

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Founded in 1923 by Louis Graves

"If the matter is important and you are sure of your ground,
never fear to be in the minority."

ORVILLE CAMPBELL, Publisher

JAMES SHUMAKER, Editor

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.

Gag Law: Delicate Political Question

The University's assault this week on North Carolina's Gag Law was impressive in many ways. Taken as a whole, the case presented by the trustees, administration and faculty was not a frontal attack so much as it was a surrounding of the problem.

There were appeals based on academic freedom, North Carolina tradition, freedom of speech, administrative control of the University, faculty morale, University prestige, the handicap to faculty recruitment and retention, the effect on students, and the long-range damage to the entire State.

Many of the appeals — made by trustees on the floor, in resolutions from the faculties, and by University administrators — were stirring. The resolution ultimately adopted by the trustees was couched in strong language.

But withal the oratory and the reasoned appeals to democracy and academic freedom, it became clearly evident at last Monday's meeting of the trustees that the University considers the Gag Law as much a political question as anything else and the keynote of its drive for repeal or amendment will be gentle persuasion.

Almost every speaker went to great lengths to emphasize what a friend the University has in the Legislature and that the Gag Law represented only a momentary and un-considered deviation.

One speaker suggested that a small minority in the Legislature was responsible for the Gag Law and had been able to work its will by selling the majority a bill of goods.

If such were the case, the prospects for repeal or a substantial amendment in the 1965 General Assembly would be extremely bright. Unfortunately, such is far from the case.

Larry Moore of Wilson, a former Speaker of the House of Representatives, told the trustees an all-out attack on the Gag Law would be widely interpreted as furthering the aims of

communism. Mr. Wilson thinks the Gag Law, at least in part, is good legislation and he would like to see what he considers the good retained. This seems to be suggesting that poison be broken down and its elements neatly separated instead of throwing out the whole bottle. But he was looking political reality squarely in the face when he said that a frontal attack on the Gag Law would bring in return a frontal attack on the University.

The political delicacy of the issue is such that the University must not seem to be opposing the Legislature but working hand in hand with the great majority of the lawmakers to correct an error committed in haste by a comparative few.

That is why the trustees' resolution, for all its strong language, actually does very little. The resolution does not call on the General Assembly to repeal the Gag Law, or to amend it, or to do anything for that matter. It simply calls on a special trustee committee "to determine and implement measures to remove this legislative impairment of intellectual freedom and preemption of the authority and prerogatives of the Board of Trustees."

With the next General Assembly fifteen months away, this is undoubtedly the politic approach. It will fall far short of satisfying many opponents of the Gag Law, and it fell short of satisfying some of the trustees last Monday who felt that a stronger stand should have been taken.

Those responsible for the University's approach want a solution rather than an issue, even at the cost of frustrating what they would really like to do. This is a matter of working quietly for what is politically possible instead of loudly demanding what would be emotionally satisfying.

There is, of course, a very good possibility that the soft approach will turn out to be a whisper the legislators can pretend they never heard. If so, the hard-nose issue will still be there.

Loren MacKinney: Vivid Was The Word

It is both easy and hard to mourn the passing of a man like Loren Carey MacKinney — a complexity entirely characteristic of him. It is easy because in 72 years he had achieved a rare inimitability of human value. But at the same time, it is hard to be doleful about his death last Sunday because even his memory, quite aside from the man himself, leaves you in anything but a mourning frame of mind.

At 72, Dr. MacKinney looked a vigorous 55, and vigorous is a word you would quickly attach to him. Vivid is another; smiling is still another. He had not been physically vigorous in recent months because he was suffering from paralysis following a stroke. But he was one of those unquenchable men whose characters have so many tendrils reaching out into so many nooks and crannies of life and the world that the elimination of one tendril hardly daunts the others.

In a way, Dr. MacKinney was something of an iconoclast. He followed his mind and his heart, both of which were much too probing to be compressed into conformity. His mental and physical muscles flexed in all directions. He loved to write letters to the editor. The walls of his study were covered with a couple of hundred pictures of people he liked — anybody he liked, from movie actresses to his friends' grandchildren. He liked Gilbert and Sullivan songs, and could sing them, he liked limericks and could recite them, and he enjoyed jokes and told them well. As a conversationalist, he could bring out both the best and the worst in other people — both requiring talent. He loved to argue, too, any side,

any question. "He could be the devil's advocate on anything," said one of his friends, trying to estimate the complexity of Loren MacKinney.

