

Campaign Catechism

Can Adlai E. Stevenson win the presidency?
Yes!
Can he win easily?
By no means.
How can he win?
With the tireless, strong support of all Democrats and the aid of voters who get off the fence onto his side because they're sick and tired of the middle—the present administration hasn't enough vigor to create a mess!—in Washington.
Will the party support him?
It will. In spite of tugging and hauling over the civil rights plank, and for all ex-President Truman's sprint into left field, Democrats reached a high degree of unity as the Chicago convention closed.
Does Stevenson offer values to independent voters?
Big ones, to them and all voters. He has

character, intelligence and devotion, proved administrative skill, knowledge of affairs foreign and domestic, readiness and ability to carry the full burden of office. Adlai E. Stevenson has the makings of a great President.
What obstacles face his campaign?
Any chance of apathy on the part of his supporters, the bulging money bags of the opposition, its false claims to credit for whatever has gone right in recent years.
What of his running mate, Estes Kefauver?
He's a hardy campaigner, well qualified for the office, a help to the ticket.
What now?
Hard, willing work by all hands—for the sake of the candidates, for the sake of the party, most of all for the sake of the nation that needs alert, enlightened, healthy leadership instead of smug, grinning drifting.

One Boy With A Brain

In his home workshop in Charlotte, Jimmy Blackmon made a rocket that ten Army thought worth taking to Redstone Arsenal in Alabama to study. The authorities may be more interested in the youth who could build it at the age of 17 than in the missile itself. Jimmy's story still shows that the emphasis in achievement is on persons rather than on paraphernalia.
One boy with a brain that was alert and hands that were deft did a job to rival the kind to which huge research and technical crews are assigned. Redstone Arsenal undoubtedly can produce a heavier, more complex missile than Jimmy's, but when facilities and staff—hundreds against one—are compared, the boy puts the big rocket center to shame.

Jimmy lacked the machines, the computers, the data, the whopping sums of money and all the rest that's often supposed necessary to getting things done in these days of "Operation Open-the-Window" and a "task force" to look outdoors and see if the sun is shining—and report in quadruplicate. He wanted to build a rocket and he went ahead and did. It's likely he often had an easier time than a cumbersome crew whose members spend much time tripping over one another's toes.
Here's hoping Jimmy Blackmon escapes being shoved into an unwieldy, regimented pattern of research that might make him a cog in a vast machine. He and his like do best in freedom, not when they're held down to the status of just another skilled bee helping build a honeycomb.

It Was A Grand Old Car

Out of the confused story of efforts to save the Studebaker-Packard Corporation from bankruptcy come hints that Packard automobiles may be dropped or become rarities. That would sadden many people, especially those whose automotive memories reach back beyond the 1930's.
Packard, in 1906, was the first automobile with a steering wheel. Others, before then, had had tillers, like those of boats. Packard took and held a leading place among cars most of which now are only memories—the Moon, the Kelsey, the Stutz and many more. "Ask the man who owns one" was the Packard slogan, and any questions were likely to be put in respectful tones. Those who owned Packards were people of prominence and substance.

Then came the depression blamed on Herbert Hoover, and plummeting sales of a luxury automobile. Perhaps it was the only way to survive, but Packard cheapened its product, came out in the early 1930's with a \$1,000 car—a low middle-price product then. Packard avoided going under, but never could win back its old eminence.
Lament for the grand, old, square-nosed car may be premature. Sentiment will hope so. Meanwhile, predictions about new models generally tell of cars for 1957 with as much as 350 horsepower. The ordinary driver needs 350 horsepower in a car no more than he needs a binocular microscope to read billboards he drives past! Small wonder there are young hot-rodgers on the roads, when everybody seems to bow in worship to the chromed hood packed with unnecessary horses.

