



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Some Notes On Drying Charlotte's Feet

WITH the city coffers so far below the "flood stage" that the treasurer has to go borrowing, Council this week authorized expenditure of \$10,000 for an emergency attack on overflowing creeks and swamped real estate.

In the circumstances, we suppose, this could be called reckless fiscal adventuring. While the sum represents one third of what the city plans to borrow to tide it over a temporary shortage of operating funds, it will hardly dent the outlines of the flooding problem.

But Council's action should be viewed as a proper response to citizen pleas and as a commendable earnest of a serious intent to attack the flood problem.

It is a real problem, not a scare compounded of complaints from people who bought houses "down in the hollow" and should have known better. There is some of that, but it is also true that some of these houses were bought during housing shortages in Charlotte. Not by any means are all the people with wet feet also wet behind the ears.

And it must be considered too that once truly peaceful streams have been made fierce by the growth of the city. Clearing of woodlands, laying of streets, construction of houses all have helped to reduce the sponginess of the watershed and increase the amount of runoff.

Thus in many respects the inability of creeks to carry all the water has become a public problem. Moreover, it is

a problem that will be increased by growth, and one that can't be cured simply by dredging the creeks. No matter how efficient waterways are made, there always will be areas subject to flooding. And part of the answer to the problem must be prohibition of residential developments in these areas.

Perhaps these areas can be made off limits to development by an amendment to the subdivision ordinance. Perhaps state legislation will be required. A carefully drawn yardstick will be needed in either case, and now is the time to begin studies toward that end. In this regard, Council and the Council Commission have properly asked city-county planners to undertake a study of the problem.

Since plentiful summer rains put a sharp point on a problem that has existed for some time, the local government has displayed varying degrees of bafflement and lack of resolution on the problem. The demands for action were sharp and insistent—the preparation at City Hall and the Courthouse inadequate.

But it is clear now that the fumbling about is a sign of desire to attack the problem, and not to make excuses. Ineffective as they may be at the moment, the responses thus far add up to a promise that in due course inordinate midtown too will be banished in the new Charlotte.

This 'Good Guy' Wore A Sweat Shirt

ONCE upon a time there were some worried cultural commissars in Czechoslovakia.

They were worried by American films. While their own Soviet offerings were playing to empty houses, scalpers were cleaning up by hawkling tickets to U.S. westerns.

The commissars huddled. Hence evolved a keen end-run play, complete with educational downfield blocking. By the Red Star, they decided, we'll just film our own westerns. Hollywood, Go Home!

On this note, a word of advice to the pioneers in Prague. It's gotta be good, or it won't sell. And since this group is new to the field, we'll even throw in a script outline for a Czech version of OKLAHOMA, which has proved beyond a shadow of a stein its durability. Here-with, the outline:

"PRAGUE-LAHOMA"

Curly Samovar enters, carrying six-gun, hammer and sickle with "CCP" embroidered on his sweat shirt. He comes stage center to sing "The Song."

"Oh, What A Collectivist Mornin'"

A sure smash. Then, hurriedly switch to the Kremlin, where the morning sun is glistering off the dome of St. Khrushchev. Bring him stage center to sing "The Song."

"Nikita With No Fringe On Top"

A wower. Action can be developed next when yak herders and their summer-soldier friends follow. They can come stage center to sing "The Song."

"Everything's Up To Date In Vladivostok"

A crusher, for sure. Next, Curly can sizzle down these ingrained hoiligans, and his own girl, Yella, she of the shining mustache, can join him to tote off bodies and come to stage center to sing "The Song."

"People Will Say We're Nonconformist"

A strike down the center aisle. After which a memorable scene back at the Kremlin, where Nikita dashes off another slug of vodka. Then he and a commissar, accompanying him on an empty crotch, step to stage center to sing "The Song."

"I Can Say Nyet"

A doosy, a real doosy. Once the audience has collected itself, Curly can trot out to the backhouse of the collectivists' ranch, where he and Georgi, the hired hand and part-time MVD, engage in conversation. Then Curly can step to stage center to sing "The Song."

"Poor Georgi's Dead"

Wow! Really rolling now, switch back to the Kremlin, where Khrushchev is working up his tenth vodka and redeye. He can stagger to stage center to sing "The Song."

"It's Either All At The Summit Or Nothing"

Crazy man, crazy. Move back to the ranch next as the yak hands gather to hear a speech by the area agricultural bloc leader. He describes the future of Soviet farming in glowing terms and then steps to stage center to sing "The Song."

