

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

126 E. Rosemary Telephone 9-1271 or 8461

Published Every Tuesday and Friday

By The Chapel Hill Publishing Company, Inc.

LOUIS GRAVES Contributing Editor
 JOE JONES Managing Editor
 BILLY ARTHUR Associate Editor
 CHUCK HAUSER Associate Editor

ORVILLE CAMPBELL General Manager
 C. T. WATKINS Advertising Director
 FRED DALE Circulation Manager
 CHARLTON CAMPBELL Mechanical Supt.

Entered as second-class matter February 28, 1952, at the postoffice at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In Orange County, Year	\$4.00
(6 months \$2.25; 3 months, \$1.50)	
Outside of Orange County by the Year:	
State of N. C., Va., and S. C.	4.50
Other States and Dist. of Columbia	5.00
Canada, Mexico, South America	7.00
Europe	7.50

Mr. Robins Teeters Between Yes and No To Invitation to Authorize Research Into Family's Armorial Bearings

By Sidney Swain Robins

A day or so ago, my attention was called to an advertisement in a good magazine offering to search out, verify, and provide a coat of arms for whoever sent in the right amount of dollars. Of course I am thinking of joining the procession, only I have a few confused ideas which need to be sorted out first.

The Encyclopedia says that King Henry V (Shakespeare's Prince Hal) prohibited from assuming armorial rights or bearings all persons who had not borne them at the battle of Agincourt or got their excuse for not being there accepted by him. In after years for a long time coats of arms signified military leadership of an hereditary sort; or went with a family's pretensions to inherited gentility if not nobility. In England, as elsewhere, there was a system of heraldry which collected and filed and protected shields, bearings, charges, even bar sinisters, and all the rest of it. While a few church people had insignia they used on seals, or over a gateway, the notion that the mass of the common people owned armorial bearings would have entirely spoiled the game. In fact that notion may be a recent American one.

The question arises, then, of who are the common people in the hereditary sense of it.

Well, many of us had supposed that Smith was the commonest English name in the United States. But at the time of the First World War it was reported that the draft had turned up more Johnsons than Smiths, with the Joneses I believe running third.

Johnson is one of the class of surnames based on given ones: Adam-son, David-son, Jack-son, John-son, Richardson, Robin-son, Robert-son, Thom-son, William-son. Dr. Kemp P. Battle once told me that this class of names had been shortened in many places to Adams, Davis, Fredericks, Higgins, Jacks, Johns or Jones, Peters, Richards, Robins, Simons, Williams, and so on. This ought to be the biggest class of down-to-earth common names; and of common people, if it is at all hereditary with the name. One thing the poorest man of the poor always had to leave his son was a given name.

Next to this class perhaps (I do not know) might come the people surnamed for some trade or skill: Barbers, Bakers, Cowherds or Cowards, Farmers, Goldsmiths and Smiths, Miners, Potters, Porters, Shepherds, Wrights, Wheelwrights and so on. These are the people that got named because their ancestors were skilled workers or artisans. In so far as they have more dignity and it can be inherited, it is the dignity of skilled labor over against unskilled.

I guess the next largest class to these must be those who got their names from some place where they lived, or like the old woman who lived in the shoe, just dwelt: Fields, Hills, Marshes, Glens, Forests, Littlefields, Ponds, Pitts, Johnstowns or Johnstons, Thornstons, Washingtons, Chatham, Cunninghams, Grahams, Winningshams, Church-hills, Berkshires, Lancasters, and the like. If a family got named for a big and important enough place, that was honorific. So here in some instances we may be on the borderland of what used to be considered the gentry. But we are still some distance from the Howards, Montmencencies, De Veres and Windsors, who may have got knighted or more than that by William the Conqueror. Of course there seem to have been top-clans of even some of the top-names. Well, in a genealogy book for some of

the Johnson tribe, I saw the other day a Johnson coat of arms, with a knight's casque at the top and a lot of other fixings. You might think that these hereditary distinctions are at least threatening to penetrate towards the bottom of the pile. Certainly they are spreading out. And this is not to say that some of the Johnsons have not done mighty well since other matters than charging around on horseback with a spear have come to the front. One of them compiled a famous dictionary!

