THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Why Leave It To The Housewives?

There is something heartwarming about the grit and determination of a band of aroused housewives on Mecklenburg's Woodhaven Drive.

Fed up with the way motorists were making a racetrack of their residential street, the women quietly mobilized for action.

On Wednesday, armed with a stopwatch, a pad and pencil, a signal towel and an enormous amount of raw tenacity, they proceeded to clock the automobiles moving along a 200-foot marked strip and record the license numbers of the speeders.

From county police, the women obtained the names of the owners of cars involved.

On Thursday, they began to write notes to the offenders. They were "nice notes," according to Mrs. Bobbye Ashmore, president of the Dirt Daubers Garden Club which organized the impromptu speed watch.

Woodhaven Drive's "Dirt Daubers" would like to slow traffic on their street to 25 m.p.h. But they are particularly concerned about motorists who exceed the 35 m.p.h. legal limit.

We don't blame them. Speeding on quiet residential streets where children are at play is one of metropolitan Charlotte's worst problems. It is here that you see the careless driver at his orneriest. For he considers these areas "free territory" with few whammies and prowl cars in view. It is so easy to nudge a powerful modern automobile over 35 m.p.h. on a deserted street—but so difficult to stop in time when a child steps suddenly from the curb.

Even at 30 miles per hour, it takes the average motorist 89 feet to come to a complete stop. Braking distance is estimated at 56 feet, reaction distance at 33 feet.

Policemen in and outside of Charlotte cannot be everywhere at once. They must, of course, concentrate on the danger zones where accidents are most numerous. But some additional attention ought to be given to residential streets off the beaten track.

The aroused housewives of Woodhaven Drive have set a noble example of what ordinary citizens can do to serve the cause of safety. Yet this was action above and beyond the capabilities of most citizens.

What those speeders deserved was not a "nice note" but a citation.

Memo To Charlotte From Machiavelli

City Councilman Gibson Smith's proposal to award medals to municipal employes for "courageous acts" revives an ancient and honorable practice. But why not recognize distinguished service of any description that is clearly above and beyond the call of duty?

The practice would add welcome luster to public administration, a field of employment that sorely needs it.

Municipal government can be no better than the united capacities of the employes who conduct it. A personnel climate attractive to able individuals and encouraging to careers in public service is essential. Some system of rewarding truly outstanding work would do much to stimulate morale and, incidentally, stimulate the kind of extra effort every business needs—public or private.

It has been said that men have a keener relish for privileges and honors than for equality. Their inherent vanity is involved, we suppose. The French Revolution believed that it could do away with all decorations and awards just as it did away with titles of nobility. Six years later, the decorations were re-established. Soon afterward, Napoleon created the Legion of Honor. "I challenge anyone," he said, "to show me a republic, ancient or modern, in which there have not been decorations. Some people call them baubles. Well, it is by means of baubles that one leads men." He had simply learned Machiavelli's lesson that "well-conducted republics establish rewards for their citizens . . . And though the republic be poor and powerless to make great gifts, yet it must ever give what it can, for, little though may be the presents one makes to a citizen for rendering the most considerable service, yet he receives them as something great and redounding to his honor."

The same is true at every level of government. Such awards encourage virtue and high endeavor. Even Charlotte can steal a page from the notebook of Machiavelli, to whom the art of government was no mystery.

Life In America

A New York shop is offering for sale a man's belt buckle incorporating a can opener, a bottle opener and a screwdriver.

Let the Russians top that for gracious living.

The Guest In The House Of Mankind

It was fashionable in some circles to sneer at Edgar A. Guest. His homespun philosophy in rhyme was ridiculed as simple-minded, syrupy and "certainly not poetry."

The critics were right, we suppose. But Eddie Guest never pretended to be producing high art. He had a simpler goal. It was to communicate directly with the minds and consciences of an unsophisticated majority of Americans who had no aptitude for the cerebral subtleties of T. S. Eliot, Dylan Thomas or Wallace Stevens.

His verses were authentic bits of Americana—as honest and as full of conviction as the folk songs of country minstrels or the blues of southern Negroes. There was nothing profound in his creations. Goodness was good and badness was bad and there were few compromises in between. He never fetched up thoughts that lay too deep for tears. He was simply informing us about godliness and destiny and salvation — important matters on which many Americans thought they had a right to clear instruction. In this respect, his little verses were models of lucid scrutiny of life's experiences and crises. He never tricked or misled his readership. Meaning was never obscure.

Despite the sentimentality and the cloying sweetness of much of his verse, he occasionally expressed subtler ideas. There is, for instance, his comment on "The Package of Seeds":

Thus for ten cents an ounce is
Divinity sold.

