

The Chapel Hill Weekly

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Alumni Giving, a Splendid Enterprise

The University's Annual Alumni Giving Program keeps on growing. When the books for 1954-55 were closed last week they showed that the receipts for the year amounted to about \$50,000, an increase of \$5,000 over the receipts for the year before. The number of donors went up from 2,800 to 3,500.

During the last academic year there were 60 grants for research and 40 grants for travel to members of the faculty. In addition, there was the allotment for the Faculty Retirement Supplementation Fund. Nine professors, whose retirement allowances from the State are at exceptionally low levels, receive supplements from this fund.

Sums were turned over to the University for the Library, for student welfare, and the Chancellor's Emergency Fund.

Money designated for graduate research is administered by a committee headed by Dean Pierson of the Graduate School, and the Arts and Sciences Travel Committee has the responsibility of making appropriations for travel grants.

The Annual Alumni Giving Council will meet early in the fall and will make a distribution of money for the coming year for the same purposes, in general, as those for which last year's distribution was made.

Alumni Giving provides urgently needed aid for important projects for which it is not possible to get State appropriations. I have been reading reports of its operations, and have been hearing about it from persons well acquainted with its record, and I am deeply impressed by its usefulness. It is altogether a splendid enterprise and deserves the enthusiastic support of all alumni.—L. G.

Avoiding a "Rather Melancholy Approach"

Eugene Meyer bought the Washington Post in 1933 when it had lost its prestige and was in dire financial straits. Then fifty-three years old, a wealthy banker, he had been Governor of the Federal Reserve Board and had held many other important Government posts. With the collaboration of his wife, Agnes E. Meyer, who had started her career as a reporter for the old New York Sun and had become active in public life, he built the Post into the great newspaper that it is today. He was editor till 1947 and now, at 80, he is chairman of the board of the Washington Post Company.

Recently the Meyers turned over half a million dollars' worth of the stock in the company to its 711 employees. This, an anniversary gift, followed a profit-sharing plan put into effect two years ago. The Post article announcing the distribution of stock said that when Mr. Meyer bought the paper it was "a derelict with 50,000 circulation" and that now it had a circulation of 380,000 daily and 410,000 Sunday.

The new stockholders are those with five years or more of continuous service. They received amounts ranging from 4 to 20 shares, apportioned according to their length of service and their responsibilities with the company.

When he announced the gift at an anniversary luncheon attended by the employees Mr. Meyer said:

"For some time Mrs. Meyer and I have been thinking about the fine people in this organization. We have a lively memory of your valuable service in helping to bring about the success of the paper. We have wanted to find some appropriate way of marking our appreciation. Some people remember their old associates in their wills. But Mrs. Meyer and I thought that

a rather melancholy approach, so we worked out this plan to recognize you today."

What interests me in Mr. Meyer's talk is his remark about the "rather melancholy approach."

I have often wondered, as I suppose many another person has, why people who possess far greater wealth than they will ever want to use for their own support and pleasures wait until they die to distribute the part of their surplus that they intend for beloved relatives and friends. Why don't they anticipate death with a distribution that will enable these relatives and friends to get some use and enjoyment out of the money before they themselves are tottering on the edge of the grave?

Maybe what Mr. Meyer said about his own and his wife's decision to avoid the "rather melancholy approach" will set other rich men and women to thinking about the folly of hanging on to all their money until they die. Mr. Moneybags and Mrs. Moneybags, everywhere, can relieve a great deal of distress, and cause a great deal of happiness, if they will follow the Meyers' example—and this without denying themselves anything they need or want in their everyday life.—L. G.

Bumper-to-Bumper Holidays

One day some thirty or thirty-five years ago, when automobiles had become numerous enough to clog the roads around New York City on Sundays and holidays, a friend of mine who had just bought a Ford invited me to go with him to spend the day at one of the Long Island beaches. There were far fewer roads leading to the seashore then than there are now, and after we had crossed the East River and passed through the built-up part of Brooklyn we found ourselves halted in a long line of cars.

They stretched ahead of us as far as we could see, and when we looked back we saw them stretching behind us in a similar endless line. We would creep forward a few feet, stop, creep forward again, stop again, and so on and on. I don't know how many hours it took us to get to the end of our ride, but it seemed an eternity. And we went through the same ordeal on the return. Those two rides, going and coming back, have fixed that day in my memory as one of the most boring in my life. It was my first experience and it has been my only one, with the bumper-to-bumper holiday traffic that in these days we often read about in the newspapers.

It is recalled to me once again by the following editorial, entitled "Holidays In Town and Out," that I have just been reading in the New York Herald Tribune: "There are two schools of thought about New York on a holiday weekend. One holds that it is a good place to be; the other that it is a bad place to be. Curiously enough, it is the people who are not in the city who are likely to reflect most thoughtfully upon its virtues. They have plenty of time for such reflection, for they must have something to think about as they sit sweltering through a traffic jam upon a parkway, or as they wander disconsolately on a crowded beach trying to find some tiny stretch of sand not yet covered by a recumbent form.