"Many A New Five-Year Plan"

A clanger, a real live-alarm blast. But he's yet to come. Move the whole mob back to the Kremlin, where they can step over the inert body of Nikita, stage center, to sing "The Song."

"The Commissar And Yak Herder Should Be Friends"

Well, hold the applause. Khrushchev has picked out, of course, but it's overlooked. This is because Curly has discovered his girl Yella is a dirty reactionary and hoiligan. He shoots her right in the samovar as the yak herders cheer and march out to ink-bomb the American Embassy.

Just Peachy

BY providing that the ancient House-keeping Statute may not be used to dilute the public's right to know, Congress has made a small but welcome peephole in Washington's paper curtain of secrecy. Generally, Congress' action will serve as a warning to the administration that secrecy for secrecy's sake has gone too far. Specifically, it will enable the Department of Agriculture to dispense with a stamp it recently applied to a recipe for peach upside-down cake. The stamp said: "Confidential: Hold For Release."

More Than Talk May Come Out Of The U.N. This Time

By MARQUIS CHILDS

UNITED NATIONS

AS the speech-making goes on in this curious arena, in which words are used for concealment and confusion rather than for enlightenment, the faint possibility emerges that something more than talk may come out of this emergency session which no one really wanted.

What has become apparent since President Eisenhower's speech is that new forces have begun to give a different direction to American foreign policy. This was evident in almost every word the President spoke. And while it may prove to have been merely the rhetoric of a day and an occasion still those who have thus far subordinated their positions to the fixed Dullesian view that nothing but opposition and more opposition is allowable may have their opportunity.

MODERATE VIEW

Foremost among these is Henry Cabot Lodge, the permanent United States delegate to the United Nations. As one who has come to understand the currents of opinion within the unsavory body of this debating society and to appreciate what can and what cannot be done, Lodge intends to determine the moderate view of the President's speech.

Above all, he understood that the General Assembly would never agree a resolution providing any kind of U.N. control to restrain "imminent aggression." Lodge has said this all along as the official American line has continued to be that the only reason for a tactical maneuvering charge of direct aggression with the accusation of indirect aggression. And finally he has listened to having begun as something of a prima donna, determined to make his voice heard above any chorus. Lodge has, in five difficult years with the U.N., come to a realistic appreciation of the possible and the impossible. It is one thing like an elementary lesson, it is one that some policy-makers in Washington have never learned.



"Please Take Root And Make The Desert Blossom"

Less evident than the role that Lodge can play is the hope for another participant in what may prove to be a constructive approach to a part of the world that has been little more than a firing range for the violent prejudices of seemingly irreconcilable forces. In putting forward the concept of an Arab development institution, the President recommended that the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development be drawn upon.

The head of that bank, Eugene Black, has been saying for a long time that it was not enough merely to call President Nasser harsh names. When Secretary of State John Foster Dulles chose the issue of the Aswan Dam to deliver a resounding rebuke to Nasser, Black was most unhappy. He knew that this could result only in reprisals and recriminations.

RELATIVE ORDER

In the two troubled years that have followed, Black has had a lot to do with trying to put together the pieces that were all

over the floor when the cycle of reprisal and recrimination had run its course. More than any single individual, he straightened out the mess over the Suez Canal after the British-French-Israeli attack. Patiently with able top members of the staff of the bank, he worked out the settlement that has brought at least relative order and the normal pattern of traffic to that vital waterway.

For all this, Black has from time to time been accused of being pro-Nasser and pro-Arab. But perhaps a more exact designation

would be pro-realist. He has insisted from the start that to say no-to-pretend that Arab nationalism did not exist—was far from accurate.

THIRD FIGURE

A third figure discernible in the outline of action that the President projected is that of the U.N. Secretary General, Dag Hammarskjöld. If out of this unwanted convocation of the nations that make up the General Assembly Hammarskjöld can be authorized to go back to the Middle East to expand the presence of the U.N., then a gain will have been registered. As Lodge has long realized, this is the only substantial immediate hope that could come from the present mess.

There is another faint gleam of the distant horizon which it may be too early even to speak about. The Foreign Ministers who are here will meet informally in Hammarskjöld's office on the 26th floor of the U.N. building. It is just remotely possible that the shape of a summit conference could be agreed to as the talk goes on in the Assembly auditorium.

TIERED ACENTS

While Andrei Gromyko spoke his piece with the old, tired accent of the past, the words were not adamant. It was possible to see a small chink of accommodation in the familiar verbiage about colonialism, aggression and imperialism. Premier Nikita S. Khrushchev, in his latest letter to Prime Minister Harold Macmillan, has asserted in fairly reasonable terms the necessity for a summit conference that would not be conducted within the U.N. Security Council.

