

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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Prestige—and Consolidated Jobs

One of the many members of the faculty who, meeting me on the street or at some gathering, have expressed agreement with my proposal for deconsolidation of the University, said:

"I never liked the idea of Gardner's taking away the honored, old name of our institution. I can't imagine the University of Virginia settling for the name, 'the University at Charlottesville.'"

"I've heard that some Trustees may fear that deconsolidation would throw them out of their prestige jobs. Of course, the Provost or the Chancellor (if appointed), or both, might not like it. Probably Bill Friday is new enough and young enough not to mind it much if at all."

It is a well known fact that many persons do enjoy being on the University Board of Trustees because of the prestige associated with membership, but I can't see that any Trustee's or potential Trustee's prestige would be interfered with by deconsolidation. On the contrary the return to separate Boards of Trustees for the three institutions in the Consolidated University would provide more places for members, which means that there would be more prestige to go around. Nobody has proposed that the number of members of the University Board be reduced from 100, and if the number of Trustees of each of the other two institutions, State College and the Woman's College, were set at, say, 12, in conformity with the State Board of Higher Education's preference for Boards with small memberships, then there would be places for 124 Trustees instead of the present 100.

I remember what the late Edwin A. Alderman said when he was talking to me about the problems of a university president one day about forty years ago at his home in Charlottesville. He had been President of the University of North Carolina, had gone from here to New Orleans to be President of Tulane, and had gone from there to be President of the University of Virginia.

In Chapel Hill he had worked with a Board of 100 Trustees. In Charlottesville he was working with a Board of, as I remember it, 12. (I am not sure of the exact number; it may have been 9 or 10 or 11; somewhere around there.)

"On the face of it," he said, "you would think that the smaller board would be more efficient. In practice it doesn't work out that way at all."

"The North Carolina board had an executive committee which had the same members, some 10 or 12, year after year." (I remember he mentioned Dr. R. H. Lewis, Frank Winston, Joseph Daniels, and Clem Wright.) "They were thoroughly familiar with the affairs of the University, financial needs and all the rest. When I told them about this or that problem they already knew the background. I had to do very little if any explaining. All I had to do was to tell them the facts."

"The members of the Board other than those on the executive committee took practically no active part in the Board's business. Of course they were free to ask questions and offer suggestions if they wanted to, but few of them ever wanted to. They came to board meetings about twice a year, enjoyed them as social occasions, and approved the recommendations of the executive committee as a matter of routine. This plan of Trustee operation turned out to be an excellent one."

"Here in Virginia membership on

honor. Every incoming Governor makes appointment to it for reasons having nothing at all to do with the appointees' knowledge of or interest in the University. The appointments are usually in recognition of prominence of one kind or another. Naturally a good many of them go to the Governor's personal and political friends.

"So, at a meeting of a newly appointed Board I find myself facing a group of men most of whom, sometimes all of whom but one or two who are hangovers from the preceding Board, are totally ignorant of what I am talking to them about. That means I have the job of educating the trustees about the University, and by the time they have really learned something they are succeeded by a new Board and I have to begin the job all over again. Of course some are really interested in the University, learn quickly, and become efficient Trustees, but the majority are interested only in the honor of being members and give no serious attention to University business."

As to the men who hold Consolidated University executive jobs, there's no reason why they should look with disfavor on the proposal for deconsolidation. There would be plenty of work for them to do in helping to operate the reformed real University and they would enjoy their work more than they do now when they have to split it among three institutions. I don't know how President Friday feels about it, but I should think he would be glad of a change of status. The presidency of the Consolidated University carries with it somehow the flavor conveyed by the words, "executive officer" or "chief executive." It suggests management rather than education—a suggestion that corresponds, indeed, to the fact. The presidency of the University, meaning simply one institution, is a position that must be far more congenial to a real educator and that confers on its holder, in the opinion of the discerning element of the public, the element not impressed by the tinsel and the trumpets, far more dignity and prestige.

Mr. Scheidt's Five-Point Plan

(From the Cleveland Times)

The State Legislature will face some important decisions when it convenes next month.

Not the least among them will be what to do about the growing traffic problem on the state's highways.

We hope the Legislature will heed the request of Motor Vehicles Commissioner Ed Scheidt for approval of a five-point list of highway safety proposals.

