Sunday, December 1, 1963

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

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JAMES SHUMAKER, Editor

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Opportunity For A Lasting Memorial

Site work has begun for a University residence hall in the Craige-Ehringhaus complex.

The new residence hall will house about 800 men and, depending on construction bids, might go to nine or ten stories.

Construction is expected to begin within three or four months and the residence hall is expected to be ready for occupancy in the fall of 1965.

The new residence hall has not yet been named.

An especially fitting name, we think, and one which would do the University proud would be the John F. Kennedy Residence Hall.

There is no precedent for naming University of North Carolina buildings for United States Presidents, but neither is there any rule or statute prohibiting it. This seems to be an appropriate time for setting the precedent.

President Kennedy had ties with Chapel Hill, having been awarded an honorary degree by the University and having delivered the University Day address here in 1961.

Beyond that, President Kennedy was deeply interested in higher education and often acknowledged its vital importance to the future of the Nation.

If there were no other reasons, the University would be fully justified in naming the new residence hall for President Kennedy simply because he and the University stood for the same things and their ultimate goals were identical: to make this a better and more enlightened world.

The University paid high tribute to President Kennedy when he was alive and mourned deeply at his death. Now it has an opportunity to offer him a more permanent memorial. We hope the University will see fit to do so.

The Old, Lost Days Of The .218 Bee

It is odd how a disused habit occasionally forces its way to the surface after lying ten years dormant.

Like the other morning-waking at four, groping for hunting boots that had done all their duty in a swampy bottom hundreds of miles and worlds of change from here.

The wind was snapping softly at the pines through the heavy air, and though you couldn't see them you knew the first light would show you racks of low, bulbous clouds that appeared to be grasping at the tree-tops to keep from being blown to the east, out over the sounds.

In an hour you would have completed your inadequate explanations to the setter, who never had understood that you don't point a wild turkey, let alone flush him. The trick is to get in range, then pray that there's one clean shot against the light before that hurtling bulk of feathers and sass can hit the 75 miles an hour of which he's capable.

then flushing a woodcock for which you weren't armed, and trying to stay off the hardwood leaves not yet soaked enough for silent treading. On a morning like this the gobblers would be restless with the soughing of the wind, cagier, more cautious. On quieter mornings, your friend would have pulled from his overalls a thin, hollowed cedar cylinder and a piece of slate to rasp across the small end. The noise made you catch your breath. Turkey talk. Directly there would be a dialogue between the call and a Tom a mile away while you stood stock

growth of a water oak. The old rifle would spit a terse, flat crack, like as not followed by the snapping of branches marking the turkey's fall. "Shrewd," he would say. "Flew like a ship sailing under cannon. Low and didn't show himself against the light." How he'd come to grief was a secret between the old rifle and its user, and the shotgun under your arm seemed more alien than ever. That had been years ago. A casual sentence in a letter gave to understand that the swamp had been razed and drained and put to good use as pasture. The old companion had become arthritic, and possibly the manufacturer had tired of filling only one order every two or three years for .218 Bee cartridges and quit making them. At any rate the turkeys, without their swamp to hide them, had retreated to the uplands where foxes exacted a greater tribute than one outmoded rifle and one canny marksman had ever thought to. It is strange how the only remnant of those mornings could be a fitful waking near dawn in the town.

been smoking for 80 years and would soon be celebrating his 100th birthday. So the agency

sent a man down there to get

"Ever been to New York?" the

agency man asked, and the old

man said "Nope, but I always intended to go."

"Ever been in a jet plane?" "Nope, but I allus wanted to."

"Well," said the ad man, "you and I are going to New York on a jet plane, and you're going to have one of the best hotel suites, and on your birthday I'll call you

at 9 a.m. and drive you to the TV studio and at 10 a.m. sharp

you'll be on television. What do

you think of that " 'Cain't do it," said the old

man. "I don't stop coughing till

. . .

If the automobiles keep getting

smaller and power mowers larg-

er, it won't be long before they

merge, and we'll have something

that can mow down both pedes-

trians and grass at the same

noon."

an endorsement.

The Hardest Working Chief Of All

Jim Bishop Remembers JFK

By JIM BISHOP

The door was ajar. I was talking to Evelyn Lincoln, the President's personal secretary. From the other side of the door a man's voice said: Jim? Jim? Come on in."

