

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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Russ Grumman: He Labored Mightily In The Vineyards Of The University

Russell Grumman was one of those men who tackled the hardest and most complicated tasks and accomplished them well. He was unafraid of big jobs and handled them with executive aplomb and with a free flow of good will from all of his associates. He was just as eager to accept small jobs, and he undertook the tiny details and did not apparently find them onerous; instead, he seemed to get a kick out of marshalling all the elements of a situation and presenting a thorough-going plan and solution.

As Director of the Extension Division of the University of North Carolina he was the one man who, more than anyone else, carried the work of the University to all parts of the state — exerting an impact on the more than 4,000,000 citizens of North Carolina who benefited from programs of adult education.

Russell Grumman made Chapel Hill the headquarters for many educational, cultural, scientific, civic and religious activities engaged in by North Carolinians. For instance, the newspapermen of the State knew him as the dependable man who knew all the facts about who, what, when, where and how of the many press meetings held in Chapel Hill, and who was quietly but ubiquitously on hand for all events for the North Carolina Press Institute and for other journalistic events. The Press Association made him an honorary member, an honor that comes to few except fellow newspapermen. In the same spirit, Russell Grumman served other associations and agencies of the State — the women's organizations, the PTA, the Folklore Council, N. C. Symphony Orchestra, and dozens of other groups who met under UNC auspices at Chapel Hill.

He was a creative organizer in the best tradition, taking manifold and sometimes chaotic pieces of facts and possibilities and bringing an orderly method of operation that produced positive results for those with whom he worked.

Those with whom Russell Grumman worked testify to the goodness of the man. He knew how to delegate responsibility and how to get the most from his associates and how to engender a sense of teamwork and mutual confidence.

Those who knew him in his church, his civic work and in the University will remember his friendly smile, his ready conversational enterprise, and his keen interest in his fellow men. He always had a good word to say of others, and never a bad word. His capacity for friendship was boundless. After the Grummans moved from Chapel Hill to Mount Dora, Florida, where he died last Tuesday, he kept up correspondence with friends here, and many visited them in their new home in that state.

Russ and Vida Grumman adopted four students in the University during their 31 years in Chapel Hill. These foster children, two sons and two daughters, were treated by the Grummans as their own. The family relationship was continued with the marriage of the four, and a dozen foster grandchildren belonged to the Grummans just as joyfully as other grandparents and grandchildren cement their own family ties. Russell Grumman, his wife and his mother, who is now 99 years old, are Chapel Hillians by adoption and spirit. He is one of the men whose work has contributed mightily to the growth, the standards and the well-being of the University of North Carolina.

Bennett Vs. Lake Went That-A-Way

Any time a politician says he will do one thing or another or nothing at all strictly on the basis of what's good for the party or the country, most people dismiss it as so much sheep dip. Usually they are justified; more often than not such talk really is just so much sheep dip.

When Bert Bennett announced several weeks ago that he would base his decision to run or not to run for Governor on what would be in the best interests of the Democratic Party and North Carolina, a great many people must have smiled knowingly if they didn't laugh outright. They automatically translated his announcement to mean he would run if he saw a chance of winning, withdrawing only if there were no hope at all. His resignation as chairman of the Democratic Party was figured simply to give him more room for maneuvering as an unannounced candidate.

Many of those steeped in political cynicism will conclude that Mr. Bennett ruled himself out as a candidate last week simply because he saw no chance of winning the nomination. And they will interpret his move to support Judge Richardson Preyer as nothing more than bandwagon jumping. The cynics might be right, of course, on both counts.

Nevertheless, we accept Mr. Bennett's original statement at face value and congratulate him on putting Party loyalty and the welfare of North Carolina above personal ambition and self-aggrandizement. This is not to say that Mr. Bennett would have been in any way unacceptable to his Party as the nominee or to the State as Governor. But his entry into the race would have guaranteed, as much as anything could, the entry of I. Beverly Lake as a candidate and a bitter primary with heavy social overtones. The Democratic primary might still be that, although it is

difficult to imagine a more unrelenting slugfest than we would have had with Beverly Lake and Bert Bennett standing toe-to-toe.

