



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Tomorrow: Big Tools For Big Chores

IN APPROXIMATING \$13,838,000 in bond issues yesterday, Charlotteans provided many of the big tools needed to build a better community. The choice was made for progress. Although the vote was discouragingly light, we believe the result clearly reflected the sincere wishes of most Charlotteans.

The new City Council—with six old faces and a welcome newcomer—Mrs. Martha Evans—now faces the responsibility of translating the public will into action. This should be done without needless delay. But the chore of the Council is even greater. Charlotte is a rapidly growing city. Sometimes it is like a giant stumbling over its own feet. As it expands it needs more coordination, more attention to growing pains, better solutions to the problems that come with bigness.

Poison Pens As Political Weapons

AMONG the more aromatic leftovers from the political campaign is a small stack of slang-wielding "hate" letters addressed to PEOPLE'S PLATFORM. All are unsigned. All aim verbal mudballs at specific candidates. All were written for pretended reasons of public virtue.

Some of these anonymous epistles, after giving one candidate a good working over, branch out in sweeping assaults on whole social, religious and racial groups.

A particularly vile offering condemns "all Jews," "all Catholics," "the labor unions" and then winds up passionately with a word about "the American way of life." Says the poison-pen specialist: The principles laid down by our forefathers

be more sensitive to them and more resourceful than ever before. It has been the fashion in many quarters to sneer at America's "cult of bigness." But bigness is sometimes unavoidable and there is nothing wrong with bigness per se. Some fields require operations on a large scale and big answers to big problems. Charlotte is one of them. Great cities like Charlotte are not run by little ideas or restricted vision. The challenge confronting the new Council is great. It gets greater every day.

Comparison

IN CIVIC consciousness and political vitality, Gastonia put Charlotte to shame yesterday. Out of 11,047 eligible voters in the neighboring city, 9,473 exercised their franchise. It was a turnout of 86.1 per cent. Charlotte, with approximately 60,000 eligible voters, could coax only 11,473 to the polls. It was a disgraceful showing.

must be sustained and upheld if we are to remain a great nation." The last observation is true enough. But there is no recognizable connection between this anonymous letter writer's techniques and "the principles laid down by our forefathers."

This is the old game of what Al Smith used to call "Venom and Applause." But there is real spiritual and moral danger in anonymous rancor and abusive-if-it-spreads. And there seems to be an unusually large amount of this sort of poison-pen billingsgate being circulated today.

Actually, such tactics accomplish little. A momentary clamor may be raised to gain some transient and ignoble triumph. But only in forthright, honest, open-and-above-board appeals to truth is it possible to achieve victories which are perdurable.

Dixie Rules The Literary Roost

AT LEAST once a year U. S. critics work themselves into a well-earned frenzy about Dixie's contributions to American literature. There is much clucking of dismay over the offerings of other regions and much pointing with pride to the ugly Confederate soldier who grew into a highly artistic, highly marketable swan.

They are at it again today. The newest belletristic talkathons stem from Monday's announcement that two 1955 Pulitzer Prizes for literature have gone to Mississippians. William Faulkner won one for his novel, A FABLE. Tennessee Williams won the other for his new play, CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF.

The South, of course has nothing up its sleeve. Nor is there anything in Dixie's air or water to turn artifice into art. Certainly no one should get the idea that "southern heritage" is the sole determinant in shaping the region's successful writers.

Actually, in the final analysis, the primary elements are the personal mind and character of the writers themselves. But while the South merely provides the cultural vineyards for the writer to toil in, these vineyards are colorful, and emotionally stimulating.

The South, as W. J. Cash once wrote, is "an extravagant and wild and even more-than-life-sized land."

More than any other part of America, it has experienced violent emotions, great ordeals, multiple triumphs and tragedies.

The atmosphere, texture, color and flavor of the South naturally invaded the writer's sphere of feeling. He could not help becoming absorbed in the region's fierce images. And these images stirred his imagination and encouraged his aesthetic growth. They were apparent even when he was writing about other regions, other lands, other people.

So long as people want to explore the truth about themselves, great literature will be written. Perhaps there has simply been more to explore in the South and a greater curiosity on the part of southern writers.



