

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina
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Published Every Tuesday and Friday
 By The Chapel Hill Publishing Company, Inc.

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Entered as second-class matter February 29, 1922, 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 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

Poor Dad Will Have to Pay

The prediction by Chancellor House that the University of North Carolina's enrollment will almost double during the next ten years poses a much bigger problem than that of just finding enough faculty, housing and classrooms. The real problems confront the parents of those students who are now in high school and elementary school.

It's going to cost more money for these youngsters to get an education. Then too, the student who doesn't make the grade scholastically will find it hard to get a second chance because all institutions, large and small, are going to have tremendous waiting lists.

Leading educators predict that the increased costs will amount to approximately 25 per cent during the next ten years. At the present time the average cost in our state colleges and universities for state residents is \$805 and for non-residents \$1,050. Private colleges and universities in the U. S. average \$1,485. This means that dad is going to have to find from \$200 to \$400 more per year to send his child to college. Along with increased costs all along the line, it would seem to indicate that more and more students will be forced to work part of their way through college.

While the national average for the U. S. for state residents for state universities is \$805, the average in the South is \$715. This includes tuition, board and room, and fees. Nothing is allowed for spending money, joining a fraternity or owning a car.

Ted Williams

Ted Williams is one of the greatest baseball players of all times, and we formerly thought his feuds with the press and the fans were part of a well calculated campaign to make him more of an attraction, more of a drawing card, more money at the turnstiles, and more monetary return to his fishing tackle business.

Every feud has so far resulted in Ted apologizing and, when once again established in the public's good graces, committing some other disgusting act.

The reason has been given that Ted is hot-tempered, unable to take a "riding." That could well be a natural characteristic. But a man able to develop his athletic skill should certainly be able to control his temper and develop his personality.

He could find no better example of a man so qualified than one of his own teammates, Jim Piersall. Called the "wacky boy" of baseball and the psycho case of the big leagues, Piersall has overcome his mental lapses and retardations to become one of the most level and able men of the national pastime.

But Ted, in addition to the blasts in the press which were well-enough covered to present his side of the story, added a "repulsive gesture" to the national pastime. Again, he was forgiven.

The background of his latest episode is well-known. He made an error, the fans booed; he made a great play seconds later; the fans cheered. Any other player or public figure would have remembered the cheers. But not Ted. He couldn't take it. He committed the filthy, nasty act of spitting at the fans, not once, three times; then, throwing his bat 40 feet into the air.

All in full view of a television audience, radio announcers, sports writers, and 20,000 fans, including children who idolize the man for the figures in the record books. The same man who heads the nationwide Jimmy Fund for cancer research among children. And, in a game called the national pas-

time, because of its wholesome appeal. In an athletic contest, which, as others, is said to develop character.

Mr. Williams should be made an example of. He should be thrown out of baseball. The game and all athletic contests are much bigger than he, but will not continue to be so long as such acts as those by Ted Williams are permitted and punishable by a fine commensurate with what the man is able to pay.

Mr. Williams, who says he cannot explain why he does such things and who now says he's sorry, should stop spitting at people. Instead he should spit on his hands and take a good hold of himself.—B. A.

Advice to the Ladies—And Gentlemen, Too

Pete Ivey, head of the University News Bureau, recently addressed the N. C. Council of Women's Organizations about how to present their club publicity to newspaper editors.

Mr. Ivey said in part: "Don't argue with the newspaper editor and try to insist on his printing your club news or printing it exactly as you have written it. Don't be insistent. Don't talk back.

"The editor knows his own newspaper needs, and the best thing to do is write the news briefly, accurately, and fully and let him be the judge of whether it's news and what space it will get.

"Study the needs of the newspaper, and find out what best suits the newspapers.

"Be the kind of press agent who is so helpful and non-demanding that when the editor sees you coming he will greet you with a cordial smile and seem genuinely glad you have brought something to the newspaper."

The Weekly subscribes to Mr. Ivey's recommendations and wishes to add a few more of its own, specially in hopes they may be heeded hereabouts:

1. Take the publicity or news of the meeting to the editor the next morning, early. Don't wait. Yours is not the only story he has to prepare or get in the paper. You'll get a better story if your copy is in early.

2. Make certain all names are correct. Give both first and last names, and, in the case of married women, use the husband's initials or first name. Don't write only "Miss Jones;" there are hundreds of them. Make Miss Jones happy by giving her first name.

3. Don't ask the editor to run a story of a forthcoming event or benefit in every issue of the paper between the time you bring it in and the day of the affair. Buy some advertising—if you want it plugged that often.

4. If you want to promote a cause or benefit, discuss the complete publicity campaign with the editor. He can help you think of possible stories; then get them to him.

5. Don't tell the editor if he doesn't give you a long story, you'll take it to the other paper. He knows you've already been there or are going anyway.

6. Don't ask the editor when the story will appear. He'll try to get it in the very next issue. Again, yours is not the only story he has to think about, and although his judgment is not infallible, the editor makes a sincere effort to put in the paper first the hottest news he has.

7. Don't ask him to put your story on the front page. If you don't believe the inside pages, specially of the Weekly, are avidly read, just let us make one little teeny, weeny error on one, and we'll refer the calls to you.—B. A.

The "Giveaway" Congress

[The following editorial about the 84th Congress appeared in the August 3 issue of the U. S. News and World Report and was written by that publication's editor, David Lawrence:

The freest in spending, the most extravagant in giving away the taxpayers' money, the biggest in "log-rolling" deals—the system whereby members reciprocate in aiding each other's projects—this is the strange record of the 84th Congress.

More than 60 billion dollars were appropriated at this session, and much of it as a plain subsidy to big voting groups. On the list is everything from expansion of federal payment for milk to be given free to children in public schools and summer camps—irrespective of their parents' ability to pay for it—to big projects benefiting particular localities and privileged groups in the electorate. It is perhaps the biggest variety of items in legislative history.

Even in the 34.6 billion dollars for

Chapel Hill Chaff

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on what to name the restaurant she operates on Franklin Street between the Ledbetter-Pickard Store and Danziger's Coffee Shop. The establishment had long been known as the Carolina Pharmacy, but that name wouldn't do any more because Miss Helen Duguid, the pharmacist in the combined drug store and restaurant business, had resigned from the partnership and the Carolina Pharmacy was no longer a pharmacy.

The name Mrs. Grogan finally decided on was Carolina Food Cupboard. She fancied this name a nifty one till she talked to a candid friend who claimed it was no good.

"Restaurants and everything else around here are named Carolina," he said. "Half the

people don't even know them apart. Why add to the confusion with another Carolina? You've already got a perfect ready-made name for your restaurant, Ruby's. That's appropriate and it's a name easy to remember. When somebody says, 'I'll meet you at Ruby's,' the person he's talking to won't have to stop and say to himself, 'Let's see, now, which one of these darn places is that?' When he hears Ruby's he'll know right off because everybody'll know where and what Ruby's is. They can't forget it."

Mrs. Grogan had already ordered a sign painter to put Carolina Food Cupboard on her plate-glass window, but after listening to the above advice she asked him to hold

off and let her think it over a few days. She finally came up with Ruby's Food Cupboard. That name has now been inscribed in gold letters on the front of the restaurant, and it is turning out all right since of course people are disregarding the Food Cupboard part and calling the place Ruby's.

One of Mrs. Grogan's customers says Carolina and Ruby's are both poor choices. He maintains the place should have been named Willie's instead of Ruby's. His reasoning: At the time Miss Duguid left and the place quit being a pharmacy, both its waitresses were named Willie May, its janitor was named Willie Page, and Mrs. Grogan had to close the place several days because she worked so hard she got the willies, and the doctor ordered her to take a week off.

armament, the "log rolling" for military expenditures by representatives from certain states and localities was palpable. Thus, 900 million dollars more than the Executive asked for was given him to spend. The Air Force, on which this bounty was bestowed, must now try to figure out how to spend it. What a travesty on government that Congress provides surplus funds before there is even a request from the Executive or a planned project for its use by the military department most concerned!

Beginning with the "soil bank" for the farmers, which cost 12 billions and which was designed primarily to head off a bigger "giveaway" by the opposite political party, the Republican Administration laid down the principle that the Federal Government and the local governments should share in the development of natural resources. This now has been interpreted by Republicans and Democrats to justify the largest series of projects of benefit to their particular areas that has been ushered in since the days when "pork barrel" legislation was the order of the day.

To meet the inflationary trend of the times, there were increases of pay voted for legislators, judges and executive officials. Increases in pensions were authorized, as well as new grants under the Social Security system, and, with all of this, the beginnings of a program which may open the door to medical insurance.

Though the nation is in a period of unprecedented prosperity, Congress authorized the largest amounts of "welfare" money ever voted.

Many of the schemes, moreover, call for relatively small payments at first—just a few millions a year now—but they build permanently into the governmental scheme of things a new series of expenditures which will pile up new appropriations for future Congresses to provide annually.

Broadly speaking, this was a non-radical Congress, in the sense that a coalition of conservatives in both parties managed to prevent the government-ownership advocates from getting the upper hand. The latter were balked in their efforts to get public-power projects enacted that could start the downfall of private electric power companies. There was a failure to break down the Taft-Hartley Act. This is

because the Southern Democrats were able to block action on amendments. Fear that more unionization in the South would upset their own political power was the main reason. There was a noticeable opposition, too, from conservatives in both parties to various features of public housing.

