

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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A Solution For Senate Problem

BECAUSE one of North Carolina's election laws is outdated, there is a possibility that Sen. Alton A. Lennon will represent North Carolina during the first part of the Senate's forthcoming special session and that Senate-nominee Kerr Scott will replace him before the session ends.

Here's how the situation arose: In the horse-and-buggy days it took a long time for the votes to come in. To allow sufficient time, the date on which the State Board of Elections canvasses election returns, and thus makes election official, was set at three weeks after the election. The general election is on Nov. 2. Thus Scott (who won't have any trouble with his Republican opponent) won't be eligible to take the seat Lennon now holds by appointment until Nov. 23.

Meanwhile, the Senate is to be convened Nov. 8 to consider the Watkins committee's report on Sen. Joe McCarthy, and possibly other matters. Sen. Lennon was appointed to serve until the general election. Although the law is not specific, it is Attorney General Harry McMillan's opinion that Sen. Lennon serve until his successor is qualified, that is, until the State Board of Elections meets Nov. 23.

It is of course impossible to say how long the Senate will stay in session. It may conclude the McCarthy affair in a few days. But that is doubtful. Each side will want to present its arguments fully. A session of several weeks' duration is in prospect, and an international crisis at that time might prolong it. Thus it is possible that Sen. Lennon might sit in the Senate for part of the McCarthy hearing and Sen. Scott for the remainder. Obviously a more practical solution would be the resignation of Sen. Lennon and the appointment by Gov. Umstead of Mr. Scott to become effective at the beginning of the special session of the Senate.

This Is The End Of The Beginning

IT WAS Winston Churchill, Britain's great war leader, who coined the expression, "the end of the beginning." This striking phrase applies perfectly today to the quest for comprehensive joint planning program for the physical development of Charlotte and Mecklenburg County.

The milestone was reached when J. Spencer Bell was elected chairman of the city-county planning commission and the 10-member body cleared its decks for action. The move followed a long, tedious struggle to win recognition of the need for cooperative planning. With victory in that struggle won and with an excellent board of planners selected to oversee the tremendous tasks ahead, the time has come for bold, vigorous action to protect a bustling community from the danger of decay.

The choice of Mr. Bell to lead this new undertaking was a happy one. As chairman of the old county planning board, he comes equipped with first-hand knowledge of the community's changing physical, economic and social requirements and resources. He is also a man who recognized quite early the need for an effective joint planning operation.

At Mr. Bell's side will be W. W. Hanks,

We believe that Sen. Lennon would be well advised to reconsider his announcement that he would not resign, unless requested to do so by the governor, in order that his short stay in Washington, an opportunity to study issues on which he may be asked to vote.

During his campaign last spring, Sen. Lennon repeatedly emphasized the importance of Senate seniority. His resignation, and Mr. Scott's appointment by Gov. Umstead, would give North Carolina's junior senator seniority over several other senators who likewise are being elected to fill unexpired terms.

We suggest Lennon's resignation only for the good of the Senate and North Carolina, and with due appreciation to Mr. Lennon for the work he has done during his short stay in Washington. Regardless of the course he and Gov. Umstead decide upon, the General Assembly ought to change the law to enable the State Board of Elections to qualify the choice of the people within a few days after an election, so the situation which arose this year will not recur.

A Thought

CLEMENT ATTLEE, leader of Britain's Labor Party, says that Formosa should, "after a period," be united with Red China.

Chiang Kai-shek, leader of Chinese Nationalists, wants to continue holding Formosa and, if he can, win back China from the Communists.

A few U. S. senators, while not advocating U. S. statehood for Formosa, have shown more affinity for Formosa than for the territories of Hawaii and Alaska.

Has anyone thought about giving Formosa to the Formosans?

another key figure in the community planning picture. For several years he was chairman of the city's planning board.

The "end of the beginning" is no pausing point. Now the real work must commence.

