

# The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

126 E. Rosemary Telephone 9-1271 or 8461

Published Every Tuesday and Friday  
By The Chapel Hill Publishing Company, Inc.

LOUIS GRAVES Contributing Editor  
JOE JONES Managing Editor  
BILLY ARTHUR Associate Editor  
ORVILLE CAMPBELL General Manager  
O. T. WATKINS Advertising Director  
CHARLTON CAMPBELL Mechanical Supt.

Entered as second-class matter February 26, 1922, at the postoffice at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, under the act of March 3, 1879.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

|                                       |        |
|---------------------------------------|--------|
| In Orange County, Year                | \$4.00 |
| (6 months \$2.25; 3 months \$1.50)    |        |
| Outside of Orange County by the Year: |        |
| State of N. C., Va., and S. C.        | 4.50   |
| Other States and Dist. of Columbia    | 5.00   |
| Canada, Mexico, South America         | 7.00   |
| Europe                                | 7.50   |

## Destruction of Beautiful Tree at the Post Office and Abolition of 1-Way Traffic Would Be an Injury to the Town

One of the best decisions the board of aldermen ever made was the one, a few years ago, to establish one-way traffic on the block of Henderson Street from the post office down to Rosemary Street. This ended an extremely bad tangle at the post office corner. Since then, with regulation by a stop-light, there has been a smooth flow of cars down the block. The change has not only improved traffic; it has also greatly inconvenienced people using the post office.

Now the aldermen have under consideration widening the roadway of this block of Henderson Street and restoring two-way traffic.

If they go through with this proposal they will be doing the town a grievous injury. The widening would destroy one of the most beautiful trees in Chapel Hill, the one beside the steps leading down from the post office plaza. And to restore two-way traffic would be to increase an already large volume of traffic and to recreate the former congestion at the post office corner.

There has already been a deplorable destruction of trees along our streets. The aldermen, instead of destroying more, ought to be the very persons we can look upon as protectors of the trees we have left.

The plan for the widening of the Henderson Street block, involving the destruction of an exceptionally beautiful tree, did not come from the aldermen's own study. They took it from a report on Chapel Hill's street problems by Mr. Babcock of State College. It was one of his many recommendations. He is an experienced, competent traffic expert, and his report is thought by the people here who have read it, the aldermen and others, to have been a good one. But their approving the report as a whole, which they did, does not mean that the aldermen had to approve everything in it. As a matter of fact, they were not unanimous in approving this plan for Henderson Street. Some of them, having given it independent study, are against it. It will be fortunate indeed for the people of Chapel Hill if the opinion of these dissenters finally prevails. Let us all pray it will. —L. G.

### A Colossal Waste of Money

For the last two or three years Alexander Heard, professor of political science in the University, has been devoting intensive study to expenditures on political campaigns and his knowledge of the subject has won him recognition as the nation's leading expert on the subject. The Senate committee investigating campaign contributions, after having called him to testify several times, was so impressed by the thoroughness of his investigations and the clarity of his reports that it got the University to give him a part-time release for two months' work in Washington. So, he is now serving as consultant to the committee three days a week.

Papers throughout the country played up as important news his testimony on Monday of this week.

He estimated at 140 million dollars the campaign contributions in the presidential campaign of 1952 and said they would be much greater this year. Business and labor groups are pouring millions into the party chests. Though federal law prohibits direct contributions by corporations and unions, large amounts come indirectly from these sources. "Various techniques are used," Mr. Heard said, "such as buying blocks of tickets for campaign fund dinners, giving postage, and providing, free, office space and equipment, printing, and rides on airplanes."

Another devious way of making campaign contributions is to give sal-

ary bonuses with the understanding that part of them will be for individual campaign contributions.

It appears from the newspaper reports of Mr. Heard's testimony that his estimate of 140 millions was meant to apply to the campaigns for national offices only. There is no telling how many millions would be added if it were possible to get information about state, country, and municipal political expenditures.

After I have read the news article about Mr. Heard's testimony I have this thought: that there was never a more wasteful use of money than for political campaigns. Most of it could be saved, with no loss to anybody and with avoidance of untold bitterness and quarreling between fellow Americans.

