

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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J. T. (Tony) Gobel Said It

"When it comes to helping others, Chapel Hill has as big a heart as any town in America. I know we will do more than our share in raising money for the relief of flood victims in the Northeastern states."

The Weekly Comments:

Mr. Gobel, who is president of the Chapel Hill Chapter of the American Red Cross, made the above statement on Wednesday of last week. By Friday the people of Chapel Hill had donated or pledged over two times the amount of \$400 which was requested by the national organization. Mr. Gobel was right. The people of Chapel Hill do have big hearts.

It's not the policy of the Weekly to heap praise on some of its competition, but it wouldn't be fair if we didn't compliment WCHL for the great job it did on East Franklin street on Wednesday and Thursday. The station set up a broadcasting booth, sold record requests for a dollar and up, and became the hub for the drive. It was a good example of real community service.

Without taking any credit away from those who gave, it is worth noting that perhaps Connie and Diane made us all the more conscious of our obligations. These two hurricanes could have destroyed the towns and cities in the eastern half of North Carolina, and the Red Cross aid could have come to us and not from us.

Instead, we are helping others. Our money will be spent to help buy clothing, food and other essentials for those who were less fortunate.

Segregation Problem Is Looked at From A New Point of View

(Editor's Note: Davis Lee, a Negro editor and publisher of the Newark, N. J., Telegram, has recently published an editorial in opposition to abolishing segregation. The position of the Chapel Hill Weekly has already been stated. However, in the public interest, we are reprinting excerpts from the Telegram editorial, because it contains a point of view heretofore unexpressed locally.)

Here are excerpts from the editorial: For the second time in this century, our nation has become split over the race issue.

A revolutionary concept has been forced upon the Southern part of our Nation by our Courts which has precipitated fear, confusion and misunderstanding. The slavery issue did not create any more bitterness than has this school issue. The difference now is that Negroes have something to lose.

The May 17th decision of the United States Supreme Court in which it declared unconstitutional the "separate but equal" doctrine, is more far reaching than many legal experts realized at the time.

And in pursuit of the supposed benefits that may result from these changes, the southern Negro needs to be careful because he could be headed down a blind alley, and when he reaches the end, he might not even have his pants.

The fight for integration is most vicious, ruthless and undemocratic, with absolutely no regard for the rights of others. Some of our would-be leaders have gone stark raving mad in their threats and demands. And it shows to what extent some of our people will go

once they have the authority.

And any Negro who dares to raise his voice in opposition to the methods being employed will be lucky indeed if he doesn't lose his neck. These supposed to be leaders believe in law and order, but they want to make the law and give the order.

There are 15,000,000 Negroes in this nation, and they are captives of a small group who have everything to gain and nothing to lose. Negro leaders throughout this nation have been silenced unless their views coincide.

Everyone knows how these agitators have tried to destroy me with my own people and with the white people. No one has been subjected to more vilification, slander and lies than I have. These agitators went far enough to have the Government seize the mail edition of my paper and the Solicitor General ordered it released. That one incident caused me to lose \$2,000.

But what they have caused me to lose is not a drop in the bucket to what they are going to cause the Southern Negro to lose.

Following the Supreme Court decision hundreds of Negro teachers in Kansas, Indiana, Missouri and Illinois, etc., lost their jobs. Just last week the Montgomery County, Maryland, School Board demoted Mrs. Margaret T. Jones, a teacher-supervisor, because under integration the "white teachers would chafe under the supervision of a Negro."

This is just the beginning. The price tag on integration is high, and the advantages are not commensurate with the price. For instance, at present Southern Negroes own finer homes and drive more and better cars than do the Negroes elsewhere. If they want to, they ENJOY every other luxury.

Just a few years ago top notch national Negro baseball teams were found in many cities. Those teams produced Jackie Robinson, Roy Campanella, Don Newcombe, etc., and then they were raided by the majors. Everyone knows what happened to Negro baseball.

Under this proposed change in the educational system of the South, every Negro high school coach can kiss his job good bye, and our kids will not have the opportunity to become star athletes. Every Negro football and basketball team will become a thing of the past.

Only the most outstanding will have an opportunity to play on the integrated teams. For the sake of integration the Negro is going to sacrifice the full and unrestricted privileges which his youngsters now have to participate in all sports.

In this fight to give to the Negro that feeling of dignity, which he certainly needs and should have, he is being deprived of that feeling of pride in his race which he also needs.

Forced integration by court decree or legislation is going to do the Southern Negro more harm than good. Integration must start in the hearts and minds of both races, and both will benefit. This can be accomplished by Christian training and an educational system slanted towards that end.

No fair minded Southern white man will deny that the South neglected to do its duty in giving the Negro good schools. . . .

I visited a community recently in Mississippi in which the new Negro school cost \$1,000,000. No white school in that section cost that much. The State Legislature recently voted to spend \$14 for the education of each Negro child and \$12 for each white child. Last year the State paid its 7,028 Negro teachers nearly \$12,000,000.

