned, but fruited now with

glistening frost-berries. The robed-and-strawberry leaf has become all ruby and diamond. Hoarfrost comes from the mysterious insistence of cold water to become a solid. It does so with magnificence and generosity, transforming everything it touches. It makes December blossom for a few hours. It recasts a world that put away its finery some weeks ago, gives it transient beauty again. Hoarfrost is the elaboration the wonder and the mystery, the crystalline order of a starry night brought down to earth. A man who reads the ads tonight has a better chance of knowing what his wife will be thinking tomorrow.—ELIZABETH G. SISK There are times when a clear conscience is nothing more than a poor memory.—GASTON GAZETTE. Goren himself must admit that bridge is like the world today—trouble North, East, West and South.—MIAMI HERALD.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

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Underground Newspaper

The United hate front which Fields is trying to organize has adopted the Columbians' old lightning-bolt emblem and even revived its underground newspaper, The Thunderbolt. More significant, the party has taken on the name: 'The National States Rights Party.' The United hate front which Fields is trying to organize has adopted the Columbians' old lightning-bolt emblem and even revived its underground newspaper, The Thunderbolt. More significant, the party has taken on the name: 'The National States Rights Party.'