Suppose the two parties would agree for a few speeches, say a dozen or so, by spokesmen for each one. Some of the speeches could be made in halls or stadiums, some by television. Everybody who wanted to could read them in the newspapers, and they could be printed in a pamphlet form for wide distribution. All the details of the presentation of appeals to the public, in person, in print, or by radio or television, would be arranged at conferences of party representatives. Of course there would be careful supervision of the conduct of the appeals so that neither party would have an unfair advantage over the other.

Under such a procedure every possible point that a candidate or other spokesman wanted to make could be presented to the public. Whoever does not have enough intelligence to understand a political debate conducted in this way, or enough interest in it to want to give it attention, has no business voting anyway. It would be good for the country if no such people would take part in elections.—L.G.

### Hard Work Always Produces Results

Certainly we're disappointed, but don't count us among the wolves and University alumni who are howling because of three defeats suffered by the University's football team.

Certainly we were pleased when Jim Tatum accepted the head coach's job, but never did we anticipate that a change in management and direction would produce capital gains the very first year of operation. In fact, our fondest hopes for the season were for three victories, and no pessimists are we. Surely we like to see the University win. But Mr. Tatum is no magician and he has no magicians on his staff.

However, he is an indefatigable worker, and so are his staff members and playing personnel. We doubt that any staff or team has worked harder than this of 1956. And mark our words, somebody's going to be surprised before the season is over.

Hard work always has paid off, and it always will.

### Giving Voters the Truth

By Sidney Swain Robins

Adlai Stevenson has had a good deal to say about taking the truth to people, and we certainly wish him Godspeed. But it is not as easy a business as we wish it were.

An odd bit of it comes to mind in connection with Marion Butler, Senator from North Carolina in the days of Republican-Populist Fusion. He was famous as a public speaker and once he gave the Commencement address at the Hill. Some people expected him to show his horns and let himself down hard, but instead he distinctly raised his reputation in Chapel Hill. Next day he was going over with Captain Smith on the short-line to old University Station, and a crowd of us gathered around and got him to telling political yarns.

One of them was about the time he was state chairman of the Fusion party and had a telegram from a county chairman up in the mountains saying: "It is rumored there is an Episcopalian on the state ticket. If true, we lose this county. Wire at once."

Senator Butler said as a matter of fact there were two Episcopalian and one Roman Catholic (which was doubtless worse) on the ticket. If memory fails me not, the Catholic was Judge W. S. O'Brien Robinson, of Goldsboro, an able man and a fine judge. Quizzically Senator Butler asked us what we would have done. I don't remember our contribution, but I do recall his finally saying: "Well, I telegraphed back, 'Denounce it as a campaign lie. Yours truly, Marion Butler.'"

Political opponents were always accusing Butler of "chicanery," and no doubt they would have used this as a wonderfully good instance. And one hopes that at least some of them would have met the issue in the downright truthful way. But it is occasion for thanking our stars that probably nobody's veracity would be tried so severely today in that particular way.

Automobile traffic up around Fontana Dam, Cherokee Village, and other points west, must have convinced mountain-cove people by now that Episcopalian and Catholics come in all sizes and varieties like other people.

But there are questions that, in this or that community or region, come at the campaigner with just as barbed a point and maybe sometimes just as much regrettable unreason. It is true that, newspaper and radio coverage being now so voluminous and quick, a politician is bound to realize that he gains, or saves, in one part of the country by slanting, dodging, or quibbling he is likely to lose in some other part. There may be some who try to balance their probable gains and losses. But of course the men of principle ignore all that sort of thing when faced with a question like Tidewater-Oil or Desegregation. And when a candidate has to talk every day, after a while it is easier to form an opinion about whether he is saying exactly what he thinks. Ghost-writers have been known to get in the way when not thoroughly trained, so that you

wonder which one has grabbed the line.

A real difficulty for truth is that you have to catch the ears of the voters and get them stirred up enough to come out of their holes. Slogan-makers say we have two jobs, and the first one and the one they are good at is to wake people up. What is the use telling the truth if the people are asleep or so near it that they hear only a confused hum? Does not the truth have to be pared down to a sharp point to give it penetration? Do you have a quick and short answer to that challenge?