He could look beyond the hearth, too, as in "At The Peace Table":

Who shall sit at the table, then, when
the terms of peace are made—
The wisest men of the troubled lands in
their silver and gold brocade?
Yes, they shall gather in solemn state to
speak for each living race,
But who shall speak for the unseen dead
that shall come to the council place?

The distinction between light verse and poetry is inherent in the words themselves. The standards of the two forms may intermingle at certain points. But to confuse their basic intentions is to obscure the pleasures of both.

A lot of Americans thought that they had lost a great and good friend when Eddie Guest died. They had.

From The Louisville Courier-Journal

'YOU-ALL' IS AN OLD FRIEND

The Greensboro Daily News reports happily that Sir Winston Churchill has been heard employing the term "you all." What he said, addressing a group of people, was: "I will not say good-by to you all." This was a clear acceptance of an old southern usage, and the Greensboro paper is delighted that "at last" the Confederacy has been vindicated by one of the greatest living masters of written and spoken English.

The Charlotte News joins in its neighbor's elation, but complains that "at last" is out of order. "You all" has for years had the approval of the best authorities, the Charlotte paper says, adding ". . . We hasten to advise that good old 'you all' has been melodiously threaded through the queen's (Elizabeth II's) speeches for a long time, though at last hearing she had yet to elide to the more authentic 'y'all.' "

All of this is music to our ears. We congratulate Sir Winston. We congratulate whoever it is that writes Queen Elizabeth's speeches, and hope that one day Her Majesty will adopt the pronunciation "y'all." Furthermore, we hope that our Tar Heel brethren will not shed blood because one of them said "at last" when the other thinks the phrase was both unnecessary and ignorant.

"You all" suffered generations of abuse in the northern United States. The Yanks, when they attempted to imitate or burlesque the southern speech, invariably employed "you all" in the singular. To apply "you all" to one person is plainly ungrammatical. But the southerner has never used it that way. He has always used it in the plural, just as his Anglo-Saxon forebears did, and he has had the support of every discerning scholar.

Of course, a southerner may be heard addressing a single person as "you all." For example, he may ask his bartender: "How do you all make a whisky sour?" He simply wants to know what formula (what proportions of lemon juice, sugar and Bourbon) has been agreed upon among the bartenders and the proprietors of the establishment. The southerner is addressing a single person but addressing that person as representing a group. This is plain to all southerners, but a visiting northern bar fly, overhearing the question, snickers disdainfully—or used to.

We say "used to" because we cannot believe that generations of newspaper editorial writers south of the Mason-Dixon Line have labored in vain. In former times no subject was more popular among our craft below the Potomac than "Our Southern You All," and none has been elaborated with greater lucidity and force, especially on dull days. The Greensboro Daily News and The Charlotte News, despite a minor disagreement between themselves, carry on in an honorable tradition.

People's Platform

Organized Labor Supports 'Tough' Reform Bill

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

I am writing this letter in the hope that I can clarify somewhat the very confused picture that has developed in the matter of labor reform legislation which is now pending before the Congress. Careless use of such words as "soft" and "moderate" and "tough" in describing the various bills has only confused the picture.

There are three separate bills which will be offered on the floor of the House within a few days. Every one of these bills is a tough bill for the crooks and racketeers who have infiltrated some labor unions. Every one of these bills will



Meany: Hard Work

make it rough on the crooks and the racketeers. Every one of these bills has very strict requirements for financial reporting, have democratic practices for elimination of characters with criminal records, and numerous other provisions.

Every decent element in the labor movement supports these tough reform measures. For two years now George Meany and the AFL-CIO have been working hard to develop this type of legislation. The North Carolina AFL-CIO has worked for such legislation and we are proud of this fact. For the first time in history we find a large group of Americans asking for laws to regulate its own conduct. Business never asked for federal trade legislation. Wall Street never asked for a Securities and Exchange Commission; manufacturers never asked for wage legislation. All these things had to be enacted over the objections of those who were brought into regulation. But organized labor approves of tough reform legislation.

Labor will not approve of tough legislation, however, which has nothing to do with corruption, but is aimed at weakening the labor movement. The differences among the three bills do not affect reform aspects of the proposed legislation: they affect extraneous matters which have been injected into the proposals.

The bill reported out by the House Labor Committee, the Elliott Bill, contains restrictions on legitimate union activities which makes that bill unacceptable. For example, we support a provision aimed at "extortion" picketing but the Elliott Bill contains, in addition, a severe limitation on organizational picketing. This would prevent an honest union from telling the story of a corrupt union which has through collusion or threats obtained recognition in a factory. The Elliott Bill, moreover, would exempt almost all employers from having to report expenditures. It would expose to every crook or Communist the membership list of every union. It would create conflicting federal-state jurisdictions which would lead to chaos in labor legislation.

