

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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There Should Be No Division in Orange In the Contest for Congressman: All Of Us Should Vote for Carl Durham

Tomorrow, Saturday, May 26, is primary day.

The voting is to decide who shall be the candidates of the Democratic party, but, because in this county and in this congressional district and in the state the Democrats are in the overwhelming majority, it is the primary, not the election in November, that decides who shall hold the offices. The familiar political campaign jargon used to describe this situation is that winning in the primary is "tantamount to election."

All the rival candidates for county offices have their adherents, and all these adherents have what they regard as good reasons for their choices. But there should certainly be no division in this county on whom to vote for in the contest for Representative in Congress. Carl Durham is Orange county's, and Chapel Hill's, own candidate. There is much more than neighborly goodwill, however, that should move us to support him; that is, his faithful service and the remarkable ability he has demonstrated in his nine terms since he was elected in 1938. All of us should be proud to vote for Carl Durham.—L. G.

Mr. Hough's Book About Thoreau

Building a cabin in the woods with his own hands and living in it alone for two years strengthened in Henry David Thoreau's neighbors in Concord, Massachusetts, the opinion that they had already formed about him—namely, that he was a queer one. And since it is the subject of his book, "Walden," it is the part of his career that is most familiar to the ordinary run of readers and the reason why the picture of him that has come down through posterity is mainly that of an eccentric.

The better informed and the discerning have recognized in him qualities on a much higher plane than eccentricity, but the episode of the cabin in the woods has so dominated the world's thought of him that the recently published book about his life, the author of which surely belongs among the better informed and the discerning, has the name of the woods in the title. I have been suspecting it was put there as a concession, or a lure, to the mass of people like me, so that as many of us as possible would know at the first glance whom we were being invited to read about.

The book is "Thoreau of Walden: The Man and His Eventful Life," by Henry Beetle Hough, editor of the Vineyard Gazette, the celebrated newspaper on the Island of Martha's Vineyard.

The merit of any biography depends mostly upon the biographer's gift for selection, knowing what incidents to put in and what to leave out, and, if his subject is a writer, what to quote and what not to quote. By this most important test Mr. Hough has revealed himself a master artist. His anecdotes are lively, and he knows just when to cut off a direct quotation for brevity's sake and finish it in his own indirect discourse. This makes the narrative move along briskly. It will cause no yawns and no postponements.

One feature of the book that makes a specially strong appeal to me is the abundance of passages about Thoreau's association with Emerson, Bronson Alcott, Hawthorne, Margaret Fuller, and other notable figures of his day. These passages are so illuminating that when you have finished the book you feel that you have read not just one biography but a dozen or more.

I am grateful indeed to Mr. Hough for the pleasure he has given me.—L. G.

A Miraculous Preservation of Documents

By Arthur Krock in the New York Times
The ceremonies in Staunton, Va., in commemoration of Woodrow Wilson, coincided with an announcement that would have particularly gratified Wilson as a historian. The announcement was that the University of North Carolina, in twenty-five feet of cubic space, has assembled a mass of hitherto scattered public documents that contain many of the primary sources of the early history of the United States.

Henceforth researchers and authors can inspect these documents on a roll of microfilm that is equivalent to 8,333 books with a total of 2 1/2 million pages, and all in one small room. Prof. William Sumner Jenkins of the University, director of the establishment, spent 20 years in the 48 states and in Great Britain photographing these documents, which were found in 300 different archives and libraries. The microfilm product is the first great encyclopedia of the nation's sources, a virtual blood-bank of the vital life-blood of research.

When Wilson wrote his "History of the American People," and indeed until now, such a facility was unknown. The result is bound to be the first thorough presentation of the documentary materials from which the continuing story of the Republic is derived. These include early court calendars, the files of state mental institutions, governors' letters, municipal treasurers' reports, manuscripts of the original Thirteen Colonies. Most of these have been out of the reach of students, and some will be entirely new to the leading authorities.

It is even possible—though this is a venturesome supposition—that the microfilm collection will improve the teaching of American history in the schools and turn out new generations of Americans adequately informed about the beginning and evolution of our governing system. If so, the Library of Congress and the University at Chapel Hill, which sponsored the project, and the Rockefeller Foundation, which financed it with \$25,000, will share the credit.

Not only have these source materials been assembled on microfilm; they have been so edited and arranged that a specific item may be obtained in a few minutes instead of requiring much time and travel to locate.

De Tocqueville, when he wrote his famous "Democracy in America" (1835-1840), looked with extraordinary prescience into the American future. Many of his prophecies have been borne out by events. But the task just completed at Chapel Hill has proved him wrong in at least one prediction. "I am convinced," he wrote, "that in fifty years it will be more difficult to collect authentic documents concerning the social condition of the Americans at the present day than it is to find remains of the administration of France during the Middle Ages; and, if the United States were ever invaded by barbarians, it would be necessary to have recourse to the history of other nations to learn anything of the people which now inhabits them."

De Tocqueville went on to say that "no one cares for what occurred before his time (a trait unfortunately still highly prevalent), no methodical system is pursued; no archives are formed; and no documents are brought together when it would be easy to do so. Where they exist little store is set upon them. * * * But, as the Library of Congress and the University of North Carolina have demonstrated, much of this data was miraculously preserved in some form.

Miraculous it is, considering that the proposal by an early American scholar, Francis Lieber, that the Government establish a collection agency for historical documents was disregarded by Congress for more than a hundred years. He thought only the Government could assemble this material because of its scattered and distant locations, and the time, money, travel and authority that would be necessary. But Lieber did not foresee the effective twentieth century combination of University scholarship, foundation money, and the Library of Congress that would produce what he thought only government could do.

Thomas Jefferson, replying to a question somebody asked him about his religion: "Say nothing of my religion. It is known to God and myself alone. Its evidence before the world is to be sought in my life; if that has been honest and dutiful to society, the religion which has regulated it cannot be a bad one."

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Picked up lines and gags from here and there:
Two drunks went out to the golf course, and when one of them teed up his ball, he said, "Hey, I don't know which ball to hit?" The other drunk said, "Aw, go and swing, holding enough clubs to hit 'em all."

Household hint: If you want double the closet space in your house, burn half of your clothes.

A politician is a man who works his gums before election and gums the works after. He approaches every question with an open mouth.

Money isn't everything. With all his money, Henry Ford never owned a Cadillac.

What this country needs is someone who knows what the country needs.

Two fellows went lion hunting in Africa, and Alvin bet Clyde a dollar that he'd be the first to kill a lion. Alvin left and about an hour later, a lion poked his head in the tent and asked, "You know a guy named Alvin?" And Clyde said, "Yes, I do, why?" and the lion said, "Well, he owes you a dollar."

The best way to open a conversation is with a corkscrew.

The editor of a newspaper received a letter from a Scotchman, reading: "If you don't stop printing jokes about Scotchmen being stingy, I'm going to quit borrowing your paper."

In olden days a girl blushed when she was ashamed. Today she's ashamed to blush.

Some folks go to church only three times in their lives—when they're hatched, matched, and dispatched.

Then there's the one about the undertaker who closes his letters with "Eventually yours." His license plate number is U-2.

With all the modern conveniences, housewives no longer will complain of dishpan hands. Instead they'll have push button fingers.

Several weeks back I advertised my portable typewriter for sale. A few days ago, Jack LeGrand passed me and remarked, "I'm surely glad you're gonna sell your typewriter and not write any more."

Carolina Inn Manager L. B. Rogerson is passing out the following cards:

TO ALL EMPLOYEES

Due to increased competition and a desire to stay in business, we find it necessary to institute a new policy—effective immediately.

We are asking that somewhere between starting and quitting time, and without infringing too much on the time usually devoted to lunch periods, coffee breaks, rest periods, story telling, ticket selling, vacation planning and the re-hashing of yesterday's TV programs, that each employee endeavor to find some time that can be set aside and known as "Work Break."

"Big John" Rogers tells about a girl trying to sell a Carboro colored woman a poppy last week.

"Lan" sakes," she said, "I don't need any. I got a whole back yard full of 'em."

Mrs. C. S. Logsdon has received from friends in Columbus, Ohio, the following clipping from the Columbus Dispatch:

Raleigh, N. C.—(AP)—North Carolina Motor Vehicle Department judges, helping out in a traffic safety contest, came across this entry from a Chapel Hill listener:

"First remove all speed limits and second, raise engine horsepower to a minimum of 500.

"Then all the inferior (and therefore dangerous drivers) would be killed off in a 'survival of the fittest' period and the superior and safe driver alone remain."

To us it's news and maybe not a bad idea after all.

Skipper Coffin has been moving gradually to Raleigh, taking a few things now and then to his sister's, with whom the Coffins will reside upon his retirement from the University.

"Got to do it gradually," the Skipper tells friends, "so my sister will take to me."

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

when one and all make a concerted move to clear the premises, is justified in being, well, perhaps not joyful, but at least reconciled, to have them go through with the project.

Well, every interruption comes to an end after a while, and so did this hailstorm. It was from the east and even while it was still in progress the company trooped over to the west end of the porch to see, in the clear sky, two brilliant stars. I heard somebody say one of them was Jupiter, but their names don't matter; they were beautiful, a perfect spectacle to end the evening. The last I saw of the party was Mrs. House in the door. She was smiling. I am not going to say she looked like a brave survivor. She looked like a happy one.

Not being able to remember the word you want, whether a person's name or any of the parts of speech, is one of the most irritating punishments of advancing age.

When Charles E. Rush and

I were at the Inn together one day last week I asked him: "How did you like flying over Los Angeles in the . . . ?" I stopped. I had in my mind a perfectly clear picture of the thing I wanted to ask about, but I couldn't think of the word for it.

"Oh, you mean the . . . ?" And Mr. Rush stopped for the same reason I had: he knew what I meant but he couldn't name it.

Mrs. Wyncie King was sitting near us and I appealed to her: "What is it you call that flying machine that will move straight up and down?" And she answered "Helicopter." Mr. Rush and I were glad to get the information but it made us feel foolish to have to ask for it.

Robert M. Lester, who was with us, said he would go totally blank on things that ought to be the easiest in the world to keep in mind. "I can't even remember my telephone number," he said. Mr. Rush (who is 71) and I (who am nearing 73) rebuked Mr. Les-

The Roundabout Papers

J. A. C. Dunn

FOR THE BENEFIT of that minute trickle of people who are so liberal (nay, tolerant!) as to actually look forward to the Roundabout Papers twice a week, this is the last column.

Within 48 hours I shall leap springily into my car and whirl off for South Carolina; when I get home I shall droop muggily out of my car, wearily empty it of all the tons of possessions which I have acquired since 1952; that done, I shall leap springily into my car and whirl out to the beach, where I will stay for as many hours out of the twenty-four during the next week or so as is manageable; that done, I shall leap springily into a Trailways bus and ride in air conditioned splendor to Fort Jackson, S. C.; that done I shall tiptoe into the enlistment center there and announce timidly that I should like very much—well, I would be interested, though possibly not avidly—to learn to be a soldier.

So there you have a one-paragraph resume of my future for some time to come. I rather suspect that I am more interested in my future than you are, but there it is anyway to answer any questions that might enter your mind.

I HAVE DISCOVERED, in the course of a year of small-town newspapering, that journalism on the Weekly's scale is much like biography. Such as writing up the milkman, the policeman, the lawyer, the judge, the alderman, the professor, the high school student, the retired Navy man, the merchant, and the little boy in a public waiting room who keeps the immediately surrounding population in stitches on a hot day; after all these people are written up, other people know about them, and there is nothing like knowing about people.

And then of course there are people who get in trouble, and people who do extraordinary things, and people who do good things, and people who do nothing at all and still have a good time, and people who do everyday, commonplace, routine things; people like to know about those areas of human activity too.

Also there are things one does oneself, and hears oneself, and sees, and finds out, and likes, and doesn't like. Most of the time, if these latter items are properly sugar-coated, readers find themselves feeling the better for having found them out.

AFTER ONE GETS through with a year of this sort of business, one finds one's finger to be rather sensitive to what goes on in a small town. I have developed a sort of 24-inch screen television of Chapel Hill as a whole; having delved into everything I could manage that had anything to do with what went on around here, I find that almost everything that anyone does matters—not in a nosy sense, you understand, but simply because I have been so identified with the activities of the town as a whole in my own daily hither-and-yonning, that just about every event alters my 24-inch screen picture somewhat. It is interesting to watch the picture change, and fade, and take new shapes, and add or subtract colors, and so on. I could go on in this vein for some time, but I shall stop here because if I continue too much longer the whole column will turn to soup.

WITHOUT MORE FRIBBLING around and lacing my fingers and coyly crossing the toes of one foot over the toes of the other, I shall haul right off and say that I wonder if as much pleasure in small-town newspapering could be gotten in any other town in the country? Probably. I would like to find the town, though.

School Row in Dare (The Coastland Times)

We are having another big school row in Dare County. One group has gone to court in hope of accomplishing what they want. They say the Dare County Board of Education hasn't dealt on the level with them, and by this means they hope to bring them in line. Results will probably be to

ter, declaring he was getting to be a forgetter before he had any right to be (at 66).

"Well, anyway, after this warning," I said, "if I ever start to introduce anybody to either of you, or to you, Mrs. King, and forget your name, you'll know enough not to be offended."

On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

RALEIGH, May 23—Well, here I am in politics again, and while I can't say I don't enjoy it, I must admit it's a lot harder work than I'm accustomed to.

In case it's not clear just what I AM doing here, let me explain. In spite of the fact that Julian Scheer of the Charlotte News and several other ears-to-the-ground news-hawks across the state reported that I was scheduled to go to work in Governor Hodges' campaign headquarters here, I am at present esconced behind a typewriter in the Carolina Hotel political hub of Congressman Harold Cooley's campaign.

As a matter of fact, I WAS scheduled to go to work on the Governor's campaign staff, but as the weeks went by and election day neared, it rapidly became apparent that my services would not be needed: Luther Hodges was a shoe-in.

However, things weren't so clear in the Fourth Congressional District campaign between incumbent Harold Cooley and challenger W. E. Debnam, a long-time radio commentator in Raleigh with a wide rural following, was waging an all-out campaign based on the race issue.

The chief chunk of ammunition for Debnam's red-shirt rantings was the fact that Congressman Cooley had refused to sign the so-called "Southern Manifesto" challenging the Supreme Court's decisions in the school segregation cases.

This Fourth District fracas is undoubtedly the roughest political fight seen in this state since the Graham-Smith battle in 1950. The main difference between the two campaigns is that in 1950 the dirt was kept undercover until the closing days of the campaign, and in 1956 it's been splashed across these seven counties openly for many weeks.

I attended a YDC candidates rally at the Wake County courthouse last night, and saw Jim Farlow of Chapel Hill very much in evidence, shaking hands and acting like a candidate who knows where he's going.

Farlow is campaigning to oust Frank Crane as state Commissioner of Labor, and he's got a rough fight on his hands. There seems to be quite a tendency in this state to retain incumbents, especially if they are serving in one of the numerous administrative offices (Labor Commissioner, Insurance Commissioner, etc.) which should be appointive rather than elective in the first place.

The rally didn't attract a big crowd. In fact, it seemed to me that about the only persons in attendance were either candidates, members of the YDC, or reporters. I guess Raleigh is getting to be too big and sophisticated a town to pay much attention to a good old-fashioned political rally. Or maybe it's the TV coverage. After all, why should someone leave his living room to hear candidates speak when he can flip on his TV set almost any night and see the same people on the flickering, aluminized, electronic, 21-inch screen?

And while I'm on the subject of the rally, I might mention that the courtroom in the Wake County courthouse is undoubtedly the filthiest, dirtiest, most depressing hall of justice in the state of North Carolina.

This courtroom looks as if someone started a huge bonfire right in the middle of the floor at some time in the dim past, and no one ever got around to cleaning the soot off the walls and the ceiling.

Dozens of dreary oil portraits of (I presume) long-dead jurists are on the walls, and every one of the pictures, as Marion Harden of Chapel Hill pointed out to me at one point in the evening, are hanging crooked.

drive them harder the other way. No matter how meritorious the cause be, we have noted numerous school rows in Dare County went into court, with the plaintiffs usually winding up on the losing end, but too often not content with the decision as having been arrived at in the democratic manner. We have noticed also that the real losers in all these school rows that get into court are the children. When school rows are in their early stages, often motivated of course by community zeal and local pride, good leadership if we have it might find a solution with everyone going his way in peace and harmony. But once the discussion gets heated to boiling point, the needs of the children are too often completely forgotten. It's purely a fight of the elders bent on carrying their own points on either side, and little else counts then, beyond being able to say "I beat you." To continue the fight takes a lot of money out of the pockets of the plaintiffs that they need for other things, and on the other hand out of the pockets of the taxpayers which were better spent for things already needed in the school fights, and both sides are usually the wrong sides. The side of the children, which we supposed was all that really matters is often completely forgotten.

Perhaps the reason there are so many school fights in Dare County is that the schools fought over have for so many years been donated for the greater part by outsiders. Since the public school system began in this state, most of the school money has been sent down from Raleigh from funds collected from all over North Carolina, and of that money little was contributed by a county which until a few years ago paid nothing in direct income taxes. Of the share that was collected in ad valorem taxes each year in Dare County for school purposes, only a small part was paid by residents whose children went to school. For many years the larger part of our share came from owners of timberlands and hunting clubs, who shared in none of the educational benefits. As the timberlands shrank in value, and the hunting clubs went out of business, a far greater source of taxes came from the rapid boom in beach property developed by people who came in the summer to enjoy the seashore. It still goes on, with the State sending the larger part even now.

It is to laugh for any of us to point out how much we pay in taxes for schools. In fact it is to the shame of any of us to ever mention how much we pay. It's only a small part, for the greater part is paid by people who don't live here the year round, and don't have any children to go to our schools. In fact when we narrow it down to what we actually pay ourselves, who enjoy the benefits of the schools, there would not be enough to buy the fuel to keep them warm. Surely not enough to fight over, so perhaps why we are fighting is because we have so much given us. If we had to shell it all out ourselves we would be so busy sweating blood to get the dough we wouldn't have time to think about fighting.



HOME OF CHOICE CHARCOAL BROILED HICKORY SMOKED STEAKS—FLAMING SHISKEBAB—BUFFET EVERY SUNDAY