

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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The University's 'Haldane Affair,' Wherein The Gag Law Strikes Again

In time, it might be remembered as The Haldane Affair.

Dr. J. B. S. Haldane, whose rank in the world of biological sciences approximates that of Picasso in art, had been invited to address classes on campuses of the University in Chapel Hill, Raleigh and Greensboro. The invitation had been extended by the Institute of Biological Sciences at State College, which would seem to indicate that Dr. Haldane was being asked to deliver scientific lectures.

Then someone detected a Red taint somewhere in Dr. Haldane's background and sounded the alarm. Properly mindful of North Carolina's gag law barring suspected communists and pleaders of the Fifth Amendment from campuses of State institutions, the University wrote Dr. Haldane a letter asking him to declare himself.

Dr. Haldane promptly replied in some pretty direct language that his politics was none of the University's business. He refused to answer as a matter of principle.

Dr. Haldane will not be speaking on University of North Carolina campuses this fall. He will, however, be speaking on the campuses of several other distinguished American universities and he will almost certainly have a few words to say about the University of North Carolina.

At one period during World War II, Dr. Haldane was the editor of the British Daily Worker, a communist publication. He was fired in a policy dispute. Aside from that, about the only thing

known around here of his non-professional life is that he has held some unorthodox political views.

This may be enough, of course, to convince many Tar Heels that Dr. Haldane should not have been allowed to speak on our State campuses, and that any criticism he might have of the University of North Carolina would automatically be without merit.

Nevertheless, this little contretemps rates something more than a salute to the North Carolina General Assembly.

Obviously, it makes the University of North Carolina look asinine to scientists throughout the country, including those who are no more political than a test tube. It is bound to strike them as rather odd that a University dedicated to searching for truth would require a non-communist oath from a scientist before permitting him to talk about science.

Besides scientists, almost anyone who examines North Carolina's gag law and who is not yet on the super-patriotism jag is bound to wonder what in the name of democracy we are so afraid of.

Some of us, obviously, are afraid of alien ideas, foreign ideologies and philosophies, the questing for truth, and even truth itself.

Others are more fearful of the type of demagogues who created North Carolina's gag law.

And there are some who are not at all afraid, but are merely tongue-tied with embarrassment. The embarrassment, at least, is understandable. Contempt is hard to take, especially when it's deserved.

Moonlighting As A Means Of Living

It is a pretty sad commentary on a community of this size and nature when a man can make more money driving a bulldozer than being a policeman.

This fact emerged recently when Paul Minor, one of Chapel Hill's two Negro policemen, resigned from the force because of the financial reward offered by the bulldozer business. Mr. Minor had also acquired part ownership of a tavern and a combination of the two jobs gives him a better living than the Town could offer.

If this fact is not disturbing enough, consider also that those patrolmen remaining on the force have to supplement their Police Department pay somehow. Chapel Hill's highest paid patrolman is part-owner of a service station, and his wife also works. Patrolmen with young children cannot send their wives out to work, and must beef up their salaries themselves. They work as filling station attendants, drug and grocery store clerks, and at other jobs. They can't make it otherwise.

The Chamber of Commerce recently concluded a fund drive for the benefit of policemen, collecting almost \$2,000 in contributions to make a down payment on a building on the Police Department's recreation land off NC 86. The contributions were a fine gesture of appreciation for the hundreds of hours of unpaid overtime Chapel Hill policemen put in during racial integration activities here this summer. But this won't help to pay rent or buy clothes and groceries.

The fact that moonlighting is not a luxury but a necessity for Chapel Hill policemen suggests that what spare affluence the Town has might well be put to effective use in this situation. Chapel Hill has been extremely lucky to get the quality of policing it has, particularly so with the relative pittance paid patrolmen. But the Town cannot continue forever to rely on good luck alone to keep good men. One good man has just resigned. His leaving might be the first pebble of a landslide.

A Small Suggestion For All Mankind

THE VINEYARD GAZETTE

We can offer a valuable suggestion to a large segment of mankind, that segment which is afflicted with anxiety, vexation, ire, and so on, because of traffic, lack of parking, and the irrepressible conflict between motorists and cyclists. The suggestion is that everyone stop worrying about these matters and recognize once and for all that nothing is going to be done about them.

Peace, it's wonderful. Clear the mind of any notions or plans or appeals. Almost all else in the human sphere is open to argument, even war and peace, but not motor traffic. Forget it. Apply the mind to something attainable or to rhythmic breathing or Mrs. Wortman's

Doublecrosses. The relief will be tremendous and the problems of streets and parking will be no worse than they are now. They won't be any better, but that's the foregone conclusion, the certainty that will only frustrate the misguided challenger.

