The Best New York Times Editorial

There has been a steady decline in the vigor and influence of the American editorial page. The reason for this is that the collective opinion of an anonymous staff does not have the force and the vigor that a personal opinion has. Only at the local level does the editorial page today communicate something directly to the reader. The piece becomes important only when it is arguing about some new zoning regulations or gives an opinion on the proposal for the installation of new traffic signals and parking meters.

Beyond that, the editorial page continues its steady decline in influence. The editorial page of the New York Times cannot compete with the articles of James Reston and Arthur Krock on the same page, and neither can the Tribune's editors compete favorably with his own Walter Lippmann; and neither can any of the hundreds of daily papers compete with Drew Pearson, Marquis Childs, Dick Pearson and their other "personal" journalists.

But the New York Times has understood this very well, and its staff has risen to the occasion with brilliant lyrics underlining in each of the seasons, and remaining at proper intervals of the June bug, the chrysantheme, and the grounds, respectively.

They are many hundreds of fine newspapermen in our country who knock off their forceful editorial every morning, but which they throw right into the wastepaper basket immediately after the staff meeting at ten o'clock. These men now have an opportunity for some creative outlet. I strongly recommend that they study the New York Times' pastorial editorials, which will give them their opportunity for a word above the battle.

The Swivel Chair

Thomas Jefferson was our greatest liberal and philosopher. The Federalists used to mount rages against him. They called him a "philosopher" and they meant by it what the Conserva-
tives mean when they call Adlai Stevenson an "egghead.", The Federalists just wanted Jefferson to be President. They didn't want him. It's the way they expect him to think.

Jefferson expected these attacks. He was in no way unprepared for them, but they did cause him pain. When a man is accused of being a "philosopher" or an "egghead, it is hard to defend himself. It is not like being called a "Communist," After all, you can always say, "I am not a Commie." But it is not like being called a "Communist." Jefferson, and his critics, had a problem. They thought his drawings up a report on weights and measures was vandalism and a waste of time, and for a President to wander about the difference between a white man and black man was simply misleading.

The thing that really enraged them was his invention of the swivel chair. This proved he didn't have both feet on the ground. "It's all right to sit up straight, but it doesn't constitute a claim to the Presidency than the genius of Cox, the great traffic builder," one of Jefferson's critics wrote as reported by David Cohin in Coley's in his book "The President of the First Decade." Another critic wrote, "He has not been heard from Jefferson the praises of his wonderful Whig-
ifie Chair, which had the miraculous quality of allowing the person seated in it to turn his head without moving his ball. Who has not admired his fertile genius in the production of his Epicurean side-board and his Elm Knepper?"

The curious thing about this whole business is that the Conservaties who deride the modern-day "eggheads" do all the work of the swivel chair. In fact, if the Conservaties were to choose a symbol it would be the swivel chair. No one who was accusing Jefferson as a "philosopher" realized that he would be the inventor of the very seat of Power.

The Jewish Merchants And

The Colored Sit-in Protests

In some of the Negro protests against segregated eating facilities the target has been the Jewish store. This is true in Atlanta, Savannah, and in Richmond.

Is there any excuse for this?

There is not. But it is an understandable reaction. When the local police chief is a black man in the student leaders and asks them kindly why they are upsetting the applicant, what are they buying out merchants who have done nothing except obey the law, the students answer that they have no personal ant-i-anti that they are victims of circumstances and so are too the merchants.

Throughout history, the greatest victim of circumstances has always been the Jew. He is always more vulnerable than any of his neighbors. Thus the Negro knows that the labor unions know this, that about fifteen per cent of the textile mills of the South are organized. Seventy-five per cent of this fifteen per cent are mills owned by Jews. Therefore the Negro, like the labor union, will instinctively strike at the weakest point in the barrier against them.

The men on the White Citizens' Councils are just as glad they have a Jewish problem, it means it will be his store that takes the brunt of the Negro protests. It also means that when they have a "defector" from the enemy (they never see the Negro as a "defector") they have a "defector" from the enemy (they never see the Negro as a "defector".)

The only answer to all of this is for the Jew to go all out in his fight for the Negro and thereby help preserve American civil rights.

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August, Better Homes And Gardens

The nationally circulated magazine, Better Homes and Gardens, will have an article by me in its August issue. I am writing about the American family and what has happened to it in the last twenty-five years. I believe the August issue should be on the newsstands sometime in mid-July.

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Gratitude To The Unknown Instructors

What they understand.

All things hung like a drop of dew
Upon a blade of grass.

—William Butler Yeats

Rarely does a man have the privilege of hearing from some of his teachers who taught him thirty-five years ago. But this pleasure happened to me when I wrote a short piece about Miss Tilthib, a teacher of mine in Public School 20 on the Lower East Side of New York. Miss Schloss, another of my teachers in those years (1907-1912) made the piece and brought it to Miss Tilthib's attention and I had the unexpected pleasure of hearing from both ladies.

It is a remarkable thing to see and reflect the names of these teachers. For the first time you realize that they were ordinary folks all along. It was the first I realized that Miss Tilthib was a normal girl with the first name of Mary and that Miss Schloss was a normal girl named Frieda and did not think school teachers had first names. We did not think they had personal life or worries or problems. There was something sacred about a school teacher in those days, a sanctity that attached to her life a halo as to an early saint.

Perhaps the word “ordinary” is injudicious. For, in truth, they were more than ordinary, they were inspired. These wonderful men and women in the New York Public Schools turned an immigrant population into a citizen population — and did it within a single generation! It took Rome two hundred years, and then the Romans were not fully successful in making everyone in the known world streets Roman.

The teachers thanked me for my gratitude. But it is I who am indebted, the one generation, and the rest of the country, and perhaps the world who owe these ladies a debt that can never be repaid.

The Old Wives Tales Are True

My son and editor, Harry Jr., of the Detroit Free Press, interviewed Dr. Jack Wertheif, a scientist who works at the Lafayette Clinic in Detroit. Dr. Wertheif writes Harry, is experimenting on the result of prenatal influences and their effect upon the child.

Thyroid in poison unborn rats have proved, but those who survive are smarter. Transplanted is the organ to produce defects in the activity and emotions of the offspring. Offspring of animals exposed to cold temperatures are superior physically to those born in warm states. Dr. Wertheif believes that mental retardation and emotional illnesses are related to prenatal factors we can reverse those before birth with drugs and therapies.

Harry writes, “The results could show just why another ‘boy’ — that mothers should avoid emotional stress — is perfectly true.” I am glad science is coming to the support of the old wives’ tales. It is just as well, because everyone believes the tales anyway.

On every block of the Lower East Side there were evidences of prenatal influences. If a boy was born with a red blotch a dozen women knew it was exactly where the mother had worn her handkerchief when in a moment of terror. Pregnant women never ventured out unless they had an excuse to cover them and danger. The worst would say “Don’t look, there’s a handkerchief coming,” or “Look up, here comes a scrumming dog.”

It worked. My mother never ventured out unless escorted, — plus two or three aunts perched to her clothing, and if not pregnant we were healthy children.

Journalism will kill you, but it will keep you alive while you’re at it.

—Horace Greeley

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Great Writer Or Baneous Humanist? In the Adventures of Huckleberry Finn by Mark Twain, Huckleberry Finn is a young man who starts living on his own. Sam says, "He's sort of a round-shouldered man with a bad habit of smoking tobacco.

"Great-grandfather! Anybody heard of him?"

"No. Killed a night ago."

"Well, let's have a look at him."

This is the Mark Twain we hide from ourselves, the Mark Twain who understood the destructive effects of white supremacy. We refuse to admit that Mark Twain was a humanist liberal. Nor do we admit that one of his central themes was the destructive relationship between black and white and its divisive effect upon this culture we call America.

We deal with Twain as we deal with Lincoln. That part of his personality that does not lend itself to the concept of "magnificence" we simply ignore. Like Lincoln, Twain says, "Ain't it a shore thing?'

The world's great novels? Every time Huckleberry Finn, The river and vagabonding and canoe to shore he aces aces and cowardice and depth. Twain's essential criticism of America is a North one. It deuces, because it is also a consummate art.

We have begun to revere Twain. For two or three generations we keep saying he wrote wonderful children's books. Leslie Fiedler quite accurately says he wrote much that was simply trash and even more that is quite unreadable.

But what people don't say about Twain is that he was an American — that he has the same impulses toward violence all men have. For this is a violent country, no matter what those normal school graduates tell the kindergarteners. The violence of the West was violent, the labor movement was violent, even the growth of the motion picture industry was based upon the violence. Twain was also amoralist, at all times and everywhere. He was a wisher and always a dreamer, Europe and European culture. He was poisoned with a drive to make money and wants to keep it in the process. Treating Mark Twain as a benign humanist is another example of American amnesia. We are trying to un-Americanize him. Americans are a rare people, and Twain is rare too. We are not completely explainable, nor completely listless. We are not completely explainable, nor completely listless. We are not completely explainable, nor completely listless.

Using our material, we must not import the German and Irish who brought the Union war into the era of minorities and forget the Negro for whose freedom we had fought.

Mark Twain is one of the great adversaries of racial segregation. There is a hint that he was in the South probably only that he is not understood. I do not think Northern critics are aware of the political implications in his work. I have read discussions of his symbols and have discerned them through ethnography. Trouble by Twain became a great writer because he had two subjects: the essence of the frontier and the emergence of political segregation.

Our mistake about Twain is to think of him as the English think of Dickens. Neither Twain nor Dickens wrote to celebrate life, but to reform it.

The Poet: The Marginal Man

I had a letter from Serge P. Fischel, a Russian Jew, who lived in South twenty years ago. Mr. Fischel is called the poet of the islands, the islands in question being Sanibel and Captiva Islands off the Florida coast. Mr. Fischel is a handsomely bearded man who could, if he chose, pass himself off as a real poet. He writes custom poetry for any occasion or purpose.

I hope there is a future for poetry in this. Not only poetry is a neglected art, but America has room for ten quality poets and tolerates no more. To be sure, people can write poetry, but their minds are filled with that and regard them as satirizing lunatics who'd be better off in the local gas station lubricating cars.

Yet poetry is the noblest of all callings, perhaps the noblest of all aspirations. It is curious and astounding that in America we are often the marginal man. Most of the poets have taken refuge in the American University, which is the last haven. Carl Sandburg, Archibald MacLeish and Robert Frost are able to support themselves, and William Carlos Williams, a baby doctor while Wallace Stevens was an insurance company vice-President. But the rest of the poets must consign themselves to the muddy banks of academe or to the company of editors who think they'd be much better off if only they wouldn't confess to this addiction.

