

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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Maurice T. Van Hecke: A Thundering And Wise Whisper Finally Fell Silent

Maurice Taylor Van Hecke was one of the best examples in these parts of the old truth that the whispered words of the wise are better heard than the voices of fools shouted in the street. When Mr. Van Hecke died last week a thundering whisper fell silent.

Some people act, some people react. Reactors do better led than leading. Mr. Van Hecke was an actor. There was something deeply basic about him. He was the source of something, not merely a conductor of something already sprung from its source. People use a lot of words, but, like nature, he was a hard man to capsule.

He came to the University Law School in 1921, stayed until 1923, spent five years teaching at Kansas and at Yale, then came back for keeps, and the Law School began to feel the imprint of the Van Hecke stamp.

The Van Hecke stamp acted in many different ways. One man who knew him well called him "judicious, a wise judge who would hear all sides of a question with great patience, and make a decision with great wisdom." Judicious is not the only applicable word. Kind, gentle, and understanding are others, and were increasingly apparent in the course of years to both students and faculty. The spring, 1963, issue of the North Carolina Law Review was dedicated to Mr. Van Hecke (He was the Review's first editor). "Most of his students have been enthralled," said the dedication, "and some few have been appalled, but all have been profoundly impressed."

He profoundly impressed his colleagues in the Law School, too, and the rest of the University as well. He took a particular interest in young men joining the Law School faculty, not talking down to them from the lofty heights of seniority, but helping them gain their professional sea legs with warm and close personal interest.

As far as the rest of the faculty was concerned, not only Mr. Van Hecke's scholarship but his energy was impressive.

"You knew that whenever he was in charge of something you didn't have to worry about anything," said one faculty member. "He took care of everything, and then he stepped back out of the limelight."

When sending information to the UNC News Bureau for publicity purposes, Mr. Van Hecke went to the News Bureau; he did not call the News Bureau to him, even last year when he was 70. And then he would ask that his name not be mentioned. People who ask that their names not be mentioned often remain obscure forever. But Mr. Van Hecke was one of the University's truly nationally known figures in the field of law.

Off duty, he was one of the first to turn up at concerts, art exhibits, lectures. He was not a golfer. You never heard him talking about working in the yard. He spent his time intellectually occupied more than in any other way.

"He had as much personal integrity as any man I have ever known," said one of his colleagues. "You could count on him to tell you honestly what he thought about anything, and why, and there was no groping in his mind. His decisions were made not with instinct, but with rationality."

Mr. Van Hecke was never known as an easy mark. The scholastic standards he set for students were high, and he stuck to them. He did not demand A's of average students, but he would not tolerate mediocrity. You could always tell whether one of Mr. Van Hecke's class meetings had gone well. You watched his face when he came out of the classroom, and if he thought he had done his job well, there was a twinkle in his eye and a certain brightness about him. If the class hadn't measured up to standards, he wore a troubled look. Considering the whole of his 71 years of prodigious work, when Mr. Van Hecke died following a heart attack Thursday night, he must have had a twinkle in his eye.



Winterset

The Line Between Vengeance And Justice

The popular concept of justice has gathered about it a full share of cliches, which from overwork and misapplication have had all but the most vacuous meaning leached out.

The punishment must fit the crime, we say; and thus fortified with righteousness our courts too often exact society's due with a retributive vengeance that sets the seal on the certainty that the punished will sin again, that far from paying his debt to society, he will force it to spend thousands for his caging and feeding.

Attempts to view commission of crime as the symptom of a defective society and to rehabilitate rather than to exact penance have until lately been a dilatory concern of the judiciary. Two notable exceptions to this have been Judge Allen H. Gwyn and his "Work, Earn and Save" plan and the State Prisons Department's Work Release Plan.

The latter, which has been quietly proving its worth for some time, has now offered Robert M. Burch, Kidd

Brewer's co-defendant, the chance to redeem a portion of the cost the State has incurred as a consequence of his transgression. While spending his nights and weekends at Central Prison he will, during the day work as clerk in a Raleigh motel. His earnings will both defray the cost of his imprisonment and enable him to provide for himself once his sentence has been served. In a meaningful way he is being permitted to make restitution for his wrongs.

