

The Chapel Hill Weekly

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The Water Problem is More Important to The State Than Other Matters That Are Receiving More Attention

An article by Percy B. Lovell about New Jersey's water supply, that I have been reading in the Moorestown, N. J., News Chronicle, would be interesting at any time but it is especially interesting to me now because of the similarity of New Jersey's water supply problems to those of North Carolina.

The use of water in New Jersey averages 110 gallons per person per day and is growing steadily larger. A single manufacturing company in New Brunswick uses 1,500,000 gallons a day. There are 18,000 wells in the State. The law requires that a permit be obtained for every well drilled, and then the well's flow of water and other pertinent facts about it have to be reported to the state government. Wells vary widely in flow; in one district the flow may not be more than 50 gallons a minute, in another it may be 15,000 gallons a minute.

There are important differences between New Jersey and North Carolina in respect to water resources. Wells are depended on there more than they are here. Besides the Delaware, which flows along its western boundary, separating it from Pennsylvania, New Jersey does not have any rivers that compare in size and length with the rivers in North Carolina. This state has many more ponds than New Jersey has, and the number of these ponds is increasing at a remarkably rapid rate.

There is a parallel between the two states in the need for water for manufacturing, and each state has reason for deep concern over the certain future increase in this need.

But the most important parallel is that in both the states there has come to be a keen awareness of the need for protecting and conserving the water supply. Mr. Lovell tells of scientific surveys in New Jersey that will be the basis for action by the legislature to prevent waste and develop new resources. Here in North Carolina the late Governor Umstead appointed a Water Resources Advisory Committee to study the water problem, and it is expected to issue a report within the next few weeks.

"Water is one of the few fundamental resources for which there is no substitute," said Governor Hodges in his message to the legislature. "It is basic to life itself and to most activities which produce our necessities. The problem is exceedingly complex—in part because water is usually moving about, as water vapor in the air, in streams, and as ground water. It falls on one man's property and moves to another's. Many of man's uses of water do not consume or destroy it, but do often render it unfit for users downstream."

"North Carolina is blessed with abundant water, which, if properly used and conserved, is sufficient to supply all our needs in the foreseeable future. During the last four years, however, every section of the State and every segment of our economy has been seriously affected by droughts. This shortage has retarded industrial growth, reduced agricultural production, and limited municipal usage to an alarming degree."

"The report of the Water Resources Advisory Committee will in all likelihood, suggest legislation on the subject."

The severe droughts that depleted the water supply of many cities and towns, compelling some of them to take such extreme measures as hauling and piping water from communities that had water to spare—this condition is so recent that it is fresh in everybody's memory, and the people of the state realize this some-

thing ought to be done to prevent such calamities. Of course the basic action to provide adequate municipal water supplies is for municipalities themselves to take, but the state can give a great deal of help by providing expert advice and working out plans for joint water supply sources and, possibly, interlocking distribution systems.

The water supply problem is far more important than some of the problems before the legislature that are getting a great deal more attention.—L. G.

WUNC-TV Has a Solid Beginning

This writer was most anxious for WUNC-TV to get started. Being a sports fan of the first order, I was looking forward to seeing Carolina athletic teams perform in the confines of my living room. I have seen parts of the first two Carolina basketball games on TV and I have been impressed. I have already, however, come to realize that sports are going to be but a small part of the programs that I will come to enjoy on WUNC-TV.

The newscasts, sportscasts, programs on music, on finance, on problems facing the farmers, on almost every phase of activity in the three institutions, have already been featured. These programs have given me a new insight into the value of higher education. They have re-introduced me to several of my own college professors.

There are many problems facing those in charge of WUNC-TV, but with such a solid beginning there can be little doubt that this new phase of University education will leave its mark all over North Carolina.—O.C.

A Bad Move in Front of the Post Office

Nothing is more complained about than the shortage of parking spaces on our main street, yet here comes the town government and forbids the use of a space, long enough for two cars, that has been used by more people, and has been more of a convenience, than any other parking place in Chapel Hill; that is, the space in front of the post office just north of Henderson street.

A mail-box has been set up on the curb, with its mouth toward the roadway, and parking has been banned here so that drivers may come alongside the box and reach out and mail letters without leaving their cars.

Now that the space has been criss-crossed with yellow lines, meaning keep off, it stays vacant and useless most of the time. Formerly it was used in the course of a day by hundreds of people who came to the post office to get their mail and transact business at the windows. It was the perfect example of the proper use of a parking space on a crowded street. A car would stop; its occupant would get out and go into the post office; and in a few minutes, frequently in no longer time than it would take him to go to his lock box or buy some stamps, he would return to the car and drive off, leaving the space for the next comer.

