THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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THURSDAY, JUNE 2, 1949

OFF-STREET PARKING

THE only city bond issue which so far has stirred up any public criticism is the proposal that the City borrow $500,000 to use in acquiring permanent sites for off-street parking facilities. This criticism, in the main, is based on the contention that the City should not go into business in competition with private parking lot operators.

The matter is not quite so simple as that, however.

All American cities are confronted today with the same problem—how best to meet the demands of the modern Motor Vehicle Age. The problem has two broad aspects:

1. The minimizing of traffic congestion by widening streets, eliminating dead-ends, controlling direction and speed of movement, and limiting curbside parking and front door loading and unloading. Municipal traffic engineers spend a great deal of their time trying to work out the most efficient way of getting vehicles into, through, and out of congested areas on the limited street space available for the purpose.

2. The provision of a destination for the motorist, a place for him to park once he reaches the place where he's going. It is this latter problem which traffic engineers have generally tried to solve by using the available curb spaces in the most efficient manner possible, while trusting to luck that private operators will maintain an adequate supply of off-street facilities.

We have already reached the saturation point in the use of curb parking. Year by year, as the number of vehicles on Charlotte streets increases, it will become necessary to limit and finally prohibit curb parking in the main business district. Thus the demand will be growing while the supply is shrinking.

If there were any way that private lot operators could guarantee to the public an adequate, *permanent* supply of off-street facilities, there would be no reason for the City to consider acquiring property. But there is no such assurance, and there can be none as long as there are other, more profitable uses for a particular site.

For example, one of the local department stores recently constructed a warehouse on a lot which had been previously used for parking. Again, one of the biggest uptown lots that at the southeast corner of Third and Tryon Sts., is being used for that purpose only because the owner is not yet ready to build a projected hotel there. When the hotel is built, the demand will be further increased and the supply diminished.

That has been happening all over Charlotte, and it will continue to happen unless the City is authorized to begin acquiring such sites in the business district and in the blighted areas around the heart of town and to hold them permanently for parking.

The City does not propose to compete with private operators. Some small lots may use parking meters which will be checked by a motorcycle patrolman just as curb spaces are checked. The larger lots, and perhaps multiple story open ramps, may be leased to private operators.

The thing that the Charlotte voter must consider is the basic theory of public responsibility in this matter. Does it make sense, he must ask himself, for the City to pour out money on streets without also providing a place for the motorist to stop once he reaches his destination? If he considers this question carefully, and if he measures his own irritation, vexation, and loss of time involved in hunting a parking place, he will vote "Yes" on the $500,000 off-street parking facility bond issue.

TAX ON A TAX

TAX experts in Maryland have just completed an extensive survey of that state's personal income tax structure. They verified what everyone suspected — that a third of Maryland's income tax revenue is literally a tax on a tax, a levy on income taken from the taxpayer by the Federal income tax.

According to *The Baltimore Sun*, the experts examined 320,985 individual State income tax returns on which taxes of $15,406,904 were levied. Then they computed the payments from the same returns if the taxpayers had been allowed deductions for their Federal payments. The result: the State would have collected only $11,060,904, or a reduction of $4,346,000.

This survey is of interest in North Carolina because we have heard, from time to time, suggestions that Tar Heel taxpayers should be allowed to deduct Federal income levies in figuring their State income tax. None of the proposals has ever been entertained very seriously, since they would knock a sizeable hole in the general fund revenue.

The main objection to any full deduction of Federal taxes is that it would give disproportionate relief to the wealthy. The Maryland experts had this to say:

> "With reference to any proposals advocating the inclusion of Federal income taxes as a deductible item on the State income tax return, it must be remembered that the Federal tax is imposed at graduated rates. If this item were allowed as a deduction on the State return, taxpayers in the higher income brackets would receive State income tax reduction benefits far greater proportionally than those in the lower income groups.
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> "With surtax rates as high as 74 per cent on income over $50,000 under the Federal law, it will be noted that the taxable net income of the large taxpayer will be substantially reduced for State income tax purposes. Consequently, he will receive a far greater percentage reduction in State tax than the taxpayer in the low income group."

Such a method would obviously be inequitable. But there should be some method by which North Carolina residents could be permitted to deduct at least a portion of the tax they pay Uncle Sam from their State returns.

