



William Donald Carmichael

An Editorial

BY LOUIS GRAVES

My first acquaintance with William Donald Carmichael, who died Saturday night, was in September 1892. That was when he came to the University as a freshman. He was 19 years old and I was 9.

I knew him well from the beginning of his college career. There were only about 250 students in the University then. All of them were acquaintances of mine because I was always roaming around the campus. But I knew Billy Carmichael better than most of them because he used to come to my mother's boarding house, where the Carolina Inn is now, to call on a certain lovely young woman, Margaret McCaull. They were married soon after his graduation from the University.

The eldest of the four sons who survive him is now Vice-President of the University.

Ten years is a big difference in age when one person is 19 and the other is 9, and Bill endeared himself by taking me into his companionship as an equal.

As the years go on, 10 years is a difference that is as nothing. Our friendship lasted throughout his life, and it flourished with more strength than ever after he retired from business and came to live in Chapel Hill.

Everybody who knew him loved him. It is no wonder, for he was gentle and kind and altogether lovable. Nobody ever had a sweeter nature.

I look back upon our friendship as one of the great treasures of my life.

Board Of County Commissioners Gives Final Approval To Budget

The Board of County Commissioners gave item-by-item approval Friday night to the county's 1959-60 budget. Although the total budget figure has not been drawn up, County Accountant Sam Gattis estimated it will be in the neighborhood of \$1,350,000. The budget is based on a new

tax rate of 95 cents on the \$100 property valuation, which was approved by the board earlier last week. The bulk of the tax revenue—estimated at 68 cents per tax dollar—will go toward the school program.

Most of Friday night session was devoted to action on requested salary increases for county employes and officials. The board approved the following salary increases:

Recorder's Court judge from \$2,250 to \$2,400, solicitor of Recorder's Court from \$1,950 to \$2,000. The county farm agent, two assistant farm agents and the Negro farm agent received raises of \$100 a year each. The county home agent, her assistant and her secretary were given a yearly increase of \$50 each. The Negro home agent was given a \$50 a year increase and her secretary got a \$43 increase. The county accountant's salary was increased from \$5,500 to \$5,750.

The county sheriff received a raise from \$4,425 to \$4,800, and the veterans service officer was increased from \$3,000 annually to \$3,120.

The salary of the register of deeds was increased from \$4,200 to \$4,400, and the clerk of superior court from \$4,800 to \$5,000.

A Capital Reserve Fund which eventually may put the school program on a pay-as-you-go basis was set up by the board.

The capital reserve plan, submitted by Commissioner Donald Stanford, will contain an initial amount of \$125,000 from the 1959-60 budget. The board specified that this fund will be made available to the Chapel Hill schools for construction of a six-classroom addition at Glenwood School and the purchase of a site for a proposed new school building.

W. D. Carmichael, UNC Benefactor, Passes At Age 86

William Donald Carmichael, 86-year-old father of Consolidated University Vice President and Finance Officer William D. Carmichael Jr., and uncle of the late UNC football coach Jim Tatum, died in Chapel Hill at 7 p.m. Saturday after a heart attack.

Requiem mass was held for Mr. Carmichael this morning (Monday) at the St. Thomas More Catholic Church; he was buried in Chapel Hill Cemetery.

Mr. Carmichael had made his home in Chapel Hill since his retirement in 1943, but he filled the preceding 70 years with a wide variety of energetically undertaken and consistently successful activities.

Mr. Carmichael was born on January 10, 1873, of a long line of Scotch-Irish stock. His forebears settled near Cape Fear and later moved to South Carolina. His father was Captain William D. Carmichael, a veteran of the Civil War. His mother was Agnes Carolina Harlee.

A native of Little Rock, S. C., Mr. Carmichael entered the University in 1892, and as an undergraduate was manager of the football and baseball teams (during the same year, 1896), was President of the Athletic Club one year, worked for the student newspaper and magazine, and was a member of Kappa Alpha fraternity and the Gimghouls.

During Mr. Carmichael's undergraduate days very few students left the campus on weekends. Durham was two hours away by buggy and there were no buses. Furthermore, there were few amusements on campus, other than the two yearly German Club dances, one in October and one in February. Football, baseball, and tennis were the only sports at the time, too; and tennis had not yet become an intercollegiate sport.

Louis Graves, contributing editor of The Weekly, first met Mr. Carmichael shortly after Mr. Carmichael's arrival in Chapel Hill to begin his course at the University.

"I was a boy of nine when Bill Carmichael came here as a freshman," said Mr. Graves. "The University only had about 250 students then."