Bert Bennett undoubtedly gave first consideration to this prospect: not so much whether he would win or lose, but whether an all-out battle with Lake would do permanent damage to the Party and to North Carolina. His decision not to run, we feel certain, was based solely on the conclusion that it would.

It must have been an excruciating decision, and in making it Bert Bennett proved himself to be, possibly more than he ever had before, a great credit to his party and the State.

Politics

With two major gubernatorial candidates already announced and professional political lines beginning to be drawn, it's downright amazing how cagey the constituency continues to be.

Ask a man who he likes for Governor and, as often as not, you'll get a question in return, like "Who's running?" Or, "Which one likes me?"

The answer you hear most, though, is "It's too early to tell," or other words to that effect. That is plain truth, too—that it's too early to tell — because most voters not only are unable to compare the qualities of the announced candidates, they don't even know their names.

The epitome of this voter reticence might have been reached the other day when a Franklin Street barber asked one of his customers who he liked for Governor. The customer gave the barber a blank look, shook out his newspaper and said, "Cut it the way you always do. Only hurry. I gotta catch a plane."

Dear Sir:

Your "welcome issue" to arriving students must surely result in humiliation and embarrassment for any Negro students and their friends who assume that the eating and drinking places you listed are really open to the general public. ("Eating and Drinking Establishments," Chapel Hill Weekly, Wednesday, Sept. 18, 1963, p. 6-D).

We know that you know which establishments are not open to all and we think and hope you do not intend to practice this type of insult and hypocrisy. In order to clear the record we request that you republish the list designating those places which are not open to the general public. We also urge you to remedy the situation by supporting editorially a public accommodations ordinance.

Sincerely yours,
Dr. and Mrs.
T. Franklin Williams

To the Editor:

An Open Indictment of the American People:

No, this cannot be the United States, the fabled land of the free, the land of milk and honey. Six Negroes, six human beings, were brutally destroyed today in Birmingham, four of them teenage girls slaughtered while worshipping what they considered a force of spiritual benevolence, another a thirteen-year-old lad riding a bicycle. Why did they die? Did they even know the issues for which their lives were taken? No tradition is worth the sacrificing of human lives. Death, final death, six hearts that will never beat again, that will never love again.

Sleep uneasily tonight, citizens of the United States, both white and colored, for in your stubborn ignorance you have murdered six human beings today. Soon, if you are not stopped, if you do not see the wrong you do, you, all of you, all of us, will destroy the very nation in which we live and the entire free world in the process. Perhaps Governor Wal-

lace can ease his conscience by calling the catastrophe a "great tragedy" and offering a \$5000 reward for the capture of those responsible. Perhaps the mayor of Birmingham can ease his conscience by pleading for the swift apprehension of the "savages."

But they know, and you know, and I know, that we are the "savages," we the American people, lacking judgment and understanding; we killed today six Negro children, all sixteen or younger, one throwing stones, one only riding a bike, four studying a Sunday School lesson which if successful would have taught them to love their enemies.

How ironical and how pathetic — when the adult population of a supposedly great and free nation march in protest against themselves and fight like cats and dogs and bomb churches and destroy little children who hardly even know what life is about. Maybe they were lucky, the children, lucky that they don't have to grow up in a country divided, a country where hate surpasses love, and violence is a byword, a world where little children are sacrificed at the altars of adult stupidity and stubbornness.

I don't believe in God, but I do believe in the man who does. I believe that the man who believes in God and a life after the life on earth has truly created in the act and faith of his belief just such a god and just such a paradise. By not believing in God, I increase many-fold my belief in the supreme value of human life. Six children ended their life today — it's all so final. Americans, don't say you're sorry; say rather that you're guilty!

If you believe in God, if you possess a faith capable of that, how in His name can you believe that your God is so narrow-minded as to not serve Negroes as well? Can you not respect the Negro's church? Can you throw bombs on his children in church and ask him to turn the other cheek? Can you even live in a country where such atrocious incidents occur? Wake up, Ameri-

cans, you've rested upon your laurels far too long. The world owes you nothing; you must earn whatever you get.