Cyclists will always win over motorists because they are all very youthful, or odd, or dedicated, or all three. Motorists will never prevail in traffic and parking affairs because what they really want is easy going or easy parking for themselves. This is an allowable objective, but as impractical as using clouds as helicopters. Why doesn't everybody get a bike and join the wrong-way, no-rule procession? And, incidentally, how's the walking today?

To the Editor:

As one who has observed and read about race relations in this country for many years and even written one of the first modern treatises calling attention to the racial inequalities inculcated into the legal systems of Southern and other states in our Nation, I feel constrained to mention the attitudes of some liberals who appear to believe that anyone who takes exception to some of the tactics being employed by some organizations today is not the friend of the colored man and is terribly narrow-minded. When one mentions the charge that the CORE has many leftwingers in its ranks, some of these people suggest or just come out and say that the speaker has been listening to prejudiced voices. They do not seem to believe that anyone can possibly arrive at any conclusion other than their own. They refuse to believe that anyone could come to a different conclusion independently. They too listen to voices of another kind and are influenced thereby. The suggestion that the sincere and able people who are dedicated to the cause of racial equality should make an effort to oust the publicity-seekers and others trying to take advantage of the situation is usually met with a charge of extreme conservatism. Some of them appear to believe that help from any source is acceptable as long as it supports their cause. If opposition to the people who are advocating the use of civil disobedience is extreme conservatism, then I plead

guilty. Any act which sows the seed of violence, except in cases of extreme oppression, is deplorable. It does not matter what organization is supporting the action, a fascist club or a CORE. Conservative voices are not the only ones to which a man may listen and become a bigot.

Charles Mangum
Chapel Hill

Dear Sir:

A seldom-spoken, but burning question hangs over Chapel Hill at this time: Has the community taken advantage of its respite from racial demonstrations by acting to redress the grievances of the demonstrators? Have the owners of 50% of our eating places and 100% of our motels (not just 5%, as some would have us believe) moved to end their practices of racial discrimination? Have our elected officials done anything? Have local citizens done anything? After all, it is we who have the greatest power (and perhaps the greatest responsibility, too) to persuade our town officials and the segregating merchants to take appropriate action to end discrimination.

With the return of a morally-conscious college population drawing near, chances are that the respite will be all too short, unless everyone of us has done his utmost in this "quiet period" to advance the cause of human rights and dignity in Chapel Hill.

Yours truly,
M. Richard Cramer

Dear Sir:

I personally object to the proposed link between northern Carrboro and Airport Road being built under any circumstances. Only problems caused by the road link in the vicinity of Airport Road have been brought out in your paper, so therefore, I would like to itemize my objections.

(1) The entrance to the link from Carrboro will be down Greensboro Street and it is the most dangerous road that I have ever driven on in my life. In fact I have almost had four or five wrecks on it myself through no fault of my own and if cars had been coming in the opposite direction at the time, I would have. It is fairly narrow, has sharp curves and hills where visibility drops completely to zero.

(2) Pleasant Drive is narrow and intersects Greensboro Street on a hill and a curve.

(3) Weiner Street has a long grade of approximately 20% on it and is unpaved. How it will be navigated in the winter time, I don't know.

(4) If the link is built, it will cause a large flux of private automobiles to use Barclay Road and Umstead Drive going to and from the Chapel Hill area whether it is intended to be so or not. Umstead Drive intersects Airport Road on a curve and at the bottom of a long hill. Barclay Road is narrow, needs repaving, has rolling hills offering poor visibility, and has a steep downhill grade at its intersection with Airport Road.

(5) More traffic will go by the Umstead Recreation Area which will prove dangerous for children and adults alike.

(6) Due to Mr. Umstead objecting to the link because of the hazards involved, it is now being considered constructing an extension from Hartig Street to Airport Road. This will not alleviate any of the problems above and will only make the link more expensive.

(7) Last but not least is the fact that the area involved in the link will most surely be annexed into the city within a very short time. This puts the State Highway Department in the position of constructing city roads in a sense, which is mighty poor practice.

I don't think that I need to state that I believe these plans belong in the trash can. But the problem remains: Carrboro and Chapel Hill both need a method to reduce city traffic, the people in northern Carrboro and areas beyond used another route to Chapel Hill and to the Durham, Pittsboro, and Raleigh Roads, and there needs to be a shorter and more direct route to the Estes Hills Junior High and Elementary schools from the Carrboro side. In my opinion, this could be accomplished by finishing the northern bypass and it would have none of the problems

Sincerely,
J. D. Leggett

Dear Sir:

There is a printer's error on line 40 of page 1 of the article "ZIP Code Number: 'What in Thunderation is That?'" appearing on pages 1-2 of the Sept. 11, 1963 issue of your newspaper. I gave Carrboro's correct "ZIP Code number"—viz., "27510"—to Mr. Dunn. My source of information for that number—as well as for Chapel Hill's "27514" and Hillsboro's "27528"—is an article which appeared in the News of Orange County a few weeks ago.

