

CHapel Hill News Leader

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Thinking Ahead to Next March

"What do you know about our schools in Orange County and Chapel Hill?"
 "How are our schools financed?"
 "Who is empowered to allocate school funds?"
 "How adequate are our school buildings and facilities?"
 These questions are asked by the local bulletin of the League of Women Voters. They are pertinent in view of the fact that next March 20 a county-wide vote will determine whether two millions in bonds shall be issued for school capital outlay purposes. On this vote will depend the educational fortunes of thousands of children for the next several years.

How many parents, or other interested persons, can answer the above questions?

Most of us would assert that the welfare of our children comes closer to us than any other

matter, and yet few of us can claim any exact knowledge concerning the way their schools are operated, supported, or financed.

It is an unfortunate fact that the schools as subject matter at public meetings can generate more ill will than almost any other topic except religion.

Yet the schools need far more light shed upon them than they do hear. Hitherto we have been satisfied to let them drift along under the direction of a few devoted superintendents, principals and teachers.

But we know now that the drifting policy has run out to a thin end. The richest country in the world is subjecting its school children to poverty and crowding.

We are glad the League of Women Voters is taking hold of this question. In school questions the No-League of Men Voters has been a failure.

"Uncle Tomming" on the Athletic Field

The revolt of Georgia Tech students against the attempt to prevent the Tech game against Pittsburgh because the latter has a Negro on the football squad illustrates what has become evident to all—that there is a difference on the segregation issue between the younger and the older generations.

The young people tend to accuse their elders of "Uncle Tomming" on the race question, while the latter accuse the youngsters of being unrealistic.

The action of alumni and other elder people in Georgia indicates they realize a rigid attitude cannot be maintained every time a race question comes up. Gov. Griffin's high-handed action tended to make ridiculous his views about who could play whom in football.

The agitation looks particularly absurd

from this quarter where repeatedly in recent years visiting athletic teams have brought Negro players here and used them without comment.

In football, baseball, and other sports Negroes have played against white players on Chapel Hill fields without incident and without any of the dire consequences that the Georgia governor seemed to foresee.

Present positions on the race question, whether liberal or rigid, will naturally be subjected to a process of evolution. Changes will occur in accord with circumstances and necessities. The Georgia governor apparently thought he could prevent this evolution of thought and opinion from taking place. It was like an attempt to push back an ocean tide by shouting at it.

Power to Meet Power

The merger of the American Federation of Labor and the Congress of Industrial Organizations with 16 million members is an economic phenomenon, but it is also the biggest political fact of modern times in the U. S. A.

If the combined vote of such a body could be wrapped up and delivered to any candidate or party, much harm might result. But the past history of American organized workers shows they split up and act upon their own political views much as other segments of the population do.

On the economic front matters might proceed differently. The size and power of a few great moneyed corporations have grown to an extent that causes alarm. It has been seen that they can sway governments, determine policies, and influence decisions in the most vital matters, and always in their own interest. In the face of such grinding power the

U. S. government itself has at times appeared helpless.

There is only one power that can offset such strength. That is the labor power. It has shown its ability to bring the biggest corporations to their knees.

Labor power can be misused, that is clear. We have just seen an example in Argentina. But money power can also be—and more than once has been—misused.

In the last few years corporate power has grown bold, even arrogant. It has shown its muscle not only in domestic but foreign affairs. (For example, the property of an American mining company in Cyprus is being guarded by British soldiers.) It may be that the labor unions can set bounds to such power. That would be in the nation's interest. That is our hope in this merger.

Short Takes on Japan

(From our own correspondent)

TOKYO

PHYSICAL FITNESS is everybody's business in Japan. Organized exercises are held daily in the schools, beginning with the kindergarten. From our bedroom window we can see the priests at the temple next door doing set-ups at 6:30 in the morning. The coaxing piano music from the neighbor's radio—aired especially for the purpose of exercise cadence—leads that family in a daily dozen.

At lunch periods, or before

work begins many Japanese can be seen throwing ball or sprinting or playing volleyball. Long distance running is a favorite, too, and every day you see school boys jogging along in the streets and alleys.

BECAUSE the cost of motor vehicles is so prohibitive, few Japanese own them. Thus, for eight million citizens, Tokyo doesn't have the vehicular traffic say, of New York. Yet the pedestrian best be agile, for taxis are the scourge of the living. Taxi drivers are a lamented group, but beyond jumping out of their way no one seems to do anything about their recklessness. Adding to the bedlam is the legality of U-turns anywhere.

on the Japanese islands several days after the Russians' big test and one might think the accusing finger so often directed at America would find a new target, at least temporarily. Not so. Remember, they tell you, that because the U.S. has the bomb and continues to test it, Russians must too. The memory of the dead fisherman is still as clear as the day our bomb killed him nearly two years ago.

SEVERAL NATIONAL incidents have occurred in the last six months regarding pure foods and drugs. Nearly 50 babies died and 4000 were made sick this summer when a prominent concern's powdered milk marketed with a quantity of arsenic in it.

