

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Punches Can't Be Pulled On U. N. Issue

THE great tests and the great accomplishments of the United Nations still lie ahead. And in the confident expectation of those accomplishments, I would use the office which, for the time being, I hold, to assure you that the government of the United States will remain steadfast in its support of this body and in the conviction that you will provide a great share of the wisdom, of the courage and the faith which can bring to this world lasting peace for all nations, and happiness and well-being for all men.

Those fitting words were spoken by President Eisenhower before the U. N. last December. By them he expressed an oft-repeated conviction. One of the requirements for winning the peace is as he said during the campaign, "unwavering support of the United Nations."

Yesterday, however, the President's support seemed to waver. After telling newsmen he is completely and unalterably opposed to letting Red China into the United Nations he said he is not ready to say this country should withdraw from the U. N. if the Reds were admitted.

Whether intentional or not, the implication of that remark is that he is considering, or will consider, U. S. withdrawal from the U. N. if China is admitted—as it probably will be. America wants to wreck the world organization in opposition notwithstanding.

And thus the President played right into the hands of the foes of the U. N., those bitter men, many of them in responsible positions in his own party, who want to wreck the world organization, and have chosen the emotional issue of Red China's entry as their means.

It is indeed grave that these wreckers have as their chief spokesman the Senate majority leader, Sen. William Knowland. But particularly because of the U. N. wreckers' strength, the staunch supporters of the U. N.—and we feel this certainly includes the President—must use their utmost power to defeat this move soundly and quickly.

The President's criticism of Red China drew praise from Sen. Knowland as a statement of "no equivocation, no reservation, no pulling of punches." Fairly and in support of the U. N., by the President and others, must be equally unequivocal. The U. S. is mature enough not to run away from the rest of the world like a spoiled brat if things don't go its way. The U. S. is in the U. N. to stay. On this issue there can be no compromise.

It was like the echo of an old refrain. As grumbling about Charlotte's rock quarry nuisance increased, Councilman Herbert B. Baxter proposed a solution. "If we put city council members to work every night with a layer of dirt it won't be long before we're rid of the problem forever," said he.

It was of course the same plan. City Manager Henry A. Yancey recommended three years ago; the same plan that city councilmen rejected when residents in the area raised a chorus of protest. It seemed to be the only practical way to combat the nuisance. The plan, it remains today. Mr. Baxter has promised to renew the plea for supervised dumping in the area when the council meets next week. Equipped with 20,230 hindsight, both the municipal body and local residents involved ought to give the proposal careful reconsideration.

An Old Refrain Has New Urgency

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The quarry has been a source of irritation and expense to the city for years. The recent blaze there was only one incident in a long chain of unhappy events. But it served to dramatize the urgency of the problem. Many homes in the area were left completely without water when firemen pumped millions of gallons into the flaming hole.

Some residents complained later that water overflooded the excavation's banks and that the heavy machinery was creating a new problem.

It was the possibility of unhealthy odors from the quarry that bothered people in the neighborhood when the quarry was first introduced. Officials figured their layers of dirt spread over the debris nightly would take care of this detail and, in a matter of time, the quarry would be filled and the whole problem would vanish. But protesting waterways with honest doubts—had their way.

Naturally, the situation has not improved by itself. In recent years individuals and private firms have dumped all kinds of refuse into the hole. It has become a constant fire hazard. Each summer a series of blazes has tied up companies of fire fighters. The most recent fire has proved just how great a public menace the quarry can become.

This nuisance has been a nuisance too long. Intelligent action is badly needed. The Yancey plan or some variation of it should be adopted.

For one thing, he was incorrectly advised regarding House action on reciprocal trade.

It had not rejected the three-year extension by an "overwhelming vote." He hadn't even voted on it. The House had passed the one-year extension under a "closed rule" procedure which precluded offering of amendments other than those proposed by the Committee on Ways and Means.

Sen. Ervin seemed to lean too heavily for advice on the senators from Georgia, disregarding the advice of all the other southern senators, who stood solidly for the extension and liberalization.



Herb Baxter, U. S. Senator from Georgia, is shown in the cartoon pointing towards China, symbolizing the political stance on the U. N. issue.

People's Platform

Letter should be brief. The writer's name and address must be given, but may be withheld from publication in the discretion of the Editors. The News reserves the right to condense.

Rural Water Rates Are Discriminatory

Charlotte, N.C.
YOUR use of the word "prejudice" in referring to water rates charged outside the city was a masterpiece of understatement. My most recent bill for service from the Charlotte Water Dept. was for an amount which virtually equalled the aggregate of all my water bills for the past year. I don't mind paying a premium. I object to rates which are patently unreasonable, excessive and discriminatory.

I think perhaps it is recognized that this increase in rates applicable outside the city is punitive, and as a result, I think, of the premature objections to extension of the city limits on the part of some well-intentioned suburban dwellers, which caused the collective blood pressure of mayor and council to rise.

This is the vindictive policy of taxation without representation, in its vilest form.
LLOYD C. SMITH JR.