But he was also a simple man, in ways (which contributes to his complexity). He was not an active sportsman, but he liked football. He wasn't hooked on physical fitness, but he felled trees and chopped wood. He and a friend, with no other help, added a study to his house in Maine. "He was a splendid carpenter," said his colleague in the effort. Dr. MacKinney's son played football for Harvard, and the two of them used to pass footballs around the yard in the late afternoons.

Dr. MacKinney was, of course, best known for his highly respected scholarship in the history of medicine, particularly medieval medicine. But he was too active to be cobwebby about his scholarship. He was not the type who retires farther and farther, year by year, into a cocoon of conquered knowledge. There were too many students around for that, and too many people who needed things that he could give — subtle, curve-ball humor; his car for a fast trip to a hospital; his time, for students who wanted to understand more, or who needed more time to understand at all; himself generally, for everybody from his neighbors to his grandchildren.

Dr. MacKinney had a pet remark his friends remember him making often when something nice happened to him. "Who are we to be thus privileged?" he used to say, a question that may well be asked now by those who knew him.



The Last Rays Of Indian Summer

I Like Chapel Hill

By BILLY ARTHUR

Arriving day after tomorrow, November in North Carolina is many things.

It's convincing the kids to throw away that Halloween pumpkin or sneaking it in the garbage yourself.

It's football coaches being hung in effigy and, as the Greensboro Daily News says, "when the frost is on the pumpkin and the alumni are on the coaches."

November is when the fish stop biting.

It's when the winter rye grass needs moving every four days because you put too much fertilizer on it.

It's thinking about going to Florida for the winter because it's Indian summer in North Carolina.

It's hot oatmeal tasting good for breakfast.

It's hog killing, backbone and crackling bread one morning and "skeeter" killing the next.

It's when long underwear is a necessity in the morning and a nuisance in the afternoon.

November is the closing of the tobacco markets and the opening of toylands.

It's Santa Claus and Christmas trees appearing before Thanksgiving and the Pilgrims.

It's United Fund leaders pleading that quotas be met.

It's children bringing home their report cards which show progress. Or, lack of it.

It's persimmons ripening and Pete Ivey, Bugs Barringer, Burke Davis and John Parris telling how to make persimmon beer.

November is a reminder that the 11th is not a celebration of the end of the war to end all wars.

It's the opening of the quail, rabbit and deer season and a reminder that people who look like quail, rabbit and deer will live longer if they're careful when they commune with nature.

It's the philosophy of Ike London's Richmond County colored friend, who said, "In the spring I'm an optimist, the summer a pessimist, but, praise God, in the fall I'm a pessimist."

It's leaves to be raked when there's sewing and darning to be done.

It's azaleas to be mulched and bulbs to be planted for spring.

It's treating chapped hands from working in flowers, and yet it's said November has a "National Save a Wife Week."

November is when a fat turkey or hen should roost higher or make itself scarcer.

It's relatives eating up the Thanksgiving turkey you'd hoped would last three meals, including turkey hash.

It's women wearing little boy britches instead of skirts on warm days.

And it's women wearing long black stockings that make them look as if they're in mourning from the waist down.

It's adopting a needy family for Christmas when you wonder if it should not be your own.

November is subscribing to magazines through the junior class to pay for the senior banquet next spring.

It's buying Christmas cards from one little fellow and apologetically turning down another who also wants to make some money to buy his mama a Christmas present.

It's Christmas lights strung across streets but purposelessly hanging there till after Thanksgiving.

It's wrapping up children to go outside only to have them stay no longer than it took to bundle them, and then have them come back inside to be unwrapped and suddenly decide they want to go outside again.

It's the beginning of colds, running noses and trips to the doctor.

November is building a huge fire in the fireplace and discovering you've forgotten to open the draft.

It's waiting till the end of the month to start your Christmas list and then wishing you'd started a Christmas savings account last January.

