

What Sort Of Monsters?

What sort of monsters do other folks take us for?

In Newsman's Notepad on this page today, a letter from Margaret Padgette is quoted telling how a man from India was surprised to learn that though she's a Southerner she has never attended a lynching.

This is ludicrous at first, then frightening.

We'd like to think it extreme. But here's an Indian, obviously of high calibre and intelligence, or he wouldn't be traveling from his native land to the far-away United States to add to his education at Columbia University in New York. And that's his notion of the American South.

Ponder a moment. He must believe — or have believed, for we hope Miss Padgette succeeded in setting him right — that lynchings are regular, common events all through the South, which people in general, including demure young ladies, go to about the way they actually go to football games.

It's a ghastly picture, yet it's the one that man had. Worse, he must be multiplied by millions of others all around the globe who undoubtedly think the same thing. And if that's part of their fantasy, they surely must have an abysmally low idea of the whole state of race relations and common decency

in these parts.

Some folks will blame such twisted ideas on Red propaganda, which of course will do all it can to promote them. We feel there's good deal more to it than that, going back further, included the old fact that news is what's exciting and the unfortunate fact that lynchings have occurred, aided by the lazy tendency of all human minds to create and keep stereotype pictures of others. (What's yours, of folks in India?)

Even if this were strictly a propaganda success, there'd be a vast counter-propaganda failure on our part. Yet how many Chapel Hillians would consider it necessary, talking with someone from abroad, to state that they'd never seen a lynching? About as many as would take pains to make it clear that they have feet instead of cloven hoofs.

We need to know what others think if we are to talk in a way that will make sense to them. Miss Padgette has provided a startling reminder that we often don't. Our self-pictures don't count for too much when we seek good international — or interpersonal — relations. It takes some humbleness to realize this, and more to try to find out what another's picture of us is. But items like the one at hand might shock us into the effort.



Lee Madden for The News Leader

Here We Go Again!

Prelude To The Turkey

By DAN ANDERSON

One tough task that keeps cropping up for an editorial writer is getting out set-pieces—articles for days that come round again and again, like Thanksgiving.

What's there to say that hasn't been said long before and far better?

Yet everyone else, and the writer, too, is full of thoughts of the day, and to pass it by with not a word would be strange and stupid.

A writer knows he must take note, and wants to. He may force himself, and grind out a wad of stuff. He may fall into the trap of thinking, "Big day equals big thoughts," and try to set them down in big words and find they're not really big, just puffed up.

Now, I still could plod over to the other side of this page and wrap the editorial "we" around me and tell Chapel Hill, the State of North Carolina, or even the whole nation what to be thankful for. But I don't feel that mighty. I'm going to call this a do-it-yourself Thanksgiving Day, and here's just count a few of my own blessings.

I Am Alive

I'm thankful! I'm alive. Saying that is more than routine for someone who had a coronary attack last spring. I'm thankful, too, that I got back health so good it lets me do about all I want to at work or in any other line.

As to work, I got the job of editing this page last September, and I give real thanks for that. I find fun and fulfillment as I write, plan, hunt out work by others that may make the page bright, and as I pick the place for each picture and piece to go, which is a game that beats jigsaw puzzles by miles.

For the rest of the folks at The News Leader I am thankful—those on the business and news sides and the printers. We all get along well. A happy office is real cause for thanks!

I'm thankful I'm in Chapel Hill, a town I like a lot.

More Personal

She's so modest she's shy, not the sort to bask in a spotlight, so I won't run on about this the way I easily could, but—I give deep thanks for my wife!

They'e After Your Scalp

By BURT DEUTSCH

Before the recent 54th annual convention in Chicago of the Barber and Beauty Supply Institute, it was stated in preliminary talks that men now spend more than \$2,000,000 each year for hair coloring. Other thoughts expressed were as follows.

Hair coloring service is essential in the modern man's grooming. Hair coloring may be learned by the average barber; it is an economically sound service; it is a psychological need. And the average barber should be interested in this important contribution to the trade's welfare.

Every barber can profit by fulfilling this vital need.

