

"Gee Whiz, Dad! Don't Be So New-Fashioned!"

-Looking Back-

The Chapel Hill Weekly

"If the matter is important and you are sure of your ground, never fear to be in the minority."

ORVILLE CAMPBELL, Publisher JAMES SHUMAKER, General Manager

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One Thing The Special Session Could Use: The Former Gentleman From Orange

If all goes as expected, and the Legislature is called back to Raleigh in special session by Governor Sanford, Orange County will have had three Representatives in the 1963 General Assembly. This is a right rare feat for a county which has but a single seat in the State House.

Orange's political version of musical chairs began early in the 1963 session when John Umstead gave up his seat to take care of his health. Judge L. J. Phipps, chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee, was appointed to succeed him.

This coming Sunday, Judge Phipps will be installed as Department Commander of the North Carolina American Legion. In order to serve in the Legion post, Judge Phipps had to resign from the Legislature. The Legion bylaws do not allow the Department Commander to hold elective office.

Governor Sanford is expected to call the special session of the Legislature for September. Sometime shortly prior

to its convening, the Orange Democratic Executive Committee will name a successor to Judge Phipps.

We would like to suggest that the Executive Committee appoint John Umstead to his old seat. We have no idea whether Mr. Umstead's doctor would consent to his undertaking legislative duty, or whether Mr. Umstead would consent to serve, even with his doctor's permission. But if it could be consummated, this would be an appointment that would serve the best interests of both Orange County and North Carolina.

Although he has made no public comment on the matter, we feel certain Mr. Umstead could be counted on to use his considerable influence in helping repeal the Legislature's misconceived "anti-communist" gag law.

If he didn't hit another lick in the Legislature, the trip would still have been eminently worthwhile.

We hope the Executive Committee will offer the appointment to Mr. Umstead — preferably on a silver platter.

And Still As Pretense-less As Earth

Don Matheson retired Sunday after 34 years as Orange County's farm agent, still as simple and pretense-less as earth. Even in his last "County Agent's Column" there wasn't a word about his departure from the official agricultural scene. The last item in his last column is about small grain.

You might think a man as apparently impetuous as Don Matheson had spent half his life sitting behind an old desk in Hillsboro toting Orange County's farmers when to sow and when to reap. Mr. Matheson's gaze from behind his spectacles was as patient as a cow's, as wise as an old hound's. When you walked into his office there was no breast-beating about Orange crops blasting out of the earth like ICBM's, turgid with vitamins and impervious to beetles. There was no flag-flapping about Orange cattle turning into mountains of beef and rivers of milk, crusted with blue ribbons and gorging themselves on pasture rich as custard.

Mr. Matheson just looked at you in a distant, kindly way that made you feel

like a plant that had responded handsomely to mulch, and asked you how you and your friends were.

Behind the quiet pleasantries, however, was a man who was partly responsible for bringing rural electricity and telephones to the County; who persuaded a livestock market to establish near Hillsboro; who instigated new programs of diversified farming which benefited the County's dairy industry; and who was particularly interested in helping young farmers.

Don Matheson had that tweedy look about him that reminds you of a country squire. He will probably retain the tweedy look in retirement. Three and a half decades of accomplishment hasn't changed him, and won't. At a gathering in his honor in Hillsboro Sunday he even said that the wrong man was being honored. This is what honorees are supposed to say, of course. The farmers themselves deserved the honor, he said, but there was something about the way he said it that made you feel he really meant it.

Air-Conditioned Voice In The Land

The voice of the air conditioner is abroad in the land. All over the neighborhood a low, whirring hum sounds. In the late afternoons and, unfortunately, in the early mornings the voice of the power mower is added to the mechanical chorus. At midday the humidity muffles the sound of cars.

The heat moves aimlessly through the house, hazing spectacles and making tabletops sticky. The pages of slick magazines hang limply in the hand. Ice cream is about as easy to keep as snow in a boiler room. Every time you park the car the hot motor hiccoughs a few times after the motor is turned off, and the window sill is too hot to rest your arm on when you come back. The A & P looks like a mirage shimmering across the Eastgate asphalt frypan. A newly paved stretch on Franklin Street smells heavily of hot tar, even though the pavement is not melting. The men working on Hillsboro Street are all shirtless and shining with perspiration.

Policemen retreat to the shelter of awnings, shifting their caps and mopping their brows. Drooping dogs lie where they can and would look dead but for heaving ribs and dripping tongues. Students go candidly barefoot.

You remember when the wind swept down Franklin Street piling snow in the gutters and freezing the naked limbs of

trees? When the furnaces roared their hearts out and you came indoors with your ears stinging? It's unimaginable. And when the furnace starts roaring again and the wind sweeps the sleet down Franklin Street we'll all long for the unimaginable sound of the air conditioner and the smell of hot tar.

Bats In Our Belfry

We discovered this week that a local firm dealing in foreign cars drives an International truck, which seems to be at least near the peak of diplomacy.

This brought to mind a few other things we observed last week about this Town. You can buy shirts in a grocery store. You can buy groceries at a filling station. You can buy furniture and guns at a record store. Considerable real estate information can be had at one of the local movie theaters. There is actually a place in this Town where you can get a shot of (illicit) liquor sold to you across a bar. The radio station rents an apartment on its premises.

Quite a Town, this is. We might be persuaded that any of the above could happen anywhere, but for one item: among a shelf of recommended children's books in the Intimate Bookshop is a copy of the writings of Machiavelli.



Letters: Desegregation, The Gag Law

Dear Sir: Frances Wood Crawford's letter to this column (6/26/63) suggests that her fellow citizens of the Committee for Open Business think of their work toward completing the surface integration of Chapel Hill as "valiant." While our movement is no more free from purple rhetoric or weary cliché than most social agitations, I don't recall our having termed ourselves valiant. In fact, a fairly objective view of our concerns and the ways we have gone about expressing them would reveal that our motives are as mixed as any human beings' short of the saints are and that our methods have been confused, inefficient, and haphazard. A share of the time, Press accounts of our open meetings frequently make us sound considerably more organized and parliamentary than we in fact have been. There has been about our confabs and marches that healthy confusion that usually suggests a good many people are participating quite individually, freely, and wholeheartedly in what a group is doing. Reader Crawford's view that we are some grim, sinister force leveling threats, calling ourselves valiant, and being ugly in general begs correction in point of fact.

Moving to theory, Frances Crawford and I differ in our definitions of ugliness. Where she finds pickets, boycotts, and demonstrations esthetically unpleasant, quite a number of Chapel Hillians find these devices the only remedy left us for the totally offensive evil of men, women, and children's being denied the dignity of human beings regardless of their individual qualities or abilities simply because their skin is darker than Frances Crawford's. And she will not have to walk about very long in our "broadminded and tolerant" Chapel Hill to find that dignity arrogantly denied Negro Chapel Hillians. A picket line, is not ugly if it is there for the right reasons, nor does anyone taking time out from his other duties and pleasures to do reader Crawford's work for her consider himself a member of a mob filled with "hot animal violence." Why does it not offend her sense of moral beauty to see a child sent into the street to sweep dust into the shoes of a Negro lady on the picket line (Colonial Drug Store, Sunday, June 23, 6:30 p.m., five witnesses) or the owner of that store on the sidewalk . . . calling a mature Negro student "boy"?

What are the "moderates" doing to make Chapel Hill a community that can genuinely be beloved by more than those privileged white persons who can go in any store they wish, expect to be hired for jobs on the basis of their ability, be called by their full names with a Mr. and Mrs. or Miss attached, and enjoy the other freedoms of first-class citizenship? We are pledged to the whole of Chapel Hill to win our struggle; and if foggy, romantic sentiments supporting unlimited freedom for business enterprise at the expense of freedom for persons force us to win it in the streets, we shall have to win our fight there. We are in the streets to appeal to the conscience of this town. We are there to demonstrate that Chapel Hill's Negroes want more than picturesque flower ladies in a sweet engraving of the mythical good old days in the Southern Part of Heaven when everything was calm and pleasant.

BILLY ARTHUR

REMEMBER, ALL OF YOU folks who are preparing to spend July 4th at the shore or in the mountains, the only person who is qualified to handle a pint and a quart and drive is the milkman. We remind you that automobiles have claimed a number of lives in North Carolina already this year, and that you can be of great assistance to the press if you will heed the request of the Charlotte Observer. In the Thirties it carried this box story on page one the day before Memorial Day, but it applies just as well to July 4th: "The Observer asks that persons who intend to mix liquor with automobiles in their Memorial Day celebrations please leave typed obituaries and photographs or one column cuts with the city editor before beginning the day's observance. The clearing of the accident stories this will be facilitated for the news staff." ALREADY GARAGE MEN are gassing and oiling their wreckers. Like farmers, they expect a bumper crop this Independence Day. Of motorists, that is. Well, you call them motorists until they scare the daylights out of you. Then you name them properly. You try to give them half of the road, but you can't tell which half they want. NOT ONLY ARE VACATIONERS difficult. Take the fellow described by H. E. Brimley in a 1902 edition of the Observer. He determines to spend "A Day in the Country" this way: "Along the streets he drives his car with caution. (The cops have stop watches and know the miles). He guides it in and out with gentle torsion

And, heading for the country, gently smiles. "Through suburbs wide he feels her moving faster. Though still within the limit set by law; No pitfalls here to bring him sad disaster— No police to stop him with upheld paw. And then he's in the country— "The chickens scatter as he rushes through them. At least some scatter, though a few remain: A bolting pair of mules gets all that's due them, A calf is left behind to nurse its pain. "Returning homeward by a different routing— He eats the miles when roads are smooth and hard. And into town he slows her, ever hooting. Alert to stop—gainst accidents on guard. "Dismounting from his chosen speed charmer He finds her flecked with feathers, bones and hair; Such a pleasant day spent with honest farmer Repays him well for all his skill and care." THAT'S ONE TYPE. There are others, and they are popularly classified in a single category as Sunday and/or holiday drivers. I think you'll find that most of the accidents on the highways are caused by these so-called Sunday and holiday drivers getting on the roads other days in the week. They also include the man who parks his car all week, then takes it out on Sundays and holidays and makes all his mistakes. THEY ARE THE PEOPLE who spend holidays on the highways and the rest of the week in the hospital. And you, the rest of your life in the cemetery,

James W. Gardner Dear Sir: Some Englishman said during World War II that Hitler was the scourge of the Lord on the democracies. I venture to say that the communists are the scourge of the Lord on the Birchites and Goldwaters as well as on the landed gentry of South America who live on the fat of the land while the peasants live on the level of animals. Of course the rich people in the cities and the landlords are not going to do anything about the situation because they like it as it is. The communists are about the only people left who are dedicated to changing the order of things. We just did escape by a hair's breadth, one vote in the State Legislature, having the Tennessee Monkey law foisted on this State in the 1920s. Anyone would think that we would be so grateful that we were spared that fate that there would never be an attempt of that nature again in our Legislature. When did we become so afraid of the merits and superiority of democracy that we doubted it could stand up in a debate with a communist? What President Kennedy said in Berlin the other day — Let anyone who thinks that communism is the wave of the future, look at the wall — applies equally well to this country. What ideas are the rightists afraid of debating in a free and open society? The Berlin wall is the single biggest indictment of communism. But who wants to build a wall in America? Evidently, it is not the communists. Let's build no walls on our State campuses. Otelia Connor

From the Weekly's files: IN 1923 — Old East May Have to Go "The Old East, the first building erected by any state university in America, may have to come down. In tearing out the interior to remodel it for the uses of a modern dormitory, the construction forces found the outer walls out of plumb several inches. The bricks are soft and the plaster crumbling. For the sake of safety, the workmen have had to be ordered out, and the public is kept away by railings and signs. A special meeting of the trustees' building committee has been called for next Monday, to consider what shall be done. If the building can possibly be saved, it will be.

of supplementing the State allowance." IN 1943 — New Gasoline Coupons "A new type of gasoline ration coupon known as TT coupons will be issued to commercial vehicles from now on. The new TT coupons will take the place of the T ration stamps formerly used. "Moody Durman, chairman of the Ration Board, says that the purpose of this new type of gasoline rations for commercial vehicles is to take up 'slack' mileage and to remove potential sources of black market gasoline. "Rumors have been persistent," he says, 'of the sale of gas without coupons, and the holders of the old-type T stamps have often been pointed to as the possible source of this ration-free supply. The TT-coupon will reduce the possibility of such leakage, and from now on we should hear less and less of black market gasoline.'" IN 1953 — Wild Dogs "Repeated forays by wild dogs in the Morgan's Creek lowlands near the Pittsboro Road were climaxed one night last week when the dogs pulled down and killed a calf in Eben Merritt's herd of beef cattle. "The next afternoon Mr. Merritt and Ben Williams were investigating the incident when one of the dogs charged Mr. Williams and was only a few steps from him when he killed it with a shotgun. Mr. Merritt said that about a dozen dogs had been killed in the area in recent months while making raids on poultry and livestock. He said the dogs are mongrels that seem to live well and reproduce plentifully in the brushy meadows along the creek. "Jack Andrews told Mr. Merritt last Friday night that he had seen a dead calf when he was frog-frogging. The next morning Mr. Merritt saw that the calf was from his herd and began hunting its killers. That afternoon he and Mr. Williams approached the sandbar from opposite directions. A big dog that looked like a German shepherd charged Mr. Williams as he neared the dead calf and Mr. Williams shot and killed it. Several other dogs that were feeding on the calf fled when he fired."

IN 1933 — The Inn's Beer Garden "The Carolina Inn is to have a beer garden. Or, if you prefer, you may call it a tea garden, or a lemonade or coca cola garden. For all these beverages will be served, and any others—permissible under the law — for which there is a popular demand. "Mr. Holmes is arranging to place tables on the lawn in front of the Inn, overlooking Cameron Avenue. Colored electric lights will be strung over them, and in the afternoon they will be sheltered from the sun either by awnings or by gay-hued umbrellas of the sort seen on bathing beaches. . . . "There is a report that the State School Commission is trying to work out a plan for constituting Chapel Hill a special administrative unit under the new law, so that this community may hold an election on the question

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A Classic Maneuver The Gag Law's Background

By ED YODER In the Greensboro Daily News Every state official's nightmare is the palmy June season when legislative tempers frazzle and political skies darken with zany causes. But what was unseen on the horizon as late as the day before it passed—even in this humid session — was the bill to keep "known Communist" speakers away from state campuses. Raleigh observers now agree on two aspects of this absurd bill: The first is that in a routine legislative week it would have scarcely survived an initial committee hearing, had it even gained one. The other is that the stormy tensions over "states rights" that blew up during the session made such an outburst nearly inevitable—in hindsight, that is. Already it looks as if the anti-Communist speaker law will prove the classic example of the little bill that nobody wanted and nobody, in fact, really sponsored. But it is possible to piece together some of the background. The bill itself was brought up so stealthily that even college and university heads directly affected by it knew of it only after the House had shouted it through and it was on its way to an unsuspecting Senate. The history is sketchy. Some time back, Jesse Helms, Raleigh television pundit and daily guardian of North Carolina's political chastity, extolled a similar bill pending before the Ohio legislature. Secretary of State Thad Eure, who now admits drafting the North Carolina version, wrote off at legislative request to his opposite number in Ohio. Mr. Eure has shown the correspondence to Raleigh newsmen, not without chagrin apparently—boasting, however, that he "toned down" the bill. Mr. Eure claims that he drafted it as a courtesy to two Eastern legislators, Representatives Delamar of Pamlico and Godwin of Gates. What is so far mysteriously undocumented is who first was set a tangle by the Helms broadcast. Whoever pushed the plan, the strategy was a model of political tiptoeing: The bill came up in the House while the rules were suspended to make a transmission belt for rapid passage of local bills.

It hit the Senate soon after while several key senators, including the chairman of the Higher Education Committee, Senator Robert Humber, were locked in committee debate over restricting with House conferees. Of one thing most observers are sure: Sen. Clarence Stone, the presiding officer whose practices are surely the strangest variation on Robert's Rules in 30 years, had been briefed beforehand and knew all. "It looks like a good 'un," he commented as the bill ground its way through three rapid readings. It was an understatement of his feeling. Indeed, Stone is the key to the matter. Senate observers now trace his vehement performance in the bill's behalf to his keen disappointment of two weeks ago at defeat of a "super-court" constitutional amendment. "I think Clarence felt more strongly about the super-court than about any measure the Senate had before it this session," commented one senator. There was even a hint that many senators who might have voted to recall the vote on the anti-Red speaker measure refrained so as not to upset Stone. Clarence Stone and his floor lieutenant, Sen. Tom White, had staked all their prestige on the "super-court" amendment, only to see it riddled in debate and finally expire by a one-sided vote. Since that day, the bitterness among the "super-court" advocates has been noticeable. Thus, at any rate, were the frustrated advocates of "states rights amendments" able to lick their wounds at the expense of freedom of speech on college campuses. And most of all, it was sweet vengeance for Sen. Clarence Stone. The crowning irony, of course, is that the last time there was a fuss about a Communist speaking on any North Carolina campus, it was when Chancellor Robert B. House shut Chapel Hill doors to Joan Gates, then editor of the Daily Worker. Students insisted on hearing him, however, and Gates ended up speaking from a makeshift platform on Franklin Street, just off the campus. The moral may well be that students will continue to expose themselves to controversy, whether the Legislature likes it or not.