Ki-Yi Over Stroud Hill

Stroud Hill is the haunt of a busy beagle. The little dog gets going on a trail and lets out yelps that are like corkscrews to the eardrums. Folks rush, alarmed, to windows and doors. It sounds as though seven brutal giants had taken to beating the poor pooch with whips of red-hot scorpions. All that's really up is that the beagle is giving out the news that it's on the track of a rabbit. It never seems to catch up with bunny, though.
Round curves, back and forth, through grass and brush runs the beagle, crying ever more shrilly, more eagerly. Its voice rises al-

most out of sonic range, but never quite. It drops again to beagle bass—which is soprano for most dogs—and once more takes its cadenza up-up-up-up to a knifeing "Ki-yi!"
Repeating, the dog doesn't quite catch the rabbit. Any but an imbecile cottontail would get away from that noise. Lots of outcry, less result. That's how the beagle's efforts sum up. It seems to enjoy its yipping, all the same.
All this recalls some folks, whom charity and caution blend to forbid naming. Politicians and others who think the cap fits are welcome, though to put it on.

The Government IS The People

By SIDNEY SWAIM ROBINS
Fifty-three years ago (1903) one of the lively questions in American politics was whether we should subsidize private shipbuilding.
Except for coastwise traffic, our merchant marine was then disappearing from the oceans. The day of the Baltimore clippers was a dream of the past. "Foreign bottoms," British and Norwegian, were carrying our exports and our imports. We yearned to become a commercial nation, exploring foreign markets; but that required drummers and ships of our own.
And what would happen if we got into a war? We were likely to have our raw materials cut off and to lose Hawaii and the Philippines. Our navy was comparatively tiny, and there was fear we might lose even the art of building big and up-to-date private yards were the nation that art. Hence the question.

The main objection was to Uncle Sam's taking tax money to directly aid a private and rather local industry. The term "welfare state" was not then brought in to damn subsidies, but the agricultural South was strongly opposed and all good Democrats were against widening the functions of the national government.
The University had a debate that year with Johns Hopkins on subsidies, and we had the side favoring government aid. Horace Williams was then the mentor of all our debating teams. He said we had the right side, but that the first Affirmative speech had to get the principle plumb right and make it mighty clear.
The principle, as he beat it into my head and afterwards pretended I had thought of it myself, was that the government is just the people. It was nothing you needed any Latin words to explain. The definition of it was that it was the people themselves, in action and promoting what the Constitution calls "the general welfare."
Back in the Middle Ages, some had got far enough to say that government is the consent, and interest, and opinion, of the governed in action. Of course to say that is not to deny great public value to order, custom, constitution, law. Only fools tear up this morning what they or their fathers planted yesterday, in order to start all over.
But the reason we have private industries and private property protected by law was simply that it is good for everybody for us all to have such things, or the chance at them. We need them to grow by. The reason for recognition of rights of life, liberty, freedom of speech and press, religion—and for the sacredness of these—was just the same: it was God's plan and in everybody's interest for us to have them. That made these rights sacred. And the limitations upon these rights, the decisions and so forth, traced right



Hugh G. Haynie in The Smithfield Herald

Harold Stassen Makes Sense

(Smithfield Herald)

Republican leadership wouldn't dare admit it, but there is more Republican sentiment for leaving Nixon off the party ticket than appears on the surface.
Harold Stassen, an important man in the Eisenhower administration, wasn't acting as a lone wolf when he suggested that Governor Herter of Massachusetts be given the vice presidential nomination instead of Nixon. Mr. Stassen talked with President Eisenhower before he made his suggestion in public, and the President of course told him that he couldn't put in a plug for Herter "as an official member of the President's official family." But it is significant that President Eisenhower didn't put the clamps on the man who serves as the President's special assistant on disarmament.
It seems reasonable to conclude that Mr. Stassen wouldn't have tossed out the suggestion to replace Nixon unless he was

