

# The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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## "The New Stevenson"

There has been a lot of comment lately upon "the new Stevenson." When the editorial writers, feature writers, columnists, and radio commentators use that term they are talking about both the substance of what he says and the way in which he says it. The main point they make is that he is more aggressive, that he has substituted the ingratiating approaches and the vigorous attack of the familiar office-seeker for the polite, dignified manner that characterized his campaigning four years ago.

His visit to New York City last Sunday, reported thus in Times, was a good demonstration of the change:

"Adlai E. Stevenson walked up Fifth Avenue to church yesterday morning, posed tirelessly with state and local politicians, spoke at Palisades Amusement Park, and took a ride on a ferris wheel. This was the 'new' Adlai Stevenson, the one with the angry words like 'fatuous' and 'perfidy' to hurl at his opponents. This time, obviously, he is eschewing the role of an egghead under glass. He is a flesh-and-blood campaigner with a ready hand to shake.

"Not that he has lost his way with words. His tongue can still flick a fly-speck off a philosophical target at fifty feet, but he is going out of his way to make hand-to-hand contact with Joe Smith. . . Photographers urged him into a ferris wheel where he posed with two children. He took two turns on the wheel. . . As he had twice the night before, Mr. Stevenson paused purposefully in his coming and going to walk over to bystanding crowds and shake hands."

The most comprehensive comparison that I have seen of the Stevenson of 1952 and the Stevenson of 1956 is the article in the New York Times Magazine by Cabell Phillips, the famous writer on politics, about a recent trip he made with the candidate.

"Quite a lot of moonshine has been uttered of late about 'the new Stevenson,'" he writes, "leading some to the impression that he has become a sort of Ivy League Frank Skeffington, slapping backs, kissing babies, and spouting solemnly in words of not more than two syllables. No such bogus transformation has taken place."

Phillips makes it plain throughout the article that he is an admirer of Stevenson's. I doubt if an impartial commentator would give the Democratic candidate such a complete exculpation from the charge that in his appeals to the voters he has forsaken moderation and dignity and is resorting to the old-time shabby approaches. The passage I have quoted from the report of his visit to New York seems to refute Phillips.

A different picture from Phillips's is the one offered by Frank Kent, another famous writer on politics, in his column, "The Great Game of Politics," in the Baltimore Sun. In reading this bear in mind Kent's bias; he is considerably more hostile to Stevenson than Phillips is friendly toward him.

"For the last three weeks," he writes, "Stevenson has been tearing around the country lambasting the Eisenhower Administration, bellowing about Mr. Eisenhower's 'betrayal' of the people, asserting that his only concern is with 'big business,' that all the promises he made in 1952 have been violated; that nothing has been done in either the domestic or foreign field that has been right; that his advisers and aides are all 'enemies of the people,' and there is nothing to admire in him at all. All of this, of course, is legitimate enough in the ordinary politician and candidate. It is the sort of stuff that surprises no one coming from the Truman type, from such persons as Chairman Paul

Butler, or Mr. Walter Reuther, the labor boss, or from Gov. Frank Clement of Tennessee, the unrivaled keynoter in Chicago.

"But it is distinctly out of character for the Mr. Stevenson who has been depicted by his friends. They have portrayed him as a lofty-minded 'moderate,' far above the personal abuse of the average politician and determined not to descend from the 'high plane' described by his journalistic adorners as his habitual living level. His public utterances, and especially his sponsored propaganda output, since his nomination are in conflict with this idea. Actually, there is no real difference between them and the usual vituperative, demagogic eloquence of the lower-bracket political candidates.

"If this is the 'new Stevenson' proclaimed by his press agents, while it is certainly different from the Stevenson of 1952, it certainly is no improvement."

This is too rough. Kent is guilty of the same fault that he charges against Stevenson, abusiveness. Still, there is much truth in what he says. Four years ago Stevenson won the admiration of everybody who was capable of rising above blind partisanship by his restrained and fair-minded discussion of the issues. He appealed to the intelligence of the voters instead of to their selfish desires. Now he is going back and forth through the country promising them all manner of benefits if he is elected and, in effect, accusing his opponents of lack of integrity and patriotism. This may win him votes; unfortunately there is a large element of the population that likes this kind of campaigning. But there must certainly be many people to whom it is saddening. Change the pronoun in the title Goldsmith's play from feminine to masculine and you have the right title for Stevenson's campaign: "He Stoops to Conquer."

