

The Klan: Absurdity In A Nightshirt

THE KU KLUX KLAN has been a bulking, amorphous foe of law and order in Dixie for years but it can never endure for long against the unrelenting pressure of truth and justice.
Despite this southern hoodlum periodically pump new life into the aging carcass. Out come the bedsheet hoods, Cyclops, Nightwalkers, Kludds, Kladd, Klockards and Kleggies begin thumping through the Kloran again. Finally, somebody plants a burning cross on a hillside and were off on another senseless saturnalia.
It's happened again.
Suddenly, in the wake of some legal maneuvering over the Supreme Court's ban on segregation in the public schools, the Klan was reborn in Texas. Three or four days ago, members of the hooded order attacked a newsmen in Florence, S. C.
State Atty. Gen. William Rodman made it perfectly clear in Raleigh this week that "North Carolina is not part of the Klan or kindred organizations." He offered his "complete approval" of a statement opposing the Klan drawn up in behalf of the Southern Association of Attorneys General.
The Klan has no place in North Carolina or anywhere else in the South. No clandestine organization based on hatred and committed to violence can help this region solve its race problems. It can only stir trouble in its worst possible form.
Students of southern history may remember that the original Klan came into being after the Civil War as a political movement to restore the franchise to ex-Confederates and to wrest control of the South from carpetbaggers and scalawags. Just before the last Yankee soldier moved North in the 1870s, the organization disbanded, mission accomplished.
Another Klan appeared in 1915, aiming its wrath at minority racial and religious groups. After a series of internal squabbles, public scandals and some trouble with Uncle Sam over income taxes, it too faded away—only to blossom again after World War II. In North Carolina, law enforcement officers and courageous editors like Willard Cole and W. Horace Carter brought about its demise in Tar Heels.
The Klan must not be allowed to rear its ugly head again—here or anywhere else. There may be a few sincere but deluded Tar Heels who think that such an organization can perform some useful purpose. It cannot. These same citizens who "mean well" are invariably victimized by organizers who cynically use the Klan for financial gain or restless, reckless and sadistic men and hoveyed religious fanatics who thirst for drastic action.
In any other setting, the bedsheet brigade would simply be funny. But the circumstances that produce this kind of native fascism in Dixie are very real and very serious. No the Klan isn't funny. But it is, in a way, absurd.

Music, Indeed, Is Everywhere

THE phrase, "Who Must File" was created through one of the most dreadful juxtapositions of words ever accomplished.
It only looks like a question. Actually it is a statement calculated to dot the duodenum with blisters. Its stark horror is exceeded only by the sentence (by either definition) that follows:
"Every citizen or resident of the United States—whether an adult or minor—who had \$600 (\$1,200 if 65 years of age or over) or more gross income must file."
Terror does not touch us all, however. One man heard music in the funereal passages of Form 1040 and incorporated them, parentheses and all, in a song called LAMENT FOR APRIL 15.
His name is Avery Clafin. His address is Brooklyn, and although the information is superfluous, he is a retired banker.
The song was sung for the first time by the Tanglewood Choir on Berkshire Festival grounds at Lenox, Mass., last week and the New York TIMES notes that it did not cause any of the picketers to gag on their sandwiches or their drinks, a comment that testifies to the new digestibility of salami.
Since the song is not one can only hope it doesn't get on the jukeboxes. Or perhaps justice would be better served if the song did hit the hit parade and made Mr. Clafin a million.
Then when April came again and he read the words, Who Must File, the parentheses would clank with a most unmusical sound.

Scaredy-Cat

ATTORNEY driving the vegetarians away from the innocent cabbage and the unsuspecting carrot yesterday, Mr. Robert C. Ruark, our cosmopolitan columnist, today takes whip and gun to all things feline.
In short, as you may see on the other side of the page, he leans on cats with all the weight his typewriter can muster.
We note and hope cat lovers will, too, that Mr. Ruark is writing from Palamos, Spain, a fact that speaks poorly for his reputation as a sportsman.
When next he comes home to North Carolina his location will be pinpointed for the benefit of persons wishing to test his mettle.