Our State personal income tax rates are deceptive. Actually they are higher than they seem, because the State levies its tax on income that the average income earner never sees. It is deducted from his paycheck in advance.

So far as we know, the North Carolina revenue department has never made an exhaustive study of the question. In view of the Maryland findings, it would be in order for such a survey to be made so that North Carolinians might know what proportion of their State income tax payments is a tax on a tax.

WHAT DICKENS SAID

IT remained for the alert *Washington Post* to dig up and reprint a famous passage from Charles Dickens' American Notes (1843) which, in view of the Lilienthal-Hickenlooper controversy, the Forrestal resignation, and similar instances in recent years, is as timely as it was a hundred years ago.

Here it is. It needs no comment.

> It is an essential part of every national character to pique itself mightily upon its faults, and to deduce tokens of its virtue or its wisdom from their very exaggeration. One great blemish in the popular mind of America, and the prolific parent of an innumerable brood of evil, is universal distrust. Yet the American citizen plumes himself upon this spirit, even when he is sufficiently dispassionate to perceive the ruin it works; and will often adduce it, in spite of his own reason, as an instance of the great sagacity and acuteness of the people, and their superior shrewdness and independence.
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> "You carry," says the stranger, "this jealousy and distrust into every transaction of public life. By repelling worthy men from your legislative assemblies, it has bred up a class of candidates for the suffrage, who, in their every act, disgrace your institutions and your people's choice. It has rendered you so fickle, and so given to chance, that your incontinency has passed into a proverb; for you no sooner set up an idol firmly than you are sure to pull it down and dash it into fragments; and this because, directly you reward a benefactor, or a public servant, you distrust him, merely because he is rewarded; and immediately apply yourselves to find out, either that you have been too bountiful in your acknowledgments, or he remiss in his deserts.
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> Any man who attains a high place among you, from the President downward, may date his downfall from that moment; for any printed lie that any notorious villain pens, although it militate directly against the character and conduct of a life, appeals at once to your distrust, and is believed. You will strain at a gnat in the way of trustfulness and confidence, however fairly won and well deserved; but you will swallow a whole caravan of camels, if they be laden with unworthy doubts and mean suspicions. Is this well, think you, or likely to elevate the character of the governors or the governed among you?"

From The Asheville Citizen

LASTEST WITH THE MOSTEST

IF Marse Robert had only had one more division . . ."

Well, anyway, *Life* magazine counts carefully and finds that there are but 68 veterans of the Civil War (War Between the States) still living.

Of this number, 38 are Confederate veterans, a clear majority.

And of the 68, none who wore the Blue is under 100 years old while some of the men in Gray are young fellows of 96, 97 and 99.

According to the *Dictionary of American History*, the Union Army raised a total of two million troops and the Confederate Army "probably had between 800,000 and 900,000 enrolled."

No point to this, especially, except to say to Marse Robert's boys that while there may be a difference of opinion whether you outfought them, it certainly looks as though you outlived 'em!

Somebody want to make something out of it?

Nobody can kid me about the election. I have lived most of my life in the "losing" bed. I'm like the dog who had so many cans tied to his tail that, when he saw a can, he backed up to it. — *Grenada County (Miss.) Weekly.*

Folks like to eat. They crave to adorn themselves. But more than anything else they want to go some place. Note how they will go without food and clothes in order to have a car. — *Lamar (Mo.) Democrat.*

June Bridegroom?

People's Platform

A Letter From 'Wild Bill'

PHOENIX, ARIZ.

Editors, THE NEWS:

IT'S been some time since you had anything from my pen and since I have just about caught up on answering many hundreds of letters I received from your readers who wanted to know all about Arizona, gold mining, prospecting, hunting, fishing, etc., I feel it's about time I spouted off again.

However, my subject will not be prospecting this time. Having gained about 20 pounds in weight and almost reached the grand old age of 50, have just about quit my quest of raw gold and decided to seek the finished product in the form of folding money which comes to me in small quantities from pounding a typewriter in the city. However, my present work carries with it no little excitement and adventure with new fields to conquer, new problems to solve and there's never a dull moment. I'm collection manager of a large credit association, and while it's as much different from prospecting and gun slinging as a deputy sheriff, it's safer in the long run and more remunerative of financial reward than making shooting acquaintances with bandits or seeking gold in "them thar hills".