Some say that in a campaign the necessary thing is "to give the other side hell" all up and down and over the map. One magazine writer says this is the one idea Nixon has lived and forged ahead by in the past. And Truman of course keeps talking it. It kind of reminds one, though, of football, with the people banked on the two sides of the field, cheering for Us and Victory; seldom for the game or the truth. But maybe football and politics have to be like war. That leaves us praying for peace but with no clear way of doing even that much for the truth.

## Book Reviews

By Robert Bartholomew

### THOMAS WOLFE, THE WEATHER OF HIS YOUTH

By Louis D. Rubin Jr. Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge, La. 184 pp. \$3.50.

There seems to be no middle ground insofar as Thomas Wolfe is concerned. You either like his stuff or you don't.

Like Wolfe, the author of this work is from the South, being a native of Charleston. He was educated at the College of Charleston, the University of Richmond, and Johns Hopkins University. At the present time, he is assistant professor of American civilization at the University of Pennsylvania.

Mr. Rubin, in a critical appraisal, presents a new study of Wolfe and his works. The author looks at the novels themselves and reads them as the works of fiction as they were intended to be. He steers a careful path between the "cultists" and those who with equal lack of discrimination dismiss Wolfe as another windy novelist.

Speaking of the "cultists," who remembers the group around Chapel Hill who called themselves the "Wolvemans"? Wouldn't be caught dead without a copy of "Look Homeward, Angel" under their arms and tried to match the appetite of Wolfe himself when they sat down to a table of food?

Mr. Rubin brings out that Wolfe had a tremendous preoccupation with change which was "marked by an acute consciousness of time. He explains that Wolfe's method of creativity arises directly out of his preoccupation with change, and that like the poet Wordsworth, Wolfe consciously used his memories of childhood as the source of his best work.

Thomas Wolfe has been dead 18 years, not a long time, but time enough for an author to lose his reputation and appeal. But this has not happened to Wolfe. His books are still in print and in so many editions that you can purchase one for nearly any price you choose to pay. They have been translated into numerous languages.

Many think that Wolfe's writings have been kept alive by scholars such as Mr. Rubin. We doubt this. They have been kept alive by people who loved the works of Thomas Wolfe.

If you are of these, you will enjoy "Thomas Wolfe: The Weather of His Youth." An excellent study, well written and worthy of your library shelf.

### BITTERSWEET POEMS

By Heinrich Heine. Translated by Joseph Auslander. Peter Pauper Press, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. 60 pp. \$1.00.

One of the better dollar buys of the day is the gift editions now being put out by Peter Pauper Press. These are small hardback books with attractive jackets.

This edition is the better and romantic works of Heine translated by Joseph Auslander. If you are unfamiliar with the author, this book will be a treat to you. If you do know German, you will find a translation worthy of the original poetry.

### FRENCH WIT AND WISDOM

Peter Pauper Press, Mt. Vernon, N. Y. 61 pp. \$1.00.

This is a new edition of a charming collection of Gallic wit. The text and cover are well illustrated with drawings by Fritz Kredel.

Included are the sayings of Rouchefoucauld, Balzac, Chamfort, Joubert, Voltaire, Sand, de Stael, de Valois and Stendhal.

of clever men; sometimes even makes clever men of fools." Rouchefoucauld.

"It is easier to be a lover than a husband, for the same reason that it is more difficult to be witty every day, than just now and then." Balzac.

"We have three kinds of friends: those who love us, those who are indifferent to us, and those who hate us." Chamfort.

"Remorse is the punishment of crime, repentance is expiation. The first signifies a troubled conscience, the second a soul changed for the better." Joubert.

### Memories of the Babe

Al Resch in Chatham News.

It was a hot summer night in New York and the Yankee manager had announced that there would be a special added attraction at the Yankee Stadium. I suppose that attendance was off despite the fact that the Yanks were several games in front. Maybe that was it. Then and now the Yankees have a habit of making a shambles of the American League race. It really makes no difference. A worn-out bum can put on a Yankee uniform and become a star. But that's another story.

The added attraction was Babe Didrickson, the famous woman athlete who died last week after a valiant fight against cancer.

It was too hot to go to the theatre. Although I never have liked night baseball I went to the Yankee Stadium.

About half an hour before game time the announcer introduced the Babe. She came out on the playing field carrying a huge bag of golf clubs. In center field an area had been marked off and a flag stuck in the center thereof. Babe stood at home plate. With effortless grace she hit forty or fifty golf balls in the direction of the flag in center field.

