

The Chapel Hill Weekly

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

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Sale Of The Franklin Street School Property Step In The Right Direction

Unassailable logic in the public affairs of Chapel Hill is a commonly rare commodity. To assume a position here is to observe the line of would-be antagonists forming to the rear.

Newly elected school board member Ed Tenney, however, may have hit a large lode of unanimity with his proposal that the Board dispose of the present site of the Town's junior and senior high schools and use the proceeds to build new schools in better locations.

Mr. Tenney's thinking on the matter is not simply personal opinion. The present West Franklin Street site is located strategically in what will become the commercial heart of Town, a location not notably conducive to the most efficient teaching and learning. It is also one of the most valuable pieces of real estate in Chapel Hill. Its sale might well float the construction of two additional schools. If it is purchased and developed by commercial interests, the added revenue from property taxes would sweeten the coffers of Town and County. Both are now stuck with relatively little in the way of a tax base because of extensive public holdings by the University and other State agencies in Orange County.

Also, the West Franklin plant is beginning to show its age. In terms of contemporary school design it is already obsolescent. In a few years it will be outmoded as a design and woefully inadequate to handle the school system's anticipated enrollment. It stands athwart a proposed link of Pittsboro and Franklin Streets, a major item on the new Thoroughfare Plan, and a thorn in the side of the University's Health Affairs complex. The link would enable the University to close off the present Pittsboro Road, which splits the Health Af-

The Dog Days Of August — Get Lost

This must be the way the world ends — not with a bang, but with Dog Days. The air is fevered, the sun vicious, the trees exhausted, and the tap water permanently tepid.

In the distance at night the lightning flashes in wild spasms, but never a drop of rain falls. Dogs lie in the shade, tongues dangling and sides heaving like little bellows. The effect of a bath is bliss, for five minutes; then the skin begins to grow sticky again.

Even scientifically conditioned air hovers close, threatening to press you to death if you drop your guard. The tongue grows weary and the throat muscles tir-

How About Some Freedom For The Dogs

THE VINEYARD GAZETTE

Maybe, with all the talk of freedom, something should be said for the freedom of dogs to bark, at least in the country. We have here not only what seems legitimately to be an inalienable right, considering a dog's obligation to look after things and make appropriate comments, but one of the last of the familiar country sounds of long ago.

Tractors have superseded the horse's whinny, the rattle of wheels, and the creak of harness. Now that milk comes in individualized (how's that for a suitable word) cartons, there is not much mooing or lowing. If you wake in the early morning, the chances are that you will hear nothing from any sheep.

The dinner bell has largely disappeared along with the cow bell which was often adapted to the purpose. We don't

fairs campus, and open the site to development with good access over a through street.

With considerably more than a proper school at stake, it is all but impossible to visualize the School Board's failing to take steps to dispose of the property, or some commercial interest's not leaping to secure it for development.

Hark What Sound?

The new Miss North Carolina, Jeanne Swanner of Graham, visited the campus here recently and found, to practically everybody's astonishment, Carolina Gentlemen to be uncommonly bashful.

Someone had advised Miss Swanner beforehand that the Carolina Gentleman of yore was suave, attentive, debonaire, gregarious, and generally possessed of devastating charm.

Thus forewarned, Miss Swanner might have approached the campus warily. After she had been here a couple of hours, however, she was more dubious than cautious.

"Where is he?" Miss Swanner asked of the traditional Carolina Gentleman. "Folks haven't been this shy anywhere I've been."

The Carolina Gentleman is still here, of course. His voice may be heard idling smoothly in a dark corner of The Rat, holding forth with authority at a chapter meeting of the frat, or baying the moon from the shore of Hogan's Lake.

The only explanation we can offer for his uncommon reticence in the public presence of Miss North Carolina is that the Legislature's gag law has cut wide and deep. Big Brother is listening, if not watching.

ed after a couple of gallons of cool liquid have been consumed. A drink of something — anything — becomes just something else requiring the exertion of swallowing.

Cooking, though torture, is actually simplified. A roast will practically cook just by being brought into the kitchen; there is hardly any difference between the kitchen and the oven. A listless bird flies over now and then, but ornithological activity is at a low ebb. Even the squirrels have gone elsewhere.

It is a grisly time, the end of which you cannot hasten, but can only await, struggling for breath, forcing every move. The wages of sin must be August.

know how people are called to dinner nowadays; maybe they show up without being called, or perhaps we are so closely civilized that we can all hear the words when someone stands in the doorway and says, "Dinner is served". The language of the dinner bell was cheerier and more eloquent.

These country sounds — not the natural ones of birds, crickets, cicadas, breaking surf, and so on, but the ones associated with human activity, such as the putt-putt of the old time engines when fishermen started out at dawn — have been too much superseded. But dogs still bark.

To hear them is usually a comfort. Who wants an empty welkin? Who would be without the country companionship that some few surviving sounds, such as this, communicate in an increasingly estranged atmosphere?

Dear Sir:

I am prompted to write this letter by the recent publication of an excellent work of fiction and by the fear that it might escape the notice of your book reviewing staff — a fear stemming not from any lack of faith in the competence of your reviewers, but rather from the observation that they tend to concern themselves with publications of national, or at least State-wide, prominence, while the novel which has attracted my attention will be of only limited interest, concentrating as it does upon the affairs of an academic community. So, if your policies permit, I should like to undertake a brief review of one of the most starkly penetrating books I have read in recent years.

The authoress has aptly chosen the Epic style with which to illuminate her subject; the number and diversity of characters is strongly reminiscent of War and Peace, and the great variety of subjects with which she deals do nothing to dispel this parallel.

Her theme is the terrifying helplessness of a young man thrust into the hostile environment of a liberal arts university, beset by the overpowering evils of a corrupt Administration wallowing in its crumbling decay of homosexuality, bribery, oppression, and favoritism, and a Communist-inspired and Communist-dominated conspiracy between the local newspaper, the student-operated University newspaper, and a group of hard-core Party members who dominate the University faculty, all culminating in the brutally inefficient handling by local and University law enforcement agencies of a hair-raising series of nine political assassinations, the true facts of which are calculatingly suppressed by all concerned.

The most frightening of the

several antagonists in this novel is a skillfully drawn example of the classic arch-villain. A professor of philosophy, he towers cruelly over the sensitive young souls with whose education he has been entrusted, bent on indoctrinating them into his godless and anti-social discipline. Shouting his message of doubt, disbelief, and heresy, he sows the seeds of discontent in their impressionable minds, seducing them into a state of confusion about the immutable self-truths which are their rightful heritage.

In a flash of true literary greatness, the authoress leaves her protagonist-student nameless. In the labyrinth of darkness which she has created, he wanders, stripped even of the protecting identity of a name; alone and friendless, stumbling along the depressing dirt paths of this 20th century Sodom at four o'clock in the morning, revolted by his chance presence at but one of the countless bacchanalian gatherings so typical of the communistic students, imperturbed on every side by merciless homosexuals, stymied in his search for the meaning of God and democracy by the crazed rantings of his professors, he has nowhere to turn — for even the clergy is infected, contaminated by its constant exposure to the disease around it and undermined by the infiltration of the very left. His only hope is one courageous man: a retired Army Colonel who stands bravely apart, challenging the forces of evil to meet him on the field of honor, in unarmed combat. The hurled gauntlet exposes the powers of darkness for what they are: cowards to the core, cringing in the blinding intellectual light cast upon them by the overwhelming logic of this battle-tempered warrior. This is, indeed, the high point of the novel, bringing into focus as it does the authoress' commanding perspective of a

situation fraught with the possibilities of reality.

The other individuals and incidents with which the authoress illustrates the perils confronting her protagonist are too numerous to chronicle here in detail, but they include a duet of exhibitionists and a trio of Fascists, all undoubtedly in the employ of the Communist-riddled University, a plot to vilify the image of Christianity, arising in a neighboring city but instigated and encouraged by the Marxist college newspaper and the sinister resignation of the President of another, nearby, university.

With the technique of the authoress, I can find only one fault. The continuity of the story line is a trifle ragged; the interconnecting events, so brilliantly painted, do not quite flow one into the other with complete clarity and logic. This may, of course, be an intentional device, used to further magnify the chaos created by her fertile imagination. The character development is flawless: From the opening sentences, each of the individuals portrayed became for me living and breathing creatures, so startlingly life-like that they might almost have been people I know, twisted and warped beyond belief by the sickness which the authoress so graphically communicates on every gripping page.

"Blood on the Old Well", by Sarah Watson Emery, is indeed a masterpiece of fiction and a monument to the times in which we live.

Respectfully,
Barry T. Winston

Dear Sir:

"Why Chapel Hill?" you ask. 1) The greater the freedom, perhaps the more likely the freedom can be used to advance yet further toward equal rights for all persons. It is indeed salutary

when freedoms are used. We are grateful for the relative openness to change which exists in Chapel Hill.

2) The more explicit and lofty one's community goals, the more apparent is any failure to attain them fully and the more proper is an expectation to live up to them. Those who do not profess to be democratic or civilized cannot be held to those standards.

3) The assessment of a community cannot rest entirely upon what it is now in contrast to what it used to be. One can feel very good in Chapel Hill when looking backward or looking elsewhere when judging the community's moral stature. The gauge, however, must remain our practices in contrast to our professions.

4) The accompanying document, which lists more than 50 items that can comprise an agenda of "unfinished business" for the Mayor's Committee on Human Relations and other concerned citizens, may help explain "why Chapel Hill" cannot rest on its laurels.

P.S. To the 14 segregated businesses of concern at the moment, one probably must add, if not all, of the barber shops, beauty parlors, and some other service establishments.

P.P.S. In calculating the percentages of "open businesses" in Chapel Hill and Atlanta, one should include only the same types of businesses in the base—e.g., restaurants. Certainly far more than 25 per cent of all the retail stores in Atlanta accept Negro money across the counters equally with that of others.

Donald P. Irish

Dear Sir:

"Why Chapel Hill?" Because man has an obligation to constantly seek improvement for himself. So long as there exists room for improvement (and there always is), then one must endeavor to improve. Athletes

are constantly attempting to set new records; inventors are diligently trying to build better mouse traps; and no one asks "why?"

It surely is not contradictory for one to be proud of his past accomplishments and still seek greater perfection. "Why Chapel Hill?" Because almost is not good enough!

Sincerely,
Irwin Sacks

Dear sir:

Last week the Junior Carolina Playmakers presented "Spring for Sure," a sprightly comedy revolving around the complexities of mankind. All was food was mockery between the polished urbanites and the mountain hillbillys. Each exemplified a contrasting way of life, difficult for the other to understand.

But it is not of this I wish to write. Whether the play was good or bad, different or indifferent, a tragedy or a comedy is not the point. It is the fact that the audience, with one accord, were "Hot for Sure!"

Have you ever tried concentrating on the lines of a drama at the Playmakers Theatre when perspiration is running down all sides as you swelter in the heat? Only two windows were opened and they wafted nary a breeze, or if they did, it was absorbed before it reached my seat. Those that had been forthright enough to bring fans were using them, a distraction to others in the audience but one was grateful for any air they set in motion.

And if we in the arena were hot, how about the poor players, enacting their parts in suits, coats and heavy make-up. Maybe "the play's the thing," but a larger, air-conditioned theatre would certainly do more justice to it. And also be more credit to this, one of the first universities to have a Dramatics Course.

Sincerely yours,
Frances Berkeley Floore

—Looking Back—

From the files of the Weekly:

IN 1923 —

Advertisement:
Now for a Dip in the Pool!

For fun, on a hot day, there's nothing like an hour or so in clean, clear water.

We have spared no effort to make this pool an ideal one. It is lined with concrete and has a concrete walk running all around. There is a spring-board, and a diving stand.

The water is filtered, and it is changed frequently.

Parties find everything prepared for them. They may bring their own bathing suits, or may get them here. If they bring a picnic dinner or supper, benches and tables await them under the trees.

CARRBORO SWIMMING POOL

Admission 25 Cents. Suits of Quality Are Rented at 25 Cents Each.