The proposals include: (1) a common sense motor vehicles inspection law; (2) authority to use chemical tests in drunken driving cases to determine the alcoholic content in the defendant's blood; (3) an increase of 100 men in the strength of the highway patrol; (4) a law making racing on the highways a felony; and (5) authority to use some unmarked patrol cars.

All of these are, we believe, important, common sense needs. But two of them are so painfully needed that they stand out above the others. They are: (1) the need for an inspection law and (5) the need of a stringent law to curb racing on public highways.

There are vehicles using our highways today that are almost a quarter-century old. Needless to say, they constitute a hazard—wheezing, flapping, thumping along in a whizzing stream of super-charged traffic.

Old cars and cars in bad condition, while not the main cause of traffic fatalities, do contribute to the staggering number of deaths recorded in man's travel from here to there.

Therefore, they should be eliminated. At the same time, those who would use the public-built highways as race tracks should likewise be eliminated. Left alone of course, they would eventually eliminate themselves. But, unfortunately, they would at the same time take with them the lives of many innocent motorists.

This is an age of irresponsible people—youth and adult alike. This is, as we have said before, an age when too many unfit persons are driving cars.

Something needs to be done about drag racing.

Therefore, we hope the 1957 Legislature will endorse Mr. Scheidt's proposals. We feel they are basic, they are

and they are badly needed.

News of Books

By Robert Bartholomew
THE COKERS OF CAROLINA. By George Lee Simpson Jr. The University of North Carolina Press, Chapel Hill, 227 pp. \$5.00.

For over five generations the Coker family of South Carolina has distinguished itself through accomplishments in many fields. It was and is unique in its enduring personal qualities, in the range of its contributions to Southern life, and in its balance of things economic, cultural and intellectual.

Seeking always to improve a deteriorating agriculture, the Cokers turned to the development of industry, beginning in the early 1850's with textiles. In the 1890's they turned to pine. The Cokers were the first to pulp it and turn it into paper.

In the early 1900's the family turned to the pioneer production of pedigreed seed, first for long staple cotton and then for all of the South's

major crops. To meet a local need they established a boarding high school, later converted into Coker College. From the Coker family have come a large number of distinguished scholars.

THE WALLS CAME TUMBLING DOWN. By Henriette Rosenberg. The Viking Press, New York, 248 pp. \$3.50.

"This is a story," writes the author, "about the liberation of four Dutch political prisoners at the end of World War II, and about their trek home to Holland after Russian soldiers had freed them from a prison in Waldheim, a small village in southeastern Germany."

Besides the author there was another young woman, a girl just out of high school and a 26-year-old merchant seaman. They had all worked as members of the Dutch underground, had been captured, and by the time they were liberated had been in numerous German prisons. The adventures, dangers, de-

feats and triumphs of this journey as told by the author make a good story in the record of the war and its aftermath.

AESCHYLUS II. Translated by S. G. Bonardete and David Grene. The University of Chicago Press, Chicago, 179 pp. \$3.50.

This volume contains "The Suppliant Maidens," the earliest of Aeschylus' works and the earliest Greek play we possess; "The Persians," the only extant tragedy on a contemporary political theme, the defeat of the Persians at Salamis; "Seven against Thebes," a strange archaic piece on the concluding phase of the Oedipus story, the mutual murder of his two sons at the gates of Thebes; and "Prometheus Bound," perhaps Aeschylus' greatest, dramatic work after the "Oresteia" and certainly his greatest in imaginative range and depth. All four plays are provided with introductions by the translators.

How Editor Morris Wins Prize

(From the Elkin Tribune)

For years now this corner has contained many editorials pointing with alarm at the tragic but needless traffic deaths which have plagued our nation ever since the automobile has come into general use. But we have always wondered if such editorials ever did any good, and we doubt that this one will do any good either, especially after look-over the headlines in the morning paper telling of the hundreds whose lives were snuffed out in auto accidents during the Christmas holidays.

But we are not the only editorial writer who feels the futility of his efforts. There are many others, and one in particular, whose efforts along this line have been recognized by The American Press, a newspaper magazine of national circulation.

This particular editor is Carlton Morris, of the Gates County Index, of Gatesville, N. C., and here, in part, is an editorial he wrote about North Carolina's bloody highways:

"This space is wasted in this newspaper because this editorial is about traffic accidents, and no one—but no one will listen to this subject.

