

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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Public Opinion Will Probably Approve Ending the Present Consolidation

The editorial comments on the subject of University consolidation that I have read in the newspapers, and what alumni have said to me in letters and in conversation, lead me to believe that public opinion will favor the abolition of the present consolidation plan.

People are beginning to understand, as they become familiar with the powers and the purposes of the new Board of Higher Education, that the establishment of this agency has created an entirely new system of higher education in North Carolina. All twelve of the State's institutions of higher learning are now consolidated—not in the administration of their internal affairs but in respect to the delimitation of their functions—so that what we have now is a consolidation inside a consolidation. If the present set-up were continued we would have an overlapping of consolidations.

A clear statement of the situation is given in the following passage from the Raleigh News and Observer:

"The consolidation of the State's three largest institutions of higher learning has in important respects given way to the consolidation—or at least the supervised coordination—of all the State-supported institutions of higher learning.

"The board of which Dr. Purks becomes the executive officer was given by the legislature supervisory powers to determine the major functions and types of degrees to be awarded in all state-supported colleges; to plan for the development of a system of higher education and to require colleges to conform to these plans; and—perhaps most important of all—to recommend to the Advisory Budget Commission budgets for all of the institutions.

"If those are not the powers of overall consolidation of higher learning, it would be hard to imagine what those powers would be."

"Genteelisms"

Now and then a magazine or the book-review department of a newspaper will get up a symposium, from persons eminent in the literary world, on what books they like best. A few years ago one such question was as follows: If you were marooned on a desert island and were allowed to have only three books, and were free to make your choice, what would they be?

The answer of W. Somerset Maugham was: The Works of Shakespeare, the Works of Jonathan Swift, and Fowler's Dictionary of Modern English Usage.

I am sure that professional writers, high and low, applauded Maugham's choice of the book by the distinguished Oxford scholar. If there is any volume, aside from a regular dictionary, that deserves to be considered indispensable for writers, it is the one that many of them, from long familiarity and affection, call not by its full name but simply Fowler; just as one says Webster for Webster's Dictionary and as lawyers say Blackstone for Blackstone's Commentaries.

Henry Watson Fowler of Oxford and his younger brother, Francis George Fowler of Cambridge, after years of teaching, entered the literary world with a translation of Lucian. They collaborated on The King's English, a trenchant and witty book of modern English usage and misusage, and on an abridgment of the Oxford English Dictionary. F. G. Fowler died in 1918 of tuberculosis contracted during his service with the British Army in France. H. W. Fowler, who also served in the First World War, com-

pleted the Dictionary of Modern English Usage alone and dedicated it to the memory of his brother. He died in 1933 at the age of 75.

A possessor of Fowler values it not only because it is useful but also for the entertainment he gets from it. He often takes it from the shelf "hot in order to "look up" something but so that he may read one of the little essays that reflect a discriminating and humorous mind.

Some of these are "Anti-Saxonism," "Battered Ornaments," "Genteelisms," "Elegant Variation," "Sobriquets," "French Words," "Pride of Knowledge," "Avoidance of the Obvious," and "Polysyllabic Humor."

I happened upon "Genteelisms" last night and am quoting part of it here: "By 'genteelism' is here to be understood the substituting, for the ordinary natural word that first suggests itself to the mind, of a synonym that is thought to be less soiled by the lips of the common herd, less familiar, less plebeian, less vulgar, less improper, less apt to come unhandsofly betwixt the mind and our nobility. The truly genteel invite one to step, not come, this way; take in not lodgers, but paying guests; employ domestics instead of servants; and have quite forgotten that they could ever have been guilty of toothpowder and napkins and underclothing, of before and except and about, where nothing will now do for them but dentifrice, serviette, lingerie, ere, save, anent."

The essay ends with a list of words arranged in two parallel columns, genteelisms in the first column and corresponding normal words in the second. "The point is," says Fowler "that when the word in the second column is the word of one's thought, one should not consent to displace it by the word in the first column unless an improvement in the meaning would result."

Some of the genteelisms listed are assist for help, cease for stop, carafe for water-bottle, edifice for building, endeavor for try, expectorate for spit, inquire for ask, lady-dog for bitch, place for put, proceed for go, sufficient for enough, hither for here, military for soldiers, odor for smell, and peruse for read.

