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Britain Today—II

Invasion Of Caribbean Negroes Creates Racial Problem

By JOHN HUNTINGTON
Special Correspondent

LONDON
OVER 2,000 West Indian Negroes poured into England during a single week this June. Scrambling for jobs, searching for housing—almost all with little money and few possessions—trying desperately to settle into a new life in a strange country before the foggy British winter shuts in.

Many thousands more are expected before summer ends. England is now facing a color problem on her own doorstep for the first time in her history, and she is trying to take steps to solve it before discrimination becomes an accepted part of her democracy.

SLOW BEGINNING
All this first began slowly during the last war, when Jamaicans were shipped across to man factories in England and to enter the fighting services there. Jobs were easy to find, pay was good, and a wartime shortages restricted spending.

Others joined them. Post-war England with her welfare state and undermanned industry swiftly became Mecca to the cream of the young, skilled workers of the Caribbean.

The migration was only a trickle at first. About 1,000 a year until 1952. It suddenly boomed to 10,000 in 1954, 25,000 last year, and now to an expected 30,000 this year. There will be nearly 75,000 post-war West Indian immigrants in Britain next year, doubling her

pre-war Negro population. And there is little prospect of stem-ning the flow.

The root of the problem is in the West Indies themselves and in Britain's inability to invest enough capital there. This predicament is vividly manifest in the current sale of the Trinidad Oil Company to Texaco. The war drained Britain's overseas investments home dry and her power to reinvest after it was over.

It requires a \$3,000 capital investment per job to establish light industry in the West Indies, and to take up any labor slack effectively, in over-populated Jamaica alone, at least 200,000 new jobs must be created over the next ten years. That's an investment of \$600 million in sterling. Too many eggs in this basket, when the whole of the Commonwealth's problems must be considered. Even then, economists say 5 per cent will be unemployed. Also the West Indies are too isolated and too poor in raw material and power resources to compete profitably in world markets. Similar problems exist in Caribbean agriculture.

MINISTRATION
Another part of the problem is that emigration is too casual, too ill informed. Most of the West Indians are quickly disillusioned by life in England, but are too poor to return home. The exaggerated visions of high wages and a higher standard of living are soon



Ships Bring Them In By The Thousand

dimmed by the unexpectedly lower purchasing power of money and the unforeseen need to buy such requirements as expensive warm clothing and heating fuel. The standard of skills set by the British craft unions is higher than that back in the islands. Frequently a skilled Negro immigrant has to accept an apprentice job and the pay that goes with it. Often this is too quickly interpreted by him as color prejudice.

There is, as yet, surprisingly little racial discrimination. At the top, the unions are making as many jobs available as their members will permit, but there has been resistance at the rank-and-file level. This is an economic rather than a racial problem. But many Negroes have up to now been finding good jobs in the big industrial centers where they have already established their own communities. London, Birmingham, and Leeds, Cardiff, Liverpool, and Manchester. As discrimination grows, they are reluctant to

move into unknown areas so they tend to cling together, despite labor opportunities elsewhere.

Although they have been fairly well received officially, the West Indians have admittedly met with occasional coldness and even hostility in restaurants, hotels, lodging houses, and bars. This angers and perplexes them, as equal citizenship has been their strongest moral and legal rights to admit into Britain. They regard themselves as just as much British as anyone in England, and all can vote after a year's residence. Almost to a man, they support Labor and Conservatives have lost a great political advantage in remaining so openly aloof from the domestic color problem.

Until very recently it has been easy to find some sort of job for all the Jamaicans, but now that they are coming in ever larger numbers, the West Indies will explode in adjusting her labor to the widespread installation of automation in factories, many of the latest ar-

chitects are still looking for work. And with the present increase in unemployment in Britain, many West Indians have been badly victimized. Various social organizations, the church, local government agencies, and the Colonial Office are doing their best to help, but there are many cases of overcrowding in mean, filthy hovels at high rents.

Labor-sponsored bill is shortly going before Parliament to make it illegal for leases to include discriminating clauses against subletting to Negro tenants, but, even if this is passed, it is doubtful whether this will ease the housing situation much. As long as there is a housing shortage in Britain, it will be impossible to prevent a good deal of injustice where the Negro tenant is concerned. And with many thousands of West Indians still arriving, this housing problem is growing.

This briefly is Britain's color problem, perhaps not so much of a problem yet, but nevertheless a veritable Pandora's box. If Britain cannot absorb these thousands of Negro immigrants, where then can they go? Not to America, since the McCarran Act has cut down their migration to a mere trickle. Not to Panama or Cuba, because of existing unemployment there already. Where then can they go, because so somewhere they must or in political upheaval with the worst possible effect on America as well as Britain.