Time To Take Stock Of U. S. Foreign Policy

Pittsburgh, Pa.
EDITORS: THE NEWS: I WISH THERE were some way to screen the truth from the propaganda that we are subjected to from day to day. Today we are told that some four million more human beings are going behind the Iron Curtain in India as a result of the retreat of the French forces before the communists.

Now who knows what will be the result of the advance of the Indonesian nations aided by the Chinese? We, of course, assume that we will arrange for the establishment of a government in the abandoned area favorable to China. Were we in China's position, we would surely do as much.

In fact, we have done just that in Guatemala. For 20 years now we have permitted the existence of a government in this hemisphere hostile to the United States.
No one knows for sure what demands will be made of the French respecting the remainder of Indochina. We can assume that China will demand at least that a neutral, if not a very friendly,

Plotting Was Major Sport For UNC's 'Awful Four'

I HAVE prepared a dossier for the use of the 'Awful Four' to make anybody mad at me, that may save the government a lot of time and needless expense. I was so confident that I would be able to do this that I started to shut me up in the jail-house, and will save us all a mess of television time.

Let us first discuss clubs. Frankly, I was blackballed by the Club of the New Inn over County High School of Wilmington, N. C. This involved some moral turpitude on my part, since I had been recently kicked out of the Boy Scouts for smoking—I never made First Class Scout—and was in a very bad ecclesiastic odor at the Church of St. James. This involved some post-Sunday school crap about the cellar.

Well, I joined what may be termed a subversive society in college. It was called the Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity, and it had a bar in the basement. Girls were forbidden upstairs. We used to neck on the front porch. His insignia was a skull and crossbones, and I have forgotten the initiation ceremony but it may have had something to do with overthrowing the Fascist reign of Mr. Crotts, the boot-leger.

While I was a member of this organization was an accomplished member of the Carolina Inn, Chapel Hill, N. C., and of a rustic bench from the yard of Dr. Frank Graham, then president of the school. I had never did find out what happened to the bench but it would wound up in the Phi Kappa saloon-room.

While in college I mingled freely with two secret societies called Chi Omega and Pi Beta Phi. These societies were composed entirely of girls. The Chi Omega had a housemother named Mrs. Klutz. I never knew what her secret politics were, but we prosecuted her for destroying the house at 10:30 p.m., except on Saturdays.

Still in school, I was a member of an unofficial secret society called The Awful Four. This was made up of the late Mr. Crotts, the late Mr. Klutz, the late Mr. Slerno, and the Messrs. Alfred New, Frederick Dossenhack, and me. We used to get together at the time. We plotted about whose car to borrow and whose money to use to go and visit Mr. Crotts, the Fascist boot-leger, who sold plot fuel for 50 cents a pint.

Some years later, I joined a rather large organization called the United States Navy, under duress. The draft board, another subversive group, was compelling me to do so. Although I was a member of the Navy party for more than three years, I have not added in my estimation to my file. I never made lieutenant commander, and accumulated only area ribbons. There's no honor in my file.

For the record, I once headed for Russia in a convoy, but the Krauts sank so many ships we wound up in Scotland.

Since the war, my association with groups has been confined to the National Press Club in Washington, D. C., the American Library Guild, the Dutch Treat Club, the Sigma Delta Chi—or is it Phi?—Journalism Fraternity, the Sigma Delta Chi, and the Chuck Wagon Club. These last two organizations are located here locally in the city.

Drew Pearson's 'Little People' Who Deserve Credit

Community service is nothing new to Mr. Smoak. He was named recently to the Junior Chamber of Commerce, in which he was long active, as one of the outstanding young men of the city.

Those who have worked closely with him say with unanimity, if not the same phraseology, "He's the type of fellow I'd like to be." The community would use a few more like him, and is proud of the one Hal Smoak it has.

A man who had not spoken to me since I loaned him five books two years ago, I learned his name was Hal Smoak. He had forgiven me.

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Valued Liberties

Illustrating the not easy battle our forefathers fought to obtain these liberties, Dean Griswold quotes from the trial of William Bradford, the man who first introduced printing to Pennsylvania and who printed the first charter of the province so people could see what their rights were. Hauled before the Council of Pennsylvania in 1680, here is a transcript

of the William Bradford trial: Bradford—"It was by Gov. Penn's encouragement I came to the province, and by his license I was admitted printer."

Governor—"What sir, had you license to print the charter? I desire to know from you, whether you did print the charter or not?" Bradford—"It is an impracticable thing for a man to accuse himself, thou knowest very well."

Governor—"Well I shall not much press you to do so, but I desire you be ingenious as to confess, it should go the better with you."

Bradford—"Governor, I desire to know my accusers. I think it very hard to be put upon accusing myself."

Governor—"Can you deny that you printed it? I do desire to know that you did print it and by whose directions, and will prove it, and make you smart for it, since you are so stubborn."

John Hill—"I am informed that 160 were printed yesterday, and that Jos. Grouden said he had 20 shillings for his part towards the printing of it."

Bradford—"It's nothing to me what Jos. Grouden says. Let me know my accusers, and I shall know the better how to make my defense."

This was the spirit of the father of the man who fought for our liberties. Liberties that still deserve fighting for, despite the oratorical gymnastics of some senators.