



# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1957

## "Just What Do You Mean, 'How About The Other Race Question?'"



### Complaints Pile Up Gouging In Garages?

By GEORGE MELLOAN  
In The Wall Street Journal

AN automobile company president regularly receives a post card from a woman in the East. It carries no message; just a stitched-on lemon peel.

A Michigan motorist pens this poetic plea to the makers of his car:

"My patience is endless,  
 My grief I've well borne,  
 But please make it so,  
 I can blow my own horn."

These outbursts from some of the nation's 56 million car owners stem from a common discovery: Getting an ailing auto fixed nowadays can be a frustrating experience. Although most irate motorists seethe in silence, about 100,000 discontented drivers yearly fire letters at auto manufacturers detailing their service-related complaints. Some find other ways to express their displeasure. A New Orleans man went so far as to crash his malfunctioning car through his dealer's show window.

Once again the annual new model headache has created the usual crop of problems — body rattles and leaks, door handles falling off, electric clocks that won't work, carburetor troubles, poorly lubricated bearings and a host of other minor annoyances. The motoring public blames the dealer, accusing him of poor make-ready servicing. The harassed dealer, on the other hand, lays the blame on the manufacturer and the poor quality control that has been so prevalent in the last year. The public is confused and exasperated by all this back-packing.

Recognizing its service shortcomings, the auto industry lately has subjected itself to a good deal of self-criticism. Some results: Auto factories are stepping up efforts to attract and train dealer mechanics; more dealers are taking steps to upgrade service to hold customers and combat growing competition from independent garages; and at least one major oil company, Shell, is exploring the possibility of making repairs a standard service at leased stations.



"Now it's developed sluggishness going down hill."

## A Jug Eases The Boredom Of Hurling Through Space

By ROBERT C. RUARK

WHILE I seldom drink anything stronger than Dr. Brown's Celery Tonic, I am beginning to work up a real dislike for this Oregon boy, Sen. Richard Neuberger, for a variety of reasons. His espousal of a ban on drinking at commercial airports, has no nonsense about it. Gen. MacArthur, is beginning to make me think that Oregon is producing a weird brand of export. First Wayne Morse, and now this bird.

There is a move afoot to ban drinking by passengers in the air, sponsored by Sen. Strom Thurmond (D-SC) and the aforementioned Neuberger. Both are teetotalers they always run out of flies. He admits that what he knows about the "dangers of alcohol" is largely hearsay. Dearie me!

### THAT'LL BE THE DAY

Well, if the senators will allow me a moment, I would like to state that I know nearly everything there is to know about flying in the air, since I have flown slightly over two million air miles since the war. And the day I step out that more bird without just to ease the boredom of hurtling through the air in what is no more than a Greyhound bus with wings — that, gentlemen, will be the day.

Insofar as United States air lines are concerned, the jug is a vital necessity, because our queer state laws practically prevent a stewardess-served tippie. Headed westward they always run out of ice along about Boston, anyhow, and the poor stewardesses are so busy with babies and meals and sick passengers that they haven't time to serve a drink. And there are some, even when they're not busy, who look at you as if you were drinking their own private stock if you ask for a second Martini.

### NOTHING PERSONAL

You understand, this is not a personal beef. I like to think that I know more nice girls without just their feet and brains to a frazzle in the air than any living commercial traveler. If they've had that Mormon or Mohammedan faiths would be at once questionable. If there's any booze aboard, I have read that the thought of translation, half-sitting, and occasionally helping with the service.

My point is merely that flying, especially long-distance flying, is such a bloody bore that a few minutes of only do not harm, but at least give a feeling of well-being and comfort and help to pass the time. In my case, with a few

### TROUBLE-MAKERS

I would wager that 95 per cent of the stewardesses who are not of the Mormon or Mohammedan faiths would, male or female, can cause more trouble aboard than a whole delegation of half-crazed Elks.

This is not exactly a threat, Congress, but if contrived drinking is banned on American aircraft, I and several millions like me will stop flying in American aircraft. I am sure that you will give our allegiance, and dough, to the foreign competition.

### RUARK DRAWS FIRE

From Stewart F. Rutherford

MR. Robert C. Ruark's writings have provoked me to a far longer period of time. This is hardly a column of his that I have read that has brought me to you: How I would like to personally wash his mouth out with soap for his unnecessary vilifying of my fellow citizens.

But being a character who deals in long suffering to a far greater degree than most, I have refrained from denouncing him. Nevertheless, when I will want to sock him for his criticism of my countrymen from his castle or citadel in Spain—in a column dedicated to the United States, I will come to me: How I would like to have felt compelled to write a fan letter to, I think it is time I took my stand.

Perhaps if Mr. Ruark would spend some of the money he has garnered by his pen as a Factory Man in the flesh of his fellow citizens in the U.S.A. we would not feel necessary to quarrel over adding another general to our pay roll.

