

CHapel Hill News Leader

Leading With The News in Chapel Hill, Carrboro, Glen Lenoir and Surrounding Areas

VOL. II, NO. 91

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1955

Is UNC to Become a Political Football?

"How can deconsolidation result from non-consolidation?" This saying, which has been rife about the campus and town ever since the executive committee of the UNC trustees met Tuesday, may not be very respectful, but it unquestionably mirrors a viewpoint which has been prevalent in State educational circles for some time.

It stems from a belief that the consolidation has been held together by wires, as it were, the spirit has often been weak if not unwilling.

And this, we take it, accounts for the publication over the weekend in leading daily papers of circumstantial stories to the effect that a movement was on foot to "deconsolidate" the Greater University and separate its parts into the original units; and that the State Board of Education would move in to take control, possibly installing its chairman as the chief executive over all three institutions.

These movements, if they seriously exist outside of a few interested parties, are rather headlong. They have failed to take into ac-

count two important factors:

First, the trustees are not empowered to take such action. They could only make recommendations to the General Assembly, and by so doing would move to abolish themselves.

Second, the General Assembly obviously would not consent to tear the Greater University apart without prolonged debate and perhaps bitter fighting.

All onlookers should keep their seats. The University is not to be thrown to the wolves, even though it be mauled by politicians and "interests". The State of North Carolina, by nature and tradition, moves slowly.

But when it does move, it ought to take the University out of politics. The University is too important to North Carolina to be made a political football.

If at this stage the University is made the target of political interests, and economic interests as well, its progress could be set back twenty years.

The choice of a new president for the Greater University is the task immediately ahead. It should not be confused with other and distracting issues.

Are Dictators Best?

Is the principle of democracy and its close associate, majority rule, good in other than political cases?

What is called the Rocky Mount Baptist Church case is bringing this question to the fore in an acute form.

Baptist churches are each autonomous and independent. Their affairs are handled on a democratic basis. In North Carolina the Baptists supported Thomas Jefferson as president of the United States and sent him messages of approval when other denominations either looked at him askance or openly opposed his precepts.

In all ages democratic procedure has rested on a majority vote. What other principle, except minority rule, is there to abide by?

But in the Rocky Mount case the North Carolina Supreme Court decided in favor of a minority element. It ruled this was the "true" congregation and gave to it the church property valued at \$250,000.

The majority has remained dissatisfied

with this decision.

And well it might.

There is nothing sacred about a majority. History shows that majorities have often been wrong. But the record of minorities, particularly small and tight ones, have been even worse.

The majority principle is simply a rule designed to get action and avoid stalemates. It is a human device and not a divine one.

Nevertheless, it enables the democratic idea to be preserved and carried out in individual cases, however imperfectly.

In recent times majority rule and democratic procedures have been scorned and condemned as silly and unworkable. The alternative is dictators.

A good, strong, kind, and ever-wise dictator, never making a mistake and never thinking of himself, might be a solution in many cases.

But is there any such person?

The Stevenson Hat

Simultaneously with the announcement that Adlai Stevenson has thrown his hat into the ring as a presidential aspirant came the comment by a political leader that Mr. Stevenson is no longer the threat he once seemed to be but is a "moderate".

We hope the comment is untrue.

Mr. Eisenhower has completely filled the role of moderate in the White House, and there ought to be cause for Mr. Stevenson to

be something else.

It is no time to be moderate when the threat of a third world war is constantly rising, when the agricultural portion of the country's population has lost a big share of the nation's income and must lower its standard of living, and when the nation's schools are overcrowded in outmoded buildings.

We would expect to see Adlai speak out about these things, and not moderately.

When Aunt Dilsey Lived On Strowd Hill

By LUCY PHILLIPS RUSSELL

Aunt Dilsey and Uncle Ben Craig had been servants in the family of Dr. James Phillips for forty years. Now they were free and lived in a two-room cabin at the foot of Strowd's Hill on the left side as one drove to the primitive village of Durham, twelve miles away. An adopted son, John Caldwell, lived with them.

