

# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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TUESDAY, AUGUST 17, 1954

## Why 'Greater Charlotte' Isn't Enough

THERE might be a big noise in the rural areas and small towns of Mecklenburg County before long. Some of the noise could come from loud, low-flying jets overhead. And that rumble in the background could be from county citizens, angry at planning officials who concentrated on "Greater Charlotte," instead of thinking about the long-range future of all Mecklenburg County.

New developments in aviation perfectly illustrate the importance of community planning, and the danger of planning for too small an area. As we noted Saturday the widespread commercial use of helicopters, expected within three years, will create a new set of planning problems, including zoning requirements and building regulations. The use of jet liners will present another set of problems. The American Society of Planning Officials, in a report just published, details some of them.

Jets are noisier than propeller-powered aircraft. Their initial climb is flatter than the propeller craft. That means the jets affect more ground on approach and take-off. Fast jets fly a somewhat wider traffic pattern than slower com-

ventional planes, thus affecting yet more ground.

What does this mean in terms of community planning? Simply this: The area over which the jets fly low will be considerably larger than the residential areas within the areas outside the jet pattern. Land values will accordingly change. This noisy area would be better suited to industrial development. And the affected area, at least in Charlotte's case, will go considerably beyond the bounds envisioned by opponents of a joint county-city planning board who want to plan for only the "Greater Charlotte" area.

The citizens of Pineville and other communities that may be sharply affected by jet problems will pay a portion of the planning board bill. It is only fair that these county residents get in return some professional help in the many problems that are a part of this community's rapid growth. The jet pattern will affect county land owners and developers. The whole community will fare better if its planning board considers the problems and long-range development of the entire county, instead of only the city and its fringe area.

## Liberal Arts And Budding Journalists

THE University of North Carolina's School of Journalism is still pulling itself up by its bootstraps. For years it has been the red-headed stepchild of the Chapel Hill campus—with little money, poor equipment, inadequate quarters. But even with these glaring deficiencies, it has turned scores of bright-eyed, well-schooled newsmen into the mainstream of Tar Heel journalism. Much like Oscar Coffin, Phillips Russell and Walter Spearman who provided inspiration, know-how and guidance in heaping helpings.

Facing a new academic year with Norval Neil Luxon as dean, the School of Journalism is hampered today by the same old needs—books, building and equipment. "It is a fact that no school of journalism in a major university in the United States is as inadequately housed and ill-equipped as the School of Journalism at the University of North Carolina," said Dean Luxon in a report to Tar Heel newspapers. "My immediate goal is to remedy this situation."

We wish the dean well in his undertaking. The School of Journalism deserves far more attention than it has been getting at the University and in the General Assembly. A plan to take over the pharmacy building, if funds for a new one are appropriated in Raleigh, seems to be a reasonable solution to the problem. We do, however, question the procedure used in accomplishing this solution—a request by Dean Luxon for North Carolina newspapers to "support and endorse" the Pharmacy School's

\$1,400,000 request for a new building so the Journalism School can inherit Pharmacy's vacated quarters. Pharmacy's request, we feel, should be judged in the light of Pharmacy's own particular needs.

An adequate building is certainly the Journalism School's No. 1 physical need. But other matters must be kept in mind in planning future journalistic education at Chapel Hill.

We agree that a journalism school should have good, solid courses in the fundamentals of writing and editing. But we also believe that the journalism student should be encouraged to spend as much time as possible in other educational fields—history, political science, economics and English, for example. If he is to succeed at all in contemporary journalism, he will need a broad liberal arts education. Neglect that and he neglects the very reason of his existence as a journalist.

Champions of straight-down-the-line vocational education have chafed that the academic intricacies of the liberal arts have little practical use in the hustle and bustle of 20th century living. They are mistaken. These educationists' 75's teach us to use our brains and perform the mental gymnastics necessary for successful living. They sweep away the cerebral cobwebs and gear young minds for the intellectual battles that await around every corner of life. Armed with this mental discipline and a keen insight into the cultural verities, today's students can adapt themselves to any specialty.