Special Courses Needed

Barber schools will play a major role in preparing special instruction in teaching hair coloring. Such studies should be added to the basic curriculum and, where the demand requires it, special post-graduate courses should be established. The dealer's role is to make available the proper supplies. Manufacturers and dealers alike could play an important part in supplementing the schools in this educational effort. All schools, dealers and manufacturers should offer substantial help to the barbers along these lines.

It follows that product acceptability is not too great an obstacle, provided the school's curriculum

Each bit of good news from two daughters and about my —to date—grandchildren—cause to be thankful.

Here's another. I had it in mind to give thanks for my friends and though I might name some of them, but then I couldn't tell where to start, or where I'd go for the sake of space. When is a puzzle, it's high time to be thankful. I mean friends here, town, and nearby, and those long ago and kept, even if I don't see each other often. Write as much as I could, especially when I'm not the one who owes the letter.

So far as I know, nobody any strong grudge against me and I can't use the word "grudge" or anything like it for the way I feel about anyone.

Just One Debt

I have not yet paid the water and electricity bills, waiting for the telephone bill. I can settle 'em all with one check. Except for that, I'm fully out of debt.

Just this month, I thought would be fun to make a tape —one of those sets of shape strings that shift into new terns with each breath of breeze. It won't put Alex Calder, first mobile-maker, to shame a long shot, but I liked doing it and I'm thankful that I got something new.

My job makes me read, like it, and do it for pleasure. I enjoy music of more than one kind. Just a month or so I found out about the changes in Graham Memorial, and there and lose some and some and have a good time. All these enjoyments and more give thanks.

In Addition

My appetite is excellent, a sound sleep each night, wake up ready to go to glasses, I see well. I don't miss my gone hair. More than and for more in the same still more thanks.

That's far from all, but it's start of the story of one of reasons for thanks now, on red-letter day that is tomorrow and all along the way.

I'm thankful, too, for thought that many readers stretch out their own lists of they can give thanks as I do mine.

Newsman's Notepad . . .

She Never Attended A Lynching!

By ROLAND GIDUZ

Random reactions to joltings on the Newsman's Notepad:

Our erstwhile Women's Editor, Margaret Padgette, now a student at Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism in New York, writes of an interesting incident recently at the International House, where she's living this year. "Living at International House is certainly an experience . . . One thing is for sure—when I leave here in June, I'll be a diplomat as well as a reporter! The foreigners want to talk of nothing but segregation when they find I'm from the South . . . They have funny ideas about Southerners. "One student from India was actually surprised I'd never been to a lynching. I couldn't help but laugh, even though I knew he had just gotten off the boat!"

With the fall colors still showing on the trees, gift-seller Viv Huggins reminded us in a recent advertisement that there were fewer and fewer shopping days before Christmas. That brought up thoughts of the difficult decisions to be made, and, particularly, what to give those proverbial people "who have everything." In the Yankee newspapers recently we've seen a good sprinkling of such suggestions, however. —Such as a "Drawkabe Keole" — or "backward clock" — snelled backwards. Billed as the "craziest clock in the world," it will give you the correct time the wrong way on a clock face that reads backwards and with hands that turn counter-clockwise. Last Christmas season jeweler Richmond Sloan reported a rush to buy belly-button brushes he was offering as the perfect gift for the guy who has everything else . . . The backward clock it seems to us is the perfect follow-up for 1958.

Rushing the Season

And while there's always a beef in the University community against rushing the Christmas commercial season, Chapel Hillians might be the more contented that they're not infected with the Bostonians' Yuletide fever this year. Christmas display went up early in the month in most store windows, and the Hub City's official opening celebration was held yesterday.

Winning Women

Mention of matters political brings us a further parallel between the University communities of Chapel Hill and Cambridge. . . . In the recent elections Harvard-town's only Republican to win re-election was a woman, Rep. Mary B. Newman, who topped the local ticket. It reminded us of the extraordinary strength shown at the polls last year by Chapel Hill's first woman alderman, Mrs. Adelaide Walters.

