

Exit Adams, Dragging Feet

Writers of plays know that suspense is among their most valuable effects. Get the audience hunched forward on the edges of the seats waiting for "it" to happen, and a hit is in the making. But suspense is tricky. String it out too lengthily and the spell snaps and there's soggyness; the people who sat forward now lounge back and mutter, "Oh, let's get on with it." The tragedy—or farce—or what you choose to call it—of Sherman Adams has suffered from the dull defect of suspense too long stretched out.

But, comes the objection, this was real life, not a play; Oh, yes, it was a play! "All the world's a stage" holds inexorably true of politics. Lines are spoken, poses are struck, gestures are made, all in the limelight, and the aim is to sway and impress the audience—the people, the voters. Even if that isn't the aim, it's the result. Sometimes the actors have to make up their parts as they go along, but often there's time out in the wings to plan the next scene, and it is always a play.

Sherman Adams was cast in a certain role, of his own and his party's choosing. He was subjected to certain effects, by no means of their choosing. But it was an old situation, that's been seen on many stages: the idol of probity is shown to have clay feet, the man who has put on the robe of an angel gets a human spot on it. Maybe Adams' offense was nothing or little more than the "imprudence" he admitted, but on the stage—the stage of politics—everything was dramatized, both his air of sanctity and the "wickedness" of taking a coat and a rug and letting his hotel bills be paid for him.

Harry Golden has an astute comment on

Adams in the current Carolina Israelite. "It is not," say Golden, "all a matter of greed. People love to get 'complimentary' tickets or gifts. I remember getting free tickets for a Broadway show for a fellow and he nearly jumped out of his skin for sheer joy. The tickets would have cost him \$8.80, but he insisted on taking me to dinner and by way of further celebration he bought a bottle of champagne for eleven dollars." Golden sees Adams out, but they'd have known better than to drag it out so tediously as actually happened.

Once the climax in the drama of Adams was reached that it came to months ago, there could be only one outcome. Aristophanes, Shakespeare, Henry Miller and a host of other playwrights could have told it to you in a moment. They might have held the suspense a little while before they cast Adams out, but they'd have known better than to drag it out so tediously as actually happened.

The President and his advisers, who included Adams himself, botched it. They might have put on a stirring, quick scene that would have salvaged them some emotional benefit out of trouble. But they hung on and strung out and concocted dialogue that went sort of like, "Um, er, well, hmm." That's rotten theater. And this, it can easily be argued, is the worst of the whole affair. They lack skill in playing their parts, they can't figure out the telling lines, they won't bring forth the correct gestures, and these faults slop over into other scenes of politics both national and, unfortunately, international.

The Ackland Effigy

Let's come out into the open about the marble likeness of William Hayes Ackland on top of his tomb in the Ackland Memorial Art Center, thresh the affair out, then try to forget it and let it rest in peace.

The effigy is an eyesore. It is lugubrious, macabre, morbid. It would be in place only in an old-fashioned cemetery. It is utterly out of place in a spot dedicated to beauty and enjoyment of beauty. It will win the center some such nickname as "The Morgue" in campus slang. It is unfortunate esthetically and emotionally.

Now for the rest of the story.

Mr. Ackland left money to put up a million-dollar building and another million whose \$40,000 a year income will buy art to be shown there. His will laid down conditions for whoever took the bequest. It was crystal clear about the center's being his burial place, and detailed about the visible tri-

bute that must be paid to him.

The University took the gift—chased it in court, in fact.

There was talk of dodging by "carrying out the spirit rather than the letter" of the will. It was suggested the burial place might be in the lawn, with a symbolic statue over it rather than a stone likeness. It was suggested it might be in the floor beneath a bronze plaque, in the fashion of some European cathedrals. The final decision was to obey the will's directions as closely as possible.

In the first place, this was wise from a legal view. Failure to follow instructions might have left the University's right to the funds open to challenge in court at any later date. Much more than that, it was plain fair play. The gift was accepted; the condition went with it. What was done was simple honesty; another course would have come close to cheating.

It Came Down!

The cost-of-living index came down in August! That deserves an exclamation point, because it was the first drop in two years. The decline was only .2 per cent (the mean little period in front of the figure makes its two-tenths of a per cent, not 2 per cent). But it was a decline.

Moreover, the Labor Department experts who prepare the index predicted another drop when the September returns are in. After that, also, they think it'll level off. That's fairly good news, too. Statistics Commissioner Ewan Clague insists that the index is likely to stay at about the point it reaches in September; won't say it will go down again, but thinks it may not go up much. We'll see!