### CITY DOESN'T NEED A Smoke Engineer

Charlotte

THESE is one man the city ought to without and without the smoke or engine engineer, the salary collector who sits around and smokes his pipe and smokes or more thousands a year.

In the first place, there is no need this department for there is no smoke to look for.

This is one of the most serious matters that Charlotte has been burdened with, as it does not need a smoke engineer. This is one of the publicity stunts that has cost

### Kasper Leads Rabble But So Did Christ

Charlotte

THE RABBLE just is a rabble. Christ, an American, was called a rabble rouser because he spoke the truth and condemned all evil. I have never met Mr. John Kasper, and know nothing about him except the distorted news I have read in the papers. I know he is interested in the same thing that millions of Americans are interested in.

Mr. Kasper did not create the conditions that America is in today. The majority of Americans, including many Negroes, are opposed to integrating the races. I suppose a person who takes a stand for his constitutional rights is a rabble rouser.

God Himself segregated the races, and the Bible and human nature prove it. A democracy is a nation ruled by the majority of the people. We no longer have a majority rule, but we are ruled by the will of the minority. All Americans know that integration is wrong and segregationists will win in the end.

## The Hopeless Record Of Disarmament

ABOUT all that is left of the disarmament talks in London is U.S. negotiator Harold Stassen's smile and even that is fading fast.

Of Mr. Stassen's seemingly boundless optimism that something hopeful would come out of these five-and-a-half months of talk, some sign to a weary world that real peace is coming, nothing at all is left. Described by the President in April as "the most serious talks on disarmament since World War II," the discussions have degenerated since into the beginnings of another major East-West propaganda battle. The cold war thereby becomes even chiller. The only hope that can be mustered from the talks is the kind that springs eternal. There is none in the record.

What this gloomy outcome means to official Washington is that immediate preparations must be made for fighting the propaganda battle before the United Nations, preparations including the assembly of bales of documents and the writing of massive speeches for delivery to the necessarily tin-eared delegates of the United Nations.

What it means to a man standing on the corner of Trade and Tryon Sts. is that the armaments race will be intensified, high taxes maintained, and the radioactive poisoning of the air continued in the testing of nuclear weapons. The chief competition in armaments will be for the means of delivering hydrogen warheads via missiles to any spot on the globe, competition that already has destroyed the U.S.'s historic invulnerability to armed attacks by its enemies.

What it means to a citizen in Charlotte, it means that most particularly to the most of the citizens of the United States have never lived in a sanctuary. They have no means of defense against missiles and no hopes of developing the same. If their tax burden is lighter in some cases, the load of their fears is heavier.

In this set of circumstances, Russia has a strong advantage in the propaganda battle. Soviet representatives went to London with a simple and glittering attractive proposal. It was simply this: Ban the bomb. The West was in the po-

sition of saying it would agree to ban the bomb if... and there followed reasonable and prudent demands for the right of inspection and for guarantees that the Soviets would observe the ban. The Russians rejected these demands, figuring that in a world climate of increasing fear and dread of nuclear war, her simple "ban the bomb" slogan will be sufficient to suggest a peace-loving reputation. It probably is a correct estimate. People in danger of annihilation are not very intent on the details of an agreement that would seem to remove that danger.

Thus the Soviet has stolen a march in the propaganda battle. His desire is not to convince the United Nations that it wants disarmament, but to convince the uninformed masses of the world that the West is blocking disarmament.

Actually, Moscow had little reason to want to cooperate in disarmament conferences. While its strength is increasing in the missile field, Washington has been ordering drastic economy cutbacks in the Defense Department. Congress has ordered sharp reductions in foreign aid to allied and neutral nations. During the London talks, these steps must have suggested to the Russians that the U.S. was willing to carry out unilateral disarmament.

In other respects, too, the U.S. eased the pressure for disarmament. All during the talks there was serious question whether Mr. Stassen was representing the U.S. or only himself. He was called to Washington for a dressing-down, and his positions were repudiated publicly by high figures in the administration. While Mr. Eisenhower expresses confidence in Stassen, other officials made it clear they had no confidence in him.

All this is to say that the U.S. conducted its side of the talks poorly. If by no means necessary, the steps must have headed start in the propaganda battle. The West must find the imagination and the means to put the Soviets on the defensive and to deflate her misleading slogan. The first step in this process might be for Washington to decide who's in charge of disarmament strategy so that it can be correlated and presented decisively at the conference tables.

## In Charlotte, Voices Raised In Song

WITH dedication spread over their faces like grease paint, Charlotte Opera Association members last week launched a crusade for culture. Their objective: Quick sale of 5,000 worth of tickets for the 1957-58 opera season.