Yet, November in North Carolina is simply wonderful!

—Looking Back—

From the files of the Weekly:

IN 1923—

The Easy Way to Own a

FORD

ONE-TON TRUCK

Here is a chance for you to get started toward greater profits—or to build up a business of your own—and it costs only \$5 to make a start.

Everywhere, Ford One-Ton Trucks and Light Delivery Cars are saving more than this every year for their users. So, as soon as your truck starts running it will quickly take care of the purchase price and add new profits as well.

It will widen the area in which you can do business, enlarge the number of customers you can serve—and keep your delivery costs down to the lowest point. Start now toward the ownership of a Ford Truck or Light Delivery car—use the

Ford Weekly Purchase Plan

\$5 Enrolls You

Under the terms of this Plan, we deposit this money in a local bank at interest. Each week you add a little more—this also draws interest. And in a short time the truck is yours to use. Come in and let us give you full particulars.

STROWD MOTOR CO.

IN 1933—

Armistice Day Parade

"There is to be a big parade in Chapel Hill on the morning of November 11, the 15th anniversary of the day when the Armistice ended the World War.

"L. J. Phipps, commander of the local post of the American Legion, is directing the arrangements.

IN 1943—

From Chapel Hill Chaff:

"Rhodes Markham, the Negro man-of-all work at the W. C. Coker home, has a terrapin for a pet. After he named it Jimmy he learned from the hatching out of a gang of little terrapins, that Jenny or Jemima would have been more appropriate, but he held to the original name. Jimmy's home is in the grass near the garage. She starts out early every morning and crawls a distance of about fifty yards to the little tool house and general utility building where Rhodes makes his headquarters. This trip is for the breakfast he has taught her to expect, bits of meat and other things suitable for a terrapin. When she has eaten her fill she goes back home."

Peter Garvin
Library Will
Be Dedicated
Monday Night

"The dedication of the Glenwood School's Peter Garvin Memorial Library will be held at a meeting of the school's PTA . . . Monday. Robert B. House, Chancellor of the University, will make the dedicatory address. The presentation of the Library will be made by Harold Weaver, chairman of the trustees of the Peter Garvin Library Fund, and the acceptance will be by C. W. Davis, superintendent of schools. The Rev. W. M. Howard will deliver the invocation.

"The Library is a memorial to the son of Dr. and Mrs. O. David Garvin who was killed in an accident in 1951 when he was nine years old . . ."

BILL PROUTY

How long will it be before it rains real rain again?

The soft drizzle which fell here through most of Monday night and into Tuesday morning lent premature hopes that the long drought was at last at an end. By mid-morning Tuesday the overcast coming from the west had broken up into sky-rimmed, off-gray patches which anxiously nudged the solid dark rain clouds toward the east.

Radio weather reports audibly confirmed these visual observations: The big drought was with us still, and there was no immediate relief in sight.

You know, we urbanites, living in small cities with their plentiful water reserves, their paved streets and their flower and shrubbery-watering facilities, have almost forgotten the real curse of droughts. Oh, we commiserate as best we can with our farmer brethren, whose crops are withering under the summer's rainless skies, and we listen with considerable attention and some trepidation to reports of the tinder dryness of the forests surrounding our towns, and during long drawn-out droughts, we reluctantly submit to the inconveniences of voluntary water rationing, such as limited car washing and no grass sprinkling.

But do you remember when your city was a town, or a village, and a drought was something else again?

Our Town was just like yours was during those summer and fall droughts back in the 1920s, when the roads were unpaved and the water supply was either from wells or from water systems which depended upon small creek dams and tiny reservoirs. After a week or two with no rain there was dust, dust everywhere. You could even taste it. In our old Barbee House home in the middle of Town, you could dust the furniture in the morning and it would be covered again by afternoon. You could smell it in the boxwood

bushes, which would powder like a puff if you bumped into them. It covered the leaves of the trees and the grass turned grayish-green.

And after a month of rainless skies the creeks were at a gurgle and the water from your kitchen tap came in an ever-thinning trickle, and finally you began boiling all your drinking water before you drank it, as an extra precaution against dreaded typhoid fever.

