

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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A Curse That Chapel Hill Escaped

It is not surprising that the people on the island of Martha's Vineyard; off the coast of Massachusetts, were alarmed by the Navy's recent announcement of a plan to establish on the island a jet plane training base. As a result of petitions from residents and summer visitors, the Navy has given assurance that it will not put such a base on Martha's Vineyard except in case of mobilization or some other acute need.

New England is commonly thought of as a thickly populated region; and it is, compared with most of the rest of the United States. But it contains stretches of uninhabited country, specially in Maine, and if the Navy needs to train jet pilots in New England it can certainly conduct the operation somewhere else than in a settled community.

"The plan to adapt the island field for jet training was completed in considerable detail," says the Vineyard Gazette, "and if there had been no objection funds for the project would have been asked next year. The type of training contemplated would have meant the virtual end of the Vineyard as a summer resort in the traditional sense. Many factors are involved: the speed and noise and power of the jets, the altitude at which they would fly in maneuvering, the limited space of the island, the fact that the resort industry of the Vineyard is an outdoor industry carried on in the outdoor months of the year and involving enjoyment of beaches, highways, and countryside in general.

"A recreational industry may sound like play, but the island's \$20,000,000 summer resort business is just as real a contribution to the overall economy, and just as real a means of livelihood, as a manufacturing business.

"It is easy for anyone who wishes to do so to assume that defense of the 2,977,128 square miles in the United States depends upon jet training in the Vineyard's 100 square miles. We do not go along with this, nor do we think that uncritical endorsement of every proposal of every Army or Navy officer is the equivalent either of the higher patriotism or of superior judgment.

"The Navy itself sees no reason at present why the Vineyard should be used for this purpose. All in all, the solution now arrived at seems firmly grounded in common sense and to involve no lack of respect for our fighting men, no lack of patriotism, and no peril to the security of the nation."

This reminds me of the project, two years ago, for the establishment of an Air Force training base at the Raleigh-Durham airport. If it had gone through, it would have brought about a great building expansion and an increase of several thousand in the population of this area. Hence it was eagerly promoted by booster-minded elements. It would have meant more trade for the stores, and it would have put money into the pockets of real estate owners and agents.

It would have created serious problems in connection with housing, schools, sanitation, and public services in general, but, worst of all, it would have brought into action planes that would have rent the air over Durham and Chapel Hill and the adjacent countryside, day and night, with hellish noise.

It was a happy day for all of us around here, except the limited few who stood to benefit financially from the project, when the Air Force decided to establish its jet training base somewhere else.—L. G.

Idiots' Delight in Indianapolis

"Vukovich Killed in 5-Car Crash" was a big headline in the Tuesday morning newspapers. The killing was an incident of the annual 500-mile automobile race in Indianapolis.

This account of the tragedy is given by the Associated Press: "A spin by Roger Ward of Los Angeles started the big pile-up. Elision and Keller whipped their cars into the infield to miss Ward but Boyd hit the retaining wall. Vukovich, who had led 50 of the first 56 laps, tried to miss the wreckage and his car flipped outside the 2-foot high barrier. The car caught fire while lying upside down. Vukovich was dead when he was removed from the cockpit."

"It would be interesting to know," says Dick Herbert in his sports column in the News and Observer, "how many of the 120,000 spectators in the arena were there in anticipation of seeing a bloody event."

It's anybody's guess. Mine is: a great majority.

Some forty or fifty years ago, when I lived in New York, I went to an automobile race on a track on Long Island. It was the most uninteresting sight I had ever seen and I never went to another. Around and around went the cars, every circuit just like every other. How long it lasted I don't remember, but to me it seemed interminable. I have never experienced more dreadful monotony.

It's different if you go to one of these races in the hope of seeing somebody killed, with the knowledge that there is a good chance of the hope's being fulfilled. In that case you will find the spectacle exciting and highly enjoyable. You may be disappointed because of the lack of a fatality, but that's a disappointment you will not suffer till the race is over. For, up to the last second there is the possibility of your having the thrill of seeing somebody crushed or burned to death.