But there's always one great solace—when things get too dull in the city, "them thar hills are still thar" and I can always go back to prospecting, or if some bad hombre runs amuck and takes to the hills to escape the wrath of the law, I have not forgotten how to dry-trail, nor how to sling lead, if it comes to that.

When I first came to Arizona as a soldier in 1915, I decided at once that my stay would be just a temporary one. I landed in Douglas, down on the Mexican border. There was little vegetation, scarcely any shade and the sun beat down from early morn till it disappeared over the bleak western hills. There was plenty of dust, plenty of hot winds and water was at a premium. No Arizona for me. But, in 1916 when Pancho Villa's bandits raided the little town of Columbus, New Mexico, on the night of March 9 1916, and killed nine American soldiers and nine civilians, and consequently lost more than 100 of their own men and Uncle Sam's troops were mobilized at once and sent into Mexico, I was one of them.

At the time this raid occurred I was a member of the Sixth Field Artillery, stationed at Nogales, Ariz. We entrained at once for Columbus, N. M., and arrived there on the morning of March 11, 1916, and our first duty was to help gather up and burn a large number of dead Mexican bandits who had been killed. On the afternoon of March 12 we rode into Mexico and remained in that country until February, 1917, chasing bandits, and learning how to live in the desert and mountain country without the comforts of civilization.

When the expedition was over we returned to Douglas, Ariz., and soon World War I was declared and in a few months I found myself in France with Pershing's troops and engaging in trench warfare with the Germans. Arizona and its desert and mountains and dry air and dust began to appeal to me more and more. And when the war was over, after a year or so in North Carolina, most of which time was spent in Charlotte, I carried a pair of gassed lungs back to Arizona. By this time I had a wife and children. I soon resigned from my physical habitat and joined the Douglas, Ariz., police force, and after a few years moved to Central Arizona where I worked as a deputy sheriff, police officer in Phoenix, deputy sheriff, investigator, game warden, and for a period I ran a newspaper and operated a collection and investigation agency. Between jobs I prospected for gold, found some and though! I was going to find more, but didn't. I've furnished grubstakes for hundreds of prospectors and never recovered a cent from them. Before I learned much, I once carried 60 pounds of fool's gold (iron pyorites), to an assayer thinking I had struck it rich.

I've been stung by scorpions and centipedes, bitten by one rattlesnake, shot once or twice, starved out and almost died from thirst, but I've never lost interest in the desert or hills, and never been afraid of man or beast. My life has been full and worthwhile. I've raised a family of two fine sons and two fine daughters. One son is a college graduate, a court psychologist and a coming champion wrestler. My sons served in the last world war, one in the Marines and one in the Naval Air Corps. I have three grandchildren, all girls.

I'm happy, healthy and content—until I get that gold-seeking urge to go into the hills, and when that feeling comes on nothing can stop me. I've got to go and search for gold and other precious metals. I love dogs and horses and even enjoy hearing the coyotes howl at night with the sky as my only room. I care nothing for any foreign country or strange sounding names. Arizona and the good old United States has everything that I want to see. I can trail a deer for hours and kill him at 400 yards the first shot. But, lately I get little kick out of hunting wild game, except when I need some for food.

You can live out here in the hills, if you know how, for two months on what it will cost you to live in the city for a week and you will be more healthy after the two months is over. The only time I'm ever near a doctor is when I go with one fishing or on a short prospecting trip and then I usually have to doctor up his bruises. Dry bites and advise him on how to keep well in the open.

Life is no problem at all to me. It's fun and adventure all the time. Half the sickness in the world is simply bad imagination, want of sympathy, or else due to the way one lives. Men abuse themselves by drinking poison liquor, eating too much rich food, take no exercise and die twenty years before they should. (Make your own liquor.)

Women divorce their husbands because they, themselves, waste all the money their husbands make, when as a matter of fact, if they would pitch in and help their better halves to save and get ahead, their lives would be more happy.