A mail-box at this location is not needed, because mail-boxes, from which regular collections are made, are scattered all over town. At my request Postmaster Cheek has given me a list of these boxes. There are 29 of them, at the following places:

- East Franklin and Hillsboro, 500 North, North Boundary and East Rosemary, Davie circle, East Franklin and Park place, Gimghoul road and Ridge lane, near Grimes dormitory, near South building, Swain hall, Cameron avenue and Pittsboro, Cameron and Basnight, McCauley and Ransom, Pittsboro and McCauley, Triangle on Westwood, Memorial Hospital, West Franklin and Kenan, West Franklin and Building and Loan Association, Whitaker and Nunn, Carr and Church, West Franklin at high school, Franklin and Columbia, and East Franklin at Service Plants building. And in Victory Village and elsewhere outside the corporate limits: Mason Farm road and Bagley drive, 225 Jackson circle, north end of Maxwell road, south end of Maxwell road, Maxwell and Hamilton roads, end of Hamilton road, and Lanark road.

A driver who wants to go to the post office to get his mail or for any other purpose often finds no vacant parking space on either Franklin or Henderson street. It used to be that, for the few minutes he would be in the post office, he could park in the space I have described, just north of Henderson street. Now he is ordered not to use that.

If a person wants to take his letters to the post office instead of dropping them in a mail-box near his home, it is very little trouble for him to get out of his car and take them into the post office. That causes him only a small fraction of the inconvenience that is caused to a person who wants to go into the post office and

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real estate agent and told him she was looking for a small, simple, inexpensive apartment in a quiet part of town. He said: "I've got just what you want." Half an hour later she was at the door of this house on Patchin Place. She was greeted by the janitor, a smiling, good-mannered Negro. He told her he was from her own state of North Carolina, and it turned out they had mutual acquaintances. He guided her to an apartment on the third (which is the top) floor. It was clean, it had plenty of light, and trees pressed against the windows. She knew, on the minute, that she was exactly where she wanted to be.

One of her friends on the block is the poet and portrait painter who appears in Who's Who in America as Edward Estlin Cummings but whose name is familiar to the public in the lower-cap form, e. e. cummings. After having read his autobiography in the Atlantic she bought it in book form. A few weeks ago he wrote on the fly-leaf a cordial inscription.

His poetry is so subtle, or something, the great majority of people are incapable of understanding it, and Mrs. Russell is one of that great majority. She and Mr. Cummings are good friends and frequently engage in free-and-easy banter. On the day when he inscribed the autobiography, somehow his poetry came into the conversation and she remarked that she couldn't get a glimmer of what it meant.

"He laughed and seemed pleased when I said that," she told me. "I suppose maybe he was amused at hearing somebody make such a confession of ignorance, right to his face."

The houses on Patchin Place are among the oldest in New York. They were built in Colonial days, long before furnace heat was

What May Be in Store For The Average Human Being

(Norbert Wiener in "Cybernetics")
 The First Industrial Revolution was the devaluation of the human arm by the competition of machinery. There is no rate of pay at which a United States pick-and-shovel laborer can live which is low enough to compete with the work of a steam shovel as an excavator. The Second Industrial Revolution is similarly bound to devalue the human brain, at least in its simpler and more routine decisions. Of course, just as the skilled carpenter, the skilled mechanic, the skilled dress-maker have in some degree survived the First Industrial Revolution, so the skilled scientist and the skilled administrator may survive the Second. However, taking the Second Revolution as accomplished, the average human being of mediocre attainments or less has nothing to sell that it is worth anybody's money to buy.

From a Resolution Adopted at a UWA-CIO Convention:

Properly used, the achievements of the Second Industrial Revolution can advance by many years the realization of man's age-old dream of an economy of abundance. Improperly used, for narrow and selfish purposes, they can create a social and economic nightmare in which men walk idle and hungry—made obsolete as producers because the mechanical monsters around them cannot replace them as consumers.

is forbidden to use the only vacant parking space anywhere near.

A 10-minute limit on parking in front of the post office is all right. A complete ban on parking there is all wrong.—L. G.

known, and there was a fireplace on every floor. So, when they were converted into apartments, every apartment had a fireplace.

This makes for delight when a fire is burning but for distress when the firewood has to be paid for. For, firewood is frightfully expensive in New York; you have to pay two dollars for about a dozen sticks. When Mrs. Russell, on a visit to a relative in Rutherfordton, told this to an old friend of the Mebane family, Kenneth Tanner, the textile manufacturer, he said:

"You don't have to buy firewood. I have plenty of it on my place and you can have all you want."

