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TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1958

With All Deliberate Misunderstanding

THE South can expect no compassion from the four disciplinarians on the Supreme Court of the United States. This was made abundantly clear yesterday by the full text of the court's decision in the Little Rock case.

Its impact on the region was threefold. It set state officials straight on their duty to uphold the law of the land. It dealt a mighty blow to any evasive "private school" schemes. It reiterated that the only possible interpretation of "all deliberate speed" was a prompt and reasonable start toward full compliance.

Any hope that the court would display either sympathy for, or understanding of, the South's peculiar social tragedy was rudely shattered. This, in itself, a tragedy which historians will be recording generations hence.

If human emotions could be translated into lily exact algebraic equations, the nation might rest comfortably today. The problem would have been solved. But that is not the way it is with the problem of race in the South. It will not be "solved" by a judicial decree or a clear, sharp blow or as a result of this legal stratagem as against another.

For such problems are seldom "solved" at all but merely ameliorated. Men of wisdom and good will keep on ameliorating them until finally, in time, they cease to be major problems.

The court recognizes "obstacles" and "local conditions" and the necessity for some flexibility in overcoming them. But that flexibility, when defined, appears to be suspiciously rigid. It amounts simply to what the court again calls "a prompt and reasonable start toward full compliance." The extent of any real or imagined flexibility is outlined in these key sentences from the opinion handed down yesterday.

"... In many locations, obedience to the duty of desegregation would require the immediate general admission of Negro children, otherwise qualified as students for their appropriate classes, at particular schools. On the other hand, a district court, after analysis of the relevant factors (which, of course, excludes hostility to racial desegregation), might conclude that justification existed for not requiring the present nonsegregated admission of all qualified Negro children. In such circumstances, however, the court should scrutinize the program of school authorities to make sure that they had developed arrangements pointed toward the earliest practicable completion of desegregation, and had taken appropriate steps to put their program in effective operation. It was made plain that delay in any guise in order to deny the constitutional rights of Negro children could not be countenanced, and that only a prompt start, diligently and earnestly pursued, to eliminate racial segregation from the public schools could constitute good faith compliance. State authorities thus were duty bound to devote every effort toward initiating desegregation and bringing about the elimination of racial discrimination in the public school system."

Thus, it is not simply a question of "good faith" as it might apply to the public interest. It is "good faith compliance" the court is talking about and the granting of additional time presupposes that a prompt and reasonable start toward full compliance has already been made.

The rigidity of the court's doctrine of "flexibility" becomes even more apparent when one asks carefully its initial application. In Little Rock, where there had been good faith compliance, the court ruled against the school board when it requested additional time.

In refusing to temper its coldly legalistic approach to a question that involves all there is of anguish, outrage and passion, the court has served its own cause badly and the cause of common sense not at all.

Yes, General, There Is An Algeria

CAN Gen. de Gaulle play Santa Claus? L'Express of Paris cartooned last week a grumpy Steiglitz, mustachioed Frenchman saying "non" to the Fifth Republic constitution because "I do not believe in Santa Claus." Like-thinkers are in a minority: 85 per cent voted for the new constitution. It will give France a seven-year president, a premier appointed by the president and an assembly with powers of brokerage and lobbying sharply diminished.

Gen. de Gaulle, minus red suit and white beard, has been defined as his toys and told to bring cheer to the Republic. Too bad he can't simply glide away like "down of the thistle" to ally all political troubles; but we fear some of the remainder may balk.

At the root of every headache is Algeria; and Algeria plus the army yields trouble. "There is not a French problem," Alexander Werth has observed, "there is only an Algerian problem." Algeria is a case of weird halfway vendetta between colons (European settlers), the army, and the nationalists. The army, by tradition Catholic, monarchial, anti-republican, but by tradition also very much concerned with the "gloire" of France, want full integration of Algeria with France with full Moslem equality. When Charles X announced Algeria, it was desert waste; the supporters of the war against the nationalist rebels point with some justification to that fact. But though they have entered into a strange alliance with the army officers, the fanatical colons will not tolerate an Algerian republic. They fear the Moslems, socially and economically. They appeal, for instance, to what happened in Indonesia when Dutch rule withdrew and colonial capitalists were practically expropriated by nationalists.

