The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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Congressman Carl Durham Said It:

In reply to a Weekly reporter's question (with reference to the atom bomb menace) "Do you think this world will stay in one piece?":

"Oh, sure. God took all the trouble to make this world, and he's not going to let a few darned fools with a bomb tear it all to pieces."

A Leading Newspaper Which Is Failing In Its Responsibility

The Raleigh News and Observer, which has for years been a powerful political and social force in the lives of Eastern North Carolinians, has a nasty habit that we're getting sick and tired of.

For some strange and unfortunate reason, the editors of the N&O seize upon every opportunity to take a crack at the military, especially the officer corps of the United States Army.

The latest incident in the capital newspaper's continuing campaign to snipe at Army's leaders was a brief editorial in Saturday morning's edition. Commenting on the Army officer who "bumped" an enlisted man from a seat on a minitary transport plane and thus rode to his own death in a crash, the News and Observer remarked: "Deference to superiors is a necessary part of Army life, but individuals off duty should be treated as individuals and not as masters and servants."

In the first place, a military man is technically never "off duty." He serves his country 24 hours a day, 365 days a year, and is constantly under Army discipline, whether relaxing at home or shouldering a rifle in the field. Military men riding military aircraft are, then, completely within a military atmosphere, regardless of whether they are hitching a free ride home on leave or being transferred across the country on official orders.

There's an old Army saying, "Rank Has Its Privileges," or "RHIP." There is a corollary to it which is not so often heard: "Rank Has Its Responsibilities."

The lieutenant, by the very nature of the fact that he is the leader, that he will be in front of the private in an assault against an enemy position on the field of combat, has the privilege of usurping the private's seat in a military plane. There is nothing unusual or unfair about this. The man with the greater responsibility gets commensurate privileges and comforts. In civilian life, the president of a business concern has a cushioned, tilt-back chair and a carpet on his office floor, while the file clerk in the outer office has a straight-back chair and a bare floor.

Discipline is a necessary and extremely important part of Army life. A "democratized" Army cannot operate as an Army. Our military leaders discovered that in the earfly days of the Korean War, when many of our pampered soldiers, products of the post-World War II years, failed as efficient fighting machines. A soldier must learn to obey orders unflinchingly and without hesitation. Army discipline is a prerequisite foundation to this unflinching obedience to orders.

The unhappy part of the News and Observer's treatment of the military in its editorials is that the N&O is a widely-read and widely-respected newspaper throughout the eastern half of North Carolina. It is performing a public service when it fights against wrongful

and injurious Army policies and practices. However, it is failing in its responsibility as one of North Carolina's leading daily newspapers when it continues its habit of petty carping at the men who are serving their country in uniform at a time when we are not at war and it is not popular to be a soldier.

Equal School Facilities for Whites And Negroes

There are 2,752 pupils chrolled in the community's schools, according to preliminary figures released last week. There was no effort on the part of anyone to test the Supreme Court's ruling on segregation.

Now is the time for our school board to do everything possible to equalize school facilities for whites and Negroes. Certainly it's going to take a mint of money, but that is the only fair way to handle the matter. Give the Negroes a chance to get a good education, and segregation in Chapel Hill and North Carolina will become a minor issue.

The school board and interested citizens must not wait until next summer to take some concrete action. Something has to be done immediately.

Johnny Can't Read and Parents Can't Spell

From the Birmingham (Ala.) News Dear Johnny:

Maybe you've noticed that recently there's been quite a lot in the paper about whether you can—or can't—read.

Between your baseball, and your swimming, and your fishing, and all your other important vacation business, I doubt that you've read very much about, or lost too much sleep over, the argument between Dr. Flesch, who on his side wants you to have pure systematic phonics, and Dr. Swenson (who answered Flesch) who, on her side, thinks you do all right with the look and say method of learning to read.

