# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1957


## Carl G. McCraw: Man Of The Year

NO one knows what community leadership means who has not analyzed the spirit of Charlotte.

It is an unpalpable and elusive thing, rather felt in hundreds of heart-stirring experiences than easily expressed within the rigid framework of a definition.

You come upon it not suddenly but gradually as you watch a city grow with the help of many hands. Some hands, however, are firmer than others and surer in their capacity for inventiveness. They work quietly, without a great deal of publicity, without unnecessary public flourishes. They create from raw materials, which are often unpromising, a product we like to call progress.

In Charlotte, in the critical transition year of 1957, Carl G. McCraw was such a molder of progress.

For his distinguished efforts to make the Queen City a bigger and better metropolis, Mr. McCraw has been named THE CHARLOTTE NEWS Man of the Year for 1957.

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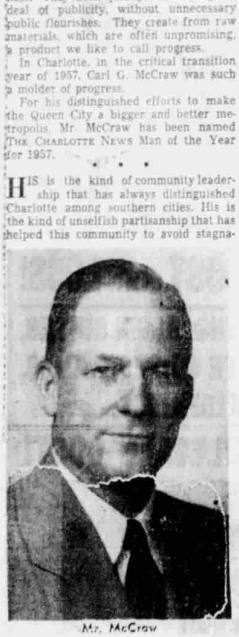
HIS is the kind of community leadership that has always distinguished Charlotte among southern cities. His is the kind of unselfish partisanship that has helped this community to avoid stagnation and reap the full benefits of a promising future. His openness, his receptivity to new ideas, his understanding of the dreams and aspirations of what is still essentially an adolescent community have helped keep the cobwebs swept away and the vistas of the future unmarred by reaction and the vast bubbles of stand-pattism.



Mr. McCraw

Mr. McCraw would be the first to point out there was no shortage of notable candidates for Man of the Year honors in 1957. As we said, many hands are involved in the making of progress. Progress is a collection of achievements, a common enterprise. But there was something special about the efforts of Mr. McCraw. His story was much like that of football's sophomore sensation who came off the bench to save the game—and the season.

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HIS big effort came when the chips were down for Charlotte in the drive to extend the city limits. It was Mr. McCraw who stepped into the breach with an effective campaign organization to win the day in the General Assembly and in the election that followed. As a result, Charlotte will have "room to breathe" in the future and the city's ordered 1960 expansion will usher in a new era of progress.

In his own quiet, efficient way, he and his helpers accomplished more than many Charlotteans realize. In the legislature, the deck was obviously stacked against the proponents of city limits extension from the beginning. The cause had become involved in an ugly political feud within the county's legislative delegation. Powerful forces in the State House of Representatives were recruited by Rep. Jack Love to oppose legislation authorizing a vote on extension. Mr. McCraw, working with painstaking skill and diplomacy, "sold" the General Assembly on the measure.

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THE next step—the election itself—was equally as critical. A great deal of opposition to city limits extension had been stirred up in the perimeter. A rather small vote was expected inside the city. Mr. McCraw enlisted a campaign organization of hundreds and with direct mail appeals, telephone calls and personal contact effectively alerted a majority of the voters in the metropolitan community to the need for Charlotte to expand.

The result was a welcome victory for Mr. McCraw and all who believe in the orderly growth of Charlotte.

Mr. McCraw had a great deal of assistance in his campaign, but his was the demanding role of the leader. In the heat of the battle, he put aside everything to push the operation with all of the energy and imagination at his command.

In two years, the city limits will automatically move outward and a new chapter will be written in the history of Charlotte's progress.

While the city limits extension drive was the high water mark of Mr. McCraw's community service during the year, the over-all record is studded with other notable achievements. He has been active in many varied civic endeavors.

He has served United Community Services and the Young Men's Christian Association long and loyally. He has helped direct many Red Cross drives. He has served as a board member with many different organizations, including Charlotte Memorial Hospital, Winston-Salem's Baptist Hospital, Queens College, Charlotte Chamber of Commerce, Goodfellows Club, Charlotte Executives Club and United Community Services.

Mr. McCraw is also a member of Charlotte's First Baptist Church and has been active in Baptist activities for many years.

He has been with Union National Bank since 1924—working to the presidency from the ground up. His first executive position came in 1933 when he was named assistant cashier. He has been president since early 1952.

