THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Smith And 'Better Government' Ticket Offer Charlotte Best Hope For Future

In a fateful period of metropolitan growth, Charlotte must put its trust in leaders of unusual ability and clear vision.

This is a Cinderella City, a city with limitless opportunities for greatness. But progress is not automatic; it must be carved out of the future painfully and by hand. Charlotte's destiny will depend, in large measure, upon the kind of people its citizens send to City Hall in the coming municipal election.

It is natural to glory in the imperishable pages of a community's history. But a record of past achievement is not enough. This is an era of transition and challenge. Charlotte dares not look back only on great yesterdays. It must also look forward to great tomorrows.

In the leaders of tomorrow, there should be no shackles on the mind or spirit, no rigid patterns of thought, no iron conformity. This is a time for resourcefulness and viger. It is also a time when the new must be mixed with the old to build a richer, happier, sounder community than was ever thought possible before.

* * *

We firmly believe that the four candidates running for City Council under the banner of "Citizens for Better Government" will, in combination with Mayor James S. Smith, offer Charlotteans the best possible hope for the future.

The Council candidates we offer for the consideration of thoughtful voters are:

Gibson L. Smith
S. Herbert Hitch
G. R. Babcock
Brevard S. Myers

Similarly, we suggest that, on his positive merits and qualifications, Mayor Smith deserves to be re-elected to a second term.

These preferences are submitted to our readers respectfully and without any suggestion that other candidates may be unworthy of the confidence and support of individual voters. It is simply that, after sober reflection, we have come to the conclusion that these four Council candidates, along with the incumbent mayor, will offer Charlotte a sound nucleus for a progressive municipal administration. It is for each voter to decide whether he agrees or disagrees.

* * *

Charlotte has not had bad government in the past. Indeed, we have been fortunate in this respect. But the future will require more than ordinary ingenuity on the part of the City Council. Tomorrow's challenges will be greater by far than the incumbents have ever faced before. The new Council will be called upon to preside over an era of great and rather rapid growth. It must supervise that growth with judgment and imagination. It must give new attention to fiscal management, the provision of essential municipal services to the perimeter, the employment of an experienced, professionally trained city manager, opportunities for further city-county consolidation, metropolitan planning, traffic control, urban renewal, recreation and a host of other great and growing problems.

Mayor Smith

By their vision, by their broad experience in business and civic affairs and by their dedication to the welfare of the whole metropolitan community, the men running on the "Citizens for Better Government" ticket are admirably qualified to handle these matters wisely and well.

* * *

With men of this high caliber on his team, we believe Mayor Smith will be able to give his administration considerably more luster than it has enjoyed in the past. Occasionally, we have directed criticism at the mayor and his record. Perhaps we shall do so again. Nevertheless, we feel that he has the capacity for the kind of leadership Charlotte needs to keep a date with its destiny. Given a stronger City Council, he should be able to supply even more effective leadership in the future than he has in the past. He deserves the opportunity.

These, then, are our choices. We respectfully commend them to the voters of Charlotte.

It'll Take $5 Million To Calm Them

When it comes to the comforts of home, by George, don't come around the new U. S. Senate office building looking for a balanced sort of budget.

Things are rather unbalanced on The Hill these days.

No sooner had the first platoon of senators clambered into their sparkling suites than complaints started. One is the public address system, which has roared forth in voice loud enough to frighten the dignitaries half out of their nepotisms.

Another is the rubber tile floors, which resound and are slippery. Two employes went to the hospital in short order.

Garage ramps tilt too sharply, and, heaven forbid, the senators' Cadillacs are dragging their tail pipes behind them. The mail chute system wants to keep letters to itself, and louvered panels to private offices let secret conversation be heard (some to newsmen, we hope, which is about the only way to get a decent story in Washington these days).

Changes have been computed at more than $1 million. That's not too bad for a $25 million building, especially for a touchy group which includes minority Republicans.

Of course, it is to be noted there is an additional $4 million involved for the Senate's own version of New York's Lexington Ave. Express.

This is the subway which treacles from the office building to the Senate wing of the Capitol. It doesn't go far enough, it seems, and requests have been made to tunnel a terminal under the Senate wing steps.

The steps have to come down anyway as they're slowly sliding into an underground cavern, probably a forgotten corridor of the Pentagon.

Actually, we've got to be charitable about all this. Rebuttal from Washington would be too easy if we cried of fumbled economy.

The $5 million-plus needed to correct faults and keep the senators from walking in the rain will be little more than 20 per cent added to the base investment.

We have in mind percentages of additional cost to complete the Charlotte Auditorium-Coliseum after the original bond issue. In fact, we've been trying to forget about it for the past four years.

Our Irreverent Gls

Count Wolfgang Dietrich Hugo Maria von Korospatak has renounced his title and become an American citizen in Washington, D. C.

The native Hungarian revealed that in serving with the American Army his name had been changed anyway — to "Pencil Nose".

From The Raleigh News & Observer

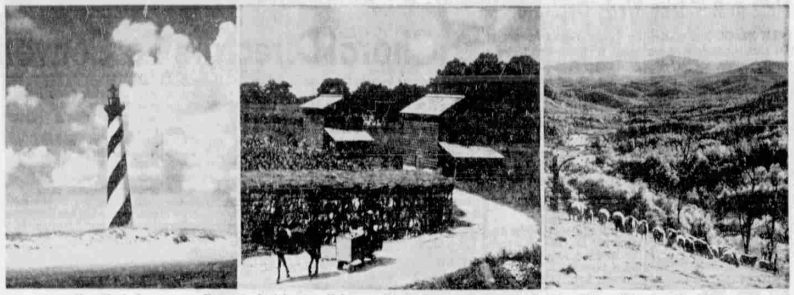
TO THE MAIDEN AUNT

The village sopranos are dusting off "O, Promise Me." The charming epidemic of spring marriages will reach quarantine stage. The exquisite brides, lustrous as a whole sky of white clouds, will preempt local exhaltation. Yet, horribly lost in the tender and pulsating shuffle, is everyone's sainted old unmarried aunt. The dear lady is the recipient of a billion cruel jokes for the snide edification of a parcel of smart-alecks. Even if she is almost as essential to the program of local salvation as the various Mesdames Dionne, too many of us feel about our sainted aunties the way a fisherman does about a golfer, living but superfluous.

Yet, forty or fifty springs ago, she was the flowering epitome of hope and rapture, certainly in her adoring Papa's eyes. What grandiose plans he had, and yet he was terribly afraid some rascal would steal her away. At the dainty seminary, they braced her, laced her, starved her, pinched her face, cut holes in her ears, and scorched her hair and filled the burnt offerings with bits of barbed wire called pins. The early martyrs suffered hardly more than dear old Auntie did for the sterling lad whom she would enthrone with unending bliss.

In the cruel interim, too often she had to nurse declining Papa or care for the younger children. Someone had to teach the school or wait upon the boarders. Sometimes, too much was expected of mortal man. Sir Galahad didn't come to town often. A lot of boys went to Oklahoma and many didn't get back from the Kaiser's war. Some aunties were too delicate, and one or two were even perverse. The shocking truth is that the things we plan for don't turn out to be just so, always. So, amid the incipient jubilation, let us smile understandingly or shed a tear discreetly for our precious unmarried aunt, the dear lady Oliver Wendell Holmes called "The sad, ungathered rose on my ancestral tree."

Car manufacturers haven't thought of everything yet. For example, there are no garbage disposal units for ashtrays. — Jackson (Miss.) State Times.



Tar Heel Panorama: Hatteras Lighthouse, Tobacco Curing in the Piedmont, Grazing Sheep Near Linville Falls

North Carolina's Views Include A State Of Mind

By JULIAN SCHEER
Charlotte News Staff Writer

Editors' Note: Gov. Luther H. Hodges has proclaimed the month of May as "See North Carolina Month". He wants us to travel about the state to scenic resorts and memorials such as the Wright brothers monument at Kitty Hawk and Tryon Palace at New Bern. News reporter-columnist Julian Scheer takes the reader on a different kind of trip today — a romantic journey down the backroads to look at the faces of North Carolina seldom seen by the casual traveler.

You think about North Carolina and you reach into a bag of memories and you pull out. . .

A dirt road covered with large warts of rocks and ribs of mud and, on the elbow of it, there is an unpainted frame store. A sign on the door, faded and tired, reads "Watchmaker". Inside a man whittles on a stick, his chair tipped against a wood stove, his feet not reaching a wide-planked floor.

"My eyes," he says. "When your eyes give out, you give out in my business. Now I just whittle but I love life. I can still tell when the sun comes up."

And up the road, past shacks hanging like Christmas ornaments on the sides of mountains, past gingerbread houses with barns and silos, past grain fields with quilt-patterns in the brown green earth, a flat wooden bridge crosses over a flashing stream and the world outside this scene vanishes for a breathless minute.

Another road, miles away, but still spiraling upward in the clouds. Deer search for water at night and scamper wildly for cover at the crack of a branch. The noise sends night birds lifting from nests, a fox sliding down a creek bank, a dog barking in the distance when some wild, unexplainable sense tells him a brother is in danger miles away.

The rattling, rattling, rattling of a textile mill, a small, red-painted, one-story mill in a sandy-road village. Inside, cotton hangs to the bearded chin of a fixer and he spits, accurately, into the sawdust of a square and wood spittoon at the end of a row. The toes are cut from his shoes, but his feet and his legs don't hurt anymore. Not anymore, not after 30 years and a million shifts.

In a city, a steel and concrete and mortared playground, a red-necked man gets off a bus, walks down a lighted street, pulling a roped-up bag beside him, and looks up at the squares of light of an office building and the squares seem to go up, up, up, forever up into the sky. And he shakes his head and knows he sees it and says aloud, "Is it safe?"

Lights of a tobacco barn and the smell of curing and the stuffy heat inside and the singing as they lift the sticks to the rafters above.

And the noisy, crowded, big table of a boarding house in a tobacco auction town, across from a warehouse, as buyers gulp coffee and spread grits and joke about the cities south and the cities north.

The sun as it spills over the water and rushes against the sides of menhaden boats lined against the frail wharfs of a coastal town.

The creak of blocks and tackles as nets are hoisted aloft, lines cast off, and the belly-growling noise of engines as they make their ways to the harbor's mouth past rocket-shaped lighthouses, and sail out into the large and friendly sea.

From the bag of memories, your arms are but partly filled.

Spotlight On Dulles Reason For Delaying

By JOSEPH ALSOP

WASHINGTON

There is something remarkably revealing in the President's private reason for delaying the announcement of his choice of former Gov. Christian Herter as secretary of state.

In brief, the choice itself was made long since, on the warm recommendation of Secretary Dulles. But President Eisenhower had the curious notion that, at the moment of John Foster Dulles' final resignation, all attention ought to be concentrated on the tragic figure of the retiring secretary. Eisenhower wanted Dulles alone to hold the center of the stage, instead of sharing it with his successor.

Hence the President made his remarks about the other men besides Herter whose qualifications deserved to be examined. The President's sentiment about Dulles thus led him to cast an inevitable cloud of doubt on the degree of confidence that would be accorded to Dulles' successor. Once again, in this strange manner, the uniqueness of the position that John Foster Dulles enjoyed was sharply underlined.

REALLY TOP

In the realm of foreign affairs, until his terrible illness began, John Foster Dulles was president of the United States in fact though not in name. In the most critical situations his recommendations were never questioned. Nor were questions ever put to him about any situation that he did not bring to the President's attention.

This last feature of the Dulles regency produced some pretty strange results, in view of John Foster Dulles' highly personal way of doing business. Since no one but Dulles himself had the authority to deal with any major problem, no problem was ever attended to that Dulles had no time to attend to. Despite his incredible industry and self-discipline, Dulles could not make one day grow into two days; and thus only the most urgent problems were seriously tackled. Volcanos in active eruption absorbed all the secretary's attention, so to say, while volcanos that were merely smoking angrily had to be neglected.

The results of this system are most clearly visible in the strategically crucial Middle East. In periods of acute tension — during the first Jordanian crisis, for example, and during the Lebanese crisis — all Secretary Dulles' efforts were focussed on the Middle East. But American Middle Eastern policy has been, with rare exceptions, a crisis policy rather than a continuing policy. At present, it is fair to say that the United States has no Middle Eastern policy at all.

The clouds of smoke pouring out of several Middle Eastern volcanos meanwhile indicate that a policy is badly needed. Above all, decisions are demanded by the rapid increase of Communist power in Iraq. This has produced the increasingly bitter quarrel between the Iraqi leader, Brig. Abdel Karim Kassem, and Egypt's Gamal Abdel Nasser, who has begun denouncing communism as another form of anti-Arab imperialism.

HOPE FOR OIL

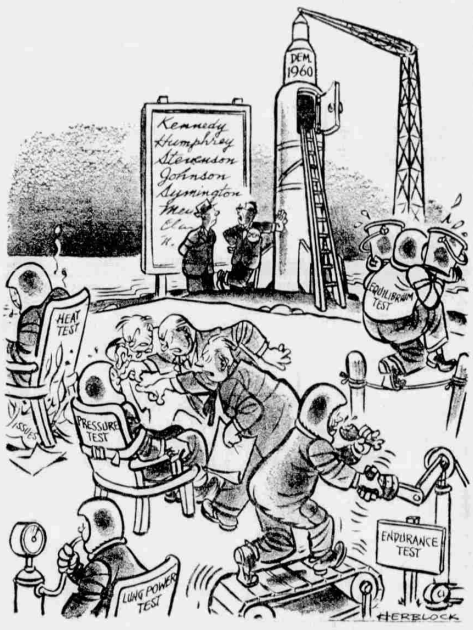
British Middle Eastern policy is desperately concentrated on protecting their oil rich holdings in the Persian Gulf. Hence the British were at first delighted by the Nasser-Kassem row. They thought Kuwait and the other Gulf Coast sheikhdoms would be safe, as long as the leaders of the two principal Arab states were busy slanging one another. For a long while, therefore, the British Foreign Office smiled on Kassem, and refused to believe in his surrender to the Communists.

In recent weeks, however, the evidence of total Communist domination in Iraq has become too great to be ignored.

The very fact that Nasser and Kassem are so violently at odds meanwhile gives an opening for a bold Middle Eastern policy. But the British are too weakly situated, and too dependent on Middle Eastern oil. They dare not even think about a bold Middle Eastern policy without an American lead. But "let her rip" is the rule being followed by the State Department; so rip she will, with a vengeance.

The face of the globe is dotted with other, quite comparable though less acute situations. Secretary Herter cannot do some things that Secretary Dulles did, if only because he cannot hope for a comparable grant of power from the President. But perhaps he will do what Dulles did not do — organize the State Department to begin a new, preventive approach to all these potential or probable trouble spots.

'We Probably Won't Know Till The Last Minute Who We'll Put In Orbit'



People's Platform

Signing A Card No Help To God

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

Today you can look around you and see so many lost—and they don't know it. They joined the church by signing a card and think that will save them. . .

The Bible says every knee must bend and be humble before God for forgiveness and there is no other way. . . Churches are filled today with members unprepared.

Pastors who preach to please God instead of his members will not be blamed for the lost souls if he preaches being born again and having sins forgiven by the blood that Christ shed for us on the cross.

—MRS. MAYME BARGER

Highway Patrolmen Lose In Henderson

Southern Pines

Editors, The News:

It seems to many of us here in Moore County that our governor should not use such a fine body of men as our state patrolmen as strikebreakers in Henderson.

There are no finer patrolmen in any state than our men in North Carolina. They do everything to help travelers and even stop and change tires in the rain. In all my years of driving I have never heard or seen an unkind word or deed.

In Henderson has the governor smeared the name of a fine body of men?

—H. S. RICHARDS

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Rayburn's On Spot With Housing Bill

WASHINGTON.

The House Rules Committee met in closed session last week to vote whether the housing bill, containing two billions of mortgage money for the building industry and for slum clearance, was to be uncorked so the rest of Congress could vote on it. One vote only could keep it in committee so 435 other congressmen would have no chance to vote.

Word With Sam

There was silence as the committee met. But in the back of the minds of six Democratic members was a conversation held last January with Speaker Sam Rayburn, 77-year-old boss of the House of Representatives.

Congressman Chet Holifield of California had gone to Sam in January to urge that the throttle-hold of the Rules Committee on all legislation be loosened, so that one vote only could not prevent 435 other congressmen from voting.

Revision Sought

A new Congress had just been elected. New, fresh members, full of zeal and determined to make the democratic process work, had just come to Washington. And Holifield urged Rayburn to revise the rules and unloose the democratic process.

"This is a complete perversion of our time-honored system," he told the speaker in their private session. "It gives two men far too much power over other members of Congress. The Rules Committee now seeks to write legislation, not merely schedule the order of voting on legislation."

Holifield spoke eloquently. The elder statesman from Texas listened. Finally he said: "Look, you want legislation, don't you? All right, I give you my assurance that any reported legislation will clear the Rules Committee. You have my word. And if it doesn't get through the Rules Committee then you have my word that I'll help you get a 21-day rule to get it out of the Rules Committee.

"Howard Smith," he added, referring to the Rules Committee chairman from Virginia who has ridden roughshod over colleagues to bottle up bills, "will have to play ball like everyone else. No one is bigger than the Democratic Party."

Bill Is Bottled

But at last week's closed-door, crucial meeting of the Rules Committee, the same Howard Smith, chairman, called for a vote on the housing bill, and himself voted to bottle the housing bill. The vote was 6 to 6. His vote, added to that of Mississippi's Colmer and four Republicans, tied up the bill.

Today, with a bill affecting the entire building industry stymied and gathering dust, a lot of congressmen are watching Sam Rayburn to see whether he keeps his word.

Note From Iraq

President de Gaulle has sent a warning to Eisenhower that the pro-Communist take-over of Iraq is a worse threat to world peace than the Berlin crisis. De Gaulle suggests that Khrushchev may have deliberately stirred up trouble in Berlin to divert attention from the Near East . . . . Real reason why Meade Alcorn resigned from the Republican National Committee was because he hankered to be Postmaster General and Ike wouldn't fire Arthur Summerfield . . . . Bill Blair, the efficient assistant to Adlai Stevenson, has tipped off Democratic leaders privately that Adlai would accept the presidential nomination again in 1960 is offered.