I have a close friend who is a poet — Paul Skolos, Jr. of Oxford, North Carolina. He is a brilliant poetic journal for the Raleigh News and Observer and he earns his living as an editor in the Veterans Administration. But Mr. Skolos has the courage of his talent. His name is known as a poet. He writes dada good poetry, bad, here is a case of imagination and courage. — to be known as a poet in Oxford, North Carolina.

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The Retired in St. Petersburght

They sit on the benches and discuss their ailments: "I have had a letter from a daughter; there is a Mother's Day." "I can't hear the sermon today, but it's not my hearing; it's the electrical connection in the church."

Every few blocks there's a machine which takes blood pressure for 25 cents.

When they leave their hotels and boarding houses in the morning, their first topic always is the events of the latest movement. They will discuss this until noon. "I take figs every night." "My doctor in Den Moines gave me something and I have written him a letter he should patent it — it's so wonderful."

This is St. Petersburg, Florida, where the aged live, where the newspapers run twelve pages of obituaries, where the streets are all ramped and where the beaches proliferate. This is what we do with the aged: we show them into the incubator where they wait vegetable-like for the small joys of isolated life, fretting about all the annoyances of their days.

"My daughter-in-law hates me and keeps me from seeing the children."

They spend their lives looking out of the windows where they take their post as soon as they awaken. The mail is the big event of the day. Then they will run to the mailbox and take letter not addressed to them which they will not open but hold for the vicarious and momentary thrill of possession and for the joy of saying, "Mrs. Vats, I have a letter that came for you."

They are terrified worried about children and dogs. Both make noise. They investigate carefully before they rent or buy to make sure there are no children and no dogs on the block. An empty house is a crime for deep concern. "We may get someone with children." The happily giggling child is an object of hostility as though they object to his youth and would deprive him of it.

There are clubs for them based on point of origin, the bowls Clubs, the Mine Club, the New Jersey Club. They hold singing contests after the Saturday-night lecture on "The Salt- Principle." Each club sings anthems like "My Wild Irish Rose" and "Let Me Call You Sweetheart." After the singing, competition, the blood pressure machines do a big business.

We are not improving on this. Already Fort Charlotte in Florida, an oldage not haven, is sold out. Plll after plot has been sold via the hard sell in Northern cities, yet Fort Charlotte is just as sterile and detached from the world as St. Petersburg. We think of the aged as vegetables, put out to dry and wilt. Our business men urge them to give up all fees and costs and enter into these speculative yet depressing developments. For that reason, the old are cranky and we hate them. The New England grandma may be cranky, but she was probably sour as a girl, too. Where the old live surrounded by the middle-aged and the young, they live happier and longer.

But in St. Petersburg they ask: "Isn't it time for lunch?" The question is first put at 10:15 and continued until 13:15. In St. Petersburg there are 182 different religious sects. Vestibulus is one of the most popular. But of all them, the most popular — bowl regularity. "Pray inter the last thing at night is the best of all." And the old men will beat with their cases the hood of a car which has packed two inches over the white dividing lines.

Another Cigar Story

Harvina cigars are world famous because of the Cuban water. Among connoisseurs. Harvina cigars have always been highly prized. One of the great Harvina cigars of all times was called the Habitar de Bismarck, in honor of the Iron Chancellor.

When Bismarck died in 1898 the funeral cortège toured Germany carrying the Iron Chancellor back to the black forest. One of those stops was Hamburg, a free city at the time — no import duty on cigars.

A friend of mine, who lived in Hamburg, now writes me that he too was in Hamburg when the German government evacuated all the hotels to accommodate the high officials, princes, and functionaries who were accompanying the coffin.

My friend was walking the streets of Hamburg and he saw a tobacco seller, Habitar de Bismarck for one half their usual price. Since the price in Hamburg was one shilling, he bought all the cigars in the store — 700. The tobacco man explained that the death of Bismarck depreciated the cigar's popularity in Germany.

Nineteen years later, he said, he was still smoking them. They had been wrapped in taffeta — not rawhide — and retained their aroma and beauty and were even improved through aging.

Advice From A Southern Gentleman

Mr. Ray Harris, one of the leading segregationists in Georgia and a devout believer in the law of massive resistance, made a speech in Louisiana to a White Citizens Council. Louisiana is about to get integration. Mr. Harris told his listeners, "If your children do have to go to school with Negroes, please tell them to ignore and snub them every chance they get."

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The Family Of Man

When a child was ill, seriously ill, your mother always said, "Here, eat your dinner," meaning "We, instead of you." As you lay sick with pneumonia your mother kept chanting this phrase, louder and louder, that all those serious indest is destined to happen to you, it should happen to her instead.

This line runs through the folklore of most races in the world, and symbolically dramatized by the old story of the boy who killed his mother and was carried by her heart, and tipped and her heart spoke out, "Did you hurt yourself, my son?"

Another famous phrase was "Meine Kinder nicht haben" — "My children, you should have," which was her way of scolding you when you did not show proper respect or obedience. Or, "A呀 nee minu boss men?" — "Such a way you talk to a mother?" It was "your mother," or "me children," but rather spoken in general terms — in the way to talk "a mother" — the same to all mothers, The Family of Man.

A Divisive Voice

The letters below from Dr. Gordon, one of America's most eminent statesmen, are not printed in their entirety. I have taken the following arguments—E.G.

Dr. Robert Gordon:

I have not read any of the articles to which your attention was called in the last issue of the Jewish World. You may be the same person who is writing in the New York World. Your comments could only have occasioned from one who did not see with my eyes or pretend to understand them. From your 'An Oath of Woman' I deduced that you were afraid of the many fine qualities of the book in the content. Its background and style is such as to make one regard Judaism as a private possession of Jewish leaders. And then you add to this statement that the book has been written for the use of children, as well as for adults and workers.

If it is to be a defense of the book, I am afraid that the author does not realize the depth of the material. I am not going to ask you to consider the book as a 'best seller,' but as a high intellectual leaned.

May I remind you that on the East Side, which you refer to as an 'inferiority,' there lived a very high respect for the human spirit and for the capacity of man to think and feel, and act in accord with his feelings. Perhaps we might take a little time out from our usual topics to the beauty of yesterday and try to review those things in the present.

I hope you will feel that your readers deserve to hear a divisive voice on your views presented in The Carolina Israelite. If you can publish this letter to an early issue. I may add that you may have been my "defence" of your work in a recent issue of another Jewish journal, The Jewish Spectator.

Henry Gordon

I think I noticed in some of the criticism of your paper that the name of a Jewish paper is used to distinguish a Judaism by the word 'Jewish.' I noticed a similar article in the New York World. The author, I think, is speaking of Judaism.

On Jewish subject as a 'phony come lately,' I never paid the slightest attention to Judaism, on Jewish affairs as to the state of the synagogue until Hitler. Unfortunately I have detected some methods which are gathering a wide appeal among readers of your paper, such as yourself, Wink and other lefts which say, "This is our department, stay out of it. You are not a professional. You will get it right.

But why should religious preservatives be sacrosanct? When I was asked as having said the Israelites displayed little sense of humor, I produced a shock among the American proprietors of Judaism comparable to that of the Chief Rabbi's conversion. When I wrote about the way he understands God, I can express sympathies instead of wrap. The gist of my article on Wink's book was that Judaism would be an open spirit and its structure to the strain, tension, buffeting, and inner dialectic of any open organization. It should not remain the preserve of the rabbinic and scholars. The truth of the matter is that Judaism isn't that it is simple and understood. As a Jew, a scholar, a people dedicated to study and literature, the words are also emotional and passionate. To ask us to know Judaism as our scholarly grandchildren may be to elaborate the past, but it is also to lose the future.

Dr. Gordon:

Communication, like peace, is wonderful. Only through communication can the understanding be achieved which is the only sure foundation of peace.

With regard to the criticism of your paper, I think your language is very clever. If you find any expression of sympathy in your paper, which would suggest that you, or anybody else, is excluded from writing on Judaism.

There are two important points which ought to be made. They are so frequently overlooked today. First, Judaism has not sought to exclude any "Jew" completely who has some feeling for his own Jewish life. This is good. Continued On Page Eight

Knowledge That Has Endured With The Pyramids

A SECRET METHOD FOR THE MASTERY OF LIFE

WHENCE came the knowledge that built the Pyramids and the mighty Temples of the Pharaohs? Civilisation began in the Nile Valley centuries ago. Where did its first builders acquire their astounding wisdom that started man on his upward climb? Beginning with sound, they overcame nature's forces and gave the world its first science and art. Did their knowledge come from a true source other than the sea, or were they touched with Ineffable inspiration? From what unknown source came the wisdom that produced such characters as Amenophis IV, Leonardo da Vinci, Isaac Newton, and a host of others?

Today it is known that they discovered and learned to hypnotize certain parts of the brain for the development of their inner power of mind. They learned to command the inner forces within their being and to master life. This secret art of living has been preserved and handed down throughout the ages. Today it is extended to those who dare to use it in practical principles to meet and solve the problems of life in these complex times.

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The Carolina Israelite
Continued From Page Seven

say, some of the most significant figures in Jewry are those who were estranged and then ‘‘returned’’ to the roots of their being. On the other hand, let it be stated quite clearly that there is no superior virtue in being a ‘‘johnny-come-lately.’’ Surely no higher authority inheres in those who, on their own, lack a background of knowledge in Judaism or the experience of participation in Jewish life.

In this day of anti-intellectualism, one of the great contributions that Jews can make to America and the world, is to reassert the validity of the old Jewish standard which honors knowledge above ignorance and which is expressed in our ancient literature, ‘Great is truth, for above all things, it bears away the victory.’

Allen Ginsberg And Modern Poetry

I can put my hands at random on three articles about the beat generation. Diana Trilling writes a poetry reading by Allen Ginsberg at Columbia University: Herbert Gold writes about the beatniks and says they are living on the meagerly furnished them about themselves by Life and Time; and Max Grabenstein writes about the Jewishness and Jewish quality of Allen Ginsberg and his poetry.