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AT 52, Mr. McCraw is a comparatively young Man of the Year. Fortunately for Charlotte, he will probably be available for many a civic chore in the future. His vast experience and creative approach to community leadership will be greatly needed as the Queen City continues to grow in size and importance as the spearhead of the new South.

He joins a truly distinguished list of previous Men of the Year: Coleman W. Roberts, 1944; C. W. Gilchrist, 1945; J. B. Marshall, 1946 (deceased); George M. Ivey, 1947; J. Norman Pease, 1948; Henry C. Dockery, 1949; David Ovens, 1950 (deceased); John P. Watlington, 1951; H. H. Everett, 1952; J. P. McMillan, 1953; John C. Erwin, 1954; J. Spencer Bell, 1955, and John L. Stickley, 1956.

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CHARLOTTE will need Mr. McCraw and all of the others who are so prominent on the community's leadership team. They are the civic craftsmen who must direct the city's growth along orderly lines.

The go-getter spirit is not enough. The urge to improve Charlotte's competitive position simply by making it bigger has certain disadvantages, too. Bigness alone can be bad. Sudden growth can be accompanied by internal decline. What Charlotte most needs from its leadership is the vision to help the city maintain its economic and social health while it expands in the most orderly and sensible manner possible.

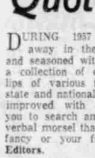
It is a big order. It is a great deal to ask, perhaps, of the hundreds of men and women who come from every walk of life to shoulder civic responsibilities. But good citizens like Mr. McCraw have never waited to be asked in the past to do their duty. They have responded generously and voluntarily. That is the secret of Charlotte's success — ordered growth, aided by the vitality and flexibility of willing community leadership.

—FLYING METAPHORS & DEADLY NIGHTSHADE—

## Quotes Of The Year: We Open A Keg Of Salty Sayings

DURING 1957 we've packed away in their own vinegar and seasoned with their own salt a collection of quotes from the lips of various figures — local, state and national. Feeling they've improved with age, we invite you to search among them for a verbal morsel that will tickle your fancy or your funnybone. —The Editors.

**Sen. Spencer Bell** exercising a politician's prerogative at the annual United Community Services dinner: "Now, let no one leave here tonight and say that I have advocated anything."



BELL

**David Ovens** on Charlotte's reputation: "Charlotte has always been regarded as a Christian community, and, outside of Edinburgh, Scotland, the greatest church-going city in the world. Of course, this is a lot of honey that I've never paid much attention to, and don't believe a word of."

**Adlai Stevenson** on politics: "Running for office is something like being inebriated. If there's anything bad in a man, it will bring it out."

**Oscar Lavant** on literature: "I've given up reading books. I find it takes my mind off myself."

**Carl Sandburg** on the current situation: "The Thirty Years' War could be fought in about 30 minutes."

SANDBURG

**Councilwoman Martha Evans** after emerging tearfully from a closed-door City Council session: "Who, me cry? No, that's blood in my eyes."

**Frank Costello**, after an enemy gunman creased his skull: "I haven't got an enemy in the world."

**Rep. Frank Snepp** in blasting Rep. Jack Love's alleged "bossism": "Just when I thought I could stop being a politician and start being a statesman it looks as if I'll have to go back to being a politician."

SNEPP

**W. M. Nicholson**, Mecklenburg Democratic Party chairman, after Jack Love was defeated in his bid for the State Senate: "I've no more idea of resigning than you have of moving Mt. Mitchell down here and dumping it in the Catawba River."

**Jean Kerr's** spoof of novelist Mickey Spillane's prose: "I was going into Longchamps when this tomato waltzes by. She was a tomato surprise. A round white face with yellow hair poured over it like chicken gravy on mashed potatoes. Her raccoon coat was tight in all the right places."

**Arthur Krock** on White House Press Secretary Jim Hagerty's angry reaction to a columnist's spoof: "It was as if the Supreme Court had demanded of George S. Kaufman, the two Gershwins, William Saxton and the producers of 'Of Thee I Sing' that they take the play off the boards and substitute the proceedings of any Monday in the temple of justice."

**Charles M. White**, chairman of the board of Republic Steel, on the current situation: "I have been told that we learn only by making mistakes. If that is so, we ought to be a hell of a lot farther ahead than we are now."

**State Sen. Avery Rightower** of Anson on the vagueness of a particular bill: "A man down in my county was indicted for abandonment. He explained he had left home on Saturday, saying he would be back Tuesday. He just neglected to say which Tuesday."