Not satisfied with the committee bill, the vicious anti-union forces have rallied behind the Landrum-Griffin Bill which would impose still further restraints upon legitimate union operations. This NAM-inspired bill contains the worst proposals that have been offered to date. It contains particularly tough provisions on picketing and secondary boycotts — traditional instruments of all honest trade unions. It would impose harsh criminal penalties that would make it impossible to recruit local leadership.

The Shelley substitute bill (HR 8490) contains every one of the tough provisions dealing with labor racketeering but has eliminated all of the extraneous provisions that are aimed really at getting the unions, not the crooks. This explains why the AFL-CIO has endorsed this bill and urges the defeat of the others.

I am sure that when the people know the full story behind the various bills, they will not be fooled by cheap propaganda of professional anti-union groups. They will support the Shelley Bill as a constructive fair measure which can do much to correct the evils which have been revealed in one comparatively small segment of the trade union movement. . .

—H. D. LISK

A Note About Julia Peterkin

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

Recently you published a letter signed by Charles L. Morris, Gaffney, S. C., in which he said, "Did the white man hold back George Washington Carver, Joe Louis, Julia Peterkin, Satchmo Armstrong, Frank Yerby, Lena Horne?" I was astonished to see Miss Peterkin listed a Negro.

Perhaps I can clarify for Mr. Morris just who this lady is. Her father was a prominent physician of Sumter, S. C. She attended Converse College in Spartanburg where she roomed with Miss Mary Belle Mills (later Mrs. Joseph H. Ham of Charlotte). It is my understanding that she lives at Lang Synne Plantation, Fort Motte, S. C. I have read many of Miss Peterkin's books but have not known her personally. I think you will find the above information correct.

—MRS. THOMPSON B. PIERCE

Enthusiasts Can Become Autocrats

Salisbury

Editors, The News:

Many people wax so enthusiastic about their causes that they make themselves into autocrats. As autocrats and tyrants they then trample the rights of innocent people. Sen. McCarthy may have been a well-meaning man, but the methods he used to achieve his goals caused him to be the enemy of every liberal.

He didn't stop to see what the progressive's rights were, but he was out to crush him. Maybe there are some radicals who need to be crushed but it is not the business of one citizen to do all of this.

—J. W. JEWELL

'And A Chicken In Every-y-y—Scat!'



Rockefeller's Running

The Battle Begins

By DORIS FLEESON

WASHINGTON

The Governors Conference in Puerto Rico has only served to underwrite certain realities to which all politicians are keying their private operations.

Gov. Nelson Rockefeller of New York is, in fact, a candidate for the Republican nomination for president. The prospect, therefore, is for a tense struggle, starting now, between him and Vice President Richard M. Nixon involving both the open and inner centers of power in their rather closely held party.

Democrats remain the majority party whose leaders believe that 1960 will be a contest between the party's massive popularity and the personal strength of Nixon or Rockefeller. Naturally, the Democratic candidates themselves are not so detached, but practically everyone else is.

DEMOCRATIC STRATEGY

That is why the 35 Democratic governors with rare exceptions, cling to the favorite son strategy. They hope this maneuver will enable them to name at the convention the slate fewest voters can be mad at.

It is why the 15 Republican governors are saying very little beyond prayers of thanksgiving that they are rich in candidates.

Actually, what the Republican situation amounts to is the star system of production, whereby all hangs on one big box-office draw. This familiar theatrical device has one drawback: The "star" must be the McCoy and shown to be so in a hot campaign.

NIXON'S ON NOTICE

Gov. Rockefeller did two significant things at San Juan. He barred second place in 1960. He gave voice to the campaign slogan his aides are privately using when he said the Republicans could win next year "assuming the wisdom of the delegates in picking a candidate who can win." The phrase, "a candidate who can win," came right off the top of his head.

Openly or privately or both, the vice president is on notice that he will have to defend himself against charges that he climbed by methods too controversial for a president.

Stan Delaplane's Postcard

This Is Moscow After Dark

By STAN DELAPLANE

MOSCOW

The National Tipple of Russia is vodka. And as near as I can see, the night life of Moscow consists of getting into a restaurant and belting this brew in an earnest sort of way.

In any case, there are no floor shows. No night clubs. No cocktail lounges. I have not seen any TV around. But I had my portable radio show translated during what seemed to be a soap opera the other day.

The lady on the radio seemed enthusiastic. Something like Our Gal Sunday used to sound when everybody was in a jam.



"What does she say?" I asked the Intourist girl.

"She says many people speak Russian badly and they must improve their speech."

We went out to check the action the other night. The night starts fairly late — about 9 or 10. (The sun is up until that time.)

We went to Restaurant Aragvi to eat the Chicken Tabaka, a Georgian dish.

★ ★ ★

"We welcome you to Moscow," said the waiter. He spoke a little English, a rarity even in the big Intourist hotels. "We welcome you and I will serve you."

"What will you serve?"