Civic progress requires an unrelenting, continuous struggle against the decay of a metropolitan community and the city at its heart.

We believe there is a new awakening in Mecklenburg—an awakening as to what planning can mean in the near future, an awakening as to traffic and transportation, an awakening as to public health and recreation and streets and sewer lines and zoning and all the interrelationships throughout the whole metropolitan area.

The community—the entire county, in this case—has many needs but every one can be met. The new planning program can provide the guide to the solution of many of these problems. At the same time, it can provide insurance against similar problems arising in the future.

This is the portrait. This is the promise. Now, as City Councilman Herbert Baxter said yesterday, "Let's not wait for our future—let's make it."

James Street—Writer

THE SOUTH lost one of its finest sons when James Street succumbed last night in Chapel Hill.

The tragedy of his untimely death is that Jimmy Street loved life, understood it, and could explain it to others uncommonly well, and that he had so many worthwhile projects under way that now will never be completed.

"I don't want to make a lot of money," he told a visitor in Chapel Hill not long ago. "I just like to live and do some of the things I want to do."

There was that trip to Israel, Rome and Athens he'd planned for next year, to do research on a novel about Hillel, the Pharisee. And that unfinished novel, *The Love Offering*, about a preacher. (Street was a preacher himself once, Episcopist, but not for long.) He quit, he said, because he just "didn't fit."

"I suddenly realized," he told writer Bernadette Hoyte recently, "that people listened to what I said and I didn't know what I was talking about."

And he planned another historical for next year, this one about the War of

1812. He had planned to "work his way" up through the Spanish-American War eventually.

Just as there are many facets to the South, there were many facets to Jimmy Street. Some knew him as a short story writer, some as a writer of the "punchy books," others as a writer of fascinating historical. And a few of us who were lucky got to know him as an individual, when his sparkling conversation, piercing wit and worded gold humor penetrated every corner of his Chapel Hill home. A master story teller—he dictated his writings—he seemed never to forget the smallest details of his abundant life. He could transport his listeners to his boyhood days in the Deep South, and in a moment take them to New York for a vignette of the old newspaper days there, or back even to the voyage of Columbus, about which Street wrote one of his finest books.

There's a big void in the life of the South and particularly Chapel Hill today, and no one will be able to fill it.

From The Nashville Tennessean

LIGHT FROM DARKEST AFRICA

UNLIKELY though it may sound, an African expedition that has just ended had as its purpose a search for something that would "help science keep pilots from blacking out when pulling out of dives." The professor who headed up the safari reports, as his major finding, that built-in valves keep the blood pressure in a giraffe's head uniform when it is nibbling grass or leaves at high al-

The fellow at the next desk admits that he never snatched a watermelon as a boy and he has never sought public office for fear his opponent would dig up this shameful, un-American negativity of his.—COLUMBIA (S. C.) STATE.

The South: 'Is It True What They Say About Dixie?'

By JAMES STREET

(Editors' Note: Mr. Street, distinguished Tar Heel author, died last night in Chapel Hill. This light-hearted survey of life here below the Mason-Dixon Line, excerpted from *Holiday*, was one of his last writing efforts.)

A BAND of Spanish transgressors, heroic but greenly, started the South 40 years ago while seeking a fantasy that would let them live forever with little work; and it is astounding how many northerners think the South hasn't changed since then, and how many southerners wish it hadn't.

Florida's Ponce de Leon, the South's first pirate, used a Fountain of Youth commercial, and Virginia's John Smith used a "fair meadows and goodly Tall trees" routine; but now folks can't agree if ours is a land of moonlight or moonshine, Tobacco Road or tobacco factories, Texas Cadillac or ox carts, Uncle Remus or George Washington Carver, Supreme Court Justice Hugo Black or Senator Clagburn, hydrogen plants or hot air, R. F. D. or TVA, hospitality or hostility, violence or tranquility, Miami or

mad, Lil' Abner, Prince Valiant or Pogo.

