

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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Published every Sunday and Wednesday by the Chapel Hill Publishing Company, Inc.
501 West Franklin 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.

Responsibility Is A Two - Way Street

The recent pay increases for top-drawer University officials and some glaring omissions from the list of the anointed have caused joy and consternation hereabouts of nearly equal intensity.

Regardless of the particular type of madness underlying the Advisory Budget Commission's method of doling out raises, the whole business serves to emphasize the University's dilemma in trying to maintain a sound and progressive academic program on a comparative shoestring.

As Governor Sanford pointed out, some private institutions, several public colleges and all leading universities pay more for academic leadership than does the University of North Carolina.

"Frankly, we have a serious problem to consider if we are to maintain our leadership in higher education," said the Governor. "We must provide competitive salaries for university leadership — the president, chancellors, deans, department heads, and distinguished professors."

To the experienced ear, this sounds like a prelude to an overture for more taxes. If a bigger tax bite is what it takes, then those who are truly concerned about the welfare of the University and want to see an ongoing academic program, as the academicians say, reach full maturity then they will be for it.

But there are bound to be many noting University salaries bettering twenty grand and agitation for more who are fast arriving at the conclusion that the

people's responsibility to their University and the University's responsibility to the people has got to be somewhat more of a two-way street.

It is not enough to tell a taxpayer who has been hit hard in the pocketbook and being asked for more simply that he is contributing toward a greater University. Something a little more concrete is needed. For example, the University might score a major point by telling the ordinary taxpayer something like, "Your children will be able to come to school here," and then convincing him that the University will hold up its end if the taxpayers hold up theirs.

This approach, although novel, conceivably could have more meaning to the taxpayer than the University's academic standing among state-supported institutions, the number of Ph. D's granted by UNC as compared with Harvard, and the competitive salaries of full professors at Chapel Hill and Duke. (One loyal Carolina son, who supports to the letter and without question the current definition of the University's mission, confessed recently that he didn't know what Duke professors were paid and didn't much care.)

Anyway, there seems to be a good chance that the next time the University goes to the till it will have to satisfy a reckoning that boils down simply to the matter of value given for value received. Right now, while the "Sorry, We're Full" sign is hanging out, might be a good time to think about it.

Mud - Sloggers, Danger And Destruction

Once in a while we are given pause to reflect that we owe a part of our continuing existence to the simple, mud-slogging performance of those who are merely doing their duty.

Thursday night, for example, furnish reason to give pause. The Rathskeller caught fire and for a few minutes there it appeared altogether possible that a sizable slice of the business district would go down in flames.

As it developed the fire consisted largely of smoke and confusion. The Rat was done in by water and smoke, but there was no way of determining the extent of the threat to adjoining businesses without plunging in and seeking the source. An unknown hazard that had to be faced confronted the firefighters. Chapel Hill's Fire Department, supported by its volunteers, plunged into the ordeal, faced with choking smoke, limited oxygen and the danger of live electrical wires coming in contact with water that flooded Amber Alley and environs.

