Wadn film Laberatoride

-Chancellor House's Reminiscences-

(Continued from Page 1)

ten-year stay in Chicago as nev-Carolina Memorial Hospital having a bout with some ailment. have no doubt that he is up to his life-long work; i.e., thinking up something constructive for the University and putting it in a tunate, he will organize it, and energize it. I speak from exme many helpful times. Energizing is his favorite word.

I mention his bout with ailments because his spiritual conquest of a serious illness in our time and his discipline of himself have been the secret of his productivity. He was put out of action by sickness for a long time. When he had recuperated days. It was finished by the genhis doctor told him, "You have erosity of James A. Gray. two choices. You can play or you can work. You can't do both." Dr. Wilson chose work. But the necessity of taking it quietly confirmed him in the wisdom of thinking things out first, then memorandizing, organizing, and energizing his thoughts of Uni-

versity development. When I first saw Dr. Wilson he was all activity on the tennis court where Alderman Dormitory now stands. He was holding up his part in a fast game of tennis with Ed Graham, Pat Winston, and Billy Dey. These four along with Archibald Henderson and Dr. Venable formed a faculty group of crack tennis players who regularly beat the student varsity. There may have been others than these, but these are the ones I saw. In his new regimen Dr. Wilson had to give up tennis. His only exercise as far as I could observe has been walking to work, to church, and to innumerable meetings.

My next view of him was at the Methodist Church where he was then Superintendent of the versity by Andrew Carnegie. Dr. Sunday School, But Dr. Wilson Wilson planned it and directed in a life-long service, matched the present Library, named in his

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Feb. 11, NEIL DOUGLAS

in 1899, taught a year in my na- only by his friend Clyde Eubanks, tive Halifax County, taught a has done everything a layman year in Catawba College, and can do in a church. I don't think 1901 as Librarian. Counting his churches longer than these two colleagues. I remark in this coner-the-less spiritual presence in nection that each of the Chapel Chapel Hill, he has been in Chap-Hill churches developed first in el Hill ever since 1901. As I the buildings of the University write these words he is in North by cooperation of campus and village. One of the special features of the Methodist Sunday But in moments of respite there I School was a men's Bible class taught in my time by Dean Stacy and then Bully Bernard. I have enjoyed the privilege of teaching this class for thirty-six years. memorandum where it counts. It is now a class of men, wom-Later on, if he and we are for- en, and children. Dr. Eubanks is in his nineties. He has never been long interrupted by sickperience; for he has energized ness. But sick or well, these two partners of town and gown have worked in religion. Manifestly they not only give strength to all church enterprises, but they also gain strength from them. They were leaders in building the present University Methodist Church. This was an enormous task, especially in Depression

Mr. Gray's action is a sample of both alumni and general conference support of Chapel Hill churches, because each of them has about the largest student congregation of any of the churches elsewhere in the several denominations of North Carolina. The work of Drs. Wilson and Eubanks and Mr. Gray is matched by town, gown, alumni, and general conference in each of the other Chapel Hill churches. There is a Quaker strain in Dr. Wilson and a kindred spirit in Dr. Eubanks. They leave religious controversy to one side, move on quietly, cheerfully, and constantly on the simple, obvious things that transcend old and new prejudices and manipulations.

I have accented religion in the makeup of Dr. Wilson because it is from religion that he draws his personal and institutional pow-

We students did not need to see Dr. Wilson in the Library. That building is now Hill Hall of Music. It was given to the Uni-

Valentine"

honor the Louis Round Wilson Library, Librarians over the State and nation saw and heard came back to the University in anybody here has served, the Dr. Wilson constantly. His achievements in Librarianship as well as in other fields have been brilliantly recorded by A. C. Howell in his book, "The Kenan Professorships." It is sufficient say that his professional achievements run from the consolidation of the old Phi and Di Libraries to the present Library over a million volumes and manuscripts also running into tremendous figures. In education for librarians his work extends from our simple beginnings here to our present status as a Graduate School. It also embraces the peak of library training and publication in Chicago. As to library organizations, boards, and commissions he has run the gamut from village to nation. It takes no glory from his students and colleagues to name Dr. Wilson as Pope of American Libraries. Or it may suit his Methodist temperament to call him simply Presiding Bishop.

