

# 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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## One Characteristic Chapel Hill Has In Common With The Mill Villages

Chapel Hill's public school teachers are low down on the professional totem pole, according to Superintendent Howard Thompson. They are not respected as professional people as highly as they might be.

Teachers here, according to Dr. Thompson, are often made to feel like "second-rate citizens, not a part of the community."

Of the teachers who have left Chapel Hill in the last year, twenty per cent departed because of what they felt to be the community's attitude toward them as professionals.

The reason for this feeling of professional inferiority results from the long shadow cast by the University.

Ph.D.'s, if not a dime a dozen in Chapel Hill, are at least three for a quarter. But we have a notion that the degree syndrome is not at the bottom of the trouble.

Public school teachers here, we believe, are simply faced with one of the facts of life in a one-big-industry town.

The one big industry in Chapel Hill happens to be higher education. The effect is the same you find in a North Carolina mill village where life is dominated by the mill. A man who says, "I work at the mill," is automatically identified as a member of the in-crowd. It doesn't matter whether he is a looper or vice president. Anyone who doesn't work for the mill is looked at askance and with a certain amount of condescension, whether he is president of the local bank or the village idiot.

## Question: Who Is Right Or Wrong?

No matter how it starts out and who is involved, conversation in Chapel Hill these days seems always to work around somehow to Topic A, which is integration.

Perhaps it's like that everywhere in the South now, and everywhere in the East, if not throughout the Nation.

A Franklin Street restaurant operator and a couple of his customers had worked their way around to Topic A one day last week and were bearing down hard when one simple question closed out the talk.

The question was put by the restaurant operator: "Who is right and who is wrong?" After a couple of false starts everybody gave up trying to answer.

There has to be an answer to this demagogically declaring, "You are wrong," thought, it would seem that the logical answer is everybody's right and everybody's wrong.

It seems to us that unless a man were willing to deny his American heritage, the brotherhood of man, and our basic

## Beverly Lake & The Foreign Invaders

The Greensboro Daily News

In his unsuccessful 1960 campaign for governor, Dr. I. Beverly Lake raised the goblins of race and taxes. Since North Carolina refused to quake with fright, Dr. Lake is turning now, it appears, to the oldest of goblins—the "foreign invaders."

These "foreign invaders," Dr. Lake darkly informed the Wilson Jaycees the other night, are "deeply entrenched in our classrooms, pulpits and editorial rooms." Their objective? It is, according to Dr. Lake, to "capture the minds of your children for a faith in the socialist welfare state . . ."

Really now, Dr. Lake knows that this is the purest fantasy. It has the dull ring of some of the more bizarre pages

The only non-University people who consistently escape this sort of condescension in Chapel Hill are those with a direct connection with the arts and those who don't work at all. A foreign accent will often give temporary immunity, as will an impressive title, but neither carries any long-term guarantee.

Dr. Thompson thinks something should be done to improve the professional status of our public school teachers, and so do we. But we would balk at razing the University and the only alternative seems to be the infinitely more difficult job of changing human nature.

## Ongoing (?)

Perhaps you noticed that after President Kennedy put a new gloss on it, the word 'vigor' (vigah) became a part of the working vocabulary of nearly everybody in the administration, including some part-time mail carriers.

The same sort of phenomenon has occurred in Chapel Hill, with another word and on a somewhat less exalted level.

The word currently in vogue here is 'ongoing.' 'Ongoing' didn't come from a dictionary; in fact, we don't know where it came from. But 'ongoing' has been used to describe everything from the campus greenery to the University's grandest dreams.

'Ongoing' is meant to indicate, we are told, continuing progress. This is a good thing to know. For a while there we were afraid it was something subversive.

matically declaring, "You are wrong." then he would have to agree that what the Negro is struggling for is right. If you grant the Negro the rightness of his goal, then it follows that those who are trying to deny him are wrong.

It seems equally apparent, however, that some of the means now being used to attain that goal are wrong. Even granting that demonstrations, picketing and sit-ins were necessary in the beginning, any reasonable man would have to agree that irritants are hardly conducive to a permanent solution.