Really, the South is or has been all of these, but it is national nonsense to accent any of them and say: "This is the South." For it is true what they say about Dixie. It never has been and it never will be so long as we southerners hold to more than make us different from all other Americans, including Eskimos and Big Indians.

CONVERSATION PIECE However, the South gives the country something far more interesting than hydrogen bombs, nylon and gasoline—it gives us something to talk about. It matters not who you are or where you are, any time the arguments on politics, religion and sex bog down—just toss in the South as a conversation piece and watch the fun.

So herewith are a few items that, after the first jelp—and I wonder how many southerners ever started a jelp—will shake loose a hoodlum that will spread into a stomping free-for-all if the branch water holds out.

Shinism. The last fellow who chided me about southern ancestry was a westerner, a Great-Grandson of the Pioneers, who kept me up until all hours bragging about a California football team called the 49ers while accusing Mississippi of sectionalism.

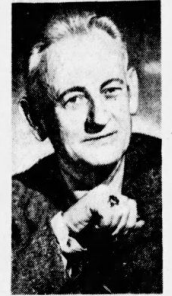
Southern music. Tin Pan Alley's songs about Dixie are about as southern as Dardanella is Oriental, but out of the South has come most of our nation's folk music. To those who can't abide native music to jazz, spirituals, the South also has opera and symphonies. We do not have great symphony orchestras, but we have some pretty good ones, for we are a musical people, from Debussy to Jelly Roll Morton. The sun reddens our necks across the corner brass, but the room makes us mellow and we just naturally dance and sing, jere on the levees and hoary in the hills.

Southern hospitality. When you see it advertised, remember it's for sale; and when you hear folks brag about it, keep your fingers

The South's inferiority complex. We have a beaut. It probably accounts for southern aggressiveness, a paradoxical thing in folks who are supposed to be lazy and drawing. The South has been munched so much that we often holler before we are hit. It's like the boy in patched pants walking up to the biggest fellow around and boasting: "My papa can whip your papa and I can whip you." He can't, but he never learns.

That southern accent. Real southern speech is somewhere between the phony mush of the honey-chile buffoons and the careful enunciation of Edward R. Murrow, born in North Carolina. Nothing is so ludicrous to southerners as northerners trying to imitate southern talk unless it's a southerner away from home and mousing a molasses routine for pay or for attention.

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JAMES STREET

"Folks Can't Agree"

because it has a football team called the Rebels. So maybe all this sectional and family hooey depends on who's talking.

If we can't let off steam one way, we will another; often in "volunteering our joy in the miracle of living." It's his hollering just for the hell of hollering that became the Rebel yell and you will hear it every now and then if the dogs are running good, the fish are biting or the whisky holds out.

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crossed. Real hospitality never is embellished on the doormats. The Old South was an open house where you were welcome to visit awhile, and there still is a hold-over for that. They are sensitive enough to accept it and never go looking for it.

Southern women. In some of the western movies since the myth of Medusa, some folks think that southern women somehow are different from all other women. Different from the intellectual kinsmen of those who believe that French women are more amorous than other women, English women more aloof and that German women make better housewives. Just how, or why southern women are different has never been satisfactorily explained and yet it is astonishing how many northerners believe the fictionaries who insist upon cataloging our women into several types.

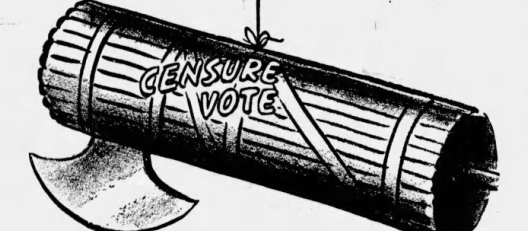
That southern women are like all other women (except for certain speech differences) seems to be a fact the rest of the nation has accepted. They prefer the myth and I say let them have it. At least it distinguishes our women from their sisters.

