



# THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

THOMAS L. ROBINSON Publisher  
J. E. DOWD General Manager  
B. S. GRIFFITH Executive Editor

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## Coliseum Parking: A Sensible Solution

AROUND Charlotte's chastely modern Auditorium-Coliseum, parking facilities are drawn to hitching post specifications. There will simply not be enough room to hold the thousands of automobiles expected for major events at the Coliseum.

The mammoth structure seats 10,000. The city owns space for only 1,200 cars to park in its adjoining lot.

When the Coliseum stages its larger attractions, the parking overflow for flood the neighborhood — unless special arrangements for additional off-street parking spaces can be made.

A perfectly reasonable plan to provide these badly needed facilities was submitted to the City Council last week. Because of some confusion about details, it was greeted with little enthusiasm. Formal action, however, was postponed.

This delay has given some of the Auditorium-Coliseum's more boisterous critics time to read several shades of evil into the proposal.

Actually, the plan represents a practical solution to a difficult problem. It deserves thoughtful consideration — and acceptance if no better solution presents itself.

The situation is this:

Dwight L. Phillips owns a large tract of land west of the Coliseum. A portion of the tract touches Independence Blvd. at the northeast corner and the southeast corner is across the Coliseum drive from the city parking lot.

Mr. Phillips has offered to grade and surface his tract of land and give the city a 20-year lease on it. The city would,

of course, be given supervision of parking cars on the property.

Receipts from the use of both the leased lot and the lot now owned by the city would be split between Mr. Phillips and the city according to the number of parking spaces made available on the respective lots.

These additional facts are worth noting:

1—The Phillips lot comes into money only when the Coliseum is rented. For Auditorium attractions, Mr. Phillips gets nothing.

2—When the Coliseum is rented he gets 60 cents out of every dollar and what other expense is involved. He has 60 per cent of the space, and what's more some of this space is more conveniently located than the city's parking space.

3—The alternative to a proposition such as this is for the Auditorium-Coliseum Authority to buy additional land which may not be available or advisable to improve it and keep it standing by for big nights. It can keep the Phillips lot standing by on the basis of paying him only when it is in use.

In all, it is a sensible arrangement, with Mr. Phillips to be tied down to a 20-year lease for something approaching permanency.

The parking area is badly needed. Mr. Phillips can provide it on a fair, businesslike basis. Unless, through some remarkable political legdemania, the Council can come up with something better, the agreement should be signed with Mr. Phillips.

## The Chinese Move The Pawns Again

RELEASE of 11 U. S. airmen by the Chinese Reds was not hinged on chance.

It was carefully timed to coincide with opening of the conference in Geneva between the two countries. It was designed to appear but in itself was not a concession toward easing Pacific tensions, if concession is defined as yielding on a matter where mutual rights are involved. The Chinese had no right to these men.

The release, however, may signal Chinese willingness to negotiate the fuse out of the explosive problems in the Far East. One of the jobs of U. S. representatives at Geneva is to assess that willingness, although the announced formal subject is to discuss repatriation of civilians.

Chou En-Lai already has said the release of U. S. civilians held in China should be no problem. That leaves a void in the agenda for secret exploration into the attitudes of the two countries on far more provocative problems—the

strategic blockade against China, Red belligerence and threats to invade Formosa, the questions of a U. N. seat for the Communists and U. S. recognition of that regime. Discussion of these issues could presage another summit meeting.

The test is apt to be whether Red China is willing to forego power in the Formosa dispute. It is not likely that she would sign a formal cease-fire and concede that she is not the rightful ruler of Formosa.

But she might be willing to declare against force in her campaign to annex that vital territory. In turn, such an attitude might provide ground for a meeting between Secretary Dulles and Chou at which the general range of threatening problems could be considered.

The released fliers and the civilians still held are only pawns to the Chinese. Granting their freedom can not be interpreted as acts of virtue, but only as moves on the chessboard of war and diplomacy.

## Between Corn And Cosmos, A Balance

AL, through the weekend and the first days of the new week, we have been reflecting on our front page of last Friday — the one that announced in large type the impending attachment to earth of a satellite.

The fantastic gadget, though by now it has whirled out of the ominous headlines into the orbit of calm and jaded public acceptance, was really new back then on Friday. It set off street corner conversations and immediate wire service explanations of what it was all about and caused one incredulous lady to call the Fire Department to check a rumor that there was a space satellite hovering over Huntersville.