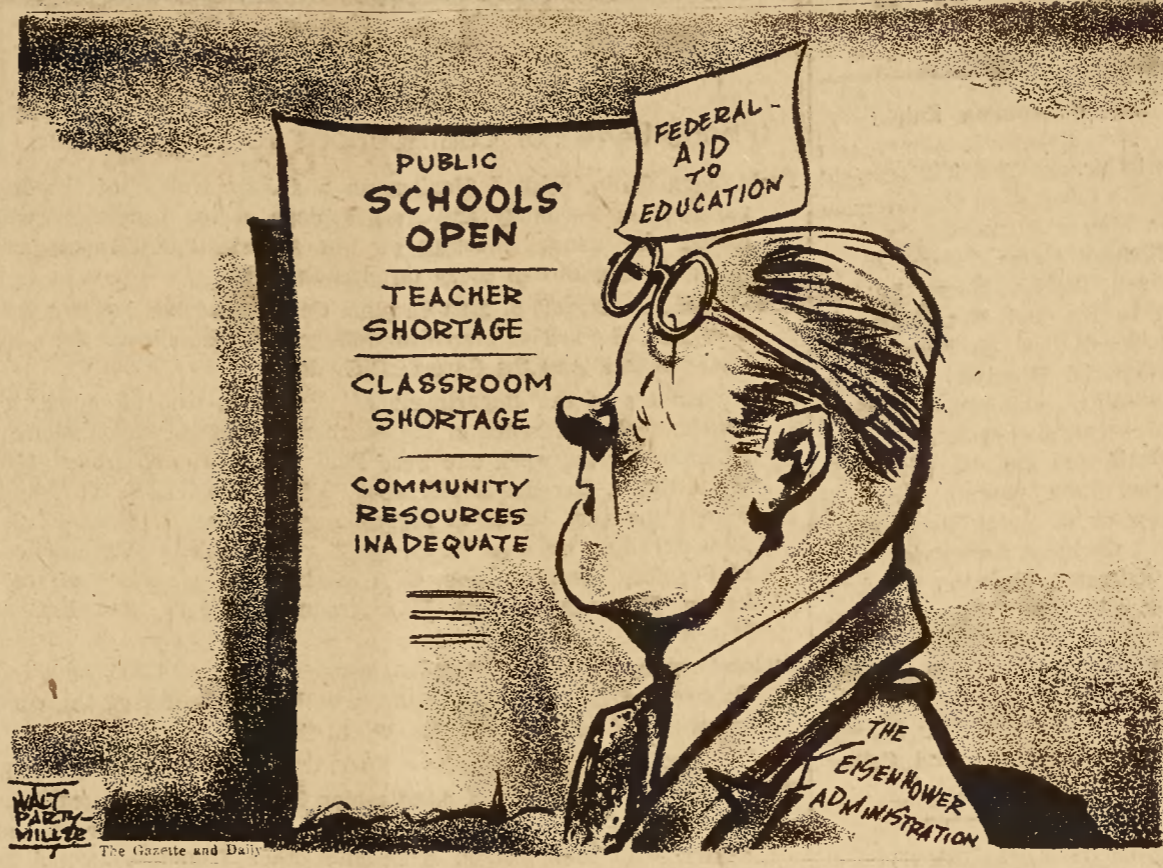
An afternoon in August, 1869, was boiling hot but there was a bright fire in the fireplace and a bed of coals was raked out on the hearth under an iron oven, mounted on three legs and covered with a close-fitting lid which was also covered with coals and had to be lifted with a special long-handled tool. Another more shallow vessel, also covered with living coals was on the hearth and Aunt Dilsey tended both with assiduous care, moving the coals here and there as she deemed best for the contents. She was expecting company for supper and was baking risen cornbread and broiling a chicken. Risen cornbread was an ancestor of modern spoon bread with this difference, neither eggs nor baking-powder were used in its composition—home made yeast alone gave the proper stimulus, butter-milk, with a pinch of soda furnished moisture. The batter was "set" early in the morning if one wanted risen cornbread for supper. The home-grown corn had been ground that day at Mallett's Mill which stood at the foot of Windy Hill on the old, rocky road to Hillsboro and used Bolin's Creek for power.

