

CHAPEL HILL NEWS LEADER

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

An Opportunity for the State

From all sides arises a demand that the next president of the University be an experienced educator and administrator.

Agreed. But an efficient educator and administrator cannot be expected to be also a good legislative agent, money raiser, lobbyist, and public relations director.

It will be a mercy to the next president if he is relieved of the task of going to Raleigh every two years with his hat in his hand.

The University and the other State-supported schools ought to draw their financial sustenance from an established fund or established system that will endure and can be counted on, regardless of personalities in presidential chairs.

Moreover, the University president ought

to be able to observe methods and carry out policies without being obliged to keep one eye on the legislature.

The necessary funds ought to be available despite his possible errors and shortcomings. Otherwise the students, and through them the State, will be punished for the faults of an individual.

The president of the University is too important a figure to be degraded in any aspect, whether in Raleigh or elsewhere.

He ought to be free to function as educator and administrator. If any other task is imposed upon him, his primary responsibilities cannot be fully met.

The State of North Carolina now has an opportunity to free its University president from undesirable tasks and entanglements. The State should make the most of it.

Breakdown at Geneva

The failure of the Geneva conference was due to more than one factor, but as it appears from this distance, it hinged upon one basic situation:

Russia holds East Germany. That is its biggest diplomatic asset, its ace in the hole, and its chief trading point. The Western Allies wanted to get Russia out of there. Russia's reply was:

"All right, We'll get out—for a price. What is your offer?"

At that point the conference was bound to break down, for the Allies had no offer. They could only wrap their robes virtuously around them and go home in a dudgeon.

It needs no diplomat to see that Germany's divided condition is a threat to peace and an

open invitation to a nuclear war. A formidable people like the Germans cannot forever be kept split down the middle—not any more than the American people could be kept divided by the Mississippi Valley.

To save pride, each side will now furiously blame the other, and there will be solemn "re-appraisals", a rattling of weapons, and all that. But no progress will be made. Finally another conference will be called. But it will end the same way unless it results in genuine horse-trading, and an exchange of quid pro quo.

The danger is that in their disgust with the failure of diplomats to get results, the people on both sides will throw the situation into the hands of the military. Who would survive?

The Source Of Secrecy

"The Executive withholds information not only from the press but frequently from Congress itself", said Pat Monroe, chairman of the Standing Committee of Correspondents of the Congressional Press Galleries, in a talk for the UNC School of Journalism.

The battle to break up secrecy in government has been waged at Raleigh with partial success; it now must be transferred to Washington where there is a growing complaint among newspaper correspondents, even among those faithful to the GOP, that the government is not only suppressing information but sometimes tries to slant it when given out.

In a democratic republic the people must rule, according to a basic American precept. But if they rule without proper information, they are likely to accomplish ruin rather than rule.

Newspapers are often criticized for bias or inaccuracy in printing the news of the day, but if the most important sources of information, such as those at Washington, are silent or poisoned, the effects will be felt in every periodical that records the government's doings.

Where lies the ultimate blame?

Mr. Monroe has an answer: "I would put a lot of the blame on the people whom you voters send to Congress. Traditionally, there's been a 'live and let live' arrangement between Congress and the Executive Departments on this subject. Your elected representatives make the laws and set the tenor for bureaucrats to follow. It is grimly amusing, then, for Congress to yell 'foul' when the Executive withholds information not only from the press but frequently from Congress itself."

Drive Like a Maniac

By Mary Frances O. Schinhan

More than 2 weeks have gone by since that Friday. Cold statistics show that even more people were killed on North Carolina highways than the weekend before. But go back to that Friday.

This was not even Friday the 13th. It was just an ordinary Friday that meant the end of the working week in a lot of offices and other places. A young mother got home from work that afternoon, and pretty soon her husband got home, too. Their oldest little girl, almost two, was so excited, not only because it was that time of the day to see her parents, but because they were going to take her baby sister with them on a trip to see grandmother and grandfather. They all did a lot of scurrying around, for there were so many necessities to pack into the brand new station wagon, especially with all those things for the baby. Just before starting out, they fixed a sort of mattress in the back for the big girl and they put in some beloved toys.

It was dark and cold outside, but it was still early in the evening. The lovely new station wagon cruised along comfortably, and it was cozy inside for the little family. The young father had been driving carefully for almost fifty miles now; he was doing everything he was supposed to (a witness behind later said this was so), all the more so for carrying little, trusting children in the back.

There wasn't even any warning. This thing came from somewhere and blasted the whole family into space and then onto the hard, cold pieces of ground. It could have been an atom bomb; it

might have been a man from Mars, but it shattered all the senses all at once with the crashing glass, the crumpling metal, the human sounds. It was a man in a truck rushing madly from a side road, and when there was that deadly aftermath, just a short lull, he had fled from the scene in panic, and some other people were standing mutely around. The young mother lay in some brambles and started to scream for her husband, and when there was no answer she staggered from the brambles. If she hadn't tried to walk she wouldn't have had to see the crushed form of her big girl who had been thrown from car.... back under it again. The screams went into the night, and then a friend, a patrolman, came and did all he could and all he had to.

