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Democracy For The Dark Continent Is A Pipe Dream

By ROBERT C. RUARK

AS AN old African hand—and I will be heading back to the old continent pretty soon, because I am overwhelmed with one massive curiosity: I want to know, after hearing all the fine talk and reading all the boasts at the recent All-African Peoples' Conference in Accra, just how the African is going to make this brand-new democracy work.

There seem to be nearly 200 million natives rattling around on the continent. They are of different tribes, different folkways, different languages. The majority are uneducated. One way or the other, most tribes have a passing active dislike for each other.

CLOETE'S VIEW

Stuart Cloete, who knows as much about Africa as any writing man alive, with the possible exception of Laurens van der Post, and who has always been basically pro-African in his views, has written a fountain pen.

"The African's problem is not how to get rid of the white man, but to do without him, the aged, the infirm, the socially deprived have gained new hope. Of that he must approve.

And, the penalty of success (in education and advancement) is to have the socially deprived African's relatives descend on him en masse. And, the first act of a "modernized" African is to turn and kick

his unsuccessful relative in the pants.
Tom Mboya, the 28-year-old firebrand from Kenya, was the hit of the Accra conference, with his blazing speeches about "Write Min. Scram!" but I didn't read any reference to the alohi or share-crop system, of Kikuyu land tenure in which landlords equate farm or attempt to poach on the lands of their own tribesmen, who

In Kenya alone Mboya would have to deal with Kikuyu, Wankamba, Wailungu, Kavirondo, Meru, Masai, Rendile, Samburu, Somali, Turkana, Coastal Somali, Limbu and a host of other thousand ethnic and subtribes. Most of them are pastoral, some are agrarian, some live in cities, some fish, some hunt, some poach. Most of them view each other with active suspicion, dislike and, in some instances, active hatred. Most detest Kikuyu, the largest tribe, I am told, over the years for sea-lawyering and deviousness rather than valor or simple toughness or active fierceness.

Trying to weld the nomadic herdsmen into a whole with the agriculturists, the laborers, the hunters, the fishermen, the outcasts was Mboya, the chiefs and the spies and the bee-chasers—even in one state state, Kenya, would be an almost impossible task. The state of simplicity of thinking among the majority of the tribesmen must be seen to be believed, even today. Farther than the size of Africa, and the difficulty of welding its diverse peoples into a whole.

COURTHOUSE BOYS

In one respect, the African does not differ from his white cousins. He wants to cling to what he holds, and he does not wish to share. The great Kwame Nkrumah's first steps when Ghana became a state was to sicken, exile or confine the opposition. There was a shocking scandal in public land-hoarding in Ghana when King Freddie, the head



Weapons Used In A Recent Uprising In Kenya

of the Bagandas, came back from a champagne exile in England. The courthouse boys just kind of cut up a few hundred thousand choice acres among themselves.

I am 100 per cent for democracy, but you have to have somebody to mind the store, somebody to count the potatoes, somebody to be on the cops. Africa by Africans has accomplished very little on its own—in agriculture, government, or administration—until first the Arab and then the white man arrived, and only recently. They can kick the white man

Is The 'Smooth Dealer' Really Smooth?

lands where political manners are even harsher than our own, the affable technique of "liquidation" rides the scene of vanquished politicians. Here, political tawdryists stuff them and hang them up for our contemplation.

It was in contemplation of the two-stuffed head of Adlai Stevenson that a Washington pundit recently concluded Adlai was the prophet of the "Smooth Deal."

The Smooth Dealer, to be set off from the New Dealer, may live in the country, wear a tuxedo or even a landing-party jacket, occasionally, keep a Dalmatian dog, pose as a farmer, go to Harvard, write literate sentences, dislike bores, question the infallibility of the "commo man," doubt that he has a direct pipeline from Heaven, and is somewhat conservative about social values.

Supposedly, he differs radically in kind from the old New Dealer, who was fiercely partisan, scorned social grace, spoke sally of "economic royalists," and wanted to bring the moon to Washington.

