

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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Notes on Smoking

Stuart Symington, United States Senator from Missouri, who is being talked about extensively as a dark horse, and less dark than any other, for the Democratic nomination for President, was the subject of a biography by Joe Alex Morris in last week's Saturday Evening Post. Because of its large volume of information about him, its liveliness and humor, and the tremendous circulation which the Post has given it, this article will add greatly to Symington's prestige.

One statement it makes about him is: "Senator Symington has not smoked for years."

This interests me because I have read the same thing in the last few years about so many men prominent in government, in the professions, in the arts, and in business. And of course for every one person who is sufficiently important to have been written about, or to have been asked to state his own record in a newspaper or a magazine article, there are thousands of obscure persons who have given up the habit without proclaiming it to the public.

I have been impressed by the large number of persons in my own acquaintance who have quit. The six of us at a dinner one evening last week, all of whom had once been smokers, failed to realize till the party was breaking up that not one of us had lit a cigarette. It turned out, from the testimony, that we had all quit the habit long enough ago to be sure it was for good. And I am coming to be in gatherings similar to this one, if not exactly like it, more and more frequently. Among the people I know the proportion of smokers is unquestionably becoming smaller.

But this may not mean much, for obvious reasons. Since I am growing older, so naturally is my whole acquaintance. Of course there are a lot of us who don't take as good care of ourselves as we should, but on the average we look after our health better every year than we did the year before. Not much better, maybe, but a little. We have to if we want to keep on living.

The statistics of sales show that the consumption of cigarettes is not falling off. There's no mystery about this; it's because of every year's tremendous new crop of smokers, boys and girls. It's a tough fight for grown people who have placed themselves in the grip of the cigarette habit to give it up. It's the easiest thing in the world for boys and girls to acquire the habit. The silly young things are doing just what we were doing thirty or forty or fifty years ago, and it's no good scolding them or preaching to them about it. There will be a big proportion of them who will recognize later on the good sense in what we say—but by that time there'll be another crop of boy and girl smokers. And so on and on.

It will take a long time to tell whether or not the danger of cancer of the lung, or other dangers to health, will become powerful enough persuasions to put the cigarette habit on the permanent decline. The colossal financial interest on the other side—always building it up, building it up—does not make the outlook encouraging.—L.G.

The Hodges-Pearsall Plan (Smithfield Herald)

The Hodges-Pearsall plan is hailed as a plan to preserve the public schools. But is it likely to accomplish that worthy objective? This is the all-important question before the people of North Carolina.

We should look at the Hodges-Pearsall plan honestly. It is a plan to evade compliance with the Supreme Court decision against segregation. It is not

a plan for gradual compliance with the decision. It is a plan that holds out hope—a false hope—that North Carolina somehow will be able to maintain its segregated schools on and on and on without defying the law of the land.

Because it is a plan to circumvent the declared law of the land, the Hodges-Pearsall plan may be expected to invite strong action from those who are working to break down the walls of segregation. It will invite suits from Negro parents to compel admission of their children to unsegregated schools. It is logical that, in its pursuance of a plan to prevent implementation of the Supreme Court decision, North Carolina will be confronted with numerous court actions to force integration. Extremes beget extremes. Stubborn positions breed stubborn positions. The Negro who welcomes the Supreme Court decision, we may be sure, regards the Hodges-Pearsall plan as one of stubborn resistance to desegregation. It should not surprise anyone if he reacts by taking a rigid aggressive position of his own.

And we may as well face this truth: If court actions are brought to force integration, the integrationists will win decisions. They will win every time if the evidence shows that a state or community has made no move at all toward compliance with the Supreme Court decision and has failed to show the "good faith" in observance of law which is required by the high court.

On the other hand, if North Carolina demonstrates good faith and moves toward compliance, under a plan of genuine gradualism makes use of the state's assignment law and recognizes the unwisdom of trying to rush desegregation in the many communities not prepared to accept it, the probability is that suits to compel integration will be few in North Carolina if not non-existent. And the further possibility is that when good faith has been demonstrated the courts, if actions should be brought, will carefully consider the variations of local conditions in handing down rulings and will not be harsh toward communities confronted with genuine "intolerable situations." The Supreme Court already has indicated that it understands the South's problems and wishes to take a reasonable rather than an iron unsympathetic approach to enforcement of the ban against segregation.

The authors of the Hodges-Pearsall plan are disturbed by the possibility of "intolerable situations" and provide for escapes from such situations—for example, local option elections on abandonment of the public schools. The reality is that pursuance of the Hodges-Pearsall plan likely will create intolerable situations as it invites suits to compel integration. And as the plan creates intolerable situations, it may be expected to set in motion local elections through which emotionally stirred voters will abolish public schools. Thus the plan hailed as a plan to preserve the public schools is in reality a plan that will breed the likelihood of a destruction of the public schools.

Does North Carolina wish to abandon the public school system? Public education has undergirded all the progress our state has made in the past half-century, and we ought to seek solutions to the problems created by the anti-segregation decision without opening the door to abandonment of the public schools. In the search for ways to live with the Supreme Court decision, we will need to strengthen, not weaken or destroy, our system of public schools.