O - And Ah! - For October

September, you've been a good month and it's too bad you have to go, but it will be pleasant to get into October. October, in these parts, is definitely one of the fine months.

General prediction, thanks to the experts at the Airport, about like last October, average high of 66 degrees, average low of 43; highest 76, lowest 49, rainfall maybe somewhat more than the previous October's 1.31 inches, which was under normal.

October brings the World Series in baseball, plenty of football, and hotting up of national politics as the candidates head for the November decision.

It will be a year on October 4 since the Russians sent up Sputnik I.

Thanks and Congrats...

—To Dr. Eugene A. Hargrove of Memorial Hospital's psychiatric department on appointment as general superintendent of North Carolina's mental hospitals system. Quiet Gene gets things done; the knack will help in the new job.

—To Carlyle Shephard on election as 1953 president of the Chapel Hill Kiwanis Club, and to Jack LeGrand for getting the vice-presidency.

Explanation of the decrease is simple. It was on account of lower food prices. They usually come along about this time of year. The last previous drop was in August, 1956, from the July figure of that year. But even that customary seasonal decline failed to take effect in 1957. And while food costs in August, 1958, were dipping, prices of other purchasables counted into the index set some new high records. We're by no means entering a cheap era.

One small group that will be disappointed by the drop consists of seekers after perpetual motion. They thought they'd found it at last in the up, up, up of the index. They might shift their attention to State taxes.

Columbus sighted New World land (though he didn't know it was that) on October 12, 1492.

Cornwallis surrendered at Yorktown on October 19, 1781, and the Revolutionary War was won.

As a result of what started in the stock market on October 29, 1929, Variety, weekly paper of the entertainment world, printed the headline, "Wall Street Lays an Egg."

Found guilty as war criminals, 10 leading Nazis were hanged in Nuremberg Prison October 15, 1946.

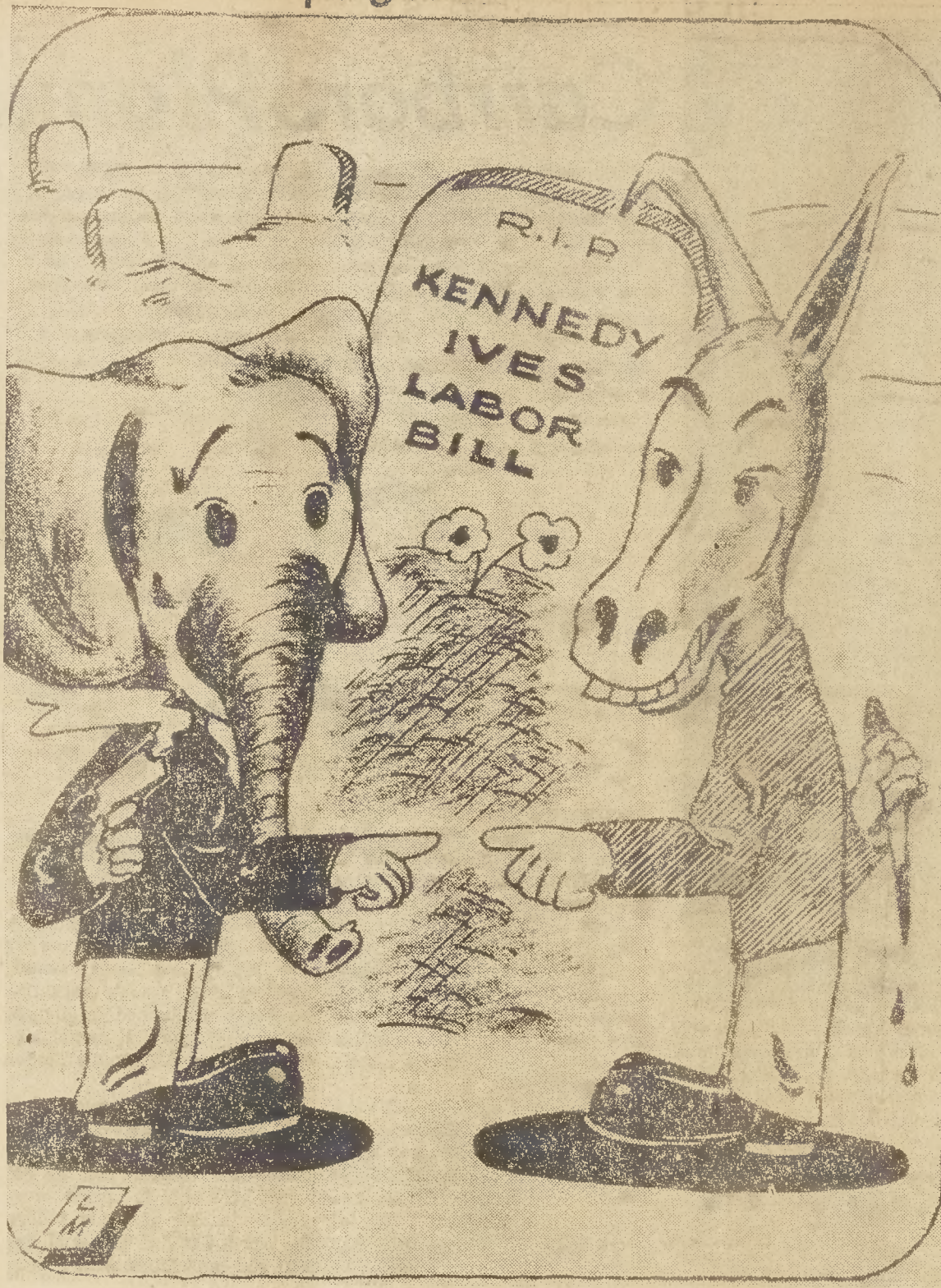
Hungarians revolted against Communist control on October 23, 1956, but were defeated.