If it hadn't been for the segregation issue, a construction fund for public schools amounting to a total of 1.6 billion dollars would have been voted. As it was, more than 368 million dollars was appropriated for school aid in areas where military installations have caused unusual increases in school populations.

Only in foreign aid was there a tendency to economize drastically. The Administration's original program was cut down by more than a billion dollars.

In the face of all this spending, almost nothing was heard about reduction of income taxes. The Treasury's surplus of 1.8 billion dollars was not enough, of course, on which to base a program of tax reduction. But who can say that restraint on spending would not have provided the American people with a bigger surplus which could have been used either to reduce taxes or to cut down the public debt? This debt now stands at 273 billion dollars.

Where is all the money coming from to meet the new obligations just piled on the taxpayers by Congress? It may turn out that the 84th Congress made a new record of some kind in preventing any income-tax cuts for many years to come. The spending drive now is so strong that, if the American people do not check it, they will find the 85th Congress outdoing its predecessors in giving away public funds.

What is needed now are nonpartisan groups of taxpayers in every congressional district to organize a lawful revolt and to encourage those candidates to run for office who will check the spending streak. For the 84th Congress was the "giveaway" Congress of the century.

Absence diminishes little passions and increases great ones, as wind extinguishes candles and fans a fire.—La Rochefoucauld.

Man never fastened a chain around the neck of his brother, that God did not fasten the other end around the neck of the oppressor.—Lamartine.

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Let me be formal at least in the first sentence and call the gentleman Roland McClamroch. Then, let me tell you about Skin McClamroch trying to raise \$200 here to take to Chicago and turn over to the Democratic National Committee.

He arrived at the Coffee Club on a recent morning, greeted us all warmly and got warm greetings in return. Then, he proceeded to tell us that he was receiving contributions of \$1 and up for the campaign fund.

There're usually lots of chatter and arguments over the coffee cups, but at the mention of money a severer silence enveloped the group. Several members pushed back their chairs as if to leave.

"Wait," called Skin. "I don't want to be embarrassed when I get to Chicago and they call on me as a national delegate to report if I've made my quota. All I can report is one dollar, only one, that a lady handed me in Fowler's yesterday. Now, that's all I've raised. Surely you fellows don't want a blot against the good name of Chapel Hill and Orange County."

It was evident the boys weren't thinking of blots, because all of them crossed their legs and pushed their backs and bottoms closer to the chairs so nothing could drop out of their pockets.

"All I want is a dollar," Skin went on.

So I gave him one. It didn't make me a bit popular with the rest of the fellows, but I figured it this way: if I could get out with just a one-dollar contribution to any political fund or candidate, I'd better do it before inflation set in. I figured that one buck was cheap.

Maybe the other fellows felt the same way, too, because they began contributing according to their means—a dollar each. Skin probably netted \$25, if that much, out of the crowd.

That was Monday a week ago. He was so pleased that he promised to buy them all coffee the next day.

They arrived to enjoy his generous gesture but discovered Tuesday is the day the Coffee Shop is closed.

That irked the fellows somewhat, but Hank Hurburt was the most surprised. "You mean to tell me he actually is going to give that money to the Democratic national committee?" Hank asked. "Well, I didn't know that. I'm a Republican, and the only reason I contributed was I thought he was some character just trying to get up money enough to get to Chicago."

The rest of the club, however, felt differently about the thing as the week passed away. They began to feel that Skin has done a good job and that the good name of Orange County would be preserved among good Democrats.

To make sure that both would get proper recognition the club Saturday dispatched a telegram to National Committeeman Everett Jordan aboard the special train en route to Chicago advising:

"We think you should know that Roland McClamroch raised \$1,100 for the Democratic campaign fund, most of it at the Carolina Coffee Shop Club, and that he should be recognized for his achievement."

Dick Young has been interested in buying my camera, and I've been interested in selling it to him. But we hadn't been able to make a deal when he and Jerry Hudson came in the other morning to represent the Service Insurance and Realty Company at our daily conclave of gentlemen.

I had been thinking of the proposition, and then was the time to make it.

"How about you just going out there and stealing my camera?" I proposed. "Then I can collect insurance from Baldy Williams and your firm, and you can insure it, then I'll steal it back, you collect some insurance, and you can then buy it and pay me what I want for the camera. That way, I'll get a good return on it, and it won't cost you a thing and you'll have some profit to boot."

"That's all right, in a sense," Dick admitted, "but Jerry's connected with the insurance department."

"I know. That's why I wanted him here when we discussed it."

"But we can't trust Jerry," said Dick.

"How come?"

"He might squeal on us. He's crooked."

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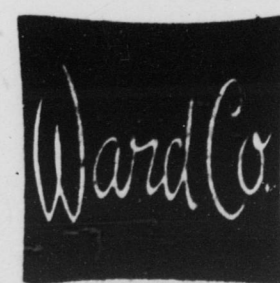


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