## When a Gardener's Legs Begin to Tire

It seems that the Chinese like their gardens small. No doubt this is well known to many of my readers but I did not know it till yesterday. I learned it from the column which Walter Pritchard Eaton, one of our Chapel Hill winter residents, contributes weekly to his neighboring journal, the Berkshire Eagle of Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

I enjoyed reading about what a friend of his, a homecoming traveler, had told him about Chinese gardens, but my chief interest was in what this led up to; namely, his report upon his own career as a gardener:

"I have painfully discovered in recent years that if you plant the ordinary kind of garden acceptable in this country, far from bringing you happiness all your life there comes a time when it brings you sharp distress. It brings you distress because you can no longer take proper care of it. You have to sit by helplessly.

"The wise Oriental in a small enclosed space by his dwelling plants a few things that will endure and each in its season give its color—flowering trees, shrubs, a wistaria vine hanging if possible over water, and if plants are used they are in pots. There are no expanses of lawn. The secret of its charm is in the initial design and the limited use of slow growing and enduring material. Even after the designer gets too old to work he can probably hope to employ one man to do the simple chores required. He doesn't have to employ 40 men to keep the place manicured, as used to be the case, so they say, on one of the Lenox estates.

"Perennial borders; tulip beds; iris beds; beds of annuals; lawns, lawns, lawns; weeds, weeds, in the beds, in the lawns. Always a never-ending, never-won battle. When you are on the sunny side of 60, it may be fun, this battle. It may bring you great happiness when all your phlox is the proper color, when all your delphiniums are free of disease, when there is no rust on your hollyhocks, no weeds in your roses, and color everywhere. But if all this depends on you, there is little joy in it when your breath gets scant, when your legs begin to tire, and when if you squat down to pull weeds you can't get up again. If you want to be happy all your life with a garden, either provide yourself with a large income or die young.

"Well, there is one other way. Build your house on an elevation in the Berkshires, let the wild flowers, daisies, goldenrod, asters, or the cropped pasture come up to your terrace, and let the view be your garden—the valley stretch-

## From Our Files

**5 Years Ago**  
 William B. Umstead of Durham, former Representative in Congress and former U. S. Senator, has announced his candidacy for Governor.

**10 Years Ago**  
 All of the 18 Durham plumbers employed on the housing development for veterans, out in the woods south of the University campus, walked off the job Monday morning because the plumbing contractor would not raise the pay above the level fixed by the Government.

"Football fans from all over the state will be here today to see the unveiling of Charlie Justice in a backfield of such promising performers as Hosea Rodgers and Jack Fitch," writes Jake Wade, the University's News Bureau's new sports columnist.

**15 Years Ago**  
 J. Maryon Saunders of Chapel Hill was elected governor of the Carolinas District of Kiwanis International this week.

Strange as it may seem, the football fans around here are being advised to get their tickets early if they expect to have a good seat at the University's opening football game Saturday, September 20, with Lenoir-Rhyne.

## Perverse Human Animal

(Charlotte Observer)

The human animal is a perverse creature who can never let well enough alone. He brews tea, a bitter drink, and puts lemon juice in it to make it sour, then puts sugar in it to make it sweet. It's hot when it's poured, but he puts ice in it to make it cold.

He builds a house with plenty of windows to let in light and air, then covers them with curtains so that no light or air can enter.

Or he puts a picture window where there is no picture except the traffic on an ugly street. That's not enough. He sometimes puts two picture windows in his living room, on opposite walls, so that passers-by can look right through the living room.

The picture is now on the inside, plainly visible from the street, where he who runs may chortle. In such a house Irvia S. Cobb's goldfish bowl would, by comparison, represent seclusion.

It becomes necessary to buy costly draw curtains to shut off this vista, or to replace the plate glass with this one-way glass and be sure it is put in the right way. As a last resort the householder can plant a fast-growing, rank-growing ligustrum in front of the window so that in four years nobody can see in or out, and the living room becomes as dark as a tomb.

Then he will go outside and chop this growth down, call a bricklayer, and have himself walled in like Fortunato in "The Cask of Amontillado."

His loving helpmeet has her problems, too. She has a choice of a dozen kinds of curtains, but none are suitable for these particular windows. She must get a fabric that harmonizes with rugs, walls, upholstery, and furniture finish and even "picks up" her own costume for the day. Thus she creates more alternatives than the Sunday crossword contest puzzle and seems perpetually about to break under the strain.

The log cabin involved no such perplexities. Maybe that's the reason many who can afford it build log cabins on the river or in the mountains where they can live in peace without being harassed by the requisites of the laboratory of design that the modern city house has become.