Our nation is rapidly approaching a period of severe crisis; our beloved country is becoming engulfed in a cloud of belligerency; everyone wants to fight for a cause, any cause. Americans have too much time on their hands, too much idleness; the populace is restless. Witness every day the occurrence of riots and more riots, marches and more marches — violence, violence, violence! The situation will get worse before it gets better. Americans are frustrated; Russia has made tremendous advances on us; Americans want to fight, to sustain their pride and alleviate their fears. Perhaps only a war can restore the nation's mental health. Mentally we are now at war — and morally, too.

Each man must find the racial issue's answer in his own heart, but at the same time we as a nation must find an answer in our collective heart. Foolish pride and narrow-mindedness must succumb to rationalization and a new depth of understanding, not from either side of the controversy, but from both sides. The white man must make concessions and make them now. He must lean over backwards to provide opportunities for the Negro which should have been provided years ago. He must fight the blind antagonism which so often confronts the Negro. He must act at all times with full understanding of the situation and a view to the future.

The Negro must beware, lest he ask for more than the racial situation at any particular time merits and in so doing further antagonize the whites. The Negro must keep in mind that although given the proper opportunities at the proper time he might have been equal to the white man; nevertheless, he is not at this time equal to him. If the Negro seeks to proceed on the assumption that equality can be granted at the snap of a finger, he will, I fear, have little racial success. Equality of op-

portunity, yes. Equality, no, not at the snap of a finger.

The one crucial question that each side must ask itself constantly throughout the internal crisis which is threatening the United States today is whether the racial or moral views of either side are worth jeopardizing the welfare of the country as a whole and all that it stands for in the free world? Are the marches and riots, which have questionable effect in obtaining racial freedoms, not having a deteriorative effect upon the image of the United States in international affairs?

Only when men act like human beings and discuss and settle their problems with open minds and hearts, can little boys ride their bikes in safety and little girls learn how to love their enemies. Yes, by all means, let's catch those "savages" who are responsible for this gross injustice!

Wayne R. Hardy
Chapel Hill

Dear Sir:

"We don't have the original quill but" (Sept. 11th editorial) refers to me. It answers nothing and misconstrues. If the 2500 students referred to never had measles but were equally exposed to it, 99.44% would probably "catch" it. My experience over the last twenty years indicates that no more than 10% of UNC students "catch" information about the U. S. Constitution, though they may be "exposed" to it.

The question asked in my personal letter to Mr. Ivey is still unanswered. It should concern you, parents, grandparents and UNC students that: — Little heed is paid to our reason for existence as a government.

Federal courts and executives evade, avoid and buck jump the "Bill of Rights."

Platforms of political parties if implemented would ultimately lead to national socialism.

Sen. Ervin has to explain the Commerce clause to the Attorney General that U. of Va. law school tried to teach him.

Political parties consider that zero or sixth grade "book learning" plus the "school of hard knocks" constitutes education. If we keep on this way, we ourselves, not Khrushchev, "will bury us."

UNC should have a mandatory factual course for freshmen on our Constitution and various types of socialism and communism and dictatorships, so that students can "pay their money and take their choice." The "Gag law" does not forbid this.

I would like Congress to offer an amendment to wipe out the "Bill of Rights," so that the people can decide rather than have Federal Courts and executives riddle and shred it. This would be the "democratic process." It is doubtful that anyone can misconstrue or misinterpret what I favor. If you can, write another editorial.

Yours truly,
John S. Henderson
Salisbury

Dear Sir:

Only in America could it have happened.

It couldn't have happened in Hitler's Germany when Hitler was in power.

But it did happen in Alabama Sunday morning. I am speaking of the murders of children in a Negro church. Both white and Negro have died in Alabama in the cause of Negro freedom.

Why does America hate the Negro? What has he done that he is denied equal rights?

It is my personal opinion that the Negro will never fight again in a war, unless America is invaded by the enemy.

The Negro loves his country and has proven it in countless wars.

Something must be done and done at once. The whole world is watching us.

Jesse R. Stroud

—Looking Back—

From the files of the Weekly:
IN 1923 —

There has always been at least latent friction between Chapel Hill and Carrboro over schools. In current times, Carrboro has tried more than once without success to elect one of its residents to the Chapel Hill School Board, and repeated frustration in this effort has produced what can best be called a certain touchiness on the part of Carrboro residents about schools.