Dixie: The Tumult And The Shouting

LIKE a patient etherized upon a table, the South is exposed today to all the pokings and prodings of every journalistic physician in the nation who fancies himself a specialist in social seizures.

Hardly a week goes by that some national magazine or mass circulation newspaper does not take scalpel in hand and proceed to discover what makes us tick.

What they find—or rather what they say they find—is a lurid miscellany of blood and thunder and hellfire and damnation. This land they once described with magnolia-just-dripping-with-mosses saccharinity is now sold across the counter as a tortured citadel of "soul-searching, unrest, terror, hope and passion."

For instance, William Attwood, national affairs editor of Look, writes: "Fear—a deep, so deep-rooted that it sometimes defies rational analysis—is the dominant emotion racking the South today. It is fear that makes instantly courteous people rant about the 'nine minnies' on the Supreme Court; it is fear that incites a howling mob to threaten a lonely girl on an Alabama campus."

This week Robert F. Baker of the Washington Post & Times-Herald, just back from a tour of nine southern states, wrote:

"The impression you get after listening to southerners all over that unhappy area of tension, unrest and fear is that the South is battling itself."

Then there is an anonymous contributor to THE NATION comparing Dixie to the Indian chief who, according to

Thomas Jefferson, "said he did not go to war for every petty injury by itself, but put it in his pouch, and when it was full, then went to war." He writes of a "militancy which is convulsing the region."

Another writer says the South is "armed for revolt."

The South today cannot be summed up so simply. Instead of one huge seething "social situation" there are hundreds of little social situations, each with its own private meaning. There is trouble here but no "terror." There is discontent but no "armed revolt" is brewing. There is social cruelty and human anguish but there are reflections of the basic want of brotherly love as well. We read much about the voice of the moderates being stifled and yet we hear moderation preached in North Carolina today—right here in Charlotte, in fact.

There is reason as well as wrath in Dixie today. The region is not bubbling so furiously that it is about to explode. But no "armed revolt" is brewing. Segregation to racial coeducation can be made without protests, tensions and even personal tragedies is a fool," says the University of North Carolina's Guy B. Johnson. But he adds, significantly: "Anyone who thinks that the transition means the end of civilization is also a fool."

The calamity howlers have been too hasty. They have painted tumult with exaggerated strokes. There is a great reservoir of decency, maturity and honor that has gone almost unnoticed. It is this inner strength that has kept the South from flailing helplessly in terror and turmoil so far. So it will continue to be.

The Circus: A Wake Is Being Planned

ALL OF A sudden we understand. The old folks don't talk about the old times just for the exercise of their Adam's apples. They knew good things that are gone out of style and they live with a light grief upon them as they watch ways, customs and uses change.

Reminiscence is the only road back to time with a familiar texture. It's a road door reverts to be fashioned from the remnants of Ringling, but that is planning for the wake. Both kinds of circus—good and better—are going fast.

There are a million reasons why a real circus can't survive on television, and one of the best is that you can't buy popcorn. Another is that good clowns like Emmett Kelly don't talk, and television, like radio, abhors a vacuum.

You cannot know the fascination of the clown until Kelly offers you a bite of his apple, and you do not know what to do so you laugh. And he is so sad you laugh some more to keep from crying, but you will not get this feeling in the living room. There is something more than an advertising gimmick in the phrase—"in person."

We will know very well how to bore a younger generation with stories of how good the old things were. We'll blather about the tacking up of the big posters with the big white horses on the sides of barns, and the agony of waiting for the horses to come "in person." We'll remember how elephants helped the roadshows to get up the least poles, how the calloppe made more steam than music, how children ran through sawdust to their seats—always looking up—and how things really were unbelievable, stupendous and colossal.

And should our audience include a precocious but bored with all that corny stuff, a youth absorbed by world events, automation and atomic what-nots, we'll remind him quite smugly that the circus was the only United Nations that ever worked exactly right.

They have to talk to travel, and if they have to go a long way back they have to take a lot. We see that now, as we said.

The glimmering came with reports of dissolution by debt of King Brothers' Circus, the understanding with the story that Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey is striking its big top. There is, as a paragraph about plans for TV and in-

Emmett Kelly

they have to talk to travel, and if they have to go a long way back they have to take a lot. We see that now, as we said.

The difference was that this gent was going to jump. In June he had dangled 50 minutes from the 9th story ledge of a downtown Philadelphia building. He has seen enough, he thinks.

