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The 'Outsiders' At The Till Trial

JUSTICE was just as dead as Emmett Till Saturday in the Mississippi courtroom where Roy Bryant and J. W. Milam were found innocent of his murder. This is not to say Bryant and Milam were guilty. No one, certainly not the chief law enforcement officer of Tallahatchie County, professes any expert knowledge on that score. Nor is it to suggest that the judge was unfair or the prosecution cowardly. Both seemed to have sensed and served their duty.

But it is a hard and frightening fact that neither freedom nor penalty for Bryant and Milam was asked in the name of justice. Acquittal was demanded as a rebuke to "outsiders" and as a glorification of race supremacy by the five defense attorneys. And although the prosecutor spoke of constitutional guarantees, he, too, felt compelled to equate a verdict with sociological impact. Free the defendants and keep the "outsiders" out, the defense said. Convict them and keep the "outsiders" out, said the state. In the end the question of guilt or innocence was placed not in the hands in justice.

but in the sea-sawing scales of sociological conflict. And since the prosecution and defense attorneys cannot be presumed to be unrealistic, it is safe to say the question was spurned and the murder screams in the propaganda rills of the extremists who clash like Matthew Arnold's ignorant armies in the night.

The jury that tried Bryant and Milam should have been insulted by the summations of the prosecution and the defense, particularly when the defense said it was "sure that every last Anglo-Saxon one of you has the courage to free these men in the face of that (outside) pressure" and that a guilty verdict would make "your fathers turn over in their graves." Anything less than a plea in the name of justice, whose blood has not been typed and whose ancestry is mixed, is admission that justice is not understood and is not wanted. Free the defendants. Till case is not the first in which prejudice was called to judge, nor will it be the last. But each time justice is spurned, all of us, Anglo-Saxons too, are a little less secure and a little less free.

Pulsating Eyes & Official Bewilderment

THE hurricane is showing eccentric behavior. She is following a serpentine path, her eye is pulsating in size, and her intensity varies.

This remarkable bundle of official bewilderment was released by the Miami Weather Bureau in a report on Hurricane Janet for the edgy Caribbean area.

To U. S. storm watchers, it was all too familiar. Similarly fuzzy advisories had been issued on big tropical blows menacing North American shores during 1955.

Janet is not heading our way. But for days the Weather Bureau went through tortured explanations which, strung down, seemed to indicate that government experts were never really sure where Janet was heading or why. She could even, like Stephen Leacock's famous horseman, have been riding off madly in all directions at once.

During the lone alert, warnings issued to coastal Carolina were reasonably accurate. But when the storm swirled northward, something went wrong and official forecasts proved to be extremely unreliable.

The fault may or may not lie with Weather Bureau operations. This is a

matter for scientists to debate. John O. Stewart, associate professor of astronomical physics at Princeton University, is indeed critical of the bureau. He accuses it of relying too heavily on "very hazardous and vague" airplane and radar tracking instead of "old-fashioned" bromometers and wind indicators.

Whatever the merit of Mr. Stewart's argument, this much is certain: Hurricane research has not progressed satisfactorily in recent years. Too many questions remain unanswered. And man's ignorance is measured in many, many human lives. The project could even be done on a cooperative basis in conjunction with the governments of other affected nations in the Americas.

Some left five dead in North Carolina. Hills destroyed. Damaged in southern Mexico and took a toll of 168 lives, 1,000 injured and 20,000 homeless. What additional evidence is needed to establish the case for intensified research?

The World Series: Trip To Olympus

THE WORLD SERIES is not a mere athletic event; it is a national ritual. There is a certain hushed grandeur in the succession of preliminary games that suggests a coronation or the promotion of a minor deity to the heights of Olympus.

For one thing, on the day of the opening game, the television set may not be turned on until a school has made certain that it is turned off.

This is important. But long before the event is celebrated, the host will gather his friends around him for a rite that is closed to women-folk and if nobody goes in his responses will bewitch umpires and summon up the spirits of long-deceased shortstops.

It may begin, simply, with a discussion of the relative merits of Duke Snider and Mickey Mantle. It may end, as it often does, amid heated remarks about the manual dexterity of Mickey Owens and frequently, amid the moist, percussive sounds of refreshments being opened.

Suddenly, with tremulous off-handedness, the host will switch on the set. By this time, two hours have elapsed; it has been decided that Wymer is greater than Cobb; the guests are now; the host is quivering, and the gathering is teetering on the brink of unbearable pleasure.

And before you can say Jackie Robinson, the host has decided that Wymer is greater than Cobb; the guests are now; the host is quivering, and the gathering is teetering on the brink of unbearable pleasure.

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From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

VICKI REMINDS US OF JUMBO

NOT for a minute would we deprecate the achievement of Vicki, a 2,300-pound Charlotte (N. C.) elephant, in slipping away from an amusement park and eluding her would-be captors for more than a week. She managed to stay clear of the deep pit traps, dug by bulldozers and baited with molasses-sweetened hay. She took care after three men who were trailing her and gave them a merry chase. Yet her exploits fall far short of those narrated by Mark Twain in his story, THE STOLEN WHITE ELEPHANT.

