THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Charlotte's New City Manager Faces Tall Tasks And A 'Great Adventure'

The arrival this week of William J. Veeder completes City Hall's team for the biggest adventure in municipal government any Tar Heel town has faced since the turn of the century.

The annexation at the end of the year will be somewhat like adding a whole new city the size of High Point or Wilmington to Mr. Veeder's domain.

Charlotte, a city of 134,042 in 1950, will become a city of more than 200,000 in 1960.

The problems of planning, policing and serving such an area will be gargantuan. The addition of more than 30 square miles and more than 44,000 people in one fell swoop will be difficult enough. But the difficulty will be compounded by what metropolitan experts call "normal growth" — and, since 1950, Charlotte's "normal growth" has been spectacular.

* * *

In the years immediately ahead, Charlotte will have to choose the direction in which it will move — toward chaotic growth, toward mediocrity or toward high achievement. Newly emerging problems will make the choices more difficult than they have ever been before. It is already clear that traffic congestion, decentralization, slums and blighted districts, parking, fiscal dilemmas and public safety will call for new types of metropolitan planning and orderly regulation.

The plain fact is that Charlotte is approaching a milestone in its history which cannot be muddled past. To pass it safely will require thoughtful, intelligent leadership at City Hall. Deliberate action must be taken in a dozen or so key areas of concern. If the thoughtful leaders have no practical suggestions, the action will be taken anyway — by political hacks or nincompoops. Then it will be too late for orderly progress.

Consequently, Charlotte looks to its new city manager with high hopes and great expectations. He is young, but he is highly trained, experienced and has a reputation for intellectual vigor and administrative imagination. In other words, he has ideas. And ideas are what Charlotte needs most in this crucial period of explosive growth.

Yet Mr. Veeder will have an extremely delicate job to do. He is the city's chief administrator in every sense of the word. But he is not one of its political spokesmen. He must strive with all his might to limit himself to his role as adviser and guide to the City Council and avoid as he would the plague the role of public leader in the formulation of municipal policies. It is not without reason that the City Managers Association advises its members to stay behind the scenes on all municipal policies, even to the extent of leaving "to the council the defense of policies which may be criticized." For when a manager assumes a political role he has automatically surrendered his professional status as an administrator and, incidentally, his job security as well.



City Manager Veeder

* * *

But from his background of knowledge and experience, Mr. Veeder can and should recommend to the mayor and City Council the specific measures Charlotte should take to meet the challenge of the future. It is his job to have ideas and it is the Council's job to consider those ideas carefully and to implement them if they are considered worthy. But, in the final analysis, the decisions are the Council's to make and they should be based upon the independent judgment of the Council, the elected representatives of the people.

These are the ground rules under which both Mr. Veeder and the Council will be expected to operate. Together they face tremendous tasks. We feel confident that a partnership in progress will be formed and that all Charlotteans will benefit accordingly.

Desegregation Is Not A Numbers Game

The fact that only one Negro has been assigned so far to a white school in 1959-60 has been mistakenly interpreted in some quarters as a lack of good faith on the part of the local school board.

Three Negroes attended desegregated schools in 1957-58. In 1958-59, the number was four. But good faith cannot be measured arithemetically. It flows instead from the manner in which the board reacts to actual situations as they develop.

It is too early to determine with any certainty the extent of racial desegregation in Charlotte's schools in 1959-60, for appeals in several cases are yet to be heard. But it is quite obvious that in denying transfer applications from the parents of eight Negro children yesterday, the board acted in the same fair and responsible manner that as it did in 1957 and 1958. It is obvious, too, that the board has not deviated an inch from the standards of judgment established when the desegregation process began here two years ago.

Operating in accordance with these same standards, the board could conceivably admit 20 Negro pupils to white schools in 1960—or none.

The board is not playing a numbers game. It is instead judging each application as it comes, fairly and conscientiously.

It must be remembered that each of the Negro applicants rejected yesterday lives closer to a Negro school than to the white school requested. The same pupils or pupils from the same families with similar requests were rejected in earlier years.

The fact is that there have been fewer and fewer new applications from Negroes to attend white schools here, indicating a strong and continuing interest in voluntary segregation.

Nothing in the United States Constitution stands in the way of voluntary segregation.

City Folks Had Better Run For Cover

The best policy for city folks in the cold war between Mecklenburg's agricultural agent and home economics agent is strict neutrality.

With home demonstration clubs mobilizing and farmers in an ugly mood, anything could happen. It is clearly not the sort of a conflict urbanites — or even suburbanites — ought to be mixed up in.