The Charlotte boy wanted to see more. He was enjoying a "pretty view." The Kansas City kids just wanted to see how it looked looking down.

All of which shows how people with similar points of view can have decidedly different viewpoints.

On High Places Viewpoints Will Differ

IN CHARLOTTE, Kansas City and Washington, D. C., over the weekend people were getting off the ground.

Jerry Threat of 517 Tremont Ave. agreed to a policeman's demand that he come down from the 100-foot water tank on Magnolia Ave., but he didn't understand what all the fuss was about.

The same was true of three Kansas City boys who looked at the top of a 1,042-foot television tower, and climbed up there. The story in Washington was similar, up to a point. Police took a man

PICNICS DE LUXE

AMERICANS are still lusty picnickers. As the picnic season, now at its peak, again confirms. Despite all the ease and comfort that science has brought to their homes, they still respond eagerly to the call of the wild. Just let someone suggest a meal in the open and they at once assemble their insecticides and spray guns, their ice bags, thermos bottles of hot and cold drinks, prepared food from the delicatessen, paper dining utensils, portable radios and phonographs, magazines and comic books, swimming suits and tennis racquets; load these in their convertibles or station wagons; and join the "Sooner rush" to stake off a picnic spot at some park or beach.

But even though picnicking is not so rugged as it was in the days when there was no defense against ants, chiggers, flies, bees, hornets, and when food transportation was so crude that dull pickles sometimes got mixed up with the chocolate cake, there are still some

'Hey, Bud — How About A Lift?'



HER BLOCK

People's Platform

received a prompt, courteous and authoritative reply. Then, if I followed that interpretation of that particular state law or statute. I could and would avoid later difficulties, delays or embarrassments.

In the event it was the correct interpretation of federal law or statute in which I was interested, I merely addressed a letter to the attorney general of the United States. I always received a prompt, courteous and authoritative reply, and most often, a copy of that particular law or statute.

In fact, my friends, I have always found it best to "lock the stable door before the horse gets away," rather than after he

was "long gone."

I contend that if this very simple procedure had been followed before the surplus World War II bomber was sold, then in all probability, those persons responsible for the initial sale—and/or those other resales—would not now be faced with official business with the offices of the attorney general of these United States.

And, too, the Boy Scouts in this Piedmont area would still be enjoying that "ground-bound creamhouse, dreaming of that day when they might be called to duty by Uncle Sam, and perhaps be assigned to an even larger and more improved six-engine bomber."

MURRAY M. GRIER

Arthur Godfrey Is Wonderful No Matter Whom He Fires

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain
I TRAIL, CERTAINLY make no friend with being 'Red Godfrey' but I will endeavor to keep one. I still think Arthur Godfrey is a good guy. No matter whom he fires, or for what reason, or in what manner.

And I am not a Godfrey fan. He always got up too early in the morning for my tastes, and I don't look at television anyhow, due to the fact that the Lord—being none where I live.

In Washington, 20 years ago, I knew Godfrey when he was just graduated from being 'Red Godfrey, the Warbling Banjoist,' and used to prop up my grandfather, who was then of Maryland and used to excess, when he appeared publicly.

BEAR HUSTLER
I knew Godfrey when he was hustling a mazy bear for a fur shop in Washington, and when he was ranked just under Arch Donald in a friendly feud that Winchell did similarly with his law-law, Ben Bernie, and Fred Allen later did with Jack Benny. At the time, Godfrey was making just over \$30 a week and every—well, that is all.

I know something of the tragedy of Godfrey's family history, which will be well known to those who have worked with the Navy, and something of his struggle to overcome an accident handicap which would have distressed of better people than those who leap on his back with vindictive cries.

I know something of all the boon companions who threw him to the dogs—and they'll throw anybody to the dogs if it pleases them.

BUNCH OF PUNKS
I know where this guy came from, how he got up there, and what work went into it. And I dislike reading a flock of bad gags from a bunch of punks who can run as fast as he can limp on this busted body and built-up shoes.

The people he fires were strictly four-round preliminary people before they hopped onto him, and despite a fast hook as a result of getting canned, they'll come back as prems. Whether male or female, they'll all wind up in the counterpart of rasslers.

Godfrey, directly and indirectly, was responsible for more employment than Jesse James, the Weas, and possibly the Marquis de Sade, on one man's time, one man's brains, one man's 24-hour effort, one man's talent. If he fires a semi-pro once in a while, if he makes an error in judgment, if he's a national event.

