



How You Hunt Tigers At Night In Indian Jungle

By ROBERT C. RUARK

SUPHEAR RANGE, India
T HE old peacock is very tasty. If you like peacock, and I like peacock, especially with mustard pickles. The kerosene refrigerator yields up cold soda and beer and ice cream.

Outside the big dak-bungalow the trees are scarlet blotches of flamingo-trees against the deep glossy green of the tall, poplarlike soil trees and the straight sweet pines. The days are sunny with a brisk breeze, and the nights are cold at the lavish camp.

Down the road a place in another camp are old friends, Jack Roach of Texas and Charlie Vork of Indiana. We drop in on each other occasionally for a meal or a drink and a lot of lies.

This place looks like a country club in Connecticut in the early fall, except for the bullock carts and buffalo convoys taking teak logs out. A radio blares happily somewhere in the camp, and kids play with assorted dogs. About the only exotic note is a monkey who touches his forehead in a salaam when you speak to him.

This is about as unjungle as Westchester County but it is prime tiger country, and a 10-minute walk puts you right in the night. No danger passes that a tiger does not kill a native cow or buffalo and drag it off to the jungle.

It is natural that an idiot of my caliber will find himself sitting in a tree over the corpse of a tiger's latest kill in the pitch black jungle, waiting for old Shere Khan to come back to his dinner.

BACK TO NATURE
That is when all the country-club aspects fade, because a jungle at night is a jungle at night. I know nothing more solemn and creepy. All the little gimmicks and delusions of civilization fade and splutter out. You are right back with your forehead—naked, shivering, and wishing for a scrap of fire to ward off the predators.

If you could smoke or talk to your shikari it wouldn't be so tight. But the walk into the jungle is a mile of silence, and the second you climb the tree and huddle down on the hard poles of a mosquito-net you are pressed seat—you do not cough, sneeze,

A tongue of light flicks out and there he is, Shere Khan, the tiger, evil eye, blood-crushed, his wide rufous stained with blood, looking straight at you as he crouches snarling over his kill.

There is a moment of experience that all men should see once, if only to inform of what a short distance they have traveled since they came from the trees to work erect as men.

What N. C. Needs Is More Taxpayers

LAST MONTH some of this community's newer citizens had an unpleasant surprise. They had come here from northeastern states, along with their companies which had moved south. Some of these folks had been looking forward to income tax time—as much as one can look forward to it—because they thought their taxes would be lower. They had heard about attractive tax rates in the South, and hoped to benefit from them.

But the people from Maryland found that state income tax is higher here than there, at least for persons in the middle and upper income bracket. North Carolina doesn't permit the reduction, in computing state income tax, of items like gasoline and sales tax, which Maryland allows. Sales tax here is a percentage point higher than it is in Maryland.

Connecticut too has a two percent sales tax. And, like Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Rhode Island and a few other states, it levies no state income tax at all.

Understandably enough, the new comers' first reaction was that North Carolina must be a mismanaged state. State taxes were higher here, but in some respects, state services were less than they were in the Northeast. If tax revenue is reduced, they reasoned, maybe the N. C. state government will have to become more efficient.

The truth of the matter is not that North Carolina's finances have been mismanaged, but that there simply aren't enough Tax Heel taxpayers. So many North Carolinians don't make enough money to pay any, or an appreciable amount, of taxes. Income payments per capita averaged \$1,639 throughout the U. S. in 1952. Delaware led the list with \$2,860. Connecticut was third with \$2,080. New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania were well above the national average. And North Carolina was in its accustomed place, ranking 45th among the states, with \$1,049.

In fact, the total family income of about 30 per cent of North Carolina's families was less than \$1,000 in 1949. More than half the families had a total income of less than \$2,000. On the other hand, almost 70 per cent of the families in the northeastern states had incomes of over \$2,000.

If per capita income payments in North Carolina equaled the national average, there would be enough revenue available to put many standard state facilities on a par with those in other states. There might be enough to justify some decrease in state taxes.

But state tax reduction, in view of the deficit and need for improvement of state facilities, would be ill-advised at the present time. Needed instead are more high-pay industries, better pay scales in native industries which, in the absence of minimum wage legislation pay sweatshop wages, and more job opportunities for Negroes. More taxpayers, not less taxes, is the need.

Cheer Up

Bombs Won't Get All Of Us

By JOSEPH & STEWART ALSOP

WASHINGTON
THIS is a cheerful report—and at least it is more cheerful than some which have appeared in this space. Its burden is simply this—there will always be some of us left.

To put it another way, the best qualified experts have rather recently come around to the view that it is on the whole unlikely that the human race can be wholly exterminated by the atomic bomb. There does not seem all widely cherished by the reader, it should be pointed out that this is a marked change of view among the experts.

