The Chapel Hill Weekly

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Telephone 9-1271 or 6461 126 E. Rosemary

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

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The Proposal That the Democrats Have A Celebration of Their Victory

A dispatch from Washington brings the news of an interesting suggestion by Senator Humphrey of Minnesota. He has written a letter to all members of the executive committee of the Democratic National Committee proposing that the Democrats have a great Victory Ball at the opening of Congress soon after the end of the year.

As I see it, the obvious comment upon that is: "Why not?"

For, the Democrats won an important victory in the recent election when they cinched their control of Congress, keeping their 49-to-47 margin in the Senate (which, though small, is just as good as a 10 or 20 margin would be as authority for them to take charge of organizing that body) and increasing their margin in the House of Representatives from 30 to 34.

A good deal of attention has been given to the fact that while the Republicans won the Presidency the Democrats won Congress, but even so I doubt if the Democratic victory has received the emphasis it deserves.

Specially when you think of it in connection with the future. This year is the first in more than a hundred years when Congress was won by one party and the Presidency was won by the other. There is little doubt that in the mid-term elections two years hence, with the Republican candidates having no Eisenhower coattails to hang on to, the Democrats will get a still larger lead in Congress. And what a big advantage they will have in the next election on a national scale, that of 1960! The Republicans haven't a chance of having then a candidate for President with anywhere near the popularity of Eisenhower. That is to say, they will be without the sole asset they had for winning the Presidency this

Nixon is talked about as the most likely Republican candidate in 1960, and I doubt if there is a political observer in the country of any standing who, if asked his opinion, wouldn't say that the Democrats could wipe up the floor with Nixon. I have, myself, never sympathized with the abuse that the Democratic spokesmen have poured on him, and believe he may come into much better favor with the public than he is now, but I do not foresee his becoming the really popular candidate that the Republicans are going to need.

All in all, the Democrats have good right to declare they won a victory in the election. It wasn't as spectacular as the victory won by the Republicans, and may not be so important—though that they be doubted in view of its bearing on the future and in view of the powerful position the majority in Congress will hold with respect to legislation and also with respect to the determination of foreign policy—it cannot be disputed that it was indeed a victory.

The proposal for a Democrats' Victory Ball was inspired by the Republicans' announcement of the inaugural ball on January 21 and other festivities in celebration of the winning of the Presidency.

"Instead of letting the Republicans seize all the limelight with inauguration festivities in January" says Senator Humphrey, "why can't we Democrats have a big celebration of winning control of Congress, welcoming new and re-elected Senators and Congressmen and honoring newly-elected Democratic governors?

"We Democrats must look ahead, instead of looking back, to be true to our party's spirit and philosophy. We won a vote of confidence from the American people Nov. 6, even though losing the Presidency. Let's not let that fact be overlooked."-L. G.

Democracy as Applied to Education

I have never read an article that excels for good sense the one by Virginia C. Gildersleeve, entitled "The Abuse of Democracy," in this week's Saturday Review. Miss Gildersleeve was dean of Barnard College from 1911 to 1947 and rose to the highest eminence as an educator. She writes now about the application of the democratic device of the majority vote to questions of educational policy and practice.

It is not possible to reproduce here more than a part of the article. The following passages give a good idea of her

"Education in our country has been harmed as well as helped by the word 'democracy'. That chameleon-like word, which means so many different things to so many different people (witness the interpretations the Russians put upon it!) arouses emotions everywhere. We Americans would lay down our lives for the meaning which we devoutly believe in and value. We ought to lay down, if not our lives, at least a good barrage against the twisted meaning and misuse of it that threatens to wreck the quality of our education.