"But how can I get it to New York?"

"No trouble at all about that," he said. "We have trucks going to New York all the time."

So it happens that every few days a truck that has come from North Carolina loaded with textile products draws up in front of the house where Mrs. Russell lives and the driver delivers to her several cartons of firewood. She has a surplus of it piled in her storage compartment in the basement.

Letter to a Boy

By Sidney J. Harris in the Chicago Daily News

This is an open letter to a boy, about 18 who forced me off the road while cutting in sharply and passing me on a hill yesterday afternoon.

Dear Son: You may think you are a good driver, and perhaps you are. But I'd like you to keep in mind that most of your "skillful" driving is due to other motorists.

Anybody can whip along the road as fast and as carelessly as you were going. There's no trick to that—the new cars are loaded with power and pickup—too much so, I'm afraid.

Just remember that it was my alertness that prevented an accident on the hill, not yours. And the driver who was approaching us also had to brake suddenly and swerve in order to save your life and his.

It is not your courage or dexterity that has kept you alive as long as this, but the prudence and politeness of other motorists. You have been trading on our good will and sense of self-preservation.

I wish it were possible to point out to you that your kind of driving is nothing but bad manners—it is not heroic, or adventurous or manly.

Suppose you ran down a crowded street, pushing people out of your way, knocking packages out of ladies' hands and kicking children into the gutter. What would be so heroic or manly about that?

Nothing, of course. Then why do you suppose that having 2,000 pounds of steel under you makes it any better? There's nothing to be proud of in driving fast—any fool can do that. It's a form of cowardice to threaten other drivers, not courage.

Suppose you beat me at the get-away, or up the hill? What does that prove? Nothing, except that the car you bought is faster. You didn't make it; it's a commercial product. Anyone can buy one like it—and anybody can drive with a maniacal disregard for safety.

So don't take any pride in your deadly accomplishment. A real man is considerate and polite—and takes chances only when it counts, when his honor and conscience call for it. On the highway, most of all, it's easy to tell the men from the boys—for the men have to save the boys from the consequences of their foolish and needless bravado.

Coker Scholarships

An endowed series of \$750 awards, the William Chambers Coker scholarships, have been established at Coker College in Hartsville, S. C., by Mrs. William Chambers Coker of Chapel Hill as a memorial to her late husband, who was head of the botany department of the University here.

The new scholarships, which are the largest awards now offered at the college, will begin with the 1955-56 academic year. The grants are open on a competitive basis to resident students in all four undergraduate classes, with each class to be represented among the recipients. Scholarship winners in the lower three classes will be eligible to reapply in succeeding years.

A Look at TV

Educational TV is on the air in North Carolina, and the term "educational TV" covers a multitude of sins. It also covers a wide range of excellent programs, some informative, some entertaining, and some downright educational.

Richard Burdick, executive producer for the Consolidated University TV office, has a Monday evening program over WUNC-TV on channel 4 called "I Hear America Singing." I missed his debut on January 10, but I caught the show last Monday (8 p.m.) and watched it with interest.

Mr. Burdick is a polished actor, and the program requires such a person. It is a one-man show, with Mr. Burdick discussing philosophical ideas and reading from various literary selections that strike his fancy.

His thesis last Monday was that contemporary drama, contrary to popular belief, does carry important messages. More specifically, he said, there are a number of plays that carry strong messages of world peace, tolerance, and neighborliness. To prove his point he read from "The Time of Your Life," "The Hasty Heart," "Johnny Johnson," "Harvey," and "Darkness at Noon," all with appropriate dialects and gestures.

The dialect he employed for the first selection, the Saroyan piece, got him off to a bad start, I thought, but he made up for it later. In Paul Green's "Johnny Johnson," Mr. Burdick did a bit more shouting than the scene called for or the intimate medium of TV can swallow comfortably, but the reading was well paced, and the overall effect was good.

The show opens with the sound of soothing guitar music, somewhat reminiscent of the Third Man Theme, and the camera shows us Mr. Burdick, seated on a tall stool behind a lectern. He is illuminated by several spotlights, which give a dramatic and impressive black-and-white contrast to the picture. The lighting, however, defeated its own purpose when the camera was taking anything except a close-up shot of Mr. Burdick's face, because the spotlight which hit the left side of his face burned out his features completely at any sort of distance at all.

Only one camera is used for the show, and it never leaves Mr. Burdick. It moves in for a close-up, it slowly (almost unnoticeably) pulls back for a long shot, smoothly swings to one side, and comes in for another close-up. This goes on—in and out, back and forth—for the length of the half-hour show.

