

The main difference between girls and women is in the price of the trimming.

## TOWN and GOWN

By PETE IVEY

A bulldog and a bumble bee fought to a draw in front of the YMCA on the campus last week. A Boston bull who qualifies as a campus dog and hangs around the spa in that section of the University noticed a bee buzzing around his head.

Annoyed, the dog snapped and seized the bee. It looked like the dog had gobbled the bee up. Dean J. Carlyle Sitterson, who heads the General College and the College of Arts and Sciences, was a witness to the event.

The bee was in the dog's mouth for only a second or two. Then, with a sort of half cough, the dog disgorged the bee on the ground. The bee fluttered frantically. Then the bee flew away.

A few minutes later, inside the Y building, the bulldog kept licking his tongue in and out, obviously stung. The battle was a stalemate, and both the bee and the bulldog probably won't repeat the act.

A cabinet maker at work in the new research wing of the Medical School cut his finger on Friday, the 13th.

It was not a bad cut. But it bled, and the injury needed some kind of medical coating and a bandage.

The man went from office to office, asking if anyone had any kind of first aid equipment. But nobody in the medical research wing was able to oblige.

Our informant left before it was determined whether the cabinet maker was finally successful in finding relief in that section of the Medical School, or whether he went to the hospital clinic or emergency room, or simply ignored the wound until he got home to his family medicine chest.

When Mr. and Mrs. William K. Hoyt and their son Billy, a junior at Swarthmore and also an economist and varsity wrestler, were in Chapel Hill the other day, I was reminded if the first time Mr. Hoyt ever caught me with my feet on the desk.

He is the retired publisher of the Winston-Salem Journal and Sentinel.

It was in 1948 and Mr. Hoyt had assigned me a cubicle in the newspaper building where I could be alone to write editorials. One day I had finished my editorials, and was reading up on material for the next day. So, I propped up my feet and browsed through books and magazines and newspapers.

When Bill Hoyt observed this, he laughed for about 10 seconds without stopping. He explained that it reminded him of an old poem, written 70 or 80 years ago by Will Carleton. It goes:

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## Chapel Hill Bank Merger Approved

The Federal Comptroller of the Currency Friday approved the merger of the Bank of Chapel Hill into North Carolina National Bank.

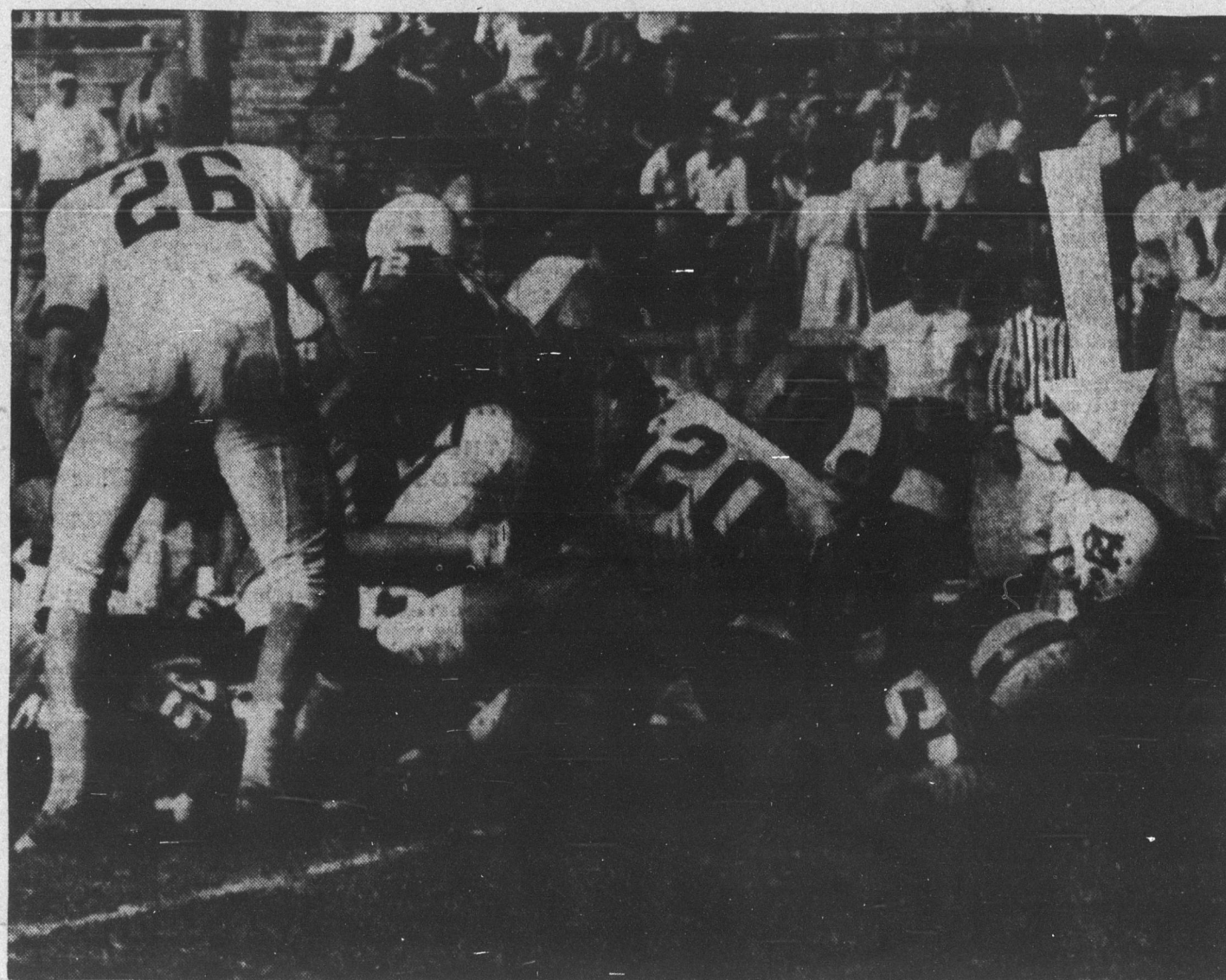
Bank of Chapel Hill executive vice president J. Temple Gobel made the announcement Friday. The effective date of the merger, which has been planned since early in the summer, will be as of the close of business next Friday afternoon.