"So they envisage the city, virtually empty of all human beings, with plenty of air-conditioned movie houses and cool, dark taverns available. They may even contemplate the pleasures of a quiet day at home, with those two modern conveniences, television and home air-conditioning, on hand.

"But strangely enough, the man in the city is likely to cast his thoughts elsewhere. He thinks of the cool ocean breezes and the even cooler ocean, of the greenery along the highway and the roadside refreshment stand.

"It's an interesting difference of opinion, and it might make for a lively argument—except that for the man in town and the man out of town alike it's really much too warm to argue."

I suspect that there are more people than the writer of the above piece thinks who are well content to stay away from the cool ocean breezes when they reflect upon the price they have to pay—in long, hot waits on the road, in gazing out the car window at rows of ugly houses, in the smell of gasoline fumes, in all-round fatigue and boredom—in order to get to the ocean. Week after week I read about and see pictures of the bumper-to-bumper traffic on the roads around the big cities, and the beaches so crowded that men, women, and children are pressed close to one another in a gigantic mass, and I marvel that people can get pleasure out of this kind of a holiday.—L. G.

Learning How to Read Faster

Alan Green, who is contributing "Trade Winds" to the Saturday Review while Bennett Cerf is away on vacation, writes in the July 9th issue:

"Like a lot of other people I have long considered myself a medium-speed reader. I can read a fairly light, average-length novel in about four and a half hours. This means reading at the rate of 275 words a minute. I assumed this was my speed and that nothing could be done about it. I was wrong. I can now read at the rate of 425 words per minute and hope presently to read at more than 500.

"This is the result of going back to school and learning to read. The school is the Reading Institute of New York University, where they not only teach reading skill to retarded readers but also teach it to average readers who want more time for reading. Inasmuch as one can't lengthen the day or shirk one's other duties, the only way of reading more is to read faster.

"When the idea was first suggested to me by a publisher who had himself taken the course I was dubious. I feared that, as my reading speed increased, I would suffer from loss of comprehension or would feel some strain. Again I was wrong. A normal adult can learn the art of reading sentences where he used to read phrases or of absorbing paragraphs where he used to be lucky to take in a line. In a total of some twenty pleasant and interesting hours of study the acceleration is achieved and made permanent, and comprehension is actually increased.

"Whether you are a businessman, snowed under by the amount of reports, trade journals, and other business literature you have to read, or a casual reader who would like to enjoy two books where only one book could be enjoyed before, I commend

to you the Reading Institute in New York and—hopeful that they exist—to similar institutions in other cities."

The Gordon Gray Appointment

(From the Christian Science Monitor)

It is generally accepted that most major posts in an administration should be held by those of the President's own party. Such a custom works toward strengthening the two-party system and enforcing party responsibility. The American system of government benefits.

But there are areas into which partisan politics should not enter. One of these is national defense. And President Eisenhower has been under some legitimate criticism for failing where his two predecessors did not: in symbolizing through important appointments the non-political nature of this truly national function.

He has moved now to rectify this situation by naming Gordon Gray as Assistant Secretary of Defense for International Affairs.

Mr. Gray is a happy choice. Emphasizing bipartisanship is the fact that Mr. Gray is not only a Democrat. He is a Democrat who, unlike Secretary Oveta Hobby, did not lead in a pro-Eisenhower movement within the party in the 1952 elections—a Democrat, moreover, who held conspicuous posts in a Democratic administration.

From the standpoint of value to the Defense Department, Mr. Gray served both as Assistant Secretary and Secretary of the Army under President Truman. And for both the incumbent and the last administration he has headed with distinction boards of great military and international consequence.

The appointment is no mere gesture on any count. It should be welcomed.

Margaret Lynn Knox

A daughter was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles E. Knox of Charlotte on June 4. Her name is Margaret Lynn. Mr. Knox was graduated from the University's School of Law several years ago and worked for a while for the University's Institute of Government. Mrs. Knox was on the office staff of the University's Alumni Association while she and Mr. Knox were living here.

Borden on Library Staff

Arnold Borden, a native of Goldsboro and in recent years a resident of Morehead City, has been appointed librarian of the General College Library of the University Library here. He was graduated from the University some years ago and received a degree in library science here last month.

Champion Ocean Crosser

E. H. Young, professor emeritus at Duke University, will be making his 79th crossing of the Atlantic when he sails from New York for Europe on July 20. His return voyage in September on the Queen Elizabeth will be his 80th crossing.

Chapel Hill Chaff

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and she answered "Petunia" and she answered "Petunia."

That reminded me of a story that dates from the time, some forty or fifty years ago, when the casual, rambling essay was in vogue. This form of literature was most flourishing in what people sometimes called the "quality" magazines—the Atlantic Monthly, Harper's, the Century, and Scribner's. Many such essays contained a good deal of talk about flowers.

The story is that a mother asked her son, who was at high school age and had begun to show a bent for reading, if he would like to read the latest Atlantic, which had just come in and lay on a nearby table.

He replied: "No—too many articles about petunias by ladies with three names."

People who know about flowers and associate names with the flowers they belong to probably think the names as well as the flowers are pretty. But most males who may enjoy looking at flowers without knowing anything about them, just as

Segregation and Integration

To the Editor:

Governor Hodges and other public-spirited citizens believe that the majority of the voters in North Carolina, both white and colored, favor segregation; yet a small minority can upset the entire public school system by demanding integration.