Sees Merit in Plan (Chatham News)

When the special session of the General Assembly is convened on next Monday North Carolina's people will be fully aware that its members, led by Governor Hodges and members of the "Pearsall Committee" have made an honest effort to put forth legislation that will save, rather than destroy, the public schools.

In order to better understand what the proposals are attempting to do it should, first of all, be conceded that the people of North Carolina are opposed to mixing of the races. Because, Governor Hodges said, the attitude of the people has been decent and moderate, it should not be construed by anyone that any great portion of the state's people are inclined towards integration. Although silent and often inarticulate in open debate, the people have a determined intent to resist integration to the utmost.

Members of the Pearsall committee and the Governor have long been aware

Nine Days on University Lake . . .

Eric Crabtree, Born and Brought Up in This Community, Has Served Chapel Hill as a Fireman for Seven Years

By Charlie Robson

When I went over to the Town Hall the other day to talk to Eric Crabtree, he had just returned from fourteen days' vacation. Nine of those fourteen days he spent fishing on University Lake. That's one of the things, he likes to do most.

Another thing he likes is being a fireman. He doesn't say much about it, but you can tell by the way he acts.

"I guess about the biggest fire for me was that one at the fraternity house, just as it was for Mebane Durham," he said. Right now, though, the Fire Department hasn't been too busy. Summer is their "quiet season."

An interesting thing is that in recent weeks they've answered more calls outside of town in the newly created fire district. They've put out a couple of grass fires, and then there was the fire at the home of Ceco Mayse on the Durham Road. About the only fire in town recently was in a small storage shed.

For fighting fires in the district the Department has a system all worked out and approved by the state insurance man, he said. If there are two or more firemen on at the station at the time of a call, and there are usually three of them on duty, one of them will take the fire truck out to the fire. They



—Photo by Lavergne
ERIC CRABTREE

will sound 52, which means assemble at the fire station, and when the "call men" and other regular and non-regular firemen come in they are sent out to help with the fire. That way there is still someone at the station if there were to be another fire in town at the same time.

Eric Crabtree was born and brought up in and around Carrboro, and so was his wife. She is the former Ruth Ray and her brother, Bill Ray, is a fireman, too. It was through him that Mr. Crabtree came to

work for Chapel Hill Fire Department.

Mr. Crabtree has been a fireman about seven years. Before that he was an electrician and also did a little excavation work around Chapel Hill. During the war he was an electrician at the munitions plant in Carrboro.

The Crabtrees have four children, three girls and a boy. The older three, Ray, twelve years, Sally, ten, and Elgie, seven, go to the Carrboro Elementary School where Mr. Crabtree went as a boy. The youngest girl, Sarah, four years, will be going there in a couple of years.

The family lives in a white house on the University Lake Road. Very convenient for Mr. Crabtree's fishing. In his spare time he also does a little tractor work, plowing and that sort of thing, around the county.

Just before I left the fire station Sergeant King of the Police Department came in, puffing on his usual cigar. He gets his vacation this week and he persuaded Mr. Crabtree to go down to the Sand Hills today, Mr. Crabtree's day off, and help him pick and bring back about 50 bushels of peaches. They said they'd been down several times and had been getting pretty good ones. Anybody want to buy a couple of bushels of real good peaches?

people I learned that they were curious as I was to see if they would be given the opportunity to test the man's magnetism.

Billy Graham has tremendous power. It is instantly apparent when the man arises to speak to an audience. It is completely communicable. The man emits a startling effluence that convinces one that it is larger than life itself.

Newspaper people are what can be termed a "cold" audience. I suppose that there was more than the usual amount of skepticism in evidence in the room as Mr. Graham arose to deliver his speech. It was amazing how quickly he captured the audience. Within minutes he had every man, woman and child cupped in the palm of his

hand. There was hardly a sound in the room. He spoke of his "job" just as readily as we newspaper people speak of the mechanics of ours. He insisted that the teachings of Jesus Christ provided the sole hope for world peace.

When he finished there was a sharp burst of applause but it seemed to me that it was quickly stifled because the people felt as though they were appearing in church.

I had a brief opportunity to chat with the man and sensed that his dedication to the cause of Christianity was deeply rooted in every fibre of his being. I shall long remember the experience.

Every dog has a lot of sense unless he belongs to a neighbor.—The Franklin Press.

The Wilderness Bill (Christian Science Monitor)

When Europeans first came to what is now the United States they found the wilderness an enemy they must subdue to survive. Houses huddled together and at the very edge of roads still stand in old towns, giving mute testimony to the pioneer's yearning for the company of his fellow men.

Today the picture is reversed. Instead of having to seek for neighbors it is hard to find wilderness. Yet there is enormous value to society in preserving refuges into which men can occasionally escape from the overwhelming man-made aspects of civilization.

The national (and state) parks represent an endeavor to fill this need—a need which has several facets. One is for as many as possible to behold magnificent natural spectacles and to sample, at least, nature as little spoiled as possible. This means roads and facilities for the millions with limited time to spend.

Another is for those who have the time and the appreciation to immerse themselves now and then in a world where rocks and streams, the woods and beasts reign undisturbed and supreme.