In short, Fowler is for unaffectedness, directness, simplicity. These set the tone for the book.—L.G.

The Manufacture of the "Whammy"

The highway patrolman's electronic gadget that detects speeders is manufactured in the basement of a ranch-style home in Marshall, Michigan. The boss is the former Marine and former electrical appliance salesman who developed the device, and he and six employees do the manufacturing.

"It has been used for 7,500,000 arrests and we haven't lost a case," he told an interviewer last week.

"The 'whammy,' as the thing is called in North Carolina (and possibly in other states?), is small enough to be carried by hand in a case. It works off a pair of rubber tubes. The highway patrolman lays the tubes across the road at predetermined intervals. When the car's front wheels hit the first tube a switch is closed and a stop-watch starts. When the wheels hit the second tube the watch stops. From the dial face of the watch the officer then takes down the car's rate of speed.

A Suggestion to Chapel Hill (Goldsboro News-Argus)

Folks of Chapel Hill are more vocal, more individualistic, more varied in their views than in most towns of the same size.

That is natural. Chapel Hill as the home of the University of North Carolina is the home of more college graduates per square block than any other town in our state. Also the strong and true tradition of freedom of speech and of education is nurtured and prized.

It follows, then, that Chapel Hill can have more discussions, find itself confronted with more problems, get excited over dogs or cats on the streets, or raise an issue quicker than you can drop a hat.

Lately it has been the matter of a new water tank. The Village had to have more tank storage capacity. But everywhere the town fathers wanted to put the tank folks in that area came running, blood in their eyes, and yelling "you can't do that to us." A water tank is an ugly thing and no neighborhood wanted the bleak structure rearing its head nearby.

Come to think of it, even Goldsboro's new million gallon water tank

On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

THE PROFESSIONAL PROPHETS OF DOOM (Athletics Division) have sounded the death knell for amateur football at the University. The Prophets, who happen to be friends of mine, are Ed Yoder and Louis Kraar, the co-editors of the Daily Tar Heel. Listen to what they have to say:

"Amateur football has suffered acute asthma at this school for two decades. With the arrival of Jim Tatum as head football coach, it will draw its last painful gasps and suffocate. Professionalism . . . has . . . come home to roost in Chapel Hill."

Rather strong statements. But they won't hold up under a close examination. Of course, they weren't intended to be examined closely—they were designed to appeal to the emotionalism of the hard core of pseudo-intellectuals who believe that to claim true amateur status in intercollegiate sports a school must (1) play in the minor leagues, i. e., against junior colleges and small, liberal arts schools, or (2) lose all or most of its games.

Under this reasoning, Carolina fielded an amateur football team during the fall of 1955 (We lost, you see, to Notre Dame, Oklahoma, Maryland, etc.—the "Big Time" teams we played). By the same standards, we were professional during the 1946-1949 period when we defeated such powers as Texas, Tennessee and Georgia.

I agree that this reasoning is not too logical, but is it any more logical to assume that just because the University has hired a good football coach (to replace one that was not so good) we are embarking on a program of professionalized athletics?

Personally, I like what is usually referred to as Big Time football. I like Big Time basketball, Big Time swimming, Big Time ping pong and Big Time Mumblety-peg. If you are going to participate in a sport, you should field a good team and play a good game. You do not have to win. Coach Barclay and the Carolina team of 1955 did not have to win the Duke game, for instance, in order to receive the heartfelt backing of the stands (during the game) and the heartfelt appreciation of Carolina supporters (after the game). All they had to do was play a good game—show that they were doing their best. Nothing more was asked or expected of them. If Coach Barclay had fielded a similar team for each of his games, he might have retained his job. Instead, he produced an erratic group which would on one Saturday put on a magnificent display of football against Duke and on another Saturday would display the worst sort of ineptitude against a less powerful foe such as Tennessee.

It comes as somewhat of a shock for the anti-Big Time crusaders to learn there are persons such as myself who are not only for Big Time athletics but are also for Big Time academics, and who sincerely believe that the two are compatible.