By the way, we believe most of the Joneses belong to the Johnson tribe, too, although a few of them may be Jonahsons. That spreads them out quite a lot more.

Let anyone should think I am taken with a jealousy of the Johnsons in this matter of coats of arms, let me say that not too long ago I had a direct letter, out of the blue, from one of these firms that discover and guarantee and paint up and provide such things for a sum, who point-blank offered to serve the Robins family in that way.

I threw the letter in the waste-basket, partly for fear lest the armorial bearings might present too much difficulty. The only thing I could think of myself that seemed at all appropriate would be a robin-redbreast, on a field not azure but ploughed, proudly holding a fat worm in his bill. Robin Hood and his bow did not even occur to me: there are too many Robins back there.

But since noting the Johnsons have arrived, I may think it all over, reconsider, and just leave the bearings, crest, and whether the animal is to be a unicorn or whatever, to those who better understand the whole matter as it appears to latter-day heralds.

Payload to Gloom

The radio and the jukeboxes currently appear to be freewheeling the listening public straight down the gloomy road to acute melancholia under a swaying payload of despairing ditties. Cases in immediate point are "Sixteen Tons," which only recently reclined into the Hit Parade's past at the very moment, coincidentally, that its author went berserk in California and committed, among other breaches of social decor, the scarcely pardonable act of pistol-whipping his wife; "Chain Gang," a moody chant, orchestrated in the background with slowly throbbing drums, which brings sharply into the mind's focus those dreary brown trucks filled with state prison camp inmates one sees trundling up and down the highways bearing their cargo to labor over a recalcitrant culvert or to a session of grinding down North Carolina's topography into a few miles of well-graded thoroughfare; and "Mabelene," a rather desperate ballad popular at the end of last summer dealing with an uncooperative Cadillac and expressing to a fault the owner's anguish over the unreliability of his machine—"Mabelene, whah cain't you be trooooo?"

In view of this present penchant on the part of popular song-breeders to produce songs only rivalled in their morbidity, in our opinion, by the musical moaning of a Russian in the most misanthropic of collective moods, we think it probable that more topics besides poverty ("Sixteen Tons"), crime ("Chain Gang"), and mechanization ("Mabelene") will eventually succumb to membership in the languishing ranks of this popular musical purgatory. Next, we foresee, will come the Integration Blues; for all we know, its lamenting cadences may deplore the situation from either point of view, white or colored. Further, some bright-eyed and black-minded wag will no doubt scratch off a soul-rending, tear-jerking (and pre-written) eulogy for Ike, since a common opinion is that, should he win the next election, he won't live through his term. Thus we have brotherhood and politics dealt with. Finally, what with the current bond-floating and town-versus-county-taxes issues now being booted so concernedly from camp to camp within Orange County, locals may well wind up discovering that they have harbored within their very nest the viper who, we predict, will originate the "Taxation Dirge."

Under these deadening influences we can visualize a sharp nationwide upswing (with a doleful, doleful downbeat!) in the frequency of dementia praecox. Anybody care to hold a wake?

—J. A. C. D.

Jefferson, writing to John Dickinson: "I am tired of an office where I can do no more good than many others who would be glad to be employed in it."

On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

THE NATIONAL ASSOCIATION for the Advancement of Colored People has long been an object of scorn among those Southerners who are fearful that their "way of life" is being endangered by carpetbaggers and meddlers from the North. It has been a target of much unfair criticism and many unjustified charges, such as the familiar one that it is Communist-dominated.