And now the old Model-T street watering truck had given up its hopeless task and the young'uns plopped barefooted up and down Franklin Street, fine dust a-flying with their feet and sticking all over their sweaty bodies. And back home again where footprints followed them across the open front porch right into the house and onto the rugs and floors.

And finally the youngsters got so they didn't even care about playing anymore, and adults would gather around in serious groups, asking each other if it would ever rain again, and coming to the dire conclusion that indeed it might not. Tempers became edgy, faces drawn and apprehensive, nerves taut, and souls all but dehydrated.

And then came the rains! And with them, uplifted and grateful faces, and bounding creeks, and fast-running water taps, and filling wells and flowing springs, and rain-dappled dust turned into mushy mud, and the young'uns ran out into it all to see if it was really true.

Have you ever known the gloriously fresh odor of falling rain as it washed away the pungent lingering odor of dust from the air, and erased the gray from the green leaves, and trickled unabated down a joyous upturned young face?

If you have, you will understand how soothing were the soft sounds of Monday night's long night's long drizzle, and how glaring were Tuesday morning's bright blue skies.

A Letter To The Editor

To the Editor:

Many of us on the University Library staff are shocked and saddened by the sudden death of Professor Robert J. Getty last Thursday night. Mr. Getty was well known to us as one of our most constant patrons in the Library among the faculty. We would see him about four days a week all the years he was here, either ordering or checking on both old and new books for the Classics Department in our Acquisitions section, or taking out many personal loans at the Circulation Desk, or just browsing studiously in the Stacks. Through his rare kindness and solicitude for people, and with his vast scholarly interest and knowledge of books, he became one of the Library's best faculty friends.

Never to be forgotten will be: his unique way of speaking in a slurred Irish-British accent and the happy lilt of his voice; his old-world type of gentlemanly courtesy; his quiet, dignified manner combined with an outgoing friendliness, a ready smile and a youthful sense of humor; his obvious sincerity, his real enthusiasm and his love of beautiful things; his steady but kind

look right into your eyes, and the feeling he gave of his personal attention to each individual or subject at hand. In the physical bulk of this large man there was the grace of something soft and light and tender, which he never tried to hide.

I have been personally fond of Mr. Getty for years and he would always give a jaunty wave if he did not have time to stop and talk. Last Thursday afternoon he did have time and stopped to talk with me for about ten minutes. He had been interested in my vacation trip to New York in September and I had brought some of my color photographs to show him. He slowly examined and commented enthusiastically about each one, and he particularly liked my pictures of the bridges. He said that he hoped to go back again someday soon to see them and he talked of other world-famous bridges, some of which he had seen and some he yet hoped to see. That night he died suddenly of a heart attack—a very young man at heart, despite his 55 years. I miss him already.

Myra Lauterer
Circulation Desk
University Library

Aid For Forgotten Vice

The Norfolk Virginian Pilot

Poet Archibald MacLeish was exulting the other day in Bogota, Colombia, that at last he had found a land where poetry was appreciated. In Colombia, it seems, the streets ring with rhyme, laws are written in iambic pentameter, and every man is his own versifier. Mr. MacLeish finds all this heady stuff.

"Someone told me once," he repeated for the North American press, "that if you need a poet in the United States, you go to the FBI; in Argentina you go to the intellectuals; in Colombia you go to the telephone directory." Mr. MacLeish concluded none too happily that in the United States the writing of poetry is often regarded much as a vice that is better overlooked.

It is all too true. Mr. MacLeish might perform a service for his native land by asking for help from Colombia, perhaps in the name of the Alliance for Progress. We do not need shipments of poets from Colombia, heaven knows, but we could use some technical knowhow on the care and feeding of the ones we have at home. Perhaps one Colombian senator would be useful to teach some of our own the brevity that is the soul of poetry as well as wit.

But, Mr. MacLeish might like his native land less for all this. It is not true that one must go to the FBI to obtain poets in the United States. Some — the Certified Poets — can be obtained at the White House nowadays. It is as a Certified Poet, as a matter of fact, that Mr. MacLeish is in Colombia. Sec. of the Interior Udall brought him along just to prove we had one.

In Colombia, the secretary of the interior probably writes his own.