No Parking

Another "I told you so" to the 1959 auto purchasers has cropped up recently on the heels of the decisions in some states that liability policy premiums will be higher because of the high cost of chrome and tail fins: Now it seems, parking garages in New York City are going to charge 15 to 30 per cent more for parking the longer, wider, "more stylish and comfortable" 1959 autos. While a St. Louis parking lot recently imposed a flat ban on parking the big cars, the New York parking industry reasoned

"with some reluctance" that they'd have to charge more to make up for the loss of space resulting from models nine inches wider and 10 inches longer.

Adding to the garagemen's woes, it seems, are higher costs of minor accident repairs caused by protruding fins, outwardly curving side panels, and added vulnerability of headlights.

A matter of interest in comparison is the difference between a \$50 monthly storage charge in mid-town Manhattan to the five-dollar-a-month parking slots which are going begging on the lot in downtown Chapel Hill.

Incidentally, too, the situation isn't necessarily rosier for owners of the small foreign cars. Two Greenwich Village garages have barred the parking of these autos because of their low and fragile bumpers—which get entangled in the mesh of big car bumpers.

... Edifice ...

By DAN ANDERSON

Special for The News Leader

I watched a giant building rise— A structure of such mighty size That it bewildered my small brain

To guess what work it might contain.

Out of its doors at least should slip

I figured. Then they let me know

By putting up a sign to show

Its purpose. Here's what met my eyes:

"New Home of Momma's Home-Baked Pies."

BEER AND SNIPPERS

In Sydney, Australia, union barbers and bartenders found themselves working side by side on the country's first "sip 'n' clip joint." Located in a downtown hotel, the unique establishment offers four barber chairs and, for those who must wait for their haircuts or shaves, a comely union barmaid ready to dispense Scotch, bourbon or beer. — The Journeyman Barber, Hairdresser and Cosmetologist.

SERVE YOURSELF—

EVERY SUNDAY

BUFFET

At The

RANCH HOUSE

RECOMMENDED American Home GOOD EATING-1958

HOME OF CHOICE HICKORY-SMOKED CHARCOAL BROILED STEAKS

Bending Isn't Breaking

On the same day last week, the Communists and the Western Allies made notable concessions as to space exploration (the Reds) and nuclear arms (the United States and Great Britain). Perhaps we'll all get somewhere!

At the United Nations, Russia's representative changed position on a proposal for joint peaceful exploration of space. He dropped previous demands that an approach to this subject be linked with a ban on military missiles and withdrawal of Americans from bases overseas.

In Geneva, almost at the same moment,

American and British negotiators agreed that they would not insist on making a single package of talk about ending nuclear tests and talk about a control system.

Neither side, obviously, is going to have everything all its own way concerning these two vital international issues or their likes. Something, somebody has to give. If the Reds yield a bit here, and the West yields a bit there, hope remains.

Bending isn't breaking; it's less likely, in fact, to lead to breaking than is rigidity. Diplomats are behaving diplomatically, and folks in general can be glad.

Mechanized Mothers

A study in 1946 showed that 63 per cent — just short of two thirds — of the babies leaving North Carolina hospitals where they'd been born were breast-fed. A 1956 follow-up, its results just published, shows only 25 per cent—one quarter—getting the most natural nourishment.

Doctors praise mothers' milk as a food. They also say that breast feeding does great good to the emotions of mother and child, bringing them close, certifying their mutual

love. This makes the shift to bottles, healthful though modern feeding formulas may be, sound unfortunate.

Sometimes women haven't thought about the choice or talked it over with anyone and, rather dazed soon after the delivery, hear the question, "Breast or bottle?" and pick the easy-seeming bottle. It's one of the points on which mothers might helpfully be prepared, keeping in mind that there's nothing lovelier than a Madonna.

Take Away That Ice Pack!

Now comes a forward-looking scientist to suggest freezing folks for space travel.

His idea is that low temperatures could put them in a state of suspended animation. They'd keep, as it were, for years while their craft hurtled among the stars. Then, just be-

fore landing on a planet of some distant sun, they'd be thawed—by machine or by comrades who'd stayed unfrozen — little if any older than when they were iced, ready to explore or colonize with youthful vigor.

This suggestion leaves us absolutely cold!

