

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES

Table with subscription rates for Orange County, State of N.C., and other states.

Compulsory Liability Insurance

Again the newspapers are publishing articles and editorials about the effort to persuade the New York legislature to enact a law that will compel all automobile owners and drivers in the state to carry liability insurance.

The most vigorous and outspoken advocate of the measure is the State Superintendent of Insurance, and allied with him are representatives of several of the state's most important civic organizations. Letters-to-the-editor in newspapers ranging from the big city dailies to the village weeklies, and reports of speeches made and resolutions adopted at gatherings of citizens, show that public opinion strongly supports the reform.

Efforts like those in New York, to get the legislature to enact a compulsory liability law, have also been made here in North Carolina, and they have failed here as they have failed there. The legislatures of both states have done what is called, in the words of the old proverb, locking the stable after the horse is gone.

Suppose, for example, that Jones loses a leg in an accident that Smith proves guilty of having caused. If Smith is unable to pay an indemnity and is uninsured, all the consolation that Jones gets is that now Smith will be compelled to take out insurance that will recompense the next man he injures.

The one state in the U. S. that assures the victim of an accident of an indemnity, by means of compulsory insurance, is Massachusetts. I hope that our Orange County representative, John Unstead, and other members of the legislature who advocated compulsory liability insurance at the last session, are still interested in effecting their urgently needed reform and will try to get for North Carolina a law on the Massachusetts model.

Right after George Wright III, 14, won \$100,000 on a network television program he was asked by a reporter what he planned to do with the money.

George, at his tender age, has probably been led to believe that the cost of a ukelele is about all that's left of that amount of money after taxes.

Trying to Kill Frank Merriwell

Under penalty of losing all state-aid funds, librarians in all South Carolina public libraries have been ordered "not to purchase, not to process and not to circulate" certain specified books for children.

Among those now forbidden in state-aid libraries are: All Horatio Alger books, the Bob-

sey Twins series, The Wizard of Oz, Tom Swift, the Tarzan series, Five Little Peppers, The Hardy Boys, The Little Colonel, Don Winslow, Jack Armstrong, the Tom Slade series, the Lone Ranger series, the Frank Merriwell series, the Carolyn Keene mystery series, and thousands of others by more than 150 authors.

The AP account of the ban said that most of the books which were ordered removed "have approached ranking as classics, at least with older generations." Most of the books, I dare say, rank as classics with the younger generation too.

The writer is in his middle thirties, but most of the books mentioned bring back nostalgic memories of many happy reading hours. A Horatio Alger story always left me feeling that right would win out. Every hero had to overcome many handicaps, and in the beginning he was usually penniless.

Tom Swift, the Hardy boys, Jack Armstrong, Frank Merriwell and the others taught me the importance of playing the game fair and square. They were my heroes, apart from anything else in my young life.

Taking full and sole responsibility for the banning of these books is Miss Estellene P. Walker, executive secretary of the South Carolina Library Board, in Columbia. She told a reporter that to read one of these books was a "stupefying experience" for any child.

There is no doubt that most of our present-day leaders suffered such a "stupefying experience" as a youngster. And I have yet to hear one of them say that he did not profit by it.

In this era of space ships and Davey Crocketts there is perhaps little likelihood that the present-day generation would take the time to read the books that are now banned. Moreover, the philosophy of the youngster of today has changed. He'd rather watch it on television than read about it. But in spite of Miss Walker's decree, the likes of Horatio Alger and his friends will continue to live. And before it is all over, I'd venture a guess that such books will stay on the library shelves of South Carolina for a long time.—O.B.C.

How to Learn How to Write

From the recently published "Advice to a Young Critic," letters from George Bernard Shaw to Reginald Golding Bright, edited by E. J. West of the University of Colorado:

"I wrote five long books before I started again on press work. William Archer wrote a long magnum opus on the life and works of Richard Wagner, a huge novel, and a book on the drama, besides an essay on Irving and a good deal of leaderwork for a Scotch paper before he began his victorious career on The World.

"You might go through that mill too; and you can't possibly start too soon. Write a thousand words a day for the next five years for at least nine months every year.