Nonetheless, the satellite had to share page one with a picture of a corn stalk growing in the most unlikely place, a traffic island on Independence Blvd., and a story about Hunter's Star, a Providence Rd. institution which has been sold and is moving.

On the same day, there were stories predicting the best Mecklenburg farm crop since 1947 and the deadliest hydrogen bomb since 1954.

It was a page of precarious balance. We mark it important that the awe-commanding satellite ("around the world in 90 minutes") and bomb ("capable of covering a 7,000 square mile area") did not manage to overpower the corn stalk and its farm crop and the country store.

Examine the scales, the crust of the satellite, 18,000 miles per hour weighed against the growing speed of the corn stalk — an estimated five inches per week — and the moving distance of the store, 150 feet toward town and 30 or 40 feet back from the highway — and all on page one, and rightly so.

For the world's affairs are just that evenly weighed between the quiet, peaceful workings of community life (on Independence Blvd. or Providence Rd., Piazza San Marco or Rue de la Paix) and the cosmic events impelled by a satellite in a homey way.

In this way sanity: that the balance can be maintained, that the superhuman things which are to go around the world continue to share front pages with the human things which make the world go around.

Louis Graves In The Chapel Hill Weekly

## 'SWELL'—'TERRIFIC'—WHAT NEXT?

A FEW years ago "swell" was in fashion as a word of exuberant enthusiasm and approval. Everywhere you went you heard that somebody or other was swell. People used the word incessantly. A book or a magazine article was swell, a play or an actor was swell, an airplane flight or a ship voyage was swell. For whomever or whatever anybody wanted to praise, swell was the word.

All of a sudden swell went out of fashion and was succeeded by "terrific." Somebody who wants to express extreme admiration for a person who performs well in a stadium or on a golf course or in a skating rink, or in a theater, says the person was terrific.

When I was writing a piece today, I started to use the word terrific in the conventional sense with a meaning something like terrible, frightful, fearful, or appalling. But I said to myself, oh, no, that won't do. If I say this thing is terrific everybody will think I mean to compliment it. So I had to find another word.

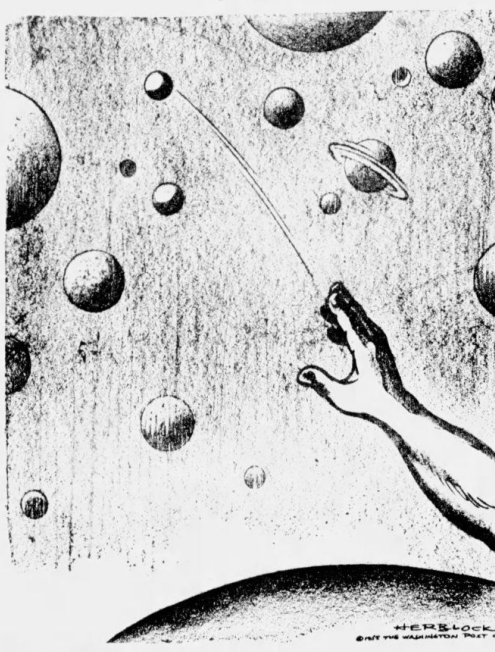
Do fashions in slang move in cycles?

An official of the Bureau of Printing & Engraving estimates that the average life of a one-dollar bill is 10 months. Around our house it's usually about 10 minutes.—GREENVILLE (S. C.) PIEDMONT.

Nehru challenged any man in India, apt to beat him at running, swimming and horseback riding. He has been making a world reputation lately by riding two horses in opposite directions.—MEMPHIS PRESS-SCIMITAR.

If the woman who fixes up a den for her husband expects him to do all his growing there, she's doomed to disappointment.—JACKSON (MISS.) STATE TIMES.

## Big League Ball



## Never Kick A Baby

By JOHN FISCHER  
Editor-In-Chief, Harper's Magazine

## Husbands Are Sorry Clods

By JOHN FISCHER

Editor-In-Chief, Harper's Magazine

LIKE ALL brides, she looked heartbreakingly sweet and tremulous. As they turned to march up the aisle, she lifted a radiant face to the man beside her and whispered:

"Stand a little straighter, dear."

These tender words were, of course, spoken in the splendid punner tradition of American matrimony. She was merely starting early to civilize the wildness she had just married.