What causes people of today to go to see a deadly dangerous automobile race is the same primitive lust for blood that caused the Romans of twenty centuries ago to go to the arena to see a gladiator stab to death the adversary he had felled or to see human beings torn to pieces by wild beasts. It is the same primitive lust for blood that draws shrieks of joy from the spectators at a prizefight when they see the winner's blows rain down on the weak and tottering loser, beating him to the floor.—L. G.

The Court Approves This State's Proposal

When it announced its decision on segregation a year ago the United States Supreme Court invited the affected states to submit proposals for ways of putting the decision into effect. Of all the responses to this invitation the one from North Carolina, the brief prepared by Attorney General Harry McMullan and his associate, Beverly Lake, and presented to the Court by Mr. Lake, gave the clearest and most forceful statement of the great differences, in respect to inter-racial conditions, between one state and another and even between sections within the state.

The Court had already mentioned these differences, in the opinion accompanying its decision, and had suggested that, because of them, compliance with the decision "forthwith"—that is, immediately—might not be a wise course. Now the Court issues a decree calling for exactly the proceeding proposed by North Carolina: leaving it to the federal district courts to decide upon the means of carrying out the segregation decision.

The presentations made by the states, says the Court, "were informative and helpful to the Court in its consideration of the complexities arising from the transition to a system of public education freed of racial discrimination in public schools."

The Associated Press, having interviewed political and educational leaders representing various shades of opinion on segregation in the schools, says in a dispatch from Washington: "Both sides found satisfaction in the ruling." They ought to like it, for it is thoroughly sensible.—L. G.

The world is as fresh as it was the first day, and as full of untold novelties for him who has the eyes to see them.—(Thomas Huxley)

Idleness and pride tax with a heavier hand than kings and parliaments.—(Benjamin Franklin)

When I play with my cat, who knows whether I do not make her more sport than she makes me.—(Montaigne)

The last thing in making a book is to know what we must put first.—(Pascal)

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

Saturday through Tuesday, there were 11 columns of these job-wanted ads.

The reason for my special interest in them is—the contrast they present to the lack of desire for jobs on the part of the University students here. I have been a householder in Chapel Hill for 34 years, since 1921. For the first 20 years or so of that period there was always a large number of students who wanted to earn money by doing jobs at people's homes—tending furnaces, mowing lawns, planting, cleaning windows, anything. You could engage them by telephoning the self-bureau at the YMCA. The usual price paid for this labor was 25 cents an hour. Now you cannot get a student to work for you at a far greater rate of pay.

A month ago I wanted done at my home some yard work that any able-bodied young man could do, and I offered \$1 an hour for it. But I could not find a worker through the medium of the University's self-help bureau, nor could one be found for me by a student, a friend of mine, who has a wide acquaintance on the campus.

Other householders in Chapel Hill tell me that they have had the same experience as mine when they have tried to get students to do jobs around the home.

There are many students who have self-help jobs of the regular sort, such as waiting on tables in the University eating hall and other places. It is non-regular, by-the-hour work for which they are not to be found. I suppose the main reason for this is that we are now living in flush times and a far greater proportion of parents are able to come across with money for their children's education than used to be the case.

Navy Lieutenant Charles A. Northend, whom all his friends know as "Chuck" Northend, is here on a vacation and is with his mother, his sister, Mrs. Ferguson, and his nephew, Robin Ferguson, at their home on Pritchard avenue. He graduated from the University's Naval ROTC in 1951, having specialized in nuclear physics. The last time I had seen him before we met in the Carolina Inn cafeteria one evening this week was when he returned from a cruise to the Arctic. For the last two and a half years he has been stationed at Albuquerque, New Mexico. His assignment there has been delivering lectures on atomic power. At first his classes were composed of enlisted men; now they are composed of officers. Admirals and generals have been among his students, and recently Under Secretary of the Navy Gates came from Washington to Albuquerque to take one of his courses. He has the same boyish look that he had when he was an undergraduate and it is hard for me to picture him giving instruction to the high brass.

Seniors Honored

Miss Carol Du Pier, from Davidson, and Tom Creasy, of Greensboro, Va., both University seniors, have been named by a special student-faculty committee as "Miss Alumna" and "Mr. Alumnus" of the about-to-graduate class of 1955.

