

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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The School Bond Issue Can Be Defeated Next Tuesday If Its Supporters Are Too Complacent to Vote

"We urge you to vote YES on the school bond issue for March 27th. We realize that good schools are essential for the well being of this community. We know that additional facilities must be built during the next five years to take care of increased enrollment. The only way Orange County can finance its school needs is through the support of this bond issue. We are going to vote YES, and we urge you to vote YES on March 27th."

The above paragraph heads up the wording on a petition that has been making the rounds for the past few weeks. Chances are ten to one that your minister, your banker, your neighbor, your fellow worker signed it. Chances are also ten to one that you affixed your own signature to the document.

The Weekly adds a hearty AMEN. We are most happy to note that over 90 per cent of the civic clubs, PTA groups, merchant groups, and church groups are working for better schools for their children. But it will take much more than the signing of the petition. We must get out the vote next Tuesday.

Even with the overwhelming support that seems to be in evidence, the bond issue could be defeated. Those who are against it will certainly go to the polls and vote. Our neighbor, Durham, voted on a \$5.4 million dollar bond issue last weekend. Less than eight per cent of the eligible voters went to the polls. The margin of yes votes over the no votes was about 500. We assume that most of the 28,283 Durham voters who didn't vote were in favor of the bonds. The complacency that was shown on the part of the Durham voters could have easily defeated a very important bond issue.

If that same complacency is shown in Chapel Hill our school bond issue could be defeated. The rest of the county does not favor the bond issue as strongly as we do. There is some organized opposition to it.

Don't Quit When Votes Are Counted

Our interest in the school bond issue should not stop after the votes are counted next Tuesday. We should voice our thoughts and voice them strongly on how the money is to be spent. Our local and county school boards will be happy to listen. An active interest on the part of all taxpayers will be a good reminder that careful deliberation is necessary on the spending of every dollar.

(Mary) Margaret and (Elbert) Clifton

For some reason we had been wondering all week how the New York Times would report in its Sunday's roundup of the week's news the forthcoming wedding of Margaret Truman and E. Clifton Daniel. The Times did not disappoint us. Under the heading of Margaret's Man the paper had this to say:

The listings in the 1956 edition of "Who's Who in America" includes these two:

TRUMAN, (Mary) Margaret, concert singer; born Independence, Mo., Feb. 17, 1924; d. Harry S. Truman (33d Pres. of U. S.) and Elizabeth Virginia (Wallace) Truman; grad. Gunston Hall, Washington, 1942; A. B., George Washington U., 1946. Radio debut as concert singer with Detroit Symphony Orchestra, 1947; concert tour 1947-48; 1949— * * * Appeared on Carnegie Hall program, 1949, 1950; network TV appearances as singer, comedienne, actress 1950— * * *

DANIEL, (Elbert) Clifton Jr.,

newspaperman; b. Zebulon, N. C., Sept. 19, 1912; s. Elbert Clifton and Elyah D. (Jones). A. B. U. N. C., 1933. * * * With Asso. Press in N. Y. C., Washington, Berne, London, 1937-43; corr. N. Y. Times 1944—, stationed in London, * * * Paris, in Middle East, in Germany, in U. S. S. R. 1954— * * *

Last week, in the Carlyle Hotel in New York, (Mary) Margaret Truman introduced as her fiance (Elbert) Clifton Daniel Jr., back from Moscow and now assistant to the foreign editor of The New York Times, and announced they would be married in Independence, Mo., in April.

A Bow to Eastern Air Lines

Eastern Air Lines, which is noted for its courteous way of doing business, has provided a new service for the people of Chapel Hill. You no longer have to pay long distance toll charges when you phone Eastern at the Raleigh-Durham airport. Just dial 8404 or 8405 to secure information or place your reservations. The two circuits are on rotary service, which means that if one is busy, then the connection automatically switches over to the other number.

The Weekly has felt for some time that, considering how many Chapel Hillians use air service, there should be some way in which they could secure the necessary information without having to pay for it. Eastern is the first air line to provide free phone service, and it deserves congratulations. No doubt other lines will follow suit, but we are glad Eastern was progressive enough to see the need and realize its importance.

We Like "The \$64,000 Question"

We must admit that our week isn't complete if we don't suffer with the TV contestants on "The \$64,000 Question." The other quiz shows, even the one that gives away \$100,000, don't interest us one whit. But "The \$64,000 Question," perhaps because it started this thing of gigantic give-aways, seems to be a part of the family.

Since "The \$64,000 Question" went on the air forty-two weeks ago it has given away a half-million dollars, or approximately \$12,000 per week. In this day of spectaculars and the fantastic prices that are paid for guest spots, \$12,000 is strictly small change for a program that has dominated all rating reports.

Only one contestant could not answer the first question asked. All three who tried for the \$64,000 prize were successful. Once a contestant gets past the \$4,000 plateau he never seems to miss a question. Only six consolation prizes (a Cadillac convertible in this case) have been given away.

New Slant on Do-It-Yourself

An Editorial Contributed by the N. C. Society For Crippled Children and Adults

Do-It-Yourself is a slogan learned by many young people in the course of their camping chores. Camp life helps children to develop their abilities, to mature, to get along with others, to do things for themselves, to develop independence.

That is the good that camp does for normal children.

But the camp is good, also, for the crippled child. In camps for handicapped children, those with limited physical abilities are permitted—and required—to do things for themselves, as far as they are able to go.

In the Easter Seal Camps in North Carolina, crippled children are invited to develop and to participate in camp life to the limits of their abilities.

Doctors, camp counselors, physical therapists and others declare crippled children like it and appreciate doing for themselves all that they can do.

Two camps have been organized this year through the N. C. Society of Crippled Children and Adults, one at Camp New Hope near Chapel Hill, the other at Camp South Toe River near Micaville and Mount Mitchell.

You can help a crippled child attend one of these camps next summer by contributing to the Easter Seal Sale.

You can do this by letting your County Easter Seal chairman, Dr. O. David Garvin at the District Health Office, know that you want to help send a crippled child to camp this summer.

Essential characteristics of a gentleman: The will to put himself in the place of others; the horror of forcing others into positions from which he would himself recoil; the power to do what seems to him to be right, without considering what others may say or think.—John Galsworthy

On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

I HAD NOT PLANNED TO ATTEND the organizational meeting last Friday night of the Orange County chapter of the Patriots of North Carolina Inc.; I considered the address by Philipines Ambassador Carlos Romulo much more worth my while. But I wound up in Hillsboro instead of Memorial Hall just the same.

The reason I went to Hillsboro was quite simple; I had been invited NOT to go there. The invitation to stay away had arrived in Friday morning's mail, and it read as follows:

"For your information and to avoid embarrassment, the public meeting of Patriots, to be held in Hillsboro Courthouse, Friday night, on segregation will not be for publication. News reporters will not be welcome. Official reports of the meeting will be forthcoming."

The letter bore the typed signature, "The Committee." No return address was on the envelope, which carried a Chapel Hill postmark.

I immediately called the state president of the Patriots, W. C. George, who was scheduled as one of the speakers of the evening. I read him the letter and asked him if it were true that reporters were not welcome at the meeting. He replied that it was not true, and he had no idea who might have sent the letter.

When I arrived in Hillsboro I learned that the Durham Morning Herald had received a similar note, and had reacted in a similar fashion, except that the Durham paper sent a reporter AND a photographer. No other news media in this area had received such a letter, although in addition to the Weekly and the Herald, correspondents were present from the Greensboro Daily News, the News and Observer and the Raleigh Times. It was a well-covered meeting.

No officials of the Patriots could shed any light on the question of the origin of the letters. And no one gave any indications that the press representatives were not completely welcome.

I'm glad I went to the meeting. I consider it an educational experience of the greatest value. I learned many things, including the facts that (1) these people are serious and determined in their efforts to abolish the public school system of North Carolina, and (2) they can legally do it, if they are able to capture a majority of the votes in the statewide election which would have to be called to amend the Constitution.

If former Assistant Attorney-General Beverly Lake's proposal to substitute a system of private schools for our present public schools (with GI Bill-like tuition grants to students) becomes an accomplished fact, two serious problems will arise in the educational picture: (1) The likelihood that the overall cost of education to the state will be increased (in the face of the fact that more than half the state's income now goes to education); (2) The loss of the compulsory attendance law.

The first point is admittedly debatable, and I do not have the facts at my disposal to debate it at the present time. I am of the personal opinion, however, that the total cost will jump considerably. (If for no other reason, because the many hundreds of children now attending private schools will be in a position to demand tuition grants along with the children who are switched from public schools into the proposed new private school system.)

The second point is extremely serious. I presented it to Mr. Lake following the Friday night meeting. In answer to my question: Is there any way the compulsory attendance law can be salvaged under the proposed system of private schools? His answer was: "I don't know . . . I'll have to give it some thought."

Mr. Lake then said he believed the problem would not be as serious as I seemed to indicate. He said he thought all parents who had been to school would want their children to receive an education, and compulsory attendance would be enforced on the family level.

I can't agree to that, of course. I am fully convinced that the elimination of the compulsory attendance law would result in a sharp decrease in school attendance among the people who need schooling the most—the poor, whose kids will wind up in the cotton patch when they should be in the classroom.

Let me sound a warning: Don't laugh at these people. Don't bury your head in the sand and hope the Patriots will go away. Don't pretend that North Carolina's public schools are safe from destruction.

These people are serious and sincere. They are determined to do anything short of violence to block integration in the schools. Expense to the state and loss of universal education are not obstacles in their eyes.

I pray that the General Assembly, when it convenes in special session this summer (as it now definitely appears it will do) will tackle the problem with cool heads and common sense. The race issue, however, is something which is not noted for its ability to inspire common sense and cool thinking.

If the General Assembly adopts a constitutional amendment eliminating the clause requiring the state to operate a free public school system, the decision will be up to the voters of North Carolina to approve or disapprove such an amendment. I would like to be able to say that I am confident the people of this state will never vote for the elimination of public schools. I would like to, but I'm not so sure any more.

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

he's worth half a million now," was good money in old books. The customer said, "Some of the students used to work their way through school by cutting hair in their dorm rooms. I remember Coley Williamson had a chair in his room in Battle about twenty-five years ago.

"Anyway, every now and then a student getting a haircut in Marley's room would forget his books and never come back for them. At the beginning of the next term Marley would sell all leftover books to other students. That was how he found out there

The Roundabout Papers

J. A. C. Dunn

DID YOU EVER WANT to go to sea and roll back saltily about the world yo-yoing and heaving and ho-ing in a turtle-neck sweater and peaked cap? Certainly you did. Perhaps you still want to. In any case, Jan de Hartog, the author of "The Little Ark," and "The Fourposter," actually did go to sea—at the age of ten, and appears to have been bobbing around in boats ever since. He has written a book about it too, called "A Sailor's Life," which, he says, started out to be advice to a young man about going to sea and what to do when he got there, and wound up as an intimate portrait of the author as a middle-aged seafaring man.

"A Sailor's Life" is not a story; it is simply a long series of short essays on some 200-odd phases of life at sea, ranging from what to pack in one's duffel bag and how to handle one's mother at departure time, through captains and bosuns and cooks and crews and seasickness and ghost stories and navigation and foreign ports and lascars and lifeboats, all the way to what it feels like to retire from the sea and come home for good. Evidently Mr. Hartog just decided it was time to talk about shoes and ships and sealing wax and went right ahead and talked about everything including why the sea is boiling hot.

Needless to say, it's a fascinating book, told with both humor and poignancy, and with Mr. de Hartog's extraordinary economy of words. I found it a sort of vicarious sea-voyage, and felt sufficiently brine-enriched at the end of it to qualify as an experienced mariner.

If the humdrum of a settled life is beginning to get you down (or up, as the case may be, in restlessness out of your favorite chair), I recommend you buzz around to the Intimate Bookshop and snaffle a copy of "A Sailor's Life." It has the most wonderful effect.

THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY has sliced another notch on its doorframe, so to speak, with the recent publication of the Winter-Spring issue. I have read everything in this issue except William Poteat's duly footnoted and undoubtedly mouthfilling words on tragedy. Mr. Poteat will have to come later, when I have time to sit down for an hour and am prepared to be intricately philosophical to the exclusion of all other demands on my attention; at least, I assume these conditions will be necessary, judging by my experience in Mr. Poteat's classes, which are stimulating but highly involved intellectually.

As far as the rest of the Quarterly is concerned, I must say in all honesty that it did not loosen my roots. The fiction was well-written, but had on me about the same effect as being given only half a glass of water when I need a whole one. I liked the story about the revival in the backwoods, "Cry in the Wilderness." I differ with Ed Yoder's comment in The Daily Tar Heel that "Cry in the Wilderness" was not a story because it had no conflict. How about the conflict between Birdie and the call of religion, Mr. Yoder? No conflict there? No? Well, there wasn't much, I admit, but enough to make it a story, I think. Anyway, the author had a good idea but didn't exploit it as fully as possible.

I got awfully tired of the pregnant woman wandering around in the garden contemplating hanging herself to the nearest mandrone tree, or

have had a taste of Chapel Hill, Marley didn't like to live in Durham. He had his eye on an apartment on the second floor of what is now the Port Hole Restaurant, but he could not get it at his terms. So he bought the building and moved into the apartment. This left him with the whole downstairs to rent out. In the same building with his bookshop in Durham was a commercial artist's business operated by M. M. Timmons. Marley suggested to Timmons that the two of them form a partnership and open a restaurant in Marley's building in Chapel Hill. Timmons said he was a commercial artist and didn't know anything about the restaurant business.

"But Marley talked him into it and that's how the Port Hole Restaurant was born. With Timmons still running it, it's been a success, though hardly as much as one as Marley's Durham book store, which they tell me is still going strong."

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Parents of children attending the Little Red School House got two pieces of unwelcome news on last Friday when the tykes came home with a note pinned to their collars.

The first item was that Spring holidays would begin March 29 and extend through April 2, and the second was: "The children here were exposed to chicken pox on March 13."

Reading the note, my Missus asked: "You reckon I ought to take Annis Lillian to the doctor? Still, chicken pox doesn't bother me as much as worrying how I'm going to get along with both her and Billy Jr. under my feet for five days."

Mrs. Eugene Hargrove washed the breakfast dishes and left sons Skeets, Tom and Bill home while she went away for an hour. Upon her return there were, by actual count, 36 dirty glasses in the kitchen. "Every time they pass through the kitchen they got to have something to drink, and they never use the same glass, it seems," she said. "Well, I'm putting a stop to that. I've got some paint and painted their names on three glasses, one for each. Skeets and Tom know theirs, and you can bet your life I'm teaching that Bill Hargrove to read."

Whenever you hear a man say poverty is a great thing, you are probably listening to a millionaire.

The proposed reform of the calendar has both good and bad points. It would not only add another pay day but also another rent day.

The millennium will arrive when it takes as long for nations to start a war as it does to pay for one.

A pretty girl in a store will make every man in town feel like buying his wife a dress.

Some memories are nothing more than a row of hooks to hang grudges on.

With all our present day crime, it's nice to know that the sun and the moon have haloes.

whatever particular brand of tree it was. I finished the story, but found myself left hanging at the end. Whether or not the woman was left hanging I leave up to the reader to find out for himself. Another good idea not fully exploited, I think.

And then there was that little thing at the end about the crochety old man and his slightly irreverent—but wholly excusable—son (he had millions of matches at the end, Mr. Yoder; not millions of cigarettes, unless my understanding is at fault). I received the distinct impression from this little vignette of senility that the author had high hopes of there being a deep inner meaning behind a formless piece of writing. I gather that the author's deep inner meaning went no further than a statement of the fact that old people can be irritating; but then a fairly blunt mind, upon the square wheels of which the fates have evidently forced me to roll through life, may be my undoing, and I may be missing something. I did miss something in that story, as a matter of fact, but I am not

yet convinced that what I missed was the deep inner meaning.

The poetry made me impatient. I am tired of poetry that slaps me in the face with word arrangements of the same character as that practical joke in which all the furniture in a room is fastened to the ceiling—and then you let someone wake up in the room with a hangover.

Please, won't someone write some poetry with just plain old everyday ordinary straightforward syntax instead of verses that, so to speak, tie their shoelaces together, laugh lightly, and start off on a hundred-yard dash? Not "Mary had a little lamb," of course, or "There was an old man of Peru, who . . ." Just something I don't have to sweat at. There's enough sweat to be sweated without sweating it over poetry too. Poetry is for relaxation, not penal servitude.

The magazine was very well put together. It looks fine. A good editing job. I look forward to the Faulkner issue, which is apparently coming up in the spring issue.

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