My appointment with President Kennedy was not due until the next morning. Mrs. Lincoln pushed the connecting door open and John F. Kennedy, too young looking, too vigorous, too handsome, got up from behind his desk and came around the door to shake hands with Mrs. Bishop and with me. This was three weeks ago.

I tried to beg off. Come on," he said and he motioned to two beige couches flanking the fireplace in his office. We sat. He pulled up a rocker with the legend "USS Kittyhawk" on the backrest, and sat.

He knew why I was in the White House. I was there to do a personal closeup of him and his family for the magazine Good Housekeeping. He leaned forward, elbows on knees, the brown suit freshly pressed and he

put on the big Kennedy grin. "A magazine article?" he asked in mock shock. "Couldn't you make a book out of it?' thought about it. "Maybe," I said. "It would depend upon how much you and Mrs. Kennedy will sacrifice your privacy." He reached a hand out and patted a knee. "I read some of your other books," he said.

TALKED ABOUT LINCOLN

We talked about "The Day Lincoln Was Shot." It was a minuteby-minute account of the 16th President's final day. Mr. Kennedy's voiced softened. remember," he said, "there were about 50-odd things that happened that day that, if they had not happened in the correct sequence . . .'

"Lincoln would not have been shot," I said. He lowered his head a moment, as though thinking. When he brought it back up, the big smile was on again.

"Are they taking care of you here?" he said. They were. I had interviewed his secretaries, the presidential assistants, and servants and was enroute to talk to Mrs. Kennedy and Caroline and John-John

I asked the President why he called his little boy John-John. He said he didn't want him to be called "Jack." He didn't like "Johnny" either.

still, trying to pass as the natural out-So he called him "John-John" and the President had a favorite trick he used with his son, and he used it to make the little one laugh. Whenever he saw John-John, he called him over and me a secret. 16 John would whisper in his father's ear, "Bzzzzz-bzzzzz," The President would lean backward, shock on his face, and say: You don't tell me?" and the little boy would fall down laughing.

Hoover and Harry S. Truman, and I have studied the lives and the events of others. But President Kennedy worked at his job from 7:20 a.m. until 11:30 p.m., every day, seven days a week. I asked him why. "A man," he said, "must have goals. There is not sufficient time, even in two

terms, to achieve these goals. Almost all presidents leave office feeling that their work is uniinished. I have a lot to do, and so little time in which to do Like three weeks?

4 PAPERS EVERY DAY

His Negro valet, George H. Thomas, a dark cherub of a man, awakened the President every morning shortly after sev-. Thomas always knocked on the Kennedy becroom door lightly, so that he would awaken the President, but not disturb Mrs. Kennedy. He would listen for a cough, the whispered: "All right George." The President would slip his feet into slippers, put a robe on over his short nightshirt

and come out in the second bedroom. George Thomas always gave him four newspapers. The President devoured these in 15 minwhile the fresh clothes utes. were being laid out by Thomas,

and the bath drawn. Devoured is the word. Mr. Kennedy read vertically. He could spot a two-paragraph story on Page 23 regarding the storage. of corn, or a remark of the Soviet foreign minister, and he would call the West Wing of the White House and ask to see the secretary of agriculture, or the secretary of state at 8:30 a.m. Many of his appointments of the day were based upon the news he digested before breakfast.

He liked 41/2 minutes eggs, and orange juice and toast. The children were in upon him before he could finish coffee. Caroline who, at six, is beginning to develop a little reserve; and John who skids around the turns of the second floor of the White House and thinks nothing of running down the great hall in the nude, holding a flag aloft, arrived like racing desperadoes. The President enjoyed being President, but he loved being a

father. No matter how stiff the state occasion, he always found time for his children because he realized that, psychologically, they would spend their formative years in the White House. He was pleased beyond measure when he found that neither

of his children understood the term President of the United States. They knew that this was his title, but they didn't know what it meant. They had no notion that he was more important than other men. On the third floor, there was a little private school. Caroline and 10 other boys and girls attended first grade there. There, Miss Grimes, a Long Island girl, taught kindergarten. There, Caroline had a paper on which she had printed her name 25 times in huge block letters.

the children of cabinet members, but rather children of old Kennedy friends from Georgetown. Each of these youngsters brought lunch. Mrs. Kennedy insisted that Caroline carry a lunch box like the others and eat with them in class

Mrs. Kennedy had an adam ant, and misunderstood, notion that she and the President were entitled to a private life. She used to drive the children out to Glen Ora Farms, to watch the animals. She used to walk them in Lafayette Park, across the

street from the White House. She did not relish cameramen taking zoom lense photos of her with her children, or water skiing on a vacht. In fact, it was a victory for the President that she agreed to make the trip with him to Texas.