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Thanks And Farewell To Mr. Vantrease

MR. J. FRED VANTREASE of Charlotte retires Oct. 20 after 32 years in Boy Scout work. The tale of accomplishment began in 1926 in Fort Smith, Arkansas; it reached a notable climax in Mecklenburg today when the Charlotte Rotary clubs honored him for his valuable work here as chief Scout executive since 1945.

Mr. Vantrease has boosted the strength of scouting in Mecklenburg. Under his tenure, scouting units and number enrolled have increased some threefold.

Good citizenship can't wait for adulthood. It cannot begin too early, and the Boy Scout movement has worked on that assumption.

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Death Plays A Daily Game With Frightened Quemoy

By JOSEPH ALSOP

THE cliffs of Quemoy seem to be formed of alternating layers of pale pearl and deepest coral. Under the bright early sun, the embattled beach would be the scene of any sea resort. In truth the worst-damaged building on the island, the hospital, was built on the beach with the idea of wartime conversion to a resort hotel.

The rule is that you run across the beach from the old C-46 transport to the sheltering caves in the cliffs. But this time there is no shelling. (The methodical Communists seem to be accustomed to no more than one arriving plane daily; and they had done their shelling, very thoroughly indeed, for the plane that arrived a little earlier. So the runners slow to a fast walk before the cliffs are reached.)

ENFILADE BEACHES

Behind the cliffs, there is a moon landscape of bare and eroded gullies and draws; and here the battalions have dug themselves and their guns and all their weapons dumps and living facilities right into the cliffside. Any enemy who gained the grimly enfiladed beaches would find a worse hell awaiting him behind the cliffs.

The weapons carrier climbs the gully-side, along a sandy road that has been cut down eight feet into the earth, and at last it comes up, onto the center of the island. Northwards is the tumble of dark purplish stony hills, where the Chinese high command occupies a central redoubt cut deep in living rock. Southwards is Quemoy Town, which must have been a pretty little place, full of its own little local bustle and life, before the unending shelling marred the gracefully curved tiled roofs, closed most of the shops and all but emptied the streets.

DOUBLY STRANGE

The Quemoy landscape is doubly strange to those who know it. On the one hand, U. S. aid counterpart funds have been

used to plant innumerable trees on Quemoy. The graceful cedars, with their long, dark, frontlike needles, oddly transform this morsel of Chinese countryside into an Italian countryside. And while this new feature has been added, on the other hand, an invariable feature of every Chinese countryside has been subtracted by the Communist artillery. There are no peasants tilling the little field, the plumed the tall windbreaks of silver-pinked grass.

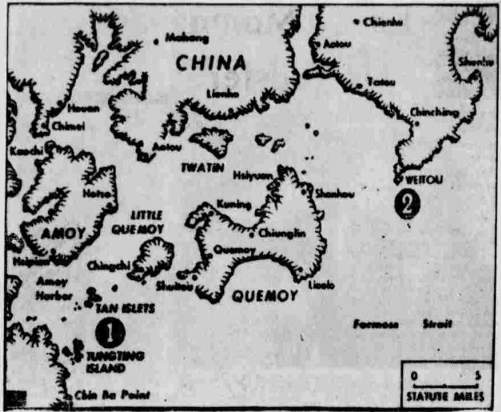
TARGET ISLAND

Wherever you go on the island, the shelling is a background noise. Even on a quiet day, it is always going on, with one of Quemoy's guns very occasionally barking its answer to the heavy crump of the enemy shells. It must be pretty bad on the little islands, Erh Tan, Ta Tan, and Little Quemoy, which have been the targets of half the huge total of rounds fired by the enemy.

But big Quemoy is as large an island as Hong Kong. The Communist artillerymen are singularly inefficient. They have been using both air and surface quick-fused shells, which do very little damage unless you happen to be in the immediate neighborhood or unless they hit a fragile brick structure like a Chinese peasant's house. So Quemoy looks a bit pocked here and there, but Quemoy does not look and has not been really badly hurt, even by more than 150,000 rounds of enemy fire. As it is a big place, and the chances of being in the immediate neighborhood of any incoming round are trifling, the slow crump-crump of enemy shells almost ceases to be noticeable after a while (unless you hear the shell, which means that they are aiming fairly close).