The next morning some friends from Chapel Hill went down to the hospital in this other town, just to be with the three surviving members of the little family and to try to help with some of those nasty details. The young mother and father were hurt, but the baby seemed to be all right. The grandparents had managed to get to the hospital by driving all night.

A nurse said you certainly got to know a lot of people from other places, that is, if you could talk to them. When you're hurt and shocked and dazed, nothing else in the world matters, but there are still those details to be taken care of. The trouble you can get involved in just with smashed fenders, when you have to get witnesses, or look at insurance, or think about a lawyer! When you have demolished lives, it's just something else! The Pa-

trolman told the friends that this night's was the 25th fatality in that county this year and he, hardened as he was supposed to be in his business, was getting sort of unnerved. He was getting a growing feeling of helplessness.

There was another patrolman, back in Alabama. The friends remembered him saying, solemnly: "You've just got to drive like everybody else on the road is a maniac!"

The friends began to ask questions. WHAT'S WRONG? Night mare after nightmare, and it's getting worse. What do we do more of, worse? Do we drive too fast? Do we drive too slow? Do we get in such a hurry we forget our sense, or do we just forget our sense the minute we get behind steering wheels? What about the incredible rudeness on the road? Do we let people drive when they've been drinking? Do we let people drive who are too sick? Do we pass on all the blind curves and hills? Have we stopped all signalling?

Here's something for sure! Millions of dollars go into trigger-powered motor vehicles (have you driven one of those new cars and felt the power?) Maybe there are a lot of people who have no business getting their hands on one of these cars.

Have we looked, lately, to see who are driving the buses, the trucks? Why do we send cars to the university with the students?

Do we take away a driver's license and then give it back, over and over again, when anybody could know that it's only a matter of time before this driver will kill somebody? What's wrong with the law?

Let's Hope Something Comes Of It



Walt Portymiller in York Gazette & Daily

Letters to the Editor

HEEDLESS ONLOOKERS

To the Editor: In your story, "Wreck On Stroud Hill Disrupts Power In Town," which appeared in the News Leader November 7, there is good material for an editorial.

I couldn't help but be mildly shocked when I looked at the picture that showed the crowd of onlookers standing in close range of the fallen power lines. Any one of those lines could have snapped loose and "whipped" back into the crowd since they were still under stress. I don't believe these people knew or

stopped to consider the potential danger that the high voltage wires held for them.

It disturbs me to know that a crowd of people who are under no chaotic stress themselves will show such utter disregard for their personal safety. I can't help but wonder what our masses are going to do if and when they are involved in a major disaster. Such incidences serve to remind me what a big job lies ahead of all of our local Civil Defense programs.

Herman Norman Durham, N. C.

Chips That Fall

Discussions as to a new UNC president often bring up the name of "Old Governor" David L. Swain, who had the longest stay in office—32 years, ending soon after the Civil War. He was governor of the State before coming to Chapel Hill. He was regarded as a politician rather than a scholar, and at first the faculty did not favor him. But he was a good administrator, carried out a mild and conciliatory policy, and the faculty went to work under him very contentedly.

He was not only the president with the longest term but the ugliest. The students called him "Old Warping Bas" and such like, but in time he won them over also. His later years were sorrowful. His family life was tragic, the Confederate government tried to take his students away, and his daughter married the commander of the invading Federal cavalry (why has Hollywood never caught up with this romance?) And to crown all, his loved University was forcibly closed by the renegade governor at Raleigh. Finally there was a revolt against his old-fashioned ways and a demand for a new curriculum. He went every morning to visit the grave of an unfortunate daughter. Death came to him gently, and was welcome.

★ ★ ★

We must learn to be on our guard against putting a pistol to every visitor's head and forcing him to say how much he likes Chapel Hill. There are only about six adjectives of the highest praise. When they are used up, monotony sets in, and there might be prayers that some bold visitor, prodded into irritation, would hire a wheeled loud-speaker and speed up and down Franklin and Rosemary streets telling the community what he thought of it.

Carefully conducted interviews and statistics show that more visitors would like C. Hill, N.C., and the South if it were not for grits and pot-liquor.

★ ★ ★

These two dishes are essentially Southern and require that the consumer be of the manner born. Taste for them cannot be acquired except through 50-year residence.

chemicals, cotton waste, metal scrap, mill agents, jobbers, wholesalers and traveling salesmen—should similarly try to align themselves with the new society. It was part of their effort to win the prestige that ordinarily follows wealth, and also to break with their migrant past. The new society would seem to be the American group or class to which they naturally belonged. From the old aristocracy, with its fourth-generation requirements, they were naturally barred, though hardly more so than the "common people" of the South, or the newly emerged middle class. For wealth played a small part in the self-constituted aristocracy of the South; birth, so-called, was everything.

