

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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Three-Ring Circus

Perhaps we are a little naive, but we feel that the trustees of the proposed Presbyterian College are wasting a lot of important people's time in connection with the selection of a site for it. For the past several weeks 17 different communities in Eastern North Carolina have put forth an extended effort to land the college. Offers totaling over a million dollars plus whatever land is needed have been made.

Frankly, it's turned into a three-ring circus. Community after community has been burning the midnight oil, asking countless hundreds of individuals to contribute their time and money. Before it's all over, 16 of those communities are going to be extremely disappointed. Not just for the moment, but for a long, long time. And human nature being what it is, the chances are they will be working against the college in the future. The old philosophy of "If you're not good enough for me then I'm not good enough for you" will be expressed time and again.

It would seem to us that the trustees would have acted more wisely if they had made their own survey. They could have visited all possible sites, and then selected the three or four that seemed to be most suited to their needs. In this manner the public would not have been led to believe that the mighty dollar was the most important thing—even when it comes to education.

It is our wish that a selection will be made soon, and we congratulate the community which does eventually get the college. One only has to be in business in Chapel Hill to know what a college can do for a community. Here, the University is the community.—O.B.C.

Always Rains on Monday and Thursday

One of the young men who deliver the Chapel Hill Weekly remarked recently that he didn't realize it rained every Monday and Thursday until he started carrying our newspaper. (For the benefit of readers who get the Weekly by mail it should be pointed out that the paper is delivered by carrier on those afternoons.)

The youngster had a very good point, for it seems that the weather has been pretty awful on Mondays and Thursdays of recent weeks. It certainly reminded us that carrier boys on all newspapers deserve a lot of praise for their time and effort. While other boys their age are out playing ball or engaged in some other recreation, the carrier is making certain that your favorite newspaper is delivered to your front door.

If Chapel Hill is typical of the rest of the country, parents of carrier boys also deserve a lot of credit. Mothers, especially, take time off on a busy day to help. Let it rain or snow, and, regardless of the work at home, they often come down to the Weekly in the car to help the youngster with his route. If they don't carry him around in an automobile, they see to it that he has his raincoat or overcoat. They make certain that the papers are delivered properly and on time.

We can't help but feel that this makes for a better relationship between parents and their children. It's a matter of teamwork that will bring dividends in later life.

How do we know? Well, we were fortunate enough to have such an experience when we were a boy. And like the Weekly carrier, we always felt that the weather was bad on the days that we had to deliver our newspaper.—O.B.C.

Out-of-State Offers of Cheap Insurance

Suspicion is naturally aroused when a commodity or a service is offered at a price far below that which generally prevails. When I read such an advertisement in a newspaper or magazine or hear it over the radio or get it by direct mail, my thought is either that I have been paying an unreasonably high price for the commodity or service in question or that the present effort to persuade me into purchase is somehow fraudulent. Usually I incline toward the latter conjecture because of the enticing and extravagant language in which the cut-price offer is made.

I have been getting letters from out-of-state companies, most of them in the Middle West, urging me to buy health insurance policies and quoting low premium prices. Last week I sent one of these letters with the accompanying "literature" to the hospital insurance association in which I have held a policy for several years (and I asked for comment on it).

In reply the executive vice-president of the association wrote: "I am returning the pieces of 'literature' you sent. I feel this communication should be sent to the State Insurance Department and that our association should not assume responsibility for answering your questions."

The State has laws regulating insurance of all kinds and the State Insurance Department is charged with administering and enforcing these laws. I have sent to the department the inquiry returned by the association and I hope to get a reply enlightening me on the subject of the enticing offers from outside the state. If I get a reply that seems to have value I will pass it on to the readers of the Weekly.—L.G.

Surprising Line-Up of Our Senators

When the political and economic slants of North Carolina's two Senators are spoken of, W. Kerr Scott is almost always called a liberal and Samuel J. Erwin a conservative. This alignment would have to be reversed if their votes on the natural gas bill were taken as reflecting their permanent attitudes.

("Liberal" and "conservative" are of course not exact descriptions. There are many shades of liberalism and conservatism. I am using the terms in their commonly accepted loose sense.)

All the editorials and other expressions of opinion on the natural gas bill have assumed that the conservatives were for the passage of the bill because it relieves the producers of natural gas from federal price regulation and that the liberals were against it for the same reason. But in the vote this week Scott was on the conservative side and Erwin was on the liberal side.

