



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

Brodie S. Griffith Editor and General Manager
Cecil Prince Associate Editor
R. L. Young Jr. Managing Editor

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Mecklenburg Must Do Itself A Favor

Mecklenburg's miserably housed social agencies must be rescued from the effects of 25 years of neglect.

That is the moral imperative facing the community today as the capital funds drive of United Community Services shifts into second gear.

Plans have been shaped, goals have been established and 600 volunteers have fanned out over the county to make their calls. All that remains is for the citizenry to respond with a characteristic sense of social responsibility.

The \$880,000 goal is large, but so is the need. Both must be met if UCS agencies are to operate in the most economical, efficient and beneficial manner possible in an era of great growth.

The current campaign will not remedy every inadequacy. The community cannot disregard a condition for a quarter of a century and expect it to be cured at the tap of a magician's wand. Only the most disheartening examples of physical obsolescence are being earmarked for immediate attention. These include the Charlotte Day Nursery, the Charlotte Negro Day Nursery, the Salvation Army's Men's Transient Center and Belmont Center, and YMCA and mental health facilities, among other areas of critical concern.

It was the plight of the day nursery—discovered by newsmen in early February—that first pricked the community's conscience. In a matter of days, other deficiencies turned up and a check list of terrible need was compiled. It told a story of physical decay, overcrowding and, in some instances, actual danger.

The UCS board of directors did not hesitate. It was resolved that a community building campaign be planned at once to tackle the problem.

It had to be launched as an independent drive, separate and apart from the annual United Appeal conducted in the fall. The United Appeal only raises operating funds. It would be impossible to divert money from these operating budgets to meet building needs.

Now, because of 25 years of neglect, the operating programs of several key agencies cannot be carried forward on a satisfactory basis unless adequate physical facilities are provided.

Thus, capital fund-raising has become the most pressing problem before UCS today. It is the community's responsibility to come to the rescue of UCS with the same depth of generosity that it has always demonstrated in time of great need. It is just our way of doing ourselves a favor.

Geneva Is Not A Bargain Basement

The Big Four ministers accepted the inevitable yesterday at Geneva when they agreed to start East and West German delegations.

The days of World War II when the Morgenthau Plan proposed to obliterate Germany as a nation are gone beyond recall. Whether we like it or not, that old coin of European diplomatic discussion, "the German question," is back with us. It still has the ominous sound it used to have—but ominous in a different way.

When Bismarck or Hitler held the reins, "the German question" was a question of all-consuming nationalism which threatened the balance and the boundaries of Europe.

Now "the German question" is a question of price. We cannot peek into Mr. Khrushchev's mind, but it is said that his price for negotiating in Europe is that the West recognize the East German regime as a "fact." To our way of thinking, East Germany is a satellite, a slave state, which—given its own way—would go West in a moment. But however brutal

their way of doing so, the Soviets have indeed made East Germany a Communist "fact"—and it is clearly a fact with which we will have to contend at Geneva.

Dogmatically, the American position for a long time has been that free elections are the price of German unification. This condition is unacceptable to the Communists, and as a matter of realpolitik we can see that their East German "fact," a police state with a small population, would be destroyed by free elections.

If a solution of the tension in Europe lies along the line of a neutralized and united Germany, we will probably have to pay the price, first, of recognizing how Russia feels about East Germany.

Geneva, in short, is no bargain basement. The price is high. The negotiations which would relax tensions in Europe might go on for years before the necessary swaps could be made.

But communication is important. As for us, we prefer years of haggling in the diplomatic marketplace to ten minutes of missile warfare.

Dr. Crane's Ode On A Literary Shame

Our columnist, Dr. George Crane struggles admirably everyday to cast out the devils of worry for his many readers.

Last week, however, Dr. Crane tried to play the great poet John Keats off against Eva P.'s inferiority complex about her taste in poetry. Eva P.'s complex lies in ruins—but so does John Keats and the tradition of English poetry he represents.

Here is Dr. Crane's reasoning: "Poets who understand the gamut of human emotions and depict them beautifully in rhythm are doing a much greater service than poets who gloat over an inanimate object, even though it is an exquisite Grecian urn."