Beauty shops never made a woman more pretty, but proper living, proper thinking, plenty of exercise, will put roses in their cheeks and make them plenty attractive to their men and the divorce courts would go begging.

It takes only just common horse sense to get along in the world. The day of the smart aleck is past, and instead of begging our Government to pay us a pension when we get old, we should go out in "them thar hills" and dig some gold for our old age and be independent of the poorhouse. "That's some out there that's never been dug and I'm going to get it yet".

—WILD BILL WILLIAMSON SR.
Box 423, Phoenix, Ariz.

The People's Platform is available to any reader who cares to mount it. Communications should be less than 300 words, typewritten if possible, and on only one side of the paper. Libel and obscenity will be deleted—otherwise anything goes. Each letter must be signed. — Editors, THE NEWS.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Oil Price Boost Needs Explanation

WASHINGTON

WHAT is described as highway robbery in the price of gasoline has just been made the subject of a sizzling Senate report, highly recommended.

On the basis of this report, Sen. Maybank of South Carolina will call the major oil companies before his Banking & Currency Committee and ask them to explain unreasonable price boosts.

What Senate investigators found was that the average motorist must pay an extra $40 a year for the same amount of gasoline that he purchased in 1946. The oil companies try to justify higher prices on the grounds that they are losing profits.

Regarding this, Senate investigators state in their so-far-confidential report:

Zooming Profits

THE oil company profits for 1948 were so high as to exert a disproportionate influence on the general level of profits.

"Thus the Standard and Poor's Corp. reported that for 1,548 industrial companies, profits for 1948 were 23.2 per cent above 1947. However, if oil companies were eliminated from the sample, 1948 profits were only 16 per cent above 1947. In other words, so great was the oil industry's increase in 1948 profits that for a large sample of all industrial corporations, the 1948 profits were about 50 per cent greater as a result of including the oil companies."

From 1946 to 1948, oil profits shot up more than 2 1/2 times, the investigators report. The oil companies justified this on the grounds that they were expanding to meet the unprecedented demand for petroleum products. Now the expansion has stopped, as evidenced by cutbacks in production and imports. Yet the oil companies turn around and boost prices even higher because these inflated profits are settling back to earth again.

Sen. Maybank will call the big oil companies before his committee around June 15.

Capital News Capsules

PARIS Conference—Secretary of State Dean Acheson has cabled the State Dept. that next week will be the critical period in the Big Four foreign ministers' conference. Both sides have been sparring up until now and no secret sessions have taken place to date. However, next week several secret sessions will take place and Acheson thinks they'll give an opportunity to find out whether the Russians want to fish or cut bait. If there is no action next week, Acheson will be home in a hurry.

Talks with Vishinsky—Secretary Acheson has held two off-the-record meetings with Vishinsky—one short and one long—to talk over the Austrian peace treaty. And for the first time the U.S. Secretary believes an agreement can be reached to get Russian troops out of Austria. Vishinsky has shown a surprisingly mild attitude in these talks, and Acheson has indicated the United States may consent to let the Russians have $150,000,000 in Austrian reparations in return for an Austrian peace treaty.

Czech Underground—A powerful underground movement has sprung up in Czechoslovakia that has the Communists worried. At least three well-organized guerrilla bands have been attacking Communist officials and police in the vicinity of Bratislava. Other each day are being sent into the hills and can't be located. Five thousand Army troops have been assigned to track down the guerrillas, but this hasn't worked out because many of the soldiers have deserted to join the guerrillas.

Mail Bag

ROBERT McKINNEY, owner and publisher of the Santa Fe New Mexican, writes as follows:

"Dear Mr. Pearson:

"The shocking death by suicide of Mr. James Forrestal, late Secretary of Defense, will grieve all who ever knew and served with him. I had the privilege of a tour of duty, in a minor capacity, on Mr. Forrestal's staff, and came to respect him as an American of consummate ability and patriotism.

"His suicide, however, means more than a personal loss to his friends. It must be taken to the nation's heart as glaring proof of the need for fearless news reporting in the nation's capital. When your dispatch came out some weeks ago describing the advanced state of deterioration of Mr. Forrestal's mental health, it came as more of a surprise to me than did the subsequent news that Mr. Forrestal has now taken his life. I happened to be in Washington at the time you broke the story, and heard among his friends and many Government officials the almost unanimous opinion that the Forrestal story was the last straw—that Drew Pearson should now be shut up for irresponsible reporting.