RIGHT TO FIRE
Why hasn't he the right to fire the ones he hired out of flats and lock to steady eating? It's done about a million times in the slave marts which hire him—the ad-

agencies, the broadcasting and TV agencies, the sponsors and the fish peddlers. You just don't hear, but you're just as dead. I haven't said that I never have been fired, so this ain't personal neither."

What did they want of a man who has sold a thousand products, entertained a billion people, planned thousands of shows, employed indirectly hundreds of thousands of people? A man who has worked harder and longer than possibly anybody in the world, if only to achieve casual relief?

SO WHAT?
He gets in a hassle with a control tower. How many times have you been stopped by a cop?

He's got some peevish friends, like me. Checked your relatives lately, apart from friends?

He's a nutcase. You haven't? Irritable? Not? Good temper all the time?

On his back is a weight. He's a factor. He plans it and pays for it and runs it and is the boss. Has a boss got to burn down the factory to keep the hands happy in the home life? What happens to the help if the boss quits? Can the help get up at 4 a.m. and be Arthur Godfrey?

Can Julius La Rosa or Frank Parker shove the thinking into a show of his own and sell millions of dollars of commodities and air space and technical employment? Who looks after the store if the old man says to hell with it and retires?

Godfrey is one of my good friends, although distantly locating in this piece I am not attempting to make any new ones.

Ask An Authority Whenever In Doubt

Gastonia
Editors, The News:
WHILE engaged in safety engineering work with the Federal Bureau of Mines for several years, my assignments were in many states—many states in which I had never traveled before. I always found it a good policy to inquire about the proper application of city, county or state laws or statutes before, rather than after, I had begun operations.

In the event it was the interpretation of a state law or statute in which I was interested, I merely addressed a letter to the state attorney general. I always

received a prompt, courteous and authoritative reply. Then, if I followed that interpretation of that particular state law or statute. I could and would avoid later difficulties, delays or embarrassments.

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Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON
GOVERNMENT policy on the steel strike has puzzled labor and industry leaders. Two conflicting views have come from White House and Cabinet.

Chain Reaction
Eisenhower aides have told newsmen that the administration did not want a strike, that they were worried over what a prolonged strike would do to the economy, that they feared a chain economic reaction might "throw hundreds of thousands out of work."

Hesitation
Yet, simultaneously, Secretary of Labor Mitchell, Ike's No. 1 labor adviser, has not yet consulted with the President, as of this writing. White House aides further say they have not wanted to talk to Gen. Eisenhower about the strike for fear it might upset him.

How far the administration has gone to keep hands off the strike is illustrated by the following:

1—Secretary Mitchell made a public statement that the government would not intervene in the steel strike and broad-gauged Cabinet members must have known this was arrogant meddling with the Taft-Hartley Act, which specifically states that he has nothing to do with federal mediation. The Federal Mediation Service was given complete and separate power to act, yet Mitchell's statement amounted to formal notice to the steel companies that they could go ahead without interference from the government. This weakened the hand of labor.

No Move
2—The Federal Mediation Service did not make a single, solitary move to prevent the strike, though fully empowered to do so. Associate Director Clyde Mills made a public statement that the disagreement "was susceptible to settlement," that it was a "matter of getting into and giving it a push." But no push was made. After the strike was finally called it took 11 days for the Federal Mediation Service to arrange a meeting of the two sides.

3—Most potent economic force in the administration, acting Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey, did not intervene. Humphrey owns a steel company, National Steel, also the biggest coal company in the country, Pittsburgh Consolidated, also a fleet of boats on the Great Lakes which carry iron ore to the steel mills. He has not hesitated to step in where economic matters were concerned. It was Humphrey who put across the St. Lawrence Seaway after years of delay, thereby expediting shipments from the Labrador River (he did not move).

Labor and industry conclude, therefore, that the administration, though unhappy about a strike, would not intervene in industry criticism by intervening.

Nixon And Chiang
Inside reason why the State Department suddenly ordered Vice President Nixon to stop off at Formosa to see Chiang Kai-shek was a warning that Chiang was planning some suicide raids against the China coast which would

Ike Hasn't Been Consulted About Strike

Washington

WASHINGTON
The administration's failure to consult with the President about the steel strike has caused a major rift in the Eisenhower reelection campaign.

Nixon did a good job of softening the General's feelings and getting him to promise to behave. The bargain he made was that the U.S. would steadfastly oppose Red China's admission to the U.N. Chiang had become aroused over recent confidential notes leaking out of the White House showing that Eisenhower favored the admission of Red China.

While calm has been restored on Formosa, almost anything can happen there if Chiang once again gets the idea his chief ally is deserting him.

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