THE CHARLOTTE NEWS

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The Alarm Clock Rings In Charlotte

WITH a stretch and a yawn, Charlotte's City Council finally responded to the clangor of Herbert H. Baxter's alarm clock.

"The time has come," said Councilman Baxter, "to do something about extending our city limits."

It was just six months ago that the same councilman made the same declaration. He followed it with the suggestion of a series of "town hall" meetings to be held in the suburbs to preach the gospel of annexation, with a heavy accent on the advantages of being a part of Charlotte. A Council majority—Albea, Brown Evans, Smith and Wilkinson—rejected the proposal as "inadequate." While conceding the desirability of a fact-supported sales job, the majority bloc felt that annexation could not be achieved short of sterner, legislative action.

There is no indication that the majority has actually changed its mind. But in scheduling an Oct. 2 special session to discuss the annexation question, it gave Mr. Baxter reasonable grounds to believe that his town hall meetings will still be held after all—and soon. Later, Council members will huddle with General Assembly nominees to discuss possibilities of enabling legislation to make annexation simpler—and surer—than is now feasible.

"I don't think meeting with the legislators has anything to do with getting information to the public," said Mr. Baxter. "We want to find out how *they* (the surburbanites) feel about it."

Fortunately, education officials are scheduled to be present at the Oct. 2 session to help Council members find the answers to one of the most important questions they will be asked at any future town hall meeting: "If we vote to come into the city, where will our kids go to school?"

This revival of interest in Charlotte's expansion is as timely as it is proper. The selective extension of city limits becomes more important by the moment. The entire metropolitan area is growing rapidly in population. If Charlotte is to reap full benefits of its destiny in commerce, industry, the arts, education and recreation, the invisible line we call the city limits will have to be thrust outward. It is a line that creates a tax and insurance differential, a line that stops fire and garbage trucks, a line that puts out street lights and a line that causes educational inequalities.

Other municipalities are already answering the challenge of metropolitan growth. Last year, 526 cities over 5,000 population grew territorially fatter. Last week, Winston-Salem voted to extend its city limits over 10 square miles, boosting its population over the 100,000-mark.

Mr. Baxter is proposing that Charlotteans and perimeter residents sit down and reason together. He suggests that the city offer itself as a friend rather than a threat to suburbanites. It is a worthy plan. It deserves support.

Airport Taxis: A Windfall And A Worry

PERFECTION is not the word for the City Council's decision on airport transportation. But the agreement nailed down yesterday was better by some $6,000 than any previous arrangement.

Yellow Cab Co. will continue to haul air passengers to and from the air terminal with Charlotte's official blessing. However, starting Jan. 1, the city will receive a 5 per cent cut of the fares.

This might not have been so had not other prospective operators with plans for airport limousine service appeared on the scene. They offered rewards. The city suddenly awoke to the fact that it had been neglecting for years a particularly handy source of revenue. In the past, Yellow Cab paid nothing for the privilege of receiving airport business.

The new agreement with Yellow Cab, with its offer of a share of the profits, launches a new era. It is estimated that Charlotte will realize at least $6,000 annually—possibly more.

Other operators are free to haul passengers to and from the air terminal's semi-sacred preserves. But Yellow Cab's contract does offer preferential treatment and the use of special facilities. It is this "exclusiveness" that is questionable.

Surely it is not necessary to grant even a suggestion of exclusive rights to the airport's transportation business.

As Charlotte grows even larger as an air center this fact will undoubtedly become more and more apparent to the City Council and its Airport Advisory Committee.

Not With A Bang But A Whimper

THE year's most plaintive note so far has been sounded by a Mr. Martin Wolfson of Brooklyn who sat down and penned the following letter, quoted here in its entirety, to the NEW YORK TIMES:

> What we need in our country today are intellectual stir and motion. We have the prosperity and we have the peace.

We would like to say, Yes, Mr. Wolfson, there is such a thing as intellectual stir and motion in America today, but, alas, we cannot. All we're sure about is Santa Claus, and the NEW YORK SUN took care of that subject handily in 1897.