The intellectuals do not understand Allen Ginsberg. I do not mean they are unable to form judgments on his poetry or report conversations on it with him, or even psychoanalyze him; I mean the intellectuals make the same mistakes other Americans make — they expect all poets to be celebrities. Allen Ginsberg may well be a celebrity now, but he is much better described as a personality. American work is even more conventionally understood anywhere as a personality. Listen to a ball game and the announcer introduces each player as a ‘perfect gentleman’ and a ‘grand guy.’ They never tell you which of the ball players spend their time in the Lou Gehrig reading comic books or sipping cokes liberally loaded with brandy. You’d think a game between the Giants and the Dodgers was a roundtable public relations conference. A celebrity is only a glamorous idea; a personality is a man willing to take the chances of winning or losing of having his poetry laughed at; of being sent down to the minors.

They are undoubtedly better poets than Allen Ginsberg. There are few better personalities. Mr. Ginsberg is a personality because he has inspired a movement he does not quite believe in.

The New Questionnaire

Publishing and market-research and kibbutz has finally come of age; it can be used to determine the ‘undertakers.’ The state doesn’t even have to administer the tests, the building developer does. In Michigan, the Great Point suburb, invented a point system to rate the prospective buyers. An investigator probed each applicant and filled out a three-page questionnaire.

‘‘Starts: Very — Medium — Slight. Not at all.
‘‘Accent: Pronounced. — Medium. — Slight
‘‘House: None
‘‘Name: Typically American? Not
‘‘Name: Typical of race?
‘‘General Education: Good. — Poor. — Very poor.

A point system was distributed over all these questions. But it was a new kind of point system, like a test with one hundred questions but if you get only one right prevails it’s the right one, you pass. In this case, if the answer to the question ‘‘A station in life of sufficient prominence?’’ was yes, you passed and could buy the house. Jews needed to amass 80 points to pass, Hallows 79, Poles 55. Negroes and Orientals flunked. Automatically.

The times are good when a beatnik emigrant becomes a real personage.

The Divorcee Rabbi

I’ve written about rabbinic frozen, blank, embattled, emer- itus, part-time, substitute, and bachelor. It is now time for a word about the divorcee rabbi. The rabbi who seeks a divorce starts the beginning of the end of his rabbinate. His marriage has to be really on the rocks because the chances are he will not find out, not only that the woman has a man who is as true as he, but that other temples will shy away from him, too. It is a hard scene for a jew to chew and very little strategy prevents against community reaction. Although recently a rabbi who took a temple in Chicago overcome it. He asked for a one-year contract and intersected one year was all he was asked. When the time came for renewal, he told the trustees and temple elders that he had asked for the one-year contract because he didn’t want to bind them in what was soon to become his own personal divorce. He told them, ‘Grandson, I am seeking a divorce.’ This is the best approach because the trustees renewed his contract and stood up and cheered his honesty.

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Our Drinking Habits
Bishop Cannon and Billy Rose

Some years ago I had a very close friend who happened to be Mr. Prohibition of America: the late Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. When Bishop Cannon visited my home, which was often, my wife and I not only had the liquor but even the cocktail glasses and anything that suggested drinking. We were not afraid of Bishop Cannon. He knew I drank whiskey. Rather it was a matter of respect, for elders and respect for friends.

I've often thought about these drinking habits. The use of liquor in the home has become prevalent throughout our country. Among the lower-income groups the liquor is always handy but never prominently displayed. The bottles are hidden away. In the white-collar and middle-class families, the liquor is stored carefully with the cleaner under the sink. In the upper-middle-class homes with their big housekeepers, famous rooms, den, etc., the liquor is kept downstairs. The very high-class families and the old aristocrats display the liquor on a sideboard help yourself.

Recently I spent a day with Billy Rose, the Broadway producer, song writer, and millionaire. He lives in a house built by a great American banker and I noted the liquor on the sideboard displayed as if it is in all famous homes around the country, but Billy never offered me a drink. Finally I mentioned it to him and Billy said help yourself.

Billy was not withholding drink from me but the fellow is a teetotaler. "I sold more bottles on Broadway than any living man," says Mr. Rose, "but I've never touched a drop." I immediately associated my friend Bishop Cannon of the Methodist Episcopal Church South and my friend Billy Rose. They both had the same ideas about whiskey. Billy tells me he left Prohibition cocktail in the same thing as killing the base of your skull with a hammer. The only difference between Bishop Cannon and Billy Rose is that Billy Rose is not a crusader and he does not try to convince anyone of the evils of drinking. He just doesn't drink himself, but if you ask him, he'll tell you that he has to be very careful to keep the stuff.

"The Wretched Refuse Of Your Teeming Shore!"

At New York's International Airport at Idlewild, the folks dinked a plaque in honor of Emma Lazarus' famous poem which appears on the base of the Statue of Liberty. The mower cut the ribbon. The New York press wrote a sentimental story about all the Jewish newspapers in praise and appreciation.

The New Colossus
"Keep ancient lands, your stolid pomp," cries she.
With silent lips, "Give me your tired, your poor,
Your huddled masses yearning to breathe free,
The wretched refuse of your teeming shore.
Send these, the homeless, tempest-tossed to me,
I lift my lamp beside the golden door."

In place of "The wretched refuse of your teeming shore," they put: show data.

When Emma Lazarus wrote that line, The Wretched Refuse of Your Teeming Shore, she thought in terms of the Czar of Russia, and of the third-class citizenship imposed upon people everywhere in Europe. In addition to political disabilities, these people were hungry all over Italy, Ireland, and in the Italian countries; and thus they were indeed--"refuse." But when this "refuse" entered the "Golden Door" it took on new hope, and eventually the vast majority became valuable citizens. This was the whole point of Emma Lazarus' poem. There was no need to fear a line of poetry.

Where Are The Nanphonicians!

I've been reading a lot of the best-sellers, the ones about those women who go in and out of beds like other people go in and out of restaurants. It occurs to me that if there are as many nanphonicians in life as there are in American literature we would be the happiest race of men in history.

In Defense Of The Watch Peddler

Several letters have been addressed to me over the article in the last Carolina Hermitte about the solid gold watches with the heavy iron band. Pawnbrokers always look for this kind of thing. Gold is a soft metal and without the iron band, watches would take a terrific mechanical beating. The soft gold would not stand the strain without the interior iron, watches would take a terrific mechanical beating. I was last month's implication to be construed as a charge of fraud against peddlers. The iron band has its necessary place in a solid gold watch. I have just learned this, so I am sure it was wasted over these Jewish peddler families who prospected with a solid gold watch and a gold watch chain stretched across their girth.
Couserie On Germany

There were three-piece German bands that toured the Lewis Maid Club and played German folk tunes. Our worldlings rolled up pennies in lots of newspaper and threw them into the bands. We identified the Germans with the singing. Sometimes we walked up through the German district and stood outside their cafes and it was very pleasant to hear the songs. They were happy people.

These attitudes were strengthened by the pro-Germanship of the immigrant Jews of the lower east side of New York. This pro-Germanism derived from the prestige the Germans had won. These German Jews were the greatest adjustment Germany ever had. Immigrants, spoke in husky tones of such authority as Louis Marx, Stearns, Wiart, Bero, Haggen, Alvin, Schlurff, and Adler. The last Jews held for Germany was almost pathological. It poisoned not only German Jews but Eastern-European Jews, too. The Jews who came to America between 1870 and 1940 out of their bloc with Hungary, Poland, Rumania, Lithuania, and Jewry. They looked back upon their departure from ghetto and Pilsen of settlement with considerable relief. Not the German Jews. Along with other Americans of German origin, they maintained cultural ties with Germany and expressed their affection for the "Himmelfahrt." 

This the crime of betrayal was to be added to that of murder. Because of this the Nazis not only eliminated the hard core of the German culture but in killing the Jews they also murdered, in the mode of personal malice, the most virtuous of all German patriots.

Before World War II we were well aware that Germany had produced many socially advanced ideas — universal education, medical insurance, social security, and a social democratic political party. Great philosophers appeared to break through the taint of the Victorian age. German minds reached such heights that only miracles can describe it. The Platonism of Friedrich Nietzsche, the romantics in Schopenhauer, and the existentialism of Otto Rahn, and the delusions of the aging gods that Wagner gave rise we did not yet know that the Germans would take these seriously. Wagner wrote a charming echo of a long-dead pagan world of deity gods and their small eminences (but hadn't really existed in the last place).

The first thing that he really was easily explained away. After all if you accepted an invitation to sing at a Hitler Klub and the audience was so small you were not the new important caging audience of convention? Grandmother had asked the butcher for a block of lamb. Delicate ladies had put pantaloons on a piano leg. Some German ladies who had never seen a dress without a sash under the bed to watch on the other side. These traditions went. Stereotypes no longer appeared on the concert program. Hence with his depth and showed insight was no longer quoted. It was hard to determine from whence this breeze blow which was to fan the greatest madness in all the history of mankind.

Some went along with this for a little while cherishing the old visions and listening to the new music, new poets, and new philosophers. This course ended when the new music, new poets, and new philosophers produced works of sickening perversion. At one time there would have been laughed off in a very Germanic part of good cheer, but the delicate balance of reality had been lost in World War I. In the war's aftermath the Germans took the perversion to their hearts.

The truth of the matter is that Germany could not live with herself in defeat. This was the essential defect in her national character. Nothing in her past could help her; she was too much of a war machine to live with defeat. Hence with victory, and had developed a civilization as a consequence. Peace had brought to war nothing but war. The world had become a matter of political science. Germany could not accept what events they wanted her in her march to what she considered her proper place in the sun. Tragically she proved that she was wrong, by developing no other resources equal to her abilities.

The maudling tribe (tren were all she had left and these she named. She could go back fifteen hundred years and the hats of today would not exist. We are interested here in the Jews of our time and we are in the German who felt the strength, beauty, warm and wisdom of Germany which were hallmarks in his own soul. But it was like watching a man go insane day by day. Panic came and then mental panic. There, there, Hettie, Celia, Louis, had had their way with her. Perhaps now Germany felt if she had retained her pristine Teutonic solidarity that would be her strength and her victory. She could go through existence at the very bottom of her bones, if by so doing the ancient tribe Gods would make her as she had been and not as she had become. But the Gods were really dead after all.

This was the sober sober of her lifetime. Many of us knew of the God of the living. It was a God Abraham led out of Egypt. The God was a living being. It was a God who made each day a new beginning. And now we must remain forever frightened of the people who followed a dead God.

I would guess it will take many years of education to turn Germany's passive and formal democracy into an active one on the American or British plan. The Japanese will be more democrats much quicker since the atomic bomb.