Direct action has served its purpose remarkably well. There is no better proof of that than that our National conscience has become virtually saturated in one way or another with integration. The time is now at hand when the hope for solution lies, perhaps entirely, in negotiation.

And any negotiations will have a much greater chance of success if the parties concerned enter asking themselves, "Am I right," instead of auto-

of Robert Welch's Birch Society Blue Book, a gospel of suspicion and discord which has not sold well in North Carolina.

If we are mistaken in this, then perhaps Dr. Lake will supply the names of these "foreign invaders" who are subtly working their craft on the minds of Tar Heel children.

Until he does name names—and we venture to predict that will be a long time off—the ghoules and ghosties Dr. Lake is drumming up in these speeches should not be mistaken as "conservatism." There is plenty of room in North Carolina for reasoned, factual and persuasive conservatism. But even in the palmy days of McCarthyism and Birchism, the foreign devil theory has not marketed well in this State.

# Letters To The Editor

## Demonstrations And 'The Old Well'

Dear Editor:

Re "Blood on the Old Well" and its author whom I have not met:

One day when I was 9 years old my playmate in whose yard we were playing used a bad word and his mother heard him.

According to the prevailing custom, she called him in and washed his mouth with nice soapy water.

As he came down the back steps after the ordeal he muttered angrily what seemed to me to be a very pertinent question. It was: "And how did she know it was a bad word?"

Yours very truly,  
Robert W. Hudgens

Dear Sir:

I joined the protest demonstration in front of South Building on July 7 for a few minutes, but withdrew after reading the signs carried by some demonstrators. Several signs in the group demanded the passage of a public accommodations law, a measure that I oppose.

The civil rights of the Negro or any citizen are no more sacred than the right of the small businessman in running his business as best suits his purpose. If a law is created that forces the private businessman to serve all persons without discrimination, he may find it impossible to remove any undesirable hum-

an element from his premises, no matter how damaging to his business, without fear of facing suit or trial for discriminatory business practices. Further, economists claim that small business is already smarting under legislative restrictions. Each further restriction further reduces the attractiveness of private business as a way of life and, in reducing the number of small businessmen, weakens the buffering effect of the entrepreneur between the very rich and large corporations and the poor.

Non-violent demonstrations by Negroes and sympathetic whites should continue until equal treatment is realized, but public accommodations laws, while a seeming easy road to victory, may cause greater long range damage to private enterprise than the Negro will suffer in the next few decades if such laws are not passed. Accommodations laws would do no more than increase the rights of one group at the expense of certain rights of another, and would thus hardly increase the common good. Certainly the attitude of belligerent white segregationists in the deep South, who have already announced that they would disregard national accommodations laws; will not be changed through legislation. Persistent attrition is the only way to reduce their deep-rooted bigotry to compromising levels. If national accommodations laws are passed, and are not struck down

by the Supreme Court, bloodshed will probably be averted at many places in the deep South only by the imposition of Federal martial law.

Negro leaders should remember that 40 years of non-violent noncooperation were required to achieve equality in India. Had Gandhi deliberately followed a course that he knew might lead to bloodshed, thousands of his living countrymen would not be alive today, and the remaining million might still be under British rule.

Sincerely yours,  
H. D. Wagener  
Department of Geology  
Chapel Hill

Dear Editor:

Teachers, preachers and editors of North Carolina had better start packing their bags.

Dr. I. Beverly Lake, North Carolina's self-styled political savior, announced to a group of Wilson Jaycees that "foreign invaders" are about to take over the state.

He pointed out that these four-eyed demons of destruction are already entrenched in our classrooms, pulpits and on the editorial staffs.

In 1960 Dr. Lake attempted to excite our emotions with the racial issue. Recently, another attempt was made with the "communist under every rock" gimmick. Now this,

A Greensboro Daily News editorial called the good doctor's hand on his latest gubernatorial attempt. It read:

"Really now, Dr. Lake knows that this is the purest fantasy. It has the dull ring of some of the more bizarre pages of Robert Welch's Birch Society Blue Book, a gospel of suspicion and discord which has not sold well in North Carolina."