Blame the absence of intellectual, sir, on the very presence of all that peace and prosperity—or what Carl Sandburg calls today's "fat-dripping prosperity."

America doesn't think very well when it is prosperous.

The gears don't mesh.

Nothing blooms.

There is, in fact, nothing like a good, soul-satisfying depression to stimulate the American brain and improve the nation's artistic circulation.

The 1929-39 decade produced the greatest flowering of intellectual endeavor of the century. Similarly, art flourished handsomely during the same period and starving in a Greenwich Village garret regained its lost respectability in the eggbead set.

Earlier, it was the Civil War that gave Walt Whitman just the stimulus he needed and World War II that nourished and harnessed the creative impulses of E. E. Cummings, Ernest Hemingway and John Dos Passos.

But today the crusading muckraker, the flamboyant expatriate, the double-domed dealer in intellectual protest is either extinct or underground. Even TIME magazine declared solemnly last June that "the Man of Protest has to some extent given way to the Man of Affirmation."

How dull.

But to be intellectual is almost a sin. It has become necessary for a knowledgeable writer of the stature of William Faulkner to proclaim with a certain haughty pride: "I ain't no intellectual." This presumably qualifies him to have an untainted opinion about things American.

Instead of stirring up the present fat-dripping air with thought, the intellectuals lead neat, unassuming little lives with practically no influence over the hoi polloi. Lionel Trilling putters quietly among his books and quarterlies. Edmund Wilson writes a book about the Dead Sea scrolls, of all things. J. Robert Oppenheimer disappears into Princeton's Institute for Advanced Studies. Sidney Hook divides his time between his classes at New York University and an occasional middlebrow magazine article. Reinhold Niebuhr is hardly known at all outside a few philosophical discussion groups. W. H. Auden writes less and less significant poetry. In fact, only a few incorrigibles like Frank Lloyd Wright and our own Walter Lippmann keep the air stirring at all.

If something nuclear does destroy us all some stormy morning, it begins to look as if the fat-dripping intellectual world's third act will be just like T. S. Eliot wrote it:

> *This is the way the world ends*
> *This is the way the world ends*
> *Not with a bang but a whimper.*

From The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

TIME TO WONDER ABOUT IT

A NEW wristwatch, says the manufacturer, will "tell what time it is anywhere in the U. S. . . . at a glance." The watch face contains a rotating national map divided cleanly into four time zones, which point at the proper hour for each zone. Thus it is possible for the wearer to solve some of the riddles of travel in these United States, but not all of them.

Suppose, for example, that it is noon in Hancock, Mich. What time is it in Detroit, some 400 miles to the southeast and lineally about 225 miles farther east? The answer: Noon. Yet in Marquette, Mich., only 75 miles from Hancock, it is 11 a.m.

When it is noon in Corbin, Ky., it is an hour earlier at Hazard, Ky., 60 miles away. Corbin is west of Hazard but is on Eastern time, and Hazard is east of Corbin, but it is on Central time.

A man traveling from Syracuse, Kan., only 29 miles due south to Johnson would have to set his watch ahead one hour, because Syracuse is on Mountain time and Johnson is on Central time. (We will not even discuss Daylight time.)

Foreign countries do not escape time riddles, either. The upper half of Mexico's Baja California is on Pacific time while the lower half is on Mountain time and both are actually on the Pacific.

Time zone demarcations seem too quixotic for a little watch face. They follow states boundaries, rivers, mountains, city limits and the vagaries of local politics, as if bent on proving that Albert Einstein was right. Time is relative, and a watch which was *that* relative would not keep time.

A wife is a person who remodels your story as you tell it.—CHAPEL HILL WEEKLY.

White Knight Or Shifty Skulker?

Nixon On The Tight Rope

By MARQUIS CHILDS

EN ROUTE WITH NIXON FOR REASONS that are remarkably complicated, Vice President Richard M. Nixon has become the most controversial figure in American political life.

Whether it is his youth — and he looks much younger than his 43 years — his aggressiveness, the cast of his features that gives him a curiously intense look or the very fact of his success at so early an age, many Americans feel for him a distrust which they cannot explain.