Footstools clattered down the hill and Aunt Dilsey wiped her steaming face and hands on a clean towel just in time to greet her guests, Mrs. Cornelia Spen-

cer, her daughter June, and her three nieces, Nora, Lizzie and Lucy Phillips. Each little girl had a small roll of white clothing under her arm. Mrs. Spencer carried a basket. In it were a bowl of tea cakes, a pound of freshly-ground coffee smelling like "Araby the best," a paper bag of tea, some sugar, a bottle of molasses, a small loaf of homemade bread, and hiding modestly behind all the rest, was another small bottle which Mrs. Spencer slipped into Aunt Dilsey's pocket and they winked at each other. Of course, June Spencer and Lucy Phillips had been visitors in Aunt Dilsey's brick house in their grandfather's back yard ever since they could walk. But these cousins from Raleigh—Nora and Lizzie Phillips—were enchanted with the objects in this new home. The corner cupboard that Uncle Ben had made, full of quaint dishes and candle sticks, the big spinning wheel, the cards that made the fluffy rolls of cotton ready for spinning into thread, the churn with its dasher and the butter moulds out in the sun, all was witch-craft to the two little girls from Raleigh, so many miles away—counting by the time it took to get there. At last they went dashing down the rough farm tract to Bolin's Creek to go in wading. They quickly slipped out of their dresses and shoes and long white stockings, leaving on their underwear as a tribute to modesty. The water was clear and cool coming out of the dense shade along the banks, nowhere deeper than to their waists.

Mrs. Spencer seated herself on a fallen log to watch the party while John Caldwell hovered in the background in case of an ac-

But Didn't We Appoint A Commission



Poet Cummings on the Hill

By ROY C. MOOSE

The visit to Chapel Hill last week of poet e. e. cummings and his wife, sponsored jointly by the English Club and Graham Memorial, was an astounding success that few who heard Mr. Cummings will ever forget. For during his two-day visit, the renowned poet was full of pleasant surprises.

It was with uneasy trepidations that Dr. Lyman Cotten and I greeted Mr. and Mrs. cummings at the airport, for I had previously received from his agent a list of taboos that made the poet seem to be a recluse. However, much to our relief, Dr. Cotten and I met a gentle, warm-hearted poet and a charming, sophisticated wife, both of whom were eager to discover the "spell" of Chapel Hill, since so many of his friends had spoken about it so often.

The only taboo that Mr. cummings insisted upon was that he not be photographed. He and Mrs. cummings just do not like photographers, although Mrs. cummings is a famous photographer in her own right.

The first thing that impressed Mr. cummings was the informality of the village and the University. He remarked on the pleasant change from the stiff formality that he met at Queen's College where he previously spoke to 400 "Presbyterian girls." He was especially pleased that his sponsors here had not planned anything formal for him except for the reading on Wednesday night.

Despite the agent's letter, Mr. and Mrs. cummings willingly accepted an invitation to a small cocktail party given by Dr. Cotten, a party consisting of Dr. Cotten and his mother. Mr. and Mrs. James Wallace, and this reporter. Afterwards the group dined at the Ranch House where Mr. and Mrs. cummings were amazed at the size of the steaks served. During this five-hour "soiree" the cummings were talking almost incessantly. They were especially captivated by the charm of Dr. Cotten's mother, and the following day they sent her a dozen long stemmed roses as a token of their esteem.

The following day Dr. Cotten conducted Mr. cummings on a "Cook's tour" of the campus, after which Mr. cummings remarked that the University has "the most attractive campus I have visited, including Harvard, my alma mater." He was also impressed by the library, commenting that "it is a splendid collection, well chosen." He was also shown a collection of rare limited editions of his own works which the library had just received and which were on display in the lobby. Moreover, during his tour Mr. cummings dropped into Dr. Cotten's modern poetry class and read one of his own poems to the class.

warmly with her hostess, and then the guests, with an empty basket, took the long hill home. There were no houses along the way until they reached Couchtown on the left and the Horace Williams place on the right, occupied by the family of "Shoemaker Davis." There were no lights anywhere until we reached our home (now the Presbyterian Manse) where a dim candle spoke of a waiting maid. There was no sound except the low moo of the black cow impatient to be milked and down in Battle woods a whip-poor-will sang his evening hymn to the crescent moon.

Mrs. cummings expressed a great interest in old wooden houses, and in the afternoon Dr. Cotten took her on a tour of the fine examples of old houses on Franklin street. She was enthused over the Chancellor's house that dates back to Revolutionary War days.