LEAH AND ESTHER. The South tries to laugh at this nonsense, but really we squirm at movies and books and plays which make our women seem so silly. Yet we ourselves are largely responsible. You can't go around bragging about the Pure Southern Womanhood and making big talk that Atlanta, Georgia, or the State of Kentucky has the most beautiful women in the world, that Dallas, Texas, has the best-dressed women in the world, without some of the twaddle rubbing off on other women. For nonsense is contagious. We understand it in the South because, to us, exaggeration is a way of humor.

And yet the South is female. Our rivers are male—Old Man River is male, and his songs. Nothing down here is neuter, thank the good Lord. The South herself is a she. Like ships. Like trains. Like cats. Like railroad tracks.

And there is one truth about the South that is not a myth at all: The South—the endures.

Point Of Order



HERB LOCK ON THE WASHINGTON FOR A



HERB LOCK ON THE WASHINGTON FOR A

People's Platform

'Your Government In Action'

Charlotte

Editors, The News: BEFORE the next municipal election, I wish to call attention to this question before the hearing and say up on a show! Later two people who had been at the council table stated that the decision had been previously made.

At the end of the Council meeting the mayor said, "Citizens, this is your government in action." If that is the case, citizens of Charlotte, I say it's TIME FOR A CHANGE!

MRS. RALPH N. JONES

forget about that Carpetbag Politics

Margantou

Editors, The News: A LARGE number of patients and employees here purchase a copy of your newspaper, and I exchange my Asheville paper with subscribers of Charlotte papers. We patients are fortunate in having privileges of reading some of the very best dailies, as

the hearing, the Council made it the decision. We know that the Council had already pre-decided this question before the hearing and say up on a show! Later two people who had been at the council table stated that the decision had been previously made.

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well as good weekly and monthly magazines. We also have TV and radio programs coming to us. All these advantages, and many others, are most helpful to those of us who are away from home.

I read with pleasure three letters from your readers yesterday. But the one headlined "Carpetbag Politics Not Wanted in Dixie" and written by the Myrtle Beach, S. C. "pen pusher" is about 75 years too late to appeal to broadminded men and women of this progressive age.

My idea is for us to forget "carpetbag politics" and just be good Americans regardless of political party affiliation of loyalty. Let's remember our flag of 48 stars and 13 stripes and be "one for all, and all for one."

In concluding this letter may I say that I am an enhanced high school senior in the small committee name a candidate for public office, thus depriving all the voters of choosing whom they want elected to public office.

C. D. WILLIAMS

Colorado. The shift worked. They got the timberland.

The story of how Doug McKay's boys justified the giveaway is fantastic. It consisted of one of the cleverest pieces of legal finagling this writer has seen in a long time. It was even necessary to send one of the boys to the MacDonaldis' home town of Mobile to be assayed.

The obstacles to the giveaway were considerable. In the first place, the Democrats had been against it. Second, the McGonagles, who sit in the same Cabinet with McKay, was against it. Another important Republican, Secretary Cliff Howe of Kansas, was against it. He even introduced a bill in the 1953 congressional session that would have nullified the Douglass forest giveaway loopholes.

Hope's bill pointed out that the Rogue River National Forest... is an area of exceptionally fine timberland... Mineral values in that area are known to be negligible... A single 20-acre claim in the Douglass forests may easily carry a stand of timber worth \$25,000.

But despite that, amiable Doug McKay let 454 acres of the Rogue River National Forest go for \$5 an acre, when it should have brought \$170,000—rather, according to Democracy Chairman, shouldn't have been sold at all.

The way the MacDonaldis family managed this was both amazing and complicated. It had to be complicated to be successful.

First, their mining claim to the land, through the Al Sarena Mining Co., had given them the right to mine for gold and silver over the forest but not touch the forest. This is a common practice in the West, and they had mined for some years.

But what the MacDonaldis wanted was not only the underground mineral rights, but the above-ground timber rights. So they tried to convince the Forest Service, which is under the Agriculture Department, and the Bureau of Land Management, which is under the Interior, that in order to continue their mining operations they must take over the surface rights. Their first application was made in 1948.