The editorial points out that Dr. Lake's philosophy should not be mistaken for "conservatism."

It continued: "There is plenty of room in North Carolina for reasoned, factual and persuasive conservatism. But even in the palmy days of McCarthyism and Birchism, the foreign devil theory has not marketed well in this state. Dr. Lake knows that. And we cannot imagine why he is displaying this tattered line of goods."

Sincerely,  
David C. Daughtry  
Goldsboro

Dear Editor:

We, the players of the Chapel Hill All-Star baseball team, wish

to thank all those people who helped support us and showed interest in us when we traveled to the State baseball tournament in Charlotte.

We want especially to thank Mr. Wiley Franklin, Mr. Miles Fitch, Mr. Ted Talbert, Mr. Wimp Carroll, Mr. Coy Durham, Mr. Grady Snipes, Mr. Earl Walker, our coaches Mr. Jimmy Farrell and Mr. Albert Brinkley, our manager Tommy Williams, Dennis Osborne, and Tim Riggsbee.

We don't know how to thank any of them enough.

(Signed) Eddie Talbert  
Rodney McFarling  
Jimmy Andrews  
Marvin Talley  
Billy Martin  
Donnie Pendergrass  
Pat Thompson  
Bari Ellington  
Eddie Skakle  
Graham Burch  
Cliff Patterson  
Dave Harrison  
Donnie Carroll  
Joe Snipes  
Eddie Durham  
Phillip Walker  
Price Heusner

## -Looking Back-

From The Weekly's files:

IN 1923 -

"Out in the section of town behind the old Baptist Church, along Church Street, the colored people are anxious to have water mains installed. The University, which provides water for the whole community, is planning to make the installation as soon as the new water supply system, for which the last legislature appropriated funds, is complete.

"Chapel Hill's health officer, Dr. Nathan, has found that nearly all the surface wells, upon which the dwellers in that section depend, are polluted. Of course, there being no sewers. The consequence is that the conditions of life are extremely unsanitary, an encouragement to typhoid and other diseases . . .

"The new supply is to come from Morgan's Creek, across which a dam is to be built about a mile and a half from Carrboro. Careful calculations by the engineers show that this will give the University and Chapel Hill a bountiful supply for many years to come. 'We ought to be able to get enough water there,' said J. S. Bennett the other day, 'for a city as large as Durham.'"

IN 1933 -

"Henry Horace Williams, professor of Philosophy in the University, will be 75 years old next Wednesday, August 16.

"Mr. Williams has a vigor not ordinarily associated with the age of 75. He rides a horse with the same enjoyment, and with the same erect posture, as forty years ago. He gets up early in the morning, prepares his own breakfast, and often does odd jobs about the house and yard. Usually, when he goes uptown, he prefers to leave his car at home and travel afoot. He retains his lively interest in talking, upon all manners of topics with whomsoever he happens to meet on the street or in the stores—fellow faculty members, students, merchants, visit-

ing alumni, whoever comes along. He is as alert and keenly interested in discussing the National Recovery Act in 1933 as he was in discussing the currency question in the McKinley-Bryan campaign of 1896 . . . He joined the University of North Carolina faculty in 1890."

IN 1943 -

"If you heard somebody remark that the squirrels were raiding his vegetable garden, you might take it as a kind of joke; anyway, as nothing much to worry about.

"But squirrels have become a serious pest to vegetable gardeners, and in some cases to fruit growers, in Chapel Hill. Rabbits are doing damage, too, and there are complaints of rats by some gardeners; but just now it is the squirrels that are causing the most trouble. They are winning a great victory over Victory Gardens.

"I have planted corn five times this year and haven't had an ear for myself yet," said John W. Umstead, Jr., yesterday. "The squirrels have got it all.