IN 1933 —

From Chapel Hill Chaff:

"One day this week I arrived at what is frequently called—disagreeably, to my mind—the half-century mark. Taking stock of myself, I make the following observations: I have lost a large part of my hair, so that the sun's rays dance upon my cranium as upon burnished glass. Many of my most useful teeth are gone. I have an extra chin. My eyesight is nothing like as good as it was; when the doctor put glasses on me a year or so ago I thought I would need them only for reading, but now I find I must have them to get the bones out of shed. When I examine my waistline thoughtfully, in the shower bath, I am reminded of a barrel. When some emergency requires me to move rapidly, I soon begin to wheeze. With a deep distaste for toil of every description, I have not achieved prosperity that permits me to indulge the hope of prolonged periods of idleness; and that's the way I want 'em—prolonged.

"The sunshine boys will tell me that this is a distorted picture, that there are many things I have to be thankful for. And they are entirely right, of course. No doubt I will soon be in a mood of cheerfulness. I am merely setting down my dominant reflections upon becoming 50 years old."

IN 1942 —

"Donald Campbell, who lives

out in Westwood, has the ambition to become the director of a zoo, but right now he seems to face the necessity of getting rid of the zoo that he already has.

"This zoo consists of a vervet named J. T. A vervet, if perchance you need to be told, is an African monkey. For a while there was another inmate of the Campbell zoo, a skunk. But Donald set the skunk free not long ago. He sees her in the nearby woods now and then but does not attempt to recapture her.

"The reason he is going to give up J. T. is that he is going away to school in September and his family doesn't want to take charge of the vervet.

"But school won't last forever, and Donald is looking forward to the time when he can go into the zoo business seriously.

"What I'd like to do is go on an expedition to Africa. Sometimes young men are taken along on these expeditions as assistants, but usually they have to pay part or all of their expense. I don't know what I'll do about that."

IN 1953 —

Jeff and Jim Tired

"For the first time since he opened his establishment 25 years ago, Jeff Thomas closed the Campus Confectionery last Sunday for a two-week vacation. It will reopen on Monday, August 17. Customers stopping by his place Monday morning were greeted by a simple printed sign on the door proclaiming 'Jeff and Jim Tired — Closed Until August 17'.

"In the past when he's taken a vacation Jeff has always been able to get someone to fill in for him, but he couldn't make such arrangements this time. On Monday he took his mother, Mrs. Stella Thomas, who has been visiting him here for a while, back to her home in New York. He will spend a week there. . . . Later he will go to Myrtle Beach. "Jim Mousmoules, who works with Jeff, is spending the two weeks at Virginia Beach."

(Jim contends that actually he convinced Jeff that the Campus Confectionery, which he took over on Jeff's death in 1927, ought to be closed in August because there wasn't enough business between the end of the University summer school and the beginning of the fall quarter to warrant opening the door. This year Jim, who has closed every year during the first part of August, will close later in the month—Ed.)



Morehead Sundial On The University Campus

The Devil As A Native American Type

From the Bulletin of the American Association of University Professors.

The San Francisco Examiner, no friend of the radical right, is nonetheless disturbed because Dr. Edward Strong, Chancellor of the University of California at Berkeley, has equated the radical right with Communism. In his welcoming address to this Association's Forty-Ninth Annual meeting, Chancellor Strong stated that "a consistent open-forum policy . . . is not being maintained when a speaker from the radical right is permitted to speak on campus but a Communist is not."

For our part—taking him to

mean only the extremists of the radical right—we like Chancellor Strong's equation very well. Indeed, the time has long passed when extremists of the radical right should be able to assert with impunity that they sit across the see-saw from Americans for Democratic Action. They employ methods frighteningly similar to those of the Communist Party. To reason with them is impossible, for they are concerned not with reason but with intimidation, discord, and suspicion. "It has all been researched!" they cry, as they flourish their charges of Communist domination; but the research proves to be no more than a tangled

dream spun in a dark corner of a troubled mind. They look askance at the First, Fourteenth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth — and what other?—Amendments, those chinks in the armor of their narrowness. They would make of education not an instrument for the advancement of knowledge, which they fear, but a machine clicking out propaganda to order.

According to the San Francisco Examiner, of "the groups and individuals so loosely classified" as the radical right, none "has foreign political affiliations." Fair enough, if we assume that the devil is a native American type.