Forty years ago friction between the two towns took a slightly different form.

A week after school opened in 1923, the Chapel Hill School Board decided that 16 Carrboro children in elementary grades in the Chapel Hill School would have to go to school in Carrboro.

The Chapel Hill Board made this decision because the Carrboro School Board protested the children's attendance at school in Chapel Hill. The Carrboro Board protested because they considered it "damaging to the interests of their school to have the attendance cut down by the enrollment of their children in another place."

A proposed additional Carrboro special school tax had been defeated in an election a week earlier, and "it is thought that one reason the voters did not approve the tax was that many did not want to spend more of their money on a school there when they could send their children to Chapel Hill. The members of the Carrboro Board are thought to believe that they could get more support for the additional special school tax if the children had to go to the Town's own school."

The 16 Carrboro children were transferred back to Carrboro, leaving a strange attendance situation in Chapel Hill: children could attend the Chapel Hill school from anywhere in the Township except Carrboro. If Carrboro parents wanted to send their children to school in Chapel Hill, they had only to move outside Carrboro's town limits to do so legally.

"Whether any of them will take such a step as that, however, is doubtful. Moving is such a troublesome business."

IN 1933 —

According to Consumer's Guide, prices of basic foodstuffs in Chapel Hill are pretty high. A comparison with the national average, and with prices in Atlanta, Jacksonville, Chicago,

Memphis, Savannah, Washington, and Boston shows the following:

Milk per quart: Chapel Hill, 14 cents; national average, 10.9 cents; other cities all lower. Butter per pound: Chapel Hill, 30 cents; national average, 27.2 cents; other cities all lower except Atlanta, also 30 cents. Cheese per pound: Chapel Hill, 19 cents; national average, 23.6; all other cities higher. Eggs per dozen: Chapel Hill, 28 cents; national average, 25.3 cents; all other cities lower except Jacksonville, 29.2 cents, and Boston, 38.8 cents. Bread, per pound loaf: Chapel Hill, 6 to 10 cents; national average, 7.6 cents; all other cities between 6 and 10 cents. Potatoes per pound: Chapel Hill, 4 cents; national average, 3.5 cents; other cities all lower except Chicago, Jacksonville, and Memphis, also 4 cents. Hens per pound: Chapel Hill, 19 to 25 cents; national average, 20.7 cents; all other cities lower except Washington, 26.5 cents; Flour per pound: Chapel Hill, 4.5 cents; national average, 4.8 cents; all other cities higher except Chicago, also 4.5 cents.

