



## THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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—THE RETURN OF A NEAR NATIVE—

# 'I Found That America's Not All Blast And Blarney'

By JAMES MORRIS

Editors' Note: How does contemporary America appear to British eyes? Here's a provocative report from an Englishman with U.S. roots, condensed from Britain's Manchester Guardian.

CRANBURY, N. J. SO I stood there in the middle of Main Street, and the woman in the Chevrolet said: "Well, for Heaven's sake, what are you doing in this neck of the woods?" and the woman in the Plymouth said: "My, just wait till you see Bill!" and the man on the sidewalk asked how the kids were—playing a perfectly good game of cricket, he supposed, adjusting an imaginary school tie and assuming a violent English accent. I had not been back to Cranbury for four long Anglo-American years, and we had a lot to talk about there beside the fire house, until at last a patient truck driver, easing his vehicle up behind us, leaned from his cab and remarked tolerantly: "I hate to dis-

turb you folks, but it's like they say, never delay the garbage man!" Even the inamorato of America suffers his periods of ghastly disillusion. So universally pervasive has become the American way of attitudes on color and culture, so boring are some business men, so tedious is American sex, so ubiquitous are Americans from Kabul to the Caribbean, that most my soul there was a moment after the launching of the first Sputnik when something dangerously approaching a snigger escaped me at the breakfast table. "Do 'em good!" I very nearly yelled myself to say of our American cousins, but a plate of porridge mercifully silenced me.

So I came back to Cranbury, my own neck of the American woods, to remind myself again like an arthritic revisiting his most efficacious spa that America is not all blast and blarney, and that here and there the old values linger on, as honey, kindly, honest, push or scold, that swirl outward from the American cities across the Western world: here you can still taste the old Americanism, with its regard for the individual and his fair profits, its disrespect for pomposity, its faint nagging reminders of frontier times. In Europe you may feel a little skeptical about the American ideal, as some New World metropolitan waddies past you to the ski-lift or the cocktail bar, but back in a place like Cranbury where the houses are white clapboard and there is a man who keeps baby alligators in his bath, you can sense its power still, strong and grand and homely.

A good deal has happened to the republic since I was last in New Jersey. It has assumed some of the delusions and some of the majesties of world supremacy. By the hammer-blow (or belly-kick) of Suez it has demolished the pretensions of the colonial powers. It has settled more firmly and more fully into the rut of the cold war, with its hydrogen bombers ranging the oceans and the Pole. It has run the gauntlets of Eisenhower and Little Rock, evicted its communists from Beirut to the Antarctic, sent its first emissaries into the new world of outer space. The American imperialist has achieved a new notoriety, and Detroit has toppled unhappily over the brink of vulgarity. It was with relief and gratitude to that timely purgative (ride-plate) that I found Cranbury, my personal American symbol, so very much the same, even animated by no extra flamboyance or conceit, and little tainted by the arrogance of rocketry.

### TIME MARCHES ON

Of course, in so mercantile a country there has been a change or two. The Presbyterian minister has taken his effervescent family to Texas. The drug store has expanded. The music school has moved down the road. Sid has gone from the grocers. That shabby little fruit store where the Negroes and the British did their shopping has abandoned the struggle and stands there in forlorn disarray, lapped in a lingering smell of cabbage. The Cranbury Inn is rather grander than it used to be, having replaced its dining room organ with a spinet, imported a couple of soft-boiled waters, and sponsored in its back yard a Little Red Shop where you may buy cashmires, Shetland sweaters, and home-grown eggs. Mrs. Campbell, the widow of the New Yorker says, Mrs. What's-her-name in Main Street has knocked down the veranda of her Victorian house, absurdly converting it to the colonial style, and the Spencers on the Princeton Hill have had the ancestral convulsions of the soil conservation authorities, dug themselves a mammoth swimming pool.