A new Hungarian peach tastes like an almond, and if it supersedes the ordinary kind, then we suppose some horticulturist will have to develop an almond that tastes like a peach.—Toronto Star

ing out to the far hills, the forested slopes of a mountain with an upland pasture flung like a green shawl over its shoulder. That will bring happiness to your old age and no pain to your aged joints.

"Of course, nobody can guarantee that a new turnpike won't come along and plow right through the middle of your prospect."

My legs have begun to tire and my breath to get scant, too, like Mr. Eaton's, but luckily these assaults of advancing age have not distressed me in the way they do him. The reason for this is a simple one: somebody else instead of me has done the gardening on our place. I have been an admiring spectator of her digging, planting,

## I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Tom Wicker of the Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel spoke on news pictures at the News and Feature Writers Conference here last Saturday, and his cataloging of types of news pictures was excellent.

I'm going to tell you—not as entertainingly as he did, however—the types, and the next time you pick up your newspaper, look at the pictures and amuse yourself by cataloging them according to the following seven types:

1. The two-standing-and three-sitting. That's just what it says: any picture of two people standing behind three who are seated.
2. The two and three column handshake. In two columns, it's two people shaking hands. In three columns, a beaming face is behind them.
3. The mob scene. That's a picture of more than eight persons, or of everybody at the meeting, the convention, the train, or the game.
4. The official greeting. That's the shot of two people about to shake hands but their hands haven't met.
5. Beauty and the Blossom. That's the spring, summer, autumn, and winter picture of a girl peering through blossoms, or autumn leaves, or playing in the sand or snow.
6. To the victors belong the spoils. That's the photograph of the directorate of a church, club, or almost anything smiling because they've just heard a good report or elected officers.
7. Finally, the Kitten and the Cap. They are all the cute animal pictures, plus babies in baseball caps or any other drooling pose.

"Preacher" June Smith poked his head into the barber shop and asked Bud Perry: "Heard about the shoe factory burning down? Lost 10,000 soles."

All the politics going around now reminds me of the story of two farmers discussing a candidate's speech.

"He made a right good speech in favor of us farmers, didn't he?" said one.

"Yep," said the other. "But an hour's rain would have done more good."

## Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

hadn't believed in those days that bats were covered with lice. I have been told since that this is a slander, that there are not as many lice on a whole flock of bats as there are on a spaniel or terrier that is a constantly caressed member of the household.

I hadn't thought of bats or heard the word bats mentioned for a long time till one day last week when my neighbor, Mrs. Robert H. Wettach, whose home is on lower Cameron Avenue opposite Battle Park, told me of an experience she had had with them.

Occasionally for years the family had seen a bat, sometimes two or three at once, in the house. How they got in was a question that aroused curiosity, but after flying around a little while they would disappear and since they didn't do anybody any harm the Wettach policy as to bats was simply: let 'em alone.

Then one evening this last July, when Mrs. Wettach and her daughter Helen Jane were sitting out on the lawn they saw a bat come out of a tiny crack between the chimney and the side of the house at about the level of the second story ceiling. A few seconds later they were amazed to see a column of bats come streaming out of the same crack.

How many there were was only a guess. But the next evening they made a count and the number was 101. And it was the same the third evening. Watching the exodus day after day, they noticed that it came regularly at 20 minutes to 8 o'clock and that it was always begun by one bat flying alone. He seemed to be coming ahead to look around to make sure whether or not the surrounding atmosphere was safe for a flight of bats. Why it shouldn't be I can't imagine, but bats have their own good reasons for being cautious.

Now, while the Wettachs had no objection to an occasional bat or even two or three bats in their house, they didn't like the idea of housing permanently 101.

The first move toward getting rid of them was an ascent to the attic one morning by Mr. Wettach for the purpose of reconnaissance. When he turned his flashlight upward and waved the shaft of light around he saw the bats hanging heads down from the rafters and the sloping roof. They made no hostile sign but they had a baleful, menacing look.

A few minutes after he came downstairs he said to Mrs. Wettach: "I'm going up to the Library." She didn't know what he was talking about and he explained: "I've been reading about bats in our encyclopedia but it hasn't got enough about 'em."

He made three trips to the University Library for no other purpose than to read up on bats. He learned a lot of facts about 'em that if he had ever known before he had forgotten. He came across books and articles on vampire bats, the suckers of human blood

pruning, and so on, and I have admired her beautiful flowers. Pangs of conscience, if they have troubled me about my not sharing in her toil, have been only a fleeting and fragile emotion. In the course of several weeks they cause me to take no more exertion than to move the light plastic hose from one spot to another or snip off a few strands of bamboo or honeysuckle that hang too low over the path. But wait—there is one exception to my lack of enthusiasm about work in yard and garden. We have an apple tree and I delight in gathering the fruit from it. This is because of anticipation. I know the fruit will be made into apple sauce for me—and made by somebody else than myself.—L. G.