NOSTALGIA for the old New Dealer implies a certain distrust of the Smooth Dealer—supposedly incarnate not only in Stevenson but in many new bloods in Democratic politics—Max Baucus of Wisconsin, Kennedy of Massachusetts, Engle of California, Clark of Pennsylvania.

Is their advent a sign of dead times in politics? Or is it more stable today and education are less and less a positive liability in aspiring politicians?

Do men like Adlai Stevenson really, as one writer suggests, "fit the mold of the well-adjusted, moderate, affable man in the middle, a little more handsome" or do they belong to another dimension altogether—do they belong to a dimension which scorns with an old-time fervor, equal to that of the intensely political New Dealer, "smoothness," well-adjustedness, "the middle" and the organized conformist values of suburbia? We suspect, the latter.

THE Smooth Dealer's blood pressure, we imagine, is no more stable today than Harold Lee's blood pressure must have been when he railed, some two decades ago, from the New Deal bandwagon.

The Smooth Dealer's blood pressure, however, is made to leap by different prospects, in his study in The Recorder's office of Edmund Wilson, in some ways a literary Smooth Dealer, Norman Podhoretz finds a recoil to an earlier America, validly puritan and Emersonian in its belief in individual "self-reliance."



Stevenson As A 'Farmer'

It is a recoil, not towards political reaction or nativism, but away from the "political man." Perhaps the Smooth Dealer, now rising in politics, shares this recoil. His predecessor, the New Dealer, was elated over external prospects. Government could fulfill them with social security, full employment, business recovery, economic growth. Perhaps now the balance has swung. Perhaps the Smooth Dealer would say that if the nation is to remain vigorous the next thrust must be from within the individual conscience.

THE Smooth Dealer has seen an economic revolution in his lifetime in the wake of which the more, the aged, the infirm, the socially deprived have gained new hope. Of that he must approve.

But with a soul inclined towards what he calls "the good life," indefinable as it is, he has witnessed with horror "the degradation of the democratic dogma" in which mediocrity is exalted, excellence, particularly of mind, discounted. He has seen shabby demagogues tyrannize over free minds, pillaging libraries, burning books, making ideas disreputable. He has seen public taste practically set by cereal packagers, cigarette boxers, auto designers. He has heard language slaughtered in the shops along Madison Ave. He has seen energies white-hot to make the world safe for everything but taste and thought.

IS it any wonder, then, that a new political man is on the upgrade? Is it any wonder that old political categories are defied by the Smooth Dealer with the genteel hole in his shoe sole?

An Eternal Privilege Of Graybeards

A SELF-STYLED "gray-beard" editorialized at length in the Tulsa Tribune the other day about how blame the youngsters are these days. They have no sense of wonder, he says; the young jet pilot knows the history-laden and beautiful landscape only as a pattern of "electronic intercessions."

How should he know how to enjoy a modern car when he has never had to walk, never even known the challenge of manipulating an old-style gearbox? ... Will the young passenger in the jet airliner of 1965 ever know anything like the thrill of peering down through the floorboards of an old biplane as with its 60 magnificent horsepower—the most powerful engine we could conceive in the 1920s—it strains to clear the fence at the end of the pasture?

But you get the idea—and alas, it's all too true: we are prisoners of our particular moment in time and space. That the youngsters focus us to focus on landmarks at hand. If the landmarks happen to be hydromatic gearshifts and jet planes, then that, we are afraid, is that.

But c'mon now—the man who flew an airplane with no cockpit at all, never even tried to start a pasture fence must have caused the bored "take-it-or-leave-it" attitude of even he who looked down through the floorboards of a biplane. And what about that

man who bumped along with grit in his eyes and mouth in the auto with no gears and no windshield? To him a man with a gear box must have seemed dangerously near to fat luxury. And his attitude must have been nothing comparable to that of someone who spent his whole life looking at the hind-end of a horse. "No sense of wonder, at all," he must have mourned watching a horseless carriage pitter by at 5 m.p.h. The primitive ancestors of ours who ran and walked for centuries, must have thought the inventor of the wheel and the harness of animals inconceivably blasphemous. And from the vines, and branches, the anthropomorph must have given their dull minds ask about the gall of people who, in "my day, that trip was colder than hell."

