EDITORIAL & FEATURE PAGE

CHAPEL HILL NEWS LEADER

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1955

An Opportunity for the State

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, lobbvist, 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.

From all sides wises a demand that the 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. Otherwis 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 as 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 Moreover, the University president ought The State should make the most of it.

Breakdown at Geneva

The failure of the Geneva conference was open invitation to a nuclear war. A formiddue 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 vive?

able 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 salve 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 for 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 sur-

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 is a growing complaint emong newspaper corrrespondents, 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 ger towns, and to precisely those will stop by the store to ask his

Let's Hope Something Comes Of It

FEDERAL' GOVERNMENT LOYALTY-SECURITY PROGRAM GENATE COMMITT STUDI VIOLATION FREE SPEECH Walt Partymiller in York Gazette & Daily

the Editor Letters to

HEEDLESS ONLOOKERS To the Editor:

"Wreck On In your story, Strowd 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

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.

Jew and Gentile in South

There is very little real anti- with sacred history and the pro-Semitism in the South. There phets of the Bible, he is the "livis even a solid tradition of philo-Semitism, the explanation of which lies in the very character of things." of Southern Protestantism itself-in the Anglo-Calvinist de-This has placed a burden upon votion to the Old Testament and the learning and piety of the small-town Southern Jew that he the lack of emphasis on the Easter story which has been so is not always able to support. It closely connected with European has caused many a Southern Jew

anti-Semitism. Nevertheless, segregation of a curious sort between Jew and Gentile does exist there. It is a Sunday School teacher who confined to the cities and lar- knows the Fentateuch by heart

Chips That Fall stopped to consider the potential 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 Bars" 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, is 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 wel-

Return of a Drama tinent that you will be

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When we stand quiel

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 AU-TUMN 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

is without words that to us at this humble see such good work, and we feel should become the then that the high standard should set our future living. a new mark for the aim of Chapel Hill artists. The plot was similar to that of us forget!

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 cliche with a totally new and vigrous life that it is acceptable as "original."

this may be the last perf The technical staff, too, come you will ever be able Wouldn't it be tragic if y in for a share of praise for their take a memory of it excellence. The set, the decor. the lighting, everything down to you go? the props is uncannily right. those juvenile delinquent The Producer promises that nie, Diane, et al. who

the forthcoming production, Winwill be of the same high ter. calibre.

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

After that book was published by Hanover House, Mr. Kane went said, quite a girl!" to Europe for the summer, did some work for Holiday Magazine, and borrowed and expanded some previously gathered material. The rest t 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 story, and "The Smill have a streable success with this would make a highly end one, too. ing movie.

battle with word for Jackson which chan course. "The book," (he write its climax in North Belle sailed from your a secret Confederate m met trouble. A Union N sel captured hers, but : over the commander and over to the Southern

Mr. Kane has brough enthusiasm to a light sto a romantic character. tells a good story, and times one could wish for more depth and chara is to ask more than Mr. I chosen to deal with. A tells a readable and

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(Harry L. Golden in Commentary) he represents the unbroken tie ing witness" to the "Second Coming of Crist," the link between the beginning and the end

to reexamine those religious val-

ues which he had well-nigh aban-

doned. A Protestant clergyman or

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 vell foul' when the Executive withholds information not only from the press but frequently from Congress itself".

Drive Like a Maniac

in

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 chil dren 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

trolman told the friends that this might have been a man from night's was the 25th fatality in 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

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 in-

surance. or think about a lawyer!

When you have demolished lives,

it's just something else! The Pa-

that county this year and he, hardened as he was supposed to be in his busines, 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, solemn-"You've just got to drive like everybody else on the road is a maniac!" The friends began to ask ques-

tions. 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 stop-

Here's something for sure! Millions of dollars go into triggerpowered 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

ed all signalling?

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?

1*

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 driv er will kill somebody! What's wrong with the law?

middle-class and proprietary circles in which Jews and Gentiles have an identity of interests-"Friction occurs," Shmarya Levin used to say, "where planes meet."*

Every evening, in the larger communities of the South, a curious transformation takes place in the relations of Jew and Gentile. During the day, associations may have been genuinely cordial, even close. But when the sun goes down, there is a tacit agreement to go their several ways. Rarely, indeed, does a Jew visit a Gentile home. Hardly ever does a Gentile pay a visit to the home of his Jewish acquaintance.

The hope of a final social "rapprochement," a breaking down of the curfew barrier, may explain the early enthusiasm of Southern Jews for the National Conference of Christians and Jews. This hope was never realized. The Gentile member made it all too clear, by attending its functions always alone, even when the invitation specifically included his wife, that his interest in the project was purely civic. In the Southern tradition, the presence of the wife at an occasion is a symbol of the social union of the participants. By the same token, when on rare occasions a Jew was invited to meet with his daytime Christian colleagues for civic reasons (polio drive, Community Chest, credit association, Chamber of Commerce, Rotary Club, politics), the invitation was for himself alone-never did he bring his wife, nor was he expected to.

There are Jewish merchants who have had pleasant personal relations with Gentile colleagues, associates, and competitors for fifteen or twenty years without ever meeting the wife.

The small-town Southerner takes it for granted that to be a Jew is to be a religious Jew, that his friend the storekeeper fully possesses that Hebraic tradition handed down through the centuries for which the Southern Christian has so deep a respect. As the Jew in a small Southern town goes about his business of selling dry goods or ready-to. wear clothing, he raely suspects the sybolic role he enacts for the Gentile society roundabout him-

opinion on some fine point of Biblical exegesis. Needless to say, the visitor often goes away with something less than a complete answer. I know merchants who travel fifty and sixty miles a week to attend a Jewish adult group-"so I can give these people some kind of answer!"

APARTNESS

Yankee Influence. And yet it is come. precisely in Charlotte, North Carolina, that we can observe apartheid as between Jews and the white Gentile middle class in fixed operation. It is not of anti-Semitic origin necessarily, and in part its is a Northern importation.

In Charlotte the "resticted' residential area was unknown until a few years ago. Its emergence coincided with the city's growth from 80,000 in 1930 to 160,000 in 1955. Northern capital had a large part in this growth; the city today contains nearly 450 branches and warehouses of national business concerns.

With this development of Charlotte as an important distribution center came a tremendous influx of representatives and managers of the national concerns. They introduced a social pattern they had worked out for themselves in the Northcountry club society, and restricted residential areas.

The country club and the restricted area were never part of upper-class Southern tradition. The old families lived in baronial isolation among lesser neighbors. The mark of social distinction in the "old" South was membership in an "Assembly," or in one of the societies based on nationalreligious origin-the Society of St. Andrews (Scotland), St. Cecilia (Huguenot), and St. George (England). Introduction of country club society was a successful attempt by the Northern newcomers, and the Southern nouyeau riche in alliance with them, to bypass the requirement of birth ("Who was her family before she married?") which the Southern agririan aristocracy imposed.

It was inevitable that the Jews of the South, belong to a single proprietary class of small capitalists-ready-to-wear, credit jewelry, textile manufacture and distribution, textile machinery, 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

*

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 potliquor.

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

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 imigrant 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.

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 semibiography 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 Southernors and his regular readers.

Belle Boyd, sometimes called the "Cleopatra of the Secession" was the most glamourous spy of the Civil War. Most of her sister spies were fiftyish 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 at the postoffice at Chap before we had them, a glamour N. C., under the act of girl with brains ... as meek and mild looking a miss as ever sold 3, 1879. a regiment down the river. She eavesdropped on military confer-

dence. Candid newcomers will oc-

casionally 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.



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