**E. T. Burchett**, Fuquay-Varina auto salesman explaining why he chased an armed bandit who had just robbed a bank of $12,000: "I wanted to sell him a car and I knew he had some money."

**Leonard Spease** after being charged in Winston-Salem with hitting a man with an ax: "I thought he would duck."

**State Sen. David Rose** of Wayne, a retired surgeon, on North Carolina's proposed sterilization act: "I think bills legislating morals should be given a good, nice, smooth, sound, long anesthetic."

**State Sen. J. Carlyle Rutledge** of Cabarrus on North Carolina's ill-fated minimum wage bill (facetiously): "I wish to propose an amendment to exempt any living person in North Carolina."

**Variety**, the bible of show biz, on Billy Graham: "The way Judy Garland belts outa ballad, Graham belts outa chapter and verse."

**Robert Frost's** poet's-eye view of America: "I stand here at the window and try to figure out whether American men and women swing their arms more freely. There cannot be much to fear in a country where there are so many bright faces going by. I keep asking myself where they all come from, and I keep thinking that maybe God was making them up new around the next corner."

FROST

**Sen. Stuart Symington** on defense cuts: "President Eisenhower is determined to meet the enemy at the border with a balanced budget."

SYMINGTON

**Mrs. Fern Horne**, a Pittsburgh school guidance counselor, on anti-intellectualism: "The Russians have done us a marvelous turn. It's even getting smart to be smart."

**Sen. Sam J. Ervin** on modern Republicanism: "A modern Republican is an elephant trying to make a jackass of himself."

**An Asheville merchant** on Christmas business: "We could offer silver dollars for 50 cents and there would be buyer resistance to them."

**Charlotte's Peaheac Walker**, coach of the injury-riddled Montreal Alouettes: "I didn't have a football team. I had a hospital ship."

WALKER

Former Secretary of Defense **Charles E. Wilson** on basic research: "It's the study of what makes the grass green."

Rocket expert **Wernher von Braun** on basic research: "Basic research is when I am doing what I don't know I'm doing."

**Capt. William Hanrahan**, chief of San Francisco's Juvenile Bureau, after being asked if the Holy Bible would be banned in a drive to clean up the news stands: "No, . . . but what King Solomon was doing with all those women wouldn't be tolerated in San Francisco."

Former Secretary of Defense **Charles E. Wilson**: "The National Guard was sort of a scandal during the Korean War—a draft-dodging business."

Baseballer (and famed Marine reservist) **Ted Williams**: "I have no use for the Marine Corps."

Opera star **Maria Callas**: "I have the voice of an angel."

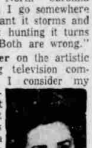
**Councilman Herman Brown** to Councilwoman Martha Evans on the wisdom of placing certain stoplights: "You make the policy, we'll do the voting." She did and they did.

BROWN

**Coach Frank Howard** of Clemson on football: "What's football? I'll tell you. Football is "Rah! Rah! Rah! and a busted bottom."

**Gov. Luther Hodges** on the vicissitudes of North Carolina weather: "When I go somewhere to dedicate a plant it storms and when I go duck hunting it turns off beautifully. Both are wrong."

**Barbara Bender** on the artistic glories of doing television commercials: "Do I consider my work glamorous? Well, not glamorous but creative. It's hard to sell a bar of soap to people you can't see."



BENDER

**Rep. John Kerr of Warren**, replying to Rep. Roger Kiser's complaint that the House didn't know what it was getting into by enacting a certain law: "Mrs. Kiser didn't know what she was getting into when she married you either, did she?"

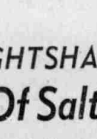
**Alfred Bester's** description of Jayne Mansfield: "A girl with baby fat in her bosom and baby fat in her head."

**Tallulah Bankhead** on the contemporary T-shirt school of acting: "They are just wasting themselves. They're just learning to be a bunch of apes. They'll never be able to perform the classics or Shakespearean dramas. They're just learning how to pick their noses."

Actress **Anna Magnani** on life: "The most important thing is to have a life as a woman, an actress and a lover."

**Tallulah Bankhead** on sex: "Sex is the American obsession. We have it on the brain too much. That's no place for it."

**Councilman Claude L. Albea**, reacting to Councilman Herbert H. Baxter's statement that the city's Van Every administration was lagging in its civic advancement efforts: "There is no such thing as constructive criticism. You either criticize or you advise. It's just another way of saying somebody's all wrong."