After Mr. cummings' mike test in the afternoon, he and his wife requested that I take them to the home of Mr. Louis Graves on Battle Lane. When he saw Mr. Graves' house, which was surrounded by trees and bushes, Mr. cummings remarked that he "felt as if I were in a wilderness surrounded by Indians and afraid to light a camp fire." The artist in Mr. cummings showed when he observed that Mr. Graves' house looked like an enormous face with the windows forming the eyes, nose and mouth.

But the biggest surprises were reserved for his reading in Hill Hall. Despite the many other meetings on the campus that night, Hill Hall was overflowing with an enthusiastic audience. People were on the platform stage, in the aisles, and in the lobby. Mr. cummings later remarked that it was one of the warmest audiences he had ever faced.

"From the beginning I could tell that they were sympathetic," he said.

Chancellor R. B. House made what he called a "non-introduction," after which Mr. cummings was given a thundering ovation by the immense audience. The poet divided his reading into two parts. The first part consisted of a reading of a non-lecture from his "i. Six Nonlectures," entitled "i & you & is." This was an autobiographical piece which set forth his ideas and accomplishments as

well as his educational background. The audience was particularly pleased at the epigrams which concluded this "non-lecture."

The second part of the program consisted of a reading of a group of poems which he had recorded for the National Association of Educational Broadcasters under the title of "Poems of Freedom." He termed them "un-broadcastable poems" since the NAEB refused to broadcast them because it thought that some of the poems might be objectionable. However, WUNC did broadcast the entirety of Mr. cummings' reading in Hill Hall.

Mr. cummings read his poems in a flexible well-modulated voice. In "Memorabilia" which is a poem about American tourists in Venice, he delighted the audience with a tour de force of voice imitation. Other poems that brought big responses from the audience were "kumrads die beanti-marxist poem," and "i sing of Olaf glad and big," which is one of his more scatological poems. But the poem that made the deepest impression on the audience was the lyrical, "my father moved through dooms of love," during which the huge audience was almost breathless.

"A resounding applause from the audience brought Mr. cummings back for an encore in which he read his favorite love poem, "Under Der Linden" by the early German poet, Walter von der Vogelweide.

After the reading, Mr. and Mrs. cummings were entertained at a cocktail party given by Mr. and Mrs. James Wallace during which a group of admiring students assured Mr. cummings that he had made a unique and amazing success at Carolina.

A Visit To Zebulon

NOTE: Yves Laulan is a graduate student from Bordeaux, France, spending the academic year, 1955-1956, at Carolina, with a special interest in Political Science. Both of his parents are on the faculty at the University of Bordeaux. One of five children, Yves has traveled and studied in England and Sweden, with the usual visits throughout Europe. He edited his school papers and is particularly interested in photography. Yves' special Gallic flair for music is found in his ever-present "classical" guitar on which he strums charming French airs and sings equally as charming French songs, old and new.

By YVES LAULAN

Zebulon has become for a weekend an international town, and I am thoroughly convinced that, out of those two days of life in common between a little American town, "the biggest of the little towns," and 34 foreign students from the University of North Carolina, coming from 16 different countries, something exceedingly worthy has sprung; a sound knowledge of what we really are.

From the very beginning we realized that we were eagerly expected, and that these people waiting for the cars from Chapel Hill were already our friends; and that it was that friendliness which the little band, shivering gallantly in the evening air, wanted to express. And later on, all over our stay in Zebulon, we made, little by little, the discovery of that wonderful thing we had so far ignored—a little friendly American town.

We saw the town in its community life when we were at the Lions and Rotary Clubs. A stout, loud-voiced, warm-hearted figure of one resident embodied for us the type of people who were our hosts and who were honestly hoping our welcome and their efforts would be warm and full and happy. We soon found

the myth of America which says all men are concerned with making money and having his comforts was just that—a myth. Here we saw people we liked who were friendly and good—the men and women who live on all the streets of all the little towns of America.

We saw the town at work in the cotton factory, the tobacco markets, a model farm. We saw the relentless effort to improve production and quality and means to help man's pain and better his welfare.

In the rambling machines, the long fields, the buildings, we saw that man's spirit was always there and this was good in an age when man holds within his hands the power to crush himself into a nothingness or raise himself to immortality. No such change of horror can come to Zebulon for everywhere we saw a grinning, friendly face peering over and around and about the machines and in the fields.