"This merger is in the public interest," said Comptroller James J. Saxon in granting approval of the merger.

Completion of the merger, which has gone through several approval steps within the organization of the Bank of Chapel Hill during the summer, will make Chapel

## Junior Edge Suffers Concussion

# Carolina Squeezes By Virginia, 11-7



Ken Willard (Under Arrow) With The Winning Score

## Blue Beats Party Drums At Orange Demo Dinner

Orange Democrats held their third meeting in a month Friday night. About 100 of them gathered at a \$5-per-plate fund raising dinner in the American Legion home to hear House Speaker Herbert Clifton Blue dispense political savvy and party exhortation.

They were not disappointed. The gathering was not quite as soberly momentous as the one last month at which the County executive committee chose Edwin Hamlin as Orange County's interim Representative; neither did the gathering have the atmosphere of clannish jollity which marked the Party's annual rally earlier this month. Friday night's affair was a mixture of the two, with overtones

of duty-consciousness (raising funds) thrown in. Carl Durham, former Sixth District Congressman ("for so long that the memory of man cannot say to the contrary" — L. J. Phipps), spoke briefly when announced. Mr. Durham referred to Chapel Hill as a city, lamented wistfully that "we're so big now we hardly know each other," and jumped feet first into the Test Ban Treaty: "One of the most important moves this country has undertaken since.

Mr. Durham also lamented the fact that so few people in government studied science, but said it was a good thing the government was spending as much as it is on scientific projects. "With the population increasing like it has and like it will, we have to develop something that will sustain our economic level."

Mr. Durham said that in retirement he found it "hard to stay out of government," but that he was content and enjoying himself. He received a standing ovation.

Judge Phipps, the party chairman, introduced Mr. Blue, who recently completed his ninth consecutive term in the State House of Representatives and has been spoken of as a candidate for Lieutenant Governor in 1964.

According to June 30 figures of the Bank of Chapel Hill and North Carolina National, the two institutions' combined deposits will be \$545,915,000. Total resources will be \$638,080,000. North Carolina National's capital funds will pass \$50 million for the first time, increasing to \$50,033,728 with the merger.

Under the terms of the merger, Mr. Gobel will be senior vice president and trust officer. All members of the present board of directors will continue to serve as members of the Chapel Hill Board, with chairman Collier Cobb Jr. remaining in that capacity.

Vice president W. E. Thompson, assistant vice presidents W. R. Cherry, John Wetach, and J. P. Jurney, and assistant cashier E. L. Gray will also continue in their present capacities.

"In fact," Mr. Gobel said, "all the people in the Chapel Hill area will continue to receive the same personalized banking as before. The only difference is that we will be able to offer a far better range of services."

Government was closer to home than it used to be, he said. The decisions made in Washington affect senior citizens' social security, workers' hourly wage, farmer's tobacco allotments, aid war and peace. "He commended President Kennedy's foreign relations program, and joined Mr. Durham in backing the Test Ban Treaty, for which he received applause.