"'Democracy' is fundamentally a political term, applying to political units or groups of human beings. We follow democratic principles, I hope, in the government of our nation, our state, our city, and the little village in which I live. But when we begin to apply 'democracy' in the fields of education or scholarship grave perils descend upon

"One of these perils is the fetish of the majority vote. In operating any political government we have to depend upon a vote to determine what policies are to be adopted, what persons elected to represent us and carry out those policies. The majority, under limitations imposed by the Constitution and the courts, must determine these things. It is a convenient way of settling political action. We have not been able to find a better one.

"The peril is that this useful device for settling political matters comes to be regarded by people at large with a kind of superstitious reverence, as if a majority vote could settle the truth of a theory or proposition, in the field of scholarship or education. A few moments' serious thought will convince anyone that even the most august convention, the wisest meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association, or of the American Legion, even of the Senate of the United States, cannot by majority vote determine the truth or the falsity of, let us say, the latest Einstein theory. That has to be decided in the long run by the innumerable tests of time and experiment. Even for questions far less abstruse and complex than the Einstein theory truth or falsity must be weighed and determined by the politically indifferent scales of time.

"To a lesser degree this is true not only of the scholar's search for truth but also of matters of educational polaris Yet we have to settle a good many questions in schools and colleges and universities, important questions of educational policy such as the requirements of the curriculum, by a majority vote of the faculty under the safeguards of parliamentary law. Yet we should never forget that this cannot possibly establish their verity or wisdom; the decisions should always be open to later reconsideration and further discussion.

In the fields of scholarship and education it is also important to remember that popular opinion polls or the majority votes of school boards, trustees, or legislative bodies cannot determine the ultimate value of the research project or the educational method or aim. Even Research Councils, though they have to decide what projects to aid, cannot really determine this.

"I was immensely impressed in my youth by that remarkable book 'The Life of Louis Pasteur,' by Valery-Radot. The early portion tells how the young Pasteur spent the first years of his scientific research studying racemic acid, the peculiarities of the left-handed and right-handed crystals of racemic acid. Nothing could seem more foolish to the average citizen than to have a promising young man waste his time in this obscure and apparently useless research. And yet, apart from adding to man's total knowledge of truth, Pasteur's researches in the long run were to have stupendous practical value, saving the lives of thousands of human beings and billions of francs for the silk industry

A liberal is a man who is willing to spend somebody else's money.—Carter Glass.

of France."-L. G.

CHAPEL HILL CHAFF

(Continued from page 1)

per, which was standing on its handle, described a line pointing downward through the North Star to eight on an imaginary clock dial in the heavens. The lights "played in an area below and between the two "dippers" (ursa major and ursa minor). In measuring the spatial extent of the illumination I observed that it covered generally a sky area equal to the size of my own hand held up broadside, palm outward, at a handbreadth from

"Gradually now, the red-suffused area became barred with vertical rays of a lighter hue, which, fading away toward the top, resembled the effect produced by sunlight shining through broken clouds. The color of these rays or bars varied fitfully from white light to a very pale apple-green tint, and the intensity of the light also deepened and waned from one second to another. (The most impressive thing about this phenomenon, to me, is the subtle, shimmering alteration in shape, color, and brightness which occurs continuously.) This restless deepening and fading is hardly rapid enough to be called flickering; it probably suggests nothing so vividly as the coming and going of blushes on a human face. Even the color is similar: scarlet with just a trace of blue interfused. The peculiar bar-like rays would become visible by degrees as if emerging through a mist, although the atmosphere was perfectly clear; then, as unaccountable, they would disappear, leaving only the redness. There was still no trace of dawn by five-thirty, when the whole spectacle had almost faded away.

"The majesty of the scene was enhanced by the presence of two very large, bright morning stars in the . play. The profits on the sale eastern sky, one about twenty degrees and the other perhaps forty above the horizon. They were evidently the planets Venus and Jupiter for they did not twinkle but shone with great brilliance, the moon having gone down some time before.