It should be left up to the Southern Negroes themselves to decide whether they want to surrender these benefits and improvements for the mere privilege of sending their children to school with white children.

We should certainly bear in mind, that as Americans, while we are entitled to every right, privilege and opportunity that other Americans enjoy, that we are consumers. We don't produce anything, and we are wholly dependent upon white people for everything. Instead of destroying the friendship and good will which we now enjoy, let's strive to acquire greater benefits through job improvement, equal pay for the same work.

We are a great people and we haven't yet reached the height of which we are capable. But let us not become guilty of running rough shod over others. They have helped us get where we are, and they are willing to help us go further.

President Pat Pope of the Exchange Club called us on the phone recently. "Do you have any children, and where are they going to school?" he inquired. We replied in the affirmative and told him that in all probability they would be going to Glenwood. "That is all the more reason the Weekly should give some publicity to our dirt project," he said.

There was a front-page story about the project in last Friday's issue. The Exchange Club deserves further praise for its efforts. An adequate playground for the children of the Glenwood school is essential to their welfare. With school funds very low, the only way this can be accomplished is through the help of people like the members of the Exchange Club.

There were parking places to be found on both sides of Franklin Street. The movies were no longer showing pictures of the "Mister Roberts" and "Marty" calibre. One could go out to Finley golf course and play a casual round of golf. There were no long waits on the first tee. At the restaurants your order could be filled in a hurry. There was more talk than barbering in some of the barber shops. Several of the downtown stores were getting a face lifting. Even the men at the post office didn't seem to have that hurried look.

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Too many folks around town are checking up on me. First, it was Dr. W. P. Jacobs. Now, it's Clyde Eubanks.

Returning to the Weekly office from my morning coffee break, I always take the route through Eubanks' Drug Store and chat with the folks thereabouts. Now, when I pass through Mr. Eubanks' remarks, "You're late for work this morning."

I try to tell him I've already been to work, had just stepped out for a cup of coffee, but he insists that I'm late.

The over-the-coffee-cup conversation the other morning concerned trading automobiles, and Frank West reported he was in a local automobile agency just after it had taken in a pair of mules on a trade for a used car.

"Have you ever traded for a pair of mules?" Crowell Little was asked. "No, but I understand we took in some pigs one time," he replied. "In fact, we quite often try to trade with pigs and jerks."

My former boss, N. G. Gooding of New Bern, came by the Weekly and

Bits of Chapel Hill

The reason! Summer School had finished and it will be some three weeks before the fall session gets underway. At first the state of affairs seemed to please us. But not for long. We realize the importance of those students, and we want them back in our midst. It's true the waiting will commence all over again, and the parking places will be but a memory, but Chapel Hill will come alive again. It will again be the place that thousands of people all over the country picture it to be.

The man who operates a successful business deserves a world of praise. He has to please a multitude of people, and if he fails anywhere along the line he is no longer in business. He must pay the right kind of merchandise and pay for it promptly. He must pay his rent and taxes, lights and telephone. He must go all out to please his customers, display his merchandise neatly, and sell it on a competitive basis. Most important of all, he must keep the people satisfied who work for him.

Harry B. Thayer summed up the situation by saying, "It is easy to fool yourself. It is more difficult to fool the people you work for. It is still more difficult to fool the people you work with. And it is almost impossible to fool the people who work under your direction."

Chapel Hill Chaff

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take it the way I did in 1908 and since the first day my intake has been very light.

At this moment on Monday the 22nd we are up the English Channel and will disembark at Cherbourg in two or three hours, at about 2 p.m. We came in sight of land early this morning.

"Don't take a lot of clothes—they'll just be in your way and you'll wish you'd left 'em at home."

This is what Mrs. Wiley (who has conducted tours many times for the Brownell Travel Bureau), Mrs. Sumner, and other travelers told us. We resolved to do as they said—and the resolution was kept as most resolutions are. Consequently, if the Queen Elizabeth turned south to go to Brazil we would have all the garments needed for life on the Equator, and if it sailed north we'd be equally well fixed for the North Pole.

We hope to make a two or three day trip to Scotland about September 22 to 25. My wife said: "They say it gets mighty cold in Scotland even that early in the fall." So she has a coat that would be suitable for life among the arctic polar bears or the antarctic penguins. To protect ourselves against maybe four or five days of chilly weather in Great Britain, it seems that we'll be lugging thick clothing around for nearly a month in warm, and it may be even hot climates, to the south. But who knows? It's all a big gamble, always: what sort of weather you'll run into.

A guide took us on a tour of the ship the second day out. We went from our cabin class level to the first class then the tourist class. The people in the cabin class and tourist class seem to be having a lot better time than the first class passengers. These have a sort of bored and world-weary look. I don't know why anybody would want to be more comfortable than the cabin class passengers are, and the tourist class passengers, too, seemed to me to have adequate comfort. Tourist class looks like sybaritic luxury compared to what many of us recall about travel when we were in the Army.

