# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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## The First 100 Days: Slow Motion

LIKE Samuel Butler's Hudibras, who divided "a hair twixt south and southwest side," Tar Heel legislators traditionally take a micromoralistic view of things. The hair-splitting, it seems, can go on and on and on while big questions remain unanswered.

After 15 weeks of puttering, the General Assembly has still not come up with a tax program. As to where and where not to dig for new revenue, members are not much closer to agreement than they were in January.

This indecision produced the session's most remarkable display of helpless befuddlement Friday. Rep. B. T. Falls of Cleveland County, chairman of a new tax committee, said Gov. Hodges must take the leadership "or we'll be here until summer."

Mr. Hodges, of course, took the leadership long ago.

He offered his recommendations for a new tax program Jan. 6, with all the persuasive vigor a Tar Heel chief executive can muster. He outlined this program in detail. Armed with the governor's facts and figures, the legislature was then supposed to hammer out a program.

The buck cannot be passed back to Mr. Hodges. He has done his job.

But all the General Assembly has to show for 15 weeks of tax talks is a record of disunity, indecision and hair-splitting argument.

A rather basic question of whether to levy a consumer tax on tobacco is still up in the air. The Senate group voted 14-8 for such a tax while House finance members voted 30-6 against it.

One of the most disturbing stories now making the rounds in Raleigh is that some influential members of the legislature would like simply to agree not to agree and close up shop without bothering to try to raise the needed revenue.

The penalty for this, of course, would be a fat deficit by the end of the next two years. Then the 1957 General Assembly would *really* have a problem on its hands.

Needless to say, this kind of solution-that-is-not-a-solution would be totally unsatisfactory.

It is not only a matter of taxes, however. There is a discouraging amount of other legislation still pending.

The big appropriations bill has not been nailed down.

Adequate legislation to protect North Carolina's water resources is still stymied.

There has been no action on the much-needed minimum wage law.

Well over 100 days have passed since the 1955 General Assembly was pounded to order. The time has come for forthright action. North Carolina's patience is beginning to wear a little thin.

## The Race Is To The Swift

ON THE question of legislation, Uncle Sam is a step ahead of his Tar Heel nephews.

While the North Carolina General Assembly has dickered and dawdled over fiscal matters, the U. S. Congress has made at least a measure of progress. The House has completed nearly half of its work on money measures, passing five. One has been passed by the Senate.

Formosa policy, the German treaties, congressional pay raises and exercise extensions have also cleared the books.

Sharp debate and close final votes are expected on some other legislative checkpoints, however:

Statehood for Alaska and Hawaii, postal pay raises, farm price support, reciprocal trade extension, the administration's school and highway programs, $3.5 billion in foreign aid appropriations, a boost in the minimum wage, an increase in the debt ceiling and (here we go again) the Bricker treaty-power amendment.

So the cupboard is hardly bare. U. S. congressmen, like Tar Heel legislators, will have to ride hard to adjourn at a reasonable date.

## The Problem Of The Unwed Mother

EVEN in the mechanistic climate of the mid-20th century, there is still such a thing as social cruelty. In the case of unwed mothers it can be severe to an almost unbearable degree.

Tomorrow is the 72nd anniversary of the broad humanitarian program which dared to meet this problem head-on. We mean, of course, the Florence Crittenton Movement. For nearly three quarters of a century, it has been answering a great need in the most practical, realistic, humane way possible.

Charlotte's own Florence Crittenton Home of North Carolina was established in 1903. It is one of 53 such institutions in the United States. Like the others, it operates under the guiding principles of this set of purposes:

To shelter and care for the unmarried mother and her child; to give friendship and guidance to the mother during this trying period; to enable the mother to make the best possible adjustment for both herself and her child when they are ready to leave the home.

Behind the "Open Door" of Charlotte's Florence Crittenton Home, young women may find protection by living away from their home communities. But they have other advantages as well:

Prenatal and obstetrical care is provided by the obstetrical staff of Charlotte Memorial Hospital; general health care comes from a variety of medical services in Charlotte; school work is continued through individual and class instruction; employment skills are developed through individual and group activities and wholesome recreation; a better understanding of personal problems and a measure of emotional maturity are developed through case work and religious counseling.

Last year, 243 unmarried mothers were cared for in the Charlotte home—87 per cent from North Carolina, the remainder from eight neighboring states.