Poets generally have spoken well of October.

October has 31 days, but most folks don't think even that is enough.

You'd be smart to go to the showrooms and look at the new model cars, whether or not you have any idea of buying. Then, when one comes at you on the highway, you won't be scared close to fits by its astonishing new lines.

This time, Sherman's march is back to New Hampshire.



Lee Madden for The News Leader

Newsman's Notepad

Chapel Hill Panorama: Credits
By ROLAND GIDUZ
42 Concord Ave.
Cambridge 39, Mass.

Just as you can see a large painting by an old master more clearly as you move away from it, the Newsman has felt several times recently that he's been seeing Chapel Hill more clearly from a distance.

This one man's opinion, continually forming now through reading the favorite hometown newspaper, has crystallized on a number of points in which the Town and its officials should take pride—and a number of other things

which merit further study and effort.

Among the major accomplishments of the past year, it seems to us, has been raising the municipal tax rate by five cents to increase salaries of town employees. Along the hometown beat last summer the Newsman heard nothing but favorable reaction to this move. Our prediction is that time will show that the municipal government will reap a healthy dividend from its employees in return for fair salaries paid for work well done.

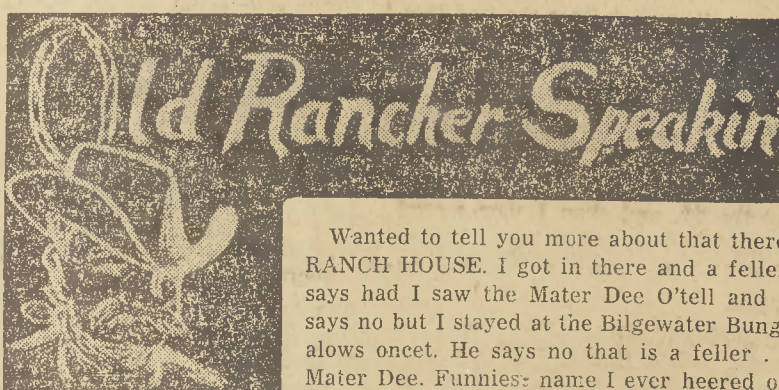
Another long-sought and much-

needed improvement, the full value of which is yet to be realized, is the beginning of codification of our town ordinances. Two staff members of the Institute of Government have almost completed assembly of all of our local laws—some of which date back over 100 years. After these have been classified and the aldermen revise them as may be necessary, Chapel Hill will be far advanced in its legislative processes.

Approval of an appropriation for a public library this year is an act of which the Town should be rightfully proud. The dedicated citizens who have worked for the establishment of the library truly deserve the credit for it. Now the aldermen have made it possible for them to do a valuable public service.

The extension of the Town's sewer lines, and improvement of existing lines, as well as a number of improvements at the disposal plant, have all been very fine accomplishments, too. While the aldermen have played a part in these projects, we should know that the Town Manager and the Sewer Plant Foreman are basically responsible.

As for things which need further consideration, we'd like to mention about a dozen items which occur to us, and which we'll go into in the Newsman's Notepad in several columns in the next few weeks.