County Commission Chairman Sid Y. McAden is wise to want to get to the bottom of the matter, however, and we wish his fact-finding committee well. In this regard, we are reminded of one of Lincoln's favorite stories about the backwoods traveler who was lost in a terrific thunderstorm. The thunder got louder and louder and great bolts of lightning began hitting the ground all around him. Though not a praying man, he dropped to his knees and made his petition: "O Lord," he cried, "if it is all the same to you, give us a little more light and a little less noise!"

From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

MONSTERS DOWN BELOW

Those most fantastic but fearful "gorgons and hydras and chimeras" of which Milton wrote in "Paradise Lost" are going to acquire a faint tinge of verisimilitude if some of these scientists don't tone down their conjecturing.

Can the mere layman be blamed for deciding that there may well be monsters which prowl the ocean depths when some of the world's leading oceanographers say the evidence is strong? The timorous and the tremulous might well stand aside in view of certain facets of the deep sea symposium at the National Academy of Science conference in Washington. For instance, Dr. Roger Revelle, director of the Scripps Institute of Oceanography, cited the existence of gigantic eel larvae whose adult form has never been seen. There was the terrible implication that the adults, if located, would prove to be of tremendous dimensions.

But two morsels of reassurance are at hand. The existence of the famed Loch Ness monster has never been proved despite reports by sober Scots for 30 years—usually just before opening of the tourist season—of its awesome appearances. Nor has the abominable snowman of the Himalayas yet been fingerprinted and photographed despite Russian scientists' reports of sighting him several times. Perhaps, after all, the spacemen will be rocketing to the moon, Venus or Mars before some courageous individual descends to the ocean floor and, like that hardy Anglo-Saxon, Beowulf, slays a most horrendous monster in its murky lair.

If, as they predict, there's another baby boom in the making, it's going to bust a lot of young parents.—New Orleans States-Item.

The most perilous part of an airplane trip is the ride to the airport.—Elberton (Ga.) Star.

Here's Startling Proof Of Sen. Kennedy's Magnetism

By JOSEPH ALSOP

NEW YORK

If you want really startling proof of the physical magnetism of Sen. John F. Kennedy of Massachusetts, just do some pavement-pounding and door-bell ringing in the 9th Election District of the 8th Assembly District in the Borough of Queens.

A warning must be coupled with this piece of advice. You will not believe the first results of your poll. You will distrust your sample of the district's people. You will try another street, and another apartment house, and another. So you will end, long after nightfall, with the worst case of pavement-pounders' feet you can remember.

Meanwhile your last results will only confirm your first. They will show that in ordinary circumstances, the working people and small businessmen of this 9th Election District are rather surprisingly likely to pick a Republican for the presidency in 1960. But they will also show that if Sen. Kennedy is the Democratic nominee, nearly five out of six of this district's voters will prefer him to the strongest Republican, Vice President Richard M. Nixon.

STRANGE EXPERIENCE

Such, at any rate, was the strange experience of this reporter and the professional poller, Lou Harris. There were two reasons why we ran our miniature presidential trial heat in these almost aggressively ordinary blocks between 34th and 35th Avenues and 91st and 93rd streets.

First, we had been there before, having got from this district the first solid, independent evidence of former Gov. Averill Harriman's electoral trouble last year. Second, Queens is the swing borough of New York City, and the 9th Election District is typical of the districts that make Queens the swing borough. The little district has voted for the winner in election after election, most recently giving Harriman a handsome majority in '54, doing the same for Eisenhower in '56 and choosing Rockefeller in '58.

This time, we thought it would be interesting to run the two most likely Republican candidates against the leaders in the Senate's milling horde of Democratic presidential hopefuls. Against Vice President Nixon and New York Gov. Rockefeller, we therefore pitted Sens. Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson of Texas, Stuart Symington of Missouri and Hubert Humphrey of Minnesota.

Counting only responsive registered voters, we filled in 64 ballots—a huge sample of the districts average total of about 600 votes in a presidential year. The table of votes cast shows the almost incredible outcome.

Kennedy 46	Nixon 10	Don't Know 8
Kennedy 50	Rockef 7	Don't Know 11
Johnson 14	Nixon 27	Don't Know 23
Johnson 21	Rockef 24	Don't Know 19
Symington 17	Nixon 29	Don't Know 18
Symington 22	Rockef 23	Don't Know 19
Humphrey 16	Nixon 31	Don't Know 17
Humphrey 20	Rockef 27	Don't Know 17

In plain terms, Kennedy not only made mince-meat of the Republicans—and this after the famous Nixon-Khrushchev television show, which just about everyone had seen and admired. He also ran approximately three times more strongly than the other senators. The reason for this extra strong showing was fairly clear.

