

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

126 E. Rosemary Telephone 9-1271 or 8461

Published Every Tuesday and Friday
By The Chapel Hill Publishing Company, Inc.

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Entered as second-class matter February 22, 1942, at the postoffice at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In Orange County, Year	\$4.00
(6 months \$2.25, 3 months \$1.50)	
Outside of Orange County by the Year:	
State of N. C., Va., and S. C.	4.50
Other States and Dist. of Columbia	5.00
Canada, Mexico, South America	7.00
Europe	7.50

President Eisenhower Said It:

We don't believe for a minute that the Republican Party is so lacking in inspiration, high quality personnel and leadership that we are dependent on one man. . . . Humans are frail—and they are mortal. You never pin your flag so tightly to one mast that if a ship sinks you cannot rip it off and nail it to another.

It's Time to Give Eisenhower a Break

So much has President Eisenhower meant to the Republican Party that it ought to leave him alone, let him recover to enjoy the remainder of his days, and not even look to him as a presidential candidate next year. The party and the country owe Mr. Eisenhower that much. Or that little.

Since he was stricken with a heart attack, press reports seem to be daily cluttered with speculation by Republican party leaders on whether or not Mr. Eisenhower will be able to run. Somehow we are left with the fantastic mental picture of a prostrate figure on the ground, while crows hover above him cawing, and cawing; some owls sit perched on a tree limb making no sounds but watching; and high above are vultures just waiting. No one in our picture seems to be praying that he'll recover so that he can be a man again, enjoy life and not be burdened with the presidency. We see prayers, but the prayers we see are that he will recover so that he can be used in 1956 by the Republican Party.

Admittedly Mr. Eisenhower is personable, commands unbounded respect and admiration, possesses keen intellect and understanding. But is he the only Republican party member with those qualities? Already he has led the Republicans to one victory. Cannot the party now run on the principles for which it stands, or its record, and give Mr. Eisenhower the freedom he deserves?

Mr. Eisenhower served and commanded in World War I and II. Next, he ably performed as president of Columbia University, and bore the GOP standard in the last presidential campaign. And, so far as we know, he has given the executive branch of the Federal government efficient direction. He has made mistakes; he has been ill advised; but he is human.

In the past three years, Mr. Eisenhower has looked eagerly to the day when he could retire to his Gettysburg, Pa., farm. And live privately, peacefully, restfully—just live. For what he has already done for this nation and the Republican party, he deserves just that. Let not his days be further shortened by demands that he run again. Give him a break. Let him enjoy the remainder of his days.

"Ennoblement of the People"

The Chapel Hill branch of the North Carolina Symphony Society will begin its annual membership drive next Monday. The Chapel Hill Weekly urges everyone's support of the drive. The benefits which the Symphony brings to North Carolina were aptly expressed in a recent editorial in the Greensboro Daily News. The editorial follows:

For ten moving years the North Carolina Symphony Orchestra has been bringing music and inspiration up and down the countryside of North Carolina.

Dr. Benjamin Swalin, its illustrious conductor, has turned on the music in school auditoriums, churches, gymnasiums, recreation centers and in the Hall of the House of Representatives—in fact, anywhere an audience could be

assembled. As conductor of the first state symphony orchestra in the nation, he has brought world-wide acclaim to North Carolina. The Tar Heel state is unique in its support of a unique institution.

Once again the North Carolina symphony is asking the people of the state to rise up and help it finance its 1955-56 season.

Nobody can measure with accuracy the symphony's impact on the cultural life of North Carolina. In ten years alone it has traveled 68,000 miles (mostly by bus), played for 500,000 adults and reached 1,203,000 children in 664 children's concerts. Its praises have been widely sung in national publications of all varieties and its concerts have been broadcast over all major radio networks. Yet it still depends on the support of average Tar Heels everywhere for its continued vigor and influence.

In this vintage year of 1955—the 10th anniversary of the first musical tour of North Carolina—support should be greater than ever. For this worthwhile project, in the words of Dr. Swalin, is maintained through "public spirit and munificence" and is dedicated to the "ennoblement of the people."

A Letter From Denver, Colorado To the Chapel Hill Weekly:

I enjoy your paper and am enclosing \$5 for continuation of my subscription. I am sorry to learn that Chapel Hill is increasing its population so fast. When I was there many years ago on a visit to my dear friend (and schoolmate at St. Mary's), Sally Manning Venable, it was a sweet little village. I agree with Thomas Jefferson when he said, "Big cities are detrimental to the health, morals, and liberties of the people." I know from experience that this is true, for I have seen Denver grow from a nice small city till now it is so big it is classed as one of the eight most corrupt cities in the nation.