In many other Americans he inspires a fervid hero worship. For them — and the depth of their feeling is not entirely explained by anything he has done — Nixon is a white knight riding out to do battle with all the forces of evil.

This figure of controversy is launched on a campaign tour designed to prove, if nothing else, that the vice president has the stamina of 10 men and the handshaking, smile-giving capacity of a whole battalion of politicians.

SPLITTING SECONDS

On his 15-day tour, he is flying into every corner of the country on a split-second schedule. On one day that is slightly more strenuous than the others, but not much more so, he leaves Houston, Tex., in the morning, flies to Springfield, Mo., for a noon meeting, goes on to Kansas City, Kan., for an evening meeting and flies from there to Louisville, Ky., where he is scheduled to arrive at 1:20 a.m.

But the tour is for Nixon far more than an endurance test. He is being made the principal target of the Democratic attack with the implication (1) that he will be the real force in an Eisenhower second term and (2) that he is very likely to succeed to the presidency in view of President Eisenhower's age and the fact that he has had two serious illnesses during the past year.

THE CHALLENGE

In effect, Nixon is being challenged by the opposition to show that he has the maturity, the judgment, the wisdom to be president of the United States in his own right. Yet, at the same time he must not seem to overshadow the role of Mr. Eisenhower as national leader.

A delicate balancing act, it is complicated by the fact that in many of the 32 states to which Nixon is going on the tour, the party leaders are opposed to the Eisenhower policies of moderate reform at home and international cooperation abroad. He must arouse them to work for victory in November, but at the same time he cannot risk the kind of inflammatory appeal that the Jenners and the Mundts would like to hear.

FERVENT BLESSING

In the congressional campaign of two years ago Nixon went on a whirlwind tour very much like the one on which he is now launched. Then, as today, he had the fervent blessing of the President for his efforts. In state after state, particularly in the Far West, Nixon in 1954 used the Communist issue either directly or by innuendo.

But the Republicans lost that election. As Adlai Stevenson took pains to point out in his Harrisburg, Pa., speech, it was the first time in this century that a President elected to his first term lost both the Senate and the House in the mid-term election.

DEMOCRATS WON

In those states in which Nixon bore down particularly hard on the Communist issue the Democrats won. In Oregon a Democrat, Richard L. Neuberger, won a Senate seat for the first time in 40 years by defeating Republican Sen. Guy Cordon.

So plainly, no matter what his admirers on the extreme right might like, Nixon cannot run against Harry Truman and the Communists.

Mr. Truman, rushing about the country like an angry ghost out of the troubled past, is giving the vice president every opportunity to wage that kind of campaign. But if Nixon is half as astute as his friends credit him with being, he must realize that this will not be any more effective in '56 than it was in '54.

LOUD DEFENSE

His partisans on the right have not learned that lesson. And it may be significant that among the Republican leaders loudest in Nixon's defense when Harold Stassen started his movement to substitute another vice presidential candidate, the majority were among those most resistant to the "new Republicanism" of the President.

They are entrenched in that wing of the party that holds, contrary to everything the President has said since he entered politics, that reaction can win. In its extreme form, this is the States Rights movement which in a recent meeting in Memphis, Tenn., named a national ticket intended to deny a majority in the electoral college to either Republicans or Democrats.

FORMER DEAN

Two of the leaders in this movement, T. Coleman Andrews, now the States Rights candidate for president and former commissioner of internal revenue, and Clarence Manion, former dean of the University of Notre Dame Law School, were both in the Eisenhower administration at its inception.

Rarely has a vice presidential candidate held such a prominent position on the national stage. In this respect it may be a healthy thing, calling attention to the importance of the man in the No. 2 spot.

But for Nixon, this is a tight rope act in full view of a very large audience with the opposition determined to bring him down.

—Fitzpatrick in The St. Louis Post-Dispatch

Somebody Up There Doesn't Like Me

'Whoa, There—Slow Down This Mad, Breakneck Pace!'