We did not need to see Dr. Wilson in the Library because our needs were beautifully cared for by Miss Nan Strudwick and other assistants. Miss Strudwick, now the widow of Frank Nash, former Attorney General of North Carolina, sat at a desk in the main lobby. She looked like a fine cameo framed in flow-Her refined care of our needs left Dr. Wilson quiet in his sanctum. There he not only ran libraries, but memorandized, organized, and energized the deelopment of the whole Universi-

We saw the manifestations of his rhythm: "The Alumni Re-"Studies in Philology," 'Extension Bulletins." We saw the dramatic beginning of the High School Debating Union, the High School Athletic Association, and just as we were leaving for war, the "Alumni Loyal-Fund." Ralph Rankin was Dr. Wilson's able assistant in all these extra-library beginnings. Dr. Wilson launched Ralph on a fifty-year career of University Extension from which he retired

Beyond our time lay the great educational campaign of 1921, the full powered Extension Division, the University of N. C. Press, the Consolidation, the Sesquicentennial and its eighteen volumes of publication, also fundamental works on libraries and education. Dr. Howell brings the full record down to Dr. Wilson's present career as editor and historian. Only those who sat in with him on the entire process can appreciate the infinite detail and eternal follow-through Dr. Wilson directed.

played as we call play in our conventions of recreation. The answer is that he stayed relaxed in spirit and played in his neighborhood. On his Rosemary Street block lived his old friends, the Wagstaffs, the Bransons, the Stacys, the Henrys, the Lasleys, the Knights, the Kochs, and others who came and went. I don't know their habits, but I do know their joyous congeniality. They did not have to do anything to enjoy life. They were already

enjoying it. Across the street lived their individualistic, controversial,-cantankerous neighbor, Horace Williams. He put the iron into their souls and kept them from getting soft. He was their polar opposite in approach. But in the long perspective they all revealed the same underlying faith in life and dedication to the University, variety in unity.

TO BE CONTINUED

Graveside Services For Andrews Infant

Graveside services were conducted Thursday afternoon at the Antioch Baptist Church for Nancy Elizabeth Andrews, oneday-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Billy Andrews of Rt. 1, Chapel

The infant died Wednesday morning in Duke Hospital. Surviving are the parents; one

brother, Ronald Andrews of the home; the maternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Dixon of Carrboro; and the paternal grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. T. P. Andrews of Rt. 1, Chapel Hill.

> **Friendly Service** in CARRBORO

—A Talk With Thomas H. Collins—

(Continued from Page 1)

sat down and began to size this thing up. I had chosen this profession, and I could see that it didn't make you rich, so I had to get some satisfaction to make up for it. I looked around to see where I could get the most satisfaction, and I decided that the Chicago Daily News was where could get the most satisfaction. It was an afternoon paper, and a six-day paper, so the work didn't break you in half. You have to do a tremendous amount of work to put out a Sunday pap-'So I went out there in 1942

and started as a copy reader, on

the rim. I retired as executive

editor. The column started in 1948. You may remember, about that time everybody was going wild over teenagers, they'd just discovered teenagers, and we had teenagers running out of our neck. The merchants were all hipped on teenagers, and everybody. Well we began to wonder if we should be paying this much attention to a six or seven-year age group like this. I was feature editor at the time, and we decided we'd start a column for old people, sixty-five or older, there were about ten or eleven million of them then, and there are about sixteen or seventeen million of them now. It was called The Golden Years. I coined the name. I started writing it just for the Daily News, but we began to get mail to the column that was abnormal. Nowadays people don't write letters to the editor the way they used to, not with radio and television. But we were getting this abnormal amount of mail, from old people, the column attracted a great deal of attention, not because it was so particularly good, but because these people had time to write letters. They were retired, they had time, so they sat down and wrote letters. Well, a syndicate in New York heard about the column and all the mail we were getting, they picked it up and syndicated it. It went pretty well. It's in about 130 papers now, the good papers. I was getting two thousand let-

"Well, it was a weekly column am I talking too much? It was a weekly column, and pretty soon a lot of other people started to get into the business too. Well thought I knew more about it than anybody else, and the syndicate thought so too. General Features Incorporated in New York. they thought so too, so I started to write a daily column in addition to the weekly, called Senior Forum, taking my mother's name as a byline, my mother was a Hightower. There's an interesting story in connection with that. My wife writes too, and her name is Beulah. When she started writing her column she didn't want to use the name Beulah, and we have three boys named Kent, Todd, and Paul, they're coined names, no family names, they're going to have to write 'em all their life, so keep 'em short. Well, she made a name out of their three initials, K, T, and P. Katy P. Collins. But the syndicate didn't think the P. ought to be in there, so she made it just Katy Collins, and Paul got left out. So when I needed a byline I used Paul. Paul Hightow-

'So I started this other column too, and it went, it's in about 74, 75 papers. Well, the mail started to stack up almost to the ceiling, so I had to move it all out and do the column at home. We worked out a complicated office arrangement at home, because I didn't want to spend my evenings away from my lady up in a writing room, but there was the career side, too. I was feature editor, and then they moved me up to assistant city editor, then assistant news editor, then assistant managing editor, then managing editor, and then two years before I retired they made me executive editor. You don't goof around with this kind of a job, mister, it's your life. I had to keep the two separate, so we had an office arrangement at home - Would you like to see our office downstairs? We can

talk better down there. "Hope you don't mind walking across the basement. The people who owned this house before had an apartment they rented down here, and we turned it into an office . . . watch television there . . . we write in here.

Mr. and Mrs. Collins' office has three desks, two typewriters, two swivel chairs, filing cabiwall covered with framed mementos, most of them newspaper clippings. One long, narrow

Tribune. Along about this time 1 frame contains Time Magazine's story which appeared when Mr. Collins brought out his first book based on the Golden Years column. (His second appeared just recently.)

That Time story cost me

twenty thousand dollars," he said. "You see down here, it says whenever I come home Mrs. Collins brings me a bourbon in a peanut butter jar - you know, those Skippy peanut butter jars, they're the best thing for a drink. Well, Mrs Collins had an aunt who owned a lot of rich black farmland, and she just couldn't believe that ner nieces or children or anybody they would marry would smoke or anything - we never smoked in front of her and certainly not drink. When she saw that in Time she never said a word, but there went twenty thousand dollars right out the window. Of course I made more than twenty thousand from increased sales of the book, anyway, but there it went, cost me twenty thousand.

Well. I put in twenty years at the paper, and after they made me executive editor, I knew we had it made. I could be free, I could do whatever I wanted to, and go wherever I wanted to, and we started looking around the country for a place to live. You just don't go at this lightly. This is an important decision. You've got to go someplace and put the roots down, and then that's it. I thought at first I'd like to try the Rio Grande valley in Texas, so we went down there for three weeks to size it up. It's pretty country, you're in the pink grapefruit region, you've got a river, you're right near Mexico so you've got cheap labor. But I wouldn't have it. Too many Mexicans, too much poverty. And it's too inaccessible. You have to take a jumper plane to Houston and then take a plane from there, it might take you two days to get to Chicago if you wanted to see your family or something.

Then we tried the northwest, and that's pretty country, but they have rainy seasons out there that are too depressing. It just gets you down. We looked down around Florida. It took less than five minutes to decide we didn't want to live in St. Petersburg and St. Petersburg has always taken my column too, they were my first customer. We liked the Hagerstown, Maryland, country, just north of Washington, that's Eisenhower country up there, you know, cosmopolitan, New York and Washington right handy.

"But then we tried Chapel Hill. I didn't know anybody here, my wife didn't know anybody here. but I made six trips down here sizing the place up, and we liked it. I flew down to look for some real estate, and then I went back and put the family in the car drove down here and looked at it. I remember one thing that sold us most was, we were parked up on Franklin Street in front of The Hub, and we left the three boys in the car while we went around to talk to some real estate man. and when we came back some fellow named Turner was out there talking to the boys, telling them what a great place Chapel Hill was. I'd never seen him, didn't know him, but there he was, from Georgia himself. You know when you're moving three boys, all their friends were up north, they went to school there, they were born there, that's all they ever knew. You tell 'em they're going to move nine hundred miles away just because mother and dad say it's a good place to live, they don't buy it right away. But that fellow had them halfway sold on Chapel Hill, and that helped sell

"It's a university town, for one thing, and you get serious, dedicated people in a university town. There's the atmosphere. It's friendly, you can walk down Franklin Street and tell. Another thing is, it has a gentility. There's so much violence in the South, people have their sheen of civilization, and you can stand it, you can stand to watch a couple of guys carve each other up, but you don't like it. But here, we've only lived here a month, but I bet we have neighbors around here who don't like to kill rabbits. The people here don't like violence and killing. Thery save cats from trees, that kind of thing. And there's the economic end. People here don't care so much about the dollar. That's one of the things about this country, we think of everything in terms nets, a shelf full of books, and a of the almighty buck, but here you don't see a lot of Cadillacs parked around. You see people in cute little cars, trying to dis-

up to the campus I wore a pinch suit - Capper and Capper, that's the best men's store in Chicago, all the business men who have made it wear Capper and Capper suits - I wore a Capper, and I felt out of place. People don't care about flashy clothes around here. So we came, and I expect some day they'll bury Mrs. Collins and I under one of those oak trees out there, and maybe our boys will live their lives here

sit out on this patio here and look at the trees, and I think, I've got this freedom, I can do anything I want, I'm beholden to no man, what am I going to do? Most people retire at 65. I retired at 51. I'm lucky. What am I going to do? Should I breed dogs? Be a farmer? Build a better moustrap? I'm going to write books. Fiction. I'll write another book from my Golden Years material eventually. My wife just signed a contract to write a book. But I'm not going to sign any contracts. I'm going to write a book, if they'll print it, fine, if they won't, well all right 'The problems people write

to me about are mostly about money. People retire, they're on a pension or social security, they know they're going to have to live on two hundred and fifty dollars a month, and they get frightened. They've been getting eight, ten thousand a year, now they're on a pension. They don't know how they can do it. The thing is, they can do it. It's all right. They just don't know they can. The more money they make before retirement, the more scared they are to retire. A man and his wife, just the two of them, can live very comfortably on two hundred and fifty dollars a month. People don't know very much about money and financing, budgeting, but they can figure it out for themselves at the dining table in one evening. They can figure we're going to spend a third of what we have to eat well, and so much for this, so much for that, we'll take a little better care of these clothes than we have been, and we'll be all right. They won't drive a fine car, but does that matter? It doesn't matter. It doesn't make hundred and twenty-five-dollar suit or a fifty-dollar suit, just so it looks decent. They can live in a trailer, or a small house, as befits their circumstances, and they'll be fine. People just

"I made two tours to find out how people were living, down in Florida. I went down the west coast and up the east coast, just talking to retired people. They do all right. Most of them are in favor of Kennedy's medical care for the aged, though the don't like to say so for fear of offending their family doctor. If you could have a secret vote of fifteen million people over 65, I'm sure almost all of them would vote for medicare, if they could be sure their family doctor wouldn't find out how they voted. Their doctor is next to their minister, you know "Another problem people write

don't realize this.