Fatso At The Opera

In New York City a new opera house is going up, and the builders say they've found that seats will have to be broader than the old ones if folks are to be comfortable. Quickly, in obedience to fact or tact, they add that they're speaking about men, not women. All sorts of fascinating questions pop up.

Will the opera builders, who naturally wish to save space, install seats in pairs, one broad and one narrow, and label them "His" and "Hers"? How do people who go to opera now stand it—rather, sit it? What has become of the ample dowager everybody visions at the opera? Must we say farewell to the standard "lean-hipped" hero of romance? (Though he usually roamed the Western open spaces

rather than cramping into an opera seat.) How come these differences between people of now and times gone by and between the sexes?

Answers to some of these queries have been provided. It's an anthropological fact that people are getting bigger. Modern average man couldn't fit into the armor of an Age of Chivalry knight, or even into the usual uniform of a soldier of the Revolution. "Social pressure" is said to have compressed women's hips while men's broadened; the ladies diet and exercise and try to look like willow wands, but men more and more sit around, less and less walk, and the inevitable result is that they need larger opera seats.

Planners for the opera seats did a lot of measuring. They found that La Scala, famous and ancient Italian opera house, has seats 18 or 19 inches wide, whereas the mid-century New Yorker requires sitting room of 22 or, better, 24 inches. The present Metropolitan Opera House, which the new one will supplant, has some seats as wide as 22 inches, but many only 19½. Few Broadway theaters have 24-inch seats. Sounds like a comfort-angle come-on—for the opera, and the husband in the old joke, who's dragged there by his wife and goes to sleep, could do so luxuriously.

We haven't had the heart to go around and measure the spandy-new seats in Memorial Hall. It would be too blighting a blow if they turned out narrower than the opera specifications demand.

Some forms of pupil placement recall football placement — getting ready for a kick.

Now is the time for all good parties not to boil to the point of first aid.

Exit Maund; Enter Meter

By TAYA ZINKIN

BOMBAY — Some two millenniums ago India gave the digit zero to the world. This year, following the zero to its logical conclusion, India adopted the metric system for weights and measures.

If not urgent, this reform is timely in view of India's growing industrialization. The genius for splitting the unit into fractions and subfractions responsible for the myriad of Indian castes and subcastes had also blossomed in the field of statistics until India had different systems to measure weights, volumes, and areas.

For the befuddled trader there were 100 measures of weight called "maund" with ranges of 280 to 8320 tolas of weight between them, according to whether they were Madhesi, Punjabi, Bengali, or other maunds. From now on the maunds are converted into metric down-to-earth bits, grammes of 1,000 grammes each just as the rupee no longer con-

sists of 192 pies but of 100 honest naya paysas.

The railways are given ten years to get used to the metric system, whereas airlines are expected to make the adjustment with jet-speed, overnight.

The present reform, which follows the simplification of currency and temperatures, will be most welcome to school children grappling with the cost of the most improbable purchases, and will be most resented by those businesses which must change their containers and their methods of work.

I was once told that introducing the metric system would cost one oil company in India 1,500,000 pounds in container and pump adjustments. The changeover, however, is much cheaper now than in ten years' time, for as India develops the more expensive a departure from routine becomes. — The Manchester Guardian

Thanks and Congrats!

—To the Board of Aldermen for adopting an ordinance which will let the town control streetwide banners and keep them from obscuring traffic lights.

—With fingers crossed for the State championship game they'll now play, to Lincoln High's football Tigers on their 20 to 6 defeat of Clinton for the Eastern AA title, and to Coach Willie Bradshaw for the air of calm he wore all through the game, though he said afterward he didn't feel that easy by any means.

—To Miss Annie Durham on nomination as Club Woman of the Year by the White Cross Home Demonstration Club.

—To Paul Trembley of Troop 835 on being named top Scoutmaster of the year by the Orange Scout District, and to Sandy McClamroch on taking over the district presidency.

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Mailing Address: Box 749 Chapel Hill, N. C. Street Address: 311 E. Main Carrboro Telephone: 8-444

Roland Giduz Managing Editor

Jim Jones Managing Editor

Dan Anderson Edit Page Editor

Leo J. Murphy Ad. Editor

E. J. Hamlin Business Manager

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