Soon A Rain Summer Cannot Stand

IF SUMMERS die in rain, and often it seems they do, this season was in crisis Sunday.
The heat returns and so this was not the fatal rain, but soon another will come to stay the night and the morning will be cool in noon and in the twilight a breeze that smells of drying grass will push a poplar leaf along a pavement, and summer will not rally again.
In moving hands the end of a summer is already seen.
Fingers reach through the twisted skein of an arbor to feel for softness in a scuppernon, press a grain of corn and find it hard, push from a garden path and sunflower weakened and bent from summer growth, pick the seed of melon and bean, place in the sun applied slick and quartered three. Fingers put peppers on a string.
Hands reach up for fodder blades, reach down to crush and feel the coarse nest of a cotton leaf shriveled and brown.
Hands turn and test school things, denim jeans and checked shirts, green tablets and yellow pencils, lunch boxes, shoe strings and kerchiefs.
Hands and fingers turn to autumn things while summer weakens in the rain.

FREEDOM IN HAIRCUTS

THE right of tonsorial dissent received a convincing demonstration in Miami Beach when a longhaired pair bedevilled by four high school lads for their "sissy" haircuts taught the youngsters a few tricks in the manly art of self defense.
The longhairs' turned out to be professional wrestlers.
In New York, meanwhile, vindication came to an employee discharged because he would not shave off a Van Dyke beard. Unemployment compensation officials ruled favorably on his appeal that he was entitled to payments on the ground that "an individual in a free community (could) present such an appearance as he wished so long as it did not affect his duties adversely and did not tend to injure the employer in its business or reputation."
A The right to wear one's hair long and the right to wear a beard thus re-established, in one instance by physical force and in the other by legal reasoning. Some of the freedom of frontier days may be asserting itself in America, probably under the beneficent influence of the longhaired version of Davy Crockett. But have the American wives been convinced of it yet?
Pressures for tonsorial conformity were indeed strong immediately preceding the revolution that now seems to be under way, from Florida to New York. It has taken a daring hand to shave with any degree of creativeness. One might say the pattern in recent years has pretty much been "cut and dried."
Dare we hope that once more the land

'Well, We Didn't Have So Many Of Them Under The Democrats'



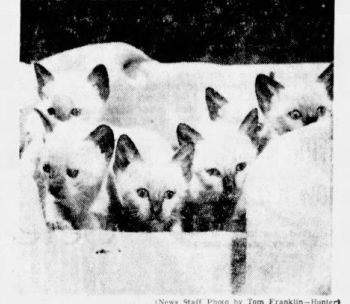
Survey Of '56 Issues

Fodder From Price Supports

WASHINGTON CANDIDATES will have to custom-tailor their 1956 election campaigns, according to congressional polling by Congressional Quarterly. A different set of issues will be crucial in each region.
Q received 236 responses to its poll, which asked congressmen to check off on a list of 50 the issues they thought would swing the 1956 congressional and presidential campaign in their areas. Every region was well represented.
Only a few issues ranked high in all four regions. Taxes and Employment, ranked in the top 10 in every region except the South, where it placed second to Farm Price Supports in percentage of votes in the poll. Two other issues, Farm Price Supports and Prosperity and Employment, ranked in the top 10 in each of the four regions.
REGIONAL
Six issues are strictly regional, ranking in the top 10 in only one region each and placing down the list elsewhere. Only the East chose Immigration and Refugees, Tariffs, and Trade as top campaign fodder. States Rights and Centralism, and Social Security and Employment, ranked in the top 10 only in the South. The Midwest was the only region to rank Free Enterprise and the Bricker Treaty Amendment in the top 10. Each of the West's top 10 made the grade elsewhere, too. The East stayed farthest from the national pattern as spokesmen for an industrial, urban region, eastern congressmen emphasized welfare and labor issues. The East's large population of foreign-born and second-generation Americans probably accounts for placing Immigration and Refugees in third place.
FOREIGN POLICY
Only one foreign policy issue, Tariffs and Trade, made the top 10 in the East. Some sections of the East depend on foreign trade for prosperity, and then the mysterious delay by Ike himself.
The answer is: Backstage pressure by lobbyists.
And here is how the lobbyists worked. First, Capital Transit Boss Wolfson had been a heavy contributor to both Republicans and Democrats. He and his colleagues placed money on the election campaigns of certain senators just as a gambler places money on different numbers around a roulette wheel figuring that one or the other would pay off. This is a common practice by the officials of big corporations. Having contributed to a senator, they then feel no compunction about asking favors from that senator.
Contributions
In the Florida campaign to elect Gov. "Ike" Warren, for instance, Wolfson was recorded as contributing the amazing amount of \$200,000.
Sen. Wayne Morse (D-Ore) ran up against Wolfson's campaign contributions when trying to subpoena him to testify regarding the Capital Transit Strike. Wolfson at first appeared to be ducking the Senate District of Columbia Committee.
McNamara Explodes
And when Morse pressed the search, Sen. Symington (D-Mo) came in handy, advised that Wolfson had been a generous contributor to the Democrats.

