

# The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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## The Evil of Bitter Partisan Spirit Is Counteracted by the Independent Vote

From an article by Gerald W. Johnson in the New Republic about the splits in the two political parties:

"In the Northwestern corner of the country Senator Wayne Morse has slid down into the Democratic party. Half the populace think that Senator William Langer is sliding, and the papers recently have been commenting on the uncomfortable status of Representative Usher L. Burdick, technically a Republican, actually a Non-Partisan Leaguer, and with a son now running for Senator on the Democratic ticket. Land ownership, family relationship, and the instinct of survival all seem equally effective in eroding party loyalty, which is now close to becoming a facetious term."

In the Minnesota primary contest Stevenson emphasized his position as the Democrats' titular leader and was decisively defeated by Kefauver.

"His strategy was wrong," says Mr. Johnson. "He can win only as the leader of liberalism, with the Democratic party following if only for the loaves and fishes. He cannot win as the titular leader, or any other kind of leader, of the Democratic party, because the voters who are going to decide the issue don't give a pair of hoots about the Democratic party."

Which means that the issue will be decided by the independent voters—men and women who do not hesitate to switch from one party to another according to their preference in any particular election.

Two parties make the best framework for the conduct of the government and it is fortunate that there is a considerable element of men and women who are zealous enough partisans to run the party organizations and to raise the sort of ballyhoo that is needed to remind the electorate that it had better be an electorate than to go off fishing or golfing when voting day comes. It is still more fortunate that there is a number of people running into the millions, a number far more than enough to hold the balance of power, who, in Mr. Johnson's phrase, don't care a pair of hoots how these partisans advise them to vote, but vote as they please.

The extent to which some citizens can be carried away by partisan bitterness, in this time of dangerous crisis for our country, when there is such urgent need of national unity, is indeed depressing. No doubt you meet in your acquaintance, as I do in mine, somebody who is such a rabid Republican or such a rabid Democrat that he speaks of Stevenson or Eisenhower almost as though he were speaking of one of our vicious and powerful enemies beyond the Iron Curtain. I thank God that we have in America millions of people who have not allowed themselves to drink so deeply of partisan spirit that they have become thus poisoned.

Of course I do not fail to respect anybody's attachment to a party. What I mean is that I am glad that there are not an overwhelming number of people so tightly attached that they exaggerate wildly the merits of their own party and the faults of the other.

Senator Morse has changed from the Republican to the Democratic party, and he should not be blamed for this if his conscience tells him it is the right thing to do. And let Democrats remember that one of Franklin D. Roosevelt's most famous statements was that he had not hesitated to vote for a Republican when he thought the Republican candidate was the best man for the office.—L.G.

## The Quality of Public School Instruction

The discussion of what should be taught in the public schools, and of the division of time and emphasis among the various studies and activities, goes on steadily in the newspapers and magazines. It is highly spiced with difference of opinion. The main argument is over these two questions: Are the basic academic subjects being neglected in favor of those that are sometimes called frills? And is the dominant idea in the schools too little toward hard work and discipline and too much toward making education fun for the boys and girls?

One of the most interesting articles about instruction in the public schools that I have read appears in the Atlantic for May. It is entitled "What Shall We Do With the Dullards?" It is only three pages long. The author is Caspar D. Green. The opinions expressed by Mr. Green have a peculiar value because of his career: He was a school teacher; then for thirteen years he was in the United States Foreign Service, where he had the opportunity to observe schooling in European countries; and for the last two years he has taught in high schools in Ohio.

The theme of his article is indicated in this opening passage: "About a generation ago attendance at school in America ceased to be limited to a few years or the more fortunate children and became in reality what it had been in theory, an almost universal fact. This change has, on the one hand, caused traditional ideas of the immediate purpose and function of the schools to be regarded as out of date; and, on the other hand, it has profoundly altered the frame of ideals, attitudes, and prestige within which the schools work."

Mr. Green, reviewing the records of having found distressingly poor performance by a large proportion of them. He speaks of a statement that he has often heard: that, "although poor students are learning little or nothing in the way of knowledge or skills, perhaps they are having a valuable social experience—absorbing social attitudes, learning to work with others, acquiring background for citizenship." He does not find it so. "Upon examination," he says, "the values which are inculcated turn out to be largely these: a firm conviction that one can get by without working; an idea that quality of workmanship is of slight importance; a systematically cultivated indolence; a habitual feeling that the day's work is an annoying intrusion upon one's private somnolence; and a whole mass of bad attitudes and bad habits."