### FULL REPORTS

Anything else? "Well, there was this woman, see, she left this money to buy an ambulance, and would you believe it, they bought a Cadillac, and now they're for ever collecting the money in a run." "Elizabeth would remember her, I'm sure—as I say, she hardly taken the big drapes down when she ups and marries this fellow." "Well, let's see, was you here when we got two-way radio for the fire house?" "Oh, things are about the same, mostly. I guess, except the twins have gone to college." "Nothing's happened yet, Mr. Morris, but there's a big housing project down there the spoke of a chard used to be, and when they build that we can certainly expect some real changes in the place—I'm no snob, you know that, but still..."

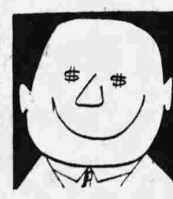
And like most American communities, Cranbury reflects what is ever ephemeral care, passion, or alarm is currently sweeping the country, fostered by the instruments of mass information. Here as everywhere the comments of Time creep blantly into a spontaneous opinion, and the images of the television pundits lurk dimly behind the armchairs. The present mood seems to be one of self-flagellation, based upon the failure of the United States to induce all the brilliant young Soviet scientists stare menacingly from the pages of the science magazine.

He seeks to mingle with the people, to argue, to lecture, to will students. In theory, this is only American democracy in action. In practice, it has just been proved to be another story when the touring dignitary strikes a set of adverse domestic circumstances in the country he is visiting.

HE WAS TRAPPED Having announced a schedule of personal contacts, Nixon was trapped. Faced with warnings of trouble, he and Mrs. Nixon came to a more effective escape: courage and they did so abundantly. Fortunately, the cost was not great, though many people will lament the mere mention of the United States Marines headed south again.

President Eisenhower played down that prospect at the conference. In fact, he held his edginess well under control in the presence of truly frightening developments all around the world.

Like Ivory Soap Meanwhile, Strauss is so determined to prove that he has developed an H-bomb that he will permit foreign observers to operate the actual registering the fallout from this summer's test. To demonstrate his "clean" bomb,



He Can Rise Above His Preoccupations

zines, charts and graphs record in baffling antithesis the decline in American educational standards and the orbit of the latest Russian rocket — one going gloomily downwards the other exultantly up. The Americans probably no longer feel inferior to Western Europe; but they seem to have developed a Sputnik complex.

### DON'T DESPAIR

But cheer up, the old values have not yet been swamped. America is in the past, over isolationism and McCarthyism, and slavery itself, and if they fail in the present crisis of confidence then there must be some flaw to the values themselves, and we of the West, we Christians, we humanists, we of the wide Cranbury fraternity have been deluded all along. "What do you mean?" "I asked one dependent citizen, 'Don't you believe in democracy any more, just because of a few wretched rockets?' " "Aw, hell," said he, momentarily embarrassed, "we've just got a national hanger, that's all — we need a war!"

### SHOWCASE

Of course he believes in democracy, for such a modest American country place could stand as a showcase for the system, lifted bodily, plank by plank by plank, to the Brussels Fair. Here the system works, and the people are happy enough, and prosperous enough, and decently proud of their heritage. When I go back to Cranbury in 1965 another wild fluctuation will no doubt be confusing the sentiments of Americans. Life will be depicting the national shortage of top-flight classics, or receding the overwhelming superiority of young Mongolian genetics, but in essence, when the Cranbury people tion their cars in welcoming recognition, with a swift succession of their windows, and a hurried mental search for children's names, and only the gentlest of reproaches from the garbage man behind, they still will be expressing the principles the great revolutionaries intended for them, in the days when Washington ate his turkey in the Cranbury Inn, or shivered with his soldiers down the road at Valley Forge.

### HANG TOGETHER

I drove down to the junction with a retired policeman and a man who said he was a poet. The poet recited one of his compositions, a rather protracted piece about his home town long ago. When he had finished he turned to us for some expression of appreciation but the policeman bent no to it with an unexpected retort. "It's like they say," he observed, "the wedding cake was heavy but the candles made it light. All that right?" he added, looking quizzically at me.