We believe the program is particularly valuable because, in addition to its service to individual mothers, it is helping to bring about a more realistic understanding and a more charitable attitude toward these young people. It has attempted to point out that the emotional instabilities which bring a girl into a Crittenton Home result from the same problems which cause a child to steal or to lie or to be involved in any other behavior problem.

The Crittenton Home and the entire Crittenton movement richly deserve the community's salute.

## Different Name

YOU'VE GOT to hand it to Mecklenburg's County Commissioners. They weren't going to be caught in that name duplication trap like the unimaginative old City Council with all of its silly Pine Sts. No, sir. Not them. After all, there already *was* something called a Park & Recreation Commission in the city. So when the county formed a similar group it at least had the originality and gumption to pick a different name.

The selection can now be disclosed.

It is the Parks and Recreation Commission.

That's right. In the county, "Park" is plural.

From The Mattoon (Ill.) Journal-Gazette

## HORSE TRADING

WE APPRECIATE the efforts of both elected and self appointed leaders to smooth out contemporary troubles.

But when people refuse to dress warmly enough in the winter time; to get up early enough to start a day unhurriedly; when parents have to attend too-long PTA meetings; and all cooks won't put a little cheese under the top crust of an apple pie, a person who puts first things first knows that our economic and social order is struggling under handicaps.

Half a century ago solid citizens matched wits in horse trades. The principles that governed the transactions were the ones that helped build our nation. Up and coming city dwellers would not understand the rules that operated during a horse trade. The amenities were always observed, whether professional or advanced amateurs were engaged in the pastime. Before getting down to business, two men discussed the weather, crop prospects, state and national politics and the abominable condition of the roads.

A farmer was never really interested in trading. He had thought of it, but not seriously of course. Old Jerry was still a good horse. Still, if Farmer Jim was interested in swapping off his old Nell, perhaps, with enough cash to boot, a man might let old Jerry go. Hate to do it, of course, for old Jerry was the best horse a man ever had. Steady, willing worker, teeth still good. What's that? Yes, probably a trifle tender in his left rear foot, but nothing serious.

Crib chewer? Only occasionally; doesn't amount to anything. Age? Possibly 12 or 13, but still good for years of hard work.

Horse trading is an ancient and reasonably honorable art—but at least, men went at it with their eyes open and full knowledge of possible consequences.

Perhaps if our government saw fit to train a few men in the art of horse trading, it would have a salubrious effect on this world of closer-fitting bonds.

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Teacher: "Who was Columbus?" Pupil: "A man going somewhere without knowing where he was going; who didn't know where he was when he got there, and who couldn't tell where he had been when he got back home."—MEMPHIS PRESS-SCIMITAR.

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Visitor: "I see you raise hogs almost exclusively around here. Do you find they pay better than corn or potatoes?"

Native: "Wal, no. But you see stranger, hogs don't need no hoeing.—FORT MYERS (FLA.) NEWS-PRESS.

Why Did The Novels Fail?

# Shaw's Tar Heel Biographer Sums Up

By ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

**(Editors' Note: Chapel Hill's Prof. Henderson wrote "Bernard Shaw's Novels: And Why They Failed" for the current issue of Dalhousie Review, published in Halifax, Nova Scotia. These are excerpts. The complete article will form a chapter of Henderson's forthcoming centennial biography of Shaw.)**

* * *

THOUGHTFUL READERS of Shaw, especially readers of his novels, invariably wonder why he began his literary life as a novelist. A retrospective glance, covering the first 27 years of life, should afford a satisfactory answer to this query. . . Like myself, for some of my ancestors came directly from Dublin to North Carolina, Shaw was brought up on the Bible, "The Pilgrim's Progress," "The Swiss Family Robinson," "Robinson Crusoe," the novels of Sir Walter Scott, which were responsible in part for his anti-romanticism, and the rollicking adventure stories of Charles Lever. Later on he read Byron diligently, swallowed Shakespeare in gobbets with illustrations, and devoured all of Shelley, whom he pedestaled and enshrined as his literary diety.

