

# 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

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## Proposed: An Ordinance To Prohibit Future Discrimination In Chapel Hill

One of the poles around which our present desegregation controversy revolves has been a public accommodations law for Chapel Hill. Once the law was proposed lines became drawn tighter than they had been in a long time. Nothing, it appeared, would slacken them again.

This seems to be the pattern whenever two groups find themselves unalterably opposed on one issue. Initially they work one another over thoroughly, then begin whipsawing innocent bystanders into the fray. A public accommodations ordinance could not fail to do otherwise. On one hand the Committee for Open Business has declared that the law is the only sure guarantee of equality of service. On the other a number of merchants who would otherwise pursue non-discriminatory policies without a murmur feel they must object to the abridgement of one of the fundamentals of commerce. Somewhere in all this the question of equal rights got tumbled into a corner.

Now has come a proposal that the Board of Aldermen enact an ordinance that would prohibit all new businesses from discriminating. There is precedent for this in the town's planning and zoning ordinances. These ordinances have already sharply limited the uses to which property could be put within certain areas of Town. However, as a practical matter certain exceptions had to be made for buildings and businesses which

were already located at the time the ordinance was passed.

The new proposal would in effect declare segregation a "non-conforming use" in the same manner that a landfill in a posh residential area is now. No one is going to be fooled by a euphemism, of course, and that is not the new proposal's intent. It does hang a new label on a social evil, and it would suffer the temporary continuation of injustice most of us would like to see erased. But it has a hard core or realistic thinking and elasticity about it.

For one thing, that exceedingly minor percentage of segregated businesses would be allowed to disappear through economic attrition, or, if the proprietors chose to reconsider their stands, they could do so dispassionately and without coercion. Decisions thus attained tend to be more rational, less changeable. For another, many merchants who are openly sympathetic to the eradication of segregation but are implacably opposed to having their own traditional freedoms abridged, may more readily ally themselves with a cause from which the personal threat has been drawn.

Such a law is going to please no one completely. Like many of the instruments of progress it is a compromise. But it appears to be a sensible step toward a goal we are finding extremely difficult to reach from any other direction. The Board of Aldermen should give the proposed ordinance every consideration.

## Another Osteen Needle In The Donkey

Anyone foolish enough to take Rep. William Osteen of Greensboro for a green political dub floundering in a morass of Democratic skill must by now have torn up his astrological tables and turned desolately to a careful re-reading of Machiavelli.

Mr. Osteen has not ceased his war on the Democrats since the end of the late lamented General Assembly. He gives comfort to the notion that he may march on the U. S. Congress, and even if he doesn't, he's been making political silage for a long, hard winter.

He and twenty-one Republican colleagues don't have much concrete legislation to show for their sojourn in Raleigh, but even so they managed to snarl the orderly conduct of business — Democratic style — something fierce. Somewhere the Republicans found a deft coordinating hand which led them on every issue to swing smartly to the counter of whatever mischief their Democratic colleagues set afoot. As an example, the GOP adopted a formal resolution condemning the gag law. The shot they fired at it didn't make any real contribution toward the law's demise, but it has a delayed action fuse set to go off sometime around November, 1964. Earlier, the Republicans condemned his excellency, Sen. Thomas White for manhandling the press, then set the tone for sweetness and light by throwing Republican legislative caucuses open to the public — a canny move which cost them nothing, since they had no real hopes of enacting a legislative program — and cast the Democrats as obviously clandestine.

They very quickly learned that a bill introduced and defeated is, for vote-getting purposes, much better than a bill passed. Much of this now appears to have been the work of Mr. Osteen.

Lately Mr. Osteen has decided to take to the courts to eliminate the State's loyalty oath each voter is required to take upon changing his registration. The oath was in the first place a shoddy device introduced in an effort to kill off the then-budding career of Rep. Charles

R. Jonas. It never had any real effect on Mr. Jonas, but it might possibly have curbed a growing tendency by North Carolina Democrats to vote Republican out of protest.

With the attendant publicity over Mr. Osteen's move building up, the loyalty oath is commencing to hang more and more like an albatross, and there are reports that one or two Democrats are pondering whether to beat Mr. Osteen to the punch by seeking the oath's abolition themselves. Mr. Osteen could use the credit for the oath's demise when he jumps the Sixth District's Horace Kornegay in the Congressional elections next year. But even if he sought only what he claims to have aimed at, he has won his victory without firing a shot.

## Saws For Today

Two kinds of gratitude: the sudden kind We feel for what we take, the larger kind We feel for what we give.  
—Edward Arlington Robinson

He enjoys much who is thankful for little a grateful mind is both a great and a happy mind.  
—Thomas Secker

He who receives a benefit should never forget it; he who bestows should never remember it.  
—Pierre Charron

Pride slays thanksgiving, but an humble mind is the soil out of which thanks naturally grow.  
—Henry Ward Beecher

Beautiful is the activity that works for good, and the stillness that waits for good.  
—Robert Collyer

To know how to wait is the great secret of success.  
—Joseph Marie De Maistre

# The Tom Paines & The Uncle Toms

## Someone Must Rebuild

From The CHRISTIAN CENTURY

The current racial revolution in the United States, like every other revolution, needs its Tom Paines—resolute, contentious, obsessed leaders whose fixed idea and single-minded purpose make them indifferent to precedent and propriety, impervious to threats to their person and independent of those dilemmas and paradoxes which in more prudent and deliberative men paralyze action. Nothing short of such a spirit and nothing less than such a focused determination can seriously challenge the deeply imbedded racial patterns in the United States, shake members of both races out of their lethargic moderateness and in this generation bring the Negro into the mainstream of American life. A tragic and shameful history in which the white man alternately promises and postpones equal status to the Negro now makes revolutionary leadership indispensable for the solution of the Negro's problems and the satisfying of his grievances. And, once more, there are Tom Paines, Negro and white, who are equal to "the times that try men's souls." Wholly committed to one goal—justice for the Negro—they break cherished images, defy immoral legalities, slash the red tape of

genteel parliaments, alarm and embarrass their friends and sometimes in ways which to other men appear absurd demand for Negroes elemental human and civil rights. To say No to their goal or to deny to them the exercise of their method is to misread the nature of the revolution and to repudiate the future.

It is also a historical fact that the Tom Paines who make revolutions possible are seldom able to make the benefits of their revolutions permanent. And the ironic fact is that the very talents which make them superlative revolutionaries are the same ones which disqualify them for the building of new institutions on the ruins of the old. The true revolutionary has or soon develops an autocratic spirit. He insists that everyone adopt not only his ends but also his means. By demanding that others adopt his methods as well as his goals, that their zeal be as unruly as his own, he alienates the men who must put the pieces back together when the revolution ends. Moreover, the single-mindedness of the revolutionist, however well it may equip him for revolution, is not the stuff out of which communities are built. By fixing his whole being on one objective the revolutionary simplifies and sharpens the thrust of his own life. He does so,

however, only by sacrificing other values which may be equal to his own but which his obsession precludes.

Life is relatively simple for the Negro and white Tom Paines who believe that racial justice is not only the most crucial issue in American society—as others would grant—but is indeed the only issue. Life is not so simple for the Americans—Negro and white—who view the racial struggle as the most important issue in a whole cluster of issues. To be at once committed to racial justice in all its ramifications and to peaceful protest against every kind of injustice and to an American community which offers more than mere peaceful coexistence between the races and to a Christian discipline which precludes brutal or boorish rebellion—this is not easy, and the men and women who are so committed deserve better treatment than the sometimes receive from the Tom Paines who with them seek a common goal.

It is pure bigotry to say, as some engaged in the racial struggle now do, that if one is not a Tom Paine in the racial battle he is necessarily an Uncle Tom. In addition to the tokenism, the gradualism, the groveling subservience of the white and Negro Uncle Toms on one end

of the social spectrum and the white-hot rebellion of white and Negro Tom Paines on the other there are racial attitudes varying from depraved prejudice and ruthless discrimination to genuine commitment to a totally integrated society. Many Americans of both races who are not revolutionary methods are nonetheless devoted to the Negro's cause—a devotion attested to by the fact that they sacrificed money, position, prestige and personal comfort to that cause long before it was respectable to do so. To reject such people as Uncle Toms because they will not support some particular technique in the racial protest, to let extremists set the pace and demand that everybody march to it or be humiliated, is to corrupt the revolution and postpone indefinitely the building of that new America which the revolution could make possible.

Who in the boisterous crowd has done as much as James Meredith to symbolize in personal courage and resolution the battle of a lone Negro against white politicians, white courts, white customs and white laws? Then why hu-

miliate him and break his heart because he refuses to chant in approved terms what the crowd wants to hear. Who in the maddening Harlem crowd has done as much as Martin Luther King Jr., to lift the American Negro's hope for freedom and justice? Then why smear his ear with sinking eggs because he has a Christian allegiance which will not let him resort to violence in the pursuit of justice? Bigotry remains bigotry however much it changes its color, and bigotry is particularly tempting to the absolutist, white or Negro.

The racial struggle needs Tom Paines who irritatingly stir and drive the people, fomenting and stimulating the necessary social revolution, but it also needs Washingtons and Jeffersons who with sound judgment and the long view put a nation together. It needs Garrisons who stubbornly and everlastingly exasperate the people until they act for justice, but it also needs Lincolns who "with malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right . . . bind up the nation's wounds." We need both; we need both simultaneously.

## —Looking Back—

From the Weekly's files:

IN 1923 —

"A free gift of a mouse was made to Miss Frances Venable by the postoffice the other day. But she refused to accept it and nobody knows where it is now. When she drew from her lockbox a rolled-up newspaper and shook it open, the mouse jumped to the floor at her feet. She went out of one door of the lobby and the mouse went out of the other."

"With the grading of the road through Tenney Circle completed, the laying of the brick gutters is about to begin. The brick have already come, and Jess Kirkland, the colored mason, has been engaged to do the work. There are to be two sidewalks.

"The construction of the road has transformed the appearance of that corner of Chapel Hill. It is possible now to get a correct idea of how the lots will lie. Gustave M. Braune and Frederick H. Koch have bought lots at the far end of the circle, and the view from their land carries to the spires and smokestacks of Durham. Other owners in Tenney Circle are A. C. Howell, R. E. Coker, W. C. Coker, W. W. Pierson, Thordike Saville, and John M. Booker. . . ."

IN 1933 —

"There has been a great revival of baseball in Chapel Hill. The Strowd Motor Company, the Gooch restaurant, and the post-office have formed teams, and they play against one another, and sometimes against visiting teams, two or three times a week on Emerson Field.

"The eligibility rules are elastic. Almost anybody is permitted to play on any team. A merchant will be seen playing with the postal clerks, a teacher with the Strowds, a dramatist or a composer with the Gooches.

"The Strowds beat the Gooches 10 to 7 Tuesday. Paul Green, pitching for the restaurant, struck out many of the motor company batters, but this did not do much good because the strikeouts were neutralized by numerous bases on balls. Lamar Stringfield, clad in overalls, was barely visible above the weeds when he took his place in center-field. The game was seen by a

crowd that almost equaled the number of players."

IN 1943 —

Lieutenant James F. Pullen, who has been fighting for a year with the Army Air Force in North Africa as navigator on a Mitchell B-25 bomber, has come home on leave. He is now with his mother and sister here and has 23 more days of leave before returning to duty.

"He was with the Army's 9th Air Force that was attached to the British Army of General Montgomery. He joined the British at El Alamein and was with them in the attack there and in the long pursuit of Rommel over the desert to Tunisia.

"Lieutenant Pullen was decorated with the Airman's Medal for gallantry in action last winter. One day his bomber was attacked by a cluster of German fighter planes and was badly shot up. The crew managed to bring it, severely crippled, back to a British airport and make a successful crash landing. It was for his skillful navigation, and for his courage and coolness under fire, that Lieutenant Pullen received his decoration."

IN 1953 —

"The records of the U. S. Weather Bureau station here confirm your impression that the weather has been too hot. Fortunately a wave of coolness — I pray the wave will still be here when these words appear in print — enables you to read the record with not so much distress as it would have caused you a week ago.

"In the last 37 days there were only 6 when the temperature was not up in the 90's. The fiercest heat was recorded Friday the 31st of July (101), and it was 100 on both Saturday and Sunday. It was 99 on one of the 37 days, 98 on 3 days, 96 on one day, 95 on 5 days, 94 on 4 days, 93 on 3 days, 92 on 5 days, 91 on 4 days, and 90 on 2 days. . . .

"A long drought has made the heat more odious. The rainfall in the 37 days has been only 1.67 inches. But that may not be the exact figure. Some of the 37th day is still to come as these lines are being written; maybe there'll be a downpour before the paper comes off the press."

## The Sad Lack Of Laughter

THE FRANKLIN PRESS

What chance is there of erasing the racial tensions that tear this nation? What hope of achieving an accommodation upon which to re-build good will between the races?

The chance and the hope, we suspect, are slight indeed, in the present atmosphere. One thing, one basic element, is sadly lacking in today's situation. What's missing is humor.

Imagine an Earl Warren seeing anything funny in the ludicrous manner his Supreme Court sometimes has tortured logic! Imagine a Governor Wallace laughing at the contrast between his bold words and lame surrender! Imagine a Martin Luther King having a sense of humor! Imagine a Kennedy being amused by an integration story!

Yet humor has brought Americans through one crisis after another. When things were at their worst on the frontier, during the Great Depression, in the

darkest days of World War II—their poked fun at their situation, make jokes about their problems and difficulties and fears. Thus, they kept things in proper perspective. Equally important, they never gave up; because nothing so boosts morale as a laugh.

And what about black Americans? The Negro has his own distinctive sense of humor. Generally speaking, laughter comes easily. Note, when Negroes get together, how rarely it is missing. Moreover, in another day, there was a constant interchange of subtle humor between the Southern white and his Negro neighbor. Today alas! everybody seems deadly serious; nobody laughs.

Estimable as are the judges, the state and federal chief executives, and the crusaders, at this juncture we'd trade them all — with the entire U. S. Congress thrown in — for one Will Rogers.



Chapel Hill's Episcopal Chapel of the Cross

## Letters: 'Blood On Old Well,' Lake

To the Editor

A combination of George Orwell's novel 1984 and Grace Metalious' Peyton Place, Blood on the Old Well (or, more exactly, Mad on the Old Well), by Sarah Watson Emery, a former faculty wife in the Philosophy Department at the University of North Carolina, passes at first glance for just another sneaky trick. One is reminded of the Washington, D. C. expose, My Thirteen Years on the Back Stairs of the White House.

Many Chapel Hillians nervously thumbing the fire-engine red volume as they were walking home from John Carswell's Colonial Drug Store, where it has been on sale for Two Dollars and six cents, wished in vain for a detailed Index of Names, or at least for some indication of the proscribed. For instance, for the instruction of the reader, Mrs. Emery might well have given four stars to her Student Suicide Section, three to her treatment of the Philosophy Department at UNC, and at least two stars to Duke University.

The book is a perverse Odyssey of moral slander, of self-conscious hate disguised under the Italics of factual reporting. Mrs. Emery shines her Cyclopean eye into the shadowy corners

of her experiences here in Chapel Hill from 1948-1962, and seizes upon the human creatures who chanced to trespass within the labyrinth of her own private hell.

One is ashamed to purchase the book, but putting vanity aside long enough to do so, there are lessons to be learned from it. The style is lurid, picturesque and well-timed, especially between the lines, which actually are intended only as a guide for the reader whose imagination can be catalyzed by Mrs. Emery's hate.

The book is an example of that so-called "yellow journalism," as dangerous and prevalent today as it was in the Randolph Hearst era, and it ought to be read and studied as an epitome of this genre.

Mrs. Emery, too, ought to be studied, perhaps as a text-book example of Clinical Martyrdom. Father Maple, in Melville's Moby Dick, concludes his sermon with the question, "for what is man that he should live out the lifetime of his God?" From Chapel Hill, Mrs. Sarah Watson Emery has moved to hot, steaming, oily Dallas, Texas. Let Dallas Texas beware.

Theodore Crane Jr., Classics Department, UNC

Dear Editor:

I would like to commend State Democratic Party Chairman Bert Bennett for having the courage to warn North Carolina Democrats about Dr. I. Beverly Lake. Bennett told a newsman recently that, in his personal opinion, if Dr. Lake were nominated for governor, many Tar Heel Democrats would then vote Republican.

Bennett was merely speaking the truth. Dr. Lake represents racism and is surrounded by individuals who share radical views about practically every subject.

The citizens of this state are used to progress and peace. To elect Dr. Lake would be placing us in the same boat with Mississippi, Arkansas and Alabama. We do not want bloodshed and violence, schools closing, and our National Guard patrolling the streets.

If Sen. Robert Morgan, who figures he would be named State Party Chairman if Dr. Lake were elected, does not realize that the needs of the state must be placed before his personal gains, and that the citizens of this state are afraid of Dr. Lake and his kind, I will be happy to supply him with about three hundred names.

Sincerely yours, Miss Lou Kennerly