Mouse Man Chases Kitties Over His Angry Typewriter

BY ROBERT C. RUARK
PALAMOS, SPAIN
A LOT of people have knocked Long Island, for one reason or another, but the city of Westbury has just reaffirmed my faith in the place so many folks commute to Westbury has banned cats, nocturnally, that is. They got a curfew on cats.
At least one editor I know, who raises cats, won't care much for this piece, nor will my ancient friend, Mr. Rex Smith, an old bullfighter with a cat complex, and so I am willing to blow this paragraph, and likely will.
The meat of the piece is that only dogs had been forbidden to run loose in Westbury, disturbing the populace, but now a mayor, name of George B. Knipping, has sponsored a ban on nocturnal tom-cats, with the fine fixed at \$25. How the guilt of the cat will be affixed to the owner is no business of mine.
A cat up a tree never young any paths in my young reporter's breast. I am a mouse man, primarily, and my sympathy is all with the well-bred little gray fellow who sneaks out of the hole in the wall and skips gaily across the room, switching his tail saucer. As a matter of fact, I would rather be a rat than a cat.
For my catnip, a cat has less personality than any other living creature. It is a bigger horse, more selfish, and less useful than any of the other four-footed creatures. It couldn't care less about its owner, and stays so splendidly aloof—unless you have on a blue suit—that you might as well not be in the room.
The noisiest noise of the nighttime is a tomcat coming out with heavy lope, whether or not there is a tabby handy to quench it on. If there is, then there are two sets of noises, both loathsome. Love cannot actually be as painful as cats attempt to make it.
There is no more cruel critter I know of. Cat-and-mouse is an old phrase, and the cat is inferior to a mouse in every way. It is strictly one of torture. It bats its paw at a mouse, and nibbles at it, and keeps it alive for fun.
It can't in the country, gone wild, is possibly permissible, for it has to eat. But the average country cat just goes prowling for fun, an easy farmer will tell you that cats kill more young birds—quail, pheasants, and partridge—than all the other varmints. A quail lover shoots a prowling cat faster than a horse-thief.
A cat tells you he loves you by digging his claws into your flesh, whilst purring gently of course. Even the purr is spurious. No sensible animal leaves his motor running.
Of the bigger cats—I exclude lions, because a lion is more dog than cat—the leopard and the tiger are widely known as the villains of the animal world. Only a tiger or a leopard kills for fun, which puts him on a par with man as a murderer. I know one tiger to kill several buffalo just for fun, and he never ate a smidge of one of them. A leopard looses in a foyard or a piggan or sheepfold will kill and kill and kill, just like people do.
A cat never walks straight across a room. He slinks. A cat never really takes you into his confidence. He's a bully, yes, and a thief, yes, and a completely self-centered bore. Gratitude is not in him, nor the kind of dumb affection that makes the dog's love for his friend.
I say hooray for Westbury, and if you have trouble fixing the curfew on cats, well, like I said, shotgun shells are fairly cheap, whether you're aiming at the cat or the owner.



