

(For something like nine months now we've been mentioning the booklet of editorial reprints which we are publishing. On this page and the next are a few excerpts from the booklet. The

booklet, when finished, will contain something like twenty-five editorials from this paper, plus a number of comments from the East Side column. Price? Why, only fifty-cents! The Editor.)

"Our Gem", He's Real Gone, Man, Real Gone — Now, Ain't He A Real Cool Cat, Man!

((From May 31, 1956 Issue))

Having grown up in Mississippi (born and ruined), and attending the public schools of the state, we recall having been taught two things which, with the help of the real gone Magnolia, we shall not forget. First, which has no bearing here, was the fact that a history instructor once told us that the reason our forefathers injected the two dollar poll tax clause into the Constitution of Mississippi in 1890 was to keep the Negroes from voting. Upon passing that delightful bit of unbiased information, our instructor smiled serenely. We students responded with a knowing giggle.

Second, which does have some bearing here, was the fact that an English instructor once told us that even in poor writing a statement should be made rarely, if ever. Preference, he said, should be given to "showing", not "telling."

Since this is more of a character study than a sermon, we hope to be able to "show" you that The Most Right Honorable James Oliver Eastland, our senior United States Senator, is one more Alligator, man! Of course, all the cool cats hereabouts know he is just that, but what do they know of all his other sterling qualities?

(Incidentally, The Most Right Honorable James Oliver Eastland shall be referred to hereinafter as "Our Gem", the reference being made for the simple reason that we have such regard, admiration and respect for him.)

As we all know very well, our cool Magnolia State has numerous enemies outside its boundaries, especially north of the Mason and Dixon line, all being Yankee squares, of course. "Our Gem" has fought these radicals, these liberals, these carpetbaggers with the vigor and daring of a real cool lion, man. He has, on numerous occasions, shown his ability as a statesman of the first magnitude, a diplomat of imagination and character, a true Southern Gentleman of the old school in his encounters with those who would dare call us anything but what we are . . . 100% Red Blooded Mississippians, with a slight sprinkle of real cool blue, that is.

On one occasion, in a Senate hearing, "Our Gem" called a witness a "God damned son-of-a-bitch." On a number of occasions he has called a nigger just what he is, a "Nigger." On the floor of the United States Senate one day, in his eternal fight for our real gone Magnolia rights, "Our Gem" called an elderly colleague, "liar." Man, ain't he real gone!

At any rate we feel you will agree with us that "Our Gem" is a polished gentleman of unquestionable, indeed, unbelievable intelligence.

Well, it just proves that "Our Gem" fights square enemies on their own ground . . . and wins hands down for the solid Magnolia.

Seriously, Jackson, ain't he a real cool cat!

What is considered by a large group of squares to be a great newspaper in a border state (And right here and now let us set you straight on that matter. There is no such thing as a "Border State." Either they're for us or agin us.) had this to say about "Our Gem" Senator Eastland's contributions to our war-time harmony were to proclaim that Negro troops "would neither work nor fight" and to disclose a "mass rape" of German women in a Stuttgart subway by Senegalese soldiers with French occupation forces. Undersecretary of War Robert Patterson refuted the first charge; General Devers denied the second after correspondents pointed out: (a) that Stuttgart has no subway and (b) that there were no Senegalese with the French occupation forces."

Well! Did you ever! You understand, of course, that Patterson and Devers are Yankee squares and are not to be trusted out of sight. That's real plain to see. Now, what about the editor of the sheet that deals in such "yellow journalism"? Well, Jackson, we took it on ourselves to call up that editor on the telephone and remind him that "Our Gem" just might decide to get some skin, Mississippi style, so there! You know what he said? Get this: "Well, good!" Naturally, we hung up the telephone. Well, wouldn't you have done the same thing? He was disrespectful, subversive, too.

We don't know how it got that way, but the fact is this nation is just full of squares, folks who have gone off their trolley, that is. Example: The Protestant Episcopal Diocese of New York (A Yankee state, square, you must remember.) has accused "Our Gem" of subversion just as real and, because it comes from a U. S. Senator, far more dangerous than any perpetrated by the Communist Party. ("Our Gem" just may get a gunny sack full of skin, limb from limb, man, there.) Seriously, Jackson, wouldn't that just make John Calhoun and Jeff Davis turn somersaults in their tombs . . . yes, and "The Man" Bilbo, too. Subversive? Maybe that bunch had better look up the word . . . we Mississippians know who the subversives are . . . well, anyway, Jackson, "Our Gem" took it in his stride and investigated the New York Times from top to bottom. And that, we figure, ought to show 'em a thing or two.

Now don't you agree that "Our Gem" is a real cool cat?