"Undoubtedly the chill, dry weather (near freezing at the time), accompanied by an unusual transparency of the atmosphere for several days past, favored observation. A friend of mine had mentioned receiving with incredible clarity, the evening before, several far-distant radio broadcasts

I used the word culmination in what I wrote last week about Archibald Henderson's career as the biographer of George Bernard Shaw. Now he uses the same word in a far less agreeable sense. In a note to me he speaks of his "almost unbelievable epistolary activity" for fifty years and says it has been "eventually testified to by the bursitis."

Anybody who has heard bursitis described by a person who has been attacked by it knows it is extremely painful and naturally supposes that a victim would be eager to find any way to be freed of it. So, when Mr. Henderson mentioned his bursitis to me a couple of weeks ago-and his mention of it was a bitter malediction-I asked him: "Why don't you do your writing on the typewriter?" For I knew that the arm and finger movements required for typing were not the sort that caused bursitis.

His reply was that he never had been able to learn to compose on the typewriter. When he had tried it, he said, the buttons, the keys, and all the rest of the machinery staring him in the face had blunted his thoughts.

"The trouble is," I said, "you quit trying too soon. A little while longer at it and you'd have found it com ing easy and you would have gone through life saving yourself a lot of time and trouble and a lot of bursitis.'

Then, to give prestige to composing on the type writer, I reminded him that Woodrow Wilson had made a regular practice of it. But of course he knew this already and there was no use of alluding to it. When a man of Mr. Henderson's years and experience, and success at getting people to read his letters and answer them, has made his choice between typing and penning or penciling you are wasting words to try to change this choice. You might as well just end your effort by saying (I mean to yourself, not aloud): "Oh, well, if he likes to have bursitis better than he does to take my advice, to hell with him."

When I quoted to my wife what Mr. Henderson had said in his talk with me and in his later note, she said: "Phillips Russell doesn't compose on the type-

writer, either."

This reminded me that Mr. Russell had once told me about some sort of unusual method he had followed in his writing. I had forgotten what it was, so I telephoned him to ask. What he does I never heard of any writer's doing before.

"When I am working on a book," he said, "I use three fountain pens of three different shapes and change from one to another. That keeps my fingers from getting set in one fixed grip and I believe explains why I don't have cramps, bursitis, or any other such trouble from my writing.

"After a pen-and-ink manuscript with pen-and-ink corrections is finished I type the whole thing off. Then I make more corrections in pen-and-ink, and then I have a professional typist make the final copy.

But in his newspaper writing Mr. Russell does all ting there" faster; what they his composing on the typewriter.

Relativity in Geography

By Sidney Swaim Robins

My newspaper was telling the other day of the Russian soldier just arrived in shattered Budapest and going around asking for the "canal, canal." It seems he was looking for the Suez canal and supposed it was somewhere in Budapest.

That is not too much of a story alongside the whopper they used to tell when I was at the Hill, about the man up in one of the western-most counties getting elected to the legislature and preparing for a sea-voyage on the supposition that he had to cross the

Atlantic to get to Raleigh. And neither one of them is any bigger yarn than the true one I have to tell about the

moving around Asheboro in the days of my youth. His name was Winborne Connor and he was popularly dubbed "Wid" Connor, He was a Confederate veteran. After the Civil War he went west for a while; and when he came back he reported numerous adventures, among them "digging coconuts out in Wymaho." He stoutly maintained that the earth was flat, and his clinching argument was that the Bible spoke of the winds coming from the "four corners" of it. How/could it have four corners if it was just a ball? I myself once argued with him on that, declaring that men had actually sailed around the world. "Oh, pshaw," said he, "they git up by that

man who did most all the house-

From Our Files

5 Years Ago

A highly favorable review of Manly Wade Wellman's new book for juveniles, "The Haunts of Drowning Creek," appears in the November 10 issue of the "The Saturday Review of Litérature.

Noel Houston has written a play based on Richard Bissell's novel, "A Stretch on the River," and has signed a contract with Jose Ferrer for its production.