There are, predictably, points of view which oppose this, men who believe that confinement is part and parcel of imprisonment and that punishment is the essence of correction. In another day Robert Burch's treatment would have been considered rank, illegal favoritism and he would have remained in Central Prison, a passive liability to himself and the State. As it is, he has the opportunity not merely for personal betterment but for advancement of a concept of correction that is our most important hope for the eradication of crime.

Now & Then

by Bill Prouty

You know, when the American Medical Association decides to get into an act there's bound to be some smoke around somewhere. In this case, there is; but for a long time it's been hard for the Association to see the fire for the smoke.

Last Wednesday the AMA's house of delegates, meeting at Portland, Ore., voted to make an all-out study of the effects of smoking on health following an American Cancer Society survey which recently showed that the death rate among heavy cigarette smokers was more than double that of non-smokers.

The Cancer Society's report by Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, director of the group's statistical research, was based on a three-year study of nearly 74,000 men over 40 years of age, half of whom smoked a pack or more of cigarettes daily and the other half of whom were non-smokers.

Dr. Hammond, in his paper before the AMA's 17th clinical meeting, said that during the test period 1,385 of the smokers died as compared with 662 of the non-smokers. In this group were 110 cigarette smokers who died with lung cancer as compared with only 12 of the non-smokers.

"It is hard to escape the conclusion," said Dr. Hammond, in perhaps the understatement of the session, "that this difference in the number of deaths was due to the difference in smoking habits."

In addition, 654 of the cigarette inhalers died with coronary artery disease to only 304 of the non-smokers, while 30 per cent more smokers than non-smokers were hospitalized during the test period, and death rates were higher among men who began to smoke earliest, it was shown in Dr. Hammond's report, which is a continuing study of over 400,000 men between the ages of 40 and

89 as Cancer Society volunteers. And so the AMA, with Dr. Hammond's report ringing in its ears, has decided to make a thorough study of the effects of inhaling smoke on the health of the ever-increasing numbers of persons addicted to the weed. The Cancer Society's report will be followed by another one soon to be released by the Public Health Service, which is rumored also to be critical of the use of tobacco.

An AMA report on the effects of heavy inhaling of tobacco smoke on life expectancy and on disease of the lungs and heart would carry great weight throughout the world, among smokers and non-smokers alike. Findings by the AMA report similar to those of the exhaustive American Cancer Society study are a foregone conclusion. Who better than physicians are aware that the human lung was never meant as a storage place for noxious tobacco smoke.

But will the Hammond report, and the soon to be released Public Health Service study, in case the latter is also unfavorable to tobacco, have any effect on the number of smokers who are now inhaling gaspers by the fistfuls? More than likely not? A similar report in November of 1959, when Surgeon General Leroy E. Burney of the Public Health Service said that "unless the use of tobacco can be made safe, the individual's risk of lung cancer can be reduced best by the elimination of smoking," produced only a temporary dip in the consumption of cigarettes and a flurry of change-over from the "regular" brands to the "safer" filter makes.

The Agriculture Department reports a steady rise in the domestic consumption of cigarettes of from 346.4 billion in 1953 to 509 billion this year. And so, Mr. Smoker, it's doubtful if the American Cancer Society's report on the effect of smoking on health, or the imminent Public Health Study, or the proposed all-out review of the smoking picture by the AMA, even if both the latter are as unfavorable to tobacco as the former was, will give pause for more than a few slow packs, and that in a short while you'll be burning cigarettes again like they're going out of style.