## No Relief In Sight For Housewives

IF YOU, Mrs. Housewife, are hoping that the grocery bill will go down now that flexible price supports have been adopted—forget it. You'll be lucky if the per item cost of groceries just stays the same.

For one thing, under the plan adopted, the price of farm crops won't drop much. Some farm prices will stay the same.

And by the time the "middleman" has done his job and taken his cut, there won't be any price drop. They're right.

We'd like to talk just a bit about the Mr. Middleman. Actually, he is a much maligned fellow.

He of course is many men and companies. Using wheat as an example, he is the grain haulers, elevators, millers, bakers, packagers, freight companies and grocers involved in this seemingly simple but actually complex job of turning 27 cents worth of wheat into a 17-cent loaf of bread.

Food processors usually bear the brunt of criticism wrongly directed at the "middleman." They respond that labor costs have gone up all the way from the farm to the grocery store, that

freight rates are up, and that consumers demand better and more costly packaging and preparation. For example, the price of a bushel of wheat, after being dressed and often also raised and wrung the neck of its chickens. But today the little woman gets her fryer neat and packaged—all drum sticks or breast meat if she prefers.

Admittedly, these arguments don't impress a wheat farmer who got \$2.51 a bushel for wheat in 1948, when bread averaged 13.8 cents per one-pound loaf, and who gets only \$1.91 for wheat now, with bread up to 17 cents. Or the corn grower, who reports that since 1947 the price of corn has decreased 50 per cent—and the price of corn flakes increased by almost the same amount.

But the real reason for the lack of correlation between farm prices and food prices, it seems to us, is the increasingly complex nature of the food preparation process, the number of steps involved and the slight increases in costs all along the line.

Mind you, though, we're never averse to a thorough investigation of old Mr. Middleman.

From The Milwaukee Journal

## THE 'MCCARTHY' OF 1861

IT HAS frequently been noted that the Civil War period and the present era have a great deal in common when it comes to reckless and irresponsible accusations and character assassination.

For Wisconsin the similarity between the periods is striking, for politicians from the state played leading roles in both eras. Today it is our junior senator. During the Civil War it was Representative John F. Potter, also of Wisconsin.

As the war started, it became a popular pastime for politicians to become pawns as Southern sympathizers. Suspicions were spread deliberately, and among the favorite targets were government employees. Margaret Leech writes in her "REVELL IN WASHINGTON, 1860-65" that the House passed a special session named a select committee on loyalty of clerks to investigate government

workers and departments. She continues:

"It was headed by John F. Potter, a belligerent Wisconsin Republican who two years earlier had been challenged to a duel by Roger A. Pryor of Virginia, and had turned the affair into a joke by choosing bowie knives as the weapons."

"As an agency for secret accusations, the Potter committee formed a sounding board on which every whisper of suspicion was magnified during the latter half of 1861. In the offices, clerks trembled for their jobs and spied and tattled on their fellows. Some 550 charges were made to the committee, which examined nearly 450 witnesses under oath. Workers at the Navy yard arsenal and the White House were among those whose fidelity was challenged."

The year 1861 and the year 1954 sound somewhat alike, don't they?

# Language Achieves Magnificence In Times Of Stress

By GERALD W. JOHNSON

Editor's Note: These are excerpts from an address to North Carolina English Teachers Association in Chapel Hill, Mr. Johnson, former Tar Heel newsmen, is an author, critic and television commentator.

THE first and final moral responsibility of a teacher of anything is to teach the truth, but this responsibility lies with unusual weight upon the teachers of English, for they may fairly be described as chief custodians of most of the accumulated lies of the world. I doubt that even teachers of history take precedence, for their history is, for the most part, written in English.

Some of it, to be sure, is expressed in painting, sculpture, architecture and music, but much even of that part is hardly to be understood without verbal interpretation. Generally speaking, lying is language and the teachers of language are the wardens who should prevent the escape of lies into current usage. Needless to say, the teachers of the mother tongue bear a greater responsibility than those of any other language.