ALBEA

**Sir Thomas Beecham**, the British conductor, after being asked what he thought of jazz: "I do not think of jazz! I do not think of drains or stinks or frightful crimes or of rock 'n' roll or of the Bunny Hug. Think of jazz? Good God!"

**Rev. Bernard Braskamp**, chaplain of the U.S. House of Representatives, on advice to visiting clergymen who are invited on occasion to open the House with a prayer: "I always look out at the House of Representatives, and then I pray for the country.

**Vice President Richard M. Nixon** in saying his goodnights at the annual dinner of the Women's National Press Club: "It's time for everybody to go home, take a Milton, and dream about the budget."

NIXON

**State Sen. Luther Hamilton** of Morehead City on the current situation: "The reason nature gave us two ears and only one tongue was in the hope we would hear twice as much as we would say."

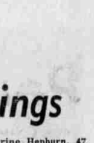
Novelist **William Faulkner** on the Old Dominion: "I like Virginia and Virginians. All Virginians are snobs. I like snobs."

FAULKNER

Cartoonist **Al Capp** on certain types of modern art: "It's possible for an idiot of 11 to splash some colors on a canvas, have it hung upside down and excite the wildest raves from critics."

Actor **Paul Douglas** on the American mentality: "There will always be an audience for slobs like Arthur Godfrey."

Actress **Katharine Hepburn**, 47, on age: "Nothing makes me more furious than generalities about anything, particularly age. It's not only ridiculous. It's downright stupid and a frightful waste. Actors and actresses are crucified on this bugaboo of age, actresses particularly."



HEPBURN

Singer **Elvis Presley**, after being egged by college students in an audience: "The egg who threw those eggs will never make the Yankees!"

Novelist **Nelson Algren** on contemporary writing: "Now take Norman Vincent Peale. His approach is how to get rich through prayer."

Baseball Great **Frankie Frisch** on old-time team owners: "When they wanted a new manager you were simply told to 'get outa here, you're fired!' Owners are more polite nowadays. They announce you have resigned."

Actress **Zsa Zsa Gabor** on Marlene Dietrich: "I always was a great admirer of Marlene's, but so was my mother and so was my father."

GABOR

Novelist **James Jones** on his next book: "The book is 300,000 words longer than 'From Here To Eternity.' The last six months I lived on gin and Milltown while finishing it. It's a great novel. . .It's the greatest novel we've had in America."

**Rep. Brooks Hays** of Arkansas during the Little Rock crisis: "I heard a story about a double translation. Little Rock was translated into Russian and from Russian back into English and came out 'Small Stone.' I said, 'Let him who is without sin cast the first small stone'."

HAYS

Poet **Randall Jarrell** on modern taste: "A great many people are perfectly willing to sit on a porcupine if you first exhibit it at the Museum of Modern Art and say that it is a chair."

Novelist **John Steinbeck** on the current situation: "Mankind has now achieved the grandeur of a child with a stolen dynamite cap."

**Randall Jarrell** on contemporary culture: "In the old days, if you wanted to appear cultivated, you read Pope. Today you buy a Lincoln Continental and go to the Stork Club."

A southern governor commenting anonymously on Arkansas Gov. Faubus at the height of the Little Rock segregation crisis: "He's really lapping up the glory. There were 23,000 people at the Georgia-Texas game, and every time they cheered a play, Faubus stood up and bowed."

**Bob Considine** on the current situation: "If Lincoln were alive today he would turn over in his grave."

**James T. Farrell** on literature: "In recent years I have not been able to keep up with literary developments as I once did. But from time to time I do a little catching up, and each such fishing expedition gives me the feeling that I have caught some stuffed carp in a park lagoon."

**John S. Coleman** in warning that the "wellsprings of economic growth will be throttled" unless the budget is trimmed: "We cannot resign ourselves and say, 'We can't turn back the clock.' We can and must get our derailed train back on the track."

**Sen. Spencer Bell** on reapportionment of legislative seats: "The chairman of the House committee said he would hold a public burial for this bill. Well, he had better dig a grave and the first thing he had better put in it is his conscience because it is dead. And while he is digging he might as well make it big enough for the whole Democratic Party."

**Robert Q. Lewis'** definition of marriage: "A constant test to determine if the husband is faster on the deposit than the wife is on the draw."

**Lance Reventlow** (aged 21 and festooned with a $500,000 Hollywood hideaway by Mama Barbara Hutton) on life: "I'm a playboy but I like what I'm doing and I'm never bored, like many people who work all the time."