Ordinarily I am much more sympathetic with Erwin's views on public issues than I am with Scott's, but on this question of the federal regulation of the price paid to producers for natural gas I think Scott, who voted for the bill (that is, for ending regulation) was right and that Erwin, who voted against the bill (that is, for continuing regulation) was wrong. I am glad the Senate approved the bill, by a big majority. Another thing I am glad of is that each of our North Carolina Senators voted according to his judgment of what was right and not according to what his constituents were supposed to want.—L.G.

Comments on the Baths in an Expanding Economy (From the Baltimore Sun)

Without preliminary remarks, we reprint herewith a paragraph from an article written by Mr. Arno H. Johnson, a New York advertising executive, for the magazine "Challenge."

"If you divide the population up into income quartiles, you will find that the people in the prewar higher income groups took a great many more baths than in the next income groups, and so on down the scale. Yet, the self-interest of the manufacturer, through the various pressures of magazines and television advertising, can help to change the bathing habits of people whose incomes have gone up during the last sixteen years."

The idea, of course, would be to sell more soap, and more water, and more pipe for water to go through, and gas or oil to heat it with, etc., etc., and so to contribute to an expanding economy.

Into the large question of whether

Spare-Time Farmer

Seven Years Ago, Officer Stone Knew He Was Going to Like His Work

By Lyn Overman

Officer Herman Stone leaned back from the desk at police headquarters and braced himself. He wore the expression of one trapped.

"I thought you all had finished those features," he said, trying to get out of it. "I don't care much for publicity... besides, there isn't much to tell."

"Com'on, give," I said. "A little publicity won't hurt you... I hope."

So the 28-year-old officer graciously consented to tell all, possibly because he did not wish, in any way, to contribute to a reduction in the Weekly's staff, or maybe because he figured it was the best way to get rid of a nosy reporter.

Seven years ago Mr. Stone held a profitable retail manager's job, but the work lacked something. For him, as a young man, perhaps it did not offer a satisfactory opportunity to become active in community life.

"I knew I would like the job," he said, when asked why he decided to join the force. There have been opportunities for Mr. Stone to change his employment during the seven years he has been an officer, but his prediction proved to be a true one.

He and his wife, Mildred, recently celebrated their third wedding anniversary at their home in Dogwood Acres. At present, they have no children. But, as the officer said, folks should plan such events now, and he and his wife have their future in Chapel Hill well planned.

Off duty, Mr. Stone finds time to give his younger brother, Hugh, a helping hand on



HERMAN STONE

the farm owned by his mother, Mrs. G. L. Stone. His wife, formerly Mildred Overby of Durham, is employed as a tissue technician at North Carolina Memorial Hospital.

Following his graduation from Bell High School, about nine miles south of here, Stone enjoyed the armed forces and served about 16 months in Japan, where he acquired some experience in retail selling with the Army.

Following his discharge, he returned to Chapel Hill and went to work for Long Meadow Farms.

The young officer ended by saying, "Not much of a story, is it?"

I didn't answer the question. Thought I would let his friends answer it for him. Personally, I think it's the kind of story that indicates why Chapel Hill is a good place to live.

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Norman Gordon went out to Calvin Burch's shop the other day to see how well Calvin was progressing on some furniture.

"Have you heard the radio?" Calvin asked. "Ike's gonna run for president again, and wants Ferris for his running mate."

"Who's Ferris?" Norman demanded.

"Oh, just a big wheel that goes round and round," Calvin replied.

Norman couldn't wait to get back to town to break that off in someone and even the score.

His target was Y. Z. Cannon. But he didn't rush it. He took a seat in W. H. Fogleman's barber chair and sat there a few minutes, before asking: "You fellows heard the news on the radio? Ike's going to run again and wants Ferris for his running mate."

"Who's Ferris?" Y. Z. bit the bait.

And Norman hooked and landed him. All the fellows in the shop got a bang out of the gag, even Y. Z.

But Norman thought so well of it that he started throwing his hulk around in the chair and giving it such rough treatment that the joke ceased to be funny to Y. Z.

"Now, hold on there," he cautioned, "You're gonna break my chair."

Bud Perry observes that if I had a crew cut like Billy Jr., the Missus would have to mark one of us to tell us apart.