Does it make any difference that we recruit some of our players from the Pennsylvania coal fields (in the case of football) or from the high schools of Brooklyn (in the case of basketball)? When those boys come to Carolina they are made to meet the same academic standards as their fellow students from Murphy and Mebane and Manteo. And they become just as good Tar Heels as many of our native-born sons. Many of them graduate with just as high grades as native North Carolinians, and many go to work in North Carolina, returning to the state tenfold its investment in their education.

Is it facetious to point out that a boy from Four Oaks who can't make the varsity football team can still play ball to his heart's content in intramurals? I don't think so. If he's uncoordinated and incapable of contributing something to a football team he might not even make his dormitory mural team. Is this also professionalism, because there is an emphasis on winning even in intramural sports?

Big Time football pays for the University intramural program. Big Time football permits the University to field varsity teams which bring in no receipts—soccer, and cross country, and fencing, Lacrosse, for instance, was dropped as an official sport a few years ago. Why? Because University football receipts were down and there wasn't enough money to support that particular minor sport.

Big Time football provides sports opportunities for hundreds of students who would not otherwise get the chance to participate. And, as long as the University is headed by such persons as Chancellor House, I don't think there is any real danger of it junking its academic standards in favor of all-out emphasis on athletics.

ADD THINGS THAT WILL always puzzle me: Why do people spend several minutes studying a menu when they go to breakfast in a restaurant? They always end up ordering the same old bacon and eggs, anyway, and everybody knows eggs and bacon are on the menu without looking!

DOROTHY THOMPSON, concerned about the indiscriminate and careless use of the phrase "Cold War," suggests that what our State Department needs is a Department of Semantics. I guess this is the next best thing to buying a muzzle for John Foster Dulles.

is no beautiful creature, but the increased pressure in the water pipes is a joy at bathtime.

Why don't the architects turn their genius to improving the symmetry and appeal of tall town water tanks? Something should be done to get away from the ugly lines and at the same time retain the height which is necessary for pressure. Look what we have done with fire stations. Once a fire station was a fire station and nothing more. Fire stations in residential areas stuck out like sore thumbs, marring the beauty

of lawn and home. Now the fire station in a residential area is made to fit into the architectural pattern of the area. Unless you see the firemen playing checkers you would hardly know it was a fire station.

Why couldn't the framework of water tanks be enclosed with walls and windows and rooms created? Maybe this sounds futuristic, even queer, but some modern architecture runs off in a queer direction.

It is a wonder Chapel Hill didn't try out an idea along this line.

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

I have said, above, that learning the clock time of sunrise and sunset is not as simple as you might suppose. You will understand why when I quote from a letter Mr. Carney wrote me in response to my questions:

"For our purposes, times of sunrise and sunset are obtained from 'Tables of Sunrise, Sunset, and Twilight,' a U.S. Naval Observatory publication. By a rather laborious process of corrections we come out with tables for the times at the Raleigh-Durham Airport."

In his letter Mr. Carney told me that the tables for the Weather Bureau station at State College, published in the North Carolina Almanac, showed the Raleigh times for sunrise and sunset and that those figures could be "corrected to Chapel Hill within about a one-minute plus-or-minus error by adding 2 minutes to the Raleigh times."

The correction, which needs to be made because Chapel Hill is west of Raleigh, shows that sunrise here today, January 13, is at 7:28 a.m. and sunset is at 5:24 p.m.

Counting the time between sunrise and sunset as the length of the day, though of course there is daylight before sunrise and after sunset, the length of December 21 was 9 hours and 44 minutes and the length of today, January 13, is 9 hours and 56 minutes. This is a difference of only 12 minutes but it seems greater because most of the lengthening is not at the beginning of the day, when people are asleep and are not paying attention to when the sun rises, but in the afternoon when they are about and taking notice.

Little as the lengthening is this soon after the shortest day, it is being gratefully acclaimed, all the more so because of the certainty that from now on every day will be a little bit longer than the one before. I will ignore sunrise for a moment, since it takes place before we wake up and plays no part in our lives, and will set down here what I have learned, with the help of Mr. Carney and the North Carolina Almanac, about sunset times in Chapel Hill in the next two months: Our sunset will come at 5:44 on February 1, at 5:58 on February 15, and at 6:12 on March 1. Our first full 12-hour day, when sunset will come at 6:26, will be March 17.