The cultivation of taste is certainly one of the functions of a teacher of English, but there is no more poisonous heresy than the assumption that it is the only

or even the most important one. The cultivation of taste carried to the highest level can produce nothing more worthwhile than a Petronius Arbiter, and that teacher has not much ambition who would be content to be known to future generations merely as the tutor of a Petronius. He was a great stylist and Tacitus calls him arbiter elegantiae, which is to say, "judge of elegance," but I prefer the label arbiter elegantiarum, which some call corruption, but I call a corruption because it means "judge of elegancies," and Petronius, after all, was a Sicilian, of amber snuff-box justly vain.

And the nice conduct of a clouded cane.

Taste and style are, at best, the amber snuff-box and the clouded cane—elegancies in the hands of a gentleman, and absurdly misplaced in the hands of a fop, dangerously misplaced in the hands of a cynic, and Petronius is a cynic.

IT IS COKERY

I maintain in the teeth of accrediting authorities that the English teacher who turns out a cynic or a fop has, to just that extent, failed to teach English. He may have taught grammar and syntax and rhetoric with great success. He may even have cultivated the student's taste to a high level.

But he has not taught English. For English, that is to say, the part of the language that is worth a student's time, is the treasury of all the best that English-speaking people have thought and felt and known. Its grammar is merely the setting. To give the student the setting without the gems is not teaching; it is mockery.

Learned psychologists have worked out in minute detail the most efficient methods of transferring information from one mind to another. That is pedagogy, about which I know less than nothing because all I know about it is that it alone will not do the work. The science of pedagogy is to teaching English what the science of optics is to landscape painting. The painter must know optics, to be sure, but with that he has only reached the point where he is ready to begin. So the English teacher armed with pedagogy only may be able to impress upon student minds the fact that Marlowe wrote Faustus in 1616, but pedagogy alone will never teach them what is meant by.

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships

And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!

Her lips suck mine from my soul; see, where it flies!

For my own part, I cannot remember any occasion in the

course of a fairly long life when it has been of the slightest importance to me to know that Faustus was written in 1616 and not in 1916; but I cannot number the occasions on which it has been important to know what the beauty of the setting was, so he missed the pun. Certainly he was not familiar with intellectuals, or he would have known that the Senator of anti-intellectualism's lack of late fitted words to their needs under which they labor heavily.

That man would make a bad teacher of English. Even if he had corrected his ignorance of books, and even if he had developed taste as flawless as that of Petronius Arbiter, still he would be a bad teacher, as long as he did not know the meaning of the exhortation was addressed. For his a r b l e d quotation eliminated four-fifths of what the original meant, and a man who condescends from pupils the meaning of the text is the very opposite of a teacher; he is a dispenser of ignorance, and he is not even a dispenser of it.

TEACHER'S TASTE

The most delicate task of the teacher of English in dealing with contemporary writing is to determine the moment when the music of a new movement loses depth and character and becomes the rattling of can and bells. In this task the teacher's own taste is an unreliable guide, for if the movement is really new, for the time being, it is new, and it is new because it is new. Reliance on taste alone leads to such absurdities as Stuart Sherman's dismissal of Mendenhall and a quotation from some Frenchman—"where there is no delicacy there is no literature."

There is no delicacy there is no literature. The doctrine that would abolish with one stroke Rabelais, Voltaire, Swift, Sterne, Carlyle, and in this country, Ambrose Bierce, James Thurber and H. L. Menckens, are three most effective critics.

Where there is truth and power there is literature. It may be as slazy as Theodore Dreiser and Thorstein Veblen, or as exquisite as Edna St. Vincent Millay at her best, but if it contains truth and is faithfully brought to express it, it is literature. But where does one learn what is truth about contemporary life? Not from books, for books are dead. Books lead to an understanding of the truth when it is encountered, but they do not lead to the encounter. That must be sought among living men. One should read Van Wyck Brooks, certainly, but to verify what he says it is useless to turn to Taine and George Saintsbury; one should turn to the newspaper or, better, one should go out into the street and talk to people.