Tom Stames by Tom Franklin-Hunter. LITTER OF SHAMELESS 'Bums, Bores And Thieves'

People's Platform

Why Did The Lord Make Them Colored?
Editors, The News:
I write that they "merely want their rights."
They are just as free as the whites. They ride the same buses and trains, and I mean take all seats on the buses, and the bus company runs more buses for them than for the whites.
Why don't more of them go to the North if they want to go to school with the white children? I have people in Philadelphia and you never see a Negro where they live.
I think they should have as good schools as whites, and they do here in Charlotte. But why do they think it will help them to mix the schools? If we have private schools what will they do?
The white people pay lots more taxes and help the colored people more than any other state. And most of them don't want to mix in the schools. It's just the NAACP and the leaders trying to force it on them.
I've lived in Charlotte 35 years, and try to live a Christian life, and I don't have any children to go to school.
Why did the Lord make them colored? He isn't expect us to marry and mix.
We surely don't treat the Indians nice or help them. American people took their land. They don't bother us, just live to themselves.
I don't see why we can't have it the same way America has lived for over 100 years.
—MRS. LILLIAN SMITH
Georgia Urges Dean To Run
Atlanta, Ga.
Editors, The News:
SINCERELY hope my friend, J. Morgan Kousser, changes his mind and runs for governor in '56. Dog lovers and pet owners all over the South will be let down if Mr. Dean does not choose to run.
Dean has friends all over Georgia and they have been looking forward to the next governor's race in North Carolina with much interest. Please, Mr. Dean, run.
You will win I feel sure.
—J. G. CORLEY

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON HERE is another illustration of how the fourth branch of government, the lobbyists, operates backstage in Washington.
Just before Congress adjourned, it rushed through a bill permitting the District of Columbia government to seize the Capital Transit Co., long on strike, and operate its buses and street cars for the benefit of the public.
A Cripper
This strike has had one of the most crippling effects on the nation's capital in years. Yet financier Louis Wolfson, the Florida shipyard operator who owns the Capital Transit Co., stood on the sidelines, demanding that Congress stay in session until the bill was passed.
Speaker Sam Rayburn, though anxious to adjourn, reluctantly did stay in session and did pass the transit-seizure bill.
But despite the demand of his own Republican constituents, like mysteriously delayed signing it.
Mysterious Pressures
What was the reason for this strange delay? Why the demand on the part of Ike's Republican appointees in action, and then the mysterious delay by Ike himself.
The answer is: Backstage pressure by lobbyists.
And here is how the lobbyists worked. First, Capital Transit Boss Wolfson had been a heavy contributor to both Republicans and Democrats. He and his colleagues placed money on the election campaigns of certain senators just as a gambler places money on different numbers around a roulette wheel figuring that one or the other would pay off. This is a common practice by the officials of big corporations. Having contributed to a senator, they then feel no compunction about asking favors from that senator.
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Transit Lobbyists Pressured President

"By mentioning that," said Morse, "you've guaranteed that we'll subpoena him."
When Morse mentioned this and other pressure to his fellow DC committee member, Sen. Pat McNamara of Michigan, Pat's Irish temper exploded. Immediately they issued a "forthwith" subpoena, the toughest subpoena the Senate can issue.
Eventually Wolfson turned up and testified.
Meanwhile his lobbying forces started working on the White House to veto the transit-seizure bill. The pressure, Morse found, was being applied by David Brinkley, a lobbyist who had been one of the most successful public relations men in the nation's capital, an intimate friend of Sen. Styles Bridges of New Hampshire.
Lot Of Pressure
It had taken a lot of pressure on Speaker Rayburn and other congressional leaders to get the transit-seizure bill passed, yet now it was stymied in the White House. So Sen. Morse phoned Commissioner Sam Spencer, Ike's appointee as "mayor of Washington."
"I have reason to believe," warned Morse, "that pressure is being applied to the White House not to sign your bill."
"Oo, no, nothing like that could happen," replied Commissioner Spencer.