I congratulate my native state, North Carolina, on having such a fine Governor as Mr. Hodges. I wish you would publish his recent speech on segregation.

With best wishes,
Mrs. W. O. Temple, Sr.

Sunshine on the Scuppernongs

Although it's sliding sidewise into true autumn the sun is hot again with the straight-up heat of the summer. Along the streets housewives have opened windows closed against a space of damp and coolness. Curtains flutter, floor fans and air conditioners run intermittently in pace with the ebb and flow of the summer's strength. Mostly it ebbs, though, for morning begins and afternoon ends in coolness and long shade. And autumn sleep that comes easier and goes harder already has put an end to the restlessness of summer nights.

But in the fields the sun is still supreme, bearing on backs bent to cotton. It puts red bands around necks protected in the upright time of planting and of plowing, and the skin stings as the strap of the heavy sack slides off the shoulder and along the neck as the picker goes to the basket or the spread "to empty." It starts the sweat across the back and under the belt. And the rows that were comparatively short to plow and chop stretch far away to the picker. The sun is hateful but it is better than the rain that beats the fleece into the dirt and makes it harder to pick and cheaper sold, that fattens the leaves where the stinging worm hides with a bite tobacco juice can ease but can't cure, and the farmer is not angry at the sun.

Nor is the task without reward. There are few cotton patches that do not hide somewhere along a row a fist-bust or two to sweeten the mouth and freshen the throat. And aching backs, pricked fingers and skinned knees are trifles to a man who goes to the well for water and strays back to a scuppernong arbor where the dark tan grapes have shriveled into ultimate sweetness. There he can stand as in another Eden, spitting seed and hull to the yellow jackets and savoring a nectar that doesn't go to the market place.

The scuppernong and the runty melon are gold and silver to the men and women who go down the rows of cotton and, somehow, when the steelyards are hooked to pole and basket and the weights are set down in the book, their sweetness is remembered more than the harshness of the sun.

Tough Looking, Solidly Built. . .

Police Sergeant Coy Durham Has Had a Varied Background As an Athlete, Air Corps Soldier, and Construction Worker

By J. A. C. Dunn

Sergeant Coy Durham of the Chapel Hill police, whom we visited the other night on the graveyard shift (11 p. m. to 7 a. m.) is a tough-looking, solidly-built man with a sort of stone wall bearing. At the same time he is a very soft-spoken man, slightly reminiscent of those ads that used to appear with the gimmick-line "tough, but oh, so gentle."

"I was born and raised seven miles out on route 54," said the sergeant. "Went to high school here. Played four years of football and baseball. I was co-captain of both teams my senior year."

"How about championships? Had the sergeant's teams won any?"

The sergeant pushed his cap to the back of his head and said no he hadn't won any, but they sure did have good ball clubs all the same.

"After high school I went into the Army Air Corps for three and a half years. I never got overseas. We went to gunnery school and then to radio school; then I went to Sioux City, Iowa and trained bomber groups. We trained 26 bomber groups in 23 months. There are about 1200 men to the bomber group. I was a sergeant in charge of an inspection crew of all the heavy equipment."

"We pointed out that gunnery and radio didn't seem to have an awful lot to do with inspecting heavy equipment."

"Well, you remember back in '43, when we were losing so many planes? They had to



—Photo by Lavergne
COY DURHAM

keep training men to fill up the gaps. They had 50 many radio men they couldn't use them all, so they just put us to training men. I couldn't fly because I had had a lot of broken bones."

We wondered if Sioux City, Iowa, was worth spending 23 months in.

"Oh, yes," said the sergeant. "It's a nice place. About 90,000 population plus the 3400 men we had on the base. I played baseball there for three years."

And after the Air Corps? "I came out in 1946 and went to work for V. P. Loftus construction company out of Charlotte. I was on a bridge force.

We built this concrete bridge out on the new Greensboro highway.

"I remember one day in September Chief Sloan drove me in the yard and asked me if I'd be interested in going to work on the police force. I told him I'd never even thought about it, and a couple of days later he said to come down to the office here, so I came down and he said he wanted me to go to work the next day. So I did. The first weekend I was here was a football weekend. That was when Choo Choo Justice was in his prime. Boy, what a time that was."

We assumed the sergeant liked Chapel Hill?

"Oh, yes, I like it all right. I guess you'll never find another place like it. I think one reason I like it so much is because of all the sports. I'll go and watch any kind of sport—track, basketball, anything from mumblety-peg on up."