Anyway, as a 100% red blooded, tolerant Southerner we must overlook those square Yankee Christians. Naturally, everyone knows that Christianity varies from place to place, and the thing that caused this bigoted outburst by the Episcopal Diocese was the fact that "Our Gem" has fought those nine old squares in Washington who would destroy our way of life. They just simply cannot stand a good, clean, intelligent, high class fighter like "Our Gem."

And with reference to fighting for our way of life, "Our Gem" has stood up, a lion among rats, a real cool cat among squares, mind you, in his fight for all of us who are endowed with God-given Southern Rights. (We



Photo courtesy of TIME Magazine.
(A real gone Yankee outfit.)

THIS MAN, JACKSON, IS "OUR GEM".
A GONE CAT IN THE SOLID SOUTH

That Yankee female, Betsy Ross, has
never laid hands on this flag, Man!

Southerners must keep in mind at all times that our rights differ from those of other people. We must be alert to anyone who seems to even want to change just one single hair on our Southern heads. At any rate, "Our Gem" has not given a single inch in his stand to protect us from those outsiders.

Now, ain't he a real cool cat!

In addition to his character, his integrity, his principles, "Our Gem" is not only intelligent in the usual manner, but he's sharp as a tack in other ways, Jackson. Example: At Daddsville, Mississippi, "Our Gem" has a small cotton patch, composed of something like 5,020 acres. And in the United States Senate, who has been the strongest fighter for the cotton farmer? Of course, our very own cool cat . . . And down on the Gulf Coast a few years ago there came up the question of expanding industry in Mississippi, and "Our Gem" told an acquaintance of ours that Mississippi needed industry like a man needed a hole in his head. (And get the coolness of what follows.) How, he asked, can you keep labor on the farm at a dollar a day with industry moving in and offering them a dollar an hour?

Do you see what we mean? Ain't he a real cool cat, Jackson?

There are some stupid squares, all out of state, of course, who have asked the question of how could "Our Gem" take the oath of office as a United States Senator, which reads: "I, James Oliver Eastland, do solemnly swear that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion; and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office on which I am about to enter. So help me God." and after having taken the oath make statements like: "On May 17, the Constitution of the United States was destroyed because the Supreme Court disregarded the law and decided integration was right . . . you are not required to obey any court which passes out such a ruling. In fact, you are obligated to defy it." This was spoken by "Our Gem" at Senatobia, Miss., on August 2, 1955. And he has also said: "The country has entered an era of judicial tyranny . . . The Court has responded to a racial, pro-Communist political movement . . . Public opinion is the law, for no law is of any force which does not have the force of public opinion behind it." Thus spoke "Our Gem" on January 26, 1956, at Columbia, S. C.

Well, if you hear any of that leftwing, radical, liberal talk about the majority ruling in this country, and that the majority opinion is opposed to "Our Gem" you can mark them down for super squares. We would even suggest that you call it to the attention of our cool cat; he just might want to get some skin.

Anyone thinking that because a man of sterling character, golden principles, honor, intelligence, and integrity such as possessed by "Our Gem" would let a thing like an oath stop him from protecting our way of life is not just a square, but he's downright stupid.

Some things are more important than an oath, with a "So help me God" attachment. And another thing, unlike most of his colleagues, "Our Gem" seems to have read "Alice In Wonderland." He knows the words of the Mad Hatter, as spoken to Alice, His words, he said, meant just exactly what he wanted them to mean . . . get the point, Jackson?

Really, now, folks, don't you agree?

Ain't "Our Gem" a real gone, a real cool cat!

directly to the police station, and the boy who had been struck staggered out his story. He was told by the officer on duty that the incident would be investigated. However no information whatsoever, such as name and address, was asked for by the officer on duty. Charges, of course, cannot be made without identification, and identification cannot be made without knowing whom to contact, and where to contact them. Thus, to date, the Negro boys have not been called in to identify their assailants.

The second significant incident to occur in Hattiesburg happened on the corner of Main and Pine Streets at 10:15 P.M., May 1st. Two Negro women, a mother and her twenty year old daughter were walking home from a motion picture theatre. There was no one on the streets, except a few cars passing. One car passed and the elder Negro felt a sharp blow on her right leg, near the ankle. She was startled for a few minutes, but realized she had been hit by an egg from a passing car. Looking up the street she saw the car. She stated that as best she could judge there were four or five white boys in the car, one with his head stuck out the window yelling something to the Negro women. The car had gone too far for her to read the tag number, or to determine what make of car it was. Unfortunately, there are too many autos the same color for that information to be of any help.