10 Years Ago

The trustees of the estate of the late William H. Ackland have decided that the money left by him (estimated at \$1, 395,000) for the erection and maintenance of an art museum in the South will come to the. University here.

It looks as if Carolina will have what the sports writers call a "slight edge" in the game with Duke tomorrow.

15 Years Ago Duke's undefeated team beat Carolina, 20 to 0, last Saturday at Durham.

An opportunity to make Christmas gifts do double duty s provided by the British War Relief's Thrift Shop, where attractive gifts are now on disof these articles will be used for the relief of destitute families in England.

there North Pole and git turned around and come back."

If some of us are getting a little better in geography than most of us used to be, I am afraid there are two good reasons for it, neither one of them of any special credit to

The first reason is that the world is getting smaller all the time. We measure distances now by hours, which is to say by the speed of transportation, instead of by miles. Judged in that way, the world we travelled over by horse and buggy, at less than four miles an hour, was about fifteen times the size of the world we now cover by auto at sixty. One leaves out of account the airplane, to keep from getting dizzy over this progressive diminution of our favorite planet.

The other reason is thaat, what for war and one thing and another, the boys and girls are now making trips all over the world and in great numbers, so that the home folks are bound to get a somewhat less imaginary and more realistic account of the far places There is an old farm up, in

northern New Hampshire

or emaciated several families. and would do the same to mine if we had to make a living off it. The last farmer's wife there engineered a move to town to get the boys better schooling. One of the boys now runs a modest grocery store. The other one was a lumber-yard clerk agent on the Canada line. I knew the second one had sent his boys to college. When I asked the groceryman abou his nephews, he said one of them was at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology "Doing what?" "Teaching

down there." "And what is the

other doing?" "Oh, he got

interested in Australian law,

and now he is over in Mel-

bourne studying." That is what happens nowadays to people shortly off our old farm. And speaking of M.I.T., that institution is now to be captained by a gentleman named Killian, who came to Asheboro here in Randolph County, North Carolina, to find himself a wife.

That was a good move, but all the same our old world is getting too small. It doesn't take the son of a prophet to tell how Daniel Boone would have felt about it. What people think they are doing is "getare really doing is jamming the ends of the earth together and destroying the mystic romance of the far places. Of course the recourse left is to dream of the moon and Mars, and of learning to rocket thither. God save us vision and mystery and hope!

But if there is anybody who thinks he can travel any further in a day than my grandpa and I traveled when he hitched old Frank to the carriage and drove us to Greensboro to see Barnum's circus the day after, maybe he is kidding himself. He doesn't go further; his world is just fifteen times smaller than my grand-

Dutch Were Out-Traded From an article by Weimar Jones in the Franklin Press: I had never been further north than Washington, and I

especially looked forward to

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

The other evening when I put Annis Lillian to bed, she strutted down the hall singing, "Keeping all the girls away . . ta . . ta . . da . . da . . keeping all the girls away."

Surprised, I asked where she learned that. "Don't you know?" she asked. "That's the television commercial for Wild Goose Cream Oil."

That's about like the story of the lad who came home from school one day with "1776" pinned across his shirt front. When his mother asked what that meant, he grumbled: "You don't know any more than the teacher. That's what she wanted to know."

"But what does it mean, son," the mother persisted. "That stands for the 'Declaration of Appendicitis'." he replied proudly.

And another: Marjorie was enjoying with her grandparents a rare treat of home-made bread. The parents little realized what an impression such delicious bread made upon the child, who was accustomed to the store-bought variety she got at home. But they did that night, when she was repeating the Lord's Prayer and asked: "And give us this day our daily home-made bread."

But, getting back to my family. The Missus had tried to get me-away from the Redskins football game on TV to do a bit of yard work. Yet, she failed.

"Why is it you don't want to help me around the house, like the other men do in this neighborhood?" she

So I told her: "Honey, I've tried to be good to you and help you the best I can. I've tried to be a good provider and bring home the wherewithal to do things with, and all I ask of you is that you take care of the house and the children and the yard. That's all."