"I got a son, seven years old, and he says he wants to be either a policeman or a baseball player. I take him to all the games. He loves baseball. We watch practice every afternoon from four to five. That's what I'd like him to be, a baseball player."

The fire bell rang down the hall, and the sergeant trotted off to answer it. He came back at a run and reached for the radio.

"Fire back of Ledbetter-Pickard's" he said, and pressed the transmitting button. We shot out the door as he started calling car one to tell them.

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

up his face. "It's burning me," he said excitedly, and threw the tin foil on the floor. "It was really burning," he said, as he held out his hand for everybody to see. There was a red spot where he had been clutching the foil.

The visitor had been accompanied into the printshop by O. T. Watkins, who now introduced him as his uncle, L. L. Marable of Mt. Ranier, Maryland. Mr. Marable said he was a professional magician and that he had just been giving a demonstration of his skill. Everybody wanted him to explain how he made the foil burn Billy's hand. But he wouldn't reveal the secret. Billy is still telling people about it, and all of the rest of us are still wondering about it.

In commenting on Sidney Swain Robbins' report that there is no humor in the Bible, C. A. Paul of the Elkin Tribune says:

"Mark Twain, I recall, reported that he had searched through the Bible and succeeded in finding only one example of humor. He found it in the directions given Saul for his trip to Damascus. He was told to go into the city and to 'the street called Strait.' Twain wrote in 'Innocents Abroad' that Strait Street in Damascus is perhaps the crookedest street in all the world and that only a humorist would have used the word 'called' in relating the story."

As a comment on Mr. Paul's remarks, we wish to say that that may be the only instance of humor in the English Bible but not in the French Bible. A passage in the English Bible says of the war horse, "His neck is clothed with thunder. He smelleth the battle afar off. He sayeth among the trumpets ha ha." The French Bible renders the horse's ha ha as ursque ursque. That strikes us as humorous.

College. He received a Master's Degree in Education from Duke University in 1935 and a Doctors Degree in Education from the University of North Carolina in 1943.

From 1935 to 1936, Dr. Plemons was principal of Leicester High School in Buncombe County. He was principal of Lee Edwards High School in Asheville from 1936 until joining the School of Education faculty at the University of North Carolina in 1941. During the war, he served as admissions officer and registrar at the University. His wife is the former Miss Elizabeth Sparrow of Wilmington. The couple has no children.

Work will begin soon on a new \$40,000 home for the new president. The money was made available by the Legislature. This will be the first president's home owned by the college. Dr. Dougherty, a bachelor, declined the offer of a college-owned home because he already owned quarters in the town.

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Joe Robbins joined Hap Perry and me at coffee the other morning, and some mention was made of worrying. It prompted Joe to tell what happened to him long years back when he first entered business.

One morning a salesman asked, "What are you worrying about? There's no need to worry. You'll get old before your time. Now look at me. How old do you think I am? Fifty? No, I'm 68 years old. I know you didn't think so. I don't worry. That's the reason I don't look old and am healthy. I just don't worry. And you shouldn't either."

Joe explained that he told the salesman that one had to worry sometimes, that it was impossible not to do so.

"You're wrong," said the salesman. "Look at me. Here I am in Durham, hardly a dollar in my pocket and my car in the garage and me checked in at the Washington Duke hotel. I don't know yet how I'm going to pay for it, because my check is at Raleigh. I pick that up tomorrow. But I'll work it out somehow. For instance, if I told you I needed \$25 to check out of the hotel and get my car and go to Raleigh, I believe you'd lend it to me. Wouldn't you? That's right, I knew you would. So why should I worry? See?"

"Certainly," Joe told Hap and me, "I said I'd help him. In fact, I offered him \$50 but he said he wouldn't need that much. He just needed \$25. About an hour later, he came back in the store and said I was right. The car cost more to be fixed than he thought. So I let him have the other \$25. So he could get to Raleigh. No, that fellow didn't worry a bit. And do you know one thing: That's the last time I ever saw him. Never saw him or the \$50 again. No wonder he didn't ever worry. But that incident saved me a many a dollar. Everytime any one tells me he doesn't worry but that he needs money, I leave him alone."

Did you enjoy the 8 p. m. Sunday announcer over the educational television station at the University of North Carolina? Dat's de one I mean.

And that's what he said. And, if they taped it and will play it back, they'll hear just that. And, further, I'll accept any challenge that I can read a piece of copy better than he can, sight unseen theretofore. So there.

Off with him till he learns to pronounce a d as a d, not a g, and more especially, to put the sacred O in North Carolina.