Hence, the fate of the North Carolina public school system depends, it seems, upon the colored citizens of our State. If they voluntarily continue segregation, North Carolina will continue its program of improvement for all its secondary schools. If our colored citizens fail to do this, if integration is enforced, then the entire system will deteriorate and private schools will result.

The white citizens who oppose integration and who are financially able, will send their children to private rather than public schools. Consequently, they will lose interest in the welfare of the state-supported schools and therefore will discourage necessary appropriations by the Legislature. Lack of funds will lead to deterioration of buildings, inadequate equipment, fewer teachers, and lower salaries.

Further, many white voters who cannot afford a private school education for their children may be even more opposed to integration than their more affluent neighbors and will simply take their children out of school. The Legislature will then annul the compulsory school attendance law rather than enforce integration. When this is done,

many colored people, as well as white people, who simply are not interested in education will drop out of the public schools.

The resulting decrease in school enrollment will lead to a decrease in the teaching staff. The first to be released will perhaps be the colored teacher, who presently is enjoying a superior professional rating and a better salary on the average than the white teacher. Perhaps, among the colored race, only the teachers realize what this would mean to them; and doubtless, if they had the power, they would retain segregation in the State so that all of them, including the 1955 graduates, would be assured a teaching career, the State's most remunerative profession open to colored women.

The secondary school system of North Carolina has proved that both races are given the opportunity to accomplish the highest of which they are capable. This is the aim of education. Will integration promote the phenomenal advancement in the next half century that the colored race has made since 1864 under the present educational set-up in the State? Or will it deal a death blow to all our public schools?

Belle Hampton

Arnold Nash to Speak

Arnold Nash, University professor of the history of religion, will be the guest speaker next Sunday, July 10, at the 11 o'clock worship service at the Chapel Hill Baptist church.

On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

Many of the acts passed by the 1955 General Assembly became effective on July 1—last Friday. One of those acts—and easily one of the worst laws passed by the most recent Legislature—was the comic book censorship law, House Bill 1085, which carried the title, "An act to prohibit possession or sale of certain crime comic publications in this state."

The bill, introduced by Reps. Sam Worthington and Walter Jones of Pitt county, was nothing more than simple censorship, inspired by the well-meaning but misguided pressure of hundreds of women's organizations and home demonstration clubs across North Carolina.

Let's get one thing straight: No one, including this writer, denies that numbers of objectionable comic books are on the news stands today. My argument is with the method of dealing with them. Censorship is abhorrent in any form, and, except in reference to obscene material, is probably unconstitutional. There are already laws on the books to protect the public morals from contamination by obscene literature. This new act is so sweeping, so ambiguous, so open to interpretation, that I am personally convinced it could not stand up in a court test.

The law applies to publications which, through the medium of pictures (that is, comic books), portray mayhem, sex acts, or use of narcotics. However, it was amended in the House to make it clear that it applied only to "crime comic publications" (in other words, it does not apply to newspaper comic strips). The amendment also made sure that possession would not be considered a violation of the law unless it was for the purpose of sale. (So the kiddies don't have to clean out the nursery closet and consign their collection to the incinerator.)

A comic book which portrays "mayhem" is, under the law, banned. Now, just what is "mayhem"? Webster's Collegiate Dictionary (Mr. Graves would use the Oxford English as a reference, but I am forced to resort to what is at hand), 1948 edition, gives the following definition: "Law. The maiming of a person by depriving him of the use of any of his members necessary for him in defending himself; also, often extended by statute to cover all willful disfiguring of the body."

Okay. As George Gobel would say: So there you are. Or, as Sen. Max Thomas of Union county told his Senate colleagues one warm day in May: "I like Fearless Fossdick. Fearless Fossdick shoots holes through people—great big round holes. He would be outlawed under this bill."

Actually, since Fossdick appears only in newspapers (up to now, at any rate), he won't be affected by the law. But the Thomas speech on the floor of the Senate serves to show how ridiculous this legislation really is.

The act also bans comic books which portray "sex acts." Now, if THAT isn't a broad term, I'd like someone to find me a broader one!

"Use of narcotics" is a little more specific. The comic strip entitled "Kerry Drake," which appears in the Durham Morning Herald, is now running an episode dealing with the use of narcotics. Under the new North Carolina law this sequence could never be incorporated into a Kerry Drake comic book and sold in the Tar Heel state. Yet the strip is educational and is definitely in the "Crime Does NOT Pay" category.

Maybe I'm just old-fashioned, but it seems to me that the proper agency to keep children from buying objectionable comic books is an old-fashioned one called "parents"—not the State Legislature and not the Chapel Hill police department.

If the General Assembly, blindly yielding to blinder pressure, gets away with outlawing mayhem in comic books, what will be next? Mayhem in movies? Mayhem in newspapers? Mayhem in classic literature?

Our only hope in this matter is that some conscientious publisher or distributor will make a test case out of the law. If that happens, I feel sure the courts will throw the act off the statute books as clearly unconstitutional.

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