back to the same foundation.
Horace Williams wanted no North Carolina lawyer, business man, editor, or politician to serve as judge of this Subsidy debate unless he was pretty nearly a Republican, like Joe Caldwell of the "Charlotte Observer." He said Josephus Daniels could never see the Affirmative principle. So we had to have some judges who could see that the government at Washington was all the people of the country and therefore had to do whatever was necessary to save us all together.
Early in the game we had realized that an army and navy were necessary to save us, although there were protesting voices. Then Jefferson found the Louisiana Purchase necessary even if unconstitutional. We began to discover that public schools were prime needs, even though for a time we didn't bring Uncle Sam into that. It was a hand-out from Andy Jackson though that started our N. C. public schools. Then a protective tariff was judged necessary to help us start a few industries. In 1898 it was found necessary to take hold of some Pacific islands. One thing has followed another; but always the real question has been whether we had to have something, and, if so, how to get it. Politicians may have tried to obscure it in big words, but that has been the issue.
Well, we got Joe Caldwell for judge; and very likely it was through him we got the decision. What a change today! Now it is business chiefly that wants to keep the government out of business and from doing things, especially if it is for farmers, labor, old age, children, the underprivileged. The business man thinks he can run a business better than the government, which he can. Then he thinks government is a business, which it is not—any more than a school, or a farm, or a church. The government is the people. Its function is to promote the general welfare, wherever and whenever private industry is not doing it, or can't do it as well. That is, if Horace was right.

Chips That Fall

O.K., G.O.P., now let's C how U look on TV.

If oppressive tactics are the smart kind to apply to an organization dedicated to protesting against oppression, Alabama is dealing just right with the NAACP.
This started out to be a pacan of praise for watermelon, but first-hand research on the subject took so much time so pleasantly that only enough remained to write a short paragraph.
Almost 22 nations, in chorus, to the dictator of Egypt: "Oh, you Nasser man!"
Anybody who can think offhand of a bigger bargain than a three-cent stamp, speak right up—but don't expect easy agreement.

Gloom About The Boom

Forbes Magazine

A soothing, if untested, attitude of confidence has replaced in recent years the oldtime fatalism about the chances of breaking the vicious cycles of boom and bust that long ravaged the Western World. Money management, government intervention and "new era" technology—have made major depressions as extinct as the dinosaur.
Through it all, however, a few hardbitten doubters remain unconvinced. One such skeptic started a solemn warning that the nations of the free world are living in an economic fools' paradise. He was the late Felix Somary, a highly-respected, Vienna-born, private banker of Zurich, Switzerland, intimate of many great economists and businessmen on both sides of the Atlantic. In June, speaking privately at Harvard, Somary had issued a sepulchral warning:
"America," said he sadly, "is living beyond its means... a crisis is unavoidable." In Somary's view, the trouble lay in a practice that has become the order of the day in democratic countries: the sacrificing of the sound dollar to the interests of maintaining "full employment." In the long run, said Somary, this can only lead to disaster.
A few weeks later Somary returned to his home in Zurich, and last month, past 80, he died. But soon all Wall Street was talking about his warning. "Somary's views," wrote a big brokerage house, "are commanding a wide audience because he is regarded here as one of the distinguished individuals of modern times... (he predicted) the New Deal boom, the 1937 market decline, the timing of World War II and the postwar boom."
Somary's friends also claim him as among the first to predict the

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

Dear Sir:
I should like to express through your newspaper my deepest appreciation for the many kindnesses afforded to us by the townspeople of Chapel Hill. Although our fire was certainly no tragedy and of little moment to the community, it was of considerable import to my family.
Neighbors put out the fire, and saw that we never lacked for food, clothing, shelter, or any of the comforts that kind and true hearts may offer.
To our neighbors, the tradespeople with whom we deal in Chapel Hill, my associates at work, and indeed, to many strangers, our heartfelt thanks for enriching our lives by your kindnesses that will leave with us a wealth of memory of far more value to us than anything we lost.
Gratefully,
John Clayton

NEWSMAN'S NOTE

BY ROLAND GIDUZ

Incidental Bits From The Beat

Phone Caller On 'The Honey Hole'