Item three, a minor incident admittedly, happened the following afternoon on South Main Street. A Negro man stopped his car to wait for a parked car to pull out into the line of traffic. Naturally, cars behind him had to stop, too. But one potential member of the Bigger and Better Bigots Bureau, driving an old model Hudson, pulled along side the Negro man and yelled to him: "Get that G...D... thing out of the way you black s.o.b."

On Sunday evening, May 27th, at 7:30, a Negro boy, age 17, was walking home to get dressed for church. He was about a half block off Walnut Avenue, going toward Manning Avenue. The street was dark without adequate lighting. He noticed a car drive by two or three times, but paid no attention to it. Without warning, the car stopped, and as best he could remember, four, possibly five, white boys jumped out and beat him into a state of unconsciousness before he realized what had happened. They were gone when he regained consciousness. He managed to get home, blood dripping from him, his clothes soaked. He guessed the ages of the white boys to be 18 to 21, but couldn't be sure, because of the split second in which he had seen them. We saw the Negro boy four days after the beating, and saw with our own eyes the effect of the beating he took. His lip was cut through, swollen unbelievably. His face

was swollen completely out of proportion to its normal shape. There were bandages covering his right cheek; the skin had been burst from the blows he received. He was having some difficulty in moving around due to the fact that his body was badly bruised.

Frankly, we admit that these four incidents are indicative of something which we have not yet been able to define . . . but, nonetheless, they are exceptionally significant. This is not an accusation, for we have no proof, and do not make charges without evidence, but it is interesting to note that prior to the organization of the Citizens Council here there were no such incidents reported. Each of the four incidents has happened since the organization of the Council. We do not believe that Council members were in any way involved, but we believe that the organization of such an outfit, certain unintelligent, bigoted, inferior whites feel something resembling guardian angel protection in their existence. Thus, they take out their inferior feeling (Which, indeed, they are . . . they don't just feel inferior) on Negroes, who, by all standards and concept are creatures of a lower order.

A number of possibilities occur to us as a possible result of this kind of action on the part of whites. First, aside from the humiliation suffered by Negroes in the incidents mentioned, (which they must view with fear) is the fact that one of these nights some member of the Bigger and Better Bigots Bureau is going to run into a Negro who isn't a woman or child, and when they do they are likely to get carved up like a turkey at Thanksgiving. Any Negro attacked would most certainly be in his rights to fight back, but . . . well, just recall our record in the state for justice to a Negro.

Another possibility is that, in view of these whites operating on the assumption that they are superior by virtue of their being white, protestant, and native born, they will not limit their brutal and humiliating attacks to Negroes. Of course a Catholic, a Jew and the miscellaneous are harder to identify than the Negro, but those thoroughly bent on being superior would determine a person's race or religion, and act according to their limited intelligence.

Of course, if the Bigger and Better Bigots Bureau does decide to organize, get a state charter, collect dues, they could promote an advertising campaign directing all who are not white, protestant, and native born to wear a sign around their neck reading: I AM A CATHOLIC . . . or . . . I AM A JEW . . . or . . . I WAS BORN IN EUROPE . . . or whatever distinction is theirs.

Oh, yes, if they do decide to organize, we'd be glad to suggest an attorney to draw up their papers for them. There seems to be two or three around these parts who would probably do the work free seizing it as an opportunity to strike a blow for the sweet magnolia.

Said A Wise Man — "We Are Not Our Brother's Keeper"

((From January 19, 1956 issue))

Many times we have been asked why our editorial policy was what it is. Few persons seem to understand why we have concerned ourselves with problems of a social or racial nature, in view of the fact that a newspaper is in business to make money. And it goes without saying that money is made by having friends, generally speaking, that is.

Let us say to you what a wise man once said to us: "Once upon a time, over four thousand years before the birth of Christ, a Mr. Cain became angry with a Mr. Abel. In his anger, Mr. Cain killed Mr. Abel. Upon being questioned by God as to the whereabouts of Mr. Abel,

Mr. Cain became defiant, something of a smartaleck, and asked a question that has been asked for nearly six thousand years. "Am I my brother's keeper?" he asked. I have found no justification in the scriptures to lead me to believe that I am my brother's keeper. Of course, I know that is not the accepted view on the subject. But this I would like to add: I have found every justification for believing that I am my brother's brother."

Thus spoke a wise man to us. As it happens, we agree with him fully.

And our brother is of more importance to us than a dollar bill.

Questions About Heaven — At The Gate, One Keeper . . . Two Gates?

((From February 9, 1956 issue))

One of the best means by which a person can acquire an education is to go ahead and do the best he can, and when wrong have someone around to correct him. That is education by experience, of a sort.

