

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."

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The Neat Trick Of Standing On Three Sides Of The Gag Law Simultaneously

If you take the utterances of Orange County's own Judge L. J. Phipps one at a time, it is easy to conclude that his stand for the Gag Law and against Communism is as consistent as bed-rock. You might deplore his blind intransigence but at least you know where he stands.

The illusion might obtain forever if Judge Phipps were not given to making speeches elsewhere. In Maxton recently the Judge conceded that the Gag Law had been enacted with undue haste and that it definitely needed terminological nut-tightening. In the shocked hush following the law's passing Judge Phipps was heard to say that it was a good and necessary law; later he defended the law before a group of students, on each occasion glossing over the principal objections of the University Administration: that the law was not properly considered, that no one had been given a chance to testify on its merits, that it was so vaguely worded as to be almost unen-

forceable. Whatever his reasons Judge Phipps went out of town to concede that the law had shortcomings, and that University officials were at least partially justified in objecting to the manner of the law's passage.

The admission did not, however, prevent Judge Phipps from charging during a speech in Lillington that the law is not being enforced by the University and leaving the heavy implication that University officials are deliberately ignoring and willfully breaking it. A lesser man would have trouble reconciling the two statements—one to the effect that the law was flawed and possibly difficult to enforce, another to the effect that it was being purposely subverted.

No matter how you cut it, the Judge has assumed at least three distinct positions on one issue, a practice seldom associated with judicial prudence.

Nevertheless, it might pay to withhold judgment on the Judge. In time, the Speaker Ban might turn out to be the Gag Law that even isn't there.

So Long, Old Kidd, And Best Wishes

Going to jail is not exactly a laughing matter in most cases, not a real belly-buster anyway. But you've got to hand it to Kidd Brewer for doing the best he can.

Facing eighteen months for peddling influence in the procurement of State highway signs, The Kidd is holding a "Going In Party" this afternoon.

The setting will be the Brewer home, which faithfully reflects The Kidd's flamboyant personality. The house is high on a hill overlooking Highway 70 on the Durham side of Raleigh. It has two swimming pools, one inside, one outside, separated by sliding glass doors. Purebred cattle graze the slopes and flatlands of Belle Acres and there is a steel cantilever bridge at the Highway 70 entrance, near the big roadside sign announcing YOU'LL BE GLAD YOU DID, The Kidd's trademark.

Large-bore State officials, including a Governor, used to partake unstintingly of The Kidd's hospitality. One notable soiree was the party christening The Kidd's house, with Our Leaders cavorting over the premises in Gay Nineties swimsuits. But that was a

long time and several highway signs ago. There won't be many, if any, public figures in attendance this afternoon.

Governor Sanford's office indicated that Terry won't show. Invitations also were sent to members of the Council of State, Justices of the State Supreme Court, Wake County and Raleigh officials, to the solicitor who prosecuted The Kidd and the judge who said eighteen months. Chances are they won't even send regrets.

But the Going In Party will go on just the same. Bread and water will be served and, according to the invitations, "Kidd will issue a public statement at 4 p.m. and hold a press conference immediately following."

There's no telling what The Kidd will say, but it's a good bet he will leave those in earshot laughing, which is more than you can say for some State figures still at large.

We realize The Kidd cracked some thin ice and he's got to take his dipping. But we wish him well just the same, and will be looking forward to his "coming out." It will probably beat the Terpsichorean Ball all hollow.

A Hard Frost Is Seen In The Land

Just as you begin to think the impossible will happen and winter will never really come, the first hard frost grips the ground. Adolescent maples turn bright red, perhaps in embarrassment at the prospect of spending six months naked. Older, more experienced trees turn a stoic brown. Grass huddles down and curls up among itself, and the air rebuffs your face as you step out into the early morning.

After the sun gains a little toehold on the sky the ground is patched with the silver-gray of frost in the shadows, and the tawny brown of dying grass in the sunlight. You know the day is not far off when the sun will have to do more than breach the horizon to melt the frost. Pretty soon the ground will be rock-hard all day, but now there is a little sense of relief at finding sun-warmed earth resilient to the foot. It means a small reprieve.

