

The Chapel Hill Weekly

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The Virginia Voters' Decision

By a margin of more than two to one the people of Virginia voted, at a special election last week, to direct the general assembly to call a convention to amend the constitution so that state money can be used for non-sectarian private schools.

All the predictions had been that the convention call would be approved, but nobody had expected the majority to be so large. Only one congressional district (the 10th, the one in northern Virginia made up of counties adjacent to Washington and Maryland) voted no, and the opposition there was not nearly as strong as expected, the count being 26,164 to 20,183. In some south-side counties, where the Negroes constitute 50 per cent or more of the population, there were no votes in the negative. Counties in the Shenandoah Valley and in the southwest upset predictions by turning in majorities for the convention.

The best editorial comment on the outcome of the election that I have seen is the one in the Baltimore Sun. I reproduce it here as agreeing with my own opinion:

"The overwhelming vote in Virginia for the proposed constitutional convention means that the people of Virginia are determined to do all they can within the law to prevent the enforced integration of whites and Negroes in the public schools.

"The steps to be taken are several, of which the calling of the constitutional convention is but the first. The delegates to the convention must be elected, the suggested amendment adopted, and the result submitted to a referendum. After that the relevant statutes must be changed and the money must be found to pay the private school tuition of those children whose parents refuse to send them to the non-segregated schools. The promise has been made that the public school system will not be abandoned. This means that parents who are willing to accept integration will be able to send their children to the state supported schools as heretofore.

"Will such a system work? If it does work, will it be accepted by the Supreme Court when it is challenged, as it certainly will be as soon as the issue is clear? For that matter, it may be challenged even earlier, provided the lawyers can formulate a case. After all the court said that its ruling must be carried out with 'deliberate speed.' Does 'deliberate speed' comport with the complex program to which Virginia is now about to be committed?

"No one can answer such questions at the present time. But there are certain factors in the situation which are certain to count as the movement progresses. Virginia, like Maryland, is not a unit in its thinking, despite the overwhelming vote against integration. The tidewater counties contain a much larger proportion of Negroes than those in the highlands and those nearer Washington. Several of these latter counties voted against the effort to continue segregation by legal means. Their opinion will count in the final outcome.

"Also, among the Negroes themselves, there are many who do not relish being party to the friction and ill-feeling which enforced integration may produce. All too often we are led to believe that the members of that race are unanimous in their desire to bring matters to an issue. There is much evidence that this is not the case. The relatively small vote cast in some counties even by the Negroes eligible to vote is partial proof of the existence of such a feeling.

"The Supreme Court's decision, as

we said at the time, presents painful dilemmas for both whites and Negroes. Virginians, realizing the difficulties they face, have tried to work out an acceptable compromise within the law as given them. For our part, we are by no means certain that their plan will be accepted in Washington. But it is not possible to dismiss it as a mere evasion dictated by racial prejudice. It is rather a statesmanlike effort to avoid what many thousands of decent citizens fear is a real public danger. On that basis we must leave it until the courts, have finally given their decisions."—L.G.

A President's Health

Many a time in the past a nation has been interested in the health of its chief and has been curious about how much longer he was going to live.

Specially keen has been the curiosity of persons close to the seat of power. And you will remember from your history books that usually, when a king was thought to be failing, it was not the fear that he would die that distressed the courtiers and other hangers-on. On the contrary, what distressed them was the fear that he would keep on living. They wanted him not to be a dawdler over dying but to go on and get it over with.

Of course they didn't dare say this aloud. Most of them probably didn't dare even to whisper it, for if the wish were reported in the wrong place the wisher might die ahead of his majesty. But everybody knew what everybody else was thinking and hoping.

How different a situation do we have in the United States today!

I am not well enough versed in history to know whether or not it can be called unprecedented. Of course there must have been times when a monarch's subjects or a civilian chief's fellow citizens have wished him to recover from an illness. But I suspect that in the extent and depth of anxiety it has caused, in the sincerity of the goodwill it has brought to light, and in the intensity of the public desire for a full recovery, the illness of President Eisenhower has been without parallel.