Years ago, when Charlotte had only a bit part in the development of U.S. culture, such a scheme would have seemed impossible. Not so in 1957. Charlotte has matured and so have its tastes. The association's goal—"to fill every seat at each of the four performances in Owens Auditorium"—is commendably possible.

Wisecracks throughout America used to say that opera was one foreign importation that could never be successfully transplanted in U.S. soil. That was before the National Broadcasting Company began beaming full-length broadcasts of Metropolitan Opera Company productions from coast to coast. That was before opera became a sustaining station on the television networks and long-playing phonograph records of complete operas became available in huge quantities.

The wisecracks were wrong. Today there are more than 200 opera studios and workshops, made up of professionals

and semi-professionals, on and off college campuses, and an amateur groups, like Charlotte Opera Association, similarly engaged in furthering their new love of the singing theater.

In addition, more and more U.S. composers. They got their inspiration from trail-blazers like Virgil Thomson (Porgy and Bess), Marc Blitzstein (The Cradle Will Rock), Douglas Moore (The Devil and Daniel Webster), Gian-Carlo Menotti (The Medium, The Tailor and Amahl and the Night Visitors).

These and others have added new spice to the large reservoir of vintage classics by Mozart, Verdi, Puccini, Wagner, Massenet, Rossini, Strauss, Gounod, Donizetti and their cultural devoted audience. It finds strength even in the hinterlands like Charlotte.

The reason is that a group like Charlotte Opera Association presents great opera with such care, dedication and skill. It is a fine organization and richly deserving of the community's continued support.

## Big Babblegab Suffers Another Blow

THE Department of Agriculture says English walnuts never were English walnuts and henceforth shouldn't be called English walnuts.

For reasons we consider good and sufficient, we'll continue to call 'em English walnuts even if their only claim to the name is the fact that they first were brought to America in English ships. But this desire to simplify terminology is a very commendable thing on the part of an extremely busy bureaucracy. We note appreciatively the department suggested no substitute for the adjective "English," but simply wants the walnuts called walnuts.

This development pretty well clears the department of our suspicion that it was the author of a little masterpiece of confusion found in our babblegab file. It said:

"We are peaking our program philosophically, but it is naive to assume the allotment program is an equity program unless the allotments are so abysmally low that the agency to relax and allow market determination as a percentage of base period, distorting richly return with adjustments. This is based on use levels proportionately and as the market tests. We now have the marginal qualitative framework to formalize the procedure for further refining and implementing of our objectives."

Clearly the agency which asks that English walnuts be called walnuts could not have written this gem.

It must have been the Department of Commerce.

## GWOR, ALSO QUAI

THE Lord Chief Justice of England has ruled that quail may be sold legally if they cry "gwor, gwor" instead of "quai, quai." Wild quail, in the British view, cry the latter, while domestic quail cry the former. This, we repeat, is the British view.

In the Missouri view—even the American view—quail cry "Bob White." We never heard a quail say "gwor, gwor," or even "quai, quai." But perhaps British quail are different, and speak with a

cockney or Oxonian accent. On the same basis, a Mexican quail might be addressed to whistle "Roberto Blanco." A Mexican bob white, that is.

All of which suggests that the cry of the quail, or any other species, is not in the nature of the quail cries, but what the quail hears. A proper British subject hears "gwor," he hears "gwor," and raises and lowers his gun accordingly.

## Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Editors' Note: While Drew Pearson is touring the Mediterranean, his column is being written by his junior partner, Jack Anderson.

WASHINGTON

With Congress out, emancipated senators and representatives are scattering in all directions looking for something to investigate in faraway places.

After a quick unofficial count, the State Department places the expected exodus at about 190. Secretary of State Dulles has warned our embassies around the world to brace for a mass invasion.

He has also ordered them to treat the junketing lawmakers extra nice. In

## Junketeers Get Free Spending Money

limit on the amount that can be drawn.

Some junketeers will work hard overseas gathering information to shape future legislation. Others will attend in-vacation meetings and spread good news about the taxpayers' expense.

Many congressmen will try to slip overseas without their wives. Those who voted for government economy don't want to get caught squandering the taxpayers' money themselves.

For the voters' benefit, this column will name some of the senators and representatives who have privately advised their committees of overseas travel plans.

Biggest loss will be flown by the

a more material way. Dulles has instructed the embassies to give congressional visitors all the local currency they want — no questions asked and none answered in case the press should get nosy.

This is the wish of Congress, which doesn't want the public to know the much counterpart money the junketeers spend. The expense accounts are turned into the House Administration and Senate Appropriations Committees, which quietly voted not to make them public.

It is a congressman needs in order to staff his pockets full of free spending money is a requisition signed by any committee chairman. Few chairmen set a

## From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

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## Now it's developed sluggishness going down hill.

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## People's Platform

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