The Warm Dust Of August Is No More

The Vineyard Gazette

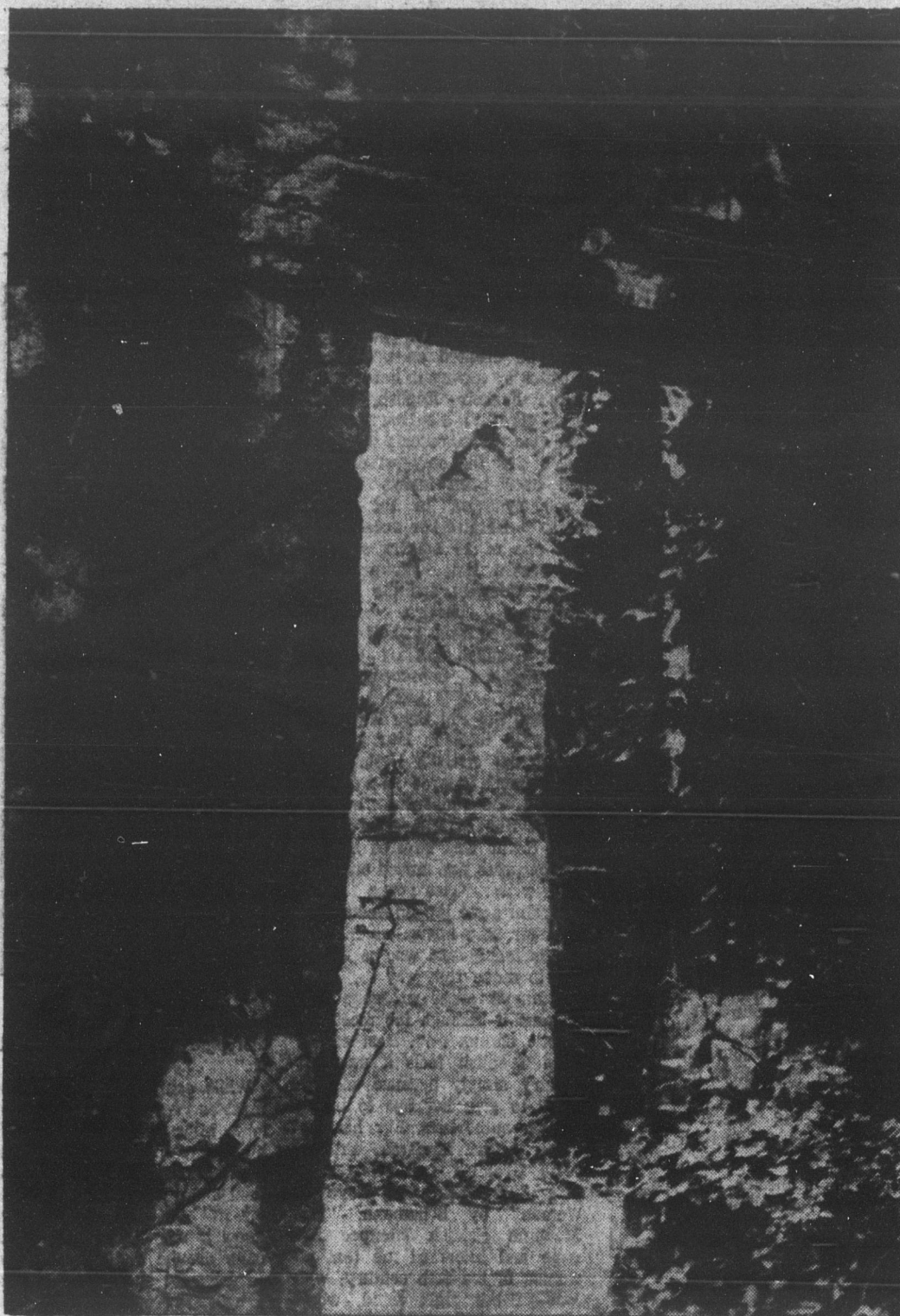
The dust of the road isn't what it was, either. Nobody took any special pleasure in a summer's dust, say fifty years ago, but there are many who can remember it wistfully, and how it covered the sweetfern, briars, and bayberry bushes along those old time winding roads that were a firm part of country life. The dust showed the complexion of the land out of which the summer grew: some was red, some was white, and most was yellowish or ochre or whatever you might want to call it. Just to see all the dust made you thirsty, made you taste the dryness of August, and made you observe your friends, family, and yourself as subordinate parts of the natural world.

Not only did rain fall upon the just and unjust alike, but so did dust, a fact memorialized in the costumes of the early automobilists. Much later the increased speed of motor vehicles enabled them to break the dust barrier as jet planes were later to break the sound barrier, but the first epochal event has been little noted by chroniclers of our society.

By the time the dust settled, the modern motorist was well beyond it, though his legacy might choke the fellow citizen closest behind him. The chances were that both were well beyond the sweetfern and bayberry, absorbed in motion, not for motion's sake exactly, but launched upon a course mankind in general was powerless to resist.