The glamour of the presidency escaped Mrs. Kennedy. "I have learned to live with it," she told me. "I used to feel badly because I enjoy a family life; and appreciate old friends. I do not like politicians."

She smiled almost apologetically, "I have met a lot of them, but I can't say I like them." Why? "Well, as far as I am concerned, they are all self-seeking tized people; egotists.

On the day I spoke to the President, it was obvious that he planned to run for a second term. It was equally obvious that he did not think it would be a soft campaign. His views on civil rights had made him a thorn in the side of the tender South He felt that he had to go South - he was impelled to go South-to explain and re-explain his position." He needed Southern votes, and he was going to need them sorely next year.

So he planned trips to Florida, and made whistle stops in small places so that he might win support. The trip to Texas was important to him because he had to have those November, 1964, votes. He asked his wife to go, because he knew that she had a popularity of her own-a good vote-getting popularity-and he liked to announce, as he did Friday, that he was sometimes known as Jacqueline Kennedy's husband.

2 DAILY SWIMS IN POOL

In the days I spent in the White House-Mr. Kennedy's final days, as it now develops he was always cheerful, energetic and he led his Secret Service men as a comet leads its starry trail. He swam in the White House pool twice a day and, when Mrs. Kennedy was away, he swam with Caroline and John-John.

When they played on the south

door, tucking his tie inside his vate dining room on the second floor of the White House, withjacket-a characteristic gesture -and got into the second of in the 8-room span in which our first families live. three cars that took him every There are 132 rooms in the where. Secret Service men were

White House, but the Kennedys, the Eisenhowers and the others used only eight. At night, President Kennedy had dinner with his wife. He never brought problems of state to the mansion. 'Once." Mrs. Kennedy said.

sides of the street. 'just once-the other day-I askof the presidential limousine, and ed my husband at lunchtime John F. Kennedy got out to go to. how matters were going." She laughed and held her hand bethe doctor's office and find out fore her face. "He held his hand that there was nothing wrong up and ticked o.f 10 separate with his eyes, they were fatigued things which he said had gone from too much reading. wrong, and he said, "The day is The Secret Service accompanied him everywhere-even to only half over.'

Matthew's Cathedral for In the afternoon, his eyes felt St blurry while he was reading, Mass. If the President saw a big and President Kennedy told Mrs. crowd in the street, he changed the church and attended Holy Lincoln that he wanted to see an ophthalmologist named Roche: Trinity in Georgetown, his parish Mrs. Lincoln phoned the Secretchurch when he was a congressman.

in all three.

When they arrived at the doc-

tor's office, the Secret Service

men got out first, scanning the

sidewalk, the halls, the rooftops,

the upper floor windows on both

Then they opened the back door

Jerry Behn, chief of the White I asked President Kennedy if he prayed outside of church. House details, sent a car with "Oh, yes," he said. "I get on two men to Dr. Roche's office, my knees every night before I They examined the premises, the doctor, the waiting room, go to bed. Funny, I don't say a and then, by radio, called Behn prayer in the morning. Just at to pronounce the premises "safinight."

It was like reserving the final minutes of consciousness for God. Friday, all the lights went out before John F. Kennedy had a chance to give a final thought to Him.

-Looking Back-

From the Weekly's files:

Behn phoned Mrs. Lincoln.

"Please tell the President that

we are ready any time he is," he

said. The President was given

the news, stepped out the back

IN 1923 -

Service.

