

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

Published every Sunday and Wednesday by the Chapel Hill Publishing Company, Inc.
126 East Rosemary Street, Chapel Hill, N. C.
P. O. Box 271 - Telephone 967-7045

Subscription rates (payable in advance and including N. C. sales tax)—In North Carolina: One year, \$5.15; six months, \$3.09; three months, \$2.06. Elsewhere in the United States: One year, \$6.00; six months, \$4.00; three months, \$3.00. Outside United States: One year, \$10.00.

Letter From Olympus (Carbon Copy)

University President William Friday was sent a letter the other day by Rep. Phillip Godwin of Gatesville, the Honorable who introduced the new Communist gag law in the Legislature.

The reason we know about the letter is that Rep. Godwin sent us a carbon copy. The letter says:

"Our local paper published an editorial carried in the Chapel Hill Weekly, attacking my close friend, T. Clarence Stone, and I do not feel that I would be doing him justice if I didn't answer the editorial.

"You know firsthand what a friend Clarence Stone has been to the University. I know personally the part that he played in the past appropriations for the University. He called me in his office one day and asked me to please support the \$750,000 appropriation for the hospital, and it was through his influence that helped me vote in favor of the appropriation, for he outlined to me the efficiency of the hospital and the good job that the administration of the hospital is doing, and cited to me individual cases of the charity of the hospital. He has always defended the University and

has fought for appropriations in its behalf since his freshman session in the Legislature, and for the local paper to abuse him and his character as it saw fit to do in its editorial is beyond all human decency, in my opinion.

"I believe in freedom of the press and would fight for such freedom; however, I do not believe that the freedom carries with it the immunity to personally attack an honorable man such as T. Clarence Stone."

Since the letter was addressed to the President of the University, we assume that Rep. Godwin is suggesting that Mr. Friday censure the Weekly or berate the writer of the editorial, or something. But since Rep. Godwin has already placed on Mr. Friday much of the burden of screening out Communist and Fifth Amendment speakers at UNC's three branches, we suggest that it is cruel and inhuman to saddle him also with responsibility for the Weekly editorial page. Mr. Friday would probably agree.

Anyway, we take great comfort in the completely unexpected news that Rep. Godwin believes in the freedom of the press. Who would have ever thought it?

Reece Berryhill: Still Much To Do

Some men never retire, just as some men never start, or perhaps rise late, perform a handful of perfunctory chores and grope their way back to inactivity.

Walter Reece Berryhill is clearly the cut of man who doesn't want to retire except to commence anew. Possibly few of his friends and he himself could remember with any certainty when he began adding lustre to the medical profession. To imagine him stopping, let alone never having begun, is to contradict everything known about him. To conceive of medicine in the State and the Nation as untouched by him borders on the preposterous.

For thirty years Reece Berryhill has worked at Chapel Hill in the tradition of a body of men who brought first the University and then its Medical School to flower. Since 1941 the School of Medicine under his careful nurture has made

possible a newer, healthier generation of North Carolinians and given the State's Good Health Program the substance that only skill and resource can bring.

Purely beyond considerations of his impact on medicine, Dean Berryhill has set a pace and an example which if duplicated on every frontier of University endeavor would have required five Chapel Hills to hold the end result.

He is in many respects like a distinguished former colleague, who, well into his eighties, continued going each day to his office — not out of any inability to break routine, but because he sensed that there was something left to do. Like his colleague, Reece Berryhill is implementing that sense of "something left to do" by assuming a regular professorship after his retirement as dean. He can be counted among those men who realize that any work can terminate but that none is ever finished.

To the Editor:

Thirteen darts daily pierce the flesh of every Negro, every sensitive white citizen of Chapel Hill. Thirteen businesses licensed by this community, served by the public facilities of this community, protected by this community daily affront simple human dignity by denying their full services to men of dark skin. The Committee for Open Business has one purpose, one motive: to insist that the community of Chapel Hill remove these thirteen darts from the flesh of a sizeable portion of its citizenry. To date we have limited the forms of our insistence to the legal and traditional means of the boycott, the peaceful picket line, and public demonstrations of protest. We have kept the issue clearly in view. We have offered a remedy.

Now The Chapel Hill Weekly calls for a halt to both picketing and demonstrations on the grounds that WE (!) are inconveniencing the public, overworking the police, endangering lives, and inciting racial strife. The editorial's request and the reasoning advanced to support it rest on a saddening failure to understand the social revolution at work in our town. The cause of the increasingly disruptive demonstrations is the plain failure of Chapel Hill to remove the thirteen darts from the flesh of its citizens. The editorial suggests that Chapel Hillians do not deserve to be inconvenienced and thrown into turmoil. Why do they not? Our continued demonstrations grow out of the daily pain and humiliation suffered by real human beings who are given thirteen slaps in the face every time they walk or ride the streets of this town. On what genuinely moral grounds are we asked to stop inconveniencing a community that will not act responsibly to outlaw the perpetual racial strife promulgated by publicly licensed, served, and protected segregation?

It is not our Committee that is overworking a brave and dedicated police force; it is the thirteen segregated businesses in Chapel Hill. It is not the demonstrators who are disrupting peaceful life here but those who stand inactive on the sidewalks or peer from shop windows and pretend that all this will go away eventually without their doing anything to remove the insults and indignities that put the marchers in the streets in the first place. It is not the pickets who build tension on West Franklin Street but every reader of this letter who has not felt deeply enough how much it hurts a free man's spirit to be made to stand up where others can sit and who, instead of removing the reason the pickets are there, complains about the bad light they may cast on Chapel Hill.

It is not the Committee for Open Business that wants to reap a whirlwind; it is a community newspaper that calls for a man in pain to stop screaming rather than to insist with greater vehemence that a bullying majority stop twisting that man's arm. It

is an editorial that distorts facts by claiming that the demonstrations have brought no changes when the three businesses that lowered barriers "earlier in May" did so in two instances a few hours before the announced demonstrations and in the third as the result of demonstrations at an allied firm in Durham.

We are going to win the total integration of Chapel Hill because we are going to continue to shift the inconvenience and embarrassment of segregation to where it belongs: in the laps of the entire community that has a legal means of solving the problem and has not used that means. No means short of a Public Accommodations Law will halt the widening demonstrations. This last spring in North Carolina made very clear that all attempts to suppress demonstrations short of removing the causes for them only feed them in intensity and number. Chapel Hill cannot keep two hundred, four hundred, a thousand citizens in jail. It cannot afford the national image of its arresting respectable citizens for furthering a cause Chapel Hill claims to support. So far, the Committee for Open Business has avoided civil disobedience: deliberate violation of civil law in obedience to a higher moral law. We are now preparing to use this morally justifiable means to shake the community awake to the reality of our steady, reasoned insistence that Chapel Hill has no alternative but to outlaw the evil of public segregation. If Chapel Hill is so sure it has made sufficient progress that it will not act as 32 states and a majority of the citizens of the United States have done to outlaw segregation in public accommodations, then it must face national news coverage of mass arrests in the streets of what was supposed to be the most progressive community in the deep South.

WE ABSOLUTELY WILL NOT HALT boycotts, picketing, downtown demonstrations at peak business hours and mass civil disobedience until a Public Accommodations Law is passed in Chapel Hill. The motto of the Weekly is "If the matter is important and you are sure of your ground, never fear to be in the minority." We are not afraid. But Chapel Hill has every reason to fear further delay in outlawing segregation in businesses licensed, served, and protected by the public. The convenience, safety, and moral honesty of the people, we believe, now demand it.

The Committee For Open Business

Dear Sir:

I would like to comment on your forthright editorial (July 10) on the protest demonstrations in Chapel Hill.

It is difficult to challenge your judgment that these demonstrations have not been very effective in achieving desegregation. It does appear that one restaurant owner was influenced to change his policy by one of the early demonstrations. With this

possible exception, it is probably correct to state that the considerable desegregation which has been achieved has come about through the efforts of the Mayor's Committee.

I find that I must also concur with your judgment that further demonstrations offer little hope of changing the mind or position of those proprietors still clinging to a policy of segregation. I think that you are right in pointing out that the increasing tension makes further demonstration marches dangerous for the individuals participating, and for the peace of the community. The indications that the Committee for Open Business is preparing to move from demonstration marches and picketing to "massive non-violent civil disobedience" suggests that this community is not far from the ugly strife which has afflicted so many other communities. And surely there are many of us who have hoped that this would never be, or be considered necessary, in Chapel Hill.

With that much agreement with you, I must now take sharp issue with you over the conclusion which you draw from all this. You ask that the Committee for Open Business cease immediately all picketing and demonstrations; and, in the event that they do not, that the Town officials take whatever steps are necessary to end downtown marches. As an alternative to these procedures, you urge that negotiations be resumed by some new group formed by the Mayor. At this point, it seems to me, you fall far short of understanding the real nature of the situation which confronts this community.

What hope is there that those proprietors who have not responded to the many urgings to desegregate will, under any further persuasion, voluntarily desegregate? Surely you have the answer to that question on page 1-C of your paper, where Mr. Carswell makes his position quite clear.

It seems equally clear to me, and to many others, that the only means of wiping out the remaining pockets of segregation, and of protecting our community from any future segregation in businesses serving the public, is that of passing a Public Accommodations law. I am keenly disappointed that you have not thrown the influence of your fine newspaper behind that, but have chosen, rather, to call for the suppression of further demonstrations and picketing.

I have listened carefully to all the arguments raised against a Public Accommodations law, and it is my considered opinion that they are all irrelevant. They throw up a smokescreen around the real issue. Such a law would not deprive any proprietor of any right, save the "right" to insult a selected portion of this community. Doesn't it make as much sense for the community to decide that no person serving the public shall be permitted to discriminate, as it does for the community to decide that no per-

son serving food to the public shall be permitted to serve contaminated meat? Or don't we value the mind and the spirits of persons as much as we value their bodies?

Our problem, Mr. Editor, is that you and I are white. Since we have never experienced the humiliating effects of racial discrimination it is almost impossible for us to imagine how our Negro brothers feel about this matter. It may seem to us that we have made much progress and that it would be the part of wisdom to be patient about what remains. But that, obviously, is not the way our Negro citizens view the matter.

Therefore, I cannot agree that the answer lies in using our influence to suppress further demonstrations. The Community of Chapel Hill has not done enough to remove segregation practices — not when it has failed to rally support for the obvious means; i.e., a public accommodations law, of ending this kind of segregation. Certainly further demonstrations or civil disobedience are a threat to the peace of this community. But what other avenue of protest is open to those who feel the sting of discrimination? It is necessary that we earn the right by achieving justice for all segments of our community. And that we have not done.

Sincerely yours,
Vance Barron

Dear Sir:

You are asking, in your editorial of July 10, for a stop in demonstrations in Chapel Hill. Unless you want to stop the progress of integration in Chapel Hill, there is no reason to do so.

Until there was picketing of segregated businesses in Chapel Hill in 1960, there was no voice raised in a newspaper or in the business community for the integration of facilities. Until there was picketing of movies in Chapel Hill, there was no voice raised in the newspapers or in the business community of Chapel Hill to offer equal service in the movies. Unless there are further demonstrations, which newspaper and which business leader will not forget this troublesome issue?

For seven years (1954-1961) there was at best token compliance with the law of the land regarding school segregation. During this time the taxpayers of Chapel Hill paid for a frivolous law suit to deprive a young Negro of attending the school he had a right to attend. The record of Chapel Hill has not shown respect for the law when it demanded integration. Any measure of integration in Chapel Hill which has been achieved has resulted from constant prodding by the courts and from pressure through picketing, demonstrations and similar means.

Nothing has happened at any time to show that anything except public protests will lead to any change in integration policy in business and in the community. If the protesters have been taught anything, it is this: Unless the smug attitude of the powers that be is disturbed, nothing is done. Only strong reminders that Chapel Hill is not the Southern Part

of Heaven will awaken the people of this town. The record on human rights of Chapel Hill, of North Carolina, or of any part of the South, has been first, to do nothing; second, to offer minimum token compliance. Even minimum rights are only accorded if forced by exactly those tactics of which you say that they must stop.

We are now engaged in a crucial battle for human rights. If, in fifty years or so, we shall write columns about our reminiscences of Chapel Hill, will we have to say: "We counseled equivocation" or shall be able to say at the very least: "We marched on Franklin Street"?

Kurt W. Back

Dear Sir:

Hurrah for the Police Department. On my way to supper the other night I called the Police Department and told them that the workmen had failed to replace the stop sign on Hillsboro Street at the Rosemary Street intersection where they had been working preparing the street for paving. I had just seen a car drive right on across Rosemary Street without pausing to look right or left, and I thought what could that driver be thinking about, when I looked and saw there was no stop sign in its customary place. I told the policeman who answered the phone that it should be attended to immediately, before someone was knocked into kingdom come.

He said it was the Highway Department's responsibility, but he would see what could be done.

On my way home from supper, I was greatly relieved to see the stop sign, standing its guard, and I felt that I could work and sleep with an easy mind, thanks to the prompt actions of the policeman on duty when I called.

There is no telling what kind of accident was prevented when the sign was reinstated, since it is impossible to see approaching cars because of the shrubs in the adjoining yards on Rosemary Street. When the paving of Hillsboro Street has been completed the Aldermen should see to it that the shrubs in the yards are properly cut back, or dug up and removed. I have written about this road hazard before, but to no effect. Maybe the Aldermen could take a few pointers from the Police Department.

Otelia Connor

Dear Sir:

Frequently, taxpayers are told, "If you don't go to the Town meetings, how can you expect to know what's going on around here?"

This is a good question. . . . which I propose to answer with another question: How is the said taxpayer to reach the second floor of the City Hall if he is physically incapable of climbing stairs? I suggest that when the Fire Department moves from the City Hall building to its new quarters, there be arrangements made to use the old quarters for Town Council meetings; a level entrance makes this area easily accessible to anyone.

Sincerely yours,
Nonnie Bissell

Now & Then

by Bill Prouty

Upstream about 100 yards from the Highway 15-501 bridge spanning Morgan Creek is a sluggish hole on a twist in the stream which was known by some of the more irreverent among the small fry of my day as Bare Bottom Bend.

It was well named. For it was here that most of the young'uns on the south side of Town learned to swim back in the middle 1920's, and all of 'em without a stitch of clothing.

The other day I went back to take another look. All around the old hole, things have changed a lot — the bridge is wider, the highway is bigger, and a huge excavation has been cut from the hill we used to scamp down, to make way for the city's by-pass to the west.

But the hole was about the same, except that it seemed a little smaller and somewhat more sluggish, and the bank quite a bit more precipitous, and the whole of the place taken with a tangle of weeds.

As I stood on the bank the excited voices of young boys came back to me from nearly forty years past, and I envisioned a small group of my youthful companions, off the highway just above the bend that turns back towards the bridge, onto a well-worn path that skirted the edge of "Preacher" June Smith's bottom-land corn field and came directly to the creek.

As they began descending the path closer to the stream their vocal nonsense and their strides sped up apace, and as they gained the last few yards to the hole they began shucking clothes so as not to be the hated "last one in."

At the bank the more adventuresome of the group, now completely shorn of clothing, after wild-Indian yells to attract all eyes to them, frog-leaped into the air and ker-plunked grotesquely into a frothy spot of the murky water, to spring back up into sight (quite often with bottom scratches on face and knees), streams of water spewing from their mouths.

The more timid of the group chattered down the bank and slid unobtrusively into the water, but came up as vocal and as ready for anything as their braver buddies, who had literally risked their necks by soaring down from atop the bank.

And now another bunch had joined the first and a cacophony of youthful voices and the whack of flailing arms and legs and the hissing of the rolled waters filled the bottom for hundreds of yards up and down the creek.

Out in the center of the hole two of the youngsters were matching their strength and wiles in the old ducking game, while on the sand bank in the corner of the curve two more poked sticks down into holes made by some mysterious animal. Another boy was squirting water by compressing the palms of his hands together and still another was shooting spray at him by scooting the heel of his hand along the surface of the water.

Occasionally one of the youngsters would rush out of water and onto the gravel "beach" proudly pulling a leach from his thigh or from his behind and noisily holding it up to view for the "oohs" and "ahs" of his approving companions.

And everywhere there were

swimmers in various stages of progress, mostly dog paddlers, frothing the water at both ends like a double-ended paddle-wheeler, but some beginning to use the more sophisticated crawl strokes. And all hands making a lot of fuss and having a lot of fun.

Suddenly the splashing and the wild youthful voices and the plunking noises of the water stopped and I was looking down the bank into the slow-moving, torpid water of Morgan Creek again. And all the youngsters were gone from that long, long time ago.

As I walked back up the hill to the road I could not help but contrast that old hole on Morgan Creek with the wonderful swimming facilities the kids of today have — the immaculately clean pools with their chlorinated water, their dressing comforts and their life-savers ever ready.

But that hole and others like it on Morgan and Bolin Creeks were the only places we young'uns in Chapel Hill in the early and middle Twenties had to swim. And what we wouldn't have given for places like the Bowman Gray and Kessing pools at the University, or the ones at the Country Club and at Umstead Park. And how happy we were when Sparrow's Pool at Carrboro opened, or when we could take an occasional trip over to the pool at Lakewood Park in Durham.

But somehow we lived through it all, and learned to swim, and had what we thought was a real good time, and, if pressed, we might admit that we're a little proud of it, too.

"When Comrade Khrushchev Said Realistic Art, He Didn't Mean THAT Realistic!"



BILLY ARTHUR

I do love the editors of The Weekly for calling my contribution, in the Wednesday issue, "gentle humor." Thanks.

Now, let's get on with this thing and see just how gentle I am. And how funny.

I tried being both gentle, serious and humorous Wednesday in my discourse on column writing to the High School Scholastic Press meeting here. And not till I read in the papers what I had to say did I realize what a good talk I had evidently made. Either that or Pete Ivey has armed the News Bureau with some good reporters.

That's what I told them I was. I have maintained all the while that I'm not a columnist, that I'm merely a reporter who gets his chit-chat printed under a single headline, and that unless I see or hear something I don't have a contribution to this space.

That I illustrated. I told the high school students it just amazed me to see in Howell Hall big "no smoking signs" and then ash trays all over the place.

Jack Koonce brought some Onslow County wisdom up from Jacksonville this week. He said: "The man who wins at chess is the one who makes next to the last mistake."

Our Annis Lillian wants to know why I'm not enclosed in one of those windows in the Mobile Museum of History. I wanted to know why so. "You're an old-timer, aren't you?" she quipped. Best story heard this week

was about the Russian who was brought before the judge, charged with murder, and the judge said, "Comrade! I want you to know that one thing you will get here is a fair trial. So don't be frightened. Speak right up. Which current do you prefer, AC or DC?"

At last I'm finding a way to live within my income, but I'm having to borrow money to do it.

Overheard - in Municipal Recorder's Court: "I'll bet if you skidded in a ditch in this town, they'd give you a ticket for illegal parking."

Overheard in South Building: "If my wife used her library card like she does her credit card, she'd be another Einstein."

I'm beginning to understand this European common market business. As I get it, it means Germany has coal to sell, Sweden has cheese, Italy has oil, and France has perfume. But to buy it, they got to get the money from us.

Overheard at Memorial Hospital: "He suffers from an occupational disease—work makes him sick."

Now, the editors tell me to end my "gentle humor" for this issue. They say they want no more low-pressure stuff. In fact, they're looking for the drip right now.