

THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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**Accent On Stamina
 Bringing Up Father in 1955**

By C. B. PALMER
 In The New York Times Magazine



A FEW days ago a youngish father was asked to look over a list of qualifications for being what he is — a father. He did so, then handed back with a plaintive query: "What am I supposed to be — the Columbia faculty?"

Hesitantly, and with an air of annoyance, is perhaps understandable because the list was not taken from one single and authoritative source but from several sources — all authorities. One or more of the specialists said quite plainly that a father should be a bear these talents:

Patience — This is usually most needed nearly where the spotted feline, at the end of a hard day for both child and parent.

Sensitivity — An understanding that an infant by a child against milk or the playmate next door probably means something else entirely.

Imagination — This is the equivalent of washing windows and opening stock doors, so a child can see the world.

Good Deportment — A nice admittance of the qualities of Galadriel, Lord Chesterfield and the Chevalier Bayard will provide a satisfactory image for the child to emulate.

Sound Social Attitudes — Freedom from mass prejudices, sympathy for variations in the human species, an active civic role — a few things like these.

Love — This is the stuff that

according to Proverbs, "covereth all sins" — indispensable in any household.

On this list of particulars must be added a certain amount of physical stamina, so that Daddy may join in active play or roughhouse.

That means the youngish father mentioned might well have posted not only the Columbia faculty but also the Navy football team.

Underlying all these are a few traditional brass-tacks items like the pillar of the family's economic security, protector of mother and children, final authority on everything.

If all this drives a young father to seek passage for one on a slow boat to Acapulco, there is no reason at hand for him.

The child-study specialists recognize human limitations; they don't want to scare Daddy away. They want him to stick around and have fun.

PLEASANT LIFE

Fathers? Yes, indeed. For one thing, our American society has been changing in recent years and the changes makes for a pleasant or life and a somewhat easier task in being a good father.

There has been a great migration to the suburbs, which means a change from apartment life to the more "open" and family-oriented life in a house with a bit of ground in a different kind of community.

"The child psychologists say you shouldn't spank a child. . . . He'll grow up to be an artist or something. . . ."

and probably should; it's the ingrained, underlined and copper-riveted right of any individual, in any degree of servitude, to have some time to himself. But it does no harm to a man's score, and it does the youngsters a lot of good if the kids pay at least one visit to the golf course to see what Daddy does with all that hardware he carries when he leaves the house. The same applies if the family can visit the place where Daddy works for a living. In each case the youngsters gain some idea of what Daddy is up to when he is not with them. Maybe Mama learns a little something, too.

Anyway, the time when Pop is around the house on a week-end is a time when — whether he knows it or not — he is having a profound influence on his offspring. If he is serious about the child watches or even helps "hold" it, or just picks up the scraps ends, a little boy or girl will see and show immense industry in, handing up a hammer, helping line out the garden plot, and reading old newspapers for a joint job. The technical knowledge gained may be minor, but in other aspects there is education for the youngsters in just

Tools To Build A Better Community

CONFRONTED with monumental decisions on proposed 1955 bond issues, the City Council acted with wisdom and foresight. Most of the projects approved for submission to a vote of the people May 3 are substantial tools to meet critical civic needs.

Charlotte's answer to the challenge of these needs will be expressed at the polls in less than 11 weeks. Some of the basic ingredients are available to produce a better community and a better life for its people. The choice must be made for progress.

As we said yesterday, certain projects under consideration stood out in importance. Those included water improvements, sewer extension and completion of the Auditorium-Coliseum. Before acting on the latter item, councilmen wisely scrutinized cost sheets again and trimmed the original \$750,000 proposal to \$668,000 — much closer to actual needs. An adequate leeway was still allowed in case estimates for completion of the giant recreation center are off again.

It was on the basis of these very studies that the vote on \$6 million in water bonds was authorized yesterday. Councilmen knew precisely what Charlotte had to have and how much it would cost. It is wise to take the same precaution for the additional facilities at Memorial Hospital.