Longer daylight cheers us up, but what about the cold weather? We have had an abnormal number of sub-freezing days in December and so far in January, and the part of the winter that is usually the worst in Chapel Hill lies ahead. Visitors from the North cast baleful, accusing glances upon us residents when the thermometer record is discussed. They praise the bright sunshine we've been having but they would like to have some warmth with it. I heartily agree with them. I'm fed up on the cold. Oh, for more days like Christmas Day (sandwiched in between two long cold spells) when the sun shone bright and the mercury went up to 75!

A Local Problem

(From Charlotte Observer)

No single act has done more to muddy and confuse the schools picture in North Carolina than did the suggestion of the N. C. Advisory Committee on Education that local segregation studies be terminated.

No single statement has done more to dispel the confusion, and to reassert a few fundamental truths, than did Gov. Hedges' comments at the Thursday news conference.

The governor said, first, that the segregation problem will ultimately be settled at the local level.

He said, second, that the local study committees are necessary items in the search for a solution.

He said, third, that the suggestion to disband those committees may have been "an unfortunate statement."

He said, fourth, that he be-

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Some strange things take place down at The Shack on West Rosemary Street each Saturday morning when a group of University professors and local businessmen gather for a weekly bull session.

For instance, last Saturday one man in this group sold another one a Confederate one-dollar bill for a good United States buck. Of course, everyone knows that Confederate money is worthless except as a collector's item. But the funnier part of this deal was that it was a counterfeit Confederate one-dollar bill.

Some members of the female species don't consider themselves properly dressed unless they wear or carry gloves. And, from the general appearance of campus coeds, I saw one the other morning who most assuredly was not in proper attire: she didn't have on white cotton socks.

The reason Tony Gobbel is all smiles is that he killed a whopping wild gobbler in Chatham County last Saturday. A novice nimrod is Tony, but in about 12 minutes of hunting he bagged a 19-pounder. "Biggest thing I ever saw," he beamed while telling of it. "I got his beard and his feet at home now. Also got him, but he's not in the same shape he used to be."

If the world owes every man a living, why do we have to work so hard to collect the debt?

One day of old-fashioned winter is enough to reconcile most persons to the fact that it is old-fashioned.

Florida is said to approve of a 13-month calendar, provided it will add an extra month to the winter season.

The successful man is one who makes his mistakes when they don't count against him.

Benjamin Franklin said that time is money. Some folks take a lot of it to pay their bills.

Soft hearts often harden, but soft heads never change.

came aware of this "confidential" suggestion only after it had gone out to the 174 school superintendents of the state.

There has been no doubt all along that the segregation problem is essentially a local problem and a local responsibility.

The 1955 General Assembly declared this to be true in its chief action in the segregation matter. It tore down the structure of centralized control of the schools and told the local units that they were, in effect, on their own.

It paved a two-way street, and the local communities became free to follow one or the other according to their own compelling circumstances.

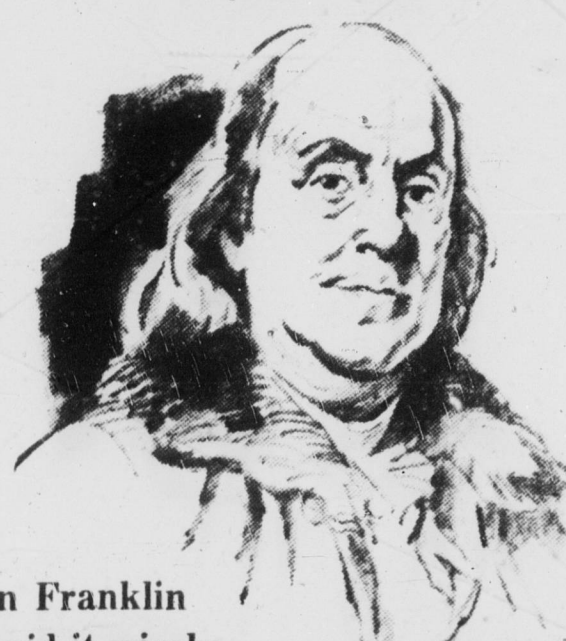
The forerunner of the present Advisory Committee on Education—had recognized this state of affairs in 1954 when it recommended the establishment of local study committees.

Gov. Hedges has placed the basic facts in focus again, and in the light of his comments it is hard to see the Advisory

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