EGGHEADS UNITE!

For an illustration of complete detachment from both books and people I shall, in deference to my audience, turn away from the teaching profession and cite a celebrated newspaper columnist. When Adlai Stevenson in conversation with reporters issued his famous exhortation, "Eggheads of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your yolk," this man scornfully quoted it as,

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"Oh, oh... we must be flying over somebody's territory."

## People's Platform

### 'Glow Of Promise' Lights The Horizon

Marshallville

AS THE twilight of the 33rd Congress approaches, a rosy glow of promise appears on the horizon. The new ship of state can rest with the satisfaction of a job well-done. No one can deny the facts of its accomplishment.

A recent platform writer has predicted storms ahead, but the political almanac believes his views. Let us review the recent journey of our ship. Though tossed about by storms and buffeted by contrary winds, we have weathered the political seas.

For the third consecutive month unemployment has remained unchanged in the 3.3 million range but is now dropping. This dangerous sliver never reached the height that it did under the recent Fair Deal.

Does this look like "unemployment" ship raised taxes for all and

left loopholes for the insurance trusts and capital gains; the new crew has reduced taxes for all; the past decade has been a success in Europe and China; the new captain has refused to be bluffed. Race hatred has been reduced. The "plow of the state" has been reduced. The "plow of the state" has been reduced. The "plow of the state" has been reduced.

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NEW YORK

FOR THE past few weeks we have been noticing that the returning European tourist—female—have been looking a little wan, sort of washed out and miserably and politely refrained from comment.

After all, you know—change of diet, change of water, too much night life, too much travel—a girl isn't apt to look her best. Figure a little regular living and solid, old-fashioned food might put 'em back on their feet.

But, bless you, I am just finding out that what I have been pitying is not worth the pity. This is the newest of New York's sons, the thing the Romans have thought up to make milder look like a Cas. Addams version of a house. It is called the "National Look," and is shaped to make the girl of your dreams look like all women look in the morning, when they are awake.

LIKE A BOVVERY RUN What you do is leave the lips pale, see, and make up the eyes blue and black, with circles and "laugh lines" which ain't nothing but wrinkles honey. Then you hire a time rat to gnaw the hair fore and aft, and then you just let the hair and the rat run wild in all directions. This is known as the Audrey Hepburn influence, and supposedly makes the old lady look like a wistful waif. I got some fashion news for you, kids. You don't look like a

waif. You look like a Bovvery run with a nice day, can't a neat hangover.

There is no such thing as a good-looking woman in the morning, with her hair a rat's nest, her lips wiped clean of lipstick, and her eyes black with sleep. There is no such thing as a washed face and a combed head for both, lipstick for the lass and a good night's sleep for the gent.

But, so help me, Hannah, the oddities who buckle fashions each year have succeeded in selling a few bad crops of hair over the continent and now it's creeping into the States.

There are enough people in New York, on the West Coast, to suit to me intelligence, and I suit to ye. Sick with the powdered nose, quail painting your eyelids, and getting them up at the corners like an old Egyptian. Lay that lipstick and go to a barber if you must have your hair fore and aft, and then away your pipe, too, unless you want to lose your guy in a hurry. He's sure for side shows, and fit badly into the new cornucopia or future plans for same. Holy heaven, won't you ever learn?

He argued that he was not leading the Congress. She argued that all the Democrats listened to him and quite a few Republicans. Finally she got a promise that if she could switch some votes on the Rules Committee, she would get the Hawaiian bill unbuttoned, he wouldn't oppose her.

His Farrington is still wearing out his inside on Capitol corridors still using her charm on callous congressional leaders. She knows she may not get anywhere. She knows that only a few pieces of news, even hours before Congress adjourns. But she is still trying desperately.

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