I advise everybody who is at all interested in public school education to read Mr. Green's article. I am quoting only a small part of it but I do not want to end without recommending for special attention what he says about the usefulness of old-fashioned academic training in earning a living. "A good secretary is distinguished from a poor one largely on the basis of English. A good file clerk is marked by competence in reading. A receptionist and telephone operator will find her advancement to be conditioned on her satisfactory use and reasonably wide comprehension of oral English. Whether the pupil belongs to the pre-college or pre-trade group, academic subjects are the pivots upon which his career will turn."

And listen to this: "Plumbers report that it is hard to find young men who can understand written instructions, calculate lengths, sizes, capacities, and rates, make out bills, or keep accounts."

One criticism that Mr. Green makes of many schools is that: "They try to motivate learning by presenting it as fun. The teacher is put in the position of an entertainer. He must amuse and entertain his audience; if he can also teach, fine. But he can't teach unless his subject is entertaining."

Mr. Green's conclusion is: "When any individual reaches the stage of interfering with the good workmanship of others, he should be withdrawn from school. He may be a social problem or a problem of some other kind, but he has ceased to be a school problem. For a school should not be diverted from great constructive ends to picayune, sentimental, and retrogressive side-issues; it should not sacrifice a major quality of civilization to an unrealistic concern for an unfortunate group which, although a real social problem, is not an educational one. In brief, we need less concern for making the schools practical and much more awareness of the practicality of the scholastic."—L.G.

## On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

### AN OPEN LETTER

To: Robert Young, president of the University student body.

Dear Bob,

When I read the Friday morning issue of The Daily Tar Heel, I had an immediate impulse to (1) write a column about the recommendations of your Traffic Advisory Commission, and (2) write you a letter telling you how I felt about the rapid and decisive action which you took in relation to the parking and traffic problem immediately after assuming your office as president a few weeks ago. I am at this moment combining the two actions.

As I have pointed out in these columns before, the reason the Chapel Hill Weekly is concerned is that the "problem," as such, is essentially the town's, but the automobiles which are helping to create the problem are to a large extent owned by students. This is because student cars are prohibited from parking on the campus; they overflow into the village, draining off the parking spaces which are ordinarily available for the usual vehicular traffic of a town the size of Chapel Hill.

The traffic problem has been kicking around here for a long time. Each year it grows worse, and this past year has been an exceptionally critical one. So critical, in fact, that the University Board of Trustees threatened to take action if action was not taken on the local level.

Your immediate predecessor, motivated by good intentions but reluctant to take positive action for fear of alienating his constituents, did nothing about the traffic and parking problem except appoint some study committees (which came forth with nothing concrete) and talk rather wistfully about building some big parking lots on University-owned land.

Within a matter of days after you came into office, you had appointed an active group which took its responsibility seriously and which has come up with a set of recommendations that reflect sound thinking and much hard work. You endorsed those recommendations (with a couple of minor changes) and Dean of Student Affairs Fred Weaver, a strong exponent of student autonomy, will undoubtedly back you up by passing the student report on to the visiting committee of the Board of Trustees.

I am still not certain that restrictions of student ownership of automobiles is the only solution (or even a necessary partial solution) to the problem. However, I strongly agree that it is a partial solution, and I am happy to see that you and your Traffic Commission have shown the courage to recommend it.

Your report, of course, neither solves the problem nor ends the Great Debate of 1955-56 on the University campus. More study will have to be made and more reports will be necessary. A few weeks ago I used these columns to offer a suggested solution (partial) of my own to the controversy. It consisted of two major recommendations, one of which has been incorporated in your report (the imposition of a registration fee on student car owners, the receipts to go to enforcement of regulations and construction of additional parking facilities). I think my other recommendation (that a no-student parking zone be established to extend two or three blocks from the perimeter of the campus on all sides) still deserves serious consideration for the future. I am sure it will be given such consideration, as will any sincere suggestions that might aid the situation during the period ahead when study and work on the problem continue.

Again, Bob, my congratulations to you and your Traffic Commission for your fast action, your hard work, and your singular courage in endorsing what will be to many an unpopular set of recommendations. I am sure that you can count on both the University administration and the officials and citizens of the town of Chapel Hill to cooperate with you fully. After all, it is OUR problem.

Sincerely,  
 Chuck Hauser

## Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

the news that a few minutes after leaving the ground she had ascended beyond the rain-clouds and the wind to a region of bright sunshine. Through this fair sweet weather she proceeded smoothly to Boston.

When I learned of this I thought: How much better than going by train or car on such a day! A look at my Eastern Air Lines time-table shows me that her plane left the Raleigh-Durham airport at 8 a. m., stopped only at Washington and New York, and arrived at Boston at 1:10. Total elapsed time, 5 hours and 10 minutes. Actual flying time (that is, counting out the two stops), 4 hours and 35 minutes.