Then, of course, the nature of dust changed. Good old country dust yielded to an oily film or, on many properly surfaced roads, to no real dust at all. Nothing quite so militated against the old condition as the disappearance of the wheelrut; without ruts, you were without the agitation of turning carriage wheels, and without the traditional horsepath you were without the rhythmic beat of hooves.

So nowadays a eulogy of dust is as merely quaint as would be a hymn to the watering carts that warred so vainly against dust in the streets of town. But there are still a few impractical sentimentarians who fancy in memory the look and the scent of sweetfern clad in the warm dust of August.



'A Stone, A Leaf, An Unfound Door . . .'

. . . At The Forest Theater On The University Campus

'Bring The Glimmer Of The Morning . . .'

Remarks by Dr. Frank P. Graham, former UNC president and now United Nations mediator to Pakistan and India, at the 1200th performance of Paul Green's symphonic drama "The

Lost Colony" in the Waterside Theater at Manteo, on Friday, August 16.

These life-time passes to every hundredth purchaser of a ticket tonight are awarded in honor

of this the 1200th performance of THE LOST COLONY given on this commemorative occasion by this able and devoted community cast and staff. Tonight we also salute Chairman Francis Winslow and General John Phillips of the Carolina Charter Tercentenary Commission; the 200 4-H Club youths and L. R. Harrill, their leader for 37 years; the U. S. Park Service; Roanoke Island Colony Memorial Association; the people of Dare; the Manteo Players; the original incorporators; the financial benefactors and the present president, the dynamic Emma Neal Morrison and especially Paul Green, the eminent author and all those whose faith and generous energies have kept this drama living with the revolutionary meaning of America and challenging with the unceasing adventures of equal freedom unfolding more and more from generation to generation.

In honor of this performance tonight we do not have a fatted calf to kill, but we do have an anniversary cake to cut for the colony that was lost and is found again for the 1200th time tonight.

In an old classic quotation which I paraphrase in saying that Paul Green in this pioneering beautiful outdoor symphonic drama has chosen to light candles of heritage and hope rather than to curse the darkness of history and mystery into which the first colonists passed from these historic shores.

These pioneering shores of Roanoke Island on which Sir Walter Raleigh stumbled became the stepping stone of empire, Virginia Dare, conceived in England and born in America became the prophetic symbol of both the British Commonwealth of Nations and the United States of America. This partnership of free people strengthens and lengthens the links of freedom in an imperiled world.

We live in a darkening world of the precarious peace of deterrent terror in which the panicked press of a button may suddenly end the human race, evolved over countless ages in the physical descent and spiritual ascent of men, and quickly lay in global ruins the civilization patiently accumulated in thousands of years.

May the lighting of these candles amid the darkness of this night bring the glimmer of the morning for the mothers and children of men. May the ratification of the Test Ban Treaty by the United States Senate, amid the hazards of a broken and bi-polar world, become prophetic of the steadfast hopes of man's unresting dreams of building on the earth a nobler home of the family of man in the dauntless struggle of the human spirit through the United Nations for equal freedom, justice and peace under law and human brotherhood under God in these times of mortal peril and immortal hope for all people everywhere.

BILL PROUTY

Seems like every time you look around somebody's getting married. Have you ever seen the like of weddings as are coming off nowadays? And they seem to be getting younger and younger all the time, these folks who are dashing helter-skelter into matrimony.

So with all these nuptials being spoken, it was rather startling to read in the paper the other day that there are nearly 20 million single males of marriageable age in the United States today. And by 1975, it is estimated that there will be 24 million bachelors walking around free in our "land of the free." A most amazing figure, is it not?

So it seems that, while marriages are obviously on the increase, so also are bachelors, though, due perhaps to a certain understandable reticence on the part of these footloose and fancy-free males, their increase is not nearly so noticeable.

And so if this more-marriages-yet-more-bachelors thing seems paradoxical, you must remember that our country is in the throes of an unprecedented population burst, a condition of a necessarily more attributable to numerous marriages than to increasing numbers of bachelors.

But however this dilemma has developed, it seems inevitable that we will have a steady increase of both brides and bachelors in the future.