RAW MATERIAL

To her—as to most brides in this country—her husband represented 175 pounds of raw material. So raw, indeed, that a less courageous race of females might shrink from the task of trying to refine anything from such earthy and intractable ore. No such doubts, however, bother a true American girl. She knows it is her duty to make something out of the sorry clod, if she has to wear her tongue down to the roots.

AXES AND SHOTS

This unadorned approach may, perhaps, be something to do with the divorce rate, the number of morose characters nursing a shot glass late at night in men's bars, and, nevertheless, it has made American civilization the envy of the world, or, anyhow, the feminine half of it. Never before in history has any nation devoted so large a share of its brains and resources to the sole purpose of keeping its women graced, deodorized, corseted, enshrined in chrome convertibles, slenderized, rejuvenated, and relieved of all physical labor.

STILL DELICATE

In benighted lands, from England to Indonesia, women are still deluded into thinking that they ought to make life a little pleasanter and easier for their breadwinners: only here is the ideal sought to make life a little pleasanter and easier for the man, the pumpkin of women. In India, for example, as recently as 1953, a woman was observed in the act of pinning a sari to her husband's back as he walked home from work. In Dallas and Detroit, as we all know, the ladies make a different kind of preparation.

PRECIOUS MOMENT

That precious moment when the male stumbles back to his lair, numb and exhausted, is what they are fighting to come right away. By striking hard while his resistance is low, they know they can

pressure him into almost anything.

This, then, is the Conversation Hour, the time to touch lightly on the need for a new vacuum cleaner, his gaudieries at last night's bridge party, the prospects for remedying his cultural poverty by a course of lectures at the Women's Club, and his duties at the PTA meeting—which, by happy coincidence, will start in just 30 minutes.

For, in return for their emancipation, American women have undertaken to reform their menfolk. This, they inherited from grandmothers, who had to tame the frontier. She did it by bolting lye soap out of skillet grease and wood ashes, scrubbing punchion floors, busting up saloons, shooting Indians, building churches, and shearing him of the mane and the six-guns of the Wild Bill Hickok types who infested what would be, someday, a nice residential neighborhood.

Since these robust chores are now pretty well finished, her granddaughters, in fact, are focusing all their energy on the one thing in sight which still needs to be tamed and cured.

The success of their success is the number of Walter Mittys in our society. Again, never in history has any country contained such a high proportion of cowed and emaciated males, drilled with Prussian thoroughness to shun all household sins. Never, but now, do they drop cigar ashes in the icebox, prop their feet on a coffee table, leave an unwashed dish in the sink, kick a baby, or stuff a sofa cushion into the mouth of a babbling guest. They endure their married lives in mute docility, and die mercifully early from ulcers and high blood pressure.

ON TO POLITICS

Occasionally, however, the domestic reform program proves unsatisfying. Perhaps the subject escapes, or proves unapproachable, more frequently he yields so promptly to The Treatment that after a few years he no longer offers a challenge to his wife's talent. Then she is almost content to turn her energies elsewhere, to focus their enervating zeal on the one thing in sight which still needs to be tamed and cured.



WASHINGTON

## Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

WASHINGTON

EISENHOWER would have invited Premier Bulganin and Marshal Zhukov to Washington during the Geneva talks, if Foster Dulles had let him. It was definitely discussed and the Russians were itching to come—right away—but Dulles said no. . . . Ike got irritated at times at his Maginot-minded secretaries of state.

Reason behind the current, historic talks with the Chinese Reds was a repeated warning from Allen Dulles, head of Central Intelligence Agency, that the Reds would bring a devastating bombardment of Quemoy and Matsu immediately after the Geneva conference, the decision it was better to talk than retreat.

Still Rate

Hitherto any intimation that we would talk to the Chinese Reds without Chiang Kai-shek being represented has brought screams of anguish from the Knowland wing of the Republican Party. Its members are still irate but less vocal.

State Department advisers have raised Cain with Chiang Kai-shek's trigger-happy public relations men who have published stories about Chinese Red planes piloted by Russians firing on Nationalist planes. A lot of these incidents didn't really happen, and the State Department is trying to tone down inflammatory news stories. You've seen a lot of them lately.

Just before he was stricken with a heart seizure, friends of Sen. Lyndon Johnson planned to launch a presidential boom. The friends included Russell of Georgia, Smathers of Florida, and Symington of Missouri. They were all set to make a public announcement when Lyndon felt the effect of his grueling work and was carried to the hospital.