**ACCENT ON DICKENS**

Dickens he began to read at a very early age, and continued to read him with undiminished delight to the end of his life. Throughout his career he continued to pay unbounded tribute to Dickens, in both his critical and creative writings, unequivocally pronouncing him to be "by far the greatest man since Shakespeare that England has ever produced" in the art of fictive writing. At the height of his career, he described Dickens as "one of the greatest writers that ever lived," and threw critical distinctions in the discard with the blanket endorsement of all of his books as "magnificent." And yet Shaw never lost the power of discrimination between the artist and the person, between Dickens' genius as a novelist and his character as a man. Shaw once remarked to me that, as a lad, he had seen Dickens, presumably on one of his lecturing or barnstorming tours; but acknowledged that he was unfavorably impressed by his flashy dress, loud voice, and over-effusive manner.

**'IMMATURITY'**

During the five-year period 1879-1883, with an energy, pertinacity and stoicism which deserved a better fate, the passionately ambitious young recluse wrote five novels, on an average of one a year, which encountered virtually unfailing refusal at the hands of British publishers. The first, "Immaturity," a long autobiographical novel which he wrote in five months to reveal to the world how immature he was, succeeded in its purpose—not reaching publication until it appeared in Shaw's "Collected Works" half a century after it was written. The four remaining novels, in order of composition, "The Irrational Knot," "Love Among the Artists," "Cashel Byron's Profession," and "An Unsocial Socialist," were submitted to upwards of sixty British publishers—all virtually to no avail.

Over a period of nine years, 1876-1885 inclusive, the man who later won a great fortune and achieved global renown, earned by his novels and periodical writings an average of one cent a day! Only Shaw's confidence in his own powers and his conviction that he belonged in the company of the immortals, enabled him to rise above one of the most devastating failures in the history of literature.

**FINANCIAL FAILURE**

Bernard Shaw's novels, despite an occasional minor success d' estime in Socialist and radical circles, failed; and from the financial standpoint, failed ignominiously. And yet they were by no means a complete artistic failure. Half a century ago the late James Huneker declared that, judging by the "supreme pages of his tales," Shaw could rank higher as a novelist than as a dramatist. Christopher Morley regarded Shaw the dramatist as a "great novelist gone wrong." An anonymous critic in The New Statesman in 1930 ventured the opinion that "Shaw might, had he chosen, have taken that place in the English novel which has been unfilled since the death of Thackeray." On the basis of some of Shaw's recently released confessions and the opening of his personal files since his death, it is possible to venture a tentative answer to the provocative query: Why did Shaw's novels fail?

**PENNY DREADFULS**

Early in my acquaintance with him, he explained to me that he had arrived in England at an exceptionally unfortunate moment, historically: when he was not yet 20-years-old, and just six years after the introduction in England of compulsory education. The newly literate reading public, crude and undeveloped in literary taste, wanted only novels like the penny dreadfuls of the third quarter of the nineteenth century: sentimental thrillers dealing with beautiful, dumb heroines and brave, dashing heroes not infrequently criminal in character. The vast army of semi-literate new readers wanted scenes of burning love and daring adventure by writers of fiction eager to tell lucrative lies for their diversion. The callow young Irishman, despite Stevenson's classic success with "Treasure Island," even though lacking the dim blonde, would not, and indeed could not, qualify for this role. He wrote deliberately for possible readers endowed with speculative intellects "restlessly cerebrative," who earnestly craved exhibitions of character and suggestions of social problems.

**RANK OUTSIDER**

Shaw was intimately acquainted with the novels of Dickens and Trollope (although the latter was ludicrously misunderstood by Dublin readers); he read Scott for romance, thereby "getting over" romance for good; and appreciated Thackeray's satiric studies of the English governing classes, although reacting violently from his slavery to sentimental ideals. But as to any first-hand knowledge of Horseback Hall — the astoundingly uncultured, fox-hunting, country-house, English aristocratic set — Shaw was a rank outsider. He regarded the British as barbarians appallingly deficient in literary and musical culture and in esthetic sensibility.

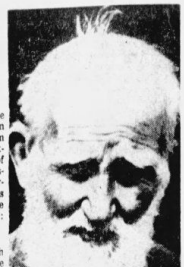
**AVOIDING IDIOM**

The style of the young novelist, jejune and stilted, was a model of literary propriety, with meticulously executed sentences and paragraphs of pedantic precision. "I resolved," Shaw confesses, "that I would write nothing that should not be intelligible to a foreigner with a dictionary . . . and I therefore avoided idiom." This was the literary fashion of the day. The persons of quality in fiction spoke with a decorous stylishness which made them appear unnatural; and only the persons of more humble station spoke idiomatically. This Young Self bore little or no resemblance to the Later Self, who in the plays displayed a marvelously pliant, expressive, idiomatic style. Indeed, one of Shaw's greatest triumphs was the demonstration, in play-writing, that idiom is perhaps the most vitally effective form of language. In 1905 Shaw, profoundly influenced as a Socialist by economic questions, remarked:

**FIRST CONDITION**

"If I failed (as a novelist) to create a convincingly veri-similar atmosphere of aristocracy, it was not because I had any illusions or ignorances as to the common humanity of the peerage, and not because I gave literary style to its conversation, but because, as I had no money, I had to blind myself to its enormous importance, with the result that I missed the point of view, and with it, the whole moral basis, of the class which rightly values money, and plenty of it, as the first condition of a bearable life."

In Shaw's opinion, the failure of his novels was due "not to any lack of literary competence on my part, but to the antagonism raised by my hostility to respectable Victorian thought and society." This is the subjective plea of the Socialist and moralist, not the objective judgment of the literary critic. The novels are strangely unreal, largely because the characters are two-dimensional and the plots are episodic. Shaw's 3-D characters first appear in his plays, beginning with Candida; and he created a type of disquisitory and discursive plays to which episodic treatment was natural. Shaw was predestined to practice the art of fiction, but, for him, the novel was the wrong medium.



BERNARD SHAW
'Great Novelist Gone Wrong'

"If the 'Big 4' governments have a conference, he wants to make it a 'Big 5' conference, with someone representing people. . . ."

# Dulles' War-Like Speeches Win Few Friends For U. S.

By WALTER LIPPMANN

NEW YORK

SINCE his return from East Asia Mr. Dulles has been talking much and in ominous language. His theme has been that we must be determined and decisive in refusing to retreat any further in Asia. But he has not said this with the cool precision of a statement whose task it is to clarify the issues and to define and to declare policy; he has been exhorting the country with the heady generalities which — before and during wars — are employed to heat up popular emotion.

The tone of his utterances has created an impression at home and abroad that he is converted to the view of those who regard a war with China as inevitable and that therefore, it had better be fought now when we can destroy Red China's war potential rather than postponed to a time when Red China is much stronger. I do not share this opinion that Mr. Dulles has come to believe in a preventive war, though no one would be surprised that what he has been saying has given rise to that opinion.

**THE UNQUIET SPIRIT**

To my ear, at least, Mr. Dulles has not sounded like a man who has taken a great decision and is then resolute and confident. He has sounded anxious and filled with foreboding, as if he had had a nasty shock when he was in Southeast Asia and in Formosa. He has not been talking like the leader of a people in a dangerous time who, out of the clarity of his own conviction, gives courage to his people. He has been talking like a man who is troubled because he is unsure in his own mind, like a man who is not remembering how infectious is fear in high places.

My guess is that his foreboding and his despondency, approaching at moments a sense of doom, spring from his having realized by seeing at first hand what it is not so easy to appreciate at a distance. This is how frail are the Asian reeds which we are leaning upon.

What makes our situation so baffling is that this outer rampart of ours is threatened even if the Communists make no attempt to conquer it by military assault. Against military conquest we have the military means to give a good account of ourselves. The insidious threat, however, is that the rampart will crumble, and against that the Seventh Fleet and our nuclear weapons provide no relevant and effective remedy. Nor do exhortations to the Americans not to retreat. Our real problem is how to keep this outer rampart from falling apart.

**THE MAJOR OBJECTIVE**

Is it really true that war-like speeches about the conflict in the Formosa Strait, accented with the threat of atomic bombs, is now rallying or is likely to rally to our side the other weak and threatened states in the East Asian rampart? I do not see how it can be true. It seems much more likely that the nearer we seem to be coming to atomic war in the Formosa Strait, the more urgent and imperative will be the will of the other nations of the rampart to extricate themselves from their exposed positions in our military system.

It should be, it seems to me, the paramount objective of American policy in this part of the world to create among these threatened people the conviction that in friendship with us they will find security—security for their countries and for their own lives. It is essential, indubitably, to guarantee them — as we have done—against external aggression. But this is not enough. It is no less essential to convince them that we shall not be entangled, and that they will not be involved, in wars fought elsewhere and for causes that are not their own.

# People's Platform

### 'We Need Friends Of Christ In Office'

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

WE ELECT our representatives to Raleigh to make our laws and they sell us out to the liquor industry in refusing to call a statewide vote on the question of liquor stores. They seem to love liquor and the revenue more than they love safety on our highways, more than they love the souls of men and women and little children. They do not care how many homes are destroyed with this demon, the greatest curse known to man.