And what's wrong with this? Certainly, no one can say that marriage at its best is not a productive, desirable, necessary and even beautiful state of affairs — the very backbone of our present social system.

On the other hand, what's so wrong with bachelorhood? The only folks nowadays who really seem to have it in for those of us who have slipped the binding knot are life insurance folks and disgruntled benedicts, even after they've wrangled a separation or divorce.

for matrimony in these thickly "bachelorated" areas.

How're you going to sell life insurance to men without wives and/or young'uns? Maybe spinsters used to hate bachelors a little, too, for not preventing them from becoming old maids. But that was before women became men's equals instead of their superiors, as they had been before, and had learned to their consternation that their new emancipation, as well as their marital independence, for women and men alike, is a dearly-bought freedom, optioned with a large down payment of loneliness.

So we find, with our great acceleration in population, that along with our ever-increasing marriages nevertheless we have more and more bachelors, and still even greater numbers of unmarried females in our society. The solution? Perhaps it could be found in polygamy, as so ardently advocated recently at the Anglican world convulse in Toronto by an African bishop, who defended the multi-wife marriages of his country as more moral than the so easily divorced marital contracts of Western civilization. But it's quite likely Western man will never again allow himself the luxury (if it really be this) of multiple wives, for he has become too complex to accept happiness through simple solutions. If they're workable, these solutions, they're immediately suspect, or, at best, certainly immoral.

But no matter if we may distribute ourselves more equally in the future among bachelors and benedicts, brides and spinsters, male and female, it seems certain that marriages will have to shake a veil to keep up with the bachelors.

There're just too many unfettered males reading closely the trends of the time and agreeing with another priest at that same Anglican meeting, who, though disagreeing with his colleague from Africa, nonetheless described monogamy as that union in which there is "one wife too many."

Needless to say, the Good Reverend is a bachelor, and undoubtedly plans to remain one. And now, about that floating "bridge" game fella, how about my house? There ain't nobody home but me, hardly ever.

-Looking Back-

From the files of the Weekly:
IN 1923 —

House of Goods Boxes

"Everybody in Chapel Hill who is worried over the shortage of houses should consult Marion, commonly known as Mary Ann, the chef at Gooch's Cafe. Last year he solved the whole problem, as far as his family was concerned, by building his own home. And not only did he score architects, carpenters, and profiting landlords, but he flung down the gauntlet as well to the regular lumber companies. His home is artfully constructed of goods boxes received by the Cafe.

"This unique little dwelling is about twelve feet square and it stands on the town's westernmost street, near Cameron Avenue. The porch commands a glimpse of the blue hills, one of the loveliest views about Chapel Hill. Last winter the goods box mansion protected Mary Ann and his family, wife and two children, from snow and frost as successfully as a much more pretentious dwelling would have done. Though bizarre in appearance the little house looks as if it were fully prepared to meet any blasts that winter may bring."

IN 1933 —

Partners Again

"When John McCauley got out of the Army 14 years ago he came to Jack Andrews and told him he needed a job. S. W. Andrews and Jack, father and son, took John into their store. After a while Jack said to John:

"Why don't you buy an interest in the store?"

"Haven't got the money," answered John.

"Well, you can pay for it out of your salary, with no interest on the unpaid balance." And so it was arranged. John was put on the same salary basis as his two partners, and this enabled him to pay his installment every month.

"Years passed. The partnership broke up. John McCauley and Charles W. Shields went in

together to run the M. Store. Recently they agreed to separate, Shields selling out his interest to McCauley.

"Now it was John who had a business and proposed to sell an interest in it to Jack. 'But I haven't got the money,' said Jack. 'Well, you remember when you let me buy a partnership out of my salary,' said John. 'Now you can come in with me the same way.'

"And so John McCauley and Jack Andrews are together in the M. Store. J. S. Henninger has taken over Jack's interest in the Andrews-Henninger Company."