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS

Besides this slow crumping, the place has its other characteristic sounds and sights. There is the odd sight, for instance, of a school of small amphibious landing craft, looking like a



Besieged Islands Are Easy Marks For Communist Guns

stranded school of porpoises. They wait in a sheltered gully to lumber back across the beach to swim to their mother LST. It will come soon, and a new school of supply-laden small craft will replace these that one sees.

There are the gun positions—every visitor is shown a gun position—with the 155s housed in all but impenetrable casemates. The seasoned, efficient gun crews, mostly mainlanders and getting older now, have made their casemates almost as homelike in their long spare time. Little Capt. Peng, commanding the battery, talks wistfully of "my province," which he left some 17 years ago; and he talks proudly of his battery's success with time on target fire against the enemy guns, which he cannot maintain as he ought to do, because an iron ration of ammunition has to be conserved. Then there are the villages,

like North and South Mountain, near the beach where the invading Communists lost 15,000 men in 1949. Poor oyster fishermen who also grow millet and sweet potatoes live here; but South Mountain also has its big house built by returning immigrants who made money overseas. It cannot have been a bad place before the shelling. Now, however, it takes a full five minutes to find a single civilian inhabitant.

Young Li Pien-chin, who has lived here in his life, explains that another member of the Li clan was killed that morning by a chance shell that got him when he was bringing in his horse. He shows the way about the place—its great peculiarity is the innumerable massive pig pens, all granite, built before the Quemoy reforestation. China seem to spring from the ground to look at the foreigners,

but most of the villagers are huddled in the damp tunnel-shelters.

"Many will come out tomorrow, when they have forgotten today's death," says young Li. "We have not lost many, but it is bad that we dare not go out for oysters or work the fields properly any more."

'Now All We've Got To Do Is Sell The Doggone Things'

People's Platform

Inside Bob Kennel

Editors, The News: I JUST recently my attention was called to another very kind editorial on the subject of an overly publicized Mr. Bob Kennel from North Carolina State College. I know the gentleman very intimately; but sometimes from reading the daily papers of our fine nation, I wonder just how well he knows himself. For Bob Kennel doesn't feel qualified to fill a description some have given him; nor does he feel like a crusading symbol for the revival of the overbearing dominance of the United States have held over every other country in technological and scientific know-how.

True, he is flattered at the praise—and yes, even basking in it. He is not a genius though; he knows his capabilities and limitations. He has been blessed with an above-average mind; but the good grades have come more from a little luck and a good deal of perseverance.

In the field of athletics he is by no means exceptional. Here again he has used a little above-average ability and a lot of hustle to try reaching his goals.

Thus in an attempt to analyze him, I find that his spirit is more competitive than destined. If he were lucky enough to be blessed with an exceptional mind and athletic ability, a lot of the job of the world would be done and the ballfield would diminish.

To clear up some considerable misunderstanding, Bob is back at State this fall doing graduate work. In February he will leave with his wife for a year's study at the University of Melbourne, Australia, under a Rotary Foundation Fellowship. He will play baseball every summer that he gets the chance for, the pure joy of playing, the more-than-adequate salary, and the complete mental



BOB KENNEL Luck And Perseverance

rest which baseball affords from the academic field make it the perfect vacation.

Probably in this pressing world of ours today we are using too much the typically American "self-will" to mass produce human vocations to fit our immediate needs. America's traditional freedom to live one's own life as he sees fit has never left us faltering on the brink before. I am confident that same freedom will not fail us now.

As for Bob Kennel, he is a guy with just a little above-average mind and ability who wishes to exploit his God-given talents toward the betterment—not the destruction—of the world he lives in, and in the process he is enjoying life to the hilt.

— ROBERT P. KENNEL

Quote, Unquote

"All animals are equal, but some animals are more equal than others."—George Orwell.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON ALLIED diplomats aren't advertising it, but they are daily more concerned over the U.S. Chinese deadlock. They fear that the rest of the world may be pulled into a war which our allies don't want, which not of their making, but which they will have to fight.

This was the reason for the secret huddle between British Foreign Minister Selwyn Lloyd with Russian Foreign Minister Gromyko. Lloyd got nowhere. He found Gromyko unwilling to lift a finger to influence the Red Chinese.