"Read all the great critics—Ruskin, Richard Wagner, Lessing, Lamb, and Hazlitt.

"Get a ticket for the British Museum reading room, and live there as much as you can. Go to all the first rate orchestra concerts and to the opera, as well as to the theatres. Haunt little Sunday evening political meetings. Study men and politics in this way. As long as you stay in the office, try to be the smartest hand in it: I spent four and a half years in an office before I was twenty. Be a teetotaler; don't gamble, don't lend; don't borrow; don't for your life get married; make the attainment of efficiency your sole object for the next fifteen years; and if the city can teach you nothing more, or demands more time than you can spare from your apprenticeship, tell your father that you prefer to cut loose and starve, and do it."

We wonder what has become of the "Ingersoll Dollar Watch." It was handy to have around when one's other watch was being cleaned or repaired. And then there is the three-minute glass for cooking eggs, but if one really wants a perfectly accurate hour glass there is a firm in New York which still makes them. The price? \$65 to \$125 each.—Percy B. Lovell in the Morristown, N.J., News Chronicle.

On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

OLLA RAY BOYD, WHO used to be a very funny fellow, has changed his act, and I, for one, am slightly nauseated.

Olla Ray, in case you haven't heard of him, is the Pinetown pig breeder and perennial candidate for whatever major post happens to be at stake in just about any election that comes along. He has run for governor and senator and has even threatened to be a presidential candidate this year.

His purpose in running for these offices has been twofold: he apparently gets a laugh out of it, and he considers the filing fees darned good advertising investments for the pig business.

But Olla Ray has gone too far. He has doffed the clothes of the funnyman and donned the togs of the demagogue. His fun has ceased to be fun.

What he has done most recently is announce his intentions to oppose Luther Hodges for the gubernatorial nomination in the forthcoming Democratic primary. This in itself is not unusual; it's just what might be expected of him with filing date approaching.

However, in announcing his candidacy, Olla Ray released a platform: "I am determined," he said "to keep schools segregated if elected—by law or by force." He called himself a white supremacist, and said he commended the action of the students at the University of Alabama who staged a riot to protest the admission of a Negro student. He added, "I hail as a victory for the white man in the South the actions of the Alabama students for keeping by force Negroes out of their school."

Mr. Boyd's syntax is deplorable, but his intention is quite clear: He is going to help the modern crop of redshirts stir up the coals of race hatred in a state which has seen no serious race trouble since the Wilmington riots of 1898.

The candidates for major offices in the spring Democratic primary will, of course, be asked for their views of the integration problem; this is only right, since it is one of the most important problems facing this state today. But the last thing North Carolina needs in the coming campaign is the exploitation of racial prejudice to sway votes. Mr. Boyd, naturally, doesn't expect to get elected, but he can stir up enough unrest and trouble to harm race relations regardless of whether he is a serious candidate.

You used to be a funnyman, Mr. Boyd. But we're not laughing any more.

"FORBIDDEN GAMES," THE FRENCH film which played at the Carolina Theatre last week, has won a Grand Prize at the Venice Film Festival, a First Prize as the best foreign film of the year in the New York Film Critics Poll, and the acclaim of sensitive movie-goers across the nation. If I had a pocketful of additional prizes I could throw at this film, I would do so right now. It is certainly one of the finest things I have ever seen on the screen, and I am not in the habit of playing fast and loose with compliments of that type.

This is also one of the most moving films I have ever had the pleasure of viewing. It is a subtle pastel portrait of death as pictured through the eyes of two children. It is a touching story of wartime France in 1940, skillfully brought to life by Director Paul Joly and cameraman Robert Juillard. It is a delicate blend of tragedy and comedy, laced gently with the horror of war and the delight of children at play.

The story, briefly, concerns the activities of Michel, the farmer's son, and Paulette, the war orphan, in maintaining an animal graveyard in the ruins of an old mill. The death theme runs throughout, beginning with the killing of Paulette's parents, and continuing with the deaths of her dog, Michel's brother, a mole, a cockroach, and assorted other creatures.

If I'm not mistaken, last week's showing was the film's second visit to Chapel Hill. If it turns up for a third time, don't miss it.