But if you're one of those smokers who mouth is beginning to taste like cotton, and who has forgotten the real taste of good food; if you wake up in the morning with a wheezing chest that aches as you reach out to the night table for a getting-up gasper; if you look into your shaving mirror through bloodshot eyes smarting from smoke curling up from a lit butt on the basin's edge; if you find yourself lighting one cigarette while there's one still burning, or pulling one out of the pack before you realize it, or lighting every time you are puzzled or annoyed; if you are thrown into a frenzy by merely the thought that you may find yourself somewhere that you can't get hold of a cigarette; if a little exertion leaves you gasping for air and reaching for a fag, especially if you've had a little flare-up with your heart, then maybe you'd better at least read the reports and think about them a little.

Or, lacking a taste for such gruesome statistics, maybe you'd like to talk to a fellow who's been through all this and has finally given it up. HE can, and will, give it to you straight. But you must have patience, for we former smokers who have given up the habit are perhaps the most sufferingly smug of all do-gooders. But we can give you the word if you're willing to listen.

BILLY ARTHUR

The newspapers report that "Richard Burton and Elizabeth Taylor will live in Toronto for five weeks early next year while Burton rehearses for a title role." Now, who was it said that he hoped they'd get "married for the sake of the children. Not theirs—ours"?

Speaking of children, the Glenwood Elementary School Gargers Association met last week and reported out these two witties:

"What should I wear with my new purple and green socks," asked a teenager.

And her dad replied, "Hip boots."

Definition of a Rotisserie—"A Ferris wheel for chickens."

And, speaking of teenagers, Bernadette Hoyle, who handles the public information for the N. C. Department of Public Welfare (I think they've changed the name of the agency, but I've forgotten to what) was in town recently and came by for a chat.

She reported that the teenage fad now in Raleigh is not only slumber parties but hair washing and setting.

Seems that the teenagers don't talk, dance and play records all night. Instead, they take turns doing each other's hair, which, of course, is interspersed with a little talking. Or, could it be the other way around?

Anyway, one group has taken on the name of "The Hair Worshippers."

Overheard in the Y-Court:
"Now, there goes the reason"

Father's Day never caught on like Mother's day.

Overheard in the same place:
"She talks in stereo — out of both sides of her mouth at the same time."

Overheard in South Building:
"He's one student I know who will be a failure if he ever gets a profession."

Car pool approaching Estes Hills Junior High School saw the smoke from the furnace. "Looks like we've got some heat today," said one.

"Naw," said another, "they're just burning the food."

Mrs. Pat Preston was telling the Missus she was a wee bit disappointed in the new Chapel Hill Cook Book.

"But, oh my, oh my!" she exclaimed. "I forgot you had three recipes in it. That's just like me. You know I have such a small foot that I guess that's the reason it goes in my mouth so easily."

Overheard at Memorial Hospital:
"She's just been operated on by a plastered surgeon."

My family often accuses me of interrupting when the children are talking. And I tell them I belong to the FBI—father butts in.

Some other initials that would apply are PTA—parents tell all; AT&T—always talking and talking; OSS—older sister spying; and COD—charge old daddy.

Bob Quincy

This Little Girl, Too, Was A Cinderella

The little girl sat across the aisle. In the seat next to the window was a rag doll. It was apparent she was discussing something with her playtoy, but the words were inaudible.

The stewardess, tall, blonde, fashionable, walked past, stopped and returned. She bent over the child, tightened the seat belt and went on her way. It was then, as the child turned to face the stewardess, that her features were visible.

She was small and she gave the appearance of bending over because of a small hump in her back. Her complexion was not good. Her hair was mousy and straight and strands would continually fall to create the illusion of looking through undergrowth.

She attempted to say something as the stewardess moved briskly away. She did not earn a response, for the words of this ten or 11-year old were difficult to understand.

IT WAS THE TIME of Christmas holidays. College students, servicemen, homesick old folks visiting their kin were traveling. This little girl with the humpback was going somewhere, too.

Occasionally passengers would view the youngster. Their remarks were obvious.

"Isn't it a shame."
"She is so pitefully ugly."
"Can she talk? Can anyone understand her?"
"She must go to one of those schools that teach such children."

THE CHILD was in a world of her own, one which she shared with the rag doll. They played together without quarrel.