"Motorists will not stop, look, listen or read or believe one single thing that is said upon this subject. This is written in what is commonly called ten point type. Last Saturday we saw signs up to four feet square placed on a dangerous road. The signs stated that the road was dangerous when wet and it was raining. Flares were even there in the daytime. Signs and flares lined the road to the right and to the left. And motorists didn't read these signs which were right in front of their eyes so we have no hope they will read this, but we love 'em and would like to keep them alive."

"But last Saturday they completely disregarded those signs and flares. They came, they saw, the skidded into ditches, they wrecked their autos, not one, but a dozen of them. Often two or three would be in the ditch at the same time. Still they came heedlessly on until the inevitable happened. A man was killed and even then officers were hard put to keep them in line."

"Motorists—cars will kill you. Perhaps you haven't helped drag dead men and women from wrecked autos or seen smashed bloody faces, or teeth scattered over an auto seat like seed corn, or broken legs, or weeping relatives. Well, we have, and it is not a pretty sight to see."

"Just go your heedless way and you will see this, maybe. You may be more fortunate. You may see your Maker instead."

Editor Morris doesn't stop with editorials. Here is an excerpt from the kind of story he writes about an accident:

"A group of men loaded the badly hurt middle-aged man into the ambulance. His clothing is bloodstained and he is holding a blood-soaked handkerchief over his smashed mouth. A second man is lying in the ditch beside the car with the New York license. There is an expensive overcoat over his face and he is dead."

Unfortunately, too many motorists think that an automobile wreck always happens to the other fellow. The "other fellow" was no doubt thinking the same thing when he came to grief.

When is this mayhem upon our highways to cease? Not until every man and woman who drives an automobile recognizes the purring, two-ton vehicle of steel which he drives is a potential killer unless given wise guidance and operation. Not until our courts

recognize the seriousness of the crimes of speeding, reckless driving, drunken driving—and levy punishment to adequately fit such crimes.

Traffic law breakers have been patted on the wrist too often. In view of the daily accident rate it is time that sterner measures are taken!

What Marks the Arrival of Sixteen

(By Al Resch in the Chatham News)

A new era began at our house last Sunday. Our female Indian turned sixteen and we can now look forward to the day when she will do her own chauffeuring, adding gray to what is left of her pappy's hair. The transition from fifteen to sixteen was no sudden thing. It has been in the making, visibly that is, for some months. Not with great plans or newly discovered ambitions. How then does one know that age sixteen is approaching? By the presence in the house of a driver's manual, of course. The time is marked off like no other milestone. Attainment of age sixteen means but one thing to this generation—the acquisition of a driver's permit that makes it possible for its holder to badger the devil out of parents until there is no peace at home. "Teach me to drive and all of your problems will be at an end," says the rising teenager. What she fails to see or refuse to recognize is that problems are just beginning. And the old man around the house suddenly realizes that he'll spend more of his time afoot than he has in several years.

Real Community Service

(From the Mooresville Tribune)

If anybody in this community, or any community, works harder and longer than the country editor, it is the druggist.

His week, like ours, is seven days long. His store is open early and late, and he is on tap for emergencies around the clock.

Actually, it is more of a community center, first-aid station, and bureau of information, advice, and sympathy which also provides pills and pacifiers, tonics for the interior, the hair, or the mind, alarm clocks, malts, and zinc ointment.

And, in addition, there is the baffling category of pharmaceuticals that grows larger each day.

And last but not least, your druggist must be able to decipher the physician's handwriting on the prescription. In our time we have known experts in deciphering ancient hieroglyphics who wouldn't even attempt a doctor's handwriting.

Thus, it is pleasing to note that this year the druggist has received some public and nationwide recognition for his devotion to duty and his professional usefulness to his community.

This year he has participated, through his state association, in awarding a four year scholarship in pharmacy to the high school senior considered most deserving.

As we think of the importance of our druggist friends to the health and comfort of any community, and speculate on what we would do without them, these scholarships assume the proportions of a tremendous service to the state and the nation. As they are carried on year after year, they serve not just one deserving young man or woman in a state, but stimulate a wider interest in pharmacy.

In fact, if these awards continue long enough, perhaps the weary and shopworn druggist can achieve retirement—while the used-up, beaten-down, corrugated editor goes on and on.

