

**The Chapel Hill Weekly**

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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**In the Days When Mud Was a Problem  
On the University Campus**

Dear Mr. Editor:

In these days of high tension over the presence of student cars on the campus, of an election to recall the editors of the Tar Heel for their opinions on big time football, and the possibility that the Board of Higher Education may make an important recommendation for or against "Consolidation," it may prove relaxing to turn the clock back to late January 1925 to an exchange of letters between a "mere student" writing under the pseudonym, Percival Sylvester DePeyster, and the late former President Harry Woodburn Chase.

"The subject of the exchange was MUD, due in large measure to the heavy traffic incident to the big building program of the University in the 1920's and to the Carolina Inn then recently completed. The spur track of the railroad from Carrboro brought the heavy building materials to the South Campus near where the present flag pole stands, but from that point they had to be hauled to all parts of the campus. The west end of Cameron Avenue came in for particularly hard usage.

"But, through the Tar Heel of January 21 and 28, 1925, let Mr. DePeyster and President Chase paint the scene and point out the moral, keeping in mind the anniversary of Hinton James day, which falls on February 12, the day on which the first student to enter an American state university matriculated. Incidentally, it comes just ten days after Ground Hog Day which is frequently attended by "falling" weather!

Sincerely,  
Louis R. Wilson.

(ENCLOSURES)  
Concerning Mud

A Letter to President Harry Woodburn Chase

Dear Sir:

Often we have seen you strolling about the campus, President Chase, but always on days when the sun was beaming down upon us, and the birds were singing sweetly in the trees that shade the dear Old Well.

Such strolls about our beautiful campus, such communions with God and nature, must have been inspiring and all that, but right now the popular subject is MUD.

Yesterday I went on a stroll, neither to admire the campus nor to hold communion with the Unseen, but for the worldly and compulsory duty of pay- \$3.25 for a single text-book.

It was raining most vigorously, as it has been doing for some time past, and I was compelled to cross Cameron Avenue. I searched in vain for one un-muddy spot, but such was not to be found. So I was forced to wade through, and President Chase, the mud—soupy, gooey, sloppy, oozy mud—was three and four and five inches deep. Each step that I took, the mud crept up and up. On returning I had to cross again, making the sixth time inside five hours that I had been forced to wade through that mud. And on this sixth time, Dr. Chase, one of your Negro employees came riding down the avenue at 35 per, in his Ford coupe, and with a wave of goo gushing out from both sides, blanketed me thoroughly from my belt down to just above the ankle. The rest of my nether limbs were safely buried in mud and so escape the deluge.

Last night as I lay in bed, my poor feet ached terribly, Dr. Chase, and nothing that I could do would stop it. Today I have a cold. All this in

spite of the fact that I wear a pair of Mr. Lacoek's heaviest hob-nails, and two pairs of Grady Pritchard's 25-cent Rockford socks.

President Chase, do you ever stroll about the campus on such a day as were Monday and Tuesday? Or do you sit in the warmth and dryness of your mansion, or palatial office, and never even know that there is mud in Chapel Hill?

While I am just a mere student, Mr. President, and damnably mere at that, I don't like cold, wet feet. It seems to me that in this day of science and invention, and with our own School of Engineering here on the campus, somebody, somewhere, somehow, could figure out a way to put enough gravel on Cameron Avenue, and in front of the Book Exchange building, to make the water drain off and not collect there. I believe it can be done, if it were tried. Yes, if it were tried just once. It would be mighty convenient for the 1,999 other mere students here and it would not cost more than a half-dozen of Dr. Coker's bushes.

President Chase, pity the poor coeds in weather like this!

And President Chase, if nothing can be done, if we must stick in the mud until the Legislature grants us \$50,000 for pavement, can't Cameron Avenue be closed up to cars and other vehicles that cut up the avenue and make bad matters worse? Can't the Negroes, and workmen, and professors walk like the rest of us mere students? Can't West Gate be shut up until our pavement comes, and if the professors must ride, can't they go an extra mile around by the road by the Tin Can? Slimy mud, three and four inches deep, ain't no joke, and to sit in class with cold, aching feet ain't no joke.

They say that the legislators are coming up here Friday. President Chase, if it stops raining in the meantime, won't you give us permission to pull out the fire hose, just for that special occasion, and make things, just for that day, just as they were Monday and Tuesday? If we can do that, President Chase, I believe the Legislature will go back to Raleigh and pass a bill, the first thing they do, entitled, "For paving Cameron avenue, \$50,000, and more if necessary."