Durham, N. C.'s "ZIP Code number" is "27702." The corresponding number for Raleigh, N. C. is "27602." The number for Charleston, S. C., where I was born, is "29401."

Very truly yours,
Manning A. Simons

Bob Quincy

The Traveling Salesman

Do not take "The Beverly Hillbillies" as complete fantasy. The zany television skit has its moments of absurdity, but the world is not without its true-life Jed Clampits.

As a youngster, I grew up on the Kentucky-West Virginia border. The region was known for its soft coal and its hard mountain people. Shoes were conveniences, for winter only. The typical home had two nearby musts: an outhouse and a well with drop bucket. City water came later.

There was a young man in a nearby community who was much admired by us lads several years his junior. He affected a city-slicker's poise in a nice sort of manner. He had good muscles and was a street fighter. Girls smiled when he winked. He chose to use his personality to make a living and became a traveling salesman.

Clarence did fine. He talked fast and had a winning approach. He loved to tell stories as much as he loved to hoodwink the grocers he visited.

"I HIT A new low or you might call it a new high in hillbillies last week," Clarence began. "I was on my route up near Pikeville and I'd heard about a little store up on one of the mountains. I figured they'd need my product, too, so I took my chances at busting my oil pan and drove up a dirt road which had ruts as much as two feet deep."

Clarence displayed his wares and quickly made a small sale. As he chatted with the elderly proprietor, two lanky mountain citizens entered. They were over-alled and one carried a long-barrel shotgun, single shot. They asked for a beer apiece and then strolled to an ancient jukebox. A nickel dropped and they took seats at a corner table.

The sun was beginning to set. Quitting time for Clarence. He asked for a beer and sat at the only other table in the small building.

THE SELECTION the intruders made was "Babydoll." They propped up their bare feet on the table and shouted, "Hot damn," whenever the guitarist struck chords they fancied.

The music ended and Clarence sipped his beer. The mountaineer with the shaggier mane approached the juke again. His second selection was "Babydoll." The two clapped to the rhythm.

"You may find this hard to believe," said Clarence, "but while I drank two beers, these idiots played 'Babydoll' eight times. I'd had about as much as I could take. When the last note sounded, I stepped to the juke to play something else."

As Clarence studied the list of tunes, a voice from the corner drawled, "Play a good number, Mister. Play 'Babydoll.'"