At first there was only a slight ripple of applause as a ball or two landed within the circle. But soon the applause changed to a deep-throated roar as it became evident that the young lady with the golf club in her hand was a brilliant artist. She kept pitching balls at the stick and seldom did one go short or beyond the marked-off circle that could not have been more than ten feet in diameter. The mark of the great athlete was upon her. Everything she did looked so easy.

When she had finished hitting golf balls she strode to the plate and took a few cuts at a baseball thrown by the Yankee warmup pitcher. And she banged them with that effortless grace.

But that wasn't all. She took her place on the pitcher's mound and threw the ball at the great Joe DiMaggio. Just for the gag the great Yankee centerfielder whiffed the air. I suppose he could have hit the balls thrown up there. The Babe, however, wasn't throwing any easy lobs. She was throwing a fast ball that made the catcher's mitt pop like a rifle shot.

Then she went to shortstop where she waved Phil Rizzuto to the sidelines. A Yankee batting coach hit ground balls and the Babe "ate 'em up" just like a regular shortstop. She had a pretty good throwing arm toward bases.

A few minutes of this and then the final gag. She went far to the left for a ground ball, came up with it and fired it to first base at about the same time that the hobbler skirt she was wearing split right up the side. The crowd loved it as she "hammed" for the security of a box seat. It

## From Our Files

HISTORY (For Oct. 12)

### 5 Years Ago

A son was born this week to Mr. and Mrs. Bob Cox. They now have two children, both boys.

Dr. O. David Garvin was elected President of the Chapel Hill Kiwanis Club, Tuesday evening at a business session of the club.

### 10 Years Ago

"When we first began to sell horse meat about six months ago," said an owner of a local food store yesterday, "people got it for their pets, mostly dogs. But about a month ago they began eating it themselves. Our customers tell us they like it pretty well. They say it is really good for hamburgers and hash."

### 15 Years Ago

The University's enrollment is now 4,108, which is ten more than were enrolled at this time last year. This is a new record.

Watts Poe is seeded No. 1 and Bobby Wettsack No. 2 in the high school tennis tournament sponsored by the Recreation Commission.

was never learned whether the skirt was one of those "break-away" jobs or whether it had indeed been split. But it made no difference. The Babe had put on a tremendous exhibition of showmanship and artistry and there were few in the thousands at the ball park that night who didn't come to their feet to give the lithe Texan a salute that could have been heard all the way to Beaumont, her home town.

The game itself was an anticlimax. I feel certain that the crowd would have willingly called it a night without a game being played.

The artistry of the fine athlete is always a joy to behold and on that hot summer night in New York Babe Didrickson showed base New York the greatness that marked her every effort to excel in various sports.

No wonder, then that the sports world will miss the Babe ... just as it has missed another Babe—Babe Ruth, also victim of cancer at an age too young to be taken away.

### Time for Bullaces

(Goldsboro News-Argus)

The word came sweetly to my ears which had not been lulled by the sound since boyhood in Sweet Union County.

"I must go to Kenly," said George Johnson, "for it is about time for the bullaces to get ripe."

There was nostalgia in his voice, and it aroused in me waves of the same feeling.

I had thought that "bullace" was a localism peculiar to the red hills of Union.

"Do you call wild grapes bullaces?" I asked.

"My grandfather called them bullaces," he replied. "There was a great and outstretched vine of them in the hog pasture on his farm."

The bullace is indeed a wild grape of strength and character. It lacks the extra sweet flavor of the much improved varieties of today. Never have I found a grape of such firm texture and commanding sparkle.

We roamed Sweet Union's hills and dales at this time of the year in search of the bullace. Best place to find them was off the old Concord road. Along a gently curling little branch, tall trees grew; and in the tops of these trees the bullace vines had twined and curled. One sought the ripe bullace,

## I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

One of the hospital nurses served martinis at a party last week. A guest didn't like his and prepared to mix his own. "Where's the vermouth?" he asked. "Vermouth?" the nurse repeated the question. "Never heard of that."

Then, what did she mix them with?  
The answer: One part vodka and two parts gin.

A standard gag about town in recent days, has related to men purchasing themselves some hair clippers now that haircuts have been upped in price.

Well, girls, go get yourselves some curlers and clippers, too, because the beauty parlors have also upped their fees for shearing and shaping.