Both bureaus, when under the Democrats, said no. They ruled that two-thirds of Al Sarena's claims for land obviously were not mining claims; that it contained no ore worth mining.

Five years passed. Secretary McKay died. A few months later, in early 1953, his fellow Oregonian and good friend, Congressman Ellsworth, began writing him long, pleading letters, that the MacDonaldis family had surface rights in the Rogue River National Forest.

The World Series: Biggest Delight In World Of Sports

By ROBERT C. RUARK

THE NOSTALGIA NEW YORK hand again, along with the high fever. It always comes on hard the first week of the year, the time, with the series on tap and summer over and the quiet right around the corner. It's a sucker for autumn, and you can have your summers and springs.

When I wrote sports I never cared about the Derby, due to an active dislike for horses, and when I quit sports I hated political conventions, due to an even more active dislike for politicians. But man and boy I still think that there is nothing in the world like a World Series, especially when it's New York, as a part of it usually is.

The weather is usually wonderful, with a snap in the air, and with a burning urge for a new suit and Fifth Avenue looking sharp and exciting. The women are always prettier on the streets in the fall, and the men are always more attractive. Fall is when even a man, who doesn't care a much about clothes come over with a burning urge for a new suit or topcoat, and a hat with a bright feather in it.

THE OLD DAYS We used to drink a great deal too much during the series, because the baseball writers laid on fantastic parties, and they were being staggered. But if you were in your twenties and had your glands recently ground, you could sit up half the night, after the copy was laid, betting the bourbon and listening to the older guys talk.

Some folks felt like a real kick when I am in it, but in those days I was an enhanced high school senior in the small committee name a candidate for public office, thus depriving all the voters of choosing whom they want elected to public office.

There is some sort of acute tension about a World Series that is not possible to explain to an Englishman. It is a unique climax of a unique sport, a sport so endlessly inventive that even a game between the Athletics and Nats would show you something new and delightful.

And when you pick the best of two teams, you put them in the ring for the money, but in a crisp football setting, with everybody from everywhere who take it—ball, the Roman slaves had half so much excitement with the lions and the martyrs.

There is an air of genteel idiosyncrasy about it, which every one seems a little indignant, whether or not they think. Time suspends, and the Russians and the American athletes and atom can all go away for the week, because you could blow up the world with a nuclear bomb until the world was retired.

HOW ABOUT THAT? They sit up all night in the saunas rehashing each play of the day, and there is always some Mel Allen can "How about that?" and find a million echoes that "always a goat and always a hero" and always some creaky old bum who rises magnificently in an emergency, and somehow he always comes through.

There is enough stuff left over to write about and talk about until the writing training starts again next year. There is a host of events eventually make legend. It's the best time of the year and the best spectacle and the best sport, and I personally am glad the Russians invented it.

Davis Was Annoyed

The letters, which increased in frequency, were handled by solicitor Clarence Davis. He seemed annoyed at them, and he was annoyed at the Interior Department. Davis received a six-page, single-spaced letter from Congressman Ellsworth, plus a two-hour visit.

Despising Davis, however, he let the Oregon congressman win an important concession. According to his own memo, Davis agreed to let him submit "some independent reports of disinterested parties."

The "disinterested" and "independent" reports arrived on June 24. But they were not exactly from "independent" or "disinterested" people.

Three months later, the persistent congressman from Oregon persuaded the yielding solicitor of the Interior Department to have two engineers re-examine the entire Al Sarena claim and believe it or not, Davis agreed to let "disinterested, independent" Ford McCormick, who had worked for Al Sarena and the MacDonaldis family since 1937, be one of the engineers.

It was later that the long-contested claim the MacDonaldis family had on a slice of the Rogue River National Forest was granted. Shortly thereafter solicitor Davis was promoted to 2nd job in the Interior Department—undersecretary.