When I met Robert E. Coker a day or so ago after he and Mrs. Coker had got back from visits to Mississippi and New Orleans he told me that, going from Oxford (the seat of the University of Mississippi) to New Orleans, he had ridden on a train for the first time in about twenty years. The trip going they made on an Illinois Central local train in 8 hours and the trip coming back to Oxford, likewise on the I. C., they made in 5 hours on an express. "It was such a novelty we got a real thrill out of it," said Mr. Coker.

I gathered, however, that neither he nor Mrs. Coker would be willing to resume traveling by rail—whether cinders down your neck and in your eyes on a local or the luxurious accommodations on an express—as a regular thing.

They prefer an automobile or an airplane. In the last year or so they have become accustomed to flying up and down the Atlantic coast and over the Bahamas and the Antilles and the Virgins and various other Caribbean islands. After this sort of going to and fro becomes part of your routine neither the Illinois Central nor any other railroad can make a good bid for your favor.

We have beside our automobile driveway a snowdrop that we feel sure is phenomenal for height. I wouldn't say this with such confidence if it were not for the fact that the plant was gazed at with amazement and admiration by two naturalists—Ivey F. Lewis, retired professor at the University of Virginia, and Walter Pritchard Eaton, retired critic of the drama in New York, retired professor of drama at Yale, and author of many books about outdoors—and both declared they had never seen the dainty little green-flecked white blossom called a snowdrop growing so far from the ground. Mr. Lewis, who writes about flowers in scientific language, and Mr. Eaton, who writes about them in the language of poetry and drama, are equally loony on the subject and, in view of their world-wide observations and stored-up knowledge of plant life, if you can surprise or impress either of them with any tree, shrub, or flower you are really doing something. From the way they bent over our snowdrop and peered at

## The Roundabout Papers

J. A. C. Dunn

EVEN IF LIFE ISN'T terribly profitable sometimes, after that grisly night last week I certainly can't say it isn't exciting—or at least varied, if not exactly blood-chilling.

Luckily I had had supper when it all took place. If I hadn't had any food inside me I don't know what would have happened. It's an ugly thing to speculate over. It all happened down at station WCHL. I buzzed down there after supper to do a little programming work, and Hank Cheney was there when I arrived, as well as a carpenter. The carpenter was hanging a new front door on the building. I started in to work. The carpenter left. So did Hank. I remember Hank's last words: "When you leave don't lock the door because it has a new lock on it and Ty Boyd doesn't have a key yet, and he has to open the station at 5:30 tomorrow morning."

"O. K. Don't lock the door." I finished my work, turned off the lights, left without locking the door, and drove home. No sooner had I arrived home than I suddenly remembered I had forgotten to turn the power off in the radio station. Of course the transmitter wasn't on because I hadn't been broadcasting, but the power for the turntables was on. I went back again to turn the power off. Can you imagine my horror when I found the door locked? I doubt it. Obviously, what I had done was walk out without trying the door, thinking the lock was unlocked, if you follow, when actually the lock was locked, and I had inadvertently locked the door. And Ty had to get in tomorrow morning before anybody was awake and he didn't have a key. And I didn't have a key. Who did?

I went back up the hill again and stopped in at the Graham Memorial to use the telephone. It didn't occur to me to use Brady's telephone, or Dr. Vine's. No. All the way up the hill, Telephone Hank. Didn't answer. Telephone Pokey Alexander. Not at home, won't be in until midnight. Telephone Sandy McClamroch. Not at home, said the baby sitter, and I just can't recall where he went to. I prompted the baby sitter's memory. Very important I get hold of Mr. McClamroch NOW. Oh, yes, now she remembered, and gave me the telephone number. Get hold of Sandy.

"Sandy," I said, "I pulled what we in the trade call a blooper." I explained. "I've got a key," said Sandy. "Just go by my house and get it. I'll call the baby sitter and tell her where to find it for you."

Much obliged. Go to Sandy's house way down on Stagecoach Road. Ring. Footsteps. Ring. Dog barks. Door opens. Baby sitter hands me key. Dog comes with it and prowls around doorstep.

After a few minutes the baby sitter and I between us persuaded the dog that where it really ought to be was INSIDE DAMMIT YOU HOUND. I departed for the radio station.