Cattle might make good furnaces, if you got enough of them together. They don't seem to mind cold. Angus are scattered across a broad sweep of tan turf early in the morning, selecting still-green tufts and breathing tranquil puffs in the sharp air. Like the unfrozen patches of ground, the cattle are an-

other small reprieve: you are not really beset by winter until they are herded into shelter and fed on silage.

Down in the hollows, little streams trickle icily, shrunken by drought. Your fingers hurt for a moment if you dip your hand in the water, and a splash on the face is a shock. Pretty soon the water will flow black and frigid between banks of snow, crusted in the backwaters with brittle sheaths of ice, and birds will leave tiny trident tracks in the snow, searching for food you cannot imagine they could ever find. But they do, and when the first frost is reversed months later by the first thaw, they always manage to sing about it.

Saws For Today

In this broad earth of ours, Amid the measureless grossness and the slag, Enclosed and safe within its central heart, Nestles the seed of perfection.

—Walt Whitman

Community Chest, The Gag Law

Dear Sir:

I am a visitor here in Chapel Hill for only a short time and probably what I have to say will irritate some of your local townspeople to the point of telling me that I should keep my mouth shut. However, I can't help but get a good laugh out of you Americans at times—or perhaps I should feel sorry for your actions. After glancing over the organizations that are to receive allocations from your Community Chest drive, I was startled to find the Animal Protection Society listed to receive \$1,000 in contributions. I was told that the Community Chest was looking for contributions to help the needy—such as poor people, the aged, the welfare dept., etc. I have never recalled any city, town, county, or state contributing money to the Animal Protection Society except on an individual basis and as paying members who attend meetings. Who or what person in this organization is going to decide which animal is the needy one? It appears to

me that these people should be able to take care of unwanted animals through their own membership drives due to the fact that most of their members have good incomes to support their own animals.

I also noted in the breakdown of allocations that your Community Chest has managed to allocate \$100 to the Association for the Aging. Since they are allocating \$1,000 to the Animal Protection Society, is it possible that your animals need 10 times more loving and care than do your old people? But again I say, you Americans are always good for a laugh.

Sincerely yours,
Jon Gelber

To the Editor:

Yes, we Americans are always good for a laugh, and your letter is good for an enormous guffaw. At least, you exercise the prerogative of irate Americans who scream nilly-willy about matters they know nothing about.

In the first place, the Community Chest is not designed to "help the needy—such as poor people, the aged, the Welfare Department, etc." We all support the Welfare Department through taxes. Of the total Chest budget of \$43,000, perhaps the only 100% ascertainably charitable—by your apparent definition—sum, of around \$12,000, goes to the American Red Cross. Most of the money goes to Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, recreation and Y-Teens. Most of the children benefiting from these programs are from families living in an area whose annual family median income is \$7,500. The Community Chest never has included any outright allocation to what would simply be defined as aid for impoverished people.

Numerous studies of the Community Chest have been made; the present Chest is what hard-working citizens in Chapel Hill have put together as representing non-government areas of greatest need. From its incep-

tion, many years ago, the Chest has always included funds for the care of unwanted, hurt, and abandoned animals.

Chapel Hill is one of the few towns in the state that do not maintain an animal shelter. Loose, ill animals threaten community health. The Orange County dog warden simply captures animals, the overwhelming number of which are destroyed. Though the good offices of Vine Veterinary Hospital, household pets—sometimes slightly damaged—are frequently returned to their owners, and homes are found for many kittens and puppies that would otherwise be destroyed. No sophisticated society can afford to ignore this aspect of civilized life. Below the assistance of the county and the municipality of Chapel Hill, there lies a large grey area which Chest funds help fill.

Not all people who "own" animals, Mr. Gelber, "support their own animals." Other animals are victims of circum-

stances over which they have no control, and many demented persons are viciously cruel to animals.

The \$100 allocated to the Association for Aging and Community Relationships is the sum approved for that group for its pilot work. Chapel Hill's geriatrics problem is perhaps not as acute as that of other towns, but it is undeniably here. The people who request funds to continue to work in the field probably could have justified a large increase in the allocation for this purpose, and probably would have received it, had they simply requested it.