Formaldehyde in drinking alcohol caused a sensation this fall. Now come half a dozen court actions and scores of complaints on hair lost—all of it—because of defective beauty preparations on the market.

AN ENTIRE generation of Japanese children are growing up to the sight of the foreign soldier's uniform. Army khaki has been in Japan for 10 years now and likely to remain several more. Though the people are eager to have the U.S. Army leave one wonders how Japan's sagging economy can make up the tremendous gap which will be left when troops are pulled out and their dollars spent elsewhere. Related marginal occupations will suffer, too. One need know only the fear in a Southern town when an Army camp drastically reduces forces or closes completely to understand the thinking running in the business man's mind.

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LONG UNDERWEAR apparently enjoys good sale. Peeking from trousers legs and coat sleeves of almost everyone on streetcars and trains these wintry days are long handles. Americans who live in Japanese-houses find them comfortable sleeping gear. The houses are not insulated and are thinly constructed. An hour after the heat's off the wind's in. Brr.

THE WHITE MAN'S burden is right articulate these days. Japanese students are particularly excitable on the color question. The vernacular newspapers here front-paged the Mississippi Till case. Why did this happen in America? students ask. Why could men so deeply implicated go free? No doubt, U.S. segregationists are fired of being told that their line is harmful to American prestige. But it's true.

RADIOACTIVE rain water fell

But Didn't We Appoint A Commission?



York Gazette And Daily

When Copley Painted

If you lived in Boston during the seventeenth-sixties and wanted to have your portrait painted, you would certainly apply to Copley, who enjoyed a monopoly of the best business. The young man who meets you at the door of his painting room is fashionably clothed—John Trumbull found him dressed for dinner in 'a fine maroon cloth with gilt buttons,—but he lacks the air of a Kneller or a Reynolds. His stocky figure seems more that of a prosperous artisan, a silversmith or perhaps a cabinet-maker. As matter-of-factly as any tradesman, he shows you his wares and quotes prices. Then he sets a date months in the future. When you object to the delay, he motions you to look round his studio, 'a large room full of pictures unfinished which would engage me this twelve months if I did not begin any others.' There is nothing to do but wait, since it is unthinkable you would employ anyone but Copley.

If, familiar with English studio practice, you are looking forward to being entertained by your sittings, you will be disappointed. With an efficient nod of greeting, Copley motions you to a chair. Behind his distant manner you sense shyness, but when he gets to work the shyness vanishes; indeed, he seems to have forgotten you are alive. Far from entertaining you with gossip and anecdotes, he labors in complete silence. The flashing brushwork with which the Old World portraitists awe their sitters is completely lacking; Copley's brush

spends most of its time motionless in his hand. Pondering with a corrugated brow, he stares until you become embarrassed. Then he starts to mix a color, pausing momentarily to stare again. At last he takes some pigment on his palette knife, and walking up to you, matches it to your face. When at last he touches the brush to the canvas, it is with a tight, unrelaxed motion.

Painted A Head

A contemporary remembers that Copley's manner was 'very mechanical. He painted a very beautiful head of my mother... She sat to him fifteen or sixteen times. Six hours at a time! After several sittings, Copley left the room. He requested that she would not move from her seat during his absence. She had the curiosity, however, to peep at the picture, and to her astonishment she found it all rubbed out.'

The contrast between the speed of the English painters, who could complete a head in a few hours, and Copley's slowness, indicated a fundamental difference of method. The transatlantic artists were applying an already established technique: like virtuosi, they played a few variations on a familiar melody. But Copley composed his piece as he went along. Faced with peculiar shadows on a hand, he could not remember how Kneller had solved the problem, or Raphael. He had to solve it for himself, a most exacting and laborious task.—From American Painting: First Flowers of Our Wilderness, by James Thomas Flexner.

Chips That Fall

At a time when all the signs point to a booming prosperity it is hard to realize there are people in Chapel Hill and the county who face a Christmas not only without a bit of festivity or luxury, but without proper food or clothing.

Among them are children and lonely old people. Mrs. Jane Parker, head of the county welfare, vouches for their deprivation and need.

How about a title fund? For every ten dollars we spend on ourselves and our families, why not take out a dollar and send it to the Junior Service League, Box 374, Chapel Hill. Or notify the league if you have food, clothes, and toys you can spare.

No child, no lonely man or woman, in the Chapel Hill area ought to go without his bit of Christmas.

Is the mockingbird that sings so gloriously in public just an old brute at home?

The lady mocker who raised two sets of young ones the past summer, also raised her voice daily against cats, expected to follow her husband to his winter home in an evergreen under the eaves of the house. But at every attempt by her he falls upon her and beats her, pushing her across the lawn with hoarse rasps of his voice. It's plain he expects to occupy this favorite perch all by himself.

"Not worth a red copper," was a saying of years ago.

So the penny died out of the respectable class. Is the nickel so doomed? It is a shock to stop in one's favorite refectory and read the grim signs: "Soft drinks 6c, Coffee 10c." We can stand the necessity of adding a penny to a nickel for a coke, but somehow a dime for coffee irks us and carks us. Particularly if it's Chapel Hill coffee. Why does the local brew often taste as if it were made from acorns or dried peas? Two things are needed for good coffee: ample grounds and no boiling. For the lawd's sake, people, don't let it set and boil.