Arrived at WCHL, I tried a likely-looking key in the lock. It fitted, but it wouldn't turn. I tried the other key on the same loop. It fitted but it (Continued on Page 3)

it you might have thought they were bending over a mint julep or a gin fizz or one of Mrs. Eaton's rum cocktails or something else worth a normal man's attention. We measured the plant and found that, including the little flower, it stood 36½ inches high.

When I was looking up the record of William Horn Battle, founder of the University Law School, in connection with the gathering of his descendants here last week, I found an amusing anecdote about him in the History of the University written by his son, Kemp P. Battle.

He was in bad health in his early manhood, in the 1830's, and his doctor prescribed a remedy popular in those days—and for all I know it may be popular now; I don't see why not—a toddy before breakfast. One morning while dressing he called out:

"Old Woman," (a playful name he gave his wife), "I will not take another toddy." "Why?" she asked. "I think it is doing you good." "Well, I think so too," he said, "but I've found myself dressing fast in order to get to it. Don't make me another."

## I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

I've about run the whole gamut of people and things to confuse, because last week I did a little job of turning N. C. Memorial Hospital upside down.

In the first place, to get in I had to sign more papers than when I got a loan on the house.

To be sure that I was impressed with the entire procedure, the lady escorting me from the admissions office to my room walked me by an office, pointed and said, "Now that's the business office where you settle up before you leave."

I wasn't as concerned then about that as I was finding Room 603 West and learning what it looked like.

It was comfortably appointed with a bed higher off the deck than I, a bed lamp I couldn't reach to turn on and off, and a bedside table that moved out of range whenever I wanted something.

They just don't build hospitals for people like me anymore.

Whenever I placed a chair alongside the bed to enable me to crawl in and out, some furniture mover would come in and rearrange the room. So I had to stay abed.

Came time for me to don a gown, and the one brought in was for an average 45-year-old. Not for below-the-average me. "Whatcha gonna do?" I asked James Horton of Pittsboro, one of the orderlies, as he went out the door. When he returned, I learned he was a resourceful fellow. He had procured for me a lovely gown with colorful clowns, merry-go-rounds, performing lions, parading elephants and aerialists. It came from the pediatrics ward.

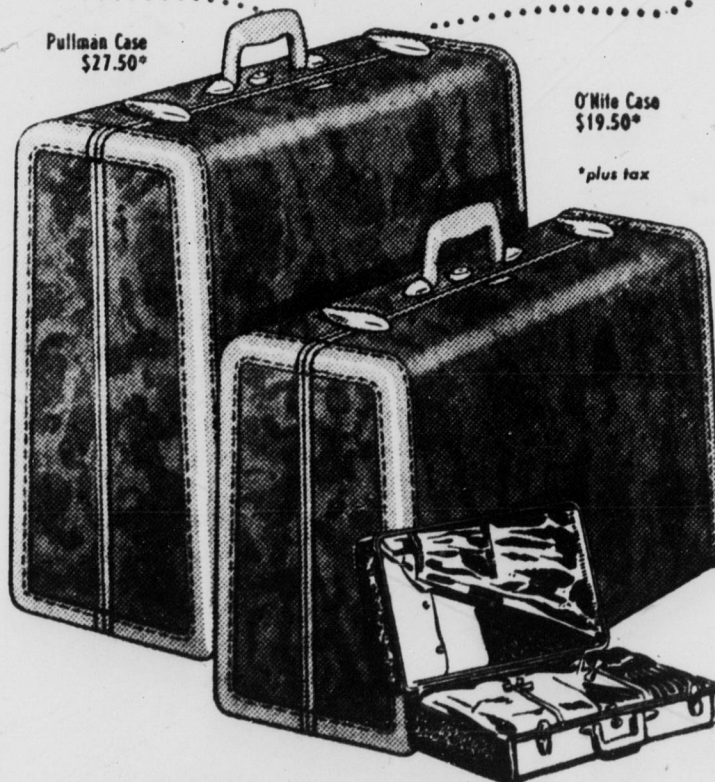
He didn't think a crib from the same ward would help my bedding-down affairs one whit.

He was as attentive as Cofield (no one on the floor knew his first name; he's from Durham), who brought me a paper the next morning, and Robert Pendergraft of Chapel Hill. When I didn't have any change to pay for the paper, Cofield happily said, "This is on me." I thanked him. And I also thanked Robert for helping me dress, collect my things and escorting me to the waiting car.

The only complaint I had was that no coffee was served until 8 a. m., and I'm usually an early riser. But when it was served, along came a half grapefruit, ham, scrambled eggs, toast, jelly and an extra pot of coffee. Good food, and I didn't hesitate to tell the Missus. "You pay me \$26 a day, and I'll give you all that food and service!" she exclaimed.

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