The two seniors will be honored at the annual Alumni Luncheon on Monday in Lenoir hall to which all seniors and their parents are invited.

Certificates are awarded annually by the General Alumni Association to the two members of the graduating class who in the course of their campus careers best represented "those qualities which symbolize loyalties of the 'good alumna' and the 'good alumnus'."

Your purchase of U. S. Savings Bonds helps your government control inflation and helps you prepare for a secure future.

Newsweek Magazine Publishes Article**About the University's Business School**

The University of North Carolina's School of Business Administration is the subject of an article in Newsweek's current issue. Entitled "New Talent for the New South," it describes the vital role the school performs in training critically needed, potential leaders for the South's growing industries.

Here is the article:
How does a university serve a region in the midst of industrial ferment? What can a business school do to help along the South's resurgent business community?

The University of North Carolina has one answer: Its School of Business Administration. Here is a report on the way that the school has taken an instruction method devised for another region, grafted it onto its academic curriculum, and given that method a Southern accent: Chapel Hill, where the University of North Carolina has been mellowing since 1795, is a place of easy informality. Ancient trees cast deep shadows on the campus. Brick walks circle the oaks, and classes meet out of doors in the spring.

In this drowsy setting, near the center of the campus, stand the three bustling buildings of the School of Business Administration, a new \$15 million by-product of the ferment that is known as the New South. To the 493 students, graduate and undergraduate, it is a "very disciplined school" caught up in the excitement of a region throbbing and thriving in an industrial boom. To the liberal arts students who hem it in, the school is "Wall Street."

Their geography couldn't be shakier. "BA School," as North Carolinians label it, is stubbornly rooted in the business community that surrounds it: "I have taught three fifths of the students in the junior class," says L. R. (Kush) Jordan, an ebullient instructor in personnel administration, "and they are looking mostly to jobs in North Carolina. There are not as many looking . . . toward the major corporations."

The placement service confirms Jordan's judgment. Seventy-eight per cent of the school's graduates get jobs in North Carolina.

And the school's orientation toward the South itself can be seen in the way Harvard's famous case method has been adapted. "We use the Harvard approach," concedes Richard P. Calhoun, professor of personnel management and human relations, "but we are rapidly working in regional cases. Students can identify themselves more completely with the situation. They get more meaning out of the cases from the home area."

Gerald Alan Barrett, associate professor of business law, tells of the way he uses the method. "I invite the president and vice president of the company my case is about to the class when we discuss it," he explains. A burr-headed and round-faced former Wall Street lawyer, Barrett is in a class-room hall of fire who enjoys reporting the reaction of each corporate officer:

"They sit and listen to my students kick the hell out of the company. Makes a terrific hit. It has often resulted in the company reconsidering the policy, even if they had thought it was firm."

Barrett, as with most of the other 42 faculty members, spares as much time as possible from teaching to take outside employment. He arbitrates labor disputes. "The question I'm giving the boys now," he says, "is one thrown at me a few weeks ago. 'If a student feels that you can work in a business, he has more confidence in you as a teacher,'" says Dr. Clarence Henry McGregor, professor of marketing. McGregor is a powerfully built, candid man, full of skepticism and typical of the restless spirit of the faculty and students. He consults with Belk Stores, a big Southern department-store chain, to prove "he can work in a business."

Nor, insists Dean R. J. M. Hobbs, does BA School mean to settle for a product who is merely at home in business. "We want a man who sees our whole economy and his place in it, a man who understands our government and its problems," Hobbs asserts. Hobbs is a deliberate man whose combination of gray hair, and steel-rimmed spectacles gives him a remarkable resemblance to John Foster Dulles. He is a professor of business law who fills the office of dean temporarily but will wear the unofficial title of "Judge" forever.

The fact that the school is looking for a permanent dean is characteristic of the place. It has never been a static institution since its founding in 1919 as the School of Commerce. Four instructors and twelve students started the school in an ill-lighted, badly ventilated room in Alumni Hall. The room became a floor, a building, eventually three buildings.

Of these first twelve students one man, William Donald Carmichael, Jr., became vice president and finance officer of the university. Another, William H. Ruffin, is president of Erwin Mills, Inc., and a former president of the National Association of Manufacturers.