THE TEAM OF GOLDOVSKY, LUBOSHUTZ and Nemenoff sounds like a wrecking crew straight from the Cominform, but don't get worried. They're just the artists who performed Friday with the Mozart Piano Festival under the auspices of the Chapel Hill Concert Series. After all, whoever heard of a concert pianist named Smith?

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

keep on living, maybe even through a normal span of life, but can also keep on doing the work he has been used to if he will be careful to get enough rest and to be prudent about what he eats.

The phrase used by Dr. White in one passage of his talks, "a touch of heart trouble," was of special interest to me because "a touch" seems to apply to me—that is, thus far—and probably applies to a good many men in every community. (I say men because Dr. White said, as other heart specialists have said after studying the statistics, that men make up a big majority of the victims of maladies of the heart. He said the reason for this has not been positively settled. My own theory about it is that men are meaner than women and that God is therefore giving them that much extra punishment.)

A couple of years ago Dr. Orgain had me walk up and down a flight of stairs in Duke Hospital ten times and put me through other tests, and took my blood pressure and made an electrocardiogram. After examining all the evidence he said my blood pressure was all right and that my heart was in good condition; but, since I felt a shortness of breath after steady walking, I take it that I had

that "touch" that Dr. White speaks of—something not bad enough to be called by the name of a disease but something bad enough for me and a doctor to be aware of. Dr. Orgain gave me the medicine I needed.

Dr. Kemp Jones, after examinations now and then in the last two years, has found what Dr. Orgain found and has given me a verdict that seems to correspond to that "touch" mentioned by Dr. White. And he says what Dr. White said about exercise—that it would be good for me to take regular walks, extending the length of them little by little. I take a pill every morning and two at bedtime, the purpose of which, I believe, is to ease the passage of blood through the arteries.

Almost everybody is said to enjoy talking about his symptoms, but not many a man has a newspaper column that permits him to enforce them upon the attention of the public. However, I am encouraged to do this by a person who says that readers who have "a touch" of heart trouble, and think it is worse than it is, may be made more comfortable by reading my report on Dr. White's remarks and on my own experience. I feel I ought to add that "if any-

The Roundabout Papers

J. A. C. Dunn

MY EXPERIENCE WITH celebrities is trifling. I once saw Gary Cooper walking down 50th Street in New York, accompanied by his wife and small daughter, and followed by a couple of very tough looking bodyguards with (I youthfully imagined) suspicious bulges under their left arms. As a small boy I was once introduced to Captain Eddie Rickenbacker in a New York restaurant (a Shrafft's, I think it was, though I am not sure Captain Eddie would condescend to grace Shrafft's with his presence) (on that that over, it occurs to me that Captain Eddie, having at that time just recently completed his famous 21-day tour of starvation in a rubber life raft on the Pacific, might not balk at a Shrafft's at all). Captain Eddie asked me my name and where I went to school and patted me on the head and said he would send me two of his books, autographed. He did.

I have talked with Henry Seidel Canby at a party; but only briefly.

And, last but not least, I am convinced I once saw the King of England look out of a window in Buckingham Palace many years ago when I was taken to see the changing of the guard. My mother has repeatedly tried to dampen this conviction by telling me that the face in the window only belonged to a butler or something, but I persist in adhering to my King-of-England theory. It's much more exciting, particularly when one considers that the reason the King wasn't outside with everybody else watching the guards change might possibly have been that the King was actually wearing his bedroom slippers and dressing gown; this seems to shear a good deal of the veneer off the King, and makes him much more human, and I find that nothing is quite so reassuring as the reassurance that celebrities are in reality only people who brush their teeth on occasion and drink grapefruit juice before breakfast.

I had another experience with celebrities recently. Not a very close brush with the halo of fame, I must admit, but close enough to make it worth talking about. A week ago last Sunday night I heard via a rather roundabout chain of chance reports, that Bette Davis and her husband, Gary Merrill, were staying that night at the Carolina Inn. I whirled around to the Inn and asked the girl at the desk if I could speak to Miss Davis (at this point it was about eleven in the evening). Miss Davis had gone to bed. How about Mr. Merrill? Well, I could use the telephone on the desk. The girl buzzed the Davis-Merrill menage, and I used the telephone on the desk. A drowsy man's voice answered:

"Yeeees."
"Mr. Merrill?"
"Yeeees."
"Did I wake you up, sir?"
"Yeeees."