CAPTURED STILL AMAZES MAYOR "Hugh Robertson, Mayor of Bronxville, just outside of New York City, came here for the Virginia football game last week, accompanied by Mrs. Robertson who used to be Miss Mary Harris of Chapel Hill. He stayed until Sunday and did a little quail hunting. One of the sights to which he was treated during

his visit was a homemade corn whiskey still captured on the outskirts of the village. He saw when it was on display in the.

window of Foister's Art Store, "Mack Williams of the Chapel Hill police force made the capture, and to do it he had to miss the greater part of the Carolina-Virginia football game. Word came to him that Bob Reeves. a Negro, had been making whis-

means "the itch for writing":

If all the trees in all the woods were men: And each and every blade of

grass a pen; If every leaf on every shrub and

tree Turned to a sheet of foolscap:

every sea Were changed to ink, and all the earth's living tribes

Had nothing else to do but act as scribes,

And for ten thousand ages, day and night The human race should write,

and write, and write, and write.

Till all the pens and paper were used up.

And the huge inkstand was an empty cup, Still would the scribblers cluster-

ed round its brink Call for more pens, more paper, and more ink.

Even then, a full-choke Remington was rarely enough to bring it down. No, the dog would have to stay.

That done, you would have stopped for the companion who, even then, was as rare as the turkey he would probably bring crashing. Long after the decline of markmanship, he stubbornly insisted on an old single shot rifle-a .218 Bee for which he had to order cartridges all the way from New York-as the only sensible piece for turkey.

"You and that stove pipe have maybe one chance at 40 yards," he'd say. "And the three or four shot that hit him will be just that much more ballast."

So, for maybe a dozen years, you and he had moved into that swamp, now and

I Like Chapel Hill By BILLY ARTHUR

I already know what I'm going to get for Christmas-a loan. . . .

They're telling about a local bridge game, attended by some former residents during the holidays, when one woman asked another. "What happened to that dizzy looking blonde your husband used to be seen wtih?" And her partner replied, "Oh, my wig wore out." . . .

Overheard at Spencer Hall: "He's got one of the nicest apartments you ever screamed . . .

Overheard at Mack's and Jesse's: "He's got what you'd call an

occupational disease - work makes him sick." . . .

Our Annis Lillian was telling about the pictures of Governor Tryon's palace that she had seen. "And they had a fireplace in every room in the palace, because there was no central heat-

ing system in those days," she said And the Missus related that the

first house she ever lived in back on the farm was the same. "You mean," asked Annis, 'you were living the same time as Governor Tryon.' I laughed aloud. "If I see that in the paper, said the Missus, "it'll be bad for you." * *

Times have changed greatly. Take, for instance, toys. When was a child, all of us were happy with such things to play with as a button hook, an old tire, bottle caps and rusty nails.

guess Macy's parade is the only one that has ballet dancers in it. They're people who dance on their toes. It seems to me if the producers want taller girls, why don't they hire them?

Fellow was telling a story about an advertising agency with a cigarette account learning of a man in Tennessee hills who'd

Mr. Kennedy may not go down in history as the greatest President, nor the poorest. No one can dispute the fact that he was the hardest working chief of state we ever had.

I have written stories about Dwight D. Eisenhower, Herbert

LUNCH BOX IN HAND The other students were not

A Tribute To John Fitzgerald Kennedy

Now a numbed world in slow-paced languish moves.

Mindful of nought but pain and stunning loss.

Of Earth's pure mold, there now remains but dross!

Alas! My lot is hopeless! To express Our loss is more than that wherein success

Can crown the works of novice, or of sage;

The sun is dimmed that lit this entire age! Be still my soul! Take thou thy task in hand.

And pray thy God all men may understand!

Be not so brash as one who might conceive

Of self as one who knows how deep we grieve. . . .

The die is cast! The worst that could come, did!

The reason why from all but God is hid!

They were weeping in the valleys, Weeping, weeping all around; Weeping high upon the mountains, And no solace could be found.

Old men, young men, women, children-Each one nursed a broken heart. All were weeping for a young man Who had come so soon to part.

On the plains; along the sea shores; On each continent they paused In their labors; in their pleasures To deplore what hate has caused.

lawn, with their trampoline and see-saws, he would hear the shrieks from his oval office, and would leave his desk to stand in the doorway and clap his hands three times.

The children knew the signal, and would come running. In the evening, when there were no state dinners, the children were fed at 6 p.m. John-John sat in a highchair and wore a plastic bib. Under the highchair was a plastic mat. They ate in the pri-

While 15,000 people watched the gridiron warriers on Emerson Field, Policeman Williams broke into a milk-house on the old place and found the still and

Chapel Hill. It will be served in

the building on West Franklin

Street which is being used as a

center until permanent quarters

GOODBYE FRIENDS!