The question of whether or not he will be a candidate for reelection is still unsettled. When they came out of his latest press conference, the newspaper correspondents felt sure the chances that he would be a candidate were much greater than they had been at any time since he was taken ill.

The Alsop brothers, who rank high among columnists for fullness of information, good judgment, and trustworthiness, write:

"Three months ago hardly any one thought the President would, or could, run for reelection. As recently as one month ago, even the optimists among his friends put the chances of his running at no better than 50 per cent. Now almost every one with access to the President believes he means to run unless, after returning to work, he feels unusual fatigue or unless the doctors advise him against it when they examine him in February.

"Men close to the President say they are sure his present strong inclination is to run, not because he has revealed this intention in so many words but because of the way he talks and acts. He not only looks well, but—what is far more important—he feels well. He has remarked jokingly to friends that 'it must have been some other fellow who had that heart attack.'"

The magazine, U. S. News and World Report, has had an unusual poll taken by a research foundation. The foundation obtained from the Directory of Medical Specialists the names of 444 physicians formally certified as heart specialists, and then sent to every one a questionnaire containing these questions:

1. Do you think a man who has suffered a heart attack can be regarded as physically able to serve as President?
 2. Based on what you have read about the nature of the President's illness, and assuming a normal convalescence in the next few months, do you think Mr. Eisenhower can be regarded as physically able to serve a second term?
- The number of physicians who responded to the questionnaire was 275, or 62 per cent of the 444 polled. Some who responded did not answer the questions directly. The number who

'It Was Rough in the Thirties ...'

Fire Department Captain Gaston Baldwin Says That When His Phone Rings, It's Probably a Student Who Needs Help

By Lyn Overman

When the phone rings at the home of Captain Gaston S. Baldwin of the Chapel Hill fire department, it's likely to be a University student asking him to come over to his fraternity house and fix a lock, a window, build a cabinet, or smooth a door jamb.

"They just call me up," Captain Baldwin said recently. "I guess it's because I worked for the University building department. If I can't get there right away, they'll usually wait, and not call anybody else."

This relationship with the students grew over the period of 18 years during which Captain Baldwin worked with the University. In fraternities and sorority houses the word has passed from one class to another that Captain Baldwin is the man to call if there is some fixing to do which requires a little more carpentry skill than that possessed by students.

Captain Baldwin came to Chapel Hill from Burlington in 1926 with his wife, Leslie. Since that time they have lived in the same house at 421 Hillsboro Street, where they are raising the last of four children, nine-year-old Archie



—Photo by Laverne GASTON S. BALDWIN

Baldwin. The Captain, 52, a volunteer fireman from 1936 until 1944 when he was employed by the department, seems to be a man who likes to talk politics. However, he says he doesn't care which party is in power so long as the country is run right.

"It was rough back in the thirties," he said. "I wouldn't

like to see it again. I remember working for the University building department. I'd see students take letters out of mailboxes and break down of dry. When I asked one what was the matter, the answer would usually be that the back back home had gone broke and he would have to leave school."

Between his 24-hour shifts, Captain Baldwin likes to shoulder his shotgun and head for the fields for a little hunting. In the summer, like many of his colleagues, he takes off for the coast, or Florida to get in some fishing.

"After you spend a 24-hour shift here," he said, "it's time to get a little pleasure."

The Captain, a father of four, is also a grandfather of four.

His older daughter, Felda, wife of Master Sergeant Frank F. Bradshaw at Fort Benning, Georgia, is the mother of three children.

His 25-year-old son, Gaston S. Baldwin Jr., an employee of Western Electric, is the father of one child.

His youngest daughter, Norma, is a secretary for the dietary department at Memorial Hospital here.