Until quite recently it was rather generally believed by the specialists in such matters that this bomb would be used in all after the next war, or after the war after the next. There have been two reasons for thinking this, both related to the radioactive side-effect of nuclear weapons.

One reason was the cobalt bomb which the cobalt bomb is simple enough. In place of the steel jacket of a hydrogen bomb, there is a jacket of cobalt, a metal which can be radioactively rather easily. The purpose of the cobalt jacket would be to render human life impossible over vast areas.

Theoretically, the cobalt jacket is transformed into heavily radioactive dust when the bomb explodes. This dust at first enters the atmosphere, and then falls to earth, rendering all the area where it settles lethally radioactive.

WAS TAKEN SERIOUSLY
This theoretical possibility has given rise to apocalyptic visions of whole nations, whole continents and finally the whole world, covered with the lethal cobalt dust, and wiped clean of human life.

Science thus helps man control the forests' greatest enemy. But man himself continues thoughtlessly to ignite precious woodlands. With summer and mountain trips coming on, remember two simple rules which will save the forests.

As Yet, Adlai Stevenson Has No Strong Competitor

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON
CONGRESSIONAL leaders will get all the best spots when the Democrats campaign here May 5 and 6 and the slogan will be "Let's look at the record."

Adlai Stevenson will be master of ceremonies at the Jefferson-Jackson Day dinner where his talent for quips should be effective. But he will make no main address. It is hoped that Harry S. Truman will accept a roving reporter assignment, always on foot and sticking his head in and out of all the panel discussions.

The question most often debated privately will still be: Is Stevenson already the inevitable Democratic candidate for President in 1960? While many Democrats want him, some do not and are quietly promoting various dark horses.

SENATORIAL SUPPORT
Look magazine has gone to the 46 Democratic senators for an answer. Asked if they thought Stevenson would be the candidate, 33 said yes, 15 said no. Asked if they wanted to lead the fight, 29 said yes, 17 said no.

What was interesting about this poll in addition to the figures was its failure to develop a clear placer. This supports a widely held opinion that if the convention were held next month, it would be Stevenson on the first ballot.

Stevenson's high standing in his Miami speech, against the advice of some senators, he challenged the administration on McCarthy, the hydrogen bomb and Indochina. The speech was badly delivered and seemed to have hurt his health. He has since had an illness and a kidney operation which was reported successful.

Three other polls recently have cheered up the Democrats. The Minnesota poll of the Cowles newspapers on the Senate showed Stevenson at the incumbent Democrat's side, Hubert Humphrey, and 34 per cent for his challenger, State Treasurer Bjornson.

The Texas poll by Joe Belden, considered a reliable barometer, states that while 62 per cent of Texans favor Stevenson, a growing criticism which is unlikely to subside unless times get better. This is a loss to the President of 12 per cent since August, 1953.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON
A quick look at the housing scandals under investigation today indicates that part occurred during Democratic administrations and part under the present Republican regime.

As far as the big money goes, much more went to the big builders under the Democrats, though it appears to have been legal. Chiseling under the Republican era was petty, more widespread and just as mean.

Here are the two kinds of graft that the building industry got away with under the two political parties.
Democratic graft occurred from 1941 to 1950 under section 608 of the Housing Act. This section provided for government insurance of private construction loans on apartment houses for rental. The loans were supposed to be guaranteed by the Federal Housing Administration at the rate of 90 per cent, but what happened was that FHA officials sometimes gave a markup of the loans to as high as 130 per cent of the building cost. In one case a builder got away with 150 per cent.

The Housing Shakedown Was Bipartisan

Actually the government hasn't lost any money on these deals, and losses will occur only if the banks making the loans are unable to collect them.

Finally, in 1950, Congress stepped in and stopped this juicy but legal means of rolling up profits. It abolished section 608.

Sheil And Coughlin
Bishop Sheil's denunciation of Father Coughlin was what tipped the scales of Catholic public opinion against the radio priest. Prior to that the Catholic hierarchy had remained silent. But Cardinal Mundelein of Chicago, a great friend of President Roosevelt, had decided that the time had come to speak out, and he prepared a radio address denouncing Coughlin.

ON NOTIFYING QUEENS UP STEPS

WHAT with golf, gardens, parades and all at the Wilmington Civic Festival, with the possible exception of Grady Cole, master of ceremonies, when he sought to go Sir Walter Raleigh one better and tote Neva Jane Langley (Miss America) in a rainstorm up the steps of the Lumina Ballroom which was doubling for Westminster Abbey in the coronation ceremonies.

Several conclusions, we think, can be drawn from this occurrence.
First, it is dangerous to try to outdo Sir Walter. That gentleman merely laid his cloak down for Queen Elizabeth to walk on; he did not try to carry her upstairs, though if he had she would probably have not objected (from all we have heard tell of her). If Mr. Cole had humbly placed his raincoat over a puddle and let it go that, all would have been well.

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