Starting to leave the barber shop, I remarked, "Well, I guess I'll go over to the coffee club and see if I can learn anything."

"Now that's really an insult," Y. Z. Claimed. "Leaving a barber shop to go to the cafe to learn something."

And as I went out the door, he added: "Well, we'll see that one in the Weekly next week."

(Not if I had anything else to fill with, you wouldn't.)

The Missus, who was yet there, spoke out: "Now, we girls have got you. You men are always saying we women gossip in the beauty parlor. But the owner of the barber shop brags about knowing everything and dispensing the dope, that's really something!"

The slowest way to become a millionaire is to work for the money.

When one reaches 40, he stops reaching for the moon and begins devoting all his efforts to getting the earth.

a well-washed nation is necessarily a great nation we will not venture, except to note that psychiatrists know a thing or two about excessive bathing. But what if people simply don't want, or don't think they need, more baths?

Mr. Johnson has an answer to that too. His answer (taken completely out of context, because it is more fun that way) is this:

"I don't think you can rely entirely on consumers, telling you what they want or what they need, because their needs, their motives, are based on concepts derived from past experience."

Mr. Johnson, we feel, has performed a public service in telling us that our past experience of baths, or anything else, has little to do with whether or not we are going to get a bath, or anything else.

We feel further that we can perform a public service of our own by explaining what a quartile is. It is described by Webster as "designating a point so chosen that three fourths of the items of a frequency distribution are on one side of it and one fourth on another."

That, we trust, helps to clarify our readers' picture of their bathing future.

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

Within an hour or so after this conversation the five Powes entered Battle Park at the corner down below the Forest Theatre. This is where the branch enters the park, too, after having risen in a spring in the Coker Arboretum, crossed the spread of grass below the McIver dormitory, and passed through a culvert under the intersection of Cameron avenue and Battle lane. What I mean is, that is where the branch enters the park when there is any branch.

But on this day there wasn't any. There hadn't been any rain in a long time and there wasn't a drop of water in sight. The August sun beat down and the day was torrid. The familiar path along the stream-bed was passable along some stretches but along others it was covered with a tangle of undergrowth that had to be grimly detoured. All in all, what with the absence of the ornamental and musical water, the deterioration of the path, and two children to guide and prop and a third child to tote, the Powe parents found the walking along the branch in Battle Park vastly different from what it had used to be on a merry spring day before they had become parents.

After they had gone along the stream-bed for a while they came to a connecting path. "Let's go up the hill here," suggested Mr. Powe. They did, and when they had gone some fifty yards they found a big tree, a victim of the latest hurricane, across the path. Other obstacles further along decided them to leave the signalled path and crash through the woods.

They came out on the highway near the Gingham colony, trod the pavement back to the entrance to the park, climbed into their car, and went back home.

The Powes have evidently lost their enthusiasm for treating their children to stream jumps, but I hope to revive it. The place where the branch (if any) enters Battle Park is only four or five minutes' walk from my home. I am going to keep watch on the rainfall and the effect thereof on the flow of water, and intend to telephone the Powes when I see that there is a stream for the children to jump over.

Meanwhile, I wish there could be a successor to President Kemp P. Battle, who cleared the paths originally some seventy to eighty years ago, and to Colonel Joseph Hyde Pratt, who re-cleared them about twenty-five years ago, to reclear them again and rebuild the little rustic bridges. Maybe this would be a good project for the Boy Scouts?

I am sure that a reply I made to a question addressed to me one day this week did not increase the volume of admiration for me in my home. After breakfast my wife asked me, "How do you feel today?" and my reply was, "I feel all right except for a tragic urge to do nothing."

The Cost of Driving

"The present cost of driving an automobile less than 18,000 miles a year is \$902 in fixed charges plus 3.5 cents for every mile driven. Every day of the year, whether the car is driven or not, its owner has a bill of \$1.55. For the driver who registers 10,000 a year it boils down to an over-all cost of 9.5 cents a mile"—American Automobile Association.

Ike London tells the story of the man who was advising a mournful friend to cheer up and go down his sorrows.

"But I can't," the other man moaned. "She's stronger than I am."—Stanley Moore in the Morganton News-Herald.

"The fellow who draws those tomatoes for the covers of the seed catalogues has a brother. He's the one who writes the lipstic ads."—C. A. Paul in the Elkin Tribune.