"Had the officials of the Naval Medical Center been as alert as your reporters, and as good as we were about yours, perhaps Mr. Forrestal might have eventually recovered and lived a long and useful life. American newspapermen should paste on their walls the headlines of the Pearl Harbor at Bethesda, to guide them whenever there is pressure to withhold the news."

Sabotaging Public Housing

INSIDE fact is that courteous Chairman Sabath could have squelched the Rules Committee filibuster against public housing bill and railroaded the bill to the House floor—if the benign gentleman from Illinois used the the same strong-arm tactics that his foes use against him.

At one closed-door session last week, only one of the committee's four Republicans—New York's Jim Wadsworth—showed up. This put filibustering Gene Cox of Georgia, the Dixiecrat, in a frenzy, because Sabath had the votes to ram the housing bill out over his head with three Republicans absent.

Cox, who almost always votes with the Republicans, began demanding that the committee take action until "all the members are here to express themselves." Sabath, however, stopped him.

"I could take advantage of these gentlemen who are absent and call for a vote, but I don't intend to. I don't believe in doing business that way. I try to be considerate of my colleagues' who are against me as well as those who are with me.

"However, I expect the same treatment myself in the future," he added, looking squarely at the gentleman from Georgia.

NOTE—Last Summer, when Cox faced a tough re-election primary, he wrote a newspaper in his district indicating that he favored the housing bill, though later he ducked the vote. Today, safely re-elected, he is showing his true colors and is actively leading the opposition.

Marquis Childs

The Fog Thickens

WASHINGTON

SO THICK is the political fog that even a thorough and honest investigation may not bring out sufficient facts to enable the public to form any opinion about the status of the atomic energy project. In the gathering murk mysterious figures move on mysterious errands and the net result is to step up the atomic jitters that increasingly afflict the nation.

The Senators attacking Chairman David Lilienthal of the Atomic Energy Commission seem to have been caught off head. They apparently feel compelled to back up the sweeping charges made by Sen. Bourke B. Hickenlooper of Iowa. And to do that they must concentrate not on the broad performance record of the AEC but on certain incidents which had already been "leaked" to a section of press and radio deeply hostile to the commission chairman.

Congressional jealousies and suspicions have a lot to do with the controversy—more than the public has yet been told. Those jealousies and suspicions should be brought into the open.

When Sen. Brien McMahon of Connecticut took command of the Congressional committee on atomic energy, after the Democratic victory of last November, he made certain changes. One of his first acts was to replace Fred B. Rhodes Jr., technical director of the committee under the Republicans, and Rhodes' assistant, David S. Teeple. Both Rhodes and Teeple had been with Lt. Gen. Leslie R. Groves in the Manhattan Project from the beginning of the wartime effort to split the atom.

In Rhodes' place McMahon appointed William L. Borden, a World War II flyer, veteran of 30 missions over Europe and five times decorated. Borden, top man in his Yale Law School class, immediately after the war wrote a book on atomic energy, called, "There will Be No Time." This profoundly impressed McMahon and led to the appointment.

Some Senators remained strong advocates of Rhodes, who is now with the Central Intelligence Agency, and Teeple, now with U. S. Air Force Intelligence. Close contact was maintained between the former committee experts and their Senate partisans who believe that the dismissal of Rhodes and Teeple endangered atomic security.

So close is this contact that Democratic members of the committee see in it an important phase of what they consider a deliberate plot to discredit Lilienthal. They trace the "leaks" to this source and if they have their way, Rhodes and Teeple will be called to testify in the investigation.

The anti-Lilienthal suspicion is reflected in an article in the current issue of Nation's Business, published by the Chamber of Commerce of the United States. The author of the piece — called "Is Our A-Bomb Secure?" — is William Bradford Huie who in the Reader's Digest has made himself the most articulate and extreme advocate of air power as opposed to sea power. Huie says:

"When, as the result of the Democratic victory in 1948, Sen. McMahon replaced Sen. Hickenlooper as chairman of the Congressional committee, Sen. McMahon's first action was to displace the committee's two veteran intelligence agents, thus abolishing the check-and-balance function of the Congressional committee. For without its own machinery for checking and investigating, the committee can't be a watchdog; it can only consider the reports given it by the commission."