I said I was very sorry and that I was from the Chapel Hill Weekly and if he wanted, I would continue, but if he'd rather go back to sleep, he had only to say . . .

"I'd rather go back to sleep," said Mr. Merrill bleakly.

I acquiesced and bid Mr. Merrill a hearty goodnight. The next morning I went over to the Inn again and waited for some time hoping Miss Davis and Mr. Merrill would come down for breakfast, at which time I could claim an "in" with them by apologizing once again for waking Mr. Merrill up the night before. They hadn't come down at quarter after nine and I had to leave. I left a note of apology for Mr. Merrill (I realize now that at that point I was fanatically determined, by some means or other, to tell Mr. Merrill I was sorry to have woken him up). I went

thinking happens," for any cause but old age or some stroke of hard luck, it won't be any doctor's fault but will be my own fault for not carrying out orders.

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

They're telling a story (the truth for which I do not vow) about Andy Gutierrez leaving his car at George Barclay's station to be serviced.

And, they say, when George phoned Andy it was ready he advised him:

"I don't know whether you know it or not, Andy, but you've been driving without any innertubes in your tires. So I put you in four tubes."

George reveals that he and Carrington Smith have bought two steers, "and if one dies, that's Carrington's."

Senator Kerr Scott had to go to the hospital to learn that he should go on a diet. I found it out when I tried to button my pants.

Bud Perry was taking his time and giving me a dollar's worth of hair cut when Y. Z. Cannon spoke:

"Hurry up, Bud, and get through with Billy and get him out of here; I want to say something I don't want to see in the paper."

County politics then was mentioned, someone wanting to know who would run for commissioner in Ed Lanier's place. I suggested Y. Z.

"Huh," someone else snorted, "Y. Z. couldn't carry the barber shop."

Two ways for Sunday—the way to church and the way back home.

The Fairway Fox

Across the No. 3 fairway at the Sanford golf course the other morning, during a sunny period between showers, a red fox trotted.

His black-muzzled head was held high but not in alarm. His step was light and leisurely. He seemed young and, considering his classic role in the hunt and the number of potential contestants about, foolish.

Foolish? Well, the fox was not burdened with clubs and bag nor did he seem to be concerned with the whereabouts of a white pellet or distance from flag-marked patches of green. He neither sagged in despair nor plodded in weariness. No one would expect a fox to swing but there was nothing in this fox's demeanor that suggested he was of a humor conducive to swearing.

And further, the fox's flame around later in the day to see if the note had been collected. I had, I leered across the desk at the clerk and asked if Mr. Merrill had said anything when he got his note? Mr. Merrill had said "Thank you."

coat and dark brush were more complementary to the setting of grass and trees and pond than the purple and pink and yellow and blue of the shirts and shorts, male and female-stuffed, that went along with the clubs and bags and little white pellets.

Do foxes laugh? We weren't sure the one we saw on the No. 3 fairway did. But we would have sworn we heard a giggle, and everybody knows that golfers never see anything funny.—Sanford Herald

Insult to Intelligence

(C. A. Paul in Elkin Tribune) I doubt that a wailing, railing speaker could ever convince me of anything. When a speaker shouts at me I consider it an insult to my intelligence. It is as if he thinks my skull is so thick he must yell his words, like a carpenter hitting a nail extra hard to drive it into a piece of tough timber.

"If criticism had any real power to harm, the skunk would be extinct by now."—Fred Allen.

Tact is the unsaid part of what you think.

Advertisement for DRU-iron cookware. Features: Only Once A Year 30% REDUCTION On These Lovely Imported SERVING DISHES. Includes images of OVAL DISH, FRY PAN, OVAL BAKER, and SAUCE PAN with prices.

Advertisement for Danziger's of Chapel Hill. Features: On the job 75 YEARS logo.