But whether or not you can read as folks say you should, and whether or not you have been much, or not at all, annoyed by all the fuss and feathers Dr. Flesch stirred up, I want you to know, Johnny, that I'm on your side. And because that's true, I think I ought to tell you—just between the two of us—something I've found out. It's this:

A lot of grownups dipped into the argument between Dr. Flesch and Dr. Swenson. They've written me quite a lot of letters to be put in the paper. In editing those letters, I've found that a considerable number of both parents and teachers—on both sides of the argument—aren't any hotter with their spelling than some of them think you are, Johnny, with your reading.

Can you imagine one teacher (27 years experience, she wrote) spelling "differentiate" with one "f"? And another (first grade, she said) wrote "seperately" for "separately."

One Johnny's Mom puts two "I's" in "personality," and another Johnny's Dad left out the second "n" in "beginning." Quite a number wrote "alright" for "all right," and, of all things, Johnny, one Pop wrote "Forth Grade." Another spelled "uncertain" wrong. He wrote "uncerten."

"Recommendation" tripped up several: They put two "c's" and only one "m." "Apparent" tricked one teacher. "Apparant," she wrote. And one Johnny's Mama wrote "incidently" for "incidentally."

There also was one very nice letter in which a mother referred to back streets not as "alleys," but as "allies," meaning something wholly different from what she intended to say. Of all of them, however, the worst tangled up of the bad spellers was a teacher who in two places in her letter wrote "independedly" where obviously she meant "independently."

Probably there were other misspellings I've overlooked in writing to you, Johnny, but I think what I've written you will be enough to serve the purpose I have in mind:

Just remember that words can be tricky for most anybody. Nobody knows that better than an editor. So don't you be too much bothered about the mistakes you make, Johnny. And if any grownups get to riding you too hard about your reading, fellow, just show them this letter, smile sweetly, and ask them how they're getting along with their spelling.

Understandingly yours,
The Editor

Mr. Crowell Little

Customers Get Fair Deal in Chapel Hill and Carrboro, Says Chamber of Commerce, Merchants Association Chief

By J. A. C. Dunn

Crowell Little, the President of the Chapel Hill-Carrboro Merchants Association, ushered us breezily into his air-conditioned office this week, flapped his hand at a lovely red leather chair for us, and, between countless telephone calls with which he is constantly bombarded, unburdened himself of the essentials of his past.

Coming from Asheville, Mr. Little graduated from the University in 1938, and then did graduate work, taking a master's degree in physical education. After collige he coached high school football in Kings Mountain, spent two years as freshman coach at Davidson College, and then in 1941, was called into the service. He spent 18 months overseas doing "very fine, safe duty," to use his own words, as a ground officer in charge of maintenance of a P-51 fighter group. Incidentally, he was in the same fighter group with Alderman Pokey Alexander.

After being discharged in 1946, Mr. Little returned to Chapel Hill and spent four years on the University coaching staff (at the same time Charlie Justice was here), then went to Davidson again to be head coach for two years, and then went into the automobile business with Grady Pritchard. He has since bought out Mr. Pritchard, and is now the sole proprietor of Pritchard-Little Motor Co.

We asked Mr. Little if he had any sage comments to make on the merchants association. Mr. Little put his feet in the top drawer of his desk, leaned way back and examined the ceiling, ran his hands through his hair, and waxed enthusiastically eloquent about the glowing future.

"I think the merchants association is moving into a new era," he said. "I firmly believe we are going to make big strides to weld the merchants of this wonderful community into a unit that will convince the buying public that Chapel Hill-Carrboro is not only a