Sincerely yours,  
Percival Sylvester DePeyster

"Hooray for Mud," Says Chase

Mr. Percival Sylvester Depeyster  
Chapel Hill, North Carolina  
Dear Percy:

You write me about mud. You write feelingly and well, with passion and yet with due restraint. Your vigor and clarity of expression, your vocabulary, are a credit to your own wide reading and do the instruction which is offered by our department of English.

However, Percival, I must confess that your insistence on the importance of pavement under your feet whenever you sally forth from your comfortable room evidences a softening of fibre which I fear is all too common in these decadent days. Not so, Percival Sylvester, did our forefathers conduct themselves. To their minds, an important, indeed an essential element in the training of youth, was that a certain discomfort, a certain hardship, should attend the process—that is toughened and strengthened both the physical and moral fibre of young men. Consult, if you like, with the older alumni of the University, and learn how definitely such a theory was once put into practice, and then you will, I know, be grateful that some few elements of Spartan simplicity and discipline still remain to us.

As for myself, I have reached a certain age. Discomfort has not the value for maturity that it possesses for youth. When, indeed, has an older generation felt called upon to endure itself the hardships it has deemed necessary for its juniors?

But, Mr. DePeyster, you not only would do away with salutary discomfort, you would destroy one of the oldest of the University's traditions. It is recorded that when Hinton-James, first of the University students, walked from Wilmington through the mud of winter to take up his residence at Chapel Hill, in 1795, his feet trod the soil of Cameron Avenue, then a road cut through virgin forest. The mud of Cameron Avenue helped to make him what he became. Since his day, as the generations have passed, pic-

**I Like Chapel Hill**

By Billy Arthur

For several years the Chi Phi house (the frame structure which now houses the District Health Department) was the lone fraternity survivor of Old Fraternity Row.

Because of fires and "keeping up with the Joneses," one by one the other fraternities had moved out, leaving the Chi Phis alone and half hidden in the trees. My first recollections of Chapel Hill centered there.

In fact, I arrived at the University with Joe Morris of Charlotte, and he took me by the house and introduced me to some of the boys. One of them asked if I had considered joining a fraternity, and I replied that I hoped to "pledge Phi Beta Kappa."

It was there that Ox Shuford, Sam Presson and "Sac" Board at periodic intervals got the idea that everyone should be roused from slumber at 2 or 3 a.m.

There it was, too, that Roy McDade slept on a couch one night with three of Gertie's puppies playing leap frog on his chest. The puppies' father was named Dammit. Roy didn't awake until a pup named Jim Wagner (later belonging to Ellis Fysal) tried to lick off Roy's beard.

"Go away," Roy said. "I don't want to play now." Many non-Chi Phis roomed there during the summer months. Among them was the baseball player Norman McCaskill, who habitually walked in his sleep.

Along about the same time, Robert C. Ruark was a cartoonist for the Buccaneer. Also on the staff were Pete Ivey, Don Shoemaker, Bob Mason, and E. C. Daniel, now prominent newspapermen, and Peter Hairston, who served a hitch in the 1955 General Assembly from Davie County.

About the same time, John Manning never wore a coat in the summer. R. Mayne Albright was invariably in knickers, and most of us had the seats of our pants worn out. It was in the early Thirties, Jack Wardlaw who now makes thousands selling insurance was strumming his banjo virtually for nothing, mostly for meals. And M. A. Abernethy was editing "Contempo."

C. C. Crittendon was telling his history class about Civil War supply trains that carried "food, ammunition, medical supplies, women, and everything the army needed." And McGraw-Hill's George Bryant engaged Jonathan Daniels in a heated argument over whether there was beauty in a hog pen, that for the edification of Phillips Russell's creative writing class.

Red-headed Albert Suskin turned in at the infirmary and was inadvertently put in the red measles ward, and we told the story about Bo Shepard being taken to the West Point football coach who was looking for a quarterback.

"Here's your quarterback, coach," the story went. "That little fellow!" the coach exclaimed. "Yes, what squad do you want him on?" "Put him on the yeast cake squad," was the reply.

You can tell when a man opens his billfold if he is married—he turns his back.

Cheerfulness at meals is said to be a great need. Maybe so, but it isn't half as filling as good food.

Troubles are akin to dogs. The smaller they are the more annoying.

Given two evils, some folks will choose the lesser unless there is more money in the other.

Television in the home has ruined a good place to sleep.