In the past I have tried to look at the NAACP as an organization which, although it made many human errors, was sincerely trying to improve the lot of the Negro race. I cannot so picture it any longer. It has become a vocal instrument second to none in the nation in its blind accomplishments in inspiring race hatred and racial violence.

The NAACP has become intolerant and vicious in its fight against intolerance and viciousness. By so doing it has lost many of the middle-of-the-road white friends and defenders it once had in the South. With the integration controversy becoming more explosive daily, the NAACP will probably never be able to win back those former friends who have been disgusted by its excesses.

Take the Autherine Lucy case as an example. When Miss Lucy was suspended from the University of Alabama, she charged that University officials in effect conspired with the mob to create such conditions that her own safety could be used as an excuse for the suspension. The University then quite properly expelled her for making serious, unsubstantiated charges against its officers. Her statements were probably written by Thurgood Marshall, chief counsel for the NAACP, and/or Arthur P. Shores, her Tuscaloosa attorney who received his pay for handling the case from NAACP funds.

I thought this turn of events—and again I wish to say that I consider the University of Alabama fully justified in expelling her on disciplinary grounds—would teach the NAACP a lesson. I thought it would teach the organization that moderation is a good thing, and angry charges and unsupported statements do nothing but create ill will. The NAACP had engaged in a practice which it consistently condemns in the white man, and it had received its just deserts.

But did this teach the NAACP a lesson? Hell, no. Take a look at these newspaper reports on events which occurred after Miss Lucy's expulsion:

On Saturday morning, the Associated Press carried a story on the confirmation of Senator James Eastland of Mississippi as chairman of the Judiciary Committee. The committee handles civil rights legislation, and Eastland, of course, is an outspoken foe of integration.

The AP reported that Clarence Mitchell, Washington director for the NAACP, made the following statement: "The Senate of the United States has just voted to put an accessory to murder and treason in its most powerful judicial position. With the exception of the two senators (Morse and Lehman) who opposed this resolution, all others who were present when the vote was taken are guilty of looking the other way when a mad dog is loose in the streets of justice."

Two days later Mitchell made the following comment in reference to the Democratic Party: "If they're going to keep a stinking albatross like Senator Eastland around their neck, they've got to kiss our votes goodbye."

Now I have no patience with demagogues like Senator James Eastland of Mississippi. I think the Senate is guilty of sacrificing common sense on the altar of tradition in falling in line with the outdated seniority rule and confirming his chairmanship.

But I have even less patience with the intemperate language of the NAACP's spokesman in his references to the Senator. If anything, Mitchell's remarks would put me in a position of defending Eastland, and that is a position that does not sit well on my stomach.

Some day the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People will learn that it can never advance anything but bitterness and hatred by its use of unfounded charges, reckless name-calling, and unrestrained mud-slinging. But I am afraid that by that time it will be too late.

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

might have been so devoid of conscience as to raid your pile. This crime has been committed many a time against an innocent newcomer.

What started me on this line was the following passage in a letter I got yesterday from Nell Battle Lewis:

"When my father was a student in the University, just before it was closed by Reconstruction, he roomed in the Old East. He often said that the fireplace in his room was the best he'd ever seen. So, for the sitting-room at Cloverdale, our home—in the country then—to which we moved from North Wilmington Street in Raleigh in my early childhood, he got the measurements of that Old East fireplace.

"The Cloverdale sitting-room fireplace, build according to those measurements, substantiated all his claims for its model. It was the best-drawing fireplace I ever saw. Jo Cheshire was so impressed by it that he had the fireplaces in his house in Cameron Park made according to the same measurements, and when I built my house on St. Mary's Street I used the same for the fireplace in my living-room. It carries on the good tradition, though with oil heat I don't use it much now. While an open fire is mighty pretty and cozy, it's a lot of trouble.

"Neither Jo nor I can remember the number of the room in Old East that Father had."

Few of the people in Chapel Hill who read the poem, "Messenger" in the March Atlantic

will know that it is by Mrs. Wynnie King, for it is published under her maiden name, Hortense Flexner. Mr. and Mrs. King came here last September and are living at the Carolina Inn. He is an illustrator and caricaturist. She is a writer of poems and stories and has written several books for children. Because she has retired from the faculty of Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, N.Y., and Mr. King belongs to a profession that can be practiced at one place as well as another—"carried around in the pocket," as is sometimes said—they are in that untethered condition that permits them to live where they please; and their latest declaration on the subject is that they please to live in Chapel Hill. I will report later on whether their plan is to stay on at the Inn or to look around for other quarters. Every summer they go to an island off the coast of Maine.

No Thank You, Ma'am

(Goldsboro News-Argus)

When we were just babies, Mama began to train us in what was the accepted amenities of that day.

For instance, if you were visiting at the home of a friend and the Lady of the House invited you to have some candy. Or ice cream. Or a cup of coffee with cake. Good manners required that you smile and say "No, thank you, Ma'am."

The Roundabout Papers

J. A. C. Dunn

We're getting awfully tired of the political, speech-making use of the word "task." Now, now, politicians, don't inflate yourselves and blush a righteously indignant red-herring crimson. You know perfectly well what we mean by the political use of the word "task." "The task before us is not one of self-aggrandizement . . ."

"Our task may be of gargantuan stature, but . . ." "The grueling task we have inherited may severely try our sinews, but cannot dismay . . ." You know quite well what we mean.

The trouble with "task" is its transparency. It is obviously a Sunday-meet-and-get-together word, used for public speeches of the utmost political importance, and sometimes, by those solons (another word we don't like, but we're getting tired of "politicians") who generally don't have the opportunity to say anything of any political importance for anybody but themselves, for speeches of no particular "pith and moment." "Task" immediately conveys a haloed image of self-sacrifice, dedication, uprightness, diligence, honesty, humility, brushing one's teeth after every meal, helping old ladies across the street, and not picking one's nose in public. There is, of course, nothing wrong with all those virtues, including the teeth, the ladies, and the nose; highly commendable, every single one of them, and, admittedly, possessed by many men. But it seems to us that the men who possess them don't talk about them, or they wouldn't possess them (this syntax is getting rather involved; perhaps it would help to point out that "them" refers to "virtues." There, now we're grammatically vindicated); and it also seems to us that using "task," with the eyes raised reverently (and designedly) to God and the hand extended in the air for everyone to see that its owner is quite willing to have it stricken off should he stray so much as a millimeter from the truth, indicates a tendency to talk about one's virtues. This is a subtle nuance of language, but you know what we mean.

We believe that all one really need do to tell people something is just say it, just say the words. If one happens to be writing fiction, a little color never hurts, but "task" does not come under the heading of color when used for political purposes. Could the next politically prominent man who makes a speech, say, about integration, instead of winding himself up in his vocabulary, just haul off and tell his audience, "Dammit, we've got to integrate ourselves. It's gonna be a hell of a chore. You know it. I know it. Now let's stop all his bruhaha and foofera and GET INTEGRATED (or, depending on the topic of the speech, Buy Bonds, Get Out and Vote, Get Out and Stop Drinking Your Fool Heads Off, or Go Native)?" Wouldn't that be nicer? Certainly it would. People don't know what to do with a silly "task." What they want is a plain old dirt-under-the-fingernails JOB and, possibly, though not as often, a "responsibility." Some people will respond favorably when prodded with a responsibility, most people will leap like frogs when poked with a job; few people, when flapped at with a "task," do anything but let their mouths droop open, thus providing more real estate for the flies.

quired to "mirate" upon the goodness, the coolness, the quality of whatever refreshment was provided.

The Good Ladies of Sweet Union knew full well this false pretense in the name of manners and modesty, and they quickly made the offer a third time and gave you the right to enjoy yourself.

A friend was recalling how he was trained in the same school down in Pasquotank.

He was courting a girl whose folks had come to Elizabeth City with the Coast Guard. They were gentle and well bred people, but in their dictionary of etiquette, frankness and truth were paramount.

When the girl's mother offered cake and tea, the Pasquotanker, mindful of "his raising," said "No, thank you, Ma'am."

He was lying in his teeth when he said it for he was just back from a long hunt on a cold and windy day and was simply starving.

So he said, "No, thank you, Ma'am."

And the girl's mother took him at his word. He got no tea and cake.

After that when he went

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

I have a dark blue shirt, which if it were any bluer would be black. I've named it Damon Runyon, because it's typical of the shirts of the men and the period he wrote about, and I wear it every Friday as a reminder to view the Damon Runyon TV shows that evening.

This column is getting up in the world, or in the heavens, or something. At least, one item of it went to church last Sunday and was mentioned in a local pulpit.

It's cheerful to know that I have finally composed something inspirational. More than that, it's a good deal of comfort, specially for one who has trouble finding the responsive readings in the Methodist hymnal.

On a recent Sunday at the Aldersgate Church, I searched and searched for the page that contained the reading, and finally located it as the minister and congregation were about to finish.

I got temporarily confused because in the forepart of the book, there are no page numbers. The selections are numbered instead; sometimes there are two to a page, sometimes a hymn extends from one page to another. But in the back of the book, where the ritual and responsive readings are contained, the pages are numbered. More confusing was the fact that when I opened the book, I got in the hymn section. Anyway, I didn't get out until it was almost too late.

The answer probably is that I should get better acquainted with the Methodist hymnal by going to church more often. I'll buy that.

But I wish that our good bishops, preachers, laymen and musicians who selected the hymns for it had bought themselves something—an old fashioned song book.

I've never liked our new hymnal since it was issued for the first time, the second time and the third time.

About three commissions have had hands in it, and it seems each one has put in it songs that are harder to sing, tunes that range from low G to high C, and with tempos that require five minutes to go from the first verse through the fourth and amen.

Certainly, the words and the sentiment are OK, but I want to sing. I want to sing songs like "Love Marching to Zion" and "Love Lifted Me," and I want to sing them spiritedly and happily in a tempo that they should be sung in. But those two, and many others I could mention, are not in the new hymnal. What I call good songs—for instance, most of those that Rhod-heaver wrote—are not in the hymnal. No, they are in the book that's usually used at Sunday School.

Give me the old-fashioned revival songs, songs that are happy, that one can bear down on and sing and not strain and bust a blood vessel trying to reach and hold high quarter notes for three beats when it deserves only one.

courting and the girl's mother offered refreshments he knew full well to accept with thanks on the first offer if he really desired a bit to eat or drink.

The rule of saying, "No, thank you, Ma'am" apparently has gone the way of the dodo for today's child.

The other Sunday we invited a 10-year-old miss with whom we had ridden in an auto from church to "come in and have some cake."

She was deeply thoughtful for a moment and then said: "What kind of cake is it?"

It's nice for children to have pets until the pets have children.—Yuma (Col.) Pioneer

A four-engine R5D, called the "Flying Laboratory," is attached to the Electronics Test Division of the Naval Air Test Center, Patuxent River, Md. Electronics Test installs aircraft instruments in the plane and tests them at altitudes.

The Naval Air Test Center, Patuxent River, Md., tests all new Navy aircraft before they are delivered to operating squadrons.

Typical American names found in Antarctica include Mobiloil Bay, Wallgreen Coast, Edsel Ford Range, Rockefeller Mountains, Wrigley Gulf, Beaumont Bay, Cape Washington, and of course, Little America.



HEAR YE . . .
HEAR YE . . .
TAKE HEED OF THIS

Now Paying 3 1/2% INTEREST

Savings Deposited by 10th Earn Int. from 1st

ORANGE COUNTY BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION
 West Franklin St. Tel. 9-8761