Rent, Not Civil Rights, Issue In Slum-Ridden Harlem Area

By STEWART ALSOP

HARLEM

THE Negroes, whose votes could be decisive in a whole series of important states, are by no means wildly enthusiastic about Adlai Stevenson. But they are even less enthusiastic about Dwight D. Eisenhower. And, bar some dramatic and effective last minute gesture on the civil rights issue, the President has missed an opportunity to cut heavily into the huge majority Stevenson scored among Negroes in 1952.

These conclusions spring from many hours of interviewing Negro voters in this vast city-within-a-city, the greatest concentration of Negro voters in the country, in company with Louis Harris, the professional public opinion expert.

The interviewing started in the slum areas. In several hours of climbing up and down the wooden stairs of rickety fire traps, we found not a single Negro voter who intended to vote Republican. Asked why, almost all would respond in much the same words: "We're poor people, and the Democrats are more for the poor people."

RENT'S THE ISSUE

By the same token, in the slum buildings we met hardly anyone who was really stirred by the civil rights issue. What aroused the passions of the slum dwellers was the rent they paid for their miserable quarters. "They condemn the building and then double the rent," said a big man furiously. "Now is that right?" He had been utterly apathetic about civil rights.

If there is such a thing as a solid bloc vote, it is in the Negro slums, where the people vote Democratic almost instinctively — if they vote at all. At least in the immediately foreseeable future, there is really no way for the Republicans to make important gains in the Harlem slums.

ASTONISHING CHANGE

But by no means all of Harlem is slum, fortunately. And the change in political and social atmosphere when you move out of the slums and into one of the low-cost housing projects, or into a respectable apartment house, is downright astonishing.

Not that there is much increase in Republican sentiment. Even in the really elegant apartments, the vast majority of Negroes consider themselves Democrats. Our count, for what it is worth, was Stevenson 63 per cent, Eisenhower 20 per cent, don't know 17 per cent, as against a 1952 vote of Stevenson 78 per cent, Eisenhower 22 per cent.)

The real difference is that, outside the slum areas, there are a lot of Negro voters who might have been persuaded to switch to Eisenhower—enough to make a big difference at the polls.

There is one issue, and one issue alone, which could cause such a switch—civil rights.

NO RESPONSE

Harris had prepared questions on such matters as the Autherine Lucy case, the Emmett Till case, and the riots of Clinton, Tenn., to test awareness of the civil rights issue. In the slums, more often than not, the questions elicited no response at all. In the projects and apartments, we at length stopped asking the questions—we had learned that everybody knew all the answers in detail. Outside the slums apathy about civil rights is replaced by a single-minded passion.

Adlai Stevenson is judged almost entirely by this standard, and he is often found wanting. Many Negroes are very moderate on desegregation — "You can't change people overnight," they say. But to many others "moderation" is a dirty word, and there is little enthusiasm among them for Stevenson as the apostle of moderation.

Among these we found a few—a very few—who meant to vote for Eisenhower. There was an intellectual lawyer who admired Stevenson, hated Nixon, but meant to vote for the President because "we'll never get anywhere as long as the Democrats think they own us." There was a seaman who credited the President with desegregation in the Navy — "you wouldn't believe how different it is," he said.

Yet the Administration gets very little credit for its civil rights achievements — not one person gave the Republicans any credit for the Supreme Court school decision, for example.

ADLAI STEVENSON
Coolness To A Prophet

People's Platform

The World's Moving Faster Than Dulles

Charlotte

Editors, The News:

THE world situation calls for present and consistent decisions in matters such as the present Suez Canal dispute, for the world as a whole is putting on a new suit of clothes, so to speak.

Colonialism is dead — a thing of the past.

We of the West need realize that all Asia and all Africa with their hundreds of millions are not at this late day inferior peoples to be exploited. The Suez situation burgeons forth this picture. A generation ago all England would have had to do would have been to send one or two warships to the eastern Mediterranean and Egypt would have humbly given in. England is wearing her old clothes and her slip is showing. That is only one feature of the fact that the world does move.