**Chapel Hill Chaff**

(Continued from page 1)

In Scotland or northern England give the wool to keep my hands warm.

When Miss Esther Conant, Mrs. Gordon Edwards, my wife and I were out for a drive around the village one afternoon last week we passed the Roman Catholic church under construction on Gimghoul road. I hadn't been out that way for several weeks and was surprised to see the building operation so far advanced.

I said to myself: "It's a pity Angela is not going to stay till it's finished. Then, at last, she could go to church in Chapel Hill."

This needs an explanation, which I will now give.

Sixty years ago, in the middle of the 1890's, three young women and their aunt, Mrs. Harry Martin, were summer-boarders with my mother in our home where the Carolina Inn is now. They were Winifred McCaull, Angela McCaull, and Margaret McCaull. When they were spoken of together they were called "the McCaull girls." They were pretty, lively, and intelligent, and not only did they charm the community but their sweet nature made everybody love them.

One thing about the McCaull

girls that made them peculiar in Chapel Hill was that they were Roman Catholics. Our people of today, with so many Catholics among us, will find it difficult to understand how peculiar that was sixty years ago. In that remote era and in this remote corner of the world Catholics were as strange as Bengal Tigers and were regarded by a considerable part of the population as just about as dangerous.

Indeed, Percival Sylvester DePeyster, it is time to take thought of the

cause it was something enforced upon me. When I would start for church Sunday morning, there would be Mrs. Martin and her nieces, sitting on the front porch or the lawn, chatting, reading, and, if the weather was warm, as it often was, waving their palm-leaf fans. How happy they looked! And so, as I went to do my penance, my thought was: "What luck, to have a three months' vacation from going to church!"

I was not the only person who observed with envy our boarders' immunity from church attendance. One other I remember was Dolph Mangum, a University student who had won great popularity with his merry humor, his guitar and banjo picking, and his ballad singing. He said to me one day: "I've had enough churchgoing to last a lifetime. After I graduate I'm going to join the Catholics and pick out a place to live where there's not any Catholic church."

It seems a pity that, considering the town's urgent need for parking areas, the public is told to keep off two that would be of great value.

One is the big paved yard back of the bus station, owned by the Carolina Coach Company. Frequently persons who come to meet busses have to find places for their cars on the streets while this wide expanse of pavement lies bare before their eyes. Is it reasonable for the company not to provide places for the cars of patrons, the condition now prevailing, and yet bar this space, from use? Observe the station, the busses as they come and go, and the whole property, and you see that a good proportion of the now unused space could be used without any interference to bus operation and without causing passengers to run any more than the ordinary risk run by all persons on busses and on streets.

The other place I have in mind is the east side of Henderson street from the post office down to Rosemary. Until now parking was allowed on both sides of this block for the particular benefit of people going to and from the post office. With a 10-minute limit, and cars constantly moving in and out, the pavement was put to the ideal parking use—that is, short-interval use. The traffic, being one-way, was able to move smoothly and with few delays between the two rows of parked cars.

A large number of people who use the post office every day have been inconvenienced without appreciable advantage to anybody by the aldermen's enacting an ordinance against parking beside the east curb. The only answer I got at the Town Hall, when I asked the reason for this measure, was that it was advised by a Durham traffic expert whom the aldermen called into consultation. I am informed that he is a man of experience and excellent reputation, but he didn't give Chapel Hill good advice about Henderson street. I hope the aldermen will repeal the ordinance.

**Lousy Dumpers**

By J. P. Huskins  
In Statesville Record & Landmark

People who throw their garbage on other people's property should first remove their mail from it. That is, unless they just don't give a damn.

What we are talking about is this business of people who live in town hauling their trash out and dumping it on people who live in the country.

We live in the country east of Statesville. Our driveway has every characteristic of a private drive. It is entered through a gate with a name-plate on it.

Our house is situated some 600 feet beyond the gate.

Yet, despite this, it is frequently used as a garbage dump, or a taxi turntable, or a public parking lot.

Some few weeks ago a Statesville taxicab pulled down our drive, turned around in our yard, and then headed back out toward the highway. About midway on the way back to the highway, the cab stopped for several minutes.

Since it was before break-

old traditions of this place. It is time to ask ourselves whether the urge for material progress is not supplanting the old simple virtues in our midst. Shall we, in the name of progress, abolish one of the most typical of our inheritances—that fine, rich mixture of red earth and H<sub>2</sub>O, the memory, and often the visible traces of which, University men carry with them to the ends of the earth? I repeat, shall we?