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Bill Prouty was having a bit of difficulty deciding what to call a local merchant, whether he should be identified as owner, manager, or what.

"I'd call him proprietor," advised Joe Jones, the Weekly's managing editor.

"Joe," declared Bill, "you're certainly a life saver—if I just knew how to spell proprietor!"

I don't really know how I ever managed to get along without television. Of course, I was a radio addict and attuned my ears to the imageless speakers. But on the past two Christmas and New Year days, I have had great enjoyment from TV.

I feel as if I'm peculiarly constructed mentally. That is, to be as tough hearted as I feel I am sometimes and then to respond warmly to the surroundings about me at other times.

For instance, as long as I can remember I always stayed up till past midnight Christmas Eve listening to the church services being broadcast; and I've also spent the old-year-out-and-New-Year-in before the radio or TV.

There's some inexplicable something that first drew me to the radio and now attracts me to the television. At no other season do the spoken word and the scenes of worshippers or revelers mean as much to me.

And I guess at heart I'm still a child, because I love a parade. Therefore, the past two New Year's Days I've spent the early part of the afternoons watching the entire Tournament of Roses spectacle. And thrill to the apparent beauty of the floats and marvel at the extreme care and concern which have gone into each mobile exhibit.

I don't intend or pretend to explain why I'm bent that way, because there are other people who are either not interested or are too busy to concern themselves with the programs.

That's what makes living and observing as interesting as it is.

It pays to ask questions, and it pays also to have friends who will give you the word.

For instance, a friend of mine last week decided he needed a new suit; so he went to his favorite clothiers and found exactly what he wanted. The material was right, the color was appropriate, the fit was perfect, and the price as near proper as he could expect. He was about ready to say he'd take it when a question popped in his mind, and he spoke in an undertone to the clerk:

"When does the sale begin? When are you going to mark these down?"

"Day after tomorrow," the clerk replied.

"That's when the suit was acquired. Now, all you local merchants need not get upset. That was not your clerk, and the incident was not here; it was in Raleigh. Feel better now?"

People who have time to think of their troubles have too much spare time.

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

by some children who were passing through the lobby with their parents. The performance was a great success.

Mr. Eaton, who has taught drama here and at Yale and Harvard and used to be a leading New York drama critic, asked the puppeteer how his performances were usually received by children. Mr. Latschaw said he believed their reactions often showed the effects of a steady diet of movies and television shows.

"Many of them aren't used to sitting quietly in a group to watch a performance," he said. "You never know what they're going to do. Sometimes a child in the audience will say something in reply to what the puppets are saying or even jump up and try to take part in the show. I think this is because so many children are used to eating, talking, or doing whatever else they want to while watching television, and even at the movies many children have a bigger time racing up and down the aisles than they do watching the screen."

"Some day we shall think of these things and laugh," is an old quotation, but who said it first I don't know. Maybe Homer or some other ancient Greek writer or philosopher. Anyway, it applies to an experience Miss Belle Hampton had at a circus when she was a young school teacher in Wilson.

As Miss Hampton remembers it, she had entered the big tent with friends and was walking along in front of the stands absorbed in the acrobats performing overhead. All at once it dawned on her that her friends had strolled on ahead and she was walking beside a clown. She slowed down. The clown slowed down. She hurried to get away from him. He hurried to keep up with her. She stopped, and the clown stopped too. He stood there putting on his saddest look. He had found a girl but she didn't want him.

By this time the clown and the embarrassed young woman had attracted the attention of the stands. Till then silent, the spectators now sensed the moment had arrived when the clown's little act had reached its climax. They applauded. Miss Hampton's face turned scarlet and she ran wildly to get away from the clown and catch up with her friends.

"I was never so mortified in my life," she said in recounting the experience. "I thought I'd never get over it. And I didn't for a long time."

But now, looking back across the years, as fortunately is so often true with many of us, Miss Hampton can laugh when she thinks of what was once a soul-searing tragedy.

Temporary Promotion

(From Tracks Magazine)

A friend was berating an old sailor for his love of the bottle. "But for drink," he said, "you might be a second officer." The old salt said: "A second officer, hey? Well, lemme tell you something—when I'm drunk, I'm an admiral!"

State College specialists suggest avoiding heavy dosages of insecticides and fungicides on edible crops. Follow directions carefully, and never apply more than is recommended.