Return of a Drama

By DON C. BARRIE

An entrepreneur of the first magnitude brought an annual production to Chapel Hill a few weeks ago with little fanfare and practically no advance publicity. The piece entitled AUTUMN was an instantaneous success, and many road companies, simultaneously, are playing to standing-room-only everywhere.

This current production is without doubt superior to that of last year. An entirely new and richly talented cast have outdone themselves in a most rewarding performance. It is inspiring to see such good work, and we feel that the high standard should set a new mark for the aim of Chapel Hill artists.

The plot was similar to that already done in the past, but the new costumes, the incredibly superb direction of Mrs. Nature, the many subtleties of stage business which she lavishly injected with a master hand have so revitalized the cliché with a totally new and vigorous life that it is acceptable as "original."

The technical staff, too, come in for a share of praise for their excellence. The set, the decor, the lighting, everything down to the props is uncannily right.

The Producer promises that the forthcoming production, Winter, will be of the same high calibre.

What is important about this drama, and the thing most per-

tinued that you will receive from it, is the impact of a whole year will be remembered by a gentle hand, and the heart breaks with thought what you might have been one of us tries hard to be good and to spread the news amongst his fellow men. When we stand quietly confronted by this great Autumn, we will know our inadequacies, and the prayer is without words that we to us at this humble time should become the liberators of our future living.

But, alas, how quickly of us forgot! However, there will be performances without tickets need be reserved in advance. There's room for only charge is to lift you from the pavement and over and over, and let this may be the last performance you will ever be able to see. Wouldn't it be tragic if you take a memory of it to you go?

According to late reports those juvenile delinquents, nie, Diane, et al, who destroyed this production of professional jealousy, were opened, are still being held by the police who promise significant developments in twenty-four hours.

Today's Book Review

By DORIS BETTS

One Southern author who has a good many friends in Chapel Hill is New Orleans-born Harnett T. Kane. Last season he did a non-fiction light anthology, brief accounts of Civil War spies entitled "Spies for the Blue and Gray." The book had a sizeable success and at last report was scheduled for Broadway stage treatment at the Oklahoma.

After that book was published by Hanover House, Mr. Kane went to Europe for the summer, did some work for Holiday Magazine, and borrowed and expanded some previously gathered material. The result of that expansion is a new novel for Hanover House entitled, "The Smiling Rebel," a book of fiction based on the life of the glamorous Confederate spy, Belle Boyd. He ought to have a sizeable success with this one, too.

Mr. Kane was born in Louisiana in 1910 and now lives on Freret Street in New Orleans. He has done a number of books on Louisiana, a number of books of semi-biography of Southern women (Mrs. Jefferson Davis, Myra Clark Gaines, Dorothy Dix, Mrs. Robert E. Lee).

He comes at this one with the formula already working as to what makes a successful biographical novel, and "The Smiling Rebel" should sell well, especially among Southerners and his regular readers.

Belle Boyd, sometimes called the "Cleopatra of the Secession" was the most glamorous spy of the Civil War. Most of her sister spies were fitful and fanatic; but not Belle. At seventeen, when her career began, she was not only pretty but bright-spirited and witty.

A recent letter from Mr. Kane describes his new heroine thus: "The book is in the style, I suppose, of The Lady of Arlington and Bride of Fortune, but Belle is a far livelier heroine than I ever had. She was a career girl before we had them, a glamour girl with brains... as meek and mild looking a miss as ever sold a logjam down the river. She eavesdropped on military conference.

Candid newcomers will occasionally express an abatement of the prejudice against grits as taken with red gravy, but onlanders having their first taste of pot-liquor have been seen to instinctively push back their chairs and suppress a heartfelt grimace. Their suffering will not be prolonged. Pure pot-liquor is dying out, and its associated combread is rarely to be had in a toothsome form except in the unspoiled countryside.

CHAPEL HILL NEWS LEADER
Published every Monday and Thursday by the News Leader Company, Inc.
Mailing Address: Box 749, Chapel Hill, N. C.
Street Address—Main Street, Carrboro
Telephone: 8444

Phillips Russell—Editor
Roland Giduz—News Editor
L. M. Pollander—Advertising Editor
E. J. Hamlin—Business Manager
Robert Minter—Circulation Manager

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
(Payable in Advance)
Five CENTS per copy
BY CARRIER, \$2.50 per month; \$3.00 per quarter
BY MAIL: \$4.50 per year (including postage)
\$2.50 for six months (including postage) for three months.
Entered as second class matter at the postoffice at Chapel Hill, N. C., under the act of Oct. 3, 1879.

HAS
TURKEY PLATTERS
Italian pottery with painted turkey on it.
only **12.00**
HUGGINS HARDWARE

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