Wanted to tell you more about that there RANCH HOUSE. I got in there and a feller says had I saw the Mater Dee O'tell and I says no but I stayed at the Bilgewater Bungalo oneet. He says no that is a feller. Mater Dee. Funnies: name I ever heered of excepting Jugwater John that I knowed one time. I don't blame him for lookin' for somebody. . . my it was dark in there! I stepped on this good-lookin' woman's foot and the feller with her says are you lookin' for somethin'? And I says nothin' but a crippled steer warmed over: some charcoal so he says you've come to the right place. Come to think of it all the women looked good in that there place. Romantic as a barn-warmin' or a moonlight hog-butcherin'. The lightin' in that RANCH HOUSE would make Sophie Sizewater look like Clara Bow. And a feller come by and I thought he was sellin' newspapers but it wasn't that. . . it took a paper that big to list the vittles they had. You git a chance go on out there to THE RANCH HOUSE, on the Airport Road, Chapel Hill. Real enjoyable. Yours Truly, The Old Rancher

End Malaria By 1955

By PAUL F. RUSSELL, M.D.
Sir William Osler 35 years ago wrote: "I think, if a census were taken among the world's workers on disease, the judgment to be based on the damage to health and direct mortality, the votes would be given to malaria as the greatest single destroyer of the human race."

Twenty years ago, L. L. Williams estimated the average incidence of malaria in the United States as four million cases a year, with as many as six or seven million in peak years such as 1935. But in 1957, the total number of malaria cases reported in the United States was only 144.

Six years ago, I estimated that the number of malaria cases in the world annually totaled about 350 million, with 3.5 million deaths. Recently, I have again reviewed data and have estimated that approximately 200 million cases occurred in 1957, with 2 million deaths. Still a huge total, but it seems likely that the world incidence of malaria has been lowered by more than 40 per cent since 1952.

"Practically Eradicated"
The disease has been practically eradicated from a score of countries represented by Venezuela, Italy, Mauritius, Formosa and the United States. Beyond doubt, malaria is in full retreat and today we talk with confidence of the world-wide eradication of "The King of Diseases."

The story of man's attempts to master malaria is notable in the annals of preventive medicine. In fact, as Osler said, "No disease illustrates better the progressive evolution of scientific medicine."

Malaria has been known from the very beginnings of history. . . . In 1897, Ronald Ross in India found the parasite of human malaria in an Anopheles mosquito. . . . As the Twentieth Century began, the way seemed clear for eradication of malaria. . . . Finally, in 1939, Paul Muller in Switzerland discovered the insecticidal properties of DDT. . . . By a happy coincidence some of the newer synthetic antimalarials appeared about the same time, so that we are now powerfully equipped for what we confidently believe will be the final drive.

Billions Exposed
About 45 per cent of the world's total population of 2.68 billions live in communities in which they are now or have very recently been exposed to malaria infection. World-wide malaria eradication requires the prevention of mosquito-borne malaria infections among a total exposed population of 1.2 billions. Expressed in another way, 138 of the world's total of 196 nations, territories, dependencies or administered areas require malaria

eradication programs, nonmalarious.

Obviously, when to the ical immensity of the added the geographical financial and, especially, istrative aspects, the w project has truly colo That significant progres ready been made may l ed from the fact that, by of 1957, officially ado tionwide malara en schemes were in pro operative or maintaina in 76 countries having exposed population of millions, or about 61, all who must eventu cluded. We may say, in of Churchill, that we ar end of the beginning bu at the beginning of the

One of the most hearti pects of the campaign i une international cha seems to me that in all history of man kind i never been a worldwide tive effort equal to it i sincerity. Great credit s to the World Health Org for its effective leader's amazing acceleration of eradication since 1947.

Ten years ago the c nation-wide malaria e was little more than a d the slogan, "worldwide tion," seemed fantasti observers. Today, the e convincing that withi 10 years, malaria can c cated from many coun from wide areas of ma Worldwide eradication ible goal that could be it seems to me, by 1965 trial Medicine and Surg

AND ONE TO GO
In his Stanly News a "Cracker Barrel" colu ny Andrew passes along t teaser: "Take the wom and see if you can com four other words usin letters."

Actually, if you'll ge archaic, there are five.

Agenda
DISARMAME
CHINA SEAT
MIDDLE EAST
OUTER SPACE PRO

UN
GENERAL
ASSEMBLY

Walt Partymiller—

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