Inclusion of the \$250,000 in hospital bonds on the ballot was also an expression of the council's good faith. "It is a definite start," said Councilman Basil Boyd, "in solving the good citizens who contacted the survey of Negro hospital facilities that we are lacking them up."

But, as Councilman Herman Brown indicated, it meant in addition that a trial balloon was being floated. "If the people approve the \$250,000, we'll go ahead from there," he said. "If not, we'll drop it."

In selecting additional items for the ballot, councilmen eliminated the proposed \$1 million Sugaw Creek project. If something had to go, this was a likely candidate for a \$3 million addition to the Sugaw Creek disposal plant will be completed within a few months and a law diverting industrial waste from the stream will go into effect. However, if this does not take care of the problem, L.A. Fague Sugar Creek should be reopened and additional measures should be studied.

For instance, when Sen. Knowland and some military men get fact to eliminate the menace of Red China, the student who has read Grotz's shrillers.

They sound too much like Alcibiades urging the Athenians to undertake the expedition against Syracuse.

In 416 B. C., Athens had Sparta pretty nearly where the United States has Germany in 1955 A. D. and the Dwight Eisenhower of the time, a Gen. Socrates, said: "Hold it!" His idea was that Athens' great need was rest and recuperation after 45 years of war.

SYRACUSE UNDEFEATED

But while Sparta was down, Syracuse, like Red China today, remained undefeated. Syracuse was on the perimeter of the Athenian sphere of influence, as China is on the perimeter of ours; but Alcibiades was so certain that the task remained unfinished while the Syracusean power remained unbroken as Sen. Know-

WHEN the touchy question of authorizing a proposed \$5 million bond issue for additional facilities at Memorial Hospital was raised, the council again demonstrated its common sense and good judgment. Nobody denied the need for this project. Expansion and improvement of hospital facilities for Charlotte's large Negro population must be provided — and soon. But councilmen refused to be stampeded into favorable action on the \$5 million request until exact information was available on just what should be built and how it should be financed.

Instead, the municipal governing body authorized a public vote on a comparatively modest \$250,000 bond issue for the collection of facts and figures and the preparation of plans and specifications.

There are good precedents for this action. For instance, two years ago the council authorized \$200,000 in bonds for engineering studies on an other preliminary expense to determine the nature of Charlotte's water needs and how they should be met in dollars and cents.

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Order Of The Day: No Smoking

CITY Councilman Basil Boyd cleared his throat and began to read from a long sheet of yellow no-paper: "Make the Queen City the Clean City is a slogan to which we should all subscribe. . . . Two dozen truisms later," he said his kicker. The City Council, he declared, should re-establish a smoke abatement program in Charlotte.

Within five minutes, a City Council that had once viewed smoke abatement with nothing but alarm dutifully voted to approve the Boyd proposal. It was probably the most remarkable political somersault of the year. And like the appearance of the first robin in a reminder that spring and election day are just around the corner.

Pressure for a smoke abatement program had been building up for months. Just this week The News published photographs showing Charlotte cloaked uncomfortably in a murky haze.

The Chamber of Commerce and the League of Women Voters had stirred up additional interest in the subject.

Charlotte's old smoke abatement program died in a burst of controversy in September, 1952. Some attribute its demise to "council politics" — a charge boldly denied by Councilman Herbert Baxter. The city's smoke engineer simply got a better job and was not replaced, he says.

Of course, as Mr. Boyd said, it doesn't matter why the old program died. The task at hand is to get a new one started.

Since the need is great, the council's action yesterday was welcome.

We hope City Manager Henry Yancy is successful in obtaining a qualified person for the work — officials who will be given the authority and the cooperation he deserves. We hope too that Mr. Boyd's formula for a successful smoke abatement program — education and common sense as well as enforcement — will be accepted.