"I've shot three recently. I've always liked to see the little things playing around, and I wouldn't shoot 'em 'til I actually saw 'em in the act. I killed one when he was going up a tree with a small ear of corn in his mouth, and the other two I killed while they were sitting on a corn stalk and eating corn. We've had some good squirrel stew, but we'd rather have the ro's'n' ears . . ."

IN 1953 -

"Two polio cases have been reported in Chapel Hill, according to Dr. O. David Garvin, district health officer.

"They are Mrs. John Pershing, Jr., of 18-F Glen Lennox and Miss Gladys Worman of San Diego, Calif., who has been visiting a friend here. Both were reported in 'good' condition at Memorial Hospital. According to the Hospital administration, both cases are non-paralytic."



Morgan Creek Winding Through A Chapel Hill Dell

## I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

The meanest man I know of has just left town after having spent the first part of the year here. He was a frequent visitor in the Carolina Barber Shop and never told Y. Z. Cannon he was deaf.

Picked up a couple of good stories in Washington. According to The Star, Congressman Jack Shelly tells of the aesthetic and somewhat severe old Irish Catholic pastor and his young assistant who were opening Christmas presents in the rectory before midnight mass.

The young priest was delighted when he came upon a pair of thick Turkish towels but, when he unfolded them, was dismayed to find them embroidered "His" and "Hers."

"Perhaps we had better give them to the next couple that comes to the church to be married, Father," he said sadly.

But the pastor said: "No, let's keep them till we see what the Ecumenical Council is going to do."

The other story was told by Charlie Clift of the FCC, and it was about the lady superintendent of a home for unwed

mothers. The Junior Chamber of Commerce made the home its pet charity and made the lady superintendent an honorary member of the Jaycees.

She became so infatuated with the Jaycees' enthusiasm for progress that she started bragging about her establishment while showing it to visitors.

When the visitors would congratulate her on how well kept they had found the home, she would reply:

"Thank you very much, and furthermore I want you to know that we are getting a higher type of girl every year."

Last summer little Stevie Zunes swam across his 18-foot pool 31 times. He was so proud of it he asked his father John Zunes what he would do if he swam it 100 times.

"I'd put it in The Weekly," father replied, never thinking Stevie could do it.

But last week he did. Now 6½ forth across the pool 101 consecutive times, and he's been looking for the write-up in The Weekly. So here it is. Daddy is no promise-breaker.

When Commerce Secretary

Luther Hodges wants "Love" all he has to do is press a button, according to a capital newspaper. But it's not the love you or I are thinking of. It's Jim Love, the secretary's expert on textile matters.

I had remembered that our townsman, when he became secretary, went all over the sprawling Commerce Department building, and it was reported that some workers said they had been there for years and never before seen one of their top bosses.

So when we went to the Aquarium in the basement, just for the sake of conversation I asked one of the employees if Secretary Hodges ever got around to his department.

"Who?" he asked. "I don't know who you're talking about. I never get out of this cellar."

Donald Bishop, University grad and public relations expert, has moved from New York to work for the Secretary. He sends regards to Chapel Hillians.

## Those Little Foundations

THE LONDON DAILY TELEGRAPH

We are always reading about the millions given to the great foundations which play such an enormous role in American life, but little is heard of the small ones. F. Emerson Andrews, director of the Foundation Library center in Newton, Mass., has been telling about some of them.

There is, for example, the Benefit Shoe Foundation in Providence, R. I., which is dedicated to the sole purpose of collecting single shoes from manufacturers for the use of one legged people.

In Boston there is the Lollipop Foundation of America, which adds another hospital to its list of beneficiaries whenever its income is increased by 114 pounds a year; each hospital receives 25,000 lollipops—a year's supply for child patients.

In Vermont the State Cribbage Foundation is devoted to playing the game on Palm Sunday in Burlington, Vt., and at Framingham, Mass., the Research Foundation for the Study of Heaves in Horses exists in the hope that equine research may lead to more knowledge of human disorders.

One odd foundation is the Henry G. Freeman Jr., in Money Fund, established to provide the wives of American presidents with \$12,000 a year to spend as they please.