to me about is their children. Every mother thinks she brought up angels. Men aren't this way too much, but women are. They all think their children are nothing but angels, and their children are just people, ten toes and ten fingers just like everybody else. Pop dies, and Momma's left with what's left of the family money, and the children say, well, we know you're going to leave it to us anyway, and we need money, so how about giving it to us? In a few years you'll be gone, but I'll be rich then, I need it now. Spouses make trouble, too, a daughter's husband, or a son's wife. The wife says, well your mother's right over the hill there, sitting on about thirty thousand, why don't you go over and ask her for some, we can buy us a house? There's a difference between the generations, they just can't seem to get along. Young people don't have any respect for their parents, they don't pay any attention to them, they move off

to California and write to mother once a year at Christmastime. When a man gets into his late thirties or early forties, he's feeling pressures. He's got to succeed, he's got children in school, he may have an ambitious wife who wants to join the country club, he has a mortgage on the house, he wants to keep his wife set up in the community, she wants to be known as the wife of a successful man. He hasn't got time for his mother. She may live right over there, but he hasn't got time to pay attention to her, he's got too much else to

"I bet I've gotten a thousand letters from widows who have

tinguish themselves with their given their money to their chilcars, but the first time I went dren, and then the children just take the money and go about collar and a Capper and Capper their business and never pay any more attention to their mother. Here, these are some letters. I've got cartons of them back in the basement. Some people just write a nice little letter-like this

"Dear Mr. Collins: You are a DANDY MAN," said the first line "Most people write with prob-

lems. Look through those letters, Most of them mention money. A lot of them are just written in pencil, like this, uneducated people. I don't let these things get too close to me. I'd be dead if I worried about them all. Sometimes I worry about them. I remember one letter I got from a man, there was some possibility of suicide, something about a merger in his company, I worried about that one. That night I telephoned him. Most people, all they want is just somebody to tell them it's all right, you know how people are. Anything that comes in with a stamp I write a letter back. Of course, at the same time I can't get too callous about it, because these are people, they've got flesh and blood, just like me. You've got to strike a balance. Any newspaper columnist is a phychiatrist too, because you have to look at a problem objectively, state it objectively.

"I get to know some of these people pretty well. Some of the best friends I have are people who write me letters. I have one friend, he was in Firestone's advertising department, and then he went with BBD&O and made a real success of it. When retirement came he started south, looking for some place to settle down. This isn't the way you should do it. You should pick your place and then go to it. Anyway, he went down south, and he didn't see anything he liked, and he went down to Florida, and didn't want to stay there, and so he started back up north. One night he stopped in a little town in Georgia, I've never been there though I'd heard of it when was a boy. Well, he met a Junior Chamber of Commerce man in the motel there, and now he runs the Chamber of Commerce in that town, and he's really cutting the bushes, I hear. A promoter all his life, you see, and now he's promoting the town. any difference whether you wear He's really topping the bushes down there.

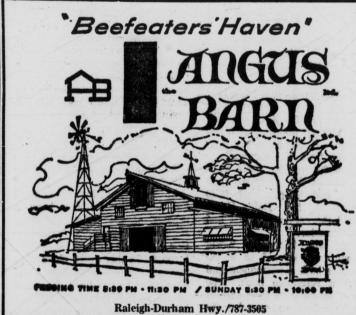
"I'm enrolled in the University now, and so is Mrs. Collins. Noncredit. I just go over there to sit and listen to the smart guys, to find out something. I figure they know a lot more than I do. and I can learn something. I expect I'll be going to the University for another ten years, just to sit and listen. I'm taking a political science course now, and my wife is in conversational

French. 'The trouble is, I don't know what to wear to class. I don't want to be the only man in there with a dark suit and tie, because I don't want to compete with the professor But I don't want to look like Johnny Sophomore, eith-That would be wrong. don't want to be a standout. I'll figure out something. I'll get me some blue jeans or something.

"No, I've never had any real trouble with my name, about it being a drink. I've gotten along with it all right. I went up to see this minister, Thrasher, the other day, and when I walked in the first thing he said was 'How do you ever get along with a name like that?' But I use Thomas Collins as a byline because, you know, a lot of papers don't take liquor advertising, and it wouldn't look so good. My wife's family are all Quakers, out in Iowa, and they weren't sure they liked me having a name like that, but it's all right. I use T. Hightower Collins when I want to be dignified, but who wants to be dignified, anyway? You don't need to be dignified."









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