Arrow-tongued Sen. Bob Kerr of Oklahoma, one of the few who took on Douglas MacArthur, is "willing" to take the Senate leadership if either Johnson or Clements don't want it next year. (He's both willing and eager) . . . The big shambaling bill-billy from Tennessee, Edna Kravner, has taken terrific strides toward the Democratic nomination without exerting any noticeable effort. He's one of the few Democrats who know how to fire political shots like Sergeant York of Tennessee—to kill. And unlike some of his colleagues he's not afraid to fire.

In Tammany

Caroline De Sapio, head of Tammany and the political genius behind Gov. Averell Harriman, isn't wedded to Adlai for the nomination as is his friend Averell. De Sapio is for any good Democratic campaigner. . . . Republican leaders are now feeling much happier about prospects that Ike will run again. If they can keep him absorbed with international affairs and not worried about Tai-

bottism or Dixon-Yatesism they figure he'll be ready and willing for '56. . . . George Bender, the president of Ohio, has got his signals crossed again. Usually he takes them from his good friend, Secretary Humphrey, who comes from Bender's home town.

But while Bender has been Secretary Talbott's chief defender in the Senate, Humphrey has been Talbott's chief critic in the Cabinet. . . . Once before, Bender got his signals crossed on the St. Lawrence Seaway. After vigorously opposing it, he found that Humphrey was its chief pusher. So Bender switched pronto. After all Humphrey has been his biggest campaign contrabuster.

Nixon Scores

Rumors persist that Vice President Nixon won't run again, will retire voluntarily to practice law. All right, but it was Nixon himself who sold like hot air the idea of a Cabinet meeting in Ike's absence—a pure public relations stunt. Almost never are Cabinet meetings held by vice president, and never in the memory of Washington observers have pictures been taken of vice-presidential sessions. But Nixon not only held a meeting but got a photo to prove it. His grandchildren will be happy. . . . Nixon's public relations build-up last month was gall-and-wormwood to the other

## People's Platform

## Run The Blockade!

Spartanburg, S. C.

The News.

I HAVE been reading about the S. C. law about searching cars of people coming across the state line from N. C. and I think it is pretty low when a S. C. legislature stooped to pass such a bill. We voters will remember this bunch of nincompoops next year at election time. We should scratch the name of every one of the liars running for reelection and send a new bunch there. Men should come out advocating the removal of this law from the state law books.

And the voters will remember Gov. Timmerman for sending his troops on Gestapo out on the highways to stop motorists crossing the international border. Wonder where Timmie got his Gestapo. Perhaps they are life-termers from the state pen who accepted the jobs to get out of the big house. You know that no honest law-abiding men would take such underhanded jobs, and why is it they don't wear uniforms and cars showing they are law officers, or are they?

CROSSES BORDER

In my work I travel a lot between the two states and cross the international borders several times each month. I drive a 1953 automobile and must carry a good-sized sum of money for hotel bills, etc., and if men in plain clothes and in unmarked cars try to stop me, I will not stop. If they block the road I will wreck their cars and will shoot it out with them as I will consider I am being held up. I will stop any time I am asked or signaled to stop by a State Highway Patrolman, or any officer in uniform or a police car, but nothing doing when plain dressed men try to stop me.

I used to be proud to be a South Carolina citizen, but now I am ashamed of it, and if my company will swap me Tennessee or Virginia for South Carolina I will move out of the state to North Carolina and live in a state that is governed by decent people and not by leeches and sheebs trying to get more money out of their citizens by hook or crook. Thirty years ago S. C. placed one cent on each soft drink, and two cents and three cents on each package of cigarettes for a period of ONE year. It is still on.

There was a service station in S. C. and buy a soft drink and a five cent cake it will cost me thirteen cents; two cents of this is S. C. TAX, one cent on the crown, one cent sales tax, or 30 per cent more than the same

items will cost in N. C. Yep, it will be a lot cheaper living in North Carolina. I will call the boss today and ask him to swap me Tennessee or Virginia for South Carolina, and I will NEVER cross the international border again, so help me.

A SOLUTION

What if North Carolina should be able to have the effect that all S. C. cars entering N. C. must have N. C. license tags. This is not any more unreasonable than the S. C. law they are now enforcing. If S. C. is losing so much revenue why in the heck don't they lower their taxes and get them even with North Carolina so citizens won't buy whisky and cigarettes in N. C. and bring them back, and furthermore, what is being done with all the tax money South Carolina is collecting?

