

# The Chapel Hill Weekly

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**The Culmination of a Career**  
 Archibald Henderson determined to be a mathematician when he was still an undergraduate here in the University. His first scholastic distinction was the winning of a mathematics prize. He took his Ph. D. degree in mathematics. He started as an instructor and rose through all the ranks, and he had served fifty years and was head of the mathematics department when he retired in 1948 at the age of 71.

But for all that most people know about his career it has not been in mathematics. That is for the simple reason that only an infinitesimal fraction of the population can understand his mathematical treatises such as "The Twenty-Seven Lines upon the Cubic Surface," while anybody can understand the writings in other fields that he has turned out in tremendous volume.

There is a story about Queen Victoria that can pardonably be retold here because it is so old that most of my readers have never heard it and those who have heard it are sure not to mind hearing it again. This is it: The Queen, having been charmed with "Alice in Wonderland," commanded that the author, Lewis Carroll, be presented to her. In the course of their talk she asked that he send her a copy of his next book. If she had ever been informed that he was a professor of mathematics she had forgotten it, and naturally she expected something with the same flavor as "Alice." The book delivered to her soon afterward was "A Theory of Determinants." It was all mathematical and so, of course, when she opened it and saw the pages of mystical symbols

**A Sonnet Inspired by a Skyscraper**  
 Dear Louis Graves:  
 The Hortense Flexner poem on the United Nations Building reminded me of a similar—and not so good—one I wrote in the early 1930's, when the Chrysler Building was going up.  
 From my New York office window day by day I saw the steel framework rise. The Empire State Building was being put up at the same time, and there was more than cursory interest in how the two buildings would be topped. The architect's solution of the Chrysler problem intrigued me, and I worked out the inclosed sonnet. Having written it, and with pleasure in the exactness of composition called for by the form, I filed it carefully away; after some twenty-five years I have now dug it out.  
 It may interest you as another example of how skyscrapers may have unexpected by-products.

Yours sincerely  
 Robert M. Lester  
 To the Architect of the Chrysler Building  
 Beyond your task to build a place for man  
 To do his daily work, much you have wrought;  
 A peak on tapering domes, how clear a plan  
 Of aim and state of struggling human thought!  
 On him below who treads the clanging ways  
 And sees blue sky upon your spire impaled  
 You wield a goad: he wills to live his days  
 Above the walls by fate and chance entailed.  
 Bold hopes then rise upon an earthy base,  
 Their plan, straight paths by which to reach what's hid,  
 But frenzied life and nature's charming face  
 Deflect the lines: an arch, no pyramid.  
 No building, this, where men may fortunes find,  
 But, drawn in steel, a chart for human mind.

she was utterly bewildered. Nowhere to be seen was a line of that Queen's English she had been given to understand adorned all the books in the Queen's realm!  
 Substitute the reading public for Queen Victoria in the story, and books and articles about George Bernard Shaw for "Alice in Wonderland," and you have in Archibald Henderson a figure parallel to Lewis Carroll as a winner of far greater fame in a pursuit adopted as an afterthought than came to him in his original profession. Thus it is proper to call the appearance of "George Bernard Shaw: Man of the Century" the culmination of Archibald Henderson's career.

The book contains 969 pages of type, including Preface and Index, and about 100 pages of pictures. There are 10 chapters: "A Hazard of New Fortunes," about Shaw's ancestry, his birth in Ireland, his childhood and schooling, and his move to London . . . "Cultural Explorations," about his writing of novels, his entrance into politics, and his music criticism . . . "Fabianism and the Social Upheaval," about the influence of the American, Henry George, upon him, his writing socialistic essays, delivering street corner orations, his acquaintance with H. G. Wells, and his "search for Utopia" . . . "Shaw and the Webbs," about his correspondence and association with Sidney and Beatrice Webb . . . "The Dramatist to the Fore," about his drama criticism, the impact of Ibsenism upon him, the beginning of his writing of plays, and his difficulties with censorship . . . "Early Successes," about the production of "The Devil's Disciple," "Candida," "Arms and the Man," and "You Never Can Tell" . . . "The Dramas," about his collaboration with William Archer, his "dramas of man's ascent," his new interest in the social struggle, his comments on dictators and billionaires . . . "Shaw's Way with a Play," about him as actor, director, and producer, his mastery of stagecraft, his remarks about Shakespeare, and the influence upon him of Bunyan, Dickens, and Moliere . . . "Model for a Superman," about various of his qualities, his temperament and personality, his friendships, and his "faiths, fads, and vagaries" . . . "The End of the Beginning."