This is hardly the millennium. It may not even be Armistice Day. But with the President's moderate, constructive speech it is a shot of the Doomsday which the Alexandrians have been happily receiving. For all this, Black has from time to time been accused of being pro-Nasser and pro-Arab. But perhaps a more exact designation

People's 'New Low' Reached In Dismissal Of Littlejohn

Charlotte, N.C.

WELL, Mr. Councilman Herman Brown & Co. have shown very good of the record they have established, undoubtedly they reached a new low in the art of political infamy when they "re-lieved" a public servant who has given 25 years of his life to preservation of order in our fair city and whose resignation was in their hands to be effective in two weeks. They should feel very proud of themselves and the voting public should express their appreciation if any of this tribe has the urge to place their name on a ballot again.

I hold no brief for Frank Littlejohn. He does not need it. As far as I know he is an efficient, hard working, honest, and has done good job. He no doubt made some mistakes. Perhaps his biggest one, in the opinion of Brown & Co., was that he opposed the appointment of Basil Boyd as judge of city police court and then when his investigation brought the light of day upon the shenanigans going on in that department, all un-known to Judge Boyd, well, the boys just plain didn't like it. So they just decided to "relieve" him. If they had any reason, other than just a childish desire to "get even," then they kept their "reliefs" to themselves. I personally feel sure that if they had any reason, they would have shouted it to high heaven.

Now are they so silent about the case of Judge Boyd? Maybe they think they can just ignore it and it will blow away. However, I have news for them. Charlotte is not subject to tornadoes and nothing of lesser force could possibly remove the stench from Judge Boyd's case. — J. C. BAUGH

Who Helps Jonas Answer His Mail?

There have been two articles in your paper recently... one which I would like to comment. The first was a statement by John L. Stickle, and the second is a letter to the editor from L. L. Childers.

Mr. Stickle made the statement that Jonas is "tried and proven" so why change? The horse and buggy provided transportation, the kerchief lamp gave light, and the mule pulled a plow very well. Suppose no one had given Henry Ford, Thomas Edison or Cyrus McCormick an opportunity to prove their ability?

People's 'New Low' Reached In Dismissal Of Littlejohn

Stickle also spoke of David Clark as an unknown, and Childers said Clark needed seasoning. David Clark has had eight years of legislative experience which is exactly eight more years "seasoning" than Paper Jonas had when he first offered himself as a candidate for Congress. Clark is recognized throughout the state as one of the most respected and gifted men in the North Carolina General Assembly.

Childers mentions the fact that Jonas answers his mail. Anybody with seven people in his office should be able to take care of a number of letters. Jonas himself in a weekend paper admitted that letter writing was part of his "year-round" campaigning.

Frankly, I am sick to death of Jonas' holier-than-thou attitude, and also that of his supporters. No one thing or no one person is so perfect that he, she or it cannot be improved upon.

—RICHARD M. PEELER

'Who Says I'm Not Interested In Cleaning Up?'



Prayer In The World

Editors, The News:

THERE is no greater power on earth than prayer. Prayer before starting on a journey can prevent many an accident on our highways. Prayer in the home can settle problems between husbands and wives and keep them out of the divorce courts. Prayer that has been blessed at the table can prevent indigestion. Prayer can heal the sick and keep people from getting sick.

If the United Nations would open all meetings with prayer regardless of what Russia thinks of it, they could settle all problems peacefully. Prayer lessens the distance between you and God. A prayer for healing is like a telephone call to Jesus. The way to extend your natural life is to extend your prayer life. If your burdens are too heavy, you must ask God to give you a lift. Prayers are good for the health, good for the purse, good for the home, good for what you want.

Life isn't what you make it; it's what you let God make it for you through prayer. It's better to be saved and on your way to heaven, than to be lost and on your way to hell. Any one who is saved through the blood of Jesus, has made a success of his life. The only way you can make the best of things is to receive Jesus as your personal savior.

—PARRS A. YANDLE

From The Louisville Courier-Journal

WHAT'S BIGGER THAN TEXAS?

IN a few years I hope something like this will happen to me. I'll be in the club car of a train headed for Florida. A long, tall, bowlegged fellow will come in and sit down by me.

"Partner," he'll say, "where you from?" "Kentucky," I'll say. "Well, I'm from Texas," he'll say. "Greatest state in the Union. You can put Kentucky and all of New England in just a little corner of Texas. You know it."