As the Weekly came off the press last Monday, I read the story about the mix-up on the WCHL broadcast that put a hellfire and damnation preacher on the air when folks were listening for the Rev. A. Ramsey King Jr.

Then, I remarked; "That reminds me of some of my newspapering."

No more prophetic words were ever spoken.

After the paper was printed, we discovered I had written a lovely page one and displayed story about the Chapel Hill Concert Series opening Tuesday night. I was wrong by a full 24-hour day.

So, while Don Larsen was hurling a no-hit game, I was tossing up a home-run ball.

The high cost of living has gone up in our neighborhood. First, the Eugene Hargroves got a new car. Then Mr. and Mrs. George Doaks got a son-in-law, and the C. D. Van Cleaves came home with a brand-new automobile.

So the Arthurs had to get themselves something new, too.

A car, too.

In one swoop, I traded my old car, checking account, savings account, and what wages I hoped to make in a year for a new car.

It must have been immediately evident that we were broke, because the Missus drove the car up to the grocery store and vegetable man Luke Lee called her over and said

"Mrs. Arthur, cabbage is only five cents a pound today."

## Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

seats. How Mr. Hudson did hate to miss Saturday's game in the Yankee stadium! Somebody had given him a box-seat but he couldn't use it because he had an important engagement in North Carolina. He went to Philadelphia by train; saw the Washington Redskins and the Philadelphia Eagles play a football game in the driving rain Saturday night; had a good sleep at a hotel; went to the airport Sunday and picked up his plane; and flew back home.

Messrs. Cobb and McClamroch saw Saturday's, Sunday's, and Monday's games in the stadium (embracing Enos Slaughter's spectacular home run and Larsen's no-hitter); boarded a Capital Lines Viscount at Laguardia airport at 3:45 p.m.; and were at home in Chapel Hill for dinner.

Football games today awaken memories or similarities or contrasts in football games of long ago. So it was that State's recent victory over Carolina took my thoughts back more than half a century. There are two present-day Chapel Hillians, Dr. William P. Jacocks and myself, who, having been participants, can enjoy gossiping about the ancient encounters of the two teams.

In those days State usually lost to Carolina. Usually, but not always; now and then it sprang a big surprise on us. In 1899, after we won one game, 34-0, the second was a tie. In 1901 we won two games, 39-0 and 30-0, and so in 1902 we went down to Raleigh feeling cocky. We were sure we would win by at least four touchdowns. The score was 0-0, and we came close to losing.

One of the State's star players that year was a Chapel Hill boy, Foy Roberson. Another was O. Max Gardner. Both of them came to the University late. Roberson was in the backfield and was captain of Carolina's victorious 1905 team, and Gardner was a tackle. Roberson became a celebrated and beloved surgeon. Gardner became Governor of the State.

and the wind gently swayed the tall tree and the hills bowed and retreated and bowed and retreated.

A well remembered term of boyhood has power to call a nostalgia.

And the word bullace rolls sweetly under the tongue, and time rolls back and the tall trees sway and the wind whispers a far away song.

### Consorter With Beavers

(Southern Pines Pilot)

We hear that Glen Rounds, consorter with beavers and distinguished portraitist of same (also of groundhogs, spiders, fireflies, hound dogs, and humans) has moved his residence from Pinebluff to this benighted burg and gone to ground in the Knollwood Apartments. Question: Is Glen going respectable on us or is Southern Pines' most attrac-

tive housing development starting to slip? Either way, it's bad.

A local store has a Jimmie John jug for sale—five-gallon size in a wooden crate. In case you're wondering, that's apparently another name for a demijohn. Demijohns were in great demand in the old days to put whiskey in. But the bootleggers preferred one-gallon sizes to larger ones. Now a plain old half-gallon fruit jar suffices, and the art of crooking a finger around the neck of a gallon demijohn of cider or corn, squeezing to turn it toward the mouth, is probably gone forever.—Hubert Breeze in the Richmond County Journal.

How can we brag about American prosperity when thousands of families are without 1956 Cadillacs?—From "Keller's Kwicksies,"

HOME OF CHOICE CHARCOAL BROILED HICKORY SMOKED STEAKS—FLAMING SHISKEBAB—BUFFET EVERY SUNDAY