IN 1943 —

From Chapel Hill Chaff:
"Six months ago, out at Hol-low Rock Farm, Colonel Paul Henderson and his Negro man-of-all-work joined in abusing the cold weather and wishing for summertime. One day last week, when they were out in the vegetable garden, a fierce sun beat down upon them and the sweat rolled from their faces. It was a torrid, blistering day. As he kept chopping away with his hoe, the Negro said: 'Cunnel, I b'lieve house looks as if it were fully prepared to meet any blasts that winter may bring.'

"Two weeks ago I wrote about the struggles of the radio broadcasters with the pronunciation of Orel. I wonder how they would make out with the title of one of the songs on Mr. Toms's program day after tomorrow, 'Gas-podi va pomoc moju prizri.' Last you don't know what language this is, I will tell you that Mr. Toms tells me it is Czechish. I take his word for it he has never deceived me yet."

IN 1953 —

"With 11 children having died in the nation over the past week from suffocating to death in abandoned iceboxes, the fire department asks local householders to check their premises for these hazards. Assistant Fire Chief J. S. Boone suggests that unused ice boxes either be destroyed or that the locks be taken off all compartment doors."

BILLY ARTHUR

Western North Carolina is a many storied country that finally in this portion of the 20th century has a successor-chronicler to Shep Dugger. The new one is John Parris, who has written a book "Roaming the Mountains." I commend it for the most entertaining North Carolinian put in print in many a decade.

Particularly amusing are portions of the chapter on his 96-year-old grandfather's recollections of farming and roads in a land where the hills run straight up and down.

"Guess you've noticed how some of the planted fields seem to sort of hang on the steep hillsides," the old man says. "Ain't nothing been invented yet that'll stick to the hillsides when it comes to planting and reaping 'cept a man and a horse. And both of 'em have got to be anchored with a rope to keep 'em from falling off."

"When it comes corn-plantin' time, a feller just gets his shotgun and a bag of plantin'-corn and climbs up on another hillside. He loads his gun with corn and fires it into the other hill that he's got set up for a corn patch."

"Why, I've seen corn planted on hills so steep that a feller had to run a rope around his horse or mule and tie the other end to a tree to keep the critter from falling off."

"And as soon as the punkins and squash begin to grow they have to be tethered to the cornstalks to hold them until harvest time."

"I remember there was a feller over in Macon County that had a corn field on a high hill. Shore didn't have to worry none when it came corn-pickin' time. All that feller had to do was shuck out his corn and toss it down a natural chute of rock. When it got to the bottom, all his folks had to do was separate the corn cobs from the shelled corn."

even to this day look up the chimney to see the cows come home.

"Some of the old timers back at the turn of the century used to give bad roads as the reason for making whiskey, arguing that the only way they could get their corn out of the hills and coves was in jugs."

"The streets in Sylva were all dirt back then. In the winter time the wagons would mire up to the axles, and we had to put poles along the sides of the streets to show people how to keep out of the deep holes."

"One day I was driving my wagon up toward Webster Well, the mud got so deep we just couldn't go no farther, me and the horse and wagon. About that time I looked over in the mud and there was a new hat sitting there. I reached for it. But about that time a voice said, 'Leave that hat be, it's mine.' I says, 'Where are you?' And the voice came back at me, 'I'm down here under it trying to tighten this saddle belt.'

"Guess you've heard about the razor-back hogs we've got up here in the mountains. There's nothing like a razor-back. They say he got his start right here in the narrow valleys. If the razor-back got too fat, he just naturally stuck between the walls of the valleys and had to get thin again before he could amble along."

"In fact, some of the valleys are so narrow that you have to lie down and look up to see out. 'The narrowest valley I reckon I ever heard tell of was back over in Swain County. That particular valley was so small and narrow that the moonshine had to be wheeled out on a wheelbarrow early every morning, and the daylight wheeled in."

"There's a place up near Balsam, right on the highway, that's mighty interesting. Maybe you've noticed that ladder sitting there against the bank leading up to the hillside field. Well, they grow potatoes in that field, and the rows run up and down the field rather than across. All a fellow has to do is stand on the ladder, chop out the end of the row, and the potatoes roll right down into the road. Next time you're along that way, take a look and see for yourself."