Mr. Carmichael came to the University to study law, but before graduation he learned to admire Dr. Edwin A. Alderman, then head of the Department of Education (and later President of the University), so much that he decided in favor of teaching instead of law, and consequently, following his graduation in 1897, began a 15-year tour of service with the Durham City Schools, during six of which he acted as Superintendent.

He was then manager of the Liggitt and Myers plant in Durham for 14 years, then moved to New York as Vice President of Liggitt and Myers in charge of advertising, where he remained for 17 years.

He served on the University's Board of Trustees during the twenties; he headed the Alumni Association's activities in the New York area in 1932; he was made an honorary member of Beta Gamma Sigma, scholastic fraternity in the University's School of Commerce, in recognition of his business leadership; he made contributions to the Emergency Student Loan Fund in 1932, when 500 depression-stricken students were on the

Merchants Plan Picnic Wednesday

Team managers Bucky Rosemond and Tommy Gardner reported this weekend they have almost completed drawing up their team rosters for the softball game which will open the annual Merchants Association picnic Wednesday afternoon.

The game will begin at 3 p.m. at Hogan's Lake. For those who aren't interested in softball, other lakeside activities will be provided, including water skiing and horseshoe pitching.

The Merchants Association estimates that at least 150 people and possibly more will attend the afternoon and evening activities.

From Hogan's Lake, the outing will move to the Homestead Community Center near the lake, where the picnic supper will be served. There will be bingo games after supper.

verge of having to leave the University, he contributed to the construction of Woollen Gymnasium and to the conversion of Person Hall into an art museum. As permanent President of the Class of 1897, he was prominent in the Alumni Annual Giving program.

However, retirement to Chapel Hill did not at all render Mr. Carmichael inactive. Until the last few years he attended all athletic contests, and was one of the donors whose assistance made possible the beginning of educational television. He contributed the land for the Catholic Church in Chapel Hill and also donated to the erection of the building.

He is survived by four sons: William D. Carmichael Jr.; Cartwright Carmichael of Durham, and Robert H. and H. Martin Carmichael, both of New York City.

Mr. Carmichael loved to sit with friends on the porch or in the lobby of the Carolina Inn, where he lived during his retirement, and reminded them that he courted his wife, the late Margaret McRobert McCaull (who died in 1924) under the big tree on the Carolina Inn corner. When the weather was fine, one of his particular enjoyments was taking walks through the University campus, which he loved.



By Louis Graves

"Don't forget—"
And I said to myself:
"Good heavens! What next?"

The words had not been in a severe tone. Indeed, they had been as gentle as possible. But this was at the end of one of those days—they come along for everybody—when for some reason things haven't been going so well. A day when you have been disappointing or irritating yourself in one way or another. You know you have been forgetting things you ought to have remembered ever since you got up in the morning, and at such a time "don't forget," which at best are two of the least cheering words in the language, make a peculiarly depressing imprint upon the human soul.

Then the sentence was finished. Complete, it was as follows:

"Don't forget, the oatmeal is cooling out on the kitchen porch."

All of a sudden the world turned bright and happy. Fortune was smiling on me again.

Tastes in food are infinitely varied. You hear praises bestowed on all manner of meats and vegetables and sauces and salads and desserts and fruits. But from the general silence on the subject of oatmeal I gather that very few people share my passion for this humble dish.

In my boyhood I hated it. After being a spoiled child, allowed to eat what I liked, I was sent to the Bingham School at Asheville (long since gone out of existence).

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Football Players Bringing Casket From Church

WEEKLY PHOTO—BILL PROUTY

Coach Tatum Laid To Rest Among Chapel Hill Scenes He Loved So Well

Jim Tatum was laid to rest here Saturday within a couple of long touchdown runs of where he had touched to achieve his greatest success.

Big Jim's oversize copper casket was lowered gently beneath a shade tree in Chapel Hill Cemetery—within earshot of the Bell Tower and the Saturday afternoon roar from Kenan Stadium.

The colorful and sometimes controversial coach had died at 10:40 p.m. Thursday on the other side of the hill above the stadium, of what doctors at Memorial Hospital described as an overwhelming virus infection.

Completely unlike the way he had lived for 46 years, Sunny Jim died quietly, after lapsing

into a coma several hours earlier.

His death was mourned by hundreds of sports figures and educators who had known him during his 25-year career.

Other stories and pictures on Jim Tatum are on pages 4 and 5. Editorial comment is on page 2.

hundreds of sports figures and educators who had known him during his 25-year career. His fellow coaches and former players came to Chapel Hill from all parts of the nation to pay their last respects to a man who had become one of the most widely known football coaches in the country.

Since his graduation at the University in 1935 he had achieved one of the most enviable records in the sport, winning 100 games, losing 35 and tying seven.