Expert

IN A copyrighted interview in U. S. News & World Report, an independent weekly news magazine published at Washington (sorry, but the magazine insists upon that lengthy credit) a former Soviet secret agent, one Kholoblyev, states his views. According to the headline over this copyrighted interview in U. S. News & World Report an independent weekly news magazine published at Washington, "KHOLOBLYEV'S INSIDE, TELLS WHAT COMES NEXT."

Meanwhile the everyday, obviously-uninformed news analysts and diplomats, not to mention the Russian leaders themselves, are still trying to figure out what has gone on and what may be going on now.

For some reason were reminded of Benjamin Stolberg's definition of an expert: "A person who avoids the small errors as he steps on to the grand fallacy."

THE BASHFUL MALE

The casual reader was letting his eye rove over the classified ads a few days ago. "I am not responsible for any debts and obligations of my wife. . . ." read he mechanically, and yawned. The same old prelude to divorce.

"No!" He suddenly sat up and read the words again: "I am responsible for all debts and obligations of my wife. . . ." This eye skipped over the unfamiliar words, "and more than happy to be the provider for a woman who . . ." has made the past 21 years of loving kindness the nicest years of my life."

Why not? Aren't the great majority of men grateful for their wives and happy with them? Does a man have to sue his wife or leave her or hit her with a hammer to make news? Isn't the fact of three stable marriages out of four of sufficient importance to make peace one?

That's what Philip Ludolo got to thinking as his 21st wedding anniversary approached. So he marched down to the St. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH ad column and inserted this unusual declaration: "The first of its kind, says that paper, in 75 years.

The American male is a shy animal who covers up his bashful ego with a show of braggadocio. Meeting the boss," says the 200-pounder, "is not his business. He really stands in awe of her cleverness and jumps at her command. 'My ball and chain,' says the dominatrix writer, 'is his better half.' (He knows he'd be utterly lost without her.)"

We don't know a thing about Mr. Ludolo. Judging from his name, he is of Latin extraction, a strain a bit less inhibited than the Edwins, the Patriarchs, and the Durans. Whatever his lineage, he has said what a good 50 million cov American males would like to say. (But would cheerfully take a beating first.)

Cold weather is that period when they can get all of the swimmers out of the English Channel and Great Lakes. GREENSBORO (Ga.) HERALD-JOURNAL.

When Do We Sail, Cap'n?

TRADE PROGRAM

TRADE PROGRAM

OLD GUARD

DEAR HEART

As to that, the experts say that a father may still have his round of golf on Saturday or Sunday.

WELL, sir, time rolls on, all right, and we have come from the early home and sweetie years down through the late night era to arrive at the age of all rightness, all right, and I may be six minutes now. Well, I remember how very odd it sounded to hear him call each other honey, and sweetie, when this was the vogue among perfectly normal, otherwise using the word on Madison Ave. To hear some fifty-six-year-old with a certain burly agreement, strikes me as equally odd. Yet, insistently, you find yourself slipping it into it, and before you know it, you are saying "Well, all rightness," and stretching out the final syllable to almost a female squeal.

CLICHEE-HAPPY

The New York Mi-a is Hollywood parlay has always been a sucker for a cliché, and it is almost invariably effeminate, and I wonder why. A short time ago every body was a doll, or even a living doll, and if a Hollywood hamster was going to beat up a strange woman, he would still say "Move a music, sweetie, and I'll beat your brains out."

This sweetie routine was invented by the English in the early nineteenth century, and it has been used endlessly as a crutch. You can pick up an average head type of the Broadway-Vine-Lincoln Road persuasion — as a term of endearment from mother to child, but you know us. See a good thing, and it leads to death. Well, now!

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There is a perfectly splendid love-the-neighbor business going in terms of address. My old lady used to call everybody from the raggaman to policeman. "Dear heart," until one day I said: "What a fabulous love, sweetie, what a fabulous party, sweetie. What a fabulous hole in her poor old head, what a fabulous fame, what a fabulous revolt in Russia, Well, sir!"

