

THURSDAY, SEPT. 11, 1958

3 Ways Not To Solve It

There probably isn't any one, single, easy solution of Franklin's downtown traffic problem. Certainly, this newspaper has no pat answer.

Sometimes, though, the best way to think through to what to do is to list what not to do. And for what they're worth, we suggest three good ways how not to solve this problem.

1. To assume—as all of us would like to assume, when we face a tough problem—that if we just ignore it, maybe it will go away. It won't go away. Barring some miracle like a helicopter attached to the seat of the pants, it will get worse, not better.

2. To rely solely on parking meters. At best, meters keep parkers from dilly-dallying; they make a car move, after a space of time, to make room for another car. But you still have two cars—and just the one parking space. As a matter of fact, parking meters aren't as effective as they're supposed to be in keeping traffic moving; because, aside from the all-day parkers, most of us stay as long as our business requires. If we put in a nickel and don't finish our business in an hour, do we go move our car? No, we go back to the meter and put in another nickel, or maybe a couple of pennies. The car stays right where it would have stayed if there had been no meter there.

3. To think traffic policemen at busy intersections is the whole answer. Because a policeman is more intelligent than a traffic light, and isn't controlled by a time-clock, he can often speed up traffic. But he does nothing to reduce the amount of traffic; no matter how fast they move, there are still the same number of cars—and still not enough places for them to go.

These are excellent ways not to solve the problem. And until we recognize that they are, at best, pain-killers, not cures, we won't even start to look seriously for a genuine solution.

What Does South Think?

What is the viewpoint of the South on integration, and specifically on the Little Rock crisis?

In a recent article (reprinted at the bottom of this page), The Christian Science Monitor sought to answer that question.

The Monitor, published in Boston, is recognized as one of the nation's finest newspapers. And while it is, and long has been, pro-integration, it has been obvious to any reader that it has tried to be fair; nor has it closed its eyes to the problems facing the South. Here, then, is an honest, sympathetic attempt by a Northern newspaper to tell its readers what the South thinks.

How good a job does it do. We'd say, a poor job.

We'd cite as evidence, first of all, the Monitor's comment that it is the South speaking at Little Rock, and the voice is that of Arkansas' Governor Faubus. Well, maybe; but there are a lot of Southerners who are honestly convinced that segregation is the lesser of two evils, but who never would choose Orval Faubus as their spokesman.

Then the Monitor makes the point that it is of "the white South" that it speaks, implying that opinion may be segregated by race. That is debatable; in any case, integration is opposed, at least at this time, by many Southern Negroes. How many, nobody knows; but any honest Negro integrationist will be quick to say there are too many, from his viewpoint.

Lastly, and chiefly, we think the Monitor has done a poor job because what it undertook was an impossible task. It is impossible because there is no one Southern viewpoint on integration. Even in "the white South", there is a wide variety of viewpoints.

There is, first of all, a considerable number of Southern integrationists — as segregation leaders bitterly complain. There is another group that doubts the wisdom of integration, but feels the South should obey the Supreme Court's decree. There are, of course, the segregationists, rabid and mild. And there are those who have no fixed, final convictions.

Finally, the Boston newspaper virtually ignores a viewpoint that cuts across segregation-integration lines. For there are thousands in the South who either do not oppose a little integration, or who accept it as inevitable, but who strongly oppose the way it is sought to be brought about.

Plain citizens, many of them are inarticulate about it. But talk to them long enough, and you'll



find, under the surface, a conviction that legally enforced integration, like prohibition, is both unwise and doomed to failure. Thorough realists, they see effects; and they see the chief effect, to date, as a worsening, rather than improvement, of race relations.

And still farther down in the sub-conscious is a fear. They are unversed in the details of constitutionalism, and they may never have even heard the phrase, "consent of the governed". But there is a vague feeling that something is wrong when nine men, not elected but appointed for life, suddenly reverse what long has been acknowledged as the law. There is nothing vague, however, about their feeling that something is wrong, sorely wrong, when children face bayonets as they enter school.

They probably could not put it into words, but in the back of their minds is the belief that the violation of the Constitution started at the top; that way, they fear, everybody's freedom is endangered. And there is the half-formed thought that maybe the first thing to do is to go back to law as a principle, not merely as a means to an end.

That viewpoint, of course, is not confined to the South. It has been publicly expressed recently by state supreme court justices, in duly adopted resolution; by such a revered jurist as Judge Learned Hand; and by many others.

Why is it chiefly in the South that it is provoking resistance? One obvious answer is that it is in the South that customs are most directly affected. A less obvious but possibly equally important answer is that the South, traditionally, has been the region most conscious of history and most interested in the basic principles of government.

There is a bigger fool than the fellow who knows it all; it's the fellow who will argue with him.—Tarheel Banker.

Christian Science Monitor

Seeks To State Viewpoint Of South On Little Rock Crisis

(EDITOR'S NOTE: What is the Southern viewpoint on integration? In the article below, The Christian Science Monitor, a great newspaper, attempts to answer that question for its readers. The article is given particular timeliness by the fact the U. S. Supreme Court is expected to rule today in the Little Rock case. See also editorial, "What Does South Think?")