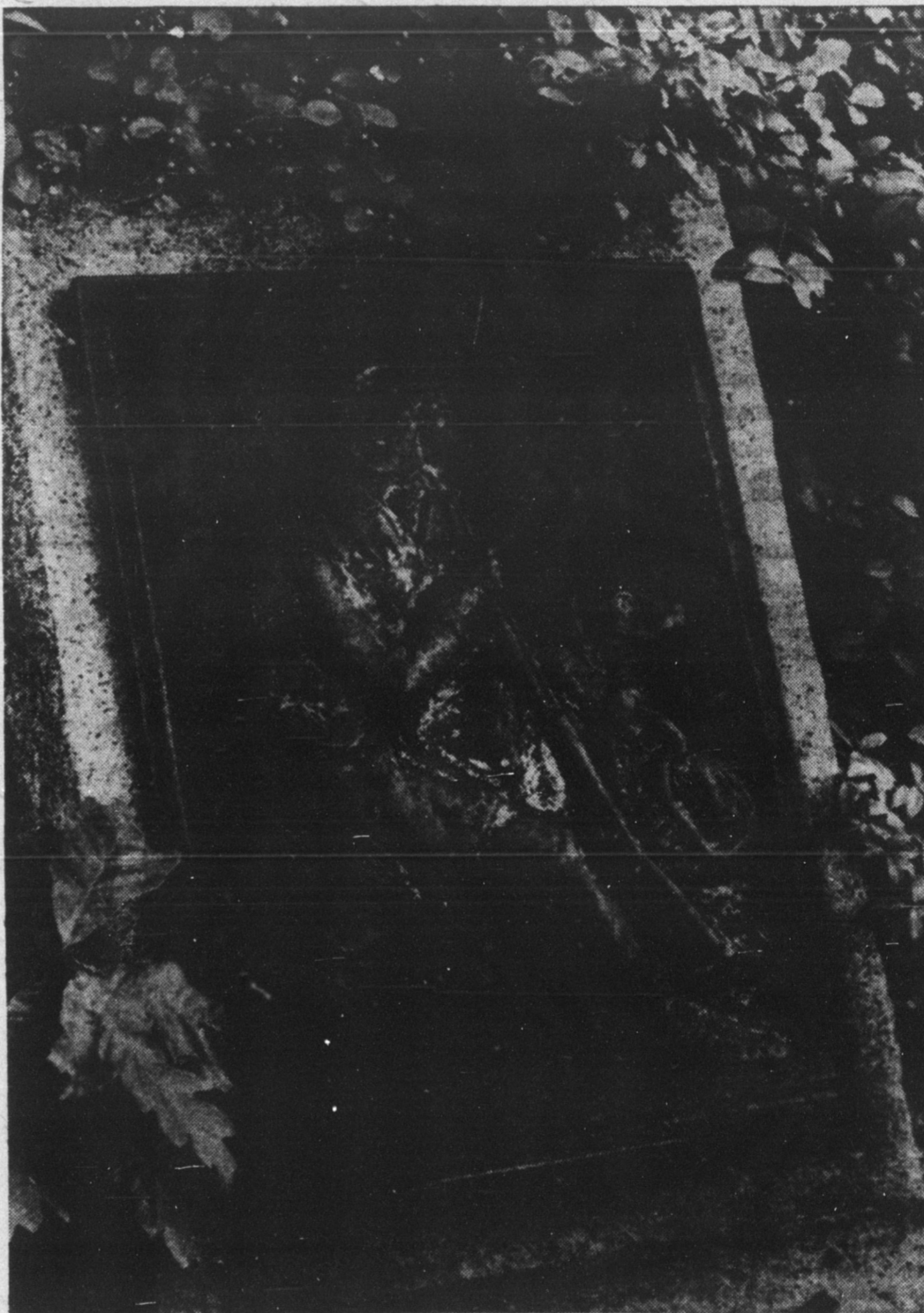
IN 1943 —

Gus Harrer, son of Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Harrer, has arrived in North Africa. Because of his knowledge of modern languages he was assigned, soon after his induction into the Army last March, to the division of the Army engaged in the "processing" of prisoners of war. His work has been mostly that of an interpreter.

Miss Betsy Bain was only a short distance from the explosion that occurred about two weeks ago at the Navy Air Base at Norfolk, but she suffered no injury.

Life on islands in the South Seas is far indeed from what the movies would lead you to believe, writes William Jackson Boone, first lieutenant in the U. S. Marines, to his mother, Mrs. H. B. Boone of Chapel Hill. He ought to know. He has given a careful inspection to several of these islands and is now stationed on one of them. His report indicates that there are few glamor girls and many mosquitoes in that part of the world.

Harry W. McCalliard, formerly director of the division of legislative drafting in the Attorney General's office in Raleigh, is now stationed at a prisoners-of-war camp in Opelika, Alabama.



Plaque Marking The Boone Trail

.... On Downtown Franklin Street in Chapel Hill

The Guilty And The Dead In Birmingham

An address delivered to the Birmingham Young Men's Business Club on the day following the bombing at the Birmingham church in which four children were killed. Mr. Morgan is a young Birmingham attorney.

By CHARLES MORGAN JR.

Four little girls were killed in Birmingham yesterday. A mad, remorseful, worried community asked, "Who did it?"

Who threw that bomb? Was it a Negro or a white? And the answer should be, "We all did it."

Every last one of us is condemned for that crime and the bombing before it and the one last month, last year, a decade ago.

We all did it. A short time later, white policemen kill a Negro and wound another. A few hours later, two young men

on a motorbike shoot and kill a Negro child. Fires break out and, in Montgomery, white youths assault Negroes.

And all across Alabama an angry, guilty people cry out their mocking shouts of indignity and say they wonder "Why?" "Who?" Everyone "deplores" the "dastardly" act.

But you know the "who" of "Who did it?" is really rather (Continued on Page 6-B)