Sincerely yours,  
H. W. Chase

**On the Town**

By Chuck Hauser

I WENT INTO THE BANK of Chapel Hill by the rear door the other day, and stopped at the first writing table against the wall to make out a deposit slip. I looked around the table for a pencil, found none (someone had thoughtfully removed the desk pencil from its chain), and reached in my pocket to dig out one of my own.

"Hold it!" said Bill Cherry, whose office is in the wooden counter-like enclosure at the rear of the bank. And he came running out of his gate with a pencil held high.

"Thank you," I said.

"Didn't want to give you any more ammunition for your column," said he. And then added, "Funny thing about those pencils. A lady came in the other day, stopped at this same desk, and looked for the pencil. Someone had walked off with it, so I came out and gave her a new one, just as I did for you. She made out her deposit slip, opened her pocketbook, dropped the pencil inside, and took it home with her."

I offered my sympathies and promised Bill to bring him some pencil stubs I had been saving at the office for a rainy day.

THE CAROLINA BASKETBALL TEAM appeared in bright new uniforms the other night, but I'm not sure I care for their choice in evening attire.

The uniforms were white, with large blue numerals edged in black, and blue Sox. The shorts have a wide waistband made of what appears to be some sort of webbing in a tight red check, and this same red webbing is used over the shoulders of the warmup jackets, which have a big caricatured ram's face on the back and a tarred heel with the player's numeral on the left sleeve like an Army uniform patch.

The strangest thing about the new uniform is the stripe down the side of the shorts. Now every basketball uniform I have ever seen has had a stripe down the side of the shorts, but usually the stripes are thin. The ones on these new jobs are Carolina blue and they are quite wide, creating an optical illusion which makes the players appear right fat through the hips.

The new uniforms didn't seem to bother the boys' playing ability, however, as they pulverized William and Mary with that meatgrinder second half.

I WALKED INTO THE Pine Room in the basement of Lenoir Hall the other noon to grab a bite of lunch before going to a short story writing class I'm taking under novelist Max Steele. As soon as I went through the door, I knew something was different. There was a lot more light in the place, and the source of the extra light, I noted a moment later, was a brace of giant floodlamps pointed at a table across the room.

Seated at the table was a man with a microphone, and with him were two University students. A movie camera stood a dozen feet away, whirring busily, and at a nearby table sat an earphoned gentleman twirling dials on a complicated looking baby control board.

I walked over to the group and immediately ran into Charles Dunn, a former Weekly staffer who seemed to be right in the middle of things. Charlie explained that he had been appointed official News Bureau guide for the group, and they represented Telenevs, the Hearst-owned film outfit which supplies the TV networks with spot news stuff.

A minute later the action sequence at the table was finished, and the man with the microphone walked up to us. Charlie introduced him as Jack May, who was chief of the crew and worked out of the Telenevs Washington bureau. Mr. May explained that he was getting film for ABC's John Daly show to be broadcast at 7:15 that evening. The subject was how integration (of the three undergraduate Negroes) at the University of North Carolina contrasted with the violence which attended integration at the University of Alabama.

The lights and camera were moved around to another table by this time, and Mr. May sat down and interviewed the three colored students—the Frasier boys and John Brandon. Charlie briefed me on how the film had to be completed to make a 1:55 plane out of Raleigh-Durham for Washington. I promised to watch the show, and took off for class.

I haven't called Charlie since then to find out whether they missed the plane or what happened, but the film didn't appear on Daly's program that night. Maybe there was too much other news breaking to include what was essentially a sidelight feature of the situation here. But those Telenevs boys spent a lot of money getting to Chapel Hill with all their equipment, and I'm still expecting to see the films turn up somewhere, either on TV or possibly in the newsreels at a local theatre.

fast, we didn't bother to dress and go up and investigate. When we did pass the spot on our way to work, we found that the occupants of the cab had thrown their paper cups and empty whiskey bottles out on the drive and driven off.

Now, we know what we are going to do the next time a taxicab pulls into our yard and turns around without discharging a passenger. We are going to ask the city cab inspector to find out what he was doing there. But we frankly don't know what we are going to do about the garbage. We suspect we will just continue picking it up. Hereafter, we hope, no identifying material will be left in it. We just don't want to know that sort of people.

RANCH HOUSE AIRPORT ROAD CHAPEL HILL HOME OF CHOICE CHARCOAL BROILED HICKORY SMOKED STEAKS—FLAMING SHISKEBAB—BUFFET EVERY SUNDAY