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

There's a ladder that leans against the Varsity Theatre and almost spans the well-traveled alley which runs alongside the movie house. And it's annoying to the superstitious people who make use of the short cut from East Franklin to Rosemary Street. They positively will not walk under it, and, therefore, have started a new path around it.

Jerry Hudson went all the way to Texas on a deer hunt and didn't get a shot. Upon his return he went bird hunting with Clyde Hornaday down in Hyde County and came back with a buck. Funny thing is that the deer, frightened by the hunters, tripped over a log or stump and broke a shoulder and had to be shot to be put out of his misery.

Well, that's the way I heard it and I didn't check on its veracity for fear that the true account would not be as good.

O. V. Cook tells how tracing one's antecedents at times produces interesting and amusing results.

Not long ago an enterprising young man was looking through the records of a southeastern North Carolina county courthouse for information about one of his great grandparents who was reported to have lived in that area along about 1849. Not finding anything of pertinent value in the office of the Register of Deeds, he made inquiry for other likely sources of information and was told that one of the files in the sheriff's office contained some documents of the period. Among them was found an unserved warrant for the arrest of his ancestor on the charge of murder. On the bottom of the paper, scrawled in a bold hand were the letters "G.T.T."

Curious as to the meaning of this inscription, he asked an attendant and was informed, "Oh! that means he was gone to Texas before the officials could find him."

Why can't we see on television a unique detective story wherein the mystery is solved by a regular detective?

The person who sighs, "How soon we are forgotten," has only to miss a quarterly payment on his income taxes.

Man wants but little here below:
And you will win your bet
If you wager money
That little's all he'll get.

answered question No. 2 directly was 234. Of these, 141 said they thought the President was physically able to serve a second term, 93 said they thought he was not. Thus more than 6 out of the 10 heart specialists who answered the question about the President do not regard a heart attack in itself as a physical disqualification for the Presidency.

What does the layman, the ordinary citizen who has no medical knowledge, think about the matter? Of course you may say, with considerable sense, that it doesn't make any difference what he thinks—he doesn't know enough to make his opinion worth anything. But most of us ordinary citizens are perfectly willing to express an opinion on almost any subject whether we know anything about it or not.

As to whether or not the President is physically able to run, those of us who have read the thorough statements to the public by his consulting heart specialist, Dr. Paul Dudley White, form our opinions partly on that. But probably what has more weight with any one of us than any doctor's state-

ment is our own acquaintance with persons who have had heart attacks. I happen to have known a good many persons who, after such attacks, have gone on working—being careful, it is true, not to drive themselves as hard as they formerly did—and leading normal lives. This, with what I have heard and read about the President's case, leads me to believe that he is physically able to run for reelection, and I hope he will.

U. S. News and World Report prints a specimen facsimile copy of the questionnaire returned by one of the heart specialists. To question No. 2 ("Based on what you have read about the nature of the President's illness, and assuming a normal convalescence in the next few months, do you think Mr. Eisenhower can be regarded as physically able to serve a second term?") his answer was: "Yes—many persons recover completely from such attacks." If the magazine decided to take a "sample" poll among ordinary citizens, and I happened to be on the list to be asked this same question, that is what I would answer.—L.G.

On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

NOW THAT THE SIX-YEAR search for the Brinks robbers is over, it looks like the Mounties will have to give way to the FBI in the "always-get-their-man" limelight.

I DON'T GET TO WATCH television very often, but when I do get to spend an hour or so in front of someone's set I am usually amazed to discover (1) how terrible the bad shows are, and (2) how fine the good shows are.

There is fine drama on TV these days. There are good adaptations appearing, and some excellent original shows are being produced. If you're looking for pure entertainment, there's Groucho and Perry and Jack Webb. And then we have (ugh) Arthur Godfrey and Jackie Gleason.

Which reminds me . . . I feel highly vindicated now that Como is about to eclipse Gleason during that time period in which they're competing on different channels. (You suppose Buick could buy up the rest of Jackie's multi-million dollar contract and get rid of him once and for all?)