Continued On Page Eleven
Casserole On Germany
Continued From Page Ten

droppen on Nagasaki and Hiroshima obliterated all guilt. But the Germans had no annihilating agent. There is every reason to hope Germany will turn themselves into a democracy. The Bonn Government does not intend to be an interregnum government between dictatorships as the Wimar Republic was. The difference between the two is that in the Wimar Republic democracy holds power in every important field. In the Wimar Republic where the democrates were vociferously listened.

Germany's eternal struggle has been between Goethe and Hitler; between Beethoven and Bachmann.

It was the above a day before my visit to Germany in May. My "visit" story will appear in the next issue. (Henry Godley)

The Arab Refugees

The Arab refugees are in a big fix and, unfortunately, has lost us American Zionists a lot of warmhearted support. This is particularly true among some of the Fundamentalist Preachers of the South.

The argument that these refugees were not chased out, but chased out of Israel by their leaders is, in effect, correct. The concern for them is sincere, Honorable Christians are not victims of Arab propaganda, but rather men with a motivating concern for the individual.

I have found it difficult to explain to them all the ramifications of the attempted Arab destruction of Israel. I have quoted evidence that Jewish leaders urged the Arabs to remain at home. It is not enough.

But some change in the situation can be noted. Some Christian leaders are coming to the realization that Nasser is using the Arab refugees as a political weapon. Christians do not like that. King Hussein of Jordan even accused the Arab leaders of dividing people of different races, religions, and criminal misuse of the refugees for their own political purposes.

Many Protestant clergymen know that the Jews could have used the death camps murderers as political weapons, but they didn't. When the Americans liberated the death camps on Sunday, Tuesday and Wednesday the Jewish organizations were there to rehabilitate the survivors.

The crux of the Arab refugee is that we must think of them as people. The fact that Nasser does not think of them as people only adds to the confusion. There can be no constructive approach until we try to deal with this problem in the hope of bringing peace.

This refugee is not going to return to Israel. Nasser refuses to rehabilitate them in that vast ocean of land of the Arab world. I believe a possible solution would be to have the refugees build a city where they are. Jews have built cities under worse conditions. It would be one of the most noble undertakings in the history of endeavor. It would provide work for all others as well as a future. Nasser could not dare any way to the plan.

The city or cities would become free cities under United Nations jurisdiction. It would save a million Arab children from dirt and hunger and pain and give them instead health and happiness and hope.

Parents And Children

In the early part of this century along the Lower East Side of New York, one of the fears felt and often discussed was that parents would not be able to communicate with their children as they grew. The children were American and loved American ways. The parents who came from the European ghettos or Palis of settlement often felt lost as the assimilation of the young drove everything before it. I remember my brother Max trying to explain the rules and purposes of baseball to my father who kept striking his head, and finally said, "I don't understand, Max. It's absurd, trying to hit a round ball with a round stick."

But the fear was misplaced. The third and fourth generations know with respect to the first generation. Third and fourth generations build synagogues as soon as they land in the suburbs. They are interested in all of grandmother's recipes, they study Hebrew and respect the Torah. There is excellent communication.

Where there is no communication is with the children of today. It is impossible to share the interests of the younger generation who are interested in the mechanics of launching a rocket to the moon. The young are damn near to beating the government rocket with their garage-made contraptions. They study music for six years and let it go at the drop of a hat if it is not expected of them. How can we communicate with these youngsters of today?

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THE BIG PROBLEM OF OUR TIMES FOR
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The English, who have several hundred years on us in the experience of human dignity, call installment buying, "Never, never." They are absolutely correct.

Take Ruby, a young colored man who works in Charlotte. Ruby married and bought furniture which costs him $2,100. He pays off this bill at the rate of $10 a week. The furniture could be purchased at either of the two leading department stores in Charlotte for just under $600. Ruby doesn't have $600, and he is uninterested in the ways of buying wisdom. He borrows the $1,100 in furniture and pays an additional carrying charge of $72.50. In a year's time he has paid back over $1,500. But he runs into some financial trouble. His wife goes to the hospital and he cannot command an extra $24 for his furniture payment. He sells. Oddly enough the furniture installment house does not press him.

They let him go, because they knew Ruby would sooner or later become delinquent in his payments. Ruby pined for five weeks and has just about convinced himself that they have forgotten him when they borrow the boom and lower it hard. They tell him to hang in all his delinquent payments or they will come and get the furniture. Ruby cannot spare $24, let alone spare $14 times two. He is in shock that they didn't forget him after all. They now lose his account sheet.

What he does not know is that the company does not want to repossess the furniture. That $1,100 worth of furniture now will bring exactly $83. from a second hand furniture dealer.

But they threaten Ruby with repossession the following Monday unless they receive that $170. He owes. Ruby consults his boss who tells him to inform the company that he will pay them $200 in cash. Surprisingly, the loan company is agreeable. They make a brand new deal with Ruby. He can forget the delinquent week and start off anew and now he owes $311, plus a new addition of $72.00 carrying charge. Reluctantly, Ruby will make payments for six weeks, then he will fall behind again, and again they will not bother him. But at the end of the fifth week, he catches him short again. He owes then $431. and they will clamp down unless he pays them the money he owes for the past month or so. Ruby again appeals to them.

Again they introduce the same procedure. They waive off the past month and let Ruby commence on $14, a week, plus, of course, that additional $72.50 and again he owes them in the neighborhood of $500.

Over the next few years, Ruby will pay them. The brute facts are that he will have spent over $3,000 on $1,100 worth of furniture which he would have bought in Alman's on Fifth Avenue or Ivy's in Charlotte for $600.

The small loan companies operate on the same principle. They occupy small, unobtrusive offices and supply the bread and butter keeping the lights on at thousands of people who always stand in need of an extra dollar. The vast number of loans they negociate are for $25. This $25 represents the most brutal exploitation imaginable. For that $25 plus interest, plus investigation charges, a debtor owes $40 to be paid back at the rate of $2 a week. This is only the beginning. In many instances a debtor pays $8 a day for boredom. In some instances, if he needs $100, the loan company will insist he borrow $106.00 because they can charge another $6 for all loans over $100. These loan companies never let their customers off the hook.

In repaying $4 for that $25, the debtor reaches a point where he owes $8. They say to him, "Let us lend you $17, on a new loan." You can be sure that a man who borrows $25, from a loan company always stands in need of $17, he will be happy to walk out of the place with $17 instead of minus $2.

These companies are segregated. There are Negro loan companies and white loan companies, but the suffering is integrated. The $25 loan can be juggled over a period of a few years and the man will have paid back $1000 for the use of that $25.

It is exciting to talk of sending astronauts to the moon, of making a new planet, of the new tools in education. But it is well to remember that there are many matters concerning the dignity of the individual which we should not overlook and which we all too unfortunately do. Let us try to help.

Ketchup Holds The Line
In a New York restaurant I paid $2.76 for scrambled eggs, hash browns, hash, bagels, and coffee. I asked the manager how come so much? He said, "The dishwater gets $6.84 a week." He did not have to go into any further details.

I was talking with Kate of the famous Kate's Delicatessen. We recollected the days when she sold a plate of corned beef and egg and trench fried potatoes and bread, all for 26 cents. "and" interrupted Kate, "the customer used up a 10 cent red enameled bowl for ketchup too."

Interesting thing about ketchup — it hasn't gone up much in all these years. It is ketchup that will finally save us from inflation.
The Carolina Israelite

May-June, 1960

Hatch, Match and Despatch

"Hatch, Match and Despatch" is the title of a column in a London newspaper which lists births, marriages, and deaths. Aside from the charm of the title, the column has some importance for us in America. It describes primarily the duties we expect of rabbis and most of the Protestant clergymen in America in this second half of the 20th century.

In all of the American religions there has been a quickening of religious sentiment. Jews and many of the Protestant sects are autonomous religious bodies, the secularization is much more apparent here. The benefit of this change has not yet reached the congregations. There is a need for a new kind of expression in the American community and it is being developed. The social function of the rabbi and the Protestant minister will be a spiritual leader, teacher, and scholar. But each has his own function, and indeed they have not already lost it.

As far as the temple or the church goes, the congregations want a rabbi or a minister to preside over the hatch, match and despatch functions. "Still in religion," say the unknown, the old days, the scriptures, and the plain fact that "the heart of the people" is too much involved with collective bargaining and this word ever more.

The middle-class Jewish congregations tell their rabbi to get a detail of "the people." They expect to have a temple, so here is the way to go about it. The Gentiles also want a rabbi, and though they are less interested in the "people," they want to feel the influence of the clergyman in the community. The Jewish rabbi is paid for to give the invocation and the Protestant minister is not.

Religion in America is becoming a community affair, like music. Church and temple are not important to the middle classes, instead the middle classes are absorbing it. It is too easy to say whether this is good for the Jews and Protestants, but Judaism and Protestantism are not for the Jews and Protestants, but Judaism and Protestantism are not for the Jews and Protestantism are not for the Jews and Protestants.

The Moro Castle

The last warning of what we had to do to adjust to living in a rainy fall day in 1934, the worst of the Depression was over and people were once more trying to find some fun. The Moro Point Point at New Jersey a heavy cruiser was steaming back to New York on the return trip from Havana. It was a vacation cruise. That night, while the ship was at sea, the white ship was becalmed. People were about as exciting as a good book, but at drinking and eating, and making love and planning next year's trip. They were so intent on these activities they did not even notice when the Captain withdrew from the table and went to his cabin. An hour later the Captain of the Moro Castle, R. Wilmott, was dead.

F. W. Carrico was Captain and within hours his body was over. For late that Saturday night flames raced through the ship and the New Castle, faced with this sudden crisis, kept his ship at 90 knots into gale winds. The Moro Castle hadn't a chance.

The crewmen described in panic. Passengers trapped below in their flamboyant cabins could see the flames burning on the Jersey shore. They could see other ships standing off from the Moro Castle, they could see the police lights which were flashing away. On deck others threw themselves into the sea to escape the intense heat. The crew who stayed did not have time to manage the fire fighting equipment. Lives were saved in a hurryless way.

While made the Moro Castle a startling symbol was that to the was tattered and famished and smoking toward New York by a Coast Guard cutter, she ran aground on a sand bar off Asbury Park, right in front of Convention Hall where all day Saturday, tourists had hurried toward the beach paid $5.75 to enter the play and get a closer look at the still smoldering and untouched burning.