That Tulsa gray-beard hit on something all right; and it works backward or forward. We shudder, for instance, to think what the gray-beards of 2500 will be saying about their youngsters' "A heated rocket to Mars" one of the gray eminences will harumph. "In my day, that trip was colder than hell."

Just For Laughs

WHO says the Russians don't have a sense of humor? Article 17 of the Soviet constitution says: "The right fully to secede from the USSR is reserved to every Union Republic."

China's Agony A Hundred Million

By JOSEPH ALSOP

WASHINGTON FOR THE first time, a rational explanation is available for the fearful, crucially important mystery of China's agricultural communes.

The mystery can be simply summed up. It is easy to understand why the Chinese Communist leaders have found it necessary to imitate Stalin. But why on earth have they chosen to outdo Stalin? The Soviet dictator's collectivization of Russian agriculture was quite sufficiently terrible. Why have the Chinese chosen to imitate more terrible and more unsettling commune system?

The answer almost certainly lies in the almost incredible statistics concerning the current labor corvees in Communist China, which are the most important factor in the present labor corvees, comprise close to one hundred million people. In other words, the number of Chinese currently engaged in forced labor is a good deal more than half of the population of the United States, and nearly as much as the population of the Soviet Union.



Mao: A Riddle Solved

ONE IN SIX It must be understood, of course, that forced labor of the Chinese corvee is not exactly like Soviet forced labor. Criminals and political dissidents may be included, but in China all law-abiding citizens not belonging to the privileged class are and always have been subject to corvee. In fact, Chinese civilization was largely built by corvee labor; and what is staggering and unprecedented in the figure given above is simply its size.

Even in China, however, you cannot take one able-bodied person in every six for special construction projects, and still have enough left over to fill the fields. The most ruthless and cruel mobilization of peasant man-and-woman-power was needed, because this was the only way to maintain agricultural output with the hands still available.

They Decided To Come Here For Vacations—Now Move On And Stop Asking Questions

able. The system of the rural communes resulted. INTERNAL TROUBLE This explanation of a phenomenon that has seemed inexplicable has another kind of significance, too. It seems the worse because of grave internal trouble in Communist China is considerably greater than most people have supposed.

Here the background reasoning becomes a bit more complicated. In brief, the Chinese leaders have been driven to carry out their hideous "agricultural reform" just as Stalin was driven. This problem is financing their enormous program of forced industrialization. Hence they have had to take the countryside in hand, to seize a far larger share of the product of agriculture, and to depress the living standard all to get the funds for capital investments.

MAO'S TASK In every respect but one, moreover, Stalin's task in the period of the first Five Year Plan was easier than Mao's task today. China was then, with a lower living standard, a smaller store of resources as yet untapped, and so on and so forth. China has the tradition of the labor corvee. Miracles of construction can be accomplished by Chinese peasants accustomed to corvee labor. Ancient work habits, ingrained by millennia, make the kind of construction remarkably efficient in China, whereas Soviet forced labor was most inefficient.

But if the system of communes was necessitated because 100 million people were already toiling in labor corvees, then China's one great special asset had already been expended. In fact, Mao Tse-tung made the same harsh choice that Stalin made. This choice is a special factor that may ease the agony to which the Chinese people have now been condemned. There is nothing to hasten the moment when their agony will bear fruit, as the agony of the Russian people finally bore fruit, in the form of a vastly increased national product.