Well, sir, for one don't use 'em, sweetie, even if they are fabulous, and now I got to do the goodbye bit. Well, all rightness!

Knowland And Alcibiades

**BY GERALD JOHNSON
 In New Republic**

THERE are times when a superficial knowledge of history is unhelpful.

For instance, when Sen. Knowland and some military men get fact to eliminate the menace of Red China, the student who has read Grotz's shrillers.

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From The Christian Science Monitor

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Drew Pearson's Texan To Investigate Big Business

WASHINGTON

It was exactly 20 years ago that the I-high-powered public relations firm of Carl Byoir was hired by the chamber to try to offset the quiet determination of a young congressman from Texas, Tex. To pass legislation to protect independent retailers.

The young congressman was Wright Patman, and the legislation he passed, despite the carefully arranged opposition, was the Patman-Robinson Act. Sen. Joe Robinson of Arkansas, the other author of that act, is dead now, but Wright Patman, a little older, though just as determined, is getting ready to launch another battle against monopoly.

Probe Of Mergers

The House of Representatives is cutting down on its probes this year, but one probe which Speaker Sam Rayburn insisted should go through was an investigation of the current wave of mergers and discrimination against small business. Congressman Patman will head that committee.

Originally it was expected that the Senate would stage the big monopoly probe now that it was so hot.

Sen. Langer, the North Dakota Republican who staged the sensational Dixon-Yates probe with no money, has been shut out by his own fellow Republicans. The Democrats were willing to appoint Langer as chairman of the new Monopoly Committee, but low-Rеспубликан Wiley of Wisconsin stepped in to block him. Wiley has more seniority than Langer, and Wiley insisted that he be come first on the Monopoly Committee.

Kefauver's Out

That Sen. Kefauver, Democrat, as the next man in line to handle the monopoly investigation, and jealous fellow Democrats are wary about letting the long, lean Tennessee get into the limelight with another probe. They remember the headlines he got when he investigated crime. So, though they were willing to let Langer, a Republican, head the Monopoly Committee, they were not willing to give the job to Kefauver.

Instead, hard-working, overworked Sen. Kilgore of West Virginia took monopoly.

But while the senators have been sparring for the position, Congressman Patman has already started getting up investigative steam.

Patman Doesn't Lag

"They say we are entering a new period of business expansion," says Patman. "But what I am told is that small business is not sharing as it should in that expansion. Instead, giant corporations are becoming more profitable, while the smaller corporations are becoming less profitable, drying up, and selling out."

"We cannot expect anything but eventual ruin to free enterprise if a small business becomes a privileged monopoly and opportunity for independent

From The Late Natch Era - Into An Age Of All Rightee

By ROBERT C. RUARK

WELL, sir, time rolls on, all right, and we have come from the early home and sweetie years down through the late night era to arrive at the age of all rightness, all right, and I may be six minutes now. Well, I remember how very odd it sounded to hear him call each other honey, and sweetie, when this was the vogue among perfectly normal, otherwise using the word on Madison Ave. To hear some fifty-six-year-old with a certain burly agreement, strikes me as equally odd. Yet, insistently, you find yourself slipping it into it, and before you know it, you are saying "Well, all rightness," and stretching out the final syllable to almost a female squeal.

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OTHELLO JUNGLES

You could even imagine a Mau Mau leader saying seriously to a lieutenant: "Now, sweetie, about this head-chopping bit on the Jones farm. . . . Back in the Othello jungles of New York and Hollywood on the natives were saying: 'Did you dig that hit about Such-and-Such?' or 'Get her with the hearts-and-flowers bit.' . . . and so on.

"Bit." Now moribund except among the squares, got as much usage as "nick" in the last clump of words, you might be gratefully aware of the fact that "bit" has about had it as a lacy word to describe anything and everything. About the time I was last seen in Africa every body, including the natives were saying: "bit," because the movie safari had even infected the local Mau Mau with it.

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