I do not know what country you come from, Mr. Gelber, but Chapel Hill never has been, and probably never will be, a true reflection of the whole of America. You are wrong about animal organizations not being included in other drives for community funds, but I cannot take the space to show you specifically where. Thus, the composition of the Chest agencies here is radically different from many of those in North Carolina and in most respects totally different from those in other states, primarily the North.

I hope that Mr. Gelber will lengthen his visit to Chapel Hill and continue to offer his gratuitous advice, comments, albeit sarcastic, and help fill our lives with the glow of his opinion and philosophy. Surrounded by so many Americans, perhaps he may at times feel uncomfortable. He may then wish to seek the companionship of a cat or a dog while writing pungent commentaries about Life in the Funny States.

Joe Nagelschmidt

To the Editor,

Several months ago while visiting with one of our senators in Washington, he told me that the most distressing condition in Washington to him is the almost overwhelming attitude that the United States owes something to everyone around the world except the American taxpayer. Apparently, the situation is now worsening.

For months now the duly elected representatives of the North Carolina General Assembly have been subjected to scorn and ridicule so intolerable that I must add one small non-influential voice to their defense with respect to the Anti-Communist Law designated by the press as the Speaker Ban Law.

The fact that I was wounded twice in an infantry rifle company in Europe in World War II does not qualify me to speak; because others gave much more, many their lives. It grieves me deeply that the families of those who fought and died for our system of government now find that it is more fashionable to promote the interest of our enemies than our own citizens.

It is highly understandable why the administrators of our State-supported institutions desire maximum freedom. However, the deplorable part of the situation is that it was the apparent violation of this very freedom by some administrators that convinced our legislature that such a law was needed.

As gloomy as the situation appears, there is a ray of hope. This hope rests in the fact that your newspaper with its editorial power can be instrumental in requesting that this problem be settled by a State-wide referendum. I am confident that our citizens will exercise for more wisdom (as they always have) than some people will give them credit for.

We had better remember that this fellow Khrushchev was not raised in the pleasant confines of a country club but in the mines of Russia. Even President Kennedy can vouch for the fact that he and his followers are not soft traders. Witness, for example, his outpost now a mere 90 miles from the coast of Florida, and his wheat bins about to be filled with American wheat at a cost much less than what we Americans must pay for our own wheat.