There were moments when the little girl seemed depressed. She would set the doll aside and her big eyes would cloud, apparently realizing her loneliness among strangers. She had been placed on the plane. Only the stewardess had said hello.

Again she would return to her dream world, she and her dolly, and all would be well. She sang. Not a pretty song, not on key. But she sang and the doll moved from side to side in a kind of rhythm.

The flight was this way for perhaps an hour. Then the tall, blonde, fashionable stewardess, who had found time for the problems of the mature passengers, returned for her duty check of the seat belt. The little girl looked upward, not quite sure what the stewardess meant.

THE PLANE LANDED with a bump and the child uttered a slight noise, obviously startled.

"You get off here," the stewardess said. "Yes, you get off here."

The little girl hugged her doll. The pilot taxied the plane to the ramp and cut the engines. Now the little girl's nose was against the window glass. Suddenly she turned, her eyes wide with excitement.

"Muv-ver! Muv-ver! Muv-ver!" she screamed. "Muv-ver!" The child looked around the passenger compartment, joy written over her face. Now she shared her discovery with the captive audience. "Muv-ver."

The door opened and a smartly dressed lady walked up the steps to greet the little child with the hollow complexion, the straight hair and the lump on her back. There were tears and love in the eyes of the parent.

"Muv-ver!" sighed the little girl, running, her arms outstretched. She squealed as she hugged and kissed her mother and then she turned to the passengers, as if to say, "This is MY mother. She LOVES me."

At that moment, the little girl with the distorted features was perhaps the most beautiful child in the world.

The Difficulty With Old Telephone Books

Although most of us do it every year, there is still something that goes against the grain in discarding an old telephone book.

The new directory arrives in the mail, clean and crisp, with the corners all square, the spine unbroken, and a cover that has not yet collected history. It is thumbed through quickly and assigned its proper place, usually beside the old phone book.

Then after a few days the old phone book goes the way of the out-dated. Some toss it into the wastebasket without a thought, or add it to the pile of papers for the next Jaycee collection without a backward glance. But it is not so casual for everyone.

That worn old rag, limp and dog-eared, has been around for a year now. More people have used it more often than any other book in the house and each of them has left his mark. Each of the dates and names and addresses scrawled on the cover and inside pages is a story in itself.

The doctor's name, circled twice in ink, recalls a minor crisis. The baby-sitter's name has been lined through, with a marginal note advising that she has aged out. Beside a dentist's number is written "Wed. 11 a.m. Ugh."

Even the three-year-old who has been forbidden the telephone has left a mark. On the inside cover is her wild scrawl in red crayon and peanut butter finger-painting.

One unidentified number in a spiky, back-slanted hand carries the tender notation "Love you love you love you." And someone has stabbed a pencil through the yellow page listing plumbers. Billy Arthur's carries the cryptic notation "No flesh ochre."

There are grocery lists, household budgets, directions to a beach cottage, a recipe for cornflake-fried chicken, the book rent in Chapel Hill schools, and beside one name "Mows grass."

There are birthdays, anniversaries, parties, dinner dates, meetings, computations of gas mileage, and for some forgotten reason the distance to Columbia, S.C. (204 miles).

Written beside an unknown name is "He phoned," and you are tempted to call and ask what he wanted.

In the course of a year, that tattered old phone book has become a communal diary of sorts, and in many cases the only recorded history of a family's life.

We always discard it in the end. But there are always misgivings, and not altogether because of the string-saver in our souls.

Craven's Way

So when one of the boys said, "Well, your Tar Heels lost it again," we replied in disgust, "Yeah . . . lousy playing . . . lousy coaching . . . They ought to do away with the game at Chapel Hill."

But this conversation took place some 30 seconds before the end of the game! It's remarkable how the mettle of men can change so swiftly . . .

Carolina is indomitable. Its coach is superb. And how fortunate we are to have that magnificent expansion of Kenan Stadium. May it always be filled. And all this in 30 seconds.

—Charles Craven, in The Raleigh News & Observer.