In 1950 the school changed names—from School of Commerce to School of Business Administration—and deans—from Dudley Dewitt Carroll to Thomas H. Carroll. The first Carroll, who was no relative of the second, fought for three decades to give the school academic solidity based upon the university's economics curriculum. The second Carroll, who had been dean of the Syracuse University business school and, before that, assistant dean of the Harvard Graduate School of Business Administration, put the seal on the BA School's union with business of the state.

On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: In the fancy candle rack at University Florist is a box of candles labeled "Avocado" color.

MY FAR EASTERN CORRESPONDENT, Roife Neill, reports from the village of Tongduchon-ni, Korea, that he received the Far Eastern edition of the latest Readers Digest, and it contained: (1) An article setting forth its new advertising credo, forcefully pledging never to accept advertising concerning patent medicines, alcoholic beverages or tobacco products, and (2) 12 full pages of cigarette, beer and whiskey ads!

THE LATIN PHRASE "SINE DIE" became a by-word in Raleigh during the last few weeks of the record-breaking 1955 session of the General Assembly. Every time I turned around someone was making a comment, or pun, or hopeful reference to "adjournment sine die." Every time I picked up a newspaper some columnist or newsmen was speculating about when the Legislature would "adjourn sine die."

Now, let me explain that I took two years of Latin in high school (although my teacher at the school I attended in New Orleans during the 9th and 10th grades spoke Latin with a decided French accent) and I'm not exactly stupid when it comes to "amo, amas, amat, amamus, amantis, amant." (If one of those verb forms is inaccurate, please ignore it.)

Calling on my strongest powers of memory, I recalled that "sine" meant "without." "Die" escaped me completely. The entire phrase, "sine die," referred, I knew, to the final, last-day adjournment of the General Assembly. But what did that word "die" mean?

I began asking the newspapermen who were tossing the phrase around so freely: "Hey—just what does this 'sine die' mean exactly, anyway?"

No one knew. They all had lots of guesses, but no one knew. They kept using the phrase in their news stories, however. That is where I drew the line. If I didn't know exactly what "sine die" meant, I decided, I certainly wasn't going to use it in my stories and have some poor ignorant reader cuss me out for writing over his head.

I waited until I returned to Chapel Hill. This, I said to myself, is the seat of Southern culture. If I can't find a Latin scholar in Chapel Hill, where can I find one?

I found one in Chapel Hill: Dr. B. L. Ullman, head of the University's classics department. I put the question to him.

"Sine die," said Dr. Ullman, means "without day." In other words, the Legislature adjourns "sine die" without setting a day to reconvene. Dr. Ullman pronounced it "SY-na DY."

I stopped him there and inquired about the pronunciation. I had heard it called every thing from "SY-nee DY" to "SIN-ee DY" to "SIN-na DEE."

The Latin pronunciation, said Dr. Ullman, would be "SIN-na DEE-ay," but he preferred to use the English form "SY-na DY."

I thanked him and adjourned our telephone conversation sine die.

AND WHILE WE'RE ON THE SUBJECT of the Legislature, let's correct one myth that has been perpetuated and perpetrated by every newspaper in the state of North Carolina. That's this business of the gavels in the Senate and House falling "simultaneously" as the General Assembly adjourns sine die. (I can use that phrase, now that I have explained it above.)

If you aren't familiar with the ritual of final adjournment, let's review it briefly: As each house finishes up its final details of business, it sends a message to the other notifying it that work has been completed and requesting the other house to swing open its doors.

The assistant sergeants-at-arms push open the massive wooden doors to the two chambers—the doors which at all other times during sessions remain closed except to let people in and out.

With the doors open, the president of the Senate and the speaker of the House can see one another across the capitol rotunda. Here let us pick up our story of last Thursday:

The senators, representatives, committee clerks, pages, and sundry capitol employees crowded into the aisles of the two chambers and into the rotunda where they could see Senate President Luther Barnhardt and House Speaker Larry Moore. Even Governor Hodges joined the crowd in the rotunda to watch the ceremonies.

At about the same moment, Barnhardt and Moore be-

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