The article says that for two years Lilienthal and the military have argued over custody of the atomic bombs. The intimation is that Lilienthal has blocked the training of "adequate" air force personnel to assemble and detonate the bombs.

On the other side of the fence Lilienthal's Congressional friends consider the current attack as an effort really to restore control over the entire atomic energy project to the military establishment. Hickenlooper has denied that this is his intention.

But Sen. Harry Cain of Washington, who often embarrasses his Republican colleagues by calling a spade a spade, promptly put in a bill to take control of atomic energy from civilians and give it back to men in uniform. There can be no doubt that Cain's frank gesture expresses the goal of some of Lilienthal's attackers.

"Secrecy is not security," said Hanson W. Baldwin, military correspondent of The New York Times in a searching article on the Lilienthal controversy, "nor is the mere impregnable rampart. Security is things and people, and bombs, weapons and research and bases, intangibles as well as tangibles. Security, above all, is spirit and morale and progressive, advanced and imaginative thinking; and secrecy is the enemy of this."

An honest investigation would help to cure the atomic jitters and break through the shroud of mystery and misinformation. But no one at this writing can be very hopeful that it will do that.

Robert C. Ruark

Too Much Attention

NEW YORK

POSSIBLY the first case of the incurably aching heart which cites television as the co-respondent has come up here.

Mrs. Betty Jo Hill has sued for separation. Husband Layton Hill, she charged, is addicted to prancing out of nights.

"And when he did stay home," his disenchanted bride complained, "he demanded we do all his love and companionship and would be wholly oblivious of my presence by devoting himself exclusively to watching television programs."

Here again is the fatal sickness of our breathless age—the inventive scientific boon which turns out to be a wolf in coaxial clothing. Television, that crowning miracle first was touted as the likely savior of the home—the soldering iron to rewield our fractured fireside.

In times past a great assortment of uxorious disgruntlement has been proffered the judge as valid evidence that John and Mary have ceased to function as the angels ordered. I dimly recall the golf widow as a frequent visitor of the courts in the '20s, when the Scot's blight took firm hold of the nation.

NOT SETTLED

There have, since, been the aggrieved matrons who complained that preoccupation with whisky, secretaries, chorus girls, baseball, poker, boxing, bridge, yachting, horse-racing, hunting, fishing, business, stamp-collecting and reading have disrupted the blissful bower. This clash between avocational and duty was, I am told, supposed to be settled finally and favorably by the television set.

According to the advance ballyhoo, television forecast a return to the hearth unrivaled since pioneer days. Mommy and Poppy and Little Egbert were to huddle happily around the screen, toasting marshmallows, popping corn and wallowing in Howdy Doody and Benny Rubin. Mommy would gaze at Poppy with beamish eye and murmur: "This is really living, darling. Things have been so wonderful since you quit the poolroom, and Little Egbert is getting a better education than we could buy him at Groton."

GREAT POSSIBILITIES

It develops this may be so much propaganda. There are about nine possibilities in television, all leading to a fracas in the family, which invest it with more disruptive potential than a red-headed house guest. There has been a return to the hearth, all right. It has now become a battlefield.

In the first place no child of average intelligence can stand an adult TV program, so we have the usual hassel about whether to view the dragon program or "Author Meets the Critics."

There are, oddly enough, people alive who cannot abide wrestling matches, prizefights, ball games, sopranos, tap-dancers, jugglers, Milton Berle, and cooking programs. There are also people who cannot happily drink, think, read or worry constructively with a video set a operating in the same room.

There are wives who resent that their living room has suddenly been turned into a hangout for her husband's low companions. There are husbands who object to her being cluttered with odd friends, relatives and casual acquaintances of his wife, all come to watch the magic lantern. The uncle for one tertaining leaps, and privacy is an unsapplied treasure.

It finally comes to strife, with Ma knitting moodily, Pa storming out to the nearest bar, and Grandma feuding with the children. There seem to be only two choices in settling a television quarrel—either buy one for everybody or rescind the original with the flat of an ax.