



THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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Zoning: The 'Compromise' Is A Wolf

THE latest "compromise" proposal to allow funeral homes in Charlotte residential zones lacks both subtlety and disguise. Even at first glance, it looks suspiciously like a wolf in wolf's clothing.

Rather than boldly write mortuaries into the approved list for R-2 neighborhoods, certain City Councilmen would invite them in "subject to the approval of the Council" in each individual case.

The effect would appear to be the same. Funeral homes could crack the residential curtain—but quietly, one at a time.

If citizens just silently deplore the situation and fail to raise their voices in politically audible protest, nothing would be done to prevent the invasion.

But a more equitable method of fracturing the zoning principle is difficult to imagine.

What would emerge is a form of spot zoning where certain small areas of land would be opened for purposes inconsistent with the use of the larger surrounding area. In other words, a business would be permitted in a residential zone.

This is not in accordance with a sound plan of growth. It injures neighbors, is discriminatory, unreasonable and, possibly, illegal.

The City-County Planning Commission's opposition to such shenanigans is soundly based. We believe it is correct in pointing out that funeral home operations would depress residential values. What the commission calls "the depressing sight of funeral home activities" and "the recurrent screaming of sirens as ambulances departed from the funeral home on emergency calls" ought to be restricted to business areas.

Business just doesn't belong in a residential neighborhood.

Pity The Poor White Collar Workers

THE American working class is clamped in the jaws of an economic nutcracker," blubbered the Marxist New Masses two decades ago. "The man who works with his hands is a slave."

If the U. S. manual laborer ever wore chains he shed them in a hurry—or at least had them gold plated and studded with rubies. Clearly, he's never had it so good.

But if there has been any more tears to be shed about "economic exploitation" in this country let them be saved for a revolutionary journal we might call the New Bourgeoisie, dedicated to the poor, willing "white collar."

It's just like the AFL-CIO Economic Policy Committee said the other day. The white collar may still retain some of its value as a symbol of freedom from manual labor but any tangible evidence demonstrating the superiority of white collar status has been fast disappearing.

According to the Federal Reserve Bank of New York, working class earnings have risen more than white collar earnings in 11 out of the 17 years between 1938 and 1955.

On a percentage basis, the manual worker has far outgained the white collar worker in annual income since 1939. Laborers in 1954, for instance, made 250 per cent more than they did in 1939. Clerical and kindred workers only realized a gain of 163 per cent.

All this has happened in spite of a marked increase in the demand for white collar workers. In fact, from 1940 to 1954 the number of workers in white collar occupations increased 67 per cent. During the same period, workers in blue collar occupations increased only 28 per cent.

Weep not for the man in overalls. His collar is blue but new.

It's the white-collared clerk who deserves your pity. All he needs is for the laborer's horns be let him have, for he has nothing to lose but his necktie.

It Rained In Southeast Mecklenburg

HE looked up when the green apple danced like a puppet on the tree. The quick movement caught his eye and he looked hard at it, not bothering to lift the rest of his scythe-like body, and a drop of rain splashed against his dark brown skin and ran down his wrist and washed into his stream of dusty sweat.

They were the first drops from a frowning sky. All day the clouds had huddled in the sky but the sun had pushed them aside like clumsy children and worked hard on the earth below.

Now a drop—first on an apple, then on the boy.

When he raised his body straight, he was tall with long arms and a small head and heavy, wide lips. He wore no shirt in the sun, nor shoes, but only a faded pair of dungarees.

He was working now on the edge of his mother's garden. It was bare and open except for the apple tree on the edge where he was hoeing.

Breaking the weeds from the hard, crusty earth was slow and he had worked hard since sun-up, a 17-year-old boy with muscle in his heart and a light-footed gait in his walk. It was early afternoon now and he had stopped only for lunch and that was hurried.

He smiled as the rain began to fall on it, hit the valleys between the rows of corn, large, pregnant drops that stood out on the red and brown earth like blisters. The drops increased and the bulbs of water mixed and dark rivers of mud began to flow off the top of the stubborn ground and roll down the rows.

He did not stop, but let the cooling rain run off his back and down his shoulders and into the sticky creases of his neck.

Soon the whole garden was moving. The leaves of the corn stalks trembled and shuddered under the water and he stopped to watch it. From the frame house on the other side of the field a brother waved and called.

The boy put down his hoe and ran across the field, dodging stalks as he went and ran to the porch. Some of the family stood there with him and he began to slither off the face of the earth.

Inside his mother sat in the kitchen, a room which smelled strongly of a pot of collards cooking on a wood stove. Two neighbors, not yet two years of age, slept on a horse-hair sofa under a piece of cheese cloth and a hundred flies slept on the cloth with them.

The boy looked out across the flat, tanned fields at the waist-high corn. This was for the hogs and the mules and now it would soon bear corn. The garden corn, where he was working today, was taller but stunted by the sun. The snap beans, he knew, were already gone. But the big limas might be saved.

"Come get you some tea, Jack," his mother said, and the boy walked into the house. His hand fell on an old piano in the hall and he hit a key and the note was flat and nearly soundless. He drank a glass of tea.

"You pray for 'him, Momma," he asked.

"No need to let yo', she said. I didn't no such thing. It's 'just been a month. Last summer I prayed and I prayed. I ain't prayed yet this year."

The garden's hogs be all right, the boy said, talking half to himself as he turned to walk outside again. He sat on the edge of the low porch, his feet dangling over the edge of the rough boards as his toes touching the damp, cool earth.

The rain was slowing now and the water hurried, as if frightened down the red-faced road.

The air was clean and fresh with a green smell and steam blew across the fields from a paved highway 200-yards beyond. Then the sun came through the trees around the house and a dog crept from under the porch and stretched.

The boy got up and walked through the house.

"Momma, he said as he was leaving, I'll tell you something."

"Better get back out 'yonder, Jack, she answered.

"Momma, I prayed.

The Governors And Politics

Secret Report To Stevenson

By DORIS FLEESON

ATLANTIC CITY, N. J. (AP)—The secret strategic plan of the Democratic Party for the election of Stevenson in the North has been leaked to the press, according to a confidential source of the party.

The plan, which was developed by a committee headed by George H. W. Bush, calls for a "strong" campaign in the North, where Stevenson is expected to win.

The committee has decided to focus its efforts on the industrial states of the North, where Stevenson has the strongest support. It has also decided to avoid the South, where Stevenson is expected to lose.

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GOVS. CHANDLER AND HARRIMAN Two Men Searching For Nominations

I've Been Deceived And I'm A Lonsome Little Girl

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People's Platform

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Dulles Fails Paramount Duty Of Leading Allies To Accord

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Skish Tournament

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From The Raleigh News & Observer

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The Precious Residue

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Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

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Nehru Didn't Relish Talk With Dulles

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