Kennedy did every bit as well as the other senators with the Protestant and Jewish pollees. The latter group chose him unanimously, in fact, with prideful enthusiasm. But the other senators were snowed under by the Catholics, who comprised two-thirds of the whole sample. And among the Catholics, despite a basic Republican and conservative Catholic trend that seems to be growing stronger and stronger, Kennedy won almost every vote.

To this, Harris and the other reporter would add the further fact that the other three senators suffered, perhaps unfairly, from the relative dimness of their images in the 9th Election District. The huge "Don't Know"' votes in the three other senators trial heats proved the fact clearly. Since all these people had clear images of both Nixon and Rockefeller, it seems likely that a wholly disproportionate share of the "Don't Know" voters — even two-thirds or more—would end by choosing the Democrat in an actual presidential election.

SHARP RESENTMENT

Nonetheless, if only Kennedy were out of the picture, the results in the 9th Election District would be encouraging to the Republicans, or at least to Vice President Nixon. Gov. Rockefeller trailed Nixon, because of the surviving sharp resentment of his decision to balance New York's budget by increasing state taxes.

'Next Month? Why Yes, I Think I Might Be Able To–'



Hodges Says So

Russians Love Ike?

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON

In their call on President Eisenhower, the nine governors who recently toured Russia advertised their willingness to underwrite the forthcoming visit by the President to the Soviet Union and the forthcoming visit by Premier Khrushchev to the United States.

Their attitude almost amounted to a grass roots mandate to the administration to do and keep on doing everything possible to break out of the vise in which American-Soviet relations appear gripped.

WHAT HODGES SAID

Because the governors are so much closer to the voters, their views were all the more compelling. The nine included Democrats and Republicans; their geographical distribution ranged from Idaho to New Jersey with a double dip southward, and men from each party eager to be president or vice president were in their number.

It was a moderate southern Democrat, the distinguished Luther Hodges of North Carolina, who told reporters: "The Russians are just crazy about Ike. The man in the street seems not only to know him but to love him." This is a dividend of the President's wartime leadership. Hodges thinks it could be put to work to grow more and bigger dividends.

It is hard to believe that these governors, who work well apart and sometimes far from Washington, understand the nuances of Eisenhower's conduct of his high office. Yet they have acted as if they did.

For the President in delicate matters affecting his own prestige is what southerners often call "coony," meaning both clever and cautious. He does not launch trial balloons himself, and before he starts in a new direction he wants to see a variety of powerful political forces committed to the idea in advance.

FULL MEASURE

This the governors gave him in full measure.

If the Eisenhower callers were not very sure that the home folks liked their Soviet travel proposals they would not have made them. Interestingly, there were no dissenters. This is heartening evidence that the partisan narrowness which marred the conduct of American forign policy during even the most fruitful post-war years is unfashionable at present.

Stan Delaplane's Postcard

Footloose In Darkest Russia

By STAN DELAPLANE

MOSCOW

Only because I was worn out running after the celebrities, I dropped into the $13,000 model house — it looked shady and cool. When all of a sudden Mr. Khrushchev and Mr. Nixon came in and started a rhubarb that apparently has been Page One news.

It was terribly embarrassing because I had broken the point on my pencil, too. Here was history, practically in my lap. And me with no pencil.



However, I listened closely and learned a good deal.

For the 15,000 Americans who will visit Moscow this year, my best advice is start learning. Because nobody will tell you.

* * *

In the press room with the Nixon party in the Hotel Ukraine, we have 11 guide-interpreters. They are assigned by the national tourist bureau, Intourist.

They do not know much, either.

"How can I get a ticket to the American Exposition?"

"I don't know," said the guide. "I was going to ask you."

This morning I called the Fair — I am an old hand at fairs. Having put in something like a straight six months covering the San Francisco Exposition of 1939-40. Turn me loose in a fair and I am like an old carny hand at a carnival.

I called the Fair and asked them for the opening day's attendance.

Well, THEY don't know. "It was WILD!" they said.

But they don't know the number. And apparently the tickets are being put out (and collected) by the Russians. And apparently the Russians aren't going to tell us. Not today, anyway.

This seems a little incredible. But this is the way it works. Learn, brother, learn.

Fortunately, I ran into Bob Gibson here—I knew him in Tokyo when he was with AP. He is a resident correspondent. And he is still learning. I got a few tips.

The phone in your room dials straight out. BUT ——. Dial 8 first. Or it won't go out. If you want to dial another room in the hotel, put a 2 in front of it.

You are directed by Intourist NOT to tip. "We consider it a relic of less fortunate days. It is not cultured," said the Intourist guide.

However, a good many Russians give a few rubbles to waiters, taxi drivers, barbers, hat-check girls, maids and porters. Just as we do in our uncultured circles.