Dixie's Literary Stable includes (l. to r.) William Faulkner, Tennessee Williams, Paul Green, Randall Jarrell, Eudora Welty.

Why Does The South Dominate American Literature?

By J. DONALD ADAMS
In The New York Times

WITH its current issue, the Virginia Quarterly Review celebrates its 30th anniversary. That is not a venerable age, even for an American magazine, but its span embraces a remarkable period in American writing—a period in which the Virginia Quarterly has played a distinguished and effective part. Naturally it has given particular attention to southern writing, but its concern has not been narrowly sectional; it has lived up to its title, "A National Journal of Literature & Discussion."

Quite properly, the current issue contains an article dealing with one of the most striking literary facts of those thirty years: the steady and rapid increase of the South's contribution to American writing. So marked has this contribution been that for some years past it has overshadowed that of any other region. If you doubt the fact, recall the names, and then try to match them with a similar list from any other section of the country.

With two or three exceptions, these names have emerged during the Virginia Quarterly's lifetime. They include Ellen Glasgow, James Branch Cabell, Stark Young, Elizabeth Madox Roberts, William Alexander Percy, John Crowe Ransom, Donald Davidson, Paul Green, Katherine Anne Porter, William Faulkner, Margaret Mitchell, Allen Tate, Thomas Wolfe, Merrill Moore, Erskine Caldwell, Robert Penn Warren, Jesse Stuart, Eudora Welty, Randall Jarrell, Carson McCullers, Truman Capote, Calder Willingham, Tennessee Williams. That is not a complete list, but I doubt whether New England at its literary crest, or later, the Midwest, produced as many diversified talents as these. They did produce some which were greater or equal, but on the numerical level the South wins in a walk.

EXIT AN OLD ORDER
How to account for this literary flowering of the South? In his article for the Virginia Quarterly, Randall Stewart offers some explanations. The Times' London Literary Supplement, in its recent survey of American literature, offered some others. And there will be more.

Mr. Stewart begins by remarking that although no one knows what brought about the southern revival, it has at least one thing in common with similar occurrences for which we have no adequate explanation. Like the Elizabethan ferment, the flowering of New England and the renaissance of the Middle West, it took place in the presence of a radical change, the twilight of an old order.

Let me interject here that the word "renaissance," in articles of this kind, has been much abused. Before the present movement in the South began, there had never been any considerable centering of literary activity in that region; neither had there been one in the Middle West, before the emergence of Edgar Lee Masters, Carl Sandburg and the others who focused attention upon Chicago and its surrounding territory. Any upsurge of creativity has become a renaissance, no matter how

dreary the cultural history of the region involved. The fact which Mr. Stewart notes is interesting, but he is wise not to attach too much importance to it. As he observes, many ages have witnessed great alterations without producing a literary genius. New England in our time has been undergoing severe alterations, but at the present moment it is producing less literature of note than any other section of the country.

SELF-RELIANCE
Whatever the causes of the southern upsurge, they go deeper than the fact of change. Mr. Stewart observes that the southern writers have been more self-reliant than were those of the Middle West—a rather shaky proposition, it seems to me. Sherwood Anderson, and before him Howells and Hamlin Garland, may have been overly sensitive to "the moods and judgments of the eastern states," but I certainly would not include in that category Mark Twain, as Mr. Stewart does, or after him, Sandburg or Masters. It is true, as Mr. Stewart notes, that for the most part,

the southern writers have preferred to stay at home. They were not numbered among the expatriates and, in the main, they have forsaken New York. They have on the whole, preserved a closer identification with their roots than have the writers of other regions, and out of that fact, I believe, comes some of their vitality.

In line with this observation is the comment of the Times Literary Supplement to the effect that the South was more self-consciously than the North a land. New England, this article suggested, was in essence an idea or a battleground of ideas. There is no question, I think, that this passionate attachment, this identification with the physical characteristics and the people of their region has been of inestimable help to the southern writer.

A bigger factor than any, perhaps, has been the South's mood of self-examination, its questioning of its history. More than any other region, it has experienced ordeal. It has had to probe deeper into its heritage than the rest of us.

