there is no sign yet that the railroad unions have achieved comparable enlightenment.

Atlanta's Mayor Speaks

On rare occasions the oratorical fog on Capitol Hill is pierced by a voice resonant with courage and dignity. Such a voice was heard when Mayor Ivan Allen Jr. of Atlanta testified before the Senate Commerce Committee in support of President Kennedy's bill to prohibit racial discrimination in stores, restaurants and other public accommodations.

On the basis of the very substantial accomplishments that his city of a half-million, the largest in the Southeast, has made in desegregating publicly owned and privately owned facilities, he might have come as a champion of "states' rights" and of the ability of localities to banish discrimination without Federal law. Certainly, he would have had much more warrant to espouse that view than the Barretts, the Wallaces and the other arch-segregationists who raise the specter of Federal "usurpation" as a device for keeping Southern Negroes in subjection.

But Mr. Allen was not in Washington to boast. He was there to warn that even in cities like Atlanta the progress that had been made might be wiped out if Congress turned its back on the Kennedy proposal and thus gave implied endorsement to the concept that private businesses were free to discriminate. He left behind this charge to finish the job started with the Emancipation Proclamation a century ago: "Now the elimination of segregation, which is slavery's stepchild, is a challenge to all of us to make every American free in fact as well as in theory—and again to establish our nation as the true champion of the free world."

The Fiddlers

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The long-legged, rasp-winged insects now come into their own, and we won't hear the last of them till hard frost arrives. They are the leaping fiddlers, the grasshoppers, the crickets and the katydids.

Grasshoppers are spoken of in the Bible as "locusts," and their hordes have contributed in many lands, including our own West, to the long history of insect devastation and human famine. Walk through any meadow now, or along any weedy roadside, and you will see them leaping ahead of you, hear the rasping rattle of their harsh wings in brief flight. But they do little real fiddling. The fiddlers now are the crickets.

Listen on any hot afternoon or warm evening, particularly in the country, and you will hear the crickets even though you seldom see them. In the afternoon you will hear the black field crickets, chirping as we say, and often into the warm evening. But in the evening, from dusk on through the warm night, the more insistent sound will be the trilling of the pale green tree crickets. Individually the tree cricket's trill is not so loud, but because all those in the neighborhood synchronize their trills the sound can be as insistent as were the calls of the spring peepers back in April.

The loudest fiddlers of all are the katydids, which look like green, hunch-backed grasshoppers. Night after night they rasp wing on wing and make that monotonous call, shrill and seemingly endless. But the katydids won't be heard for another two weeks or so. Meanwhile the crickets possess late July, chirping and trilling the warm hours away as though summer endured forever.

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