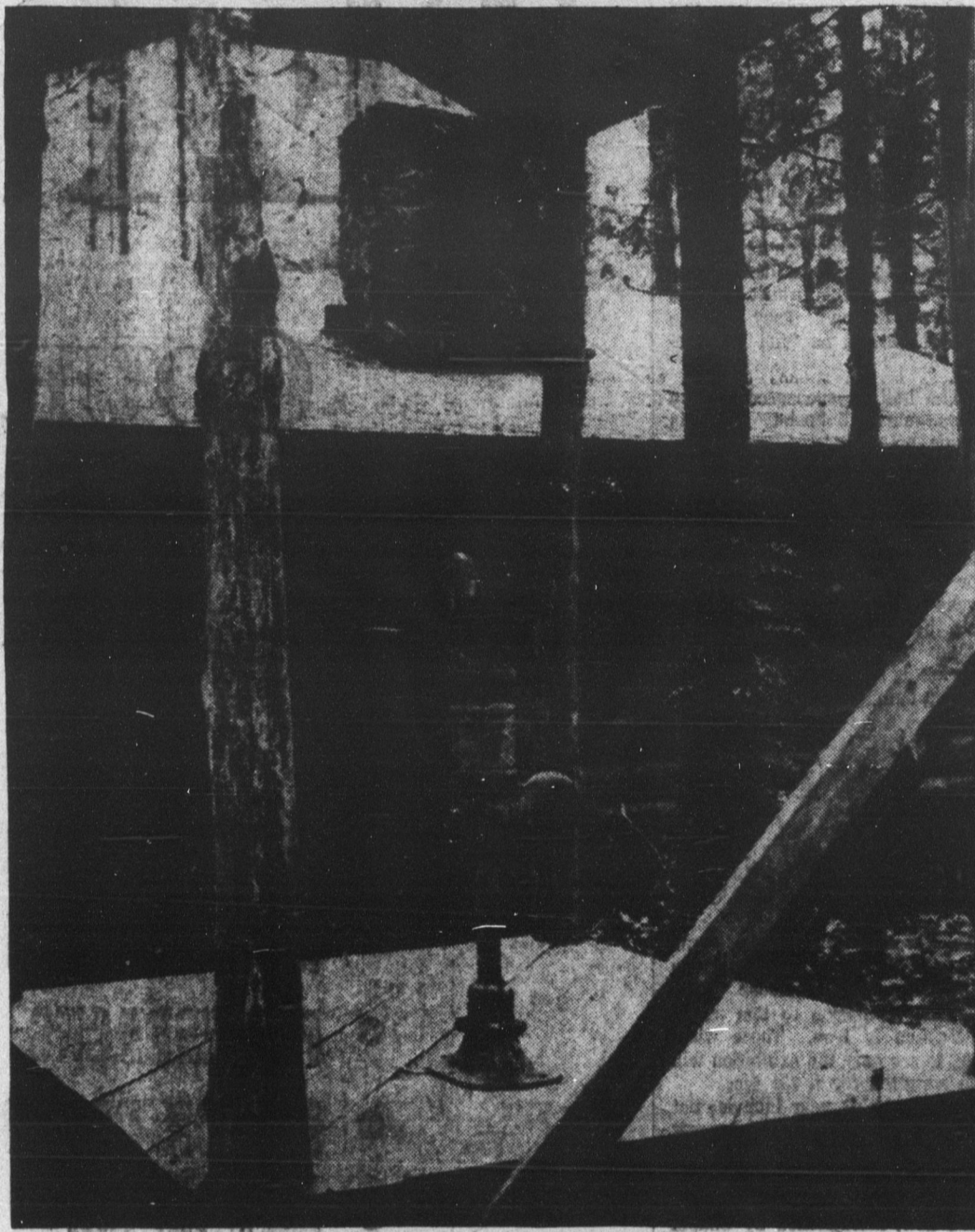
"I told him I'd go to hell before I'd play 'Babydoll,'" Clarence growled, with a mean look to show his determination.

"MISTER," ADVISED THE man, "if you don't play 'Babydoll,' you just liable to go there." Clarence noted the shotgun was not against the wall. The talker had it against his shoulder.

The storekeep was placing cans of goods on shelves and his back was to Clarence. But Clarence heard him say, "That 'uns crazy. He means it."

Clarence paused. Those of us who listened imagined all sorts of things. Did Clarence break the gun over the ornery fellow's head? Did he send the pair running for the hills?

"No," said Clarence, without any trace of chagrin. "I put my nickel in and played 'Babydoll.' It's a good tune."



The Last Frontier In Chapel Hill

... Boy Scout Cabin on Eastwood Lake

I Like Chapel Hill

By BILLY ARTHUR

What with two judges and a former assistant attorney general running for Governor, it's a cinch someone is going to be no! prosed.

Our Billy Jr. was watching me run my electric razor up and down my face the other morning, and I yawned. "Don't swallow it, daddy," he called.

Practically all of the Glenwood Elementary School children know Mrs. Homer Webb, the policeman, by name. But they didn't know the Chapel Hill policeman assigned at her crossing on the first day of school. So they named him Jethro-Homer and Jethro.

Diogenes need search no longer. I've had the most honest answer ever given, and it came from five-year-old Annie Kacher-gis.

She answered the phone when I called her father, George Ka-

cher-gis, and told me he was not home right then. I asked if she would have him return the call and proceeded to give my phone number.

"Will you please call back," Annie said. "I might forget it."

Overheard at Memorial Hospital: "When she gets up in the morning, she looks as if she were made up at Walker's Funeral Home."

Business sure is tough these days. If you do something wrong, you get fined. If you do something right, you get taxed.

With all these numbers we've been getting, it won't be long before a father will say to his son, "Son, I'm leaving you all my numbers. Keep them free from dishonor."

Overheard in the Bank of Chapel Hill: "A vacation? Would you call it one when you pack six suit-

cases, three children, a mother-in-law, and a dog into a car for two weeks? How can you say, 'It's good to get away from it all?'"

Norman Armstrong, the tree doctor, came by and I inquired about the health of Davie Poplar.

"Getting along nicely, thank you," said Norm. "I took care of him a couple of years ago. Sawed off and patched up his limbs. But he's just like people. He can't last forever. We all got to go sometime. But he's here for a long time yet if we continue to take good care of him."

With that, Norm took his leave, said he was going over to see either Dr. Patterson, Dr. Jones or Dr. Joyner.

Wonder if it was something about a limb?

So many colleges are being integrated peacefully these days that the Army will have to go back to its old job of fighting the Air Force and Navy,