## On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

I AM NOT A RABID INTEGRATIONIST.

Neither am I a rabid segregationist.

I believe that compulsory segregation is legally and morally indefensible.

At the same time I believe that, left to their own devices, the great majority of members of the two major races in the South would prefer to live and go to school with their own people.

I don't think the Pearsall Plan will contribute much to delay integration of the schools in North Carolina, and I think it will seriously injure the school system in some parts of the state before it is finally declared unconstitutional.

I believe Governor Hodges' original proposals on "voluntary segregation" made to the 1955 General Assembly would have been largely endorsed by members of both races, with the probable exception of some scattered school transfers to test the good faith of the state.

I think the people of North Carolina will deeply regret the decision they made in eliminating the provision in their constitution which required the state to operate a system of free public schools. They will begin to feel this regret after the Pearsall Plan has been consigned to the judicial garbage can, and after they have had a chance to digest the fact that they have set their school system back 50 years and delayed ultimate integration not 50 minutes.

When I use the term "integration," I am implying something entirely different from the meaning attached to the word by the white supremacists. When I speak of integration coming to North Carolina I am speaking of the day when the laws and actions of the state comply with the Supreme Court's rulings against compulsory segregation.

If the state of North Carolina would accept the principle of integration, it need not fear any widespread mixing of the races in the schools for many decades to come. But to too many North Carolinians, "integration" is a dirty word. "A little integration," they say, "is like being a little bit pregnant." Which is probably the most irrelevant argument in the history of mankind.

Governor Hodges and Attorney-General Rodman may have kidded themselves into believing the Pearsall Plan meets the requirements of the United States Constitution and the Supreme Court's segregation rulings. But I doubt it.

The federal courts will not be fooled by the Pearsall Plan. They will look behind the wording and point to the basic, incontrovertible fact that the Pearsall Plan was designed with one goal, and one goal only, in mind: to circumvent the Supreme Court rulings and retain the segregated status of the schools.

If North Carolina were to abolish its legal sanctions against integration and permit even a few transfers from the schools of one race to the schools of the other race, the courts would firmly approve almost any plan the state wished to put into effect, e. g., a plan to screen applicants for transfers by the use of IQ tests to make sure they would not lower the standards of the schools involved.

All that the federal courts ask is that the states show good faith and a minimum amount of progress.

But North Carolina apparently would prefer to wreck her fine public school system instead.

And the final outcome will be the same either way.

which figure evily in literature, but soon satisfied himself that these were a different species from the bats he had seen in his attic.

At the Library Mr. Wettach got more pleasure from reading about bats than knowledge about how to expel them from a home. When he had completed his researches he decided to attack his problem by simple methods that he had practiced, or that friends now told him about, for the extermination or expulsion of unwelcome animal life.

First he tried formaldehyde candles, setting them on stools and chairs and boxes and old trunks. They burned several days without bothering the bats at all. Then he built a platform under where the bats hung from rafters and roof; placed upon it a pan of liquid from which deadly fumes would arise; set an electric fan to blowing so that it would carry the fumes to the bats; and withdrew to await the result.

The result was that the bats had such a distaste for the spray that they flew away and have never come back.

Mrs. Benjamin Lacy was 96 years old on Monday of this week, September 10. One of the happiest incidents of a visit we made to Raleigh a few days ago was the smiling and animated welcome she gave us when we called at her home on Peace street. She looks so delicate that I could almost imagine her floating around in the air like a fairy queen. She uses a "walker" to get around the house but in her conversation she is completely self-acting. Her mind is as alert, and her comments on people and affairs are as understanding, as when I first knew her thirty-five years ago. My wife has known her for sixty years.

I found her seated on a sofa by a window that looks out on Peace Institute of which her father, the Reverend Mr. Burwell, was the first president eighty years ago. (It has been renamed Peace College but we both like the old name better.) Together we looked out at the grove of beautiful oaks and beneath them the graceful brick building, and we joined in expressing sad thoughts at the decision to abolish Peace in the process of a merger of the Presbyterian colleges in North Carolina. But Mrs. Lacy has better ways to occupy her mind than to mourn about changes. She keeps a radio beside her and she told me of how she had been listening for hours every day to the reports of the two political conventions.

AIRPORT ROAD CHAPEL HILL  
 HOME OF CHOICE CHARCOAL BROILED HICKORY SMOKED STEAKS—FLAMING SHISKEBAB—BUFFET EVERY SUNDAY