"Then the man sitting on the other side of me will pipe up. Pardon me, partner," he'll say to the Texan. "I'm from little old Alaska. Youngest state in the Union, 588,400 square miles. One fifth the size of the whole United States, twice the size of Texas."

"The Texan will blink at him and turn back to me. As I was saying," he'll say, "you can't mention a thing Texas isn't got. We got 400 miles of coastline. You know it." — Pardon me, partner, Alaska will say. "We got 9,750 miles of coast line. Our shores are washed by two oceans, one sea, straits, gulfs and God knows how many bays. Now you take our mountains. They'll hit you there. The Canadian in the Guadalupe, 9,920 feet high. That make her about 5,000 higher than anything you got in Kentucky, and — Why son, Alaska will say, that's just

a little old hill. If you want a heman mountain, why don't you take old McKinley. 20,300 feet high. That makes her about 11,280 feet higher than anything you got in — what's the name of that state again? And Texas will say, "There's the old Rio Grande. What a river!" And Alaska will say, "There is the old Yukon. 2,000 miles long, and you'll never see the day you can jump across it like you can some rivers I can mention, but won't."

"By this time Texas will be foaming at the mouth and he'll turn his back on Alaska and say, 'And we got oil and gas and gold and silver and mercury and lead and — And Alaska will say, 'We got oil, gold, copper, lead, silver, tin, platinum, pellicular, antimony, tungsten, coal, marble, gypsum, sulphur, pitchblende and fish and — And Texas will say, 'There ain't nothing we can't grow. You never see a Texas watermelon?' Bugger things you ever saw."

"Yeah, Alaska will say, 'About half the size of Montana. Valley cabbage.'"

"After that Alaska will leave. Then Texas will turn to me and say, 'Them mouthed, lousiest bunch of braggarts I ever heard of. Why ever let them in the Union I don't know.'"

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

THE paid professionals rather than the observers who have watched the diplomatic death-pangs of a score of peace meetings — meetings that have started with the best of intentions and ended in tears again, they gather almost like vultures, to report and feed upon the tribulations man attempts to get along with man.

Into the U.N. Assembly hall flow the delegates, dignified, untried, the wheels of diplomacy grind slow and they move with it. Arabs may be as tough as iron in the market place, but along the borders of Iran and Turkey, they are as soft as butter. The run of the world is still in Moscow, and ready to go, carrying more explosive in a small H-bomb than released in all of World War II.

Yet diplomacy remains dignified and untried. John Foster Dulles walks into the chamber stopped, grey-haired, weighed-down by the cares of office. His

The Wheels Of Diplomacy Grind Slowly

step is slow. He is bent but unbroken. Beside him walks Henry (Lobby) Lodge, erect, handsome, younger in appearance than his actual years. His isolationist grandfather, a member of the Senate, fought Woodrow Wilson's League of Nations to the bitter end, defeated it. Now his grandson is the foremost representative of international cooperation in the United Nations.

Sedate Chairman

On the emerald-green rostrum at the end of the hall sits Sir Leslie Morrison of New Zealand, kindly, untried. He represents two sheep-raising colonies in the South Pacific far removed from the heat and murder and passions of the Near East. His country has waterfalls, rich rivers and green trees. The Near East has deserts, dried mudholes, streams that disappear in the sands. Sir Leslie is fair-minded and serene. But for a flick of fate, he would be sitting down, and an Arab would be sitting in

the emerald-green marble rostrum in this place.

Charles Malik, foreign minister of Lebanon, was almost elected resident last year. Today, Malik, graduate of Beirut University, strong friend of the U.S., sits in the Harvard Club in New York drinking strong coffee, answering frantic phone calls about the religious war he is in his country. Above Sir Leslie on the emerald-green rostrum is the sign of the United Nations—a globe surrounded on three sides by an olive branch.

Extending The Branch

The problem confronting the U.N. and particularly this assembly, is to make that olive branch extend all the way around the globe. The globe itself is pictured from the Arctic and from the South. And South America looks relatively small, the great land masses of Russia and Asia look very large. That geographic view is becoming more and more the political view of the world today.

A U.N. girl usher keeping the crowd in line wears green. She appears to be an Arab, but she has acquired the No. 1 American habit—gun chewing. Big, burly, good-natured U.N. guards, once in Brooklyn, but migrated from Ireland, direct the crowd outside. If the diplomats, strong and the spectators are not, they want witness first-hand how peace is born. They want to see how that olive branch that extends from the East to the West around the United Nations insignia can be stretched to cover the final gap.