Jewish Rye

Gustavus Adolphus bought Jewish rye maltose. For a long time they have enjoyed Jewish rye bread. The Jews of America will achieve complete eradication when now, again, go up for super-market advertising. "We sell Jewish rye." Not only will help the Jewish sales, but the Christian too. Do you ever read the fine print on the way wrappers that enclose whole bread? The description of these ingredients makes it sound as though the bread were good to be used in an ultimate weapon in a chemical warfare campaign.
A Funny Man Who Hit Us Hard

(Editor's note: My son, Billy will soon take up his post as Associate Professor in the English Department at the University of Puerto Rico. We are trying to do all we can to help bring about a revival of interest in the works of our greatest writers, Ring Lardner. I asked Billy to start off his G.H.)

This spring Scribner's has released an American Sports classic: Ring Lardner's YOU KNOW ME, AL is appearing once again in bookstores, decked out in a new dust jacket and enhanced by a lovely introduction written by Lardner's son. This edition might well stir up interest in a writer who has largely been neglected since his death in 1933. At the least it will provoke a good many laughs. For after nearly half a century the saga of Buckoo Jack Keefe and his friend Al remains fresh and entertaining as ever.

Long live Jack Keefe!

But YOU KNOW ME, AL is no true memorial to Ring Lardner. His best work is to be found elsewhere — in the uncompromising sketches of American life that have a sentimentless edge, '"The Big Town," "Gibbons' Travels," "The Young Immigrants," "The Golden Moment" — all in the Viking Portable Lardner and perhaps a dozen other pieces show how far this story-teller ventured beyond the confines of the baseball diamond.

Another writer once commented on a kind of fictional precision that could be written "without women and without sex. With nothing that will go bad afterwards"— pianos that don't shatter, cars that don't break down, with fierce pessimism. At other times he was cynical and amused. Frequently he was just hilarious. But always there is a kind of penetrating accuracy in his work, a fidelity to our speech and behaviour that is nothing short of monstrous.

What has been written about this writer and his achievement? In his heyday, there were many essays and reviews, almost all favorable, not long forgotten. Donald Esher has written an excellent full-length biography. Today it is out of print. In recent years, his contemporaries have enjoyed revivals and honors. Ring Lardner has been the subject of a number of scholarly books. And even his detractors have begun to change their minds.

As a matter of fact, not just estimates of Lardner has ever been written. His influence was profound and far-reaching. It is so pervasive that it cannot be clearly defined. His themes anticipate those used long ago and again by the great storytellers of the nineteenth-century — and after. Writers as diverse as James Thurber, Irwin Shaw, James T. Farrell, and Frank Fastinger are in his debt. In small sense Ring Lardner affected the direction of our literature.

He wrote honestly about America as he saw it — compassionately, but some critics or romanticism. And much of his work has come to be seen as a little dated. Here we will find the bored soldier, the station agent, the unscrupulous manufacturer and the thousand intolerable frustrations of modern life — presented with humor and insight. Ring Lardner was the best. Like all human beings, he had a serious comment lurking just beneath the jokes on the surface. He was a funny man who hit us hard.

Let us hope that he will not be forgotten.

— Win. Goldfani

A Trade of the World

What Some Blondes Can Do To A Family

The easiest way to be a Jew is to live in a big city. That way you're just a Jew. You are not caught up in the activities of the new Jewish Yeshiva, the Yiddish theater, the Reform movement. You're just a Jew. You don't have to speak Yiddish or know what the Talmud is. Except that it doesn't always work.

I knew a city family and the woman had two children, one a little better than the other. These children were born in the late fifties. Age 14 the boy was the same Arjan looking fellow in the world. At 12 the girl was better than the boy in addition to which she had blue eyes.

All of this can be explained by the fact that Roman Legionaries were always anxious to be good Roman citizens, and to be good Roman citizens you had to be a Jew. And when a Jew can be a good Jew, he can be bad in a big city.

But the parents involved them in every aspect of Jewish life, even to attending the trouble of maintaining a kosher house. They saw to it that the family name was as much a corner of their house as their children'sAgainst Judaism through a very wide endorsement of tribal loyalty.

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Mr. Holl, N. C.
The Hebrews, The Irish, The Scots
And The Stone Of Scone

There is a legend about the famous Scotch stone of Scone which rests momentarily in England's Westminster Abbey.

The story goes that the ten wandering tribes of Jerusalem received it as the stone which Jacob used for his pillow during his sojourn in the desert. When the wandering Israelites moved out along the North African coast, they carried the stone along with them.

These ten tribes subsequently dispersed themselves over the continent, the last remaining two emigrating into Ireland and Scotland. The Irish tribe kept the stone, but the Scots took it away from them in a war. Therefore, the Scots used it as a symbol of their connection to their English forefathers, and the English used it as a symbol of their connection to their Scottish forefathers.

The Unforgiven

Andrew Hepburn plays a beautiful girl in Kansas who was loved by a fellow who died in the Civil War. The story of the town of Kansas is told by the path of young woman who is left behind when her husband dies in battle. The town is left to fend for itself, and the woman must decide whether to stay and fight for her home or leave to find a new life elsewhere.

The Democratic Convention And The Trip To Germany

The next issue of The Carolina Israelite will come out early for a change. I want to come out as soon as the Democratic Convention is held. It is important to have an impression of the views of the convention, and I want to see what those views are.

I will also have a lengthy report on my trip to Germany and make full use of a great deal of material which could not go into articles for other publications.

An Ordinary Day In Israel

It is an exciting, ever-changing civilization. Its days are not filled with prosperity, but with struggle. Israel is in the forefront of the American world. It was 100 years ago, perhaps even 100 years ago. People are exciting people because they are the people of the future. The New Yorkers at the beginning of the 19th century were excited, the Irish who left Ireland and Scotland for North Carolina were excited, and even we were the Mormons who traveled the great deserts.

Here is a typical day in Israel. In the morning, there is a lot of work to be done. In the afternoon, there is a lot of work to be done. In the evening, there is a lot of work to be done. In the night, there is a lot of work to be done. It is one of the requisites of Mr. Simon's large and the folks who visit him.

Piedmont Refrigeration Co. Inc.

Another day you read the announcement that Israeli commercial enterprises have captured the top murderer of the Nazis. Here is a example of the superstars in the Jewish community. They are the people who make up the backbone of the Jewish community.
What Has Happened To Main Street

Saul Custer, the model for Sinclair Lewis's Gopher Boy, has rechristened its Main Street "The Original Main Street." This was the last thing they would have thought to do when Lewis's novel was published forty years ago. They did not even contemplate this change thirty years ago when Lewis won the Nobel Prize for Literature.

Why now?

That Saul Custer, a town that bitterly opposed Lewis's hometown, would rename its Main Street to its name so that the memory of Lewis's novel was preserved, is a remarkable transformation. Saul Custer had a deep interest in literature. On Main Street there stood only an ingrained sentiment, a philistine so daring and daring that it led her husband into a cheap allegedly and forced her to take refuge in Washington, D.C., during the first World War. The novel concludes with Carol Kennicott returning home determined to live with Main Street and only it ever lived with her.

Carol Kennicott lives in every house along Main Street today. Carol Kennicott is ubiquitous. She supports the opera, the library, and the local poetry societies.

Did this happen to Main Street? People would say it has happened. The new Carol Kennicott was nowhere to be found. Saul Custer in 1920 had a Sinclair Lewis; the Carol Kennicott of today reads more than it always meant less but she had no Sinclair Lewis. No satirist, no critic, no realist, nor has there been anything like the novelist of the novel, T.S. Eliot, who has given us the cultural arts.

What Happened To Mr. Iceland

In my book For the Plate, I wrote about a trip I made to Katz's Delicatessen on Houston Street. In this article, I asked, "What happened to Mr. Iceland?" Mr. Iceland was the fellow who went into business with Mr. Katz. Originally, this great delicatessen was known as "Iceland and Katz." I received a letter from Mr. Iceland's son, Emanuel, who told me that his father sold out to Katz in 1916 and went into the meat business.

Katz's Delicatessen was a tremendous event on the lower East Side of New York. No one had ever seen a place like this. The 'hummers' of the East Side also came to Katz's to see what they would have to compete with. A summons would take a telephone call was one of joy when it received a young girl, but if an elder woman was called, all the relatives followed anticipating great sorrow. A telephone call meant an accident — at such a woman's grave.

The 'hummers' of the East Side also played many tricks with the telephone. A new immigrant would start a business and install a telephone. A new immigrant would install a telephone, a new immigrant would start a business and install a telephone. The telephone was a tremendous event on the lower East Side of New York. No one had ever seen a place like this.

What Happened To Mr. Iceland? Saul Custer had a Sinclair Lewis; the Carol Kennicott of today reads more than it always meant less but she had no Sinclair Lewis. No satirist, no critic, no realist, nor has there been anything like the novelist of the novel, T.S. Eliot, who has given us the cultural arts.

Introductions

Billy, my son the professor, has a good idea for the cover jacket of his novel "A novel about the South — without an Introduction by Harry Golden."
Will Mortimer Adler Replace Television?

Dr. Mortimer Adler and I have one thing in common. We both contributed to that excellent IBM publication Think. Recently the editors of Think visited my statemate Dr. Adler, who is one of the inventors of the "100 Great Books." Dr. Adler compiled the Syndromes, a two-volume index to the thinking of seventy-four great authors who have thought mankind's great thoughts. The project, which I suppose ought to be hard along with the other great thoughts, cost its sponsor, The Encyclopedia Britannica, several million dollars.

The next week to on to describe the activities of the ever-real. Now, Dr. Adler, right now the good philosopher is about to take stock of the one hundred and two great ideas of Western mankind. Recently he completed a 600-page volume called The Idea of Freedom and he will start work soon on "a follow-up" basic numbering nine hundred pages. Dr. Adler had not always enjoyed universal acclaim. For the simple reason that Dr. Adler is not typically a philosopher, but a businessman. Philosophers never mention the number of pages in their books.

Do not mistake me, there is nothing wrong in being a businessman. The National Association of Manufacturers assures us that businessmen have made the country what it is. I suspect the NAM is right. But it is a little bewildering to have a businessman pose as a philosopher. The businessman philosopher will not confute philosophers, but he will create disputations.

Nor is it presumptuous to call Dr. Adler a businessman. Business in America is a pretty numerous thing. Similar Lewis and the ex-patriciate writers of the twenties and the one-thousand of the nineties raised the body knows that few other Western institutions have survived. But American business is nothing if not resilient. It recovered. Businessmen and their vicious buyback taxes today and talk about his "blue-ribbon" corporations are the financial majority of the smaller colleges; and for a while businessmen were contemplating running the government.