HERBLOCK

People's Platform

The policies of this party are clearly set forth and there has been no change as was demonstrated in Little Rock, Ark., in September, 1957. The southern people will never support or forget this party. —J. C. NESOM

'The Choice Is Ours, All Of The Time...' Charlotte

THE key word is possible. Naturally it is not possible to be cheerful and pleasant all the time; indeed, much of the time. And with practice, most of the time. For the choice is ours, all of the time. —JOHN B. NAPOLITANO

LIQUID ASSET

LONDON theatre critics comment that an actress in a new West End production has a voice which "sounds like bathwater running out through a slightly defective wash-pipe" recalls the battery of ruder similes unleashed a year ago by George Jean Nathan in his Arc of the North, published in 1928. He described the stage laughter of several actors and actresses who were at that time staples of America's theatres. John Barrymore's laugh, he wrote, was like "an arpeggio executed on a xylophone that has been left in the rain. Mr. Holbrook Blinn laughs like water running out of a bathtub, and Mr. Louise Mann like a piccolo muffled with a dishrag. Miss Lamare, when she seeks to express loud mirth, sounds much like a fish fork struck against an umbrella peddler, and Miss Lynn Fos-

From The Manchester Guardian

lance like someone falling upon a banjo. The familiarity with home-made "skiffle" instruments acquired in recent years now enables the English reader to appreciate more fully Nathan's comparison of Miss Skinner's laughter with the sound of a thumb and forefinger being run along a rosined cord attached to an old basking-powder can."

A man met a friend in a psychiatrist's office and asked, "You coming or going?" "If I knew that," the friend replied, "I wouldn't be here." —Meyers Press-SCIMITAR

When a man sees eye to eye with his wife, it means his vision has been corrected. —LIGHT POINT ENTERPRISE

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON MOST significant move in the battle was the much-publicized session to nominate sincere Sen. John Sherman Cooper of Kentucky as their leader, but a very hush-hush visit to the White House by Vice President Nixon and Republican National Chairman Meade Adair.

They wanted the President that he was being a very serious risk in the Republican Party. The liberal Republicans, they reported, not very strongly and were not going to stop their fight. They would continue battling all during Congress whether they won or not.

Old Guard Symbol The President was reminded that Sen. Everett Dirksen of Illinois was a symbol of the old guard and that the Senate liberals would never take him as their leader. Dirksen had appeared on television during the Alroy-McCarthy

Northern People Will Never Support GOP

Editors, The News: Universal Standard Encyclopedia: The Republican Party, one of the two major political parties in the United States. It was founded in 1854, primarily as an anti-slavery party, by former adherents of the Free-Soil and Whig parties and by leaders of the young commercial and industrial class of the Northern States; which viewed the abolition of slavery as the means of securing economic and political supremacy over the powerful southern slaveholders.

A Flat Refusal The most significant part of the interview, however, was Eisenhower's position. He refused flatly to budge from his previous private support of Sen. Dirksen. He said that he was, regardless of the Nixon-Alroy plan, the President stood behind Dirksen.

No Longer A Part' Later one Republican senator summarized the situation this way: "The Eisenhower Republicans have lost Eisenhower. He has been listening so attentively to his goliath partners in the state dinners that the man who was elected as a liberal Eisenhower Republican is no longer part of the mold that is created."

Eisenhower Deserts His Own 'Crusade'

hearings as the defender of Sen. McCarthy at the very time McCarthy had been undercut by Eisenhower. Dirksen was also reminded that Dirksen had led a finger at Sen. Dewey at the 1952 convention and accused Dewey of leading the Republican Party down the drain. Dirksen was masterminding the nomination of Eisenhower for President.

New Face Needed Finally, the Senate liberals were reported to like as being very firm that the November elections proved the Republican Party needed to present a new liberal face if it is to triumph in 1960.

They Went Further Nixon and Alroy not only reported these arguments to Eisenhower but went to the length of telling the President they were in sympathy with the liberals. They particularly agreed that the Republicans must show aggressive liberal leadership in 1960.

This is the most important political development in Washington today. The Senate GOP liberals have adopted the battery of the 442nd Japanese Hawaiian American Regimental Combat Team when it stormed the hill in the Battle of Cassino. They knew it was the most impossible to take the hill, but their battery was "Go For Broke."