On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

NORTH CAROLINA HAS LONG BEEN sort of a black sheep in the Southern family of states. Its leaders have been far more progressive than the leaders of its Southern sisters, and, unfortunately, far more progressive than the mass of its people.

When I say "unfortunately," I mean that it is unfortunate not that the leaders are so far ahead of the people but that the people are so far behind the leaders. The only saving thing about the situation is that our people are not as far to the rear in the march of human progress as are the citizens of many of our neighboring states and those of the Deep South.

The political leaders of North Carolina at one time could have been called "liberal" and no one would have been embarrassed by the use of the word. Such is not the case today. Things changed, you see, on May 17, 1954, when the United States Supreme Court consigned a doctrine known as "separate but equal" to the juridical ashcan.

Since May 17, 1954, race and question of segregation versus integration have become powerful political issues. We have gone back to the red shirt days. Not all the way back, to be sure, but far enough back to make me sick at my stomach. Because I had to sit in the halls of the General Assembly last spring and listen to people like Byrd Satterfield of Person County preach the supremacy of the white race.

Happily, there is hope for the future. The college generation has proven itself far more tolerant than its elders. It has proven this, in the majority of cases, in a negative way, but it has proven it nevertheless. Using the University as an example, we can easily see that some of the campus leaders openly defy the political stands of their counterparts on the state level by solidly aligning themselves with the proponents of a gradual program of integration in the public schools.

The large majority of students have proven themselves to be tolerant simply by NOT making fools of themselves and disgracing the state by staging the sort of riots which have occurred in the last week at the University of Alabama.

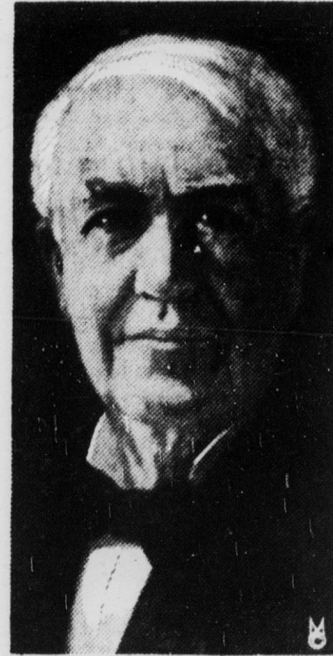
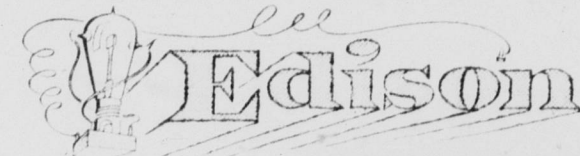
At Alabama, the University administration admitted a Negro student on court order. In a matter of hours, the riots had begun. A thousand students (if the press reports are not exaggerated) gathered to throw eggs and rocks and mudballs at the colored girl, at her escorts, and at the automobile in which she was being carried away from the campus.

At the University of North Carolina, three undergraduate Negro boys entered classes along with hundreds of other freshmen last fall. There were no riots, no friction, and no "incidents" of any kind. According to Associated Press reporter Bryan Haislip, who was on the campus a week ago to look into the situation, the boys said they haven't had a bit of trouble. Bryan is writing a story which will be released by the AP probably within the next week or so describing the easy and painless process of integration which has occurred at the University here. How different is the North Carolina campus from the Alabama campus.

The North Carolina problem, of course, is not as simple as it would appear from the campus reaction to integration. There is a world of difference between integrating three colored boys into a white student body of 6,500, and integrating, say 300 colored children with 200 white children in a high school in Bertie County. There are serious problems to be solved here, and it will take many years to solve them.

But look at Alabama. If integration of one colored girl in a large white college student body incites a thousand persons of college age and college-level intellect to riot, what will happen when integration on the lower levels is attempted? I'm afraid it's liable to be bloody.

I can offer no answer to the problem. I can only thank God that I live in North Carolina instead of Alabama.



Bright in the annals of human progress is the birthday of Thomas A. Edison. His genius lightened the burdens and enriched the lives of all.

Shining example of what man can accomplish when he is free to experiment, to develop, to achieve is Edison's epochal record of accomplishments, an inspiration to Americans.

Thomas A. Edison, born Feb. 10th, 1847

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