We saw the town relaxing at the square dance we attended. And the boogie-woogie and jitterbugs are merely folk dances of this land as ours represent our land. And are akin, strangely, to the "bourie d'Auvergne" or a jig in Scotland. We showed them our dances and sang our

Two Good Evenings, in the Theatre

By DON C. BARRIE

The Ballet Espanol

A student best expressed the general audience reaction to Teresa and Luisillo's Spanish Ballet as we left Graham Memorial Hall the night of Nov. 10th by saying, "I'm goin' to Spain!" We all felt exactly the same way after Teresa made her appearance. I heard one man say, "There is a woman!" And she is.

She dances with a perfection and audience satisfaction that has rarely been equaled. Her partner Luisillo and the rest of the troupe were satisfying too, but when she came onto the stage there was an electrifying difference.

Maria Vivo was hospitalized with an abscessed tooth, so could not appear to sing her "Polo" number.

The audience gave the Ballet Espanol an ovation which they well deserved. It was the most brilliant company seen here in many seasons.

The Playmakers.

The most important thing in acting that is often neglected by amateur actors is "thinking through" their roles. This is exemplified in "The Rainmaker," the piece selected by the Playmakers for their fiftieth tour which is now in progress.

The best performance in this serio-comic play was given by Louise Fletcher who, curiously, as long as she was the plain spinster and had to think, she was excellent, but as soon as she put on rouge and lipstick and became "herself" she dropped command of the part completely.

James Sechrest was excellently cast. He didn't have to think in character, he was "Jim Curry." Sheer ebullience carried his role, making his part the most outstanding of the male actors. Quite talented, having done the

Letters To The Editor

To The Editor:

ALIEN ANIMAL

Since this is a town in which so much sentiment is expressed about squirrels, your readers may be interested in this extract from "Nature Notes" written in an English provincial weekly, The Burton Observer—incidentally, my home town paper.

The headline is, A Confiding but Destructive Alien. "At this time of year there is always the chance that the country rambler will come across a grey squirrel in some unexpected place. Originally introduced from America into various private and public parks, the grey squirrel has steadily extended its range and is now regarded as a major pest by the Ministry of Agriculture and Forestry.

Distinguished from our native red squirrel by its larger size, grey colour and hairless ears it has a more confident habit and is not infrequently seen in suburban gardens. A Scalpelfield Road resident tells me that one morning last week he saw what he thought was a rat at his back door. A close look showed that the intruder was a grey squirrel

which evinced little regard at his presence."

My friend, Miss Mrs. an Anglophile, may be encouraged by the fact Englishman also has difficulty distinguishing between a grey squirrel

William Johnson

BY CARRIER: \$3.00 per month; \$35.00 per year

BY MAIL: \$4.50 per month; \$50.00 per year

Entered as second class at the postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

songs, and although the kind people of Zebulon were not too clear as to exact words we used or the background of our dances, they joined us in a common bond of knowing these were expressions of the people before us and from our hearts.

We saw the town in its entirety when we visited in the homes of the people and saw them where the masks of convention and social obligations were removed and they became themselves. We had known of America's fine cars, central heating, modern kitchens, boasted over the earth by its proud citizens, but here we saw the heart of America and found it was good. Kindly.

We have been to Zebulon. We hope to return—we thirty-five students from far-away lands—France, England, Norway, Sweden, India, Pakistan. . . We can say no more but that our visit will bring them to us as they have so kindly brought us strangers to them.

BRANCH

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

CHapel Hill News Leader

Published every Thursday by the News Company, Inc.

Mailing Address: Box 749, Chapel Hill, N. C.

Street Address: 401 S. Street, Carrboro, N. C.

Telephone: 444

Phillips Russell

Roland Giduz - News Editor

L. M. Pollander - Advertising

E. J. Hamlin - Business Manager

Robert Minter - Circulation

SUBSCRIPTIONS: (Payable in Advance) Five Cents Per Copy

BY CARRIER: \$3.00 per month; \$35.00 per year

BY MAIL: \$4.50 per month; \$50.00 per year

Entered as second class at the postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of March 3, 1879.

Beautiful New Imported CHINA 5-Pc. Place Settings 8.00 HUGGINS HARDWARE