'These Have Been Very Trying Days, Francois'



Bumbling Diplomacy

'Reappraisal' Is Unavoidable

By WALTER LIPPMAN

WHEN, as in the affair of the "differing" replies to Chou's statement about Formosa, a mistake has been made, a mistake has been made, and has been corrected, the ordinary and sporting thing to do is to forget it. But both in Europe and in Asia we are being drawn into vast and intricate diplomatic activity. The mistake made in the State Department a week ago last Saturday has followed from the Secretary's own actions. He was away on his farm and the secretary was discharging his duties. It was very disturbing indeed. For it shows that on a matter of great consequence the Department had not been instructed and did not know what was in the secretary's mind. Needless to say, diplomacy cannot be efficient if the State Department and the foreign service have to act on clear instructions but on their own assumptions, as they did that Saturday morning, about what are the secretary's purposes and policies.

DIRECTION NEEDED

The problems are enormously complicated and they are very much inter-related. They demand coherent and consistent direction from the center, from Washington. President Eisenhower has not a Roosevelt or a Wilson who means to be his own secretary of state. Under Eisenhower, and in the global complexity of our affairs, the office of secretary of state cannot be left vacant most of the time. There has to be someone in the highest authority in Washington who is in continual and steady command of all the diplomatic sectors. I have heard an old hand in the foreign service say that he wished the airplane, or at least the secretary's airplane, had never been invented. The character of the problems which we shall now be dealing with requires a deep reappraisal in Washington of some of the basic conceptions of our post-war diplomacy. We are being drawn into momentous negotiations, and it is only too painfully obvious that both in Europe and in Asia the Communist powers have the diplomatic initiative. Why? Is it because they are stronger than we are or that they are cleverer than we are? Not in

RED INITIATIVE

Moscow and Peking now have the initiative because they have made their own, and are using for their own interests, the policy which was in fact the policy of our foreign policy. It is in this country that the powers are being drawn by the logic of their own helplessness in a war with nuclear weapons. Our policy, which is to expect every anti-Communist or non-Communist nation to line up with us in a posture of defiance, is incompatible with the realities of nuclear weapons. It has become a diplomacy of Colonel Blimp and it is in trouble all around the great circle from Japan to Germany.

I know how far removed are these ideas from those which are current in this country today, from those which prevail in Congress. But the reappraisal of our policy, which is to expect every anti-Communist or non-Communist nation to line up with us in a posture of defiance, is incompatible with the realities of nuclear weapons. It has become a diplomacy of Colonel Blimp and it is in trouble all around the great circle from Japan to Germany. I know how far removed are these ideas from those which are current in this country today, from those which prevail in Congress. But the reappraisal of our policy, which is to expect every anti-Communist or non-Communist nation to line up with us in a posture of defiance, is incompatible with the realities of nuclear weapons. It has become a diplomacy of Colonel Blimp and it is in trouble all around the great circle from Japan to Germany.

Quote, Unquote

Demands for federal subsidies are spreading to the point where it seems Americans are trying to make a living taking in each other's Washington. — Christian Science Monitor.

Kemp D. Battle In The Daily Tar Heel

THE BATTLE OF CEMETERY RIDGE

IN the spring of 1909, the university community was clandestinely invaded by a small task force from the Durham chapter of that profession which by the time of Mary Magdalene was already ancient. It was the business of the troops was planned with hopes of a brisk patronage from the student body. The project was on a small scale, but their reliance on the carnal weakness of mankind was not ill-placed.

They had, however, badly underestimated the vigor of the response of the campus leaders, who were not only strict practitioners of virtue for themselves, but equally resolute advocates of austerity for their weaker brothers. The president of the YMCA was a lad small in stature but destined for greatness. When reports of the shocking traffic reached his ears, he assumed the leadership for which he was fitted by courage and character, and organized a squad of commandos determined to end the business.