It is hard to tell just how much science is to blame for this. When we can cross the ocean in hours, and talk over distances of thousands of miles it is not reasonable to expect the nations of the East to remain ignorant, timid, without instruments of defense and subject to exploitation by the Western peoples.

England is at the end of her career as international exploiter and world bully. She can talk big but unless she has Uncle Sam to fight her wars for her she is to a certain degree futile and weak. Her prestige as a world power is gone and she can not conceal that fact.

Why can not representatives of the nations meet and talk over and consider the Suez question fairly, in light of international interests and Egyptian rights. That is the minimum expected of civilized peoples. Why all this war talk in England; this sending war ships and military forces to the eastern Mediterranean?

Suppose England and France should claim control, to an extent, of the Panama Canal; should demand international control, or "users" control and move warships and arms to that vicinity? How quick would be our ultimatum?

The United States would be boiling with war excitement from end to end. The day when England can order the Eastern peoples around by threats of force is past. That should be plain to any who observe the world trend. In that case all Russia has to do is to step in sympathetically with the East and immediately Russia and the eastern peoples are against us, and all their hundreds of millions. Simple, isn't it?

This is the situation and no matter how much or how fast Mr. Dulles rushes around from country to country the fundamentals of the situation will not change.

—HOYT EAVES

Drew Pearson's Merry-Go-Round

Arabs Hurt Selves To Spite Israelis

THE SYRIAN-ISRAELI BORDER

TWO Syrian border guards stood silhouetted against the sky on the hill just beyond us. They looked down, across the ravine where the Jordan River came tumbling down from Syria across Israel and on toward the sea of Galilee.

Converts

It had been tumbling down that ravine since David crossed it to escape the attack of his son Absalom, since Jacob's daughter looked for her brother Joseph when his brothers sold him into slavery in Egypt, and since John the Baptist immersed his converts in its restless waters.

Oblivious apparently to the part it had played in history, the River Jordan paid no attention to the two Syrian guards on the hilltop, nor to our own group which listened to Dr. Paul Doron, chief irrigation engineer for the Jordan Valley project, tell of his plans to harness the turbulent river below.

That was why the two Syrian sentries were suspicious. On previous occasions they have shot at Israeli engineers as they pushed work on a half-mile canal connecting a 90-mile irrigation ditch with the Jordan.

The sentries did not fire this time, however, perhaps because two jeeploads of Israeli troops were with us; or perhaps because Israel has now stopped work on the connecting link of the Jordan canal in deference to a request from the United Nations. Alongside us was rusting machinery, mute testimony that work on this end of the canal had stopped.

Blooming Desert

Work on the rest of the 90-mile stretch of canal and concrete pipe, however, has not stopped. It extends down, all the way through Galilee, through Judea and the Sharon to the deserts of the Negev, over which I drove en route to the Dead Sea. There, water carried from the Syrian border in the north almost to the Egyptian border in the south should make the desert bloom like a rose.

The reason the rest of the Jordan River project is being pushed is because of the intense pressure on the Israeli government to feed its present population and take in more population to fulfill the centuries-old dream of a national Jewish home.

Pressure-Cooker

"Israel is not a melting pot, it's a pressure-cooker," explained Jacob Herzog, son of the chief rabbi of Israel. "We have absorbed all the Jews of Iraq, 60,000 Jews from Yemen, 350,000 Jews from the Arab countries. We have 70 nationalities to absorb, and there are more to come. We have to support them and feed them if we are to fulfill our pledge to mankind."

To feed them requires crops; and crops require water; and water requires irrigation. That is the reason for the two suspicious Syrian sentries who watched us from across the Jordan.

Arab Hatred

The tragedy is that the so-called TVA for the Jordan valley would benefit the Arab countries of Lebanon, Syria and Jordan just as much as it would benefit Israel. But, despite the patient, painstaking diplomacy of Eric Johnson, the Arab countries have not agreed.

They have not agreed chiefly because they don't want to help Israel. They would rather hurt than help themselves, and therein lies the biggest roadblock in the path of peace for the Near East.