We are the worst taxed state in the U. S. and what have we to show for it? S. C. should be able to have every road, driveway, dog track and cow track with concrete inlaid with mosaic tile and all of the two-way roads with the money they are raking in. Now they are stooping to the S. C. Troops and Gestapo methods of extracting more money from overburdened overtaxed citizens. It certainly looks like the S. C. is living in Columbia and operating the high and mighty tax system in this DE-TACHED territory of the United States.

—Name Withheld By Request

## Editorial Cheered

Ailing Sen. Johnson

Washington

EDITORS: I DEEPLY regret that I have not had the opportunity to thank you for your splendid editorial of July 8 before this time. It was one which meant very much to Lyndon during the early stages of his illness, and I will always be grateful.

Sen. Humphrey inserted a copy into the Congressional Record and I am enclosing a page for your files. There were some anxious moments when Lyndon was first hit by the heart attack. He is much better now and well on the road to complete recovery. But, during the early stages, it was very important to find "something cheerful" to read. Your editorial fitted into the category and I will always be grateful to you.

—MRS. LYNDON B. JOHNSON

## Strike Is A Strange Word To Russian Factory Hands

By STEWART ALSOP

IT WOULD be nice to own a factory in which the workers never struck, worked very hard for six straight eight-hour days; left the factory only when their work cards were counterchecked by the management, and earned their minimum subsistence pay on a piece-work, or speed-up, system.

These greedy capitalist thoughts kept occurring to this reporter as he toured two factories, a steel plant in Dnepropetrovsk and a tractor factory here in Kharkov. The steel plant was like a scene from Hell, with the terrible heat of the open hearth furnaces and the endless clanging of metal on metal. The tractor plant was a clean and seemingly well run place. But there were more similarities than differences.

WHY STRIKE?

In the first place, the four points listed above applied to both factories, as they did to every factory in the Soviet Union. This reporter asked a manager of each tractor factory whether the workers might not think about striking for a 40-hour week, for example. The manager looked genuinely astonished. "But why should they strike?" he asked. "If they have any complaints they can always discuss them with the management."

Second, there was a marked and visible difference between the newly developed class of managers and the manual workers. In the steel factories, the managers all wore clean white linen smocks but the difference went deeper than

that. The managers were almost all engineers and party members. You see, this reporter's superior remarked, "nobody bows or scrapes before the managers"—as though this lack of servility



would astonish the visitor from the land of capitalism.

Third, in both factories the average pay was about the same—about \$80 a month. According to the management, which is a universal average for Soviet factory workers. Put this pay in dollar terms, and you get some surprises. The official exchange rate is four rubles to the dollar. (The ruble is an artificial but accepted for purpose of argument.) You then have an average monthly wage of \$20 — not high for an American worker, but not impossibly low. But consider the prices the Soviet worker has to pay.

Suppose, for example, an American worker living on \$25 a month had to pay for food, for one hand suit, or \$60 for a pair of boots, or \$2.50 for a pound of fatty meat (when he could get it), or \$550 for a television set, or \$1.50 for a single cucumber.

## Dulles Nixed Buginin Visit To U.S.

WASHINGTON

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young man from California. Bill Knowland came down to the airport in the plane to welcome the new Governor, but didn't look happy at seeing Nixon in charge of welcoming arrangements.

## To Resign

Knowland is expected to resign the Republican leadership of the Senate if Eisenhower goes too far in dumping Chiang Kai-shek. Sen. "Salty" Saltonstall, the Massachusetts blueblood, is already wig-wagging that he's ready to take over the GOP leadership if Knowland bolts. . . . The Senate Policy Committee meeting behind closed doors last week voted that Secretary Talbott should be dumped. . . . The Senate's "second risk" . . . Soft-hearted Stuart Symington hurried to see Talbott on the griddle. Stuart is a friend of Talbott's wife and family.

## Cotton Plan

Backstage reason why Secretary Benson suddenly modified his cotton jump surplus cotton on the world market was a story released by this column on July 28, disclosing that Benson's assistant, James A. McConnell, had met secretly with five southern senators at the Raleigh Hotel and revealed his plan to dump cotton. Economic supermen from the story were that Benson reversed himself. He got some tough warnings from political leaders to go slow.