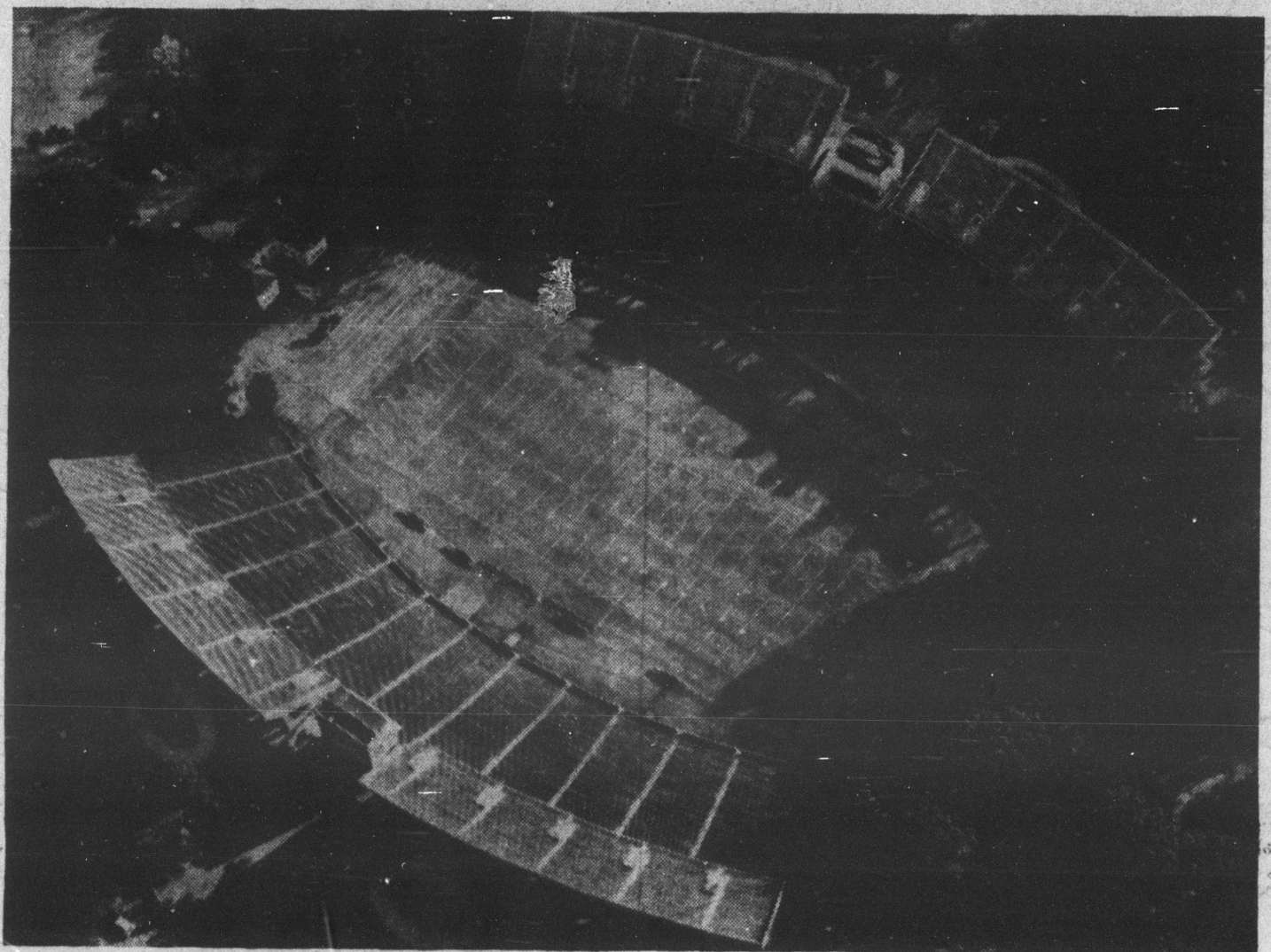
At the same time Russia is arresting our professor Professor Fredrick Barghoorn of Yale, why are we coddling theirs? This kind of trading did not build nor will it sustain our great country.

Broadmindedness may be virtuous; but if Khrushchev is going to bury us, isn't it going a little beyond the call of duty to furnish him with the shovel?

Thanks to the free enterprise system our standard of living is the highest the world has ever known. We should guard this system with extreme jealousy.

The General Assembly deserves a vote of thanks rather than ridicule for passing the Anti-Communist Speaker Law, HB 1395. They will probably receive it, at the polls, next election. Let us vote!!!

Very truly yours,
B. B. Walker
Asheboro



The University's Kenan Memorial Stadium

I Like Chapel Hill

By BILLY ARTHUR

The Pilgrims gave us Thanksgiving. Because they were persecuted and burned at the stake, they left their homeland and came over here where they could have freedom of thought, word and action. Not many years after they landed they began burning people at the stake, because they didn't think as they did. And in that way the Pilgrims established freedom of thought, word and action.

About this time of the year the Mayflower descendants will meet. They are people who claim their ancestors came over on the boat with the Pilgrims. How 10,000 ancestors could be crowded into a 100-passenger ship is beyond me! Yet that's about how many ancestors it would take to produce all the Mayflower descendants we supposedly have today.

Some of them go back beyond the Mayflower to substantiate their claims. They say their relatives were presented in court and knighted, but they don't tell if any were ever presented in court and sentenced.

Sometimes I suspect a few of the Mayflower claimants get that way because their lap dog is a great-great-great-grandson of a hound that sneaked aboard just before the gang-plank was lifted.

I'll confess I can't qualify for the organization, because I can't trace my ancestors on one side any farther back than the time one of them was abandoned on a doorstep.