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

make the music sweeter, and

people who linger after the

The brook that begins in a

spring near the chemistry

building is piped under the

Kenan football stadium, but

in the deep woods below the

stadium it still makes a pleas-

ant murmur as it joins an-

other stream at the Meeting of

the Waters. The huge lichened

boulders are still there, and if

you climb up and sit on one

you hear the sigh of the wind

high in the canopy of the tall

trees, while down below is a

stillness scarcely disturbed at

all by the backfire of a truck

climbing the long hill on the

On East Rosemary and East

Franklin Streets are old

houses, loved and well lived in

as they were before the Civil

War. Near the busy first tee

of the University's golf

course the members of the

Mason family lie buried under

the mossy cedars and magno-

lias. A century ago they drove

to Chapel Hill to church every

Sunday in a two-horse car-

riage. On the gravestones are

the names of two young Mason

sisters who died within a year

or so of each other. An old

story says they died of broken

hearts because their sweet-

hearts, both Confederate sol-

Tenney's meadow still lies

under the brow of Chapel Hill,

and possibly people even still

go there for picnics. A Tenney

family still lives on Tenney

Circle, President Kemp P.

lives in the beautiful home he

built beside the campus. Archi-

bald Henderson, the sage of

Chapel Hill, still studies and

writes and holds court at For-

dell, his rambling old house

behind the trees in the big

yard on East Franklin Street.

Old Mister Tilley still comes

to town selling eggs and but-

ter and riding in a deadbed

wagon pulled by his gray mare

The view from Piney Pros-

pect, where "the eye is lost in

the hemisphere of space," is

changed but little. Perhaps

Betsy.

Battle's granddaughter still

diers, were killed in battle.

Pittsboro road.

and learned to talk.



-Photo by Lave CROWELL LITTLE

good place to work and live, but also a good place to buy. We're making real progress."

We asked just how the merchants association went about welding the merchants. What did the merchants association do? We waited while Mr. Little answered telephone call number four (since we had been there) during which he dealt briskly and efficiently with a man on the other end who wanted a new Ford and wanted it quick.

"Well," he said presently, bathing his hands in his hair again, "the merchants association tries to promote good sound business practices and reliable merchants. It also tries to establish a certain code of behaviour and ethics among the merchants, develop community activities, and keep unwanted or unauthorized business practices from among our péople. For instance, a man may come around soliciting advertisements for a newspaper that doesn't exist. The merchant doesn't know whether the paper exists or not and he hasn't got time to sit down and figure out whether or not such advertisement is a worthwhile investment. So he just this place.

asks the salesman if he's checked with the merchants association. If the salesman says yes, the merchant asks for the letter of approval. If he says no, the merchant tells him he won't advertise until the salesman has been cleared by the association.

"The merchants association has a secret committee which screens all people soliciting money. This way it keeps people from pan-handling flimfam, gyp propositions in town."

We commented that we supposed the association didn't become involved very much any more in its originally intended activity — making relainquent students pay their bills. Mr. Little said this was so, that the law now took care of people who didn't pay their bills.

"I think we may well have a small claims court here soon, though," he added. "Durham has one now, and I think it would be a good idea if this town had one."

We asked if it was true that prices were generally higher in Chapel Hill-Carrboro than in other towns?

"No, that is not true at all," said Mr. Little, earnestly removing his feet from the desk drawer. "That's just a fallacy that people started somewhere. Some things are more expensive here, but then some things are more expensive elsewhere, too. When I go downtown and buy quanty clothes I really feel as if I'm getting my money's worth. In fact, some of the merchandise sold here is better than the same kind of merchandise in other towns.

"Basically, the merchants association is just interested in good, legitimate business practices in merchandising and advertising in Chapel Hill. This is a great town, and it's worth the effort. You know some people go off and spend years working so they can come back and retire here? I was one of the lucky ones, who came back and settled. I've never regretted it. I'm sold on this place."

1 Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

concert know the peace and calm that prevailed under these trees a century and a half ago and see the sun go down diagging after it a curtain of plum-colored sky, as it did before there was a traffic problem or, for that matter, an ape stood up on its hind legs

Master Bill Thompson was given a surprise birthday party by a group of his playmates at the Carolina Coffee Shop last Wednesday morning. He was 57 years old.

Present for the happy occasion were little Bill Poe,

Present for the happy occasion were little Bill Poe, Crowell Little, J. S. Henninger, Andy Gutierrez, Orville Campbell, Carl Durham, Chuck Erickson, Frank West, Fred Patterson, Georgie Livas, Bill Cherry, George Poe, Carrington Smith, Bill Arthur, Frank Umstead, Ollie Cornwell, Hap Perry, Mike Ronman, Tony Gobbel and Bob Varley.