If we could rid our nation of this great sin, God would take care of all the other plagues, such as polio, heart disease, TB, cancer. God has said, in 2nd Chronicles, seven: if my people which are called by my name will humble themselves and pray and seek my face, and turn from our evil ways, then He would hear from heaven and forgive our sins and heal our land.

We are straining at a gnat and swallowing a camel when we try to raise millions of dollars a year to fight other diseases, and allow the curse of alcohol to go on. It is a shame before God to use revenue from the curse of liquor, which is blood money, to educate our children in our public schools. It is better for them to learn at home than to grow up to be drunkards. We are robbed in many other ways in taxes; surely we can get along without taxes from liquor. If all church members would get saved and line up for God and the welfare of country and mankind, the liquor stores would go out of business without a vote. Election time is coming and we should vote out all public officials who are supporting this curse for they are our enemies. We need friends of Christ in office.

—PARKS A. YANDLE

### Is It Condemnation Without Arbitration?

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

IT WAS in 1775 that the fearless men of Mecklenburg took up the slogan "No Taxation Without Representation." It was George Washington who led the fight and with victory, refused to become king.

Now Washington's face represents the King of the Great Bell Empire which is fighting for "Condemnation Without Arbitration." King dollar has been substituted for principle and the descendants of the fearless Mecklenburgers now knuckle in fear and leave the fight to others.

The people of Charlotte should be proud of their vast army of Mercenary Scabs. They not only supply the need here, but also the need of other less fortunate towns. It is little wonder that the wage scale of North Carolina ranks 44th. Only four states have lower wages, and at times we are nearer the bottom.

—E. B. CARMICHAEL

## Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

# Secretary Dulles' Alibis Backfire

WASHINGTON

Secretary of State Dulles has his alibis pretty well set up for the Senate cross-examination on who leaked the Yalta papers. However, there are a couple of backstage factors that may cause him trouble.

One is the report that one of his State Dept. officials has been leaking Yalta information to certain McCarthy-ite congressmen for some time. Long ago Dulles' subordinates had proposed that he be fired.

Another is the fact that Anthony Eden, now prime minister of England, specifically and definitely cabled Dulles asking that the Yalta papers not be published.

Dulles plans to blame his assistant secretary, Carl McCardle, for the leak to the New York Times, as reported in this column on March 21. Yet, as also reported in this column on March 21, McCardle never does anything without consulting Dulles.

Furthermore, after the papers had been leaked to the New York Times and the fat was in the fire, Dulles began to pressure the British to go along with the leak. So he obviously remembered Eden's very negative telegram.

This was on Tuesday, March 15. Yet on Wednesday, March 16, when Sens. Knowland of California and Bridges of New Hampshire asked Dulles about the leak, Dulles denied any knowledge of it. In fact, Bridges quotes Dulles as saying he was "aghast" to hear of it.

So the secretary of state may have trouble getting off the hook.

Meanwhile his subordinates have been wanting him to fire Bryton Barron, a long-time member of the State Dept.'s historical section, for his reported leaks to McCarthyite congressmen and to the U. S. News and World Report.

At one time, the State Dept. had decided to oust Barron, then reversed itself. Scott McLeod, McCarthy's friend in the State Dept. and supposed to be in charge of security, is thoroughly familiar with these leaks, but has done nothing.

### Senators Quiz McLeod

Scott McLeod, the State Dept.'s built-in-a-china-closet security officer, acted like an innocent lamb when he was hauled before a secret meeting of a Senate judiciary subcommittee for questioning on his raging feud with Edward J. Corsi.

At one point McLeod told the subcommittee that he "lived dangerously." But he piously insisted that his relations with Corsi were "very friendly," despite Corsi's charge that McLeod was a member of an "intolerable minority" that was sabotaging the government's foreign refugee program.

So adroitly did McCarthy's pal in the State Dept. sidestep the Corsi issue that Chairman Bill Langer of North Dakota finally decided to summon Corsi himself for "more information." However, McLeod was forced to admit the veracity of at least one Corsi allegation—that only approximately 1,000 refugees have been admitted to the United States in the last 16 months.

"The correct figure is 1,044," admitted McLeod under questioning by Langer.

The bill permits the entry of 214,000 refugees and preference immigrants.