How did business manage this? They simply hired every body. Some of the hiring was obvious — they gave a man a job. They swallowed up hundreds of World War II generals like Lucien Clay and Douglas MacArthur. And while the rest of us were trying the hardbacking devices and psychologists looking for the best way to dismiss the university for the benefit of mankind, businessmen hired them. We look back now, and here are these white-coated men on the payroll, preparing for tomorrow by predicting what and how to buy today.

This asset is not hard to master if you've got the money. Business has the money and there are thousands of men who want to do business. And business, for instance, sends executives to Dr. Adler's Institute of Philosophical Research in San Francisco.

What makes Dr. Adler a fit subject for admiration in the business world is his marketing mind. There are one hundred great books, seventy-four great authors, one hundred and two great ideas. Businessmen love practical ideas. They want to deal in finite and specific quantities. "Will we make this year's quota?" "What is the cost per barrel per thousand?" "How profitable are our distributorships?" "Will it sell?" "Can it be scheduled?" Business has expanded it and expends on a piecemeal basis. They know there is a point at which expansion and profits sacrifice a certain balance and fruitful. When expansion occurs, the business is thoughtful and one hundred and two great ideas, seventy-four authors, and one hundred and two great ideas. If there is a balance point in profits, then there must be also a point where intelligence and knowledge reach some effective balance. That, too, should be a piecemeal process. Read so many books a year, think so many of the great ideas, and read so many of the great authors — it's just as a new-year quota system, or a five-year plan. Dr. Adler's system has practical benefits, too. Read the boy off to college where he studies the one hundred great books and you know exactly what he is buying and how smart the boy ought to be.

The only real problem Dr. Adler may face for business is if he succeeds to discover that there are really one hundred and one great ideas and some great authors and maybe finds two more books. But businessmen do the same thing with imperfections, as soon as they've satisfied the market with black and white books, they discover color television and when all the people are drinking martinis businesses suddenly makes it chic to drink back beer.

Dr. Adler knows where he is going, but I wonder if we do. To be the American philosopher? Surely no philosopher has more publicly — not C. L. Lewis of Harvard, or George Goethe of Indiana, or Sidney Hook of New York University, or Max Black of Cornell, or W. E. B. S. of Princeton, or Horace Kallen of New School. Only Jean-Paul Sartre rivalry. Dr. Adler in favorable future and, after all, Sartre in French and drinks absinthe with Simone de Beauvoir, which explains everything.

Reciprocity Is The Soul Of Trade

I have written elsewhere in this issue of the confusion of minority groups to copy majority cultural patterns. But this is not merely a minority street. The majority often finds reciprocity to its advantage. There is a store in Charlotte which runs an advertisement for "deep South ketchup pack". What in Sum Hill are "deep South ketchup packels?"
The Jews Moved Into The Bronx
And Took All The Fun Out Of Life

Well over fifty years ago, the Irish families living in Flushing began moving up to West Farms, an area that later became famous as the Bronx. At first, the Bronx was a veritable paradise for Irish boys. They could go swimming in the Bronx River a quarter of a mile below the old Dyckman Works and there were no cops to close them.

But then the Bronx began to sprawl apartment buildings and larger; and over the Jewish boys and then the Irish boys couldn’t swim unless they were bathing suits.

An old resident and a Bronx Irishman named Larry Day informs me that the arrival of the Jews ruined the cigar store business. The Irish boys used to scan the sidelines picking up discarded cigarettes by the thousands from which would be pulled together in a place of tissue to produce a ten-cent cigar. Then the electric news came: the Jews were entering on 176th Street were discarding at least eight inches of the average cigars that came in Jewish cigarettes. The Irish boys converged on the 174th Street Subway Station. Sure enough, there were cigarettes an inch and a half long. But the Irish boys found not soon enough these weren’t cigarettes, but the old carton mouth pieces that came in Jewish cigarettes. The Irish boys were picking up curried (this was a brownish meat) from the mouth of one inch and half inch of cardboard.

Mr. Day tells me that among his Jewish neighbors was a family with a boy who was named Jack. Jack spent all his time in a textile factory smoking boxes. "Jack, the plug blossom," the Irish boys would call him. But Mrs. Day once asked her son why he couldn't get something to do like Jack instead of spending all his time eating lunches (an Irish word for lunch) in the vacant lot. In fact, Mr. Day recalls his mother even picked up the Yiddish word and used expressions like "Why don't you get something to do like Jack!" Do you want to be a corner man all your life?"

Ghost-Writing In Colleges

Dr. Conant spent a great deal of time investigating the American high school without realizing that many of the teachers with advanced degrees had had these written for them. It is just as well.

The whole ghost-writing scandal is silly. Ghost-written or not, the thesis and the term paper are a complete waste of time. And the ghost-writers and the students — and the teachers — know it.

The thesis has no bearing on learning. In a graduate course numbering eighty students, and this is a conservative average, how much time can a professor, who is working part-time in a filling station, to make ends meet, devote to perfunctory term papers? All the term papers spell "nothing." They don't even bother to change the spelling of the Encyclopedia Britannica. The fellows that hired the ghost-writers were the fellows who were too lazy to spend three hours in the library composing their thesis out of the Encyclopedia or out of some mostly textbook.

Some of the more advanced high schools have already discarded the tedium of the term-paper approach. In place of it, the kid stands up in class and discusses the book with the teacher who grades him accordingly.

I know something about this ghost-writing situation, since I was once a ghost-writer. I was able to keep this paper going by ghost-writing for several New York actives. The average pay was $15 and three of four of these $15 (less each month) behind me stay in business. Most of the assignments were an Irish matter, speeches mostly; harmless articles for some "Man of the Year" or reporting to an honorary degree, etc. I recall that there was even a bar-mitzvah speech for some thirteen-year-old lad who, I suppose, made a big hit with a variation from Pericles.

But I remember one incident which came as a surprise. It was an assignment, not for $15, or $20, but for $200. I was to write a 10,000 word paper on the life and works of Thomas Chatterton, the Scottish poet who died at starvation at the age of 18. It took me a month of patient digging in the Charlotte and Chapel Hill libraries and after I had seen it off and mailed the check, I realized this was no Bar Mitzvah or Man of the Year speech. This was a thesis, probably for some college student. I do not know what else it might have been (the ghost-writing firm never told me what it was, or at what purpose it would be used). Sometimes there's a fellow with a Master's degree, completely encumbered, who will read this and sweat.

An Alarming Coincidence

This is the second time I have seen the same internal revenu guy at a funeral. I do not say he wasn't a close friend of the deceased. But both funerals were around April 15th and the coincidence is just a little too much for me to ignore.
What About Tennessee Williams?

I had an evening in New York and went to see Tennessee Williams' movie The Fugitive Kind adapted from hisshortcut New York play Orphans Descending. In the movie, Anna Magnani, acting so naturally that you suspect her phlegm may not be completely clean, plays an Italian woman who minds the store somewhere in the deep South. The store is washed but it has no customers. Anna, in an attempt to attract them, sets a tray of iced tea and sugar on the table, and then, in a signal to the patrons, asks, "What is going on in this store?" She is going on.

The plot is complicated, but it's a matter of how long it will be before Anna and her husband move to France where they will live in a big house up on a hill. He asks her "Do you know you carried your child in my body?"

To complicate matters, Marlon Brando arrives, looking very much like a pre-Terminator beastman. He wasn't a blockbuster star but a guitar player who dressed like a Guitar. Anna, in an attempt to attract him, asks, "This guitar will be the beginning of something.

Marian falls in love with Anna who is easily sixty-six years old. She tells him she loves him. "You're a friend of mine who loves me," Anna tells him. "Somewhere in this world there's a woman who loves me. Myself. I'm a woman who loves me."

Victor Jory goes on suspension. He gets out of bed, goes downtown, drinks a couple of beers, and goes to the store where the woman is taking inventory. The fire spreads, and Marlon hits the panic button. The picture closes with Marlon Du Bois riding away in a white convertible with the Negro concierge man waving goodbye.

There is a famous Tennessee Williams' movie touring the current. It is called Suddenly Last Summer and it is about sexual perversion, incest, insanity, and cannibalism. Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katherine Hepburn lend their considerable talents to this dubious narrative. Elizabeth has lost her marbles because she watched some street urchins murder and devour her wealthy uncle who used her as a presence for his homosexual escapades. Montgomery Clift comes to her as Katherine Hepburn's insistence that she doesn't want to hear the truth about her son. When incest pad upon cannibalism which pad upon insanity, the whole thing becomes an absurdist tale of a man.

I have been in Tennessee Williams' house for over ten years and have raved extensively throughout the South and I have yet to meet one of the Southerners Tennessee Williams puts in his plays. Why that should be, I don't know. Why I haven't met one of these incorcles fathers, and I am a man who looks around the corners. In those twenty years, I've met two of the great Arthur Miller's plays in his plays, which may make more sense and why Marlon hits the panic button and asks me to turn off the lights, says a lot about Tennessee Williams' talent. You don't meet the Southerners Tennessee Williams writes about because in truth they are not people and they do not come from places. They are not even seen. They are only innuendos. Tennessee Williams is an expert at taking advantage of the silence of his characters with his diabolical blend of madness, mania, and melodrama. Anna Magnani talking about her Orphans scene in the unexplored sister to the unexplored sister, her face, her body, in the same way everyone is deeply interested in sex-deviation, madness, and insanity. But the result is the same. These things matter more.

Only In America

A temple in Illinois recently featured a Luau Party complete with an exotic Cantata dinner and "Royal Hawaiian entertainment." A temple in Chicago had far in Fall affair at a kosher Chinese supper. The brochure read, "... the caterers will allow you to eat their delicious holocaust Hebrew-Chinese food with their kosher utensils (American style) and feel Arvid and his Chinese waiters will recreate and entertain you. The Chinese will serve you hot bean blossom drinks and you'll enjoy fortune cookies with the Brahms in them."

Oh, would Maximilian be surprised!
The Guest Speaker

There are several large concentric circles in the American scene of things. Television is the focus of human life, from its radiating happiness and security; credit is the center of economic life, nowadays it is unpardonable not to buy a new car; and the guest speaker is the center of all our charitable impulses. Sometimes it seems there can be no charity unless a guest speaker is there at the kickoff dinner.

But Americans have always been suckers for the hard sell. They have managed in their time to buy more bad bills of goods than any other society. Take the guest speaker and the fund-raising dinner, for instance. It's just no fun for the big givers.