Sure it was right, I told him. Like they say, old friends is the best friends. Hang together, like the man said, or they'll string us up one by one.

## People's Platform

### Historic Treasures Must Be Protected

Editorial, The News THE "RAGS" news that the 57-year-old Galesburg, Ill. Public Library, containing some papers signed by Abraham Lincoln and other valuable and irreplaceable documents, was completely destroyed by fire should not only be a tragedy for the American history but also a warning to all libraries.

Too often, and sometimes too late, the jealous guardians of America's heritage find that their holdings are unsafe. Fire, flood, and without the know-how developed by the larger institutions. The reluctance to pass on to others the responsibility for safe-

guarding the historical wealth of this country is understood.

No one expects the smaller communities to give up these valuable treasures. However, the example of Galesburg, the home of Carl Sandburg, should make it evident that there is a need for either a private agency or some government office to examine, evaluate and report the risks, hazards and dangers, where such conditions exist.

The chronicle of America's momentous past is important to all our citizens. Picture our history without the Constitution or the Liberty Bell. This vital matter deserves the full cooperation of every community where our cherished symbols are stored.

—WILLIAM MARSH

### Strass Plans to Set off a Hydrogen Explosion of Five Megatons

WASHINGTON, May 16 (AP) — It takes the intense heat of a smaller atomic explosion to trigger a larger hydrogen explosion, a Soviet physicist said today. Active particles which Strauss' scientists have now reduced to five or six per cent of the total fallout.

### Still Dangerous

All this will be explained in a pamphlet, now being prepared, for the foreign observers. What the pamphlet would mention, however, is that the hydrogen explosion may charge the surrounding elements with radioactivity which will be just as dangerous as the particles from the trigger bomb.

## Desegregation: The Testing Continues

FOUR years ago the Supreme Court's desegregation decision obligated the South to become a social laboratory making stern tests of its people and its institutions.

In this anniversary week the tests still are going on and there are no reliable means of summing up the results or predicting the future. There are statistics, of course. The number of states having laws enforcing segregation has dropped from 17 to seven, and two of these have integrated public colleges. Some 26 per cent of the biracial school districts in the southern states and the District of Columbia have been desegregated, a slight increase over last year. But these totals in the desegregation ledger are at most insubstantial symbols.

They do not measure the impact of the decision on human conscience, attitudes and customs, the status of the law, the personalities of children or the relationships between racial groups. All that is certain at the present is that the testing of these things will continue into another year marked by turmoil and struggle.

Most of the desegregation recorded thus far has occurred in border states where it was reasonable to expect some measure of compliance with the decision, and none has occurred in the so-called "Deep South" states in which it was reasonable to expect bitter opposition. But as if to underline the imponderables of the problem, the first naked clash of federal vs. state power came in the border state of Arkansas where some desegregation already had been accomplished peacefully. According to history, Little Rock should not have happened — but it did. And although federal troops are to be withdrawn this summer, the outcome of that clash as it affects the progress of desegregation and racial harmony is indefinite.

IN the fifth year following the court's decision, Arkansas may again become a center of the struggle. Virginia, in varying degrees the leader of the "Deep South" states, almost certainly will become such. Final orders for desegregation of schools in one Virginia locality will provide the first real test of the states' "massive resistance" policy which provides for the automatic closing of a racially-mixed school. And such a closing, of course, would provide the first real test of the devotion of Virginia to the public school system. Their reaction to the desegregation decision is

known, but the lengths to which they will permit the state to go to thwart the decision is not known. Developments in Virginia doubtless will have a marked effect on the policies of the other redoubts of segregation.

Despite the imponderables, however, some tentative conclusions can be drawn from these four years of testing.

One is that the South is not going to follow the bloody trail of the hate-mongers. Increased activity by the Ku Klux Klan and similar groups has been accompanied by wider perception that these groups are a menace to the South and all its institutions.