Fear Spreads To Ike

This fear has now spread to Eisenhower himself and has made almost frantic pleas to John Foster Dulles to make sure Chiang Kai-shek does not pull us into war on the Chinese mainland.

It was because of the President's worry that Adm. Harry Felt, U.S. commander in the Pacific, recently held a three-hour conference with Chiang Kai-shek but threatening to go it alone if the United States made a deal with Red China at Warsaw, and Felt called the National Security Council a deal with the three-hour talk that Chiang was still threatening to go it alone.

The admiral reported that Chiang was threatening not only to attack the Chinese

Chiang Threatens To Start Major War

shore batteries but to re-invade the Chinese mainland. He told the admiral that the Chinese people would hail his return as a conquering hero and join the battle to overthrow the Communists.

Adm. Felt reported to Washington that there was no question but that Chiang hoped to expand the Quemoy crisis into a full-scale war which would pave the way for his return to power.

Backstage Reason

The secret conference between Felt and Chiang was the backstage reason for the blunt announcement in Washington later that the United States was not unloading Chiang Kai-shek to bomb or invade the Chinese mainland. In other words, the Eisenhower administration finds itself in exactly the same position as the Truman administration when, during the 1952 election, Eisenhower was criticizing Truman for not unloading Chiang Kai-shek.

End Of Mystery Man

Having played some part in first exposing Henry Grunwald, the mystery man, it may seem paradoxical for me to say a kind word for him now.

Henry's trail first crossed mine when I was investigating the manner in which

Finagling

Grunwald was guilty of a lot of finagling. But the more I saw of him the more I became convinced that he was a small tool used by big operators. When it came time to take the rap, he took it. I have spent hours trying to get Grunwald to talk about the big companies which employed him. He wouldn't talk. He remained loyal to the end.

Worthless Memoirs

He tried to write his memoirs to make a little money for his court costs. But the memoirs were worthless without the story of who employed him. The story remains untold and, with his death, will never be told. Certain powerful executives in Washington and Wall Street can now quit worrying.

Gauldie Hounded

The Justice Department has hounded Lamar Gauldie who received nothing, and Matt Connelly who received two suits and an overcoat from Bernard Lofgren, who has not been prosecuted for his various tax arrears in violation of the wool labeling act, and the Securities and Exchange Commission

Grunwald Sent His Personal Check For \$5,000

But Nixon wasn't around to help him last week. Nixon helped Congressman Adam Clayton Powell of Harlem to delay a tax prosecution Powell had influenced over the Negro vote. Grunwald had lost his influence.

Killing Blow

Grunwald had been convicted of fixing a tax case. But the U.S. Supreme Court set aside the verdict. That set him on the same charge, a hung jury refused to convict. That should have ended it. But last week, the Justice Department notified Grunwald he had to stand trial again—on Oct. 6. On the day he receives that news he suffered a stroke from which he never recovered.

Quote, Unquote

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From The Chapel Hill Weekly

KISSING LANES

CHAPEL HILL, with its narrow streets and many cars, needs kissing lanes. Such lanes should be established very soon if accidents are to be avoided and nerves are to be soothed. Hillsboro, Raleigh, and Cameron are three streets that definitely need such lanes. They need only short, bypassing semicircular driveways such as the trains use in passing each other.

Without such lanes the people who are dropped off at dormitories and classrooms and even at sorority houses, clog our streets. They open the car door indicating that there is good reason to stop. Then they kiss goodbye. They say a few more things and then repeat the goodbye kisses. Sometimes that pattern is repeated many many times.

But the really dangerous part of it all is when a car driver attempts to pass

the good-by-sayers. With brain thoroughly burned after the long wait, the driver does not watch carefully for possible pedestrians or even for oncoming cars when he sees a chance to pass. He darts by the parked car. This is dangerous.

This can be very costly, more costly than the building of kissing lanes.

The Moscow radio says: "A good appetizer is a dose of physical labor before meals. No one sees a chance to pass. He darts by the parked car. This is dangerous."

Pome in which is suggested a formula for Domestic Bliss: If a husband's very wise He'll submit to compromise.—ATLANTA JOURNAL.