Little Carrington Smith invited the guests to be seated around the honoree at a table beautifully appointed with coffee and a two-tiered birthday cake with 70 candles.

To blow out the lighted candles, little Bill merely leaned back as he does in his chair at the Bank of Chapel Hill, quickly moved forward and said, "No." And all the candles went out. It was the same sort of "no" that is used in refusing loans.

The honoree was presented with a toy golf club and ball, and Georgie Livas sliced and passed around the cake with coffee. Then he waited for someone to pay for it, but nobody did.

When it was suggested playing games, a voice called "Pin the tail on the donkey." The motion died for lack of a second, because each one evidently feared he would have to be the donkey.

Late arrival was Master Mike Ronman. The little folks evidently didn't heed Crowell's warning, "Don't ask him to

Dingle and Woodthrush Home and the other dells and glens Pres Battle marked and gave a name to.

On the central part of the campus the massed branches and twigs of the bare trees are still a soft and misty purple in the dusk of a winter day, and as a rambler passes that way he may hear the bell that Cornelia Phillips Spencer rang to reopen the University after the Tragic Era and see the monument of a soldier facing northward and be reminded of the young men who laid aside their books to go and defend the familiar and the loved against the alien and

Master Bill Thompson was given a surprise 'birthday party by a group of his playmates at the Carolina Coffee Shop last Wednesday morning. Shop last Wednesday morning Ha was 57 years old shop last Wednesday morning.

Master Orville Campbell produced a camera and fined up the boys for a photograph. Hap Perry wouldn't sit flat down on the floor until he was promised someone would help him get up. Still sitting too high he was urged to bend far over as if he were looking for a golf ball. He was still too tall. "Far over, as if you were looking for your own golf ball," someone advised. That did it. And the picture was made.

Then it was decided to end the party early before the other paper's cameraman got there.

Sure sign that Labor Day has come and gone is word that Skipper Coffin has come home from Waynesville and Norman Cordon is back from Blowing Rock.

When he took over the Shack from Brack Creel, Troy Harville vowed he was going to make something of the place. He promised a television set so that the patrons could view the summer ball games, the World Series and the Saturday football telecasts.

But since he's associated with the fellows for several months, his mind is changed. He's content to let the Shack remain its glorious self where one can go for a short one and read a magazine or newspaper in peace or get in a whale of an argument without being disturbed by any commercials.

Add incongruous things about town: On the safety zone island in mid-Franklin street in front of the post office is a foot-square directional sign five feet off the ground. And it obstructs the view of the people standing on the island and trying to see if any traffic's headed east.

"... Vodka taken with quinine water is a nice soft drink without after-taste, or after-smell. This solves the problem for many people before going to the PTA meeting."—Harry Golden in The Carolina Israelite.

On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

JACK HORNER, WHO WRITES SPORTS from a corner in a city somewhere to the northeast of Chapel Hill, reports in one of his last week's articles that Atlantic Coast Conference sports scribes "were amazed" when they saw Eddie Ladd, a Wake Forest sophomore, "booting kickoffs barefooted."

This is a bit puzzling. Not the barefoot kickoffs, but the writers being "amazed" at seeing them.

You see, all these sports editors were around a few years ago when a personable fellow named Mike Rubish played for Carolina, and Mike had a habit of shaking his big number 11 off his right hoof before he dashed out on the field to boot the pigskin down to whatever opponents the Tar Heels were facing on that particular Saturday.

Mike's a nice guy who came out of the hills of West Virginia to play football for the University, and even ran for president of the student body while he was on the campus (a fatal political move to which he was put up by a bunch of power-happy politicians who thought they saw in him a sure-fire vote-getter).