MEANTIME, there are some indications that the nation generally is coming to recognize the infinite complexities and difficulties involved in the social adjustments expected of the South. This process has been helped along by the efforts of moderate southern leaders such as Hodges of North Carolina, Collins of Florida and Clements of Tennessee, by the shock content of the Little Rock crisis, and by the sober second thoughts of some ardent leaders of the integration camp.

Certainly there has been a growing and most needed recognition that the Supreme Court did not order racial mixing but merely forbade school assignment on the basis of race. The greater this recognition becomes, the less power there will be in the sails of extremist groups seeking to twist the decision to serve their own ends.

ACROSS the region in these four years there has been the usual mixture of heroism and cowardice, wisdom and foolishness, compassion and meanness that any crisis in human affairs brings. The pattern will continue, demonstrating not only the variety of attitudes in the South but differences in the caliber of leadership.

North Carolina thus far has weathered the crisis remarkably well, turning almost instinctively away from the spectacular and toward its accustomed paces of moderation. There has been little violence of word or deed, no defiance of our constitutional system of government and no tendency to junk the public school system. There has been instead a wise attempt to adjust to the realities both of custom and of law, and to retain in local hands the management of local affairs. If North Carolina holds to this course, it need have no fear of discoloring its past or of defrauding its future.

How's That Again? REP. GORDON McDONOUGH, a California Republican, found it necessary last week to insert his legislative history between the covers of the Congressional Record at the taxpayers' expense, of course.

"The McDonough record speaks for itself," bragged the congressman's committee in an antisemitic, third person singular style. Some 250 words later it was modestly allowed, as how the McDonough record was "outstanding — a record of action rather than words."

Then came about 2,800 words.

Action rather than what?

idion's treasurer since 1951 — is well established. Before joining the institution's staff, he had had a notably successful career in business. He graduated cum laude from Davidson in 1932.

A distinguished institution has selected a distinguished new president.

We are proud to salute both.

## It Was All A Mistake

# Nixon's Stupendous Blunder

By DORIS FLEESON

that Adams not the State Department, urged the trip colorates this view.

IT IS by now painfully clear—in a literal sense to members of the Nixon party—that the vice president's journey to South America was poorly conceived and thoroughly mismanaged.

A responsible source here says that the idea of sending the vice president to South America was sold to Sherman Adams, the assistant to the president, by the combination of lesser state officials and private individuals.

It was noted at the time that the vice president was reluctant to leave the country while Congress was in session and vital decisions on recession policy were being taken. A thorough politician, he was, of course, keenly aware that these decisions might make or break the Republican future.

### OUT IN FRONT

He was already out in front of the White House with a call for tax cuts if needed. He covered himself further by emphasizing the importance the President attached to the trip.

Weighing the Nixon attitudes, political strategists concluded that the vice president's tour at least this country has done has not captured the imagination of the people. It is an improvement in their lot in South America, the Middle East and Asia. They are showing it in rude, even disgusting and dangerous ways.

### RULES OF THE GAME

It would seem, too, that if ceremonial visits are attempted, they should be held strictly to ceremony, a high degree of dignity and a respect for protocol.

The glad hand and the bulbous spontaneity are old trademarks of the American politician on the home grounds. Few organize them as effectively as the vice president. It is perhaps a wonder that he has been attempting their export to the foreign countries he visits.

He seeks to mingle with the people, to argue, to lecture, to will students. In theory, this is only American democracy in action. In practice, it has just been proved to be another story when the touring dignitary strikes a set of adverse domestic circumstances in the country he is visiting.

Within this country the Lord and Lady Bouffant concert has gone out with the horse and buggy; a solid body of social legislation has taken its place and is generally taken for granted. In such programs as Point Four, the United States has attempted to introduce the same substitution into its relations with poorer or underdeveloped countries.