Our aim here, since we are not too well acquainted with persons who have first hand knowledge of the situation, is to just go ahead and make statements, and in the event we are incorrect, hope someone will take the trouble to set us straight on the matter.

Since early childhood we have heard from the pulpits of Mississippi the story of a City called Heaven. Our concept, from the sermons we've heard, is that in that fabulous place milk and honey are available in abundance. (They're both fattening, incidentally.)

Well, in view of the ruling of the United States Supreme Court, we have begun to wonder how it will affect that City called Heaven, if at all. We have always sort of thought that Heaven was reserved for white folks, Mississippi Christians especially. But now we have some doubt about the whole business. At any rate, before doubt takes over our mind completely, we would like to inquire of Mississippi ministers if we are right in our conception of Heaven.

There is a gate; the straw boss in charge is St. Peter. When one approaches the premises seeking entrance he is asked certain questions by the boss. And they're pretty catchy questions, too. He has had considerable experience in catching liars. You pretty well have to tell the truth. Of course, we know most Mississippians have done that.

There are certain requirements, we understand. You must be white, a Christian, of sound mind, and be able to interpret the laws and by-laws of Heaven and Earth to the satisfaction of the gate-keeper. And if you can get by the gate, and aren't too fat already, you can gain entrance for eternity.

But what about the Negro? Do they have another Heaven for him? Or possibly just a section of Heaven set aside for the Negro's quarters? Are the streets in the Negro quarters paved with gold, too? Do they give him milk and honey, or does he stay too busy mopping the golden streets that run in front of the white area? Possibly it works like this, and if we're wrong, correct us.

A Negro walks up to the straw boss, St. Peter, and informs him that he's there, seeking entrance.

"Well, nigger," asks St. Peter, "what's your name?"

The Negro gives his name.

"Where you from, nigger?"

"Mississippi, boss," is the answer.

"Did you ever try to vote while you lived in Mississippi," asks the gate-keeper.

"No, sir, your honor. Not me . . . I know a nigger's place."

"Did you ever talk back to your white boss, or try to own a home as good as a white man, or complain about the difference in the pay scale between you and the white man?"

((From June 14, 1956 Issue))

In my office there's a cockroach who is fat, sleek, sassy, and in his infinite stupidity, he seems to think he's intelligent. To me he seems typical of today's successful politician, and I have, in honor of a friend whom I admire and respect, named him Jim. Also, in my office there is a mess of tiny ants. They have taken the place, paying no attention to the fact that I have certain rights as the one who pays the rent. They just walk over me like they would over anyone else who happens in. Also, out of respect and admiration, I have named them "The State Sovereignty Commission." Why don't I spray and kill them off? Heaven forbid! This state couldn't operate without cockroaches and ants.

((From May 10, 1956 Issue))

It was reported that some 200 persons attended the Citizens Council meeting in Hattiesburg last week. In view of the fact that at last report they had less than 50 paid members, it seems that a lot of people are attempting to be superior without paying five bucks. Superiority certainly is worth five dollars. They ought to charge admission or make those attending show their cards. No Pure White Southerner should take advantage of Pure White Citizens Councils like that! Five bucks is just five bucks, but our God given Superiority is sacred.

A New Organization In Busniess? — The Bigger And Better Bigots Bureau

((From June 7, 1956 Issue))

Whether or not they have actually organized as a chartered group, as their guardian angels have, the Klan and Council, we don't know, but this we do know: There are a few young men in Hattiesburg who could easily qualify for the Board of Directors of such an organization as The Bigger and Better Bigots Bureau.

We have been informed, of course, of the riot on a New York ferry boat last week. We know of the riots Chicago, Detroit, and St. Louis. And in the interest of passing along information, we would like to call the following to your attention. These occurrences were not in New York, Illinois, Michigan, or Missouri . . . they happened in Hattiesburg, Mississippi, and we assure you these incidents have been confirmed. For reasons which are obvious we are not using names of the persons involved.

The latter part of April, directly in front of the

Owl Drug Store, located on the corner of Main and Front Streets, three Negro boys were standing talking to a fourth Negro boy who worked for the store. The three boys were on their way to a show. The time was about 7:30 P.M. One of the boys, age 16, felt a lick against the side of his head; turning around he saw three white boys, whose age he guessed to be 19, 20, or 21. The Negro boy was stunned, for they had not spoken one single word to any white person whatsoever, and they hesitated for a few seconds before doing anything. While standing there, trying to decide what to do, the white boys pulled out swish blade knives. The Negro boys started to run down Main Street, but they saw two other white boys standing along side the drug store, and not knowing if they were a part of the group who had attacked them, they decided to run down Front Street, toward the police station. They did, in fact, go