

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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Plain Truth From The Horse's Mouth

In the years immediately after World War II, Junius Scales, who claimed to be chief of the Communist Party apparatus in the Carolinas, was a familiar figure on the University campus in Chapel Hill. He lived in Carrboro and openly proselytized all over the area.

There was a Karl Marx Study Club on the campus which would have made anything since—New Left, Progressive Labor Club or whatnot—seem hopelessly conservative.

A self-styled Communist wrote a column more or less regularly for the Daily Tar Heel, the UNC student newspaper, faithfully following the party line.

In 1948, the Communist-controlled North Carolina Progressive Party, which was supporting Henry Wallace for President, recruited heavily from the University campus, and for a while Communist activity in the area was what you might have called rife.

A Senate subcommittee, of which North Carolina Senator Willis Smith was a member, eventually investigated the owners of a Chapel Hill book store (long since departed), and some details of the "communist conspiracy" in Chapel Hill were spread on the record. A student studying on a federal grant at UNC was called to Washington to explain his subversive tendencies. Another student became a campus cause celebre when he was booted out of graduate school because of his unusual political beliefs. One of the University's most brilliant Law graduates was denied admission to the North Carolina Bar because of his questionable political activities. Some years later a man who had been an instructor at the University turned up before the House UnAmerican Activities Committee as an accