

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 regions.

Your Obligation is to Vote

The main thing wrong with a run-off, such as the one here this Saturday, is the lack of interest on the part of the voters.

Only four Orange County people are running for office in the run-off, but every citizen of the county should be concerned.

The Weekly is not endorsing any candidate. For example, in the Senate race, we consider both Mr. Lanier and Mr. Manning to be capable of holding the office.

Once again may we remind you that the important thing is to vote.

Neighbors

Neighbors are people we don't know any more. Time was when one knew everybody who lived in his neighborhood.

Chances are you do know the folks who live on the same street with you, but that's about all.

Television sets get most of the blame for the present state of affairs. We must admit that television has taken its toll, but there are many other factors to be considered.

Like any other community in America, Chapel Hill would be a better place to live if all the people would take the time to know their neighbors.

University's First Obligation

A report by Director of Admissions Roy Armstrong saying that the enrollment at the University for next fall would be close to 7,000 was not unexpected.

The Weekly has never advocated enlarging the University. However, the paper does realize the obligation that the institution has to the citizens of the state.

as the state is in the business of higher education it must meet its obligations to all of its people.

The great expansion program that has taken place in Chapel Hill since the war will now be coming into its full use.

University officials are aware of this problem. They must have the full cooperation of the trustees and the legislature in order to cope with it.

Along with all this expansion there should be a word of caution. In the New York Times of last Sunday Benjamin Fine wrote of the large number of qualified students in New York state who would have to look elsewhere for a college education.

"This has been a bad year for high school graduates who seek admission to colleges and universities within the state," Mr. Fine wrote.

"Students who want to enter either the municipal colleges or the state-supported institutions are particularly hard hit. A study conducted by the New York Times shows that almost every state-supported college has been forced to turn away qualified students who would have been admitted in previous years."

Many of those qualified students will be making application to the University of North Carolina. We are certain that Mr. Armstrong and his office will study the situation carefully.

Tar Heel Man of Letters

"Perhaps the most eminent man of letters North Carolina has produced in this generation," said the Greensboro Daily News in commenting on the honorary doctor of letters degree conferred by the University of North Carolina on Paul Green.

Yet much of Paul Green's work is not the sort the average reader happens upon. If he has seen "The Lost Colony," "The Common Glory" or "Wilderness Road"—he has "read" Paul Green without opening a book.

"In Abraham's Bosom," a play that won the Pulitzer prize, was written by Mr. Green many years ago, early in his long career.

To the many Pilot readers who are relative newcomers to North Carolina and who want to understand the background, the people, the virtues and shortcomings of their new home, we commend the works of Paul Green.

Too Many Misfits in College

Several readers have asked me to comment on the recent epidemic of "panty raids" in colleges throughout the country, but the reason seems so plain that it scarcely requires a commentary.

Consider first the fact that, as all psychological tests show, fewer than half of the brightest students in high school ever go to college.

Covers Lots of Ground...

Troy L. Hackney, Patrolman in Memorial Hospital Area, Is a Man Who Likes People But Arrests Them, Anyway

By Charlie Robson If you think it's hot where you're working this summer, imagine walking around the Memorial Hospital area for about eight hours a day in the hot sun.

It's hot, but Mr. Hackney likes it. He is interested in people, and "You meet a lot of different kinds of people in police work," he says.

Mr. Hackney has lived in Carrboro ever since he was ten years old and attended Carrboro Elementary School. He and Mrs. Hackney have four children: Alvin B. Hackney of Carrboro; Mrs. Jeanette Glosston, who is living with the Hackneys on Shelton Street in Carrboro.

For the past 3 1/2 years Mr. Hackney has served on the Chapel Hill police force. Prior to that he was with Ogburn's Furniture for seven years.

As the only University policeman assigned to the Division of Health Affairs area of the campus, Mr. Hackney has a lot of ground to cover. He must patrol from Wilson Hall up the Pittsboro Road and all around the various parking areas at Memorial Hospital and the Medical School—all on foot.

Jim Roberts Is a Man Who Likes to Fly

The Harris-Conners Chevrolet Company is an automobile business, but there is a lot of flying talk in their showrooms these days.

Jim Roberts of Charlotte, Jake Wade's son-in-law, joined the organization this week and he, like both Bob Harris and Jake Conners, is a pilot. In fact, it was the friendship formed by this mutual interest that brought Roberts here.

Jim, as a salesman for the Cannon Aircraft Company, sold both Mr. Harris and Mr. Conners a Cessna plane, which they use for both business and pleasure. He came to know the automobile people that way.

Jim owned his own private plane when he was a student at Carolina a few years ago. He first had an Air Coup and later a Swift. These makes of planes are not being manufactured now.

Jim did some of his courting of his daughter, Carrie Mae, by taking her airplane riding instead of the usual automobile riding.

Chapel Hill Chaff

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soars into the air, rides at 250 to 300 miles an hour, views the magic scene of mountains and woods and fields and streams, and comes to earth to declare, "It's the only way to travel. This time it is Mrs. F. H. Parrish, mother of Mrs.

mense respect for the 10 or 20 per cent who know what they are there for, and who intend to get the most out of it.

As for the other 80 per cent or so, every honest college administrator knows that they have no business there, do not know what they want, where they are going, or even what it means to be an "educated" person.

College, in our society, is a form of social prestige, not an intellectual pursuit. It is part of the pattern of "correct" living, like belonging to the "right" club and eating with the proper fork. It is a symbol not a substance.

The thousands of young men who engage in panty raids are neither vicious monsters, on the one hand, nor "high-spirited youths" on the other. They are simply boys who should not be in college, who resent the discipline of study, and who express this resentment by aggressive action that seems "safe" and even "cute."

They are sent to college because their parents insist upon it, because they have nothing else to do with themselves when they finish high or prep school, and because they have not developed any skills that would enable them to earn a decent living.



—Photo by Lavergne

TROY L. HACKNEY

And just recently while Mr. Hackney was patrolling another area of the hospital grounds two men had jacked up the front wheels of a car in the Dental Building parking lot and were attempting to steal its tires—at 11:15 a. m. in broad daylight!

Besides the more serious sort of thing Mr. Hackney has a lot of minor arrests to make. He has recently had to arrest several surprised internes for taking down the barriers and parking in the restricted area behind their dormitory.

Mr. Hackney is a man that is liked by people almost as much as he likes them. He enjoys his work in Chapel Hill and plans to remain at it a good many more years.

He and his wife Hamlin considered this at the time with some trepidation.

Mr. Roberts one weekend took his girl to Tabor City, his home, to visit his folks. On the way back they were grounded by bad weather at Sanford. Carrie Mae called her father here and told him their plight, adding that they were both broke.

Mr. and Mrs. Roberts lived on Poperson Drive when they were both in college. They sold their house and now are house-or-lot hunting. They have two little girls, whom granddaddy Jake thinks are something special.

One of the Harris-Conners inducements was that Jim could keep up his flying on his new job, with two airplanes available in the business.

I sat in my car parked on East Franklin street last Friday afternoon and started writing a letter. I saw it was going to be pretty long and the heat was so ferocious that I decided to go and finish my writing in the cool office of the University Service Plants.

That is, I thought it was going to be cool. When I got inside I found the heat no different from what it had been in my car. "It's a hell of a note," I said to Mr. Gardner, who stood behind the counter, "for a con-

cern that sells electricity for other people's air conditioners, not to have air-conditioning itself."

Mr. Gardner just smiled as though there were nothing he enjoyed more than stewing in a 90-degree-plus temperature. He was right to smile, of course. It wouldn't be proper for him to say anything critical of his employer, but I'll bet he's envious of people in the Bank of Chapel Hill across the street who work in cooled air on the hottest summer days.

is sound at the lower levels, for everyone should be taught to read, write and count. It is an absurdity at the level of higher education, for only a small proportion of young people have the mental grasp or the emotional stamina to benefit from four years of intellectual discipline.

A college education is an expensive and tasteless joke for three-quarters or more of the youths who are now cluttering up the nation's campuses, and a weighty handicap for those thousands of bright and willing youths whose progress is impeded by the shiftless, the shallow, and the perpetually sophomoric.

We are told by some that we are slaves. If being a slave means doing only what we have to do, then most of us are in truth slaves, but he who does more than he is required to do becomes at once free. He is his own master. How often do we hear it said, "It was not my work." Too often we fix our minds almost entirely upon what we are going to get and give no thought at all as to what we are going to give in return.

—A. W. Robertson

The price of power is responsibility for the public good.—Winthrop Aldrich

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Last week I sat in front of Memorial Hospital between 4:30 and 5 p. m. as many of the nurses, doctors, employes, and patients were leaving. It was amusing to hear only snatches of conversation as they boarded waiting automobiles.

"Hey, honey . . . Here, take this laundry . . . Where the hell you been all day? . . . Boy, am I a hot one today . . . I know, I know—I just got held up in there . . . I'm sure glad to get out of there . . . How come you keep me waiting so long? . . . How's my old man this afternoon? . . . How come to hell you keep me standing out here in this hot sun? . . . We gotta wait for Josie; she'll be here in a minute . . . Let's get going, honey, and air out a bit . . . Lord, has this been one rough day . . . I'm so glad you got here early, I'm ready to go home . . . Don't gimme no lip, I'm as tired as you . . . This sure has been a hot one . . . Hy precious . . . Where the hell . . ."

During commencement I was given to wear one of those University round cardboard badges with my name on it. I don't know why. As low down as I am, unless a man was wearing bifocals he wouldn't be able to read it.

Tony Jenzano predicts that the Sundial will join the Old Well as one of the "must" things to see on the campus. "Folks will go by the Old Well for a drink," he says, "and then come down to the sundial to pass the time of day."

Is it true what I hear about a new educational device guaranteed to be a boon to teachers? It is supposed to be a cross between a carrier pigeon and a woodpecker. The new bird will not only deliver the message to a student but also will drill it into his head.

The Weekly Congratulates...

The Weekly congratulates John W. Umstead Jr. for his many years of devoted service to Chapel Hill, the University, and the State. Last week the staff members and employes of the State Hospital at Butner presented a portrait of Mr. Umstead to the hospital.

Mr. Umstead has served as a member of the State Hospitals Board of Control since 1945 and has been board chairman since 1953. He has served as Orange County's representative to the General Assembly for the past 16 years.

Mr. Umstead was largely responsible for the legislative act that created the State's honor prison camp for youthful first offenders. It was he who arranged to have the center located at Camp Butner so that its inmates might work at chores around the Butner State Hospital grounds.

Mr. Umstead has served as a member of the State Hospitals Board of Control since 1945 and has been board chairman since 1953.

...and The Weekly Reads

Recently we read the following suggestions for getting along with people in our day-to-day lives.

- 1. Speak to people—there is nothing nicer than a cheerful word or greeting. 2. Smile at people—it takes 72 muscles to frown—only 16 to smile. 3. Call people by name—the sweetest music to anyone's ear is the sound of his own name. 4. Be sincerely cordial—speak and act as if it were a genuine pleasure. 5. Be considerate of feelings of others—no one likes to be rebuffed. 6. Be thoughtful of the opinions of others—there are three sides to a controversy—Yours, the Other and the Right Side. 7. Be genuinely interested in people—you can like everybody if you try. 8. Be generous with praise—praise lifts, criticism lowers. 9. Be alert to render service—above all, what counts in life is what we do for others. 10. Be fair in your criticism—remember your opinion is personal with you, and that doesn't always make it correct.

cern that sells electricity for other people's air conditioners, not to have air-conditioning itself."



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