Since Mike's such a nice guy, and an old friend of mine, I just want to let it be known that he was utilizing his naked pedal appendages for the greater glory of old UNC while young Eddie Ladd was occupying his time with probably nothing more important than squishing the red clay of Durham county between his toes, and writing Santa Claus to bring him a toy football for Christmas.

THERE IS A PREPOSTEROUSLY UGLY Negro gentleman in Nassau by the name of George Symonette. He is a gangly six feet tall, and has a square, boxy face with a slack jaw and several missing teeth. He has hands like hams, and his fingers look like the tentacles of an octopus who's been eating in a boarding house for 15 years.

But he plays and sings the finest Calypso music it has ever been my pleasure to hear.

George appears at several places in Nassau, but the hangout where I caught his show on about four occasions during my eight-day stay there was the patio of the Imperial Hotel. Now, any of you who happen to have been in Nassau, don't start wracking your brains trying to think which luxury hotel the Imperial was, because it's far from luxurious and not exactly a hotel, if you want to be frank about the matter. The "hotel" itself is a small, two-story, run-down affair which seemed to specialize more in 15-minute rather than 15-day guests. But its patio is strictly on the up-and-up, and all kinds of nice people go there, if they don't mind their drinks being a little thinner than at any other bistro on New Providence Island.

Unlike most of the Calypsos, George plays the piano to accompany his own singing. (The rest seem to favor guitars, or nothing.) He keeps those long fingers stretched straight out in front of him, and waggles them up and down against the keys like a battery of syncopated railroad semaphores at a New Year's Eve

One Calypso singer who performed at the Emerald Beach Hotel (a flashy place on the west end of the island which looks like it was built there instead of at Miami Beach by some horrible mistake; it's about as out of place in Nassau as a lass of ill repute at a church picnic) looked like a Harlem Charlie Craven, and sang a song about President Eisenhower which was calculated to please the American tourist and extract the Yankee dollar. All it accomplished was to drive Democrats to some other hotel, or at least into a state of acute nausea.

"Ei-sen-how-er, Ei-sen-how-er,

"Now he is pres-ee-dent,
"Mak-ing thee pee-pul con-tent,"

"Mak-ing thee pee-pul con-tent," sang this gentleman of color. I had to leave. After all, it was just a 10-minute drive back to the Imperial.

When I got back to my favorite dive, George was singing a little ditty entitled, "My Name Is Morgan, but It Ain't J.P." I felt the same way after just having been at the Emerald Beach. The drinks weren't quite as powerful at the Imperial, but they cost a devil of a lot less, and the music was superb.

George started playing and singing at the Imperial one night at 10:30, and he didn's pause more than two seconds between songs from then until 1 a.m., when he and his drummer (bongo, that is) and his maracas player decided it was time for an intermission. They took a 20-minute break, and came back for another round. When I left an hour later, they were still playing, and seemed to be just getting their second wind.

Letter to the Editor

The following letter to the Weekly is from W. T. Couch of New York, who lived in Chapel Hill many years and was formerly director of the University of North Carolina Press:

To the Editor:

Thank you for printing the editorial by Davis Lee of the Newark Telegram on the subject of integration in the public schools.

You can be certain that Lee took grave risks when he wrote and published this editorial. The people from whom he has most to fear are the fair-weather liberals. The fair-weather liberals are the people who stand up for something when enough others stand up to make standing up appear to be completely safe.

The fair-weather liberals have obviously miscalculated on the race question. They will, of course, run to safety when they discover that standing up is dangerous.

I just hope that the good sense of men like Davis Lee, of whom there are many in both races, will prevail; and that suspicion and hatred between the races will not be the chief fruit of the effort to force integration in education where it is not wanted.

I write to you simply to register my thanks for your recognition of the sanity and courage of Davis Lee, a sanity and courage that are rare, and, I believe, always have been rare.

Sincerely yours, W. T. Couch

there is still somebody who and defend the familiar and to the PTA meeting."—Harry could go into those woods and the loved against the alien and know where to find Dogwood unknown.

Golden in The Carolina Israelite.