We're Going Away

For The Duration

"The Atlantic Company has,

for over a year, overcome ex-

treme difficulties of transporta-

tion and rationing in order to

continue serving you with Atlan-

tic Ale and Beer. Now, through

circumstances beyond our con-

trol-the shortage of Tires, Gaso-

line. Trucks and Containers-we

are forced to stop. Our invest-

ment in time, effort, distribution,

merchandising and advertising is

lost to us for the present at

least. You can well understand

that, with a great sales lead in

this territory, it is a sad day

for us when we have to give it

up. We realize that it is a sad

day for you too, in losing the

erages - Atlantic Ale and Beer.

Wartime conditions and circum-

stances beyond your control and

ours are responsible. We leave

you with regret-we hope to re-

turn-and soon. Please remem-

ATLANTIC

Ale and Beer

"Full of Good Cheer"

From an editorial: When Frederick Lewis Allen re-

tired as editor of Harper's Maga-

zine, he snoke briefly at a dinner

given in his honor. Harper's re-

their introductory note reprinted

Oliver Wendell Holmes's poem,

"Cacoethes Scribendi," which

and and the second a second

inted his brief speech, and in

ber us."

IN 1953 -

bev-

pleasure of your favorite

are obtained. . . ."

key down on the old Fred Spar-

IN 1933 -A Negro Center

"A Thanksgiving dinner from 3 to 5 o'clock this Friday afternoon will mark the launching of a movement to establish a com-

"He was good, this man of freedom!"

Cried a workman deep in Spain. "He was fair !" exclaimed a German Who could not conceal his pain.

Higher, higher rose the weeping,

Millions, millions, distressed millions,

People-Simple ones and great ones-Actors, farmers, Statesmen-all Breathed a pray'r for our dead leader; Dirges rose from church and hall.

When we knew not where to turn For the wisdom, for the courage To continue; to discern;

Then the spirit of our leader Seemed to light our hearts anew: "Ask what you can do for country-Not what it can be do for you."

He had given life for country, But, alas! The question came As we searched our hearts inside us: Who of us would do the same?

Vowed this man died not in vain; Pledged our lives to God and country;

We're still weeping in the valleys; Weeping, weeping on the hill; Knowing, knowing his example

—LEW BARTON

row place on the Hillsboro Road. about a pint of whiskey.

褐白

occurred in the past several days are enough to wear the patience of even the most patient of men, and with fear of Hell, I would say even the patience of God Himself.

One of the last of these scandals included the nationally televised program composed of leaders of city government, business, and the ministry of "Big D." In this program they banded together to "appeal" to the citizenry of these United States to put the blame of the most scandalous of all scandals on someone or somewhere other than on "Big D," and its citizens.

The behaviour of the Dallas City Police, the Press Corps, and the various news media surrounding the tragic inciden thtat took our beloved John Fitzgerald Kennedy is unforgivable in the eyes of decent men everywhere. At the same time, this does not excuse the responsible and influential citizens of "Big D."

Fortunately there was one minister of that infamous city that had the perception and courage to see through this plot of absolution. Fortunately he too was given time to speak his feelings through a nationally televised program.

The insults heaped upon our Ambassador to the United Nations, and later upon our Vice President, would indeed indicate that a "siekness" possibly did prevail over "Big D." It is only when this courageous and lone minister recounts the incident that occurred in a 4th grade class of a school in "Big D" that the possibility changes to a reality. or it was here that 4th grade children applauded and shouted their hurrahs when notified of their commander-in-chief's death. Just as it is that all men with hate in their hearts and assassination in their thoughts are guilty, and just as it is that radical groups and apathetic persons are guilty, then, too, "Big D" must be guilty. "Big D" itself could not have been more guilty than if it had pulled the trigger.

> Respectfully yours, Harry Coutlakis

IN 1943 -

In the streets and on the sea.

Prayed, "Dear God! How could it be?"

In the heat of our confusion,

So each took his own true measure; Bowed our heads, and wept again.

Will live on when all are still.

munity center for the Negroes of

A Letter

To the Editor:

The several scandals that have