The New President of Appalachian

(From the Hickory Daily Record)

The vacancy caused by the resignation of Dr. B. B. Dougherty, co-founder and long-time president of Application State Teachers College, is to be filled by Dr. William H. Plemons, of Chapel Hill, who will assume his new duties on September 1. Dr. J. D. Rankin, longtime dean at the college, is serving as interim president.

From all reports, Dr. Plemons should prove capable executive and leader. He will be succeeding one of the most colorful and aggressive college presidents in North Carolina, if not in the entire Southeast, for Dr. Dougherty has for years been recognized as unique in his ability to make his educational institution outstanding in its field. It is fitting that he has been elected President Emeritus of the college.

It is gratifying that Dr. Plemons was the unanimous choice of the Board of Trustees. He is not unknown to the

Boone college, where he has taught in the Summer school. He is especially well known throughout the State due to his work as executive secretary of the State Education Commission.

Dr. Plemons, now on the faculty of the Summer school at the University of Denver, will conclude his work there today, following which he will take a short vacation.

Dr. Plemons has been with the University of North Carolina since 1941, except for a few years right after World War Two when he was on leave of absence to serve as executive secretary of the State Education Commission.

He directed a Statewide study of the public education system. From this study has come much of the educational progress made in the past few years.

Born in Buncombe County in 1904, Dr. Plemons attended Mars Hill College. In 1928, he graduated from Wake Forest

On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

THE UNIVERSITY PRESS HAS more than a best seller on its hands in "Hiroshima Diary." It has a document of human emotions and courage that should be required reading for everyone.

The amazing thing about the Diary—written by Dr. Michihiko Hachiya of the Hiroshima Communications Hospital and translated by Dr. Warner Wells of the University's Memorial Hospital—is that it contains no trace of bitterness against the country which was responsible for the first wartime use of a nuclear explosion. It is a simple tale of honest, down-to-earth heroism which has never been duplicated in the most imaginative fiction.

The story meant something extra to me because I have seen Hiroshima. My visit there was many years after the atom bomb fell, but the marks of nuclear warfare were still evident. Probably the most striking monument—and that is the proper word—to the explosion is the ruined shell of a building which stood approximately 200 yards from ground zero.

The building is the Museum of Science and Industry, a beautiful structure completed in 1914. The Japanese have left this ruin standing as a stark symbol of the most dreadful release of power ever devised by mankind.

The once-magnificent dome of the museum is now an iron agony of twisted steel arches supported by sagging, broken walls hanging over a rubble of brick and plaster.

In February of 1953, when I was there, a fat middle-aged man lived in the very shadow of the museum ruins in a shack constructed of scrap lumber. His name was Kiyoshi Kikawa, and he made his living by selling souvenirs of the bomb blast—melted glass, scorched fragments of personal belongings—and by letting tourists take pictures of him with his shirt off to show his horrible burn scars.

In his diary, Dr. Hachiya paints some very unpretty pictures. He does this not to shock the reader, for he was recording his impressions not as an author but as a scientist who wishes to get as many details as possible down on paper before his memory fades.

In one place in the book, he quotes the words of a friend, Mr. Katsutani: ". . . The sight of the soldiers, though, was more dreadful than the dead people floating down the river. I came onto I don't know how many, burned from the hips up; and where the skin had peeled, their flesh was wet and mushy. . . . And they had faces! Their eyes, noses and mouths had been burned away, and it looked like their ears had melted off. . . ."

There are more passages like that in the book, although it is made up of much more than horror stories. Reading it will give you some insight into the nature and the courage of the Japanese people, and will convince you to pray that man is never again forced to take lives with an instrument of atomic destruction.

AND WHILE WE'RE on the subject of books, I might mention one that you may stay away from without missing anything. It's Richard O'Connor's novel, "Guns of Chickamauga" (Doubleday, 288 pages, \$3.95), a slow-moving story which might interest the teen-age set but falls far short of offering anything to excite the minds or Confederate emotions of anyone with more than a 12th-grade intellect.

The book is written in a self-conscious, stilted first-person singular. The narrator is a cashed-in Union Army officer who goes to work for a Chicago newspaper and is sent to Chattanooga to cover the activities of the Army of the Cumberland. From there on, things get a little confused as to whether the reporter is a correspondent or a correspondent, since he manages to get involved in a strange love triangle involving the colonel who had him thrown out of the Army and the colonel's lady. There is also an obscure conspiracy to smuggle contraband cotton and Yankee dollars back and forth across the battle lines.



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