One thing can definitely be said about "I Hear America Singing": You will never see anything quite like it on the commercial stations you are accustomed to watching. It is an experimental show, and the networks seem to be neither inclined nor financially able to experiment. I think you'll find it interesting.—C.H.

Two Views on Snow

New York City's first snow of the season last week inspired this little essay in the form of an editorial in the Times:

"When it comes to snow the populace is split right down the middle.

"Half of the people consider snow a horrid thing, sent from the sky to plague those on the ground. The sight of snow coming ever downward means, for them, shovels and skids, mittens swallowed by snowbanks, wet woollens and necks. Gloomily they consider the traffic tie-ups, the fact that they must learn to walk again, for there is a penalty for careless steps on slippery walks, the cinders and sand that must be spread. How much longer until spring? they wonder in exasperation.

"But there is the other half of the population that feels snow comes to be enjoyed. It means a countryside completely changed—drabness relieved by an immaculate whiteness. There are a thousand new sights to see that challenge the imagination—autos appearing like monstrous bugs whose eyelid movements come from windshield wipers, footprints to look at over one's shoulder, window ledges no longer cement but now fluff. Snow means skis and sleds, cold men who stand on lawns with coal eyes and the greater pleasure that may be found sitting by the hearth.

"Yesterday's snowfall did nothing, we believe, to heal the dispute."

Katsoff Gives Talk

L. O. Katsoff, now on leave from the University here, recently spoke in New Haven, Conn., to the Yale University Philosophy Club. His topic was "Logic and Nature of Reality."

On the Town

By Chuck Hamer

THE GRAY-HAIRED LADY was in the Scuttlebutt on South Columbia street. She was drinking coffee and eating a sandwich. At her feet sat a forlorn-looking black cocker spaniel, watching her with the intense interest that only forthcoming food or affection can arouse in a dog. The lady was not oblivious to the silent canine plea. She carefully tore a piece of crust off her sandwich and looked down at the dog.

"Would you rather go to State College," she asked him, "or be a dead dog?"

The cocker flopped over on his back and lay still. After a few seconds of this he bounced to his feet and claimed his tasty reward.

The lady turned to the group of admiring spectators standing nearby. "The next time I see Everett Case," she explained to them, "I'm going to pull that trick."

She turned her attention to the dog again. "And after we do it," she smiled at the loving-eyed cocker, "we've got to run like hell!"

IN A LETTER to this column, Richard L. Beard, associate professor in the University's School of Education, mentions writing a column which got him in hot water during his college days. "In my innocence," he recounts, "I wrote an innocuous article on the custom of placing captured artillery pieces in the public parks, suggesting that if people were really interested in world peace (circa 1929!) that parks ought to be dedicated to something else. Apparently someone did read my stuff. A representative of the local American Legion post called on me to ask for a retraction of my remarks. With all the righteous indignation of youth I refused. One week later I lost my job!"

ON JULY 16, 1954, this column recommended that the Board of Aldermen "put a 10-minute limit on those (parking) spaces directly in front of the Post Office, and possibly a 10 or 15-minute limit on one side of Henderson street." The purpose was to provide short-time parking for persons with brief, Post Office errands, such as picking up mail from private boxes. I personally took this matter up with the board, and, while the aldermen expressed interest in the proposal, they apparently didn't consider it important enough to act on. Last week's board meeting saw a complete turnaround. Postmaster Paul Cheek suggested a 10-minute parking limit for six spaces around the Post Office—two in front

and four on Henderson street. Without the slightest sign of discussion, the aldermen approved the parking restrictions and instructed Town Attorney John LeGrand to draw up such an ordinance for passage at the next board meeting. Which all goes to prove that legislative action, like molasses on a cold morning, is often slow, but if you wait a while, it will eventually reach the hotcakes.

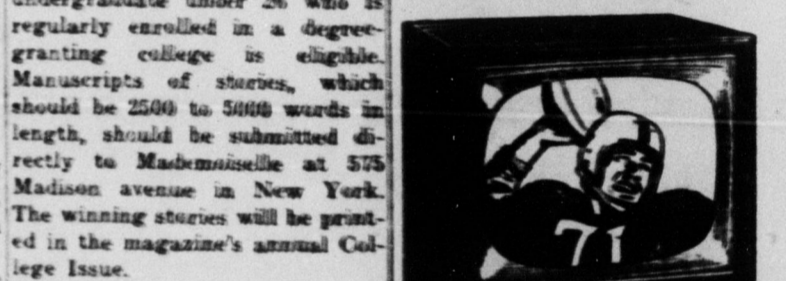
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