There are quite a number of designated wilderness areas. The danger lies in the fact that their status is not firmly defined in law. Nor is there provision for orderly planning for future needs.

Overwhelmingly backed by the conservation societies, Senator Hubert Humphrey has introduced a bill to set up a National Wilderness Preservation System. It would create no new bureaus. It would, of itself, take no new land for public use. It would simply insure that existing wilderness areas in national parks, forests, and wildlife refuges remain as they are. It would respect existing private-user rights and permit use consistent with these rights. And it would coordinate policies and insure planning under a National Wilderness Preservation Council representing Congress, the departments, and the lay citizen.

A forward-looking measure, worthy of support.

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

I never saw such a frustrated group of men as walked up and down East Franklin Street shortly after 9 o'clock last Tuesday morning. I never was so frustrated either. And it was all because of Johnny Pavlikas' closing the Carolina Coffee Shop every Tuesday.

Shell Henninger, Bill Thompson, and I barged out of the Bank of Chapel Hill and went all the way across the street before we remembered the Coffee Shop was closed. So we started for Danziger's and en route picked up Bob Lester. But Danziger's was closed.

"Let's try Ruby's, it's right next door," someone said. We did. You guessed it—closed also.

"How about Sutton's, we know they're open," the voice said. So off we went only to discover it was crowded and we couldn't get a seat.

"Let's skip it," someone suggested disgustedly. And we did.

E. Carrington Smith's just back from Miami and Havana, telling folks of all the things he saw on the trip which interested him most was a church.

I'll buy coffee for all who believe that.

Knowing him to be an ardent foe of tipping, I wondered aloud how he got along down there. "Didn't tip the first time," he replied.

"Then you didn't eat in the same place twice, did you?" we asked.

"Yes, I did, but I always waited for the waiter to get on the other side of the room before I'd get up to leave. But," he confessed, "I'll admit one time I had to wait an hour for him to get there."

Again—I'll buy coffee for anyone who doesn't believe Carrington waited the full hour.

Two Bobs, Cox and Bartholomew, were telling each other tales the other day about when they were in the Marine Corps. Bartholomew came up with this one, "I was on recruiting duty for two years before going overseas. I joined the Fifth Marine Division in the Pacific and found a large number of men in my outfit were men I had enlisted back in the States. When these men got discouraged and depressed, they used to come in my tent and say, 'Sarge, I'm feeling awfully blue and despondent. How about giving me that old spiel about the wonders of the Marine Corps that you used to give the boys in the recruiting office.'"

The Durham Sun reported last Wednesday that Barry M. Farber of Greensboro had sent to the Durham Police Department from Moscow, Russia, two Soviet rubles as half-payment of a five-month-old \$1 parking ticket. He asked to be billed for the remainder upon his return to the U. S. The Durham city manager said it was good to know that the long arm of the police department began a response from behind the Iron Curtain.

Let the city manager so think. As for me, I see in it the handiwork of mischievous Chuck Hauser, formerly of the Weekly staff and now touring Russia with Mr. Farber.

Times never change. Even in the olden days women figured their age from the year of their marriage and not their birth.

Through chemical treatment, scientists tell us, trees will be able to supply our food. Let scientists have the stakes, and we'll stick to steaks.

It's just as well that the meek inherit the earth. Who else could stand the inheritance tax?

Many a girl used to be married in mother's or grandmother's wedding gown and was proud to let the fact be known.

The farmer who once hated automobiles passing his home is now busy hanging out "No Vacancy" signs.

One of the nicest things about having a comfortable home is that it's someplace to go when there's no place else to go.

Chapel Hill Chaff

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ture, was annexed to it on the south. There I was x-rayed.

The ray, when first proclaimed to the world, was called the Roentgen ray for its discoverer. He was distinguished for other achievements and received the first Nobel prize in physics, but his other achievements were overshadowed in fame by this one. He called the new ray x-ray because of its mysterious properties. I don't remember whether or not the name Roentgen had been supplanted by the name x- when the magical ray was turned on me, but it probably had been. The machine was invented in 1895, and the date on the photograph found by Mr. Shearin is 1897. The University had pitifully little money for equipment in those days and I know Mr. Gore must have done a great deal of earnest pleading with President Winston (1895-96) and President Alderman (1896-97), and maybe at faculty meetings, before he

succeeded in getting the necessary money allotted for the purchase.

Mr. Gore told me that mine was the first x-ray photograph taken in North Carolina. It is not certain, however, that the one found by Mr. Shearin is the one of me, for there's no telling how many x-ray photographs Mr. Gore took. One of these skeleton views looks just like another after sixty years. Mr. Shearin tells me one thing that makes me doubt if this one is of me; that is, that there is a suspender buckle showing in it. I don't believe I wore suspenders at that age; but I may have, in the winter time.

Dr. Sprunt, in the x-ray division of our Memorial hospital here (who is out of town now), is writing a history of the x-ray in North Carolina. He may dig up some data about Mr. Gore's early experiments. I hope he'll find something to connect me with them so that I can shine in the reflected glory of Wilhelm Conrad von Roentgen.

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