The husband and the wife get dressed for the reception. He in his black tie, she in her new cocktail dress. He feels very good. He has found the suit looks, the shirt is starched, and the shoes don't pinch. She looks pretty good, too. She looks better tonight than she's looked in twenty-some years of marriage. After the cocktails, they move, to the dining room for the main event. The door is ajar, and it seems to him all eyes follow his pretty wife. There are a few preliminaries which are not too bad — only two of the leaders address remarks to the assemblage. The dinner is good. He holds her hand during the coffee. Then it all evaporates.

After five speeches the chairman introduces the guest speaker. Our big giver is a little tired, and the shoes pinch a bit. By the time the guest speaker has finished, the wife doesn't look so pretty either. By the time theúbés hundredth "leader" rises to thank the guest speaker, the "big giver" is losing the idea of chucking the whole thing and becoming a Baptist.

The Drive For Self-Esteem

The drive for self-esteem need stops. Not even when you are lowered into your grave. It does not matter whether you die on Monday or Friday, your surrogates will call the Obituary Editor to tell him you were a "civic leader," "luminary of your community," "a member of the Board of Volunteer Fire Department," and "a brother of the director of the local Heart Fund."

We All Need A Bit Of Solitude

When he was twenty-eight years old, confounded by his brother's recent death, inspired by Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry David Thoreau took an ax and walked out of town. He built himself a lonely little retreat on the shore of nearby Walden Pond, and the text in his nature journal is as much a plea for solitude as the fact that you can buy hot dogs there and rent a room with a room nearby with colored television. Walden Pond is a sort of mirror on the side of that little room. It might have become so to someone else, but Walden Pond also represents, because of him, a certain type of American experience.

Sherwood Anderson walked out of an Illinois town to save his family from the cost of music and ambition. He left in the middle of a sentence while his secretary held the pencil poised in mid-air and he never came back. He went to Chicago, lived in rooming houses, and wrote Winesburg, which will always carry the classic statement of a small town America with its nervousness, frustration, and backstreet beauty. Sherwood Anderson went to New York, and after two years, to write a novel about a small town with the title of this book, or at least that there is a small town in the title of one of his books. Thoreau, at Walden, saw a changing America. It was an America that needed someone to think about it. The tourists go to Walden today because they too sense a changing America and Walden Pond makes them think with the reminder that those shifting realities can be understood and understood best not by changing them, but by retreating from their surfacing.

Am Ethod Of Waukegan

Am Ethod is the reform temple in Waukegan, Illinois. Waukegan, it is to be remembered, is the birthplace of Jack Benny. I recently spoke in Waukegan. While it is not my practice nor inclination, to recall the circumstances of my speeches (I since January, 1951, in 65 cities Waukegan included one. Of a population of 60,000 Waukegan has 550 Jewish families. My speech was sponsored by the Sisterhood of the Temple, as part of the cultural series it manages every year. The Sisterhood brings plays, lectures, concerts to Waukegan and they have a membership of 1500 (women). Waukegan was the first town I have visited where the Jews sponsor the cultural events for the entire population.
### The Waiters At Lindy's Restaurant

There are restaurants whose reputation extends beyond the excellence of their kitchen. These restaurants have a personality that is integral to the dining experience. Lindy’s is such a restaurant. It is the waiters who lend it its charm. At a good Jewish deli, for instance, no waiter will dream of bringing you exactly what you ordered. Correct him, and he is indignant, for all the food is good and you should be glad you got served at all. At these restaurants you play Russian Roulette with the menu.

At Texas’ Galvan’s famous steakhouse you expect the waiters to steal from you. The waiters simply neglected to bring you your change. Whether Miss Galvan paid them a salary or not, I do not know. But I do know that I should not think of the servers I paid every time I handed a waiter a ten dollar bill and was too timid to ask for my change.

At Lindy’s famous restaurant not only are the waiters expected to balance the trays, but they are also expected to balance the tips, as well.

They are expected to know who is who between Jimmy Connors, the sports writer, and Ernest Hemingway, the Nobel prize winner, although both men may prefer the same dish and leave exactly the same tip.

At Lindy’s, all the waiters speak Russian because the waiters from Texas de Bean and Succotash expect them to. In fact, sometimes the customers from these far-flung outposts of Russian cuisine express their orders in Russian, referring to cheeseakes as mudgel and foreign roots as “Mimi in the electric chair.” Not only do the waiters at Lindy’s promptly and correctly interpret this, but they do not overdose these eccentricities.

These waiters also listen patiently to doubletalk, Here is their only revenge. If you double-talk a Lindy’s waiter, he will bring you the T-bone steak. And he will swivel to the cop, the manager, and to anyone in hearing distance that had time that’s what you ordered.

One thing the waiters at Lindy’s share with all other waiters: their feet are tied at the end of the day. But they are honest. All of them will tell you confidentially that Lindy’s is indeed the best of the world-famous Lindy’s cheeseakes.

### Upton Sinclair

Upton Sinclair writes me occasionally. He is an old man now. His letters, however, are concise and filled with information. The calligraphy is vigorous. I do not think that college students or beginning writers write around nights inspired by Upton Sinclair. Nor are his books taught in seminaries. For a long time he was read throughout the world. His book, The Jungle, has many faults, but I read it at shorter time ago and it is still readable. It is an indictment that can be used to good effect. No book ever pointed out the shame society bears for prostitution like The Straybeach. Where are my readers today? I am not sure how many readers are aware of the novels by the 1960s like Hemingway and Fitzgerald. It would be better to write Upton Sinclair for the simple reason that despite social legislation of the last 50 years and improved communications, the world of Upton Sinclair more remotely parallels our own than the world of the 20s. Sinclair wrote about men in a state of siege with real social and political society and men still inveigh against social and economic pressures.

Mary Craig Sinclair, Mr. Sinclair’s wife, has helped capture some of the excitement of the life of a novelist. She has written an autobiography called Southern Belle (Crown Publishers). It is a poignant and facile diary of life with one of America’s most important radicals. Long life to him!

### Living Between Two Worlds

Some day one of my three sons will write a novel about the interesting experience of living between the two worlds of the Jewish and Roman Catholicism. By an accident of birth, they had access into both the Jewish and Gentile societies. They were told during their early years that some is beautiful about it, particularly the widened perception. And some things are not so wonderful and inspire anything from envy to anger. I would guess by their personal histories that living between two worlds has imbued all of them with a greater sense of reality. And that might have inspired the drive to achieve an identity that is as frightening by career, as it is by say, “You want to know what I am thinking of a special features writer on large metropolitan daily: my younger brother is a college professor, my older brother is a writer, but I find it first novel.” When one of them eventually writes the novel he will tell us whether he and his brothers have really achieved the means of maintaining moral identity.

But the really curious thing about this dual identity, they tell me, is that down south, everyone tells Billy, Dick, and Bud, “You’re the signing image of your dad.” And up North they say, “Anyone would know you were a Gallagher.”

### The Holocaust

In looking over the correspondence I have received from heebes who are friends, one interesting fact cannot help but impress itself. The forwarding addresses the heebes include. My friend, Mr. Latham, who is a bachelor is a good example. He writes and will say, “You want my cousin in such and such a place.” Once a bundle stuff instructed me to write to another John who has settled down and who holds my mail for me.

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MAY-JUNE, 1950

IIsrael And Senator Fulbright

Senator William Fulbright, on the floor of the United States Senate, was debating an amendment proposed by Paul Douglas, Illinois Democrat, which would give the President discretionary authority to refer aid to the United Arab Republic until the Suez Canal was opened to Israeli shipping. Senator Fulbright said the amendment was the result of political coercion on the part of the American Jewish community and that it was intended only as an appeasement for those minority groups.

Senator Fulbright is an ex-President of the University of Arkansas, a liberal educator who is also Chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. One rejoice over his concern about Israel and corruption. When Governor Orval Faubus closed the Little Rock Central High School necessitating Eisenhower’s calling out the troops, Senator Fulbright could not express himself over this situation in his own home state. He said he hadn’t studied the situation carefully. The statement did not then, nor does it now, seem particularly appropriate for the Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee. This is an important constitutional point in the American Government and it would be well to remember that two thirds of this world is what Fulbright would call “obsessed.” Senator Fulbright is a segregationist; but he has voted against the Civil Rights Bill and while I appreciate his personal horror it would mean he goes contrary to what our policy must be in this world if we are to survive.

There is a certain ambivalence, a political ambivalence, about Senator Fulbright. He has lent his name to a marvelous educational program, but there are other times when he does not seem to understand politics at all. For instance, he talks about “political correctness” on the Senate floor. He seems to think that an “Jim Crow” vote has any meaning and that is in New York City which has a Catholic for a Mayor. Along with the Italians, Irish, and Negroes, the Jews are by and large Democrats and democrats. And even if there was such a thing as a Jewish vote, why wouldn’t Jews vote for their own interests?

Dr. Frank Graham best assessed him as Senator for North Carolina in a snuff film because his opponent Wilson Smith circulated a chart which indicated that all the Negroes voted for their friend Dr. Graham. The implication being that the only way you can show your patriotism is to vote against your own interests. Who does that? Does Senator Fulbright do that? Doesn’t he say in effect, how can I be re-elected if I support integration? Certainly the Senator cannot possibly be a sincere segregationist. I’ll never believe that he can be as sincere as a real segregationist. Do business men vote against their interests? Or Baptists or Catholics? Or the Sharonites in the Methodist Church? Is there a better way to run a Constitutional government than by having people vote according to enlightened interest and permit these interests to achieve a proper balance?

The truth of the matter is that Jews are divided on most political issues. I know Jews who are more conservative than Senator Barry Goldwater; there are Jews who are smugly behind the Negroes and there are Jews who want to enforce strict traffic control like Governor Abraham Ribicoff. But as far as I know, every Jew outside of the insane asylum will vote against a pro-Nasser policy. And why not?

Admittedly, I tend upon an ad hominem argument. But it does frighten me. Senator Fulbright is ambivalent about politics and his ambivalence works contrary to the theory of enlightened self-interest. On that account, I would not award him a Fulbright scholarship.

Worldliness In The TV Civilization

You didn’t need to be a worldly sophisticate in the old days of vaudeville to realize that those acts that went into those female with the actors wearing an American flag and the Americans playing “The Stars and Stripes Forever” were usually terrible. The fellow who closed his act with a rendition of “Markie Wow, You’re a Friend” knew he was trying to immolate the audience with sentimentality as that he could get off the stage. Those acts made you wince.

But it’s nothing like the wincing you get today when the entire cast of the TV spectacular comes out with bowed heads saying — “The Man Upstairs.”