(Many of the topics are not named here. There are 65 sub-headings.)  
 I haven't had time yet to read much of the book but I have read enough passages to know that I am going to be intensely interested in it from start to finish, and I predict the same keen satisfaction for everybody who reads it. Of course it will have its special appeals for specialists, but I am thinking about its appeal to the general reader, to the man or woman who wants a complete biography of one of the greatest figures in all literature, written in a lively style, with an abundance of well selected anecdotes, and rich in letters and statements from Shaw and his friends about all manner of subjects.

Friends of Henderson's everywhere will be peculiarly interested in his Preface because it is there that he tells of personal associations with Shaw from the time he wrote his first letter to him in 1904 till shortly before his death in 1950. One of the most entertaining passages in the book is Shaw's reply, reproduced almost in full, to that first letter.

Then came postcards at long intervals. The one written in January 1955 said:

"I had hoped to send you a letter by this post, but it is not yet finished; I have only arrived at the 41st page, so when it comes it will keep you busy for some time. If this business is to come off, we may as well do it thoroughly. Have you a spare photograph of yourself? I should like very much to see you. Failing that, your picture would be a help."

It was in response to this invitation that "the young would-be biographer" (as he called himself) sent his photograph to Shaw and later went to London to have a series of interviews with him.

A year before the trip to London he received this reply from Shaw to a letter with which he had sent the drafts of several chapters of the coming biography:

"I received your manuscript just as I was starting for Paris to sit to Rodin. So I sent it to the typist's to be copied and have since kept the two copies in different houses, to reduce the risk of loss by fire, etc. I shall presently send you back the original, but I shall work

## Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)  
 could well be described in some such phrase as you see in crime stories; for example, House of Mystery. Not that it is dark and dilapidated and scowling like Charles Addams's famous dwelling in the New Yorker. Its style of architecture is cheerful and it is kept in good condition. But there is always something of a sinister flavor about a deserted house.  
 I have just learned from a University official that this era is soon coming to an end. Whatever repairs and renovations are needed are about to begin, and President Friday and his family are expected to move in by Christmas or soon after.

Roulhac Hamilton and I used to meet in the post office lobby a few minutes before midnight when we went to get our mail. Now we meet two hours earlier because the U. S. Government has ordered the lobby closed at 10 o'clock. Three or four nights ago, after he had slammed his lockbox shut, he said: "I don't know why I keep on coming here—I don't get any mail." With him as with me, maybe it's the same old story: hope springs eternal in the human breast. Who knows but that anybody will find a letter from a lawyer in Texas informing him that a cousin he never heard of before has bequeathed him a flock of oil wells? Or something else equally miraculous?

But not more likely, continuing to go to the post office at night is just a matter of habit, like getting up in the morning or going to work or eating dinner or doing anything else according to schedule.

It used to be that a large part of the population of the village came to the post office at mail time to enjoy a social gathering. Nowadays the lockbox holders straggle in at any old time. I hope Roulhac Hamilton won't stop coming at night; I enjoy having his company though it's only for a few minutes. He says the lobby-closing hour doesn't mean any inconvenience to him, and it doesn't to me, either. I wonder if it does to the other two men who used to come to the post office at night, Benjamin Swalin and Edgar R. Rankin? I don't see them there as often as I did when the lobby closed at midnight.

## Come into My Garden

By Mrs. L. L. Huffman

It is becoming very popular to grow a vegetable plot even on the smallest city lot. Why do we want to grow vegetables? In the first place, they have a better flavor when picked fresh from the garden. They lose no vitamins, and they save the cost of buying something fresh for the table.

From fresh vegetables we get thiamin, riboflavin, calcium, and iron, all of which we need to make "brain and brawn." A very small patch of mixed greens will give us good eating throughout the winter. Leafy greens are especially well supplied with iron content when picked fresh from the garden.

Cabbage and collard plants can be set now, in soil well supplied with organic matter, such as barnyard manure and leafmold. Onion sets can go in the ground. Sugar peas are hardy and can be planted now and will produce much earlier next spring.  
 Prepare soil in rows by mixing leafmold and rotted barnyard manure with it, rake smoothly on top, and plant beet and carrot seeds. They demand very light, loose and rich soil—rich in organic matter, and when you grow them like this you will be delighted with their crisp freshness.