By BICKNELL EUBANKS

It is the South—the white South—which is speaking to the rest of the United States and the world through Little Rock.

It is a troubled voice which warns that the forced integration of Southern public schools can lead to serious disorders. And the same voice insists that for the federal courts to demand such a step against the will of Southern whites will result in more of the overt acts which already have damaged educational standards in Little Rock and will continue to do so elsewhere "if relief is not granted."

This relief is sought in the form of a period of grace in which

tempers can cool, emotions can subside, and perhaps in some cases, at least the fringe areas of the Deep South can see the inevitability of integration in public schools and prepare itself to take such a step.

The voice is that of Gov. Orval Faubus of Arkansas. The statements he uttered in addressing a special session of the Arkansas Legislature represent the feelings of white Southerners. It is an attitude strengthened here in Arkansas by the big victory of the Governor when he carried all 75 counties in the recent state Democratic primary.

Governor Faubus sought to pinpoint the problem in his hour-long address to the joint session of the Legislature. He used the very language of the United States Eighth Circuit Court of Appeals in St. Louis, which set aside a stay of 2½ years granted by federal District Judge Harry I. Lemley of Hope, Ark.

Although the appeals court reversed the stay—a reversal which has thrown the issue squarely into the hands of the Supreme Court of the United States—the opinion, as quoted by Mr. Faubus, said in part that "it is important to realize, as is shown by the evidence, that the racial incidents and vandalism which occurred in Central High School during

the past year did not stem from mere lawlessness on the part of the white students in the school, or on the part of the people of Little Rock on the outside of the school, nor did they stem from any malevolent desire on the part of the students or others concerned to bomb the school, or to burn it down, or to injure or persecute as individuals the nine Negro students in the school.

"Rather, the source of the trouble was the deep-seated popular opposition in Little Rock to the principle of integration, which, as is known, runs counter to the pattern of Southern life which has existed for over 300 years."

The Governor sought (and received from the Arkansas Legislature) sweeping powers to close any schools, including Central High School, where it appears that integration under federal orders would touch off disorders or disrupt, in his opinion, normal administrative and education processes of schools which are occupied or surrounded by federal troops or federal marshals sent in to enforce integration decrees.

Other measures, of sweeping significance and importance, are designed to give the state a firmer bulwark against what it considers federal encroachment on the rights of states to control the

You've heard of puppies that get attached to old shoes, and of men who get attached to old hats. Well, I'm attached to an old car. I suppose it's nice to be able to buy a brand new automobile every year. I suppose so; but I can only suppose, because I've never been able to do it. I can't afford a new car every two years, or every three even. I can't. And I'm glad.

Don't misunderstand me; I'd like to have more money. And undoubtedly I'd be like everybody else, when they get in a big, fine new car; I'd strut sitting down.

Moreover, if I had more money, I probably would have no better sense than to buy a new car every time the models changed.

And what would I get? I'd get slavery.

I'd be a slave, first of all, because I'd live in fear and trembling I might not have the money to make the monthly payments. Worse, I'd be a slave because I'd live in constant dread of what might happen to the car.

You know how it is. Let a man get a little dent in his fender, and he's like a child whose balloon has just burst. And so he drives with the utmost caution; he looks daggers at anybody who tries to park near him, and loses his temper if they so much as graze him; he won't let his wife drive the new car, and if he does, he worries every minute till she gets back home. As long as that automobile is new and shiny and undented, he's miserable.

But me, in my 1950 Plymouth — I'm happy.

Suppose somebody does dent a fender. I don't worry. (Not even if I do it myself!) Because it's dented already. What's one more dent in a beat up old jalopy?

(I do have to take it to the shop, of course, when I dent it badly enough that the front wheels won't turn; but straightening my fender is no major operation: "Just knock it out enough so the wheel won't scrape. Looks? Why it couldn't look any worse.")

And suppose somebody does scrape the paint off:

"That's perfectly all right; there aren't many places where there is any paint left, anyhow."

I don't glare at everybody who parks next to me; I smile at 'em.

Nor do I worry about that bad road I want to tackle, or that mud puddle I have to go through, or those limbs on a wooded road scraping against the sides.

I love that old car. Because with it, I have a freedom not even mentioned in the Bill of Rights: I'm automobile-free!

PROBING QUESTIONS

How Tolerant Should We Be?

In another town, I recently sat in on a discussion of religion. The speaker commented that most of us are narrow and intolerant about other faiths. That, he said, is especially true of Americans, and notably true of rural and small town Protestants.

All of us should recognize, he added, that there is good in every faith; that in essential points, indeed, most religions are very much alike. Then he suggested we should stop trying to convert the world to our religion, and should move, instead, toward the creation of a single, world religion, a faith combining the best points of all religions.

Our narrowness, he thought, stems from evangelical fervor; hence we should get rid of the fervor by all means, and probably the evangelism as well.

Those remarks, of course, precipitated some discussion — some probing questions from members of his audience.