The effort has somehow not been big enough or brave enough, at least what this country has done has not captured the imagination of the people. It is an improvement in their lot in South America, the Middle East and Asia. They are showing it in rude, even disgusting and dangerous ways.

President Eisenhower played down that prospect at the conference. In fact, he held his edginess well under control in the presence of truly frightening developments all around the world.

### They Weren't Sought

Without violating secrecy, this column can report that York's testimony would support both sides of the controversy. What he reported behind closed doors was that the Air Force had requested the Atomic Energy Commission to conduct a more effective bomb against air targets. An air explosion might not even damage a runway, whereas a ground explosion would leave a mammoth crater.

### York's Opinion

Anderson charged that hundreds of nuclear bombs have already been "dirty" and that the Pentagon's request Strauss stoutly denied, however, that any bombs have been modified "for the purpose" of increasing radioactive fallout.

Anderson's charge is based upon secret testimony before the joint congressional atomic watchdog committee from Herbert Gold, former director of the Livermore, Calif., radioactive laboratory and now chief scientist for the Pentagon's new space agency.

### Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Editors' Note: While Drew Pearson is reporting on the Italian elections, Jack Anderson is covering the home front for the Merry-Go-Round.

THE Senate may be forced to delicately secret testimony to settle the feud between Sen. Clint Anderson (D-MN) and Attorney General Lewis Strauss over whether we are stockpiling "dirty" H-bombs while we talk about "clean" ones.

### Is U.S. Stockpiling 'Dirty' H-Bombs?

bombs have been modified "for the purpose" of increasing radioactive fallout. Yet the heavier bomb haven't sought "for the purpose" of increasing the radioactivity. All the Air Force wanted was a more effective bomb against air targets. An air explosion might not even damage a runway, whereas a ground explosion would leave a mammoth crater.

### Like Ivory Soap

Meanwhile, Strauss is so determined to prove that he has developed an H-bomb that he will permit foreign observers to operate the actual registering the fallout from this summer's test.

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From The Raleigh News & Observer

## THE GARDEN SWING

THE other day a man was seen helping the season, his family, and nature in a wholesome friendly way. He was putting a swing, an old-fashioned, ample one-seater, on a stout limb of a large and ageless oak tree. The garden swing is a "sometimes" thing today, but it and freckled-faced, sunny days certainly complement one another. The crashing laughter, and the quick spasms the fight induces, a discovery close to skin to the inner riddle of spring time.

The garden swing is not so wonderfully prevalent as when people built houses only where trees flourished. True, many of the graded school grounds have metal swings with chains, but these do not produce the same vagrant resilience. There, the child swings by the clock and the numbers and when a vacancy occurs. Monitored swinging is not so infectiously buoyant, and the child in some nebulous way defects that his fun is sponsored by a benevolent school board or by some public benefactor who is sporting at Hialeah.

Swinging in the back yard is a superb way to know all a summer, an unspeakable rhapsody of travel without any of the vexations of the tourist. The child is a bird and a philosopher. All the thrill of transcontinental exploration effected with-

out leaving the shaded security of the yard. All the dancing mysteries of the far places explode in an enchanted area that describes no more than fifty yards. Springtime is the proper season to bring back to the home precinct all the little delights you think, foolishly, you have to hunt for and the old way cry, "Daddy, please just run under me fast, just once more before supper," is the tocsin that galvanizes the hearts of all the children and their happy adolescent fathers.

Russia believes in Pan American Week too. They celebrate it by panning Americans.—NEW ORLEANS STATE.

The strange, wobbly orbit of our latest satellite causes some concern. On the other hand, maybe what we need is a friendly drunk in outer space to offset Khrushchev.—ASHVILLE CITIZEN.

Almost everything in the catalog of human delinquency or dereliction these days is ascribed to psychology, but a new study has all a sudden, an unexpected normal identifying top espionage agent, Rudolf Ivanovich Abel as a "psy." Wonderful things, these typographical errors.—NASHVILLE BANNER.