Make a special well prepared bed and sow a mixture of kale, mustard, rape, spinach, turnip, tender green and lettuce seeds. In a few weeks you can have a delicious tossed salad, and "greens" for cooking. If you have never grown vegetables, just try this once and you will be amazed at your success!

Set a row of strawberry plants even though you have to edge a flower bed with them. That is just what I did last year and we picked a few berries every day last summer. Dig into the soil some old well rotted manure or leafmold. Mulch around plants and not over them with pine straw (needles) or buckwheat hulls.

Plant some dwarf fruit trees at intervals around the back lot. They pay big dividends in shade, beauty and fruit. A Christmas Seal Sale now being staged under his chairmanship.

Through the help of these little penny-apiece seals, tremendous blows have been delivered against tuberculosis. These are not enough. One out of every three persons still carries tubercular bacilli, and the trend is that more people over 40 are being affected by the disease.

So don't feel you're on another sucker list when you receive your Christmas seals in the mail. Because, at the last mark-up, you yourself might be a sucker. A sucker on TB's list.

**It's Up to the Courts**  
 (Asheville Citizen)

It is pretty generally agreed that the answer to the highway speeding menace—be it drag racing or otherwise—lies with the courts and it is equally true that the great majority of our judges have failed to furnish the answer.  
 Refreshing and hopeful, then, is the attitude shown and action taken last week by Superior Court Judge J. Frank Huskins when he sentenced a fifth offender to six months on the road for speeding at more than 100 miles per hour.

"Jail or the roads," is the motto of the judge who belittled the idea of setting up legalized drag strips.  
 Said Judge Huskins: "That's just like providing a practice murder place that would cut down on murders by letting them get it out of their systems."  
 The only thing that will curb the evil, Judge Huskins said, is "for juries to have the intestinal fortitude to convict them (the drivers) and the courts to put them on the roads."

## Book Reviews

By Robert Bartholomew

THE MAN WHO LIVED TWICE: THE BIOGRAPHY OF EDWARD SHEDDON. By Eric Wollenott Barnes, Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 367 pp. \$5.00

An excellent introductory chapter to this work has been written by Anne Morrow Lindbergh, which previously appeared in *The Reader's Digest*. Edward Sheldon enchanted thousands with his plays all over the world. "Salvation Nell," "The High Road" and "Romance" were dramatic masterpieces. However, his greatest triumph was over his illness.

Paralyzed, bedridden and blind for over 20 years, he was a leader of the New York intellectual world. From 1910 until his death in 1946 he was a living legend in the theater.

Ned, as he was affectionately called, afforded all who knew him a revelation of the potentialities of the human spirit. His bedside became the focal point in a widespread network of human lives. There he dispensed skilled professional advice to playwrights and players, poets and novelists, comfort to human beings in sorrow and trouble and fresh courage to everyone who came within the orbit of his personality.

To that bedside were drawn many of the great of our time from all walks of life in many lands. There also came friends less noted, men and women, old and young, for mere celebrity was never a passport to Ned's heart.

The life of Edward Sheldon leaves you with a warm feeling inside and a realization that your own troubles are minor ones.

RUSSIA WITHOUT STALIN: THE EMERGING PATTERN. By Edward Crankshaw. The Viking Press, Inc. New York, 264 pp. \$3.75.

The author is no new student of Russia affairs. In 1941 he wrote "Russian and the Russians" followed by "Cracks in the Kremlin Wall" in 1951.

In the current work he makes a survey of agricultural failures and industrial successes, juvenile delinquency, the state of the church, the personalities of the men in power and numerous other aspects of Russia today.

The most interesting and informative parts of the book concerns the youth of Russia now that Stalin has been discredited. For the young brought up to believe all their lives in Stalin as the great, the infallible teacher and leader,

friend of mine has an apricot tree at the edge of her back lawn. It is 20 years old, has never been sprayed or fed, and it produces abundant fruit every year. She has plenty to eat fresh from the tree, to can, to preserve, and to give away. Another friend with a small garden has canned 75 quarts of apples from her one tree.

## I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Whenever I see no one around the Bank of Chapel Hill's drive-up teller window, I sneak up in front of the thing and yell into the microphone.

It is sensitive enough to pick up normal voices from a car and carry them inside to Paul Lytle. Therefore, when I yell, the sound just about knocks him out of the place.

Therefore, when I saw no one around Monday morning, I crept alongside the building and hollered. No response. So I gave out with an even louder call. Still no response. Therefore, I took a deep breath and really screamed.