Taxi meters are reliable and you are never overcharged. I didn't think anybody could change the international banditry of the hackies. But in Russia they have.

Strict honesty seems to be a national characteristic. You can leave your camera in a hotel lobby — or possibly on the street, for that matter. Nobody touches it.

Moscow is a pretty city. The spired architecture and blocked apartment houses don't have the charm of England, for instance. But the big, beautiful Moscva river winds through the town. The sun is warm and stays out until 10 at night at this time of the year. And the parks are all pine and birch.

* * *

Anyway, Mr. Nixon and Mr. Khrushchev started off their beef in the model kitchen. (A lot of good family arguments start in the kitchen and I noted that theirs started in front of the model refrigerator.)

Mr. Khrushchev began by saying something like: "In the Soviet Union, we build for ourselves and our grandchildren. You build this house and in 20 years you want to sell the worker another house."

Mr. Nixon then said we did this to improve things for people.

But/I wish they had asked me.

What with first mortgages and second mortgages and opening the end of the mortgage, I cannot PAY OFF my house in 20 years. So how can they sell me a new one?

I am learning a lot here. But I could teach them a few things, too.

People's Platform

Let Grass Grow On Cold Grave

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

At least two persons have written to People's Platform insisting that McCarthyism certainly dies hard.

It appears they are attempting to dig up the "ism" to call it something else — worse.

The whole matter somewhat parallels the McCarver-Webb case. Exhumation.

A suggestion here would be to let grass grow over a cold grave — before Mrs. McCarthy decides to call in the bulldozers and revive her husband and his "ism."

— WILLIAM JOHNSON

A Violent Reaction To Teacher's Letter

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

Come now. Doesn't Mr. J. W. Jewell think he has been teaching in that Negro college too long? His cousins may be black but mine are pure white. And what's more, he needs a good punch in the nose.

—MYRTLE PORTER

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Admiral Gets $26,000 'To Preside'

WASHINGTON

Charming Adm. Robert "Mick" Carney, who has held more top jobs in the Navy Department than most, was testifying before the House Munitions Lobby Committee regarding his duties with various corporations as a retired officer. He listed private income of $49,300 plus $12,888 retirement pay, making a total of $62,188, plus travel expenses, free office space furnished him by Westinghouse Electric, plus a free secretary furnished him by a public relations firm.

The Breakdown

The breakdown of Adm. Carney's income, together with the amount of defense contracts his companies receive is:

Bath Iron Works — $25,600 . . . .
Pentagon contracts—$200,000,000.

Fairchild Aircraft — $13,200 . . .
Contracts in 1958: $112,400,000.

Westinghouse Electric—$7,500 . . . .
Contracts in 1958: $271,600,000.

Nationwide Securities Corp. — $3,-000.

Chairman Edward Hebert of Lousiana ticked over Adm. Carney's duties and stipends. He noted the $25,600 a year received from Bath Iron Works, a shipbuilding corporation in Maine.

Carney's Duties

"What are your duties?" Hebert asked.

"My duties consist of presiding at board and stockholders' meetings," replied Carney. "In my particular case no other duties have been prescribed. I have nothing to do with management and sales."

Congressman Hebert looked incredulous. "Is that all you do?" He asked.

"Yes, the board meets every two months," Adm. Carney replied.

If Hebert had had more time or if he had not been restricted by the rule that a congressman can't investigate a senator, he might have thrown light on an interesting operation which occurred just before the Bath Iron Works hired Adm. Carney.

Help For Saltonstall

In 1954, Sen. Leverett Saltonstall of Massachusetts, Republican, faced a tough re-election battle against Foster Furcolo, Democrat, now governor of Massachusetts. Bath Iron Works in Maine was scheduled to be awarded three destroyers by the Navy, but suddenly they were switched to the Bethlehem Steel Shipyard at Quincy, Mass., in order to help Saltonstall's re-election. They were switched to the Massachusetts yard from Maine even though the contract with Bath was for $9,500,000 less.

Sen. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine immediately protested. Later as a result of Mrs. Smith's persistency, Bath Iron Works got three more destroyers. However, on Oct. 23, just before Saltonstall had to face Massachusetts voters on Nov. 5 the administration threw two more destroyers to the Quincy, Mass., shipyard.

Business Booms

Politics being what they are in the awarding of naval contracts the Bath Iron Works decided to do something about it.

Adm. Carney retired from the top job in the Navy department, chief of naval operations Aug. 17, 1955. Only a couple of weeks elapsed. In September he became chairman of the board of Bath Iron Works. From this point on the defense orders have flowed into Bath Iron Works as regularly as clockwork.