The very badness of some of these television shows makes me hope something desperate and new will happen. I like to imagine Robert Young coming home from his insurance office to see his son is a big gambler who has lost the house at 23 years old and finds the boy reading a book. In his best “Father Knows Best” voice, Robert Young asks: “Son, what are you reading?” And son answers: “Pop, I picked up an interesting book — good stuff — it’s called ‘The Life and Times of Eugene V. Debs.’”

How’s that? Can you imagine that would happen? Madison Avenue would fall out of collective hair by the ranks television executives would put up their bindles and take to the ranks who would sit in the audience would begin to crumble. The epide was going to make that sort of ex-stockbroker Eisenhower produce when he told novelist he liked reading “The Telltale Heart.” The “True Believer” and then the novel went and told the Republican Party officials that Hoffer was a Socialist brought to the San Francisco stores.
**Every Woman Needs A Man She Can Help**

Harry Golden, author, received a thousand letters a week. The ones that impressed me most were from women. Something I write strikes a responsive chord and achieves an identity, a sense of belonging.

If I were Harry Golden, I would write letters a week. Yet they would strike the same responsive chord.

One of the letters might be an order for buttonholes—perfectly fashioned buttonholes. But there would also be a little anecdote or story attached with the order. This is one of the great truths about women: they have established an identity with the male. They have a perfect knack for being useful, and they are never so useless when they are aware they are helping a man. This gives them a sense of security.

Perhaps this security goes back thousands of years to the time when the women kept the fire going and thus became indispensable. The first time I wasn’t there, the cave would have burned down cold and black and he knew I had mixed something.

When a woman writes a letter because she thinks she can help someone, and indeed women have helped me tremendously in their mail. The practice that started with the cave-fire has an unbroken tradition.

There is something magnificent in receiving letters from well-wishers. Later, they may be sold to look at books and tried to gain all cemets and solve from them real-life scenes from our own childhood. But the letters are a sort of attempt to feel a sense of touch back into our world. And those from the latter are sacred.

I used to write letters to Mr. Patton Lewis Jr., and he wrote back. I am sure he wrote letters to Mr. Patton Lewis, Jr. And we both write letters to Mr. Patton Lewis Jr. and he writes back. But both Mr. Patton Lewis, Jr., and I are recipients of the same great desire for help and identity, a woman’s help.

The Tailor says you must order every morning because you are a man. The woman who offers thanks, too, by pointing toward the same man whom she can help.

**The Phony Extra**

About once a week, usually just before eight o’clock in the evening, the newscasts would run through the Jewish district yelling something like, “Warner Fransl Josz Dying.”

These newscasts knew that most of the East Side Jews loved Warner Fransl and Josz and the editor of the newspaper knew it. When a death came over the wire to the effect that Warner Fransl and Josz was slightly indisposed, the paper immediately put a headline on it, and that might appropriately have increased their circulation.

I sold newspapers on the Lower East Side. While I did not sell a phony extra, I certainly overemphasized the importance of the news. Selling newspapers during World War I, I studied my terrain carefully. I knew exactly how the Jews of different neighborhoods felt about the war raging between the central powers and the Allies. Some neighborhoods I would play up with considerable exaggeration German victories in announcing a Russian defeat. It was the same thing except for the emphasize, which was important.

Not many think of Yom Kippur in the rule of reformer, but it was the Twelfth District Synagogue, Mr. Scally, who hired a lawyer to go after the offender and who espoused the phony extra. The lawyer Mr. Scally hired was Mr. Leon Sanders, a friend of our family, and who later became Grand Master of the Independent Order of B’nai B’rith in which my family and I have been members all our lives.

**Trust Your State Bootlegger**

Bootlegging is big business in North Carolina. White Lightning is in the name of the distilled blend. It is a strong, powerful and potent that many people, though they can afford better homes, think to White Lightning with a great loyalty. The only bootlegging in North Carolina is in the sale of White Lightning. If you are addicted to it, all the other reasons like Kool Aid. In some counties in North Caroliina, bootlegging is the only industry. North Carolina along with Tennessee are the big bootleg states in the nation and bootlegging is perhaps our largest industries.

But recently the taxes were filled with delinquency and poisoning caused by bad “hky.” White Lightning sales dropped. The borrowing prospect of unemployed bootleggers was so great that our Chairman of the State Liquor Board was led to declare: “Anybody who is continuing to enjoy North Carolina whiskey, it is bad Tennessee whiskey.”

**Learning A Trade**

You were expected to learn a trade. The great question among the Lower East Side forty years ago was, “Are you learning a trade?” We were all apprenticed to printers, cloth and tailor, cabinet makers, and we learned the trade from the ground up. And if we were set and learned well, we went into business for ourselves.

Today you are a successful retailer at a Bonds for Israel or in the synagogue and he looks insatiably wealthy. You ask him if he has been home from Dartmouth yet, and does his daughter Pricilla still go to the same ballet school? The poor business man must give an appropriate answer and then try to get back to his show which he has, until he is a p.m., and then there wondering what the whole thing is all about.
The Hawaiians Are Vigilant

There's no trouble like the trouble you can stir up with Hawaiians. They are like Southwesians. They watch you like a hawk. They never forget. Now that they're on the warpath, I join James Michener, George Bernard Shaw and H. Allen Smith. The Socialists and the Historical Society of Oregon.

George Bernard Shaw refused to wear any of the gewgaws when he arrived in Hawaii. James Michener and I didn't like the muumuu. H. Allen Smith declared the aloha shirt. Each of those actions called forth a spirit of angry letter-to-the-editor, inspired mass meetings, and round condemnations from the citizens so that book-outed volcanoes.

Hawaii makes more trouble for the State Department than Nikita does at a vodka party. The State Department recently reclassified Hawaii when they changed the temperature average for the tropics from 75 to 76 degrees Fahrenheit. Hawaii has an average of 72.5. This means the Hawaiians will catch pneumonia. They are very cold.

Not content with this, the Hawaiians are also devouring heavy stone against the Historical Society Museum of Oregon. The Oregonians recently displayed the first printing press west of the Mississippi. Only a few Hawaiians claimed the first printing press west of the Mississippi, but that the Oregon printing press was donated to the Portland newspaper by a missionary in Hawaii.

In my book, I say it was a story about Queen Liliuokalani, Hawaii's last monarch. In the course of the story, I included James B. Duke, the pineapple king with Sanford B. Doole, Hawaii's first governor. Our story is more true to life.

The relief from indignant Hawaiians almost broke the backs of bankers. We've printed a story that the people in Hawaii knew the difference between the two Polines than knew the words of the "West Virginia Banner." The mailing of my newspaper, The Carolina Israelite, inadvertently had been carrying the Hawaiian subscriptions as "Foreign." It's hard to explain that this wasn't my fault, and there is nothing for it except to apologize. I am sorry the Carolina Israelite called residents of the fifth state "Oregon." From now on subscriptions to my paper will cost Hawaii $2, not $4 (the extra dollar that is charged to foreign lands) I will do better than that. I'll make the subscription rate retroactive. I'll gladly refund a dollar to every subscriber in Hawaii with my sincere apology. I'll do anything to make peace with the Hawaiians.

Women And The Spring

Springtime is a more season in the year. It is also the discovery of a treasure we thought gone forever. It is the re-emergence of youth, of joy. The girls get prettier with it. Under their faces they have, "I am willing to brave the consequences of being beautiful." Few women would care to reveal this, but this is in and on their heads. If you want proof look at their feet. A woman has said goodbye to you and youth when she starts wearing sensible shoes. When young, because it is so important that she climbs down from her stilts-like heels, she is out of the charmed circle. Romance dies, except for the movies, and an occasional remark to Mrs. Cohen that the new clerk at Levi's Department store looks a little bit like Tony Curtis.

The Logic Of The Board Of Education

John F. Kennedy, Superintendent of Schools for the City of New York has just proposed that the public schools be closed on September 9th and 10th, the advent of Rosh Hashanah, the Jewish New Year. He would close the school on Yom Kippur, too, except that it falls on a Saturday, October 23rd. The suggestion has been passed on to the Board of Education for full action. Mr. Kennedy expects full board approval.

Do not think this is religious invasion into a state supported institution. Indeed, Mr. Kennedy is at pains to explain it. It is not. Many Jewish teachers are absent on these holidays which leads Mr. Kennedy to hurry about the safety of the children — both Jewish and Gentiles. They will be closing the schools on the Jewish Holidays but not because the holidays are Jewish, but as a public service to preserve the children's safety.

Television And The Gods

Television has done nothing to improve upon the greatest continuing series ever invented. The myths about the Gods never die and reappear in age after age. You could take all those family-type series away, like Father Knows Best, and substitute Mount Olympus. Now that's a real family. That's Father Knows Best with a difference. There is Zeus with his interminable lurchers and Juno with her interminable lurchers, but, Otho, Zefer, there's an infinite number of mythologies from which the stories can be culled. The PTAs are all squawking about violence, but that's what the audience must have, some of the Mexican myths about Gods. How About The Black Ink?

If the social segregationists stand upon "all-white" schools, how about the ink? Everything is done with black ink. To be consistent at all, the race-segregationists should in some way use a white ink on anything.

Do The Republicans Have A Chance In Mississippi?

A Republican couldn't win in Mississippi in the next election even if he advocated slavery.

Enjoy, Enjoy!

The new book by

HARRY GOLDEN

COMING JULY 18

Harry Golden has covered a lot of ground since his first book, Only in America. In a single year he accounted for more overnight stands than an East Lynne road company. The strange thing is that he saw practically no outdoor scenery. The answer is that Harry isn't much of a scenery man. His interest is people and what they are saying, thinking, and doing — for that he's the perfect ear and eye.

After For 2¢ Plain he became a globe-trotter. One of the biggest changes he went through was on the steps of Westminster Abbey, where he was photographed autographing a copy of Only in America. He traveled the length and breadth of the new state of Israel, with an eye as sharp as the glance he directed at the American scene. Then Germany. Where he will head for next is anybody's guess.

But in between times we managed to hold him still long enough to get another book out of him. Its title is Enjoy, Enjoy! and while it contains a number of favorite nominated by Carolinians it's also checkboard with gems that have never appeared anywhere else before.

Either way, Enjoy, Enjoy! is a book you'll want to own, to read and reread and pass around and keep. Comes July 33 you'll find it featured at all bookshelves. They'll go like hot cakes, so reserve your copy now, Harry, Harry! Enjoy, Enjoy! $4.00