This is not the place to retell the whole yarn, but the gist of it is that the King of Siam, wishing to wipe out some international unpleasantness, sent a white elephant to the Queen of England. The voyage was from New York and while the elephant was resting briefly in Jersey City, it disappeared. Its name was Hassan Ben Ali Ben Selim Abdallah Mohammed Moise Alhanna Jamsheebchou Dhulpep Ebu Dhupour, but it was called Jumbo for short.

Because Jumbo was a royal gift, a reward of \$25,000 was immediately announced and a staff of detectives dispersed to establish its whereabouts. The first telegraphic report came from Forest Station, N. Y., 7:30 a. m. "Have not clew. Succession tracks across farm. Think elephant went west. Shall shadow him in that direction." Ten minutes later another detective wired from Barker, N. J.: "Glad factory. Then he came out the Davy Crockett pad, the code name for 'Minimum orbital unmanned satellite, earth' is 'mouse' and he has the T-shirts, wrist watches and beanies to go along with that, too.—FLORIDA TIMES-UNION.

Then at 9:15 arrived an exciting message from Ironville, N. Y. "This village in Connecticut. Elephant passed through at 5 this morning. Some say he went east, some say west, some north, some south—but all say they did not wait to notice particularly. Has four and a half hours start, but I move on his track at once."

Through the day the telegrams arrived—from Sage Corners where the elephant washed out an anti-temporary meeting; from Hogansport where it "creaked wild fright"; from Bolivia where it broke up a funeral and diminished the mourners by two; from Baxter Center where it closed a revival and then fled into a dense forest. One of the detectives followed tracks all the way to Monroe, Mich., from which he wired three weeks later that the footprints "got stronger and bigger and fresher every day." Mark Twain tells what finally happened but it would not be the thing to recount it now. Anyway, Vicki made us think of Jumbo—that is, Jumbo for short.

Another feminine characteristic of Mother Earth is that she has been successful to date in concealing her sex from man.—JACKSON (Miss.) STATE TIMES.

This Disney is shot with luck. Even if he now almost every curb and corner, had people those side walks and cheer him as he drove up the canyons of lower Broadway under a storm of ticker tape had newspapers hawked from those sidewalks, blasting him, praising him, had politicians speak



"He wants to know, would you be interested in exchanging blueprints and strategies..."

A President's Contribution The True American Style

By JOSEPH ALSOP

Editors' Note: Herewith is a personal report by Joseph Alsop to his brother, Stewart Alsop, who has just returned from a three-month trip abroad.

DEAR STEW: There were all sort of things up to tell you about the state of the



HE REMADE...

nation, in accordance with our family custom, when the news of the President's illness so suddenly and gaily overshadowed everything else.

It isn't necessary to point out to you that despite the natural Eisenhower vigor and courage, the most change every domestic political prospect in the American, and indeed in the world political pattern, it is almost as though the keystone of the arch were suddenly removed; and everything had to be rebuilt on a new design. You'll, of course, have sensed all this.

CLOTTED CELLS I don't want, either, to sound commemorative or obituary, for the country can reasonably hope, as the country is no doubt actively praying, that the President has many active and fruitful years ahead of him. But at this time, when the longest nation on earth has had its collective breath knocked out by a few tragically clothed blood cells weighing no more than a scrap of a scruple, it seems to me appropriate to balance the accounts, as it were, and to see what, if any, is left.

You and I decided long ago, you will remember, to call the times as we saw them in this administration, as we have tried to do in the past. Because no administration is ever perfect, and because we have described the imperfections, I suspect that a lot of people think we are hostile to the Eisenhower administration. But although a

great many of his subordinates have claimed it for him, President Eisenhower has never been the sort of man who claims unqualified adulation.

When you add up the balance sheets, however, I think it is very clear that the debt this republic owes to Eisenhower's debt is a truly gigantic debt. The best way I can sum up is to say that he has restored our sanity and decency.

Unlike a great many others, I would not for one moment blame President Truman for the loss of sanity and decency which President Eisenhower cured. I would blame history. Suddenly, after the last war, this country discovered that all the old familiar circumstances of American life were no longer familiar and had become alarming and even painful.

The protecting oceans no longer protected. The external threat which had once been so last, but too heavy to carry, in the image

of the world's face, so that the rest of the world the fact of our race re-made this country in his image. The American style is re-established. The great issues can be seen in those first rather confused days when he took over the government.

A DEBT Then he has to show the rest of the world the fact of our race re-made this country in his image. The American style is re-established. The great issues can be seen in those first rather confused days when he took over the government.

He has, first of all, shown the rest of the world the fact of our race re-made this country in his image. The American style is re-established. The great issues can be seen in those first rather confused days when he took over the government.

There are all sorts of other very great, quite tangible and specific

People's Platform Dark Possibility

Charlotte

Editors: The News: RECENTLY there was placed in citizens' mail boxes a leaflet entitled "Operation Zero." The purpose of this leaflet is to save lives in case of an atomic attack. This means YOUR LIFE. (Parody the bluntness but it is time to be blunt.)