"All!" she exclaimed. "Yes, all," I said, "unless you want to take over

some of the other responsibilities." So, I picked myself up off the floor, dusted myself off and struggled to get to the living room to lick my

The person who attempts to flatter you is either a fool or thinks you're one.

When one becomes a man, he puts away childish things. But some men marry and accumulate them.

Book Reviews

By Robert Bartholomew CAPTAIN LITTLE AX. By James Street. J. B. Lippincott Co. Philadelphia, 377 pp. \$3.95. Little Ax Towbridge, 15 and fresh out of military school, follows his father, Big Ax, off to war. He sees him die at Shiloh, where, of 73,000 men in blue and gray, Little Ax, in gray, is probably the youngest, certainly the smallest.

Spurned by the Confederate Army, but determined to serve youthful warrior places himself in command of a group of under-age ruffians. Captain Little Ax whips the ragged insolent crew into tough marauders, young faces with cold hearts, soon known far and wide as the Cradle Company.

From the action filled pages emerges a hardened young man, worthy of a commission in the Confederate Army.

The book has this, among other, information on the author, "For several years prior to his death in 1954, he lived in Chapel Hill, N. C. where he concentrated on collecting 'good comrades, good tobacco and good stories.'

THE HALLOWED GROUND. By Bruce Catton, Doubleday & Co., Inc. Garden City, N. Y 437 pp. \$5.95.

"The Hallowed Ground" is the story of the Civil War as

seeing New York City. We didn't leave the train there, but we saw a lot of it, nonetheless. And my considered judgment is that the shrewd Dutch who bought Manhattan Island from the Indians for \$24 were out-traded!

Even if everybody there were rich, even if everything in the city were beautiful, even if the streets were paved with silver and all the buildings were of solid gold. I wouldn't give \$24 for it, now. Because it appalls me to think of human beings so crowded-mile after mile of apartment houses, stuck close together, reaching into the sky.

Starting with Baltimore, in fact, as the train hurried through one city after another, I was depressed by what I saw; one slum after another. The sameness, the drabness, the ugliness, left me with a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach-and a great pity for the people who have to live there.

seen from the Union side. For the first time the author has written a book that deals with the entire scope of the war, from the months of unrest and hysteria that led to Fort Sumter to the days of tragedy and hope that followed Appomat-

The end paper in the front of the book is a map of the Western Theater, including North Carolina. The back of the book has a map of the Eastern Theater.

Mr. Catton's other books for adult readers are "U. S. Grant and the American Military Tradition," "A Stillness at Ap pomattox," "Glory Road," "Mr. Lincoln's Army," and "The War Lords of Washington."

Mr. Catton is winner of the Pulitzer Prize and the 1954 National Book Award for "A Stillness at Appomattox."

As a working newspaperman for almost 20 years, he has written for the Cleveland Plain Dealer, the Boston American. and the Cleveland News and served during World War II as Washington correspondent for the NEA Service. He is now editor of American Heritage, the distinguished magazine of American history.

MIRACLE IN THE MOUN-TAINS. By Harnett T. Kane with Inez Henry. Doubleday & Co., Inc. New York. 320 pp. \$3.95.

No woman in the South or any other part of the nation had a life like Martha Berry's. Born to plantation wealth, she refused to ignore those living in the mountains who had less.

It all started one Sunday afternoon at a cabin near her home when she met three grimy little boys who told her there was no Sunday school in their community. This was the beginning of Martha Berry's Georgia school.

Out of the log cabin has grown the Berry School, one of the most distinctive educational institutions in America. Its campus is the largest in the world, 30,000 acres of forest, mountains, fields and lakes. It is about the size of the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg. Most of the buildings have been put up by the boys themselves and they have built most of the furniture. The girls learn homemaking, milk the cows, do weaving and help keep the buildings in order.

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