But my folks enjoyed Thanksgiving. There were 10 brothers and sisters on one side who gathered every Thanksgiving Day at the old homeplace in Cabarrus County. I'd rate them as an average old time large family. Some of them were good and some not so good. Some had married well and some not so well. They were all kids.

They came to my grandmother's on Thanksgiving to count their blessings instead of calories. They came and gave

thanks for their freedom and for the free dinner grandmother had fixed.

As they arrived during the day, they were met on the porch. They hugged and kissed and they cried, and they said what a blessing it was they could all be together.

Then two or three of them would get apart from the others and say how much nicer it would be if sister had left her sorry husband in Albemarle.

They didn't like her because she complained at the noise her husband made while fixing his own breakfast.

They just didn't have any affection for either her or the man sister married. As for the sister, she would have divorced her husband, but he didn't have any property or cash or anything. And there's no happiness in a divorce without money or property. So she stayed on and put up with him. After all, he had a heart of bourbon; and since he had married her, his family had been without an idiot, but ours had gained one.

The reason he never spent Thanksgiving with his family was they passed out food as if it were uranium.

So, all the relatives and what they'd married and what they had produced came to grandmother's on Thanksgiving. There

Or, if brother had come alone and not brought his wife they might be able to divide up grandpa's estate in peace. Seems as if none of the family liked her. They said she was so narrow minded she needed only one earring.

There were so many for dinner she had to serve two and three tables. The kids — that included me — ate at the second or third, whichever was last. And all we usually got was a wing, a biscuit and a spanking for wanting more. We would have fared better if we could have eaten what the hungry in-laws slopped on the table. The fronts of their clothes, too, were worth a thousand calories, at least.

Then, we kids gathered up all the wishbones and made wishes. Mine never came true. I guess Pearl White, Ruth Roland and Mary Pickford thought I was too young for such things.

Anyway, after I grew up, married and raised a family, it was natural for me to want

company at Thanksgiving. That's the reason a few days ago I telephoned a friend down in Onslow County and asked, "How'd you like to have Thanksgiving dinner with us?"

They said, "Fine?"

I said, "Good, we'll come down to see you."

—Looking Back—

From the files of the Weekly: IN 1923 — PREPARING FOR 15,000 PEOPLE

"More people are going to be in Chapel Hill on Thanksgiving Day this year than have ever been here before.

"Fifteen thousand is the estimate, by Graduate Manager of Athletics Charles T. Woolen, of the attendance at the Virginia-Carolina football game. Special trains, some with Pullman sleepers and dining cars, are coming in, and automobiles will stream hither from every direction.

"Half a dozen cities of the state have been drawn upon for special policemen to handle the crowd. Those who are used to traffic duty will be stationed at important corners to make sure that the flow of automobiles goes smoothly.

"Elaborate preparations have been made to get people to and from their seats easily. Reserved seats for 13,500 will have been erected before the big day, and each section will have tickets of a special color. And each section will have its own entrance bearing a sign of the same color as the tickets.

"Alumni headquarters, with an information desk, will be established at the College Well. A lunch counter will be there, and all the restaurants and Swain Hall are to have lunches ready for visitors. The Y.M.C.A. will conduct a parcel check room, and the new law building will

be used as a ladies' building for the day."

IN 1933 — Dachshund in Satchel

"Driving along the main street Tuesday evening, I saw Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Adams on the corner by Spencer Hall. Mr. Adams had in his hand a small traveling bag, or satchel. I hailed them and offered to take them wherever they were bound. When they got into the car I saw a dog's head protruding from the partly open satchel.

"It's our Dachshund," explained Mr. Adams. "We're going to the library, and we don't want to leave him at home by himself. My information is that this Dachshund, in library or classroom or wherever it is, sits in the satchel, or maybe ambles in upon the scholastic peace with barks or growls."

IN 1943 — "Four grocery-markets—Fowler's, the A & P, Pender's, and Shields—announce that because of the shortage of help, and in order that their employees may get a hot lunch, they will close from 1 to 2 o'clock every day except Saturday."

IN 1953 — "The Community Chest drive went 'over the top' this week, with pledges and cash on hand yesterday totaling just over \$23,000."