Mrs. Walter Prichard Eaton suggests that UNC could save money and space by just making Jim Tatum both football coach and president of the University. Pete Ivey thinks in that case the town might become known as Tatum Hill.

WHAT'LL YOU HAVE?

Sociologically speaking, more of the country's population is essentially urban than is so classified by the census. The 21 percent who are called "rural non-farm" generally have the social and economic characteristics of urban populations. Furthermore, improvements in transportation and communication have brought almost all rural people relatively close to urban centers and urban ways of life. The farmer's daughter now wears blue jeans not as work clothes but because it is an urban fashion. Recently in a farm home, a five-year old, when asked at the breakfast table, "What'll you have?" replied, "Pabst Blue Ribbon." Consternation of the parents concerning this influence of television was all the greater because they were totalitarians.—Gordon W. Blackwell

A Christmas Gift for

\$5

"The Woman Who Rang The Bell"

by Phillips Russell

Old Chapel Hill, its customs, rules, manners, comedies, and mishaps, are faithfully mirrored in this book which was a May-flower Cup winner. Many fine pictures. Handsomely bound.

At all bookshops, or post-paid from University Press, Chapel Hill, N. C.

The Car from Germany

MARY HORNADAY in Christian Science Monitor

Next to "Adenauer" and "hamburger," the German word most on American lips these days is "Volkswagen."

This beetlelike little automobile is bound to be even more a topic of man-in-the-street conversation now that its manufacturers have bought a World War II Studebaker plant in New Brunswick, N.J. for assembly of Volkswagens for the United States market.

One of the backbones of German post-war economic recovery, this typical efficient German product may become one of the chief means of Europe's getting dollar exchange in these preconvertibility days.

But already a red flag has gone up in America. It was not raised by American manufacturers competing with a \$1,530 car but by labor unions. New Jersey CIO president Paul Krebs dug up and flung in the face of Heinz Nordhoff, president of the Volkswagen Corp. in West Germany, a speech the latter made recently when the 1,000,000th Volkswagen came off the assembly line in Germany.

Nordhoff Speech

In the speech, Mr. Nordhoff, who learned sales and production methods on the staff of General Motors before the war, defended the six-day work week, antediluvian in the United States but still prevalent in the federal republic, despite a campaign of the Federation of German Trade Unions for the 40-hour week.

Mr. Krebs has struck back with a vigor typical of the American

workingman: "If a six-day week has all the virtues claim," he tells Mr. Nordhoff, "then a seven-day week with 16 per cent more vitamins, all workers were cooped up at industrial plants seven days a week when would they find time to ride and enjoy Volkswagen and Chryslers?"

Not Troubled

He proceeded to enlighten German manufacturers on the mores of the American worker. "American workers explained, 'are not troubled by the emptiness and idleness' of a two-day weekend when the weekends visit their neighbors, and resorts to their autos. They see and enjoy their children. They improve their wives. They improve their homes. They go to the libraries, parks, playgrounds, and swimming pools. 'In short, they lead richer, more satisfying lives. They change in all those activities which give warmth and dignity to human being. They demand on Saturday and Sunday than on any other day of the week—that Americans play man values and rights property values and rights five-day weeks in effect a rejection of the Nazi and Communist philosophy of subordinating human beings to the state private property.'"

Every thing is possible for who possess courage and and to the timid and and everything is impossible for it seems so.—Scott in Roll



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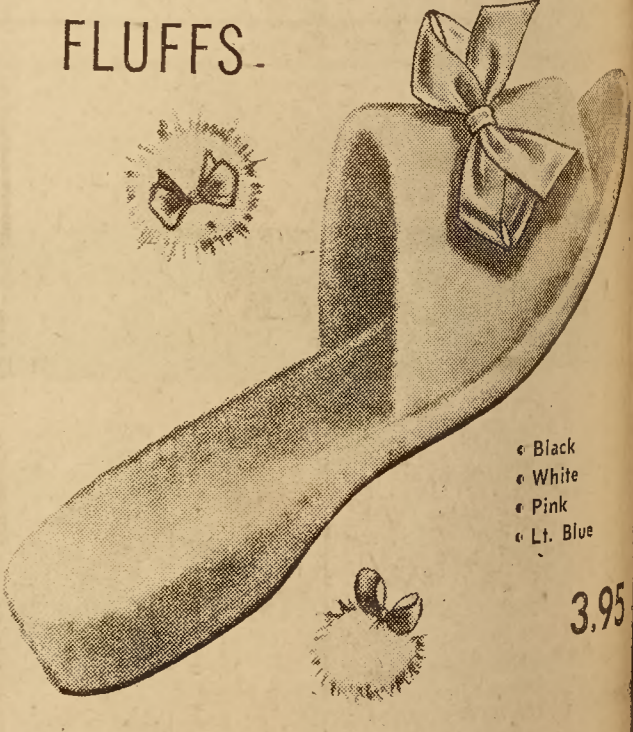
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