Mr. Blue welcomed young people to the Democratic Party. Young people are valuable to the Party, he said, and quoted the late Governor Kerr Scott as having said so too. He named a few people who had made it big in Democratic politics after starting in the YDC, including Sixth District Congressman Horace Kornegay "and our own great Governor, Terry Sanford."

"We are facing a new era in politics," Mr. Blue read from a prepared speech. Political talk about Republican Days were no

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Mr. Phipps said Mr. Blue's Speakership was the fairest possible, except for one thing: he wished Mr. Blue had pounded his gavel a little harder to break up the running press conference held during press conference around the minority party leader's seat, which was just behind Mr. Phipps' seat.

Mr. Blue said it was a real treat to be there.

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## Robinson & Black Are Stars

By BILLY CARMICHAEL III

Carolina, playing its first game in newly doubled Kenan Stadium, yesterday afternoon almost got cold decked by Virginia.

The Tar Heels lost their offensive Edge early in the game when senior Junior suffered a head injury. From then on they were a mass of offensive frustrations until a pair of under-studies, quarterback Gary Black and end Joe Robinson, took the stage to lead the Tar Heels to a 11-7 victory in the final six minutes of play before 30,000 delighted fans.

Defensively, Carolina was as sound as a dollar once was. The Tar Heels made only one major mistake in this department, but it almost proved to be fatal. With Carolina leading 3-0, Virginia halfback Henry Massie took Mac Chapman's booming second half kickoff on his own 1 and raced 99 yards, untouched by human hands, through the entire Tar Heel team for the Cavaliers' only score of the day.

Massie's ramble tied the Atlantic Coast Conference record for a kick-off return set by Clemson's Bill Mathis in 1959. The run darn near hog tied the Tar Heels for the afternoon.

But good defense kept Carolina in contention and Virginia in the hole throughout the second half. Time and time again the Tar Heels got the ball in the midfield area while Virginia was getting it back in the shadow of its goal line.

With the clock running out Carolina finally got that first olive out of the bottle. After the Cavaliers' Massie had line driven a 60-yard punt over the head of Hank Barden, the Tar Heels went to work from their own 47.

On third down with a bundle to go, Black passed right down the middle to Robinson for 21 yards to the Virginia 31. The crowd-liked the play so well that Black and Robinson did an encore for 18 yards more and a first down at the Cavalier 13. After Ron Tuthill gained a couple, it was that quarterback Black to that Black Mountain (Continued on Page 4)

### The Statistics

UVA	UNC
6	23
80	193
0	137
4-0	27-14
1	2
0	1
8-42.5	5-45.0
30	57
<b>TOTALS</b>	
UVA . . . . . 0 0 7 0-7	
UNC . . . . . 3 0 0 8-11	

Scoring: UNC—FG Chapman 17. UVA—Massie 99 kick-off return (Shuman kick). UNC—Willard 1 run (Willard pass from Black).

## Hickey: 'It Was A Long Afternoon'

By W. H. SCARBOROUGH

As a winning coach, Jim Hickey is a droll little man who doesn't move many degrees up the joy scale from his manner as a loser.

But he was like a man who'd been dumped in an ice bath and then fed a magnum of champagne after his Tar Heels had finally buried an irksomely uncooperative clutch of Cavaliers.

In a way what had happened to him and his Tar Heels was just as much a jolt as the ice-water-champagne routine. Somewhere in the first quarter, Coach Hickey's prize quarterback, Junior Edge, had taken a blow on the head that at least temporarily caused him to lose his memory. No one had realized it until the Tar Heels' first offensive play following the drive that had resulted in a Carolina field goal. Edge had handed the ball off to fullback Hank Barden, who was not expecting it at all; Barden fumbled.

If Junior Edge were disconcerted by the blow, it followed that Mr. Hickey and the remainder of the team were too. It had been planned that the famed Edge to Lacey passing attack would be a prime part of the Carolina offense, while quarterback Gary Black carried the defensive load, backstopped by Sandy Kinney. Black suddenly found himself carrying the Carolina offense and Mr. Hickey found himself burdened with cares past all reckoning.

By the time he met the press corps, however, he had shaken off any telltale evidence of tension. Normally he enters the

press room quietly, seats himself in a posture of profound meditation and submits to questioning. This time he ran through the routine, but before a question could be framed, Mr. Hickey volunteered that it had been a long, long day.

"The longest day?" queried a sportswriter. "A long day before we got a touchdown," Mr. Hickey replied. "After Edge got hit in the head, we had to reverse our plans completely. We'd planned to use Edge mostly on offense, and Black on defense, and the next thing you know there was Edge not able to remember a single play we had. It shook us."

"No, he's not hurt bad. They'll keep him in the infirmary overnight, and he still can't remember what day it is—concussion. It happens all the time."