**Perry Shoemaker** on the need for economy in government: "If we want economy we must take the bitter with the sweet and let the chips fall where they will."

'Rock-A-By, Hush-Hush-A-By And By-And-By, We May Let You Peek'

From The Nashville Tennessean

## THE BRIDEGROOM, ALAS, IS LOOTLESS

NOTHING is more superfluous at a bride-to-be's shower than the bridegroom. In fact, his presence is about as uncomfortable as a hair shirt. He may, of course, have his final fling at a stag affair, replete with frivolity and the groundwork for a headache, but seldom does he get any of those usable little things like tie-racks, wooden hangers, fly rods or such.

His future better half is treated to all kinds of loot from pot-holders to silver things, all of which he is assured later are "ours, dear." But "ours" is a limited word, and some of these things friend bridegroom could no more use than the plague. Some, in fact, he will never see again unless important company comes. And if his bride throws a tantrum and runs home to mother—sometimes it happens—does she leave any of the shower loot behind? She does not, indeed.

But maybe—just maybe—things are looking up for the bachelors who will bid goodbye to single status. Just this week a University of Tennessee student who is a bridegroom was given a shower by his friends, replete with lots of handy gadgets a fellow can use around the house or lake. We salute the friends who thought it up. Maybe it will catch on.

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The lowered electrical potential of the atmosphere resulting from atomic explosions does not affect weather conditions, an international meteorological society has decided. We'll have to go back to blaming the weatherman. — MATTOON (ILL.) JOURNAL-GAZETTE.

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Little Johnnie was a terror and his Daddy was surprised when Mama suggested they buy him a bicycle. "Do you think it will improve his behavior?" Daddy asked. "No," said Mama grimly. "But it will spread it over a wider area."—LAMAR (MO.) DEMOCRAT.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

## A U. S. H-Bomb Flies Continuously

SIDI SLIMANE, Morocco

ON the runway at this air base are two dozen sleek, speedy, windswept B-47's, each loaded with a hydrogen bomb.

They are poised and ready to take off. Destination: Moscow. Flying at a speed of 600 miles an hour, Moscow is just four hours away.

I climbed up in the cockpit of the lead B-47. Only a few feet away was the hydrogen bomb, containing more explosive power than all the bombs, artillery shells, and other fire-power detonated in all of World War II!

### Every Minute

Every minute of the day one or more of these bombs is in the air—ready for eventualities. Every minute of the day and night these B-47's are lined up on the runways of Morocco ready to strike.

One month ago I wouldn't have been able to write about this. One month ago, the entire operation at Sidi Slimane was top secret. But in November, Gen. Tom Power, chief of the Strategic Air Command, announced in Paris that since Oct. 1, the Air Force had giant bombers, loaded with hydrogen bombs, on a 24-hour alert, ready in 15 minutes to take off toward enemy targets in case of war.

He was referring to Sidi Slimane.

### Big Oasis

Sidi Slimane is an 8,000-acre American oasis between Rabat and the foothills of the Atlas Mountains, where B-47 bombing crews go about their business as if nothing was happening, but with one ear always listening for the klaxon alarm which would send them speeding toward "the target."

There are 38 klaxons on the base. There are three men in each B-47 crew. Each crew has a jeep. They must stick together with that jeep ready to rush to their plane. If one man goes to the barbership, the other two must go with him, while the jeep stands by. If one goes to call on his girl friend, the other two must go with him. They must be ready night and day for the sound of one of those klaxons.

### Long Hop

Once every 16 days, the crew flies its B-47 back to Barksdale Field, Shreveport, La. It's a long hop to Barksdale—about one-third of the way around the world—but these planes commute. They make the hop in eight to ten hours, fueling in the air en route, because the Air Force has found it practical to do maintenance work at the home base in the United States rather than at an advanced base in Morocco; also because long hops across the Atlantic give the pilot practice in the kind of flying he has to do in time of war.

An armed air police stands beside each B-47 on the runway at Sidi Slimane, and even the base commander, Col. John Kunkel of Indianapolis, had to show his identification before the guard would let him and me crawl up into the cramped cockpit of the giant bomber.

### Strapped In

Bombers of the past were built so the crew could sleep or walk around inside. There were a dozen members in the crew. But in this messenger of destruction there are only three. They can't walk. They can crawl a few feet, put one leg down from the pilot's seat. But they can't even get down from their seats to go to the bathroom.