Across the street from where he was buried, Sunny Jim had planned to start practice sessions Sept. 1 for what he expected to be his greatest season since he returned to his beloved Chapel Hill three years ago to rebuild the University's football program.

The eulogy was delivered by the Rev. Charles S. Hubbard in the University Methodist Church. But it would be as accurate to say the funeral service was held on sun-drenched Franklin Street, for there were more people standing in solemn tribute along the street than the huge church could accommodate.

Mrs. Tatum could not attend the services. She is a patient at Memorial Hospital, recovering from the effects of the same virus which killed her husband. Two of the Tatum children also were hit by the virus, but recovered without hospitalization.

The eulogy was delivered in the quiet, conversational tone of a man who knew Jim Tatum intimately, and in the words of his minister the illustrious coach had a better record as a Christian than he had as a winning football coach.

"He could have had a record better than he had if he had been less a gentleman, less a Christian," said the Rev. Mr. Hubbard. "But I know, and the men who worked with him know, that Jim kept a lot of boys on the squad who he knew would never make the first team. He felt those boys needed an education."

In his eulogy to the colorful coach, Mr. Hubbard recalled Mr. Tatum's famous remark that winning isn't the most important thing. It's the only thing.

"Jim is a man who has taught us that there is more to be said for his statement," Mr. Hubbard added. "He worked hard at winning fairly and honestly."

Jim Tatum, as his minister knew him, was the type of man who "strove to do his best—even though it got him into trouble at times—and all he asked of anyone was that they do their best."

"He made his will the dominating factor in his life. His inspiration was in his friends, his family and in God.

"He was a man admired by men who know men, a gentleman all his life, a Christian who loved his Lord and his church."

A squad of his football players moved Jim Tatum's big casket out of the church and over to the shady lot in the cemetery.

And a man standing under another tree nearby recalled the big man's words when he came back to Chapel Hill in 1956: "It's like Ole Br'er Rabbit coming back to the briar patch."

Proposed Extension Of Carrboro Boundaries Discussed By Citizens

At a meeting in the auditorium of the new Carrboro school last Friday night, a group of some 30 Carrboro residents from outside the Carrboro city limits elected a committee to present to the Carrboro Aldermen their views on the possible extension of the Carrboro city limits.

Calvin Burch, who arranged the gathering, stated at the outset that Carrboro Mayor R. B. Todd and the entire Carrboro Board of Aldermen were in favor of extending the city limits into the area west of Carrboro and that the outlying residents who would be included by the annexation ought to be aware of the possible benefits and probable results of such a move before they agreed to be annexed.

Mr. Burch explained that the proposed Carrboro boundary would "go along North Greensboro Street to the Hillsboro Road, out the Hillsboro Road to the Bud Weaver place, over to route 54 and along Route 54 to the bypass, and then down to Merritt Mill Road."

"I don't want to go into Carrboro or Chapel Hill or anyplace,"

continued Mr. Burch, "unless I know what benefits there'll be. The reason I called this meeting is that I was afraid someone would get a petition out and get it all signed up and get the question (of annexation) to a vote before we have a chance to talk. If it came to a vote tomorrow I don't know which way I'd go. But since they want us in Carrboro, that puts us in a position to bargain with them."

"One thing I believe is that Carrboro people who spent their own money to improve the land out beyond the city limits ought to be reimbursed if that land is annexed by the town. I also believe that in case of any future improvement, a person should know what he's going into before he makes any plans.

"I think we should elect a committee to deal with the Aldermen and represent us in this matter."

The committee as it was finally accepted: Tom Goodrich, Carl Ellington, John Boone, Mrs. Ruth West, Bryant Hackney, Earl Settlement, who was appointed chairman by the committee members themselves, and Raymond Pendergraph.

chapel hill Scenes

MRS. ROBERT R. CLARK waxing nostalgic about Baltimore, her native city. Visitors at Morehead sundial enjoying rose gardens, which apparently will keep right on blooming all summer. Unique animal that hangs out at Michael's Grill: Cat with white face and black nose. MRS. STURGIS LEAVITT driving through traffic as expertly and breezily as she did in 1910. ISABEL WINSETTE bemoaning loss of Shields' store; now she'll have to walk clear out to West Franklin to get groceries.

Weather Report

Warm and humid with scattered showers.

	High	Low
Thursday	90	71
Friday	90	71
Saturday	93	72
Sunday	91	70

The mating urge comes late to the goldfinch, which now hangs its cuplike nest in a big thistle or even a stalk of corn. Another late nester is the cuckoo, better known as the raiser. The mourning dove nests early and late, from March to September.