AND TALKING ABOUT TELEVISION, it wasn't very long ago that I sat, fascinated, in front of a set and watched Grandma Moses give Ed Murrow a hard time on "See It Now."

Murrow was looking over some of Grandma Moses' stuff, and he asked her, in a chip-on-the-shoulder tone of voice, why she never painted biblical scenes. (I expected him to break out in a chorus of "The Old Rugged Cross" at the drop of a cathode ray tube).

Showing admirable restraint, Grandma M. told Murrow she didn't paint biblical scenes because they would be based too much on "guesswork" rather than on things she had seen with her own eyes. She should have told him flatly she didn't WANT to paint biblical scenes, and why didn't he think up an intelligent question to ask for a change such as why she didn't eat blueberry pie every day for dessert.

The camera panned down to show Grandma's hands as she painted. They were wrinkled, but steady as a rock. Cut to Murrow, slightly bug-eyed, to impress audience with the fact that he is impressed with Grandma Moses. Cut to Grandma Moses, who looks up at Murrow.

Grandma: "Anyone can paint, you know."
Murrow: "I couldn't."

Grandma: "Yes, you can. Here; take this brush and draw something. Draw a picture of a man."
Cut to Murrow, straining as he draws picture of a man.

Murrow: "I think I'll draw a tree. I used to be able to draw a tree . . . (Short pause while Murrow draws tree, which we haven't seen yet) . . . There."

At this point, you expect the screen to cut to a view of Murrow's handiwork. But, no. His tree masterpiece is discreetly withheld from the view of the coast-to-coast audience.

Then Murrow asked just about the stupidest question he has ever asked on or off television. Grandma Moses had just finished explaining that she was four years old when Abraham Lincoln was assassinated, and could remember her mother telling her the President was dead.

At this point Murrow looked profound and asked with a poker face: "Grandma Moses, what would you say are the major differences between the administrations of President Lincoln and President Eisenhower?"

SOME FOLKS LOSE THEIR heads and start minding other people's business. Those missionary fellows down in Ecuador started minding other folks' business and lost their heads. Which prompts me to ask whether it's possible that those Auca Indians are perfectly happy hidden away back in their jungle and want no part of the white man's juke boxes and television sets and thermonuclear devices.

I'M QUITE SURE THOSE seven children who were taken from their mother's side in Short Creek, Utah, are much happier now that they have been delivered from the evil influences of a polygamous community. After all, they were too young and naive to realize what a terrible situation they were living in. After a few years in a foster home I'm sure they will understand that when society decides a way of life is wrong, it must protect everyone from that way of life. And the mother will undoubtedly dry her tears and forget all about her children in 10 or 20 years.

Humans Aren't Obsolete

(Christian Science Monitor) In a certain city in a certain subway station there appeared one day a neat metal box about the size and shape of a two-drawer file case. On its top were two slots, and lettered by each slot simple instructions: "Insert two dimes here" and "Insert fare token here," and below, "Then push plunger." Behind the box was a head-high entrance turnstile.

On either side were one-way exits. That was all. No change booth and no change-maker. Only mechanisms.

Came a white-haired little woman. Nothing unusual about her. One might see hundreds like her at any subway station. She opened her purse, stepped to the box, pushed the plunger, and entered the turnstile. It would not turn.

"I put one dime in this slot and one dime in that slot," she explained plaintively to the next would-be passenger. "What do I do?" He tried the turnstile. He pushed the plunger and tried again. So did the next man. A queue began to form, grew rapidly.

Suddenly out of nowhere appeared one of the subway's special policemen. Disposing of the lady's plaint with a "Follow instructions, ma'am, follow instructions," he reached into an obscure little opening, tripped a spring, got back the offending dime, put it where it should have gone, and the queue spun the turnstile. The moral of this story is: If there's a human equation on one side of a machine there has got to be a human equation on the other. Or: "Automation" hasn't got us yet!

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