Came a Saturday night, with a tip-off to the Vigilantes that the fallen angels were on their way, and order advanced in the village cemetery, of all places, ready to make the acquaintance of such as might call. Under the nominal, but wholly inactive, leadership of "Jug" Whitgater, the village sole police officer, the guardians of law and order advanced toward the enemy, deployed, and indeed surrounded them. A pistol fired into the air threw the customers into headlong flight, and the attackers rushed forward and actually captured two bedraggled and frightened daughters of Eve and of sin.

A strange procession wended its way through the woods and brush, over ditches, on to the campus, and so to the office of Squire Barbee, the local magistrate, whose temple of justice stood alongside the yard of the Methodist church. Before midnight the Justice was there, as was Judge Macrea, dean of the law school, especially requested by Presi-

dent Venable to prosecute on behalf of the university.

Meanwhile the news had spread and hundreds of students, attracted by the excitement and vibrant with an understandable curiosity, were there, too. Perhaps a score could crowd into the small building. The rest filled Franklin St. from side to side and listened with unrestrained enthusiasm to the testimony of the witnesses, relayed to them by the shouts of those occupying points of vantage in door and window. The evidence was both specific and convincing. A judgment of guilty of vagrancy was soon pronounced by the Squire and a waiting conveyance, with its woe-begone passengers, was on its way to the county jail in Hillsboro.

And so the second Battle of Cemetery Ridge took its honored place in history.

"You know," said the back-fence gossip to her neighbor, "I wouldn't say anything about Evelyn unless I could say something good." And oh, brother, is this good. — LAMAR (Mo.) DEMOCRAT.

"It is impossible to invent a new sin," says a minister. And such a pity it is—the old ones have become so boring. — JACKSON (MISS.) STATE TIMES.

"Pome In Which Is Offered A Slant Concerning People Who Haven't Been Doing Exactly Right By Others: Persons with a sense of guilt. Lead their conscience to the hill. — ATLANTA JOURNAL.

Little Tobey was telling his mother about the day in school. "Mother," he said, "today our teacher asked me whether I had any brothers or sisters, and I told her I was the only child." "And what did she say?" asked his mother. "She said, 'Thank goodness!'" — ROCKY MOUNT TELEGRAM.

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON
Gov. Luis Munoz Marin, first Puerto Rican ever elected governor of Puerto Rico, and the best governor the island has ever known, was conferring with President Eisenhower regarding various Caribbean problems. Among other things he doesn't want too high a minimum wage fixed for Puerto Rico and pointed out that the present average wage in the island—58 cents an hour—is higher than the minimum wage in England, France and Italy.

Nationalist Gunmen

The President was sympathetic to both sides. During the conference they got to talking about the Puerto Rican nationalists who had attempted to assassinate President Truman and had shot several congressmen.

Eisenhower Jokes About Assassins

WASHINGTON
remarked the President, "when a friend pointed out a building which he said was the headquarters of the Puerto Rican nationalists."

Behind Formosa Switch

Here's the inside story of how the State Department issued a statement one day that the USA would not discuss a cease-fire with Red China without Chiang Kai-shek; then three days later said we would discuss a cease-fire without Chiang Kai-shek.

George's Ovation

Later, two things happened. First, Sen. George of Georgia got a tremendous ovation when he told the American Society of Newspaper Editors that we should talk to the Red Chinese about peace no matter what the circumstances. White House staff members, always sensitive to public opinion, were present. Impressed by the ovation, they reported it to Ike.

Ali Vs. Nehru

At the Bandung Conference, Red China's tough-talking Premier Chou En-lai had two conferences with the two Indian leaders of what was once British India, now are Pakistan and India.

According to the secret cable reports of U. S. diplomats, Chou's talk with idealistic Premier Nehru was a flop. Nehru tried to be the peacemaker of Asia, but got cold-shouldered.

With Nehru's rival, Premier Mohammed Ali Jinnah, Chou was more cooperative. Perhaps he was deliberately wooing the more belligerent, more pro-American Moslem nation; playing it off against passive, neutral Hindu India.

Chou's Deal

Anyway he told Mohammed Ali, according to the four-page cable Ali sent Dulles that Chou had agreed to the two offshore islands of Quemoy and Matsu as the price for a cease-fire in the Formosa Strait.

Style Book