It was just after Thursday's "Dollar Days" issue of the News Leader had gone to press and the man on the beat was darn glad to get home for a bit of comparative relaxation.
The phone rang as he walked in the house... wearily he picked it up. "News Leader," he answered, calculating it would be a business call anyhow.
"Does 'Roland Gil' live there?" asked a woman in a voice that almost sounded arrogant.
"No," she was told, "But Roland Giduz does. This is he."
"Wait a minute," came the command—definitely arrogant—as the phone was clunked down while the caller went to notify someone else.
A moment later another woman picked up the phone. She was loaded with the last speaker's arrogance and then some:
"Is you the one what wrote in the newspaper bout the two sisters runnin' the 'Honey Hole'?"
"Yes, that's e..."
"Who tole yo..."
The impasse...
"Well I is gon tomorrow an' me."
"Well that's plied the man... just send the yer right arou... Leader office... the name. That not Roland 'Gi..."
And that, of test and the from the "Hon... Indeed, we wo with keen antio from an attornc interest of this...
Meantime, the ning wide oper stand. And, as report on this s it should be el

Free Wheeling

By Bill Crowell—Reporting From Raleigh

THANKS UP THERE... Say a prayer if you got through last month without suffering auto accident hurts. Motor Vehicles Department records show 83 persons killed in July traffic and the worst is yet to come. Same records for last year show ascending statistics from August through December. Like this: August 82 fatalities, September 98, October 137, November 112, and December 134.

STOPPING TIP... A good rule of the thumb for quickly estimating safe stopping distance is to paste the figure "5" over your speedometer. Then multiply any driving speed by five and the result will be the approximate number of feet it will take to stop safely.

NERVOUS NAGS... Fifty years ago the approach of "one of them infernal horseless carriages" sent Grandpa into a tizzy. And with good cause for his team was sure to take fright and bolt, a contingency the State of North Carolina recognizes to this very day. Even though Old Dobbin figuratively succumbed to the auto age years ago he still can stop traffic dead. The law is heavily onesided in his favor as evidenced by an obscure passage in the Motor Vehicle Manual.

Putting it roughly, the book says any person mounted or leading a horse has only to raise his hand and cars must stop, period. And if the animal is badly frightened the motorist is further directed to shut off the engine and if bidden to assist the horseman to quiet the animal. The law originally was passed in 1917 to "insure the safety of all persons concerned and to pre-

1929 bust.
Somary's last words were as ominous as they were startling. A crash, he said, is almost inevitable, "not, as the Marxists claim, because it lies in the nature of the capitalist system... (but because) the arrogance of the employers and the greed of the trade union leaders increases with each inflationary wave; both permit themselves to be carried along comfortably by ever more rapid currents, without giving a thought to the end."
Somary made no mention of when he thought it would come, but he left no doubt that he thought economic collapse would be the inevitable result of inflationary policies deliberately pursued. It could be avoided only if the U. S. would swallow the bitter pill of deflation, thus restoring the purchasing power of the dollar and putting expansion on a more leisurely basis. This, he said, would entail some painful readjustments. Among them:
"The system of cheap money must be totally renounced" and interest rates allowed to rise.
Use of inflationary techniques should be limited strictly to war production.
Non-defense government spending should be pared to the bone.
There must be no more sacrificing of the sound dollar just in chasing the "mirage" of full employment.
"To start an inflation," Somary warned, "is easy. To stop it is immensely hard, particularly for a democracy."

CHAPEL HILL

Published every Thursday by the Company, Inc.
Mailing Box
Chapel Hill Street Address
Carr Telephone

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L. M. Pollander

J. J. Hendricks

E. J. Hamlin

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SUBSCRIPTIONS (Payable in Advance)

Five Cents

BY CARRIER: \$1.00 per month

for six months

annum.

BY MAIL: \$4.00 per year

\$2.50 for six months

for three months

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