As ever,
Louis Graves

On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

(While Chuck Hauser is on vacation, some of his columns are being guest written. Today's "On the Town" is by Rolfe Neill, University alumnus now with the U. S. Army in the Far East.)

TOKYO — Novelist William Faulkner praised Thomas Wolfe as "America's best failure" at a press conference beginning the Mississippian's three-week visit to Japan.

With an obvious reverence for Wolfe, Faulkner told 40 correspondents that "Life is a tragedy. No matter how you see and dream of the truth you can never write of it well. You can only fail. But man is immortal because he keeps trying."

He listed Wolfe first after being asked to rank American authors. "Wolfe was America's best failure. Faulkner (he referred to himself in this way) the second best and Dos Passos third. Hemingway is fourth."

"How about Steinbeck?"
"He's a reporter."
A quiet voiced man, it was difficult to hear Faulkner above the Press Club air conditioner.

He elaborated on Hemingway: "He found his field early, restricted himself to it. He's narrow. He never grew. He failed."

Robert Penn Warren? "A very fine drinking companion."

What do you think of Gertrude Stein? "I'm just a Mississippi farmer. I never heard of Gertrude Stein until I was 40."

When asked his opinion of Henry James, Faulkner replied: "One of the finest old women I ever read." James Joyce? "First rate. We all were influenced by him."

Faulkner was very much at ease during the interview and very accommodating to the newsmen, who out of a spontaneous respect, rose when he entered.

Japanese papers played up his remarks concerning the race issue. He said the anti-segregation ruling was a "just one and a wise one . . . The Negro will have to remain patient and calm and dignified because the white man is frantic and crazy."

"Prejudice is an economic issue. You can't have a Negro in your church or court your daughter and then ask him to take 25 cents an hour less to chop your cotton. The white man fears the Negro will deprive him of a job."

One of the correspondents mentioned Faulkner's recent Harper's article on the lack of privacy among men today. Said Faulkner in amplification: "Man's freedom is constantly being narrowed. He can only survive not by joining the group, but because some little guy will get up and say this is good, or this stinks. It won't influence many or do much good but a few will hear."

"We have made some progress. Little children can't work and manufacturers can't sell us poisoned food."

Which of your books is your favorite? "The Sound and the Fury was my tenderest and most beautiful failure."

Why did you write Sanctuary? "I needed money. I wanted to get a horse and I thought that's what people bought and read."

Which U. S. writer should win the Nobel Prize? "We all could use one . . . Hemingway shouldn't have gotten it; that Icelandic poet should have."

Why are your books so popular abroad, say in France, and so little read in the U. S.? "Because in America everybody writes. Nobody reads. The United States is concerned with production and success. Only the women read and keep the culture alive."

What do you want to do in Japan? (He is here under the Embassy Exchange of Persons Program and will participate in, among other things, a literary conference seminar panel on his works.) "While I'm here I hope to see how the people live, how they work . . . possibly learn what they think. It is difficult in so short a stay. I'm told a man can live here all his life and not find out the thought."

"France is the land of the irrational, England of the insular view, Italy of the censored, and Japan is the culture of the intellect."

Are you gathering material for a novel about Japan? "No. I'll never live long enough to write about my own country."

Are you writing anything right now? "I haven't given up writing. As long as there's a scrap of paper somebody to lend me a pencil stub, and maybe a bottle of grain alcohol, I'll keep on writing."

Thank you, Mr. Faulkner. Interview over.

The sign says "Carnegie Hall" and when inside if you close your eyes you might very well be in that exciting place.

Carnegie Hall is one of a dozen or 15 record kisatens in the Shibuya area of Tokyo, a comfortable coffee-tea house where you may listen to a program of hi-fidelity classical music and have light refreshment—all at a moderate price and in a pleasant atmosphere. The furnishings are built to accommodate the smaller-framed Japanese but a union of two of the tiny seats amply holds even a big-boned American.

For 70 yen, or about 18 cents, you can get a Viennese coffee. It's yours to savor for one selection or through the evening until 11:30 closing time. No one asks, suggests, or insists that you have something else. The management seems almost apologetic that it must make a profit. Everything is dedicated to the enjoyment of the music: soft lighting, soft talk (what little there is), and a magnificent hi-fidelity system which overruns the room with sound.

A Japanese whom I met in Carnegie Hall told me that before World War II there were very few of these record-coffee shops. Increased interest in classical music has resulted in an outcropping of the record kisaten he says. (And when he found out I was willing to talk, he wanted to know about McCarthy, the A-Bomb, and Christianity.)

Each of the shops has an individualistic decor . . . one with aquariums, another with an intricate system of balconies and another with musical sketches and pic-

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