Will you now let me tell you, not war you, of an "Operation Zero" that is already taking place in Charlotte of which too many citizens are ignorant or just plain not interested in. It is the Civil Center in the Coddington Building which is a part of the Ground Observer Corps. This is a vital arm of Civil Defense, and YOU need Civil Defense. The greatest trouble with this Civil Center is that it is seriously understaffed with civilian volunteers. It is you, yourself, as a volunteer is what we want. And I mean an enthusiastic volunteer.

A SHAME We now have 642 volunteers and have over half of them that are very active. Now don't you consider that a shame for a city of 160,000? We need at least 1,000. Of these volunteers now serving their time given to this vital work varies from more than 300 hours to just a few hours. But every one of them feels that it is worth all that they have put into it.

You say you have a family to tend to and a house to keep and a job to protect. Well 90 per cent of those who serve also have families, jobs and houses. You can help if you really want to.

THINK AWHILE Now think just a little while about this: What if you had no job to go to? You had no house to keep? Your children were either killed or horribly maimed and there was no hospital to which you or your child might be "evacuated" out yonder somewhere with no place to lay down and nothing to eat? These things are not so far off as they seem. You have the ability but they certainly are a possibility.

At the Civil Center you will meet very fine and courteous military personnel who are in Charlotte expressly to train volunteers. You will meet many friends among the volunteers who are now watching over you while you sleep. You will find a very very fascinating and pleasant. A minimum of two hours per week is all that is asked of you. Are you not willing to do your part?

TO INFORM This letter is not intended to accuse you, but it is intended to inform you. We think your life is worth saving. Do you? The phone number is ED 3-9102. Call now and offer your services.

R. C. BOLEN A Volunteer

Parents To Blame For Youth Problem

I AM asking the editors of this letter to find space to print this letter, so that I may answer Mr. Pink Michael's letter which appeared in the Sept. 26th People's Platform. But I am not going to stop there, I am going to state the facts about what he calls juvenile delinquency.

Back to Mr. Michael, who I think is a very good friend of mine and has always been a good friend. I don't think we should put the blame on someone else for our mistakes. Mr. Michael wants to know how we are going to stop delinquency if the courts do nothing to help. If I am right, two-agers whom he is referring to received from three-to-five years instead of 30 days.

Now let me tell you where the delinquency starts. In the homes where the fathers and mothers have failed in their duty. Some of them don't care what their child does or where he goes.

Brother, I know because in 1931 I took it upon myself to go around in the streets and alleys getting boys and organized a club,

Books As Teachers A Selection of Judgments

By GILBERT HIGHET In 'The Art of Teaching'

ALL books contain persuasion. All books communicate a selection of judgments about life. All books try to teach. The differences are between those which teach well and those which teach badly, and between those which teach valuable things and those which teach bad or trivial things.

... IN HIS IMAGE, care what the teacher is just as likely to be a bad author as one who does not care how he writes. Confused and shallow judgments are made at a time when one's soul is a book as surely as a bad style; and if an author is to defend himself against critics of his ideas, he will do so more effectively by justifying the ideas than by saying he did not mean to teach them. For teaching is a serious responsibility.

None Rose But In that hour of attack, when Bill O'Dwyer faced charge and innuendo across the table from an ambitious young lawyer, the man who came out of the man who had been his friend.

He stood alone—more alone than the world realized, for his wife had left him.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round New York Lures O'Dwyer Home

A MAN who knew the sidewalks of New York as well or better than Al Smith is coming back to town today.

Big Builder As mayor, he built more hospitals, more schools, more roads than any other man in New York's history.

Seamy Side He knew the seamy side of Brooklyn too—the gutters where men sometimes lay at night, the gangs that whistled up dirt along the prison jammed with human debris—knew it not only as a cop but as prosecuting attorney, the attorney who handled Murder, Inc., until it was no more.

Later, he knew the sidewalks of New York as mayor, almost every curb and corner, had people those side walks and cheer him as he drove up the canyons of lower Broadway under a storm of ticker tape had newspapers hawked from those sidewalks, blasting him, praising him, had politicians speak

from soapboxes on those sidewalks trying to confound him—all part of the world of running the greatest city in the world.

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had been shaking down all sorts of people for campaign contributions Ambassador O'Dwyer flew back from Mexico—back to the sidewalks of New York to testify.

Aspirant Across the table cross-examining him was Rube H. Halley. The public did not know at the time that this young ambitious counsel for the Kefauver Committee was the son of New York Mayor himself. But Halley knew that if he made headlines against an ex-mayor, he might some day sit in the mayor's chair.

So Bill O'Dwyer, the immigrant boy born in County Mayo, Ireland, who had come up from the slums to be mayor of a great city, found himself like one of the bulls in the arena in Mexico City which was Rube Halley's arena.

Plugged, heckled, lacerated by the young and ambitious lawyer who aspired to be mayor, O'Dwyer came out of the bout wounded—wounded and alone.