"Vodka," said the waiter. He measured us with an eye for capacity. "Three hundred grams."

"And then?"

"Then the Chicken Tabaka — with the special sauce. And a white wine from Georgia. Then coffee. Then the brandy from Georgia. I read a great deal of Western literature. Could you give me, please?"

I gave him my card — it was all I had in the way of Western literature. But he tucked it away carefully. He had a collection: The Pepsi-Cola man had also contributed a card.

We have been traveling with the Nixon party.

We are covered with credentials. Press cards and buttons; things like that. This is handy because everybody wants to know who you are.

This way, they can read it right off the front of your coat.

The waiter was an exception. Most people who talk to us do not admit any desire for Western literature. They ask the questions. Then they knock down the answers.

There were Russians at our table.

★ ★ ★

"How much do you pay for those trousers?"

"I paid $8 — 80 rubles. They were on a special sale. They can be washed and hung up and the crease lasts. We call them drip-dry."

"How long must a worker work to pay that much?"

"About two to four hours."

"They will probably wear out quickly," he said. "That is not good material."

Nothing like a good dinner conversation, I always say.

★ ★ ★

The chickens turned up, golden brown and flat. A half chicken flattened out about as much as you can flatten chicken. They served cucumbers in cream sauce with it. And there was a spicy, fruity sauce for the chicken.

"Have you got tickets for the American exhibition?" said the Russian.

I said I had not. Everybody wants tickets for the Fair. There are only 4,000,000 available. And Moscow alone has 5,500,000 people.

"Where do you get tickets?" I asked him.

"Anywhere," he said. "We have all the tickets we want. You buy them at ticket stands." (I can't buy them at ticket stands though I am looking.)

"In that case, you could buy them."

"Yes," he said. "I think it is a good Fair. But I hear it is not a BIG Fair."

I don't know how you answer that.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Rockefeller Strategy Plotted In Secret

WASHINGTON

Another of Washington's hush-hush dinners recently charted the strategy of Gov. Nelson Rockefeller to capture the presidency in 1960.

This dinner was held, not in the White House, but the Georgetown home of Congressman Perkins Bass of New Hampshire, and was attended by Rockefeller's chief political lieutenant, New York State GOP Chairman Judson Morhouse. At this private, political, hair-down session, Morhouse made it clear that Rockefeller would be a candidate for president.

Martin's Committed

Ex-Speaker Joe Martin, not Bass, was supposed to be the biggest fish at the affair. Joe has not been an ardent admirer of Vice President Nixon since Nixon joined with Congressman Charlie Halleck to oust Martin as House GOP leader. At the last minute, Martin had to cancel out, but made it clear he will use his considerable influence inside the Republican Party to help Rockefeller.

Only House members were invited to the private political powwow, among them Chester Merrow of New Hampshire, John Saylor of Pennsylvania, John Lindsay and Stuyvesant Wainwright of New York.

Primary Battles

Morhouse started off by declaring that he was confident Rockefeller would run for president, that his intentions would be made clear later this fall, and that his name would not be withdrawn from the key New Hampshire primary. Morhouse added that Rockefeller might not campaign personally in New Hampshire, but that his campaign would be well-financed.

Congressman Merrow of New Hampshire cited private polls taken in New Hampshire which showed Rockefeller leading Nixon by as much as five to one.

Besides New Hampshire, Morhouse said Rockefeller would enter other primaries — at least Oregon and Wisconsin. He might even challenge Nixon in his home state of California.

The group agreed that Nixon had scored a political bulls-eye on his Russian trip, but questioned how long it would take for the favorable impression to wear off. They recalled that he had come back from being stoned in Venezuela a national hero. Six weeks later, he was slipping again in the popularity polls.

Nixon Dissected

The group expressed conviction that Nixon, whatever his present strength, could never win a national election. They discussed his political drawbacks and even discussed how easy it was for cartoonists to caricature him. His heavy jowls, ski-jump nose and dark beard make him a natural for lampooning cartoonists.

Several warned, however, that Rockefeller should not make the mistake of underestimating Nixon. He is an able politician than the late Sen. Robert Taft, they agreed, and would not make the mistakes Taft made.

Taft's Boner

Bass pointed out, for example, that Taft was approached by a little old woman after he had addressed a rally during the 1952 New Hampshire primary. The beaming old lady presented him with a jar of maple syrup. Instead of accepting it with warmth, Taft coldly asked her to mail it to his Washington office. Nixon has more political sense, Bass said, than to pull a boner like that.

The group acknowledged it would be difficult to start the Rockefeller bandwagon now, because Republican leaders would hesitate to oppose Nixon while he is only one heart-beat away from the presidency. They agreed frankly that if Ike should die and Nixon should move into the White House, it would be impossible to stop his nomination in 1960. Republican politicians, having this in mind, don't want to risk antagonizing Nixon so early.