Did he feel handicapped by new substitution rules? "Well, yes. I didn't know what was going on on the field half the time. It's in the hands of the team on the field now. You (Continued on Page 4)

## All The Excitement Was In The Stands

By JAMES SHUMAKER

The most exciting thing in Kenan Stadium Saturday afternoon was the new cantilevered second deck. Carolina football fans seeing it for the first time, including those completely sober, seemed amazed that the concrete top deck stood, apparently without means of support.

The winding ramps leading up thirty or forty feet to the top tier lent the 36-year-old stadium a contemporary flair, and made an inviting play area for youngsters. Once you had seen it, though, the afternoon went downhill.

Virginia seemed to be a fitting opponent for the game unveiling, the "new" Kenan. The Cavaliers had been guests when the original Stadium was dedicated in 1927, and the Tar Heels had won that one, 14-13, before an overflow crowd of 28,000.

But whoever planned Saturday's opener must have been having some second thoughts by the time the Cavaliers came dashing onto the field in the wake of a streaming Virginia flag.

The crowd wasn't much bigger than the 1927 turnout and whatever spirit the fans had brought to the game soon wilted under a blazing sun.

The Lenoir High School Band, which has played at Carolina-Virginia games for 36 years, did its part to keep the afternoon moving, but it was bucking heavy odds. The humidity rendered students and Old Grads limp and by the end of a listless first quarter, Carolina loyalties were wearing paper thin.

The only high spots came when a Chapel Hill dog wandered the width of the field, casually sniffing the line of scrimmage, and when an appeal came over the public address system: "Sharon Stewart is at the press box. Will her parents please pick her up."

The gathering stirred briefly during the half when three members of the 1903 Carolina team that had beaten Virginia 16-0 were introduced. Then Virginia's all-time football hero, Bill Dud-

## SCENES

MANNING SIMONS striding purposefully down Franklin Street, brandishing a flyswatter. . . . Lady at the Democratic dinner Friday night observing that women at political functions talk about either politics or babies, and since she wasn't qualified to talk about either, she had no idea what she was doing there. . . . Newly arrived coed turning slightly pale on being introduced to night life at Harry's. . . . Townsman snarling in a helpless rage at being cornered in his Henderson Street parking place by a roving pack of Volkswagens. . . . SHELVEY VICKERS poised for flight to Norfolk. . . . GENE STROWD and SION JENNINGS, in deep conversation, strolling casually through the wilds of Franklin Street traffic. . . . Student joining a line which ended at Lacoek's Shoe Store, taking off in confusion when he finally discovered the trail led to the Varsity Theater (he didn't say what he'd had in mind). . . . JUDGE L. RICHARDSON PREYER and wife EMILY cruising through Town looking more like football buffs than campaigners for the Governorship.

## A Talk With Don Hutson

Don Hutson is, by all accounts, the end to end all ends in American football history. Last week he was in Chapel Hill entering one of his three daughters in the University.

By J. A. C. DUNN

Eighteen years after having stopped playing professional football, Don Hutson is quiet, tall, slightly gray, natty, polite, dignified, distinguished looking and, as far as strange newspapermen are concerned, just this side of mute. He may have been bitten by a newspaper once, but in any case, though his English is excellent, he is definitely not what you might call a blowhard.

But he certainly could catch passes. He holds the career (11

seasons) record in the National Football League for passes received (489), most touchdown passes received (101), most touchdown passes in a single season (17), most yards gained catching passes (8,010). He made the All-NFL team eight years in a row, nine altogether, and also holds the Green Bay Packers record for passes received in one game (14). One season he spent most of his time reaching up and grabbing a total of 74 passes.

"Isn't it a gorgeous morning?" he murmured, stepping out onto the veranda of the Carolina Inn. The sun was shining, birds twittered, coeds passed in twos and threes. Mr. Hutson sat down in a rocking chair to take it all in. There was a pause.



DON HUTSON

After a little nudge, he said he hadn't played football in a "variety of places."

"I played for Alabama, and then I played pro ball for Green Bay. I played for Green Bay for eleven years. I started playing football in high school. I only played one year in high school. That was in Pine Bluff, Arkansas."

"The big difference between pro ball then and pro ball now is that now you play either offensively or defensively. . . . But in those days you played both. Now you have specialists. . . . Oh, yes, I often played a whole game. . . . Well, I suppose it did slow down a little toward the end of a (Continued on Page 2)

## Weather Report

Mostly cloudy with some rain likely.

	High	Low
Wednesday	75	57
Thursday	84	53
Friday	84	57
Saturday	80	60

The charcoal season is fast playing out and soon the sound of the weekend barbecuer will be heard no more — hearnearing news for the ulcer-ridden.