The first question went something like this:

Intolerance is a vice; we all deplore it. But let's be realistic about the situation in the world as it is today. The West is engaged in a life-and-death struggle with Communism; and our Western civilization is based on Chris-

tianity. Suppose we lose our religious fervor, in order to become broadly tolerant. Won't we then lose faith in the very principles on which our civilization rests? And if we do that, how can we compete with a Communism — based on wholly different principles — that is not tolerant, but fanatical?

Question No. 2: Have you ever (Cont. Back Page, First Section)

UNCLE ALEX'S SAYIN'S

Folks is supposed to dress for two things, comfort and looks. Well, all I've got to say about some of these summer git-ups is, I shore hope they're comfortable.

Uncle Sam's about the only feller in the world that makes his own rules. Take, for instance, the money-borin' rule. When he come to the end of his rope the other day, and the law said he couldn't borrow any more, why he just up and changed the law. Now if that'd been you or me, the bank would've made the rules — if the old woman didn't lay down the law first.

Those Confusing Signal Lights

(Berthoud, Colo., Bulletin)

It used to be said that when a woman stuck her arm out to signal you could be sure of one thing—she was going to do something. But take these new signal lights—you can't be sure of anything.

Going down the highway or street you may find yourself behind a vehicle that has the turn signal on; if it is indicating a left turn you stay behind waiting for the car to reach the intersection—instead, it keeps right on. After one mile you begin to wonder just where the intersection is. After another mile the steam begins to build up inside your car. Another mile and you don't give a hang and go around.

Letters

'Let South Be South'

Dear Mr. Jones:

In reference to your article on the editorial page of the August 28 Press, I would like to say that it surely does sound as if it was from a man that certainly is mixed up. What do you mean by "face saving"? If people would just let the South be South, things would be fine.

In the state of California, everyone goes to school together and it works out, but it will never change in the South like that. Not over night, anyway! I've lived with Negroes for the last 13 months and didn't start a war about it, but let me tell you that it would have never been that way in school. It's all too silly to fight about. You know what the great South feels; maybe it's right, maybe not, but I think if the politicians would shut up for a while and let the people do what they want, it would surely be better.

I was in the T. V. lounge of our squadron when all the Southern governors discussed these same topics and all the men were inclined to agree that the South should stay like it is, even the Negro airmen.

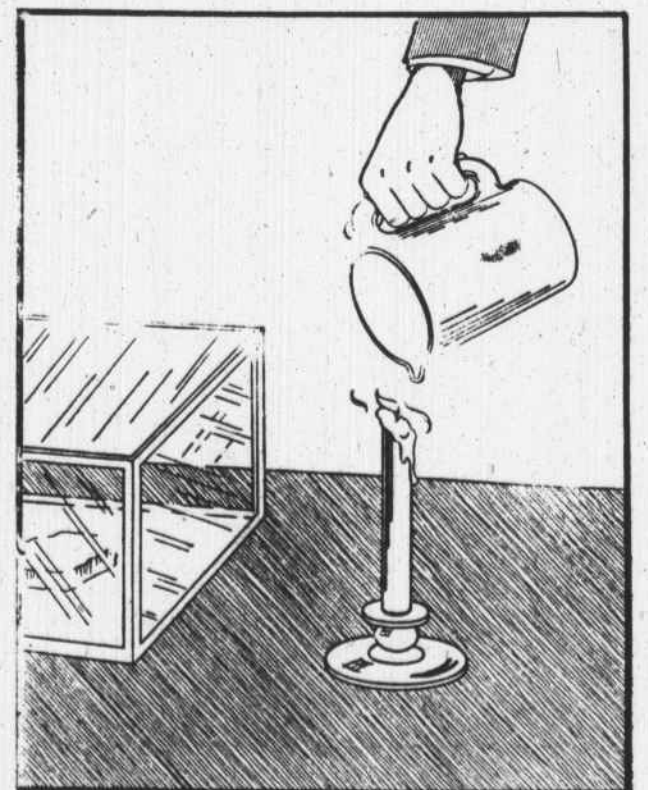
As for the children having to go to school, I'll bet my next year's pay that no law except the National Guard could make the schools safe if they were mixed in Macon County. We have too good of an understanding between the races of the county to disturb them. Let the people run the schools the way they want to. After all, who pays the taxes?

BOBBY STEVENS,
A2c U.S.A.F.

Port Hueneme, Calif.

Science for You

By BOB BROWN



PROBLEM: Pour "nothing" out of a pitcher, and extinguish candle flame

NEEDED: Candle, pitcher, dry ice.

DO THIS: Place dry ice in pitcher, and cover with a card. After dry ice disappears, pour the invisible contents of the pitcher over the candle flame as shown. The flame goes out.

HERE'S WHY: Dry ice is carbon dioxide in solid form. When it disappears, the carbon dioxide gas, which is heavier than air yet invisible, fills the pitcher. When poured on the flame it pushes away the oxygen necessary for the burning of the candle, and the flame is smothered out. The carbon dioxide can be allowed to accumulate in a tank as shown, and may be dipped out like water. Use slow motion in the dipping.

WARNING: Do not handle dry ice with fingers.
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