At that very moment it dawned on me that no one was in the receiving station, because Monday was a bank holiday.

Disgusted, I turned and started away and then saw the Town of Chapel Hill garbage truck boys looking straight at me as if thinking to themselves: What's the matter with that fellow? Is he nuts? Had we better call a psychiatrist to get an explanation why some squatty individual would be yelling into an unoccupied building from an empty parking lot?  
 I didn't run away, but I felt like it.

Bill Thompson observes that this is a big month for the banks—three holidays: Election Day, Veterans Day, and Thanksgiving.

Bill Hobbs saw a lone brant circling over Clark's Service Station Monday morning, and became fascinated with its circling and circling.

Suddenly he saw it strike one of the power lines and fall to the earth. Bill rushed to it, discovered its neck had been broken in the collision.

So, Sir William, who's fond of wild game, took the bird home, dressed it and plans to have it for dinner soon.

"I can't explain what it was doing out there," he says, "unless it was about to stop at the filling station and ask for a road map."

Mrs. Louise Lamont found this ad in the current issue of the N. C. Agricultural Review:

"WILL TRADE: Used lavatory and commode, with all fittings, good condition; for beef type cow or top bird dog. J. Forest Lane, Mt. Vernon Springs. Phone 3333. (Chatham)"

Bob Bartholomew owns the only automobile in which the anti-freeze represents six per cent of the cost of the auto. The car cost him \$100, and it cost \$6 to have it filled with anti-freeze.

Look at a three-cent stamp. Its usefulness depends on sticking to one thing till it gets there.

People who have 10 minutes to spare go bother those who don't

the shock must have been profound and at the same time complex in its effect. The entire effect of this major change has not had time to show fully, the author believes.

The book is well illustrated with political cartoons from the Russian press and carries many news stories from the press of the Russian newspapers. Don't think the Russians are below having a bit of good natured fun at the expense of their government, some of the political cartoons reproduced here would do credit to Herblock.  
 Highly recommended.

GEORGIA'S LAND OF THE GOLDEN ISLES. By Burnette Vanstony. The University of Georgia Press, Athens, Ga. 202 pp. \$3.75.

The mainland of Georgia is separated from the Atlantic Ocean by a chain of barrier islands. These islands, scattered along nearly 150 miles of coastline, are known as the Golden Isles. Of these, Osa-baw, St. Catherine's, Sapelo, St. Simons, Sea Island, Jekyll and Cumberland are the best known.

This story begins with Osa-baw and ends with Cumberland, taking into account the towns of Darien, Midway, Old Sanbury, Brunswick and St. Mary's together with the coastal plantations. The author traces the historical and economic developments and describes in graphic detail the life of the people.  
 Mrs. Vanstony has traced the history of the islands in lively text and pictures from the early times, through the plantation era and to the present day.

**Blue Monday**  
 (Goldsboro News-Argus)

A pharmacist friend tells us that Monday is always blue Monday at the drug store.  
 On that day the prescriptions flood in at a rate sometimes twice that of any other day in the week. The ailing ones send in their old prescrip-

tions to be filled again. Along with them comes a flood of new prescriptions from folks who have spent mornings or afternoons at their doctor's.  
 Explanation for Monday being blue Monday at the drug store lies in the Sunday break from the workaday world. Give many of us 24 or 48 hours with no routine, no task, no responsibility, and we turn in upon ourselves. The suspicion of a palpitating heart we wouldn't notice if we were at work grows into a certain conviction. Not only is the idle brain the Devil's workshop, it is the place where groundless fears are bred.

## Traffic Suggestion

The following comments about the traffic lights at the Post Office corner are from a reader who identifies himself as a motorist who drives through that intersection an average of once a day and a pedestrian who crosses Franklin Street at the Post Office once or twice a day:  
 "I find it difficult to understand the town's policy of arbitrarily changing the light at this intersection to a yellow blinker during daylight or early evening hours. For example, Sunday morning when the church traffic is very heavy in both directions, it is quite difficult for a pedestrian to cross over from the campus. The same thing is true even on University holidays and during vacation periods.  
 "Since our motorists are about the most inconsiderate I have ever seen (not excluding myself), it is very hard for a pedestrian to cross when he is totally dependent on the good will (and law abiding instincts) of drivers. Likewise, this situation puts a burden on the driver's conscience that can easily be removed by keeping the lights working the way they're supposed to—at least until the late hour when the other lights are changed to yellow blinkers."

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