Dr. Crane's opinion on poetry seems from this to be about as well worth debating as ours would be on what might cause Titan rockets to misfire. But it says something about our ordinary taste in English language. Edgar Guest, who is Dr. Crane's idol, wrote warm-hearted, homely and harmless jingles which echoed familiar and comfortable sentiments—eg: "It takes a heap of living to make a house a home." By this standard, Keats' ode to the ancient urn, "Ode on a Grecian Urn," is a masterpiece of "slow time," sounds overpoweringly "high-brow" to Dr. Crane, who would have us believe that such lines are cynically conceived by poets to dazzle the readers and used in turn by readers who profess to like them to "ritz their neighbors." Not at all. It would be comforting in some

ways to think so. But the agonizing truth is that the language of Keats' odes sounded no more out of place to the common reader of his time than the magnificent prose of the King James Bible sounded to our ancestors who read and quoted it every day.

Now Keats knuckles under to Guest and the King James knuckles under to "translation into today's idiom."

Diction and imagery such as that of Keats, Shakespeare, and the King James Bible, which once had a solid basis in the diction and imagery of the street, is lost to us. Guest is greater than Keats.

If Guest is better than Keats, as Dr. Crane and Eva P. would have us believe, we shudder to think of the "poetry" that will eventually topple Guest.

Education Note

A recent study of academic standings in an Idaho high school showed that not a single straight A student owned an automobile and only 15 per cent of the B students did. Of the C students, 41 per cent had cars while 71 per cent of those receiving Ds and 80 per cent of those flunking were car-owners.

We're not sure what this proves but parents may wish to take note. If Junior must have something to drive the fastest thing to get him is a mule.

From The New York Times

THE ROSE-KIN COME TO BLOOM

First came the shadblow, its bloom like a shimmering white mist in the woodland, breathtaking in its beauty. Then early pinks came to blossom, virginal as white chiffon in moonlight, each tuft of bloom set in a richness of silvery-green leaf. Now the apple trees unfold their pink-tinged buds and glorify the hillsides and the pristine valleys, pink and white and dawn-sweet against the chorus of cheeks that means mid-May. Soon the chokecherries will hang out their fat fufuffs of frothy blossom. And then the pink pasture roses will glorify fence row and meadow margin, roses in June and lovely as a smile; wild rose, the only ones that still carry the family name.

For all of them are roses, of one kind and another. All came, the paleobotanists tell us, from a common plant bloom in the misty past when the blossom was a new adventure in plant evolution. Those five petals and that wealth of stamens is a family characteristic, and so is the fruit, whether it be an apple or a rose

hip, a pear or a Juneberry. Adam knew the apple, in some form.

But now, in May, the fruit is a matter for tomorrow, next month, some future time of harvest. Now the rose-kin all around us are sheer beauty, and we ask no more of them. Orchards are massed bouquets. Woodlands are adorned with the rose-cousins in full glory. The petals shimmer. The pollen lures the bees. The May sun dances and the May air sings in celebration.

Adam may have eaten the apple, but in May we can be sure that Eve wore apple blossoms in her hair.

After an introduction that lauded him as a present-day Horatio Alger who had started at the bottom, worked his way up, carried his lunch in a paper bag, etc., Robert Galvin, president of Motorola, informed said: "Just one thing was omitted—the introduction failed to inform you that my old man owns the joint." — Memphis Press-Scimitar.

'Ha Ha—We're Still Ahead Of Them'

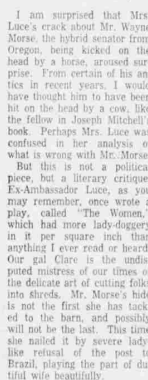


You Can't Win

The Trouble With Women

By ROBERT C. RUARK

PALAMOS, Spain.



CLARE BOOTHE LUCE
Mistress Of An Art

ROMAN GAG

Personally I have always admired Madame L. as a lady of charm, wit, intelligence and professional skill. She did an excellent job as ambassador to Rome, as she has done excel-



THE EX-MRS. POWER
A Barrelful Of Clams

lent jobs as a playwright. I also admire him in two languages, and the Roman gag when Clare was appointed was that the Russians were dead sore because now the Luce (right, in Italian) was coming from the West instead of the East. Mr. Morose comforted the West, so he can reverse the pun.

Grandpa taught me very

early in the game never to overmatch myself, which is translatable into never heckling a night-club comic, never justifying a woman in single combat, and rarely matching orator with orators. I will say that Mr. Morose's lamentable lack of caution in taking on a pretty, blonde lady with a brain like a steeltrap and a tongue like a rattlesnake was a serious consideration as a legislator with a future if the female vote is considered.

POP'S ADVICE

There is an old joke about a father counseling son, and all Father could think of to tell Son was to stay away from red-headed women who were black underwear. As I enter the mid-fifties, battered and bruised, I have learned never to engage in warfare with slight, blonde women. An eye is not as big as a cobra, but my money is on the asp.

This is not a literary critique, after all. It is an essay on a single theme: Nobody ever won anything fighting a woman. I have been battling my old warrior for position. An eye is not as big as a cobra, but my money is on the asp.

ONLY IN ADVANTAGE

The trouble with women is they have a built-in advantage. They can turn tears on and off like a spigot, and weis is so frightening. An eye is not as big as a cobra, but my money is on the asp.

They got you in the courts. I remember that Linda Christian

dotted the late Tyrone Power for a million claims when he decided to lose the pleasure of her company, and just the other day Mrs. Marlon Brando exacted half a million for her short spots of bliss with the rather hachish-prone Brando. Cutting it down to basics, each of Ty's kids cost half a million apiece, and Brando's one chick weighs in at the same figure. Grandpa always said I was as good as gold and money couldn't buy a little boy like me, but nobody ever suggested I was worth half a million on the hoof. Gives a fellow an inferiority complex.

IT WAS AN ELEPHANT

They got you in the law courts, and they got you in a legendry stranglehold on you with that myth about the weaker sex. It is painfully true, if you count the widows, that man is feeble clay alongside women who are stronger than horses and as inflexible as an iron ingot in their will. Motherhood is always in there pitching for the female side. Also, the fact that men find them necessary to remind the men of their basic frailty gives them a lock on the deal.

No, sir, the more I think it over, Mrs. Luce was wrong



THE EX-MRS. BRANDO
A Short Spate Of Bliss

when she said Mr. Morose had been kicked in the head by a horse. He wasn't even hit on the head by a cow. When Morose looked on the Dean of The Women he had been hit on the head by an elephant. Mrs. Luce's ladylike rejection of the ambassador has his heart set on a summit conference and wants nothing to disturb it.

He also has his heart set on coming to the U.S. Last week when Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson called on me to discuss the 11 missing American flag in coming to Moscow to open the American Trade Exposition, what would the United States think about his rolling pin New York to open the Soviet Trade Fair at the New York Cosmos?

Thompson sidestepped, said he would have to consult the State Department. But, offhand, he explained

Is He Too 'Nice'?

Herter's Big Test

By JOSEPH ALSOP

GENEVA.

Here in Geneva, the real test of Christian A. Herter is just about to begin.

Herter of course made his debut as secretary of state at the Paris meeting, where the Western foreign ministers pored over the cracks of the disagreements in preparation for the present monstrous rally.

After this Herter debut, both Paris and London rang with praise for the new secretary, and Bonn too reportedly joined Herter's pleasant manners, his easiness as a colleague, his firm grasp of the problems in hand, his thorough knowledge of the massive dossiers behind each problem, were the chief points noted. But against these entries on the credit side of the ledger, there was a major entry on the debit side.

TOO NICE?

"He did not impose himself. He was not the chief." That was the substance of the unfavorable comment behind the scenes. It is critical, but it is significant too, that the other Western allies would have felt happier and more at home if Herter had been rather less nice and a good deal more bossy.

Even among the unwavering admirers of John Foster Dulles, none would choose to describe him as a "nice man." As a negotiator, Dulles was too domineering, too crafty and too ruthless for the adjective, "nice." But even the many western leaders and officials who formerly detested Foster Dulles look back with real nostalgia to the domineering Dulles ways.

AN EXOSKELETON

The plain truth is that a great many Western leaders found it highly convenient to be driven to do this or to oppose that by Secretary Dulles, and then to go home and complain about Dulles' "rigidity." Dulles served the alliance as what the biologists call an exoskeleton. He acted as a kind of external stiffening which relieved other backbones of any undue strain.

Precisely this quality was a missed in Herter at the Paris meeting. In his quiet, polite, considerate way, Herter worked as an equal among equals, earning general admiration, as noted, for his knowledge, clear views and tact. But working as an equal among equals was not really what the others wanted him to do. Furthermore, the chances are that Herter cannot safely continue this approach at Geneva.

The paper over the cracks in the Western Alliance is bound to wear pretty thin, if not to turn out altogether. Six months have passed since the beginning of the Berlin crisis, without producing any Western agreement on any really critical point. There is agreement, of course, on what to say and how to say it, but the agreement is of no real consequence so far as to go in offering concessions to the Soviets; or on what counter-concessions to ask; or on what to do if the Soviets are not satisfied with the concessions that are offered.

In sum, the ship of the West

is being steered by a committee of helmsmen, who have widely different ideas about the right course to steer when the expected high gale begins to blow. This is an inherently dangerous situation, and can become much more dangerous, if it is not cured fairly soon. And because of the special American role in the Western Alliance, it is up to Herter to persuade or drag the helmsmen's committee to unite on a planned course.

The main disagreements, as everyone knows, lie between the British on the one hand, and the French, West Germans and Americans on the other hand. Given this lineup, Herter can choose between two

different tactics. He can transform the present tact accord between the French, West Germans and Americans into a detailed understanding, involving solid, point-by-point commitments. And he can then tell the British members of the helmsmen's committee:

"This is the course the majority are firmly determined to steer and if you don't like it, then leave the helm (and the responsibility and risk) to go to us."

IRON UNDERNEATH

Or else Herter can choose a middle course between the ideas of the British and the ideas of the French and West Germans; and he can then go to work in the Dulles manner to ingratiate himself with everyone else. Either way, a point will be reached when Chris Herter will have to be authoritative instead of pleasant, stern instead of nice.

Those who have known Herter longer than his new allied ex-colleagues have little doubt that his amiable exterior conceals more than enough iron to pass this sort of test. He was almost certainly wise not to try the test at Paris. But the fact remains that the test has yet to be passed.



CHRISTIAN A. HERTER
An Entry On The Debit Side

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People's Platform

Soviet 'Culture' Should Be Kept Out

Charlotte

Editors, The News: An rather glad you're 'sad' to learn that the Russian Army Chorus and Dance Ensemble has been barred from this country by the State Department. Dare say I'm not the only American glad to know the group was barred. Example: the bereaved families of 11 dead airmen who last year were ruthlessly shot down in an unarmed plane by Russians over Armenia.

Whether or not Russians are "first rank" in music and the dance, is quite beside the pertinent point, Mr. Editor. The long established fact is—the rulers of Russia are unrepentant rogues and cut-throats of the lowest rank. It follows that any so-called "cultural" or

"civic" individuals or groups are handicapped by the political Kremlin cut-throats to enter this country for one basic purpose only—to "soften up" Americans and throw them off guard by deception and camouflage—thus furthering the communists' ultimate goal of world conquest.

Should Americans then, as a matter of principle, dismiss this vicious gang or subordinate it to any "pleasure or entertainment" which might be derived from viewing performances of Russia's "cultural" groups?

If the answer is yes, we're facing moral and intellectual bankruptcy and deserve the self-destruction which the positive answer invites. If the answer is no, then our civilization deserves to survive—because inherent in the negative answer is the true will to survive.

—J. R. CHERRY, JR.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON

New Secretary of State Chris Herter is ignoring the advice of subordinates at his first big conference—which opened in Geneva yesterday. They urged him to dominate the conference. But he won't.

He has decided to bow to French Foreign Minister Guy de Merville, let him speak for the West. Herter's advisers consider this a mistake, but says it's better to let France, a smaller country, carry the ball instead of the U.S.

Gromyko's Smile

But diplomatic advice is that our Foreign Minister Gromyko has instructions to be polite, cordial, and

Secretary Herter Will Ignore Advisers

agreeable. Without budging from any basic policy, Gromyko hopes to continue the present policy of "smile." Khrushchev has his heart set on a summit conference and wants nothing to disturb it.

He also has his heart set on coming to the U.S. Last week when Ambassador Llewellyn Thompson called on me to discuss the 11 missing American flag in coming to Moscow to open the American Trade Exposition, what would the United States think about his rolling pin New York to open the Soviet Trade Fair at the New York Cosmos?

Thompson sidestepped, said he would have to consult the State Department. But, offhand, he explained

that it would be difficult, because of the problem of protecting Khrushchev. In Moscow, he pointed out, the Kremlin could clamp down a tight security guard around Nixon with no complaints from irate citizens. But in New York people are accustomed to demonstrating, don't like cordons of police.

L'Affaire Scopas

I suppose a Washington newspaperman ought not to pry into government in other cities. Anyway, on March 29, I wrote a letter to Mayor Robert Wagner of New York City, urging that Stephen Scopas was not qualified to be a city magistrate.

Mayor Wagner went ahead and appointed him anyway.

Last week Wagner called for his resignation. Judge Scopas was arrested for selling babies. He had worked out a neat way around a tight security guard around Nixon with no complaints from irate citizens. But in New York people are accustomed to demonstrating, don't like cordons of police.

Trumancodote

The cartoon Harry Truman likes best in his mind is by Herblock, showing railroad tie in the caption reads: "TRUMAN JUST GAVE A LITTLE BACK PLATFORM TALK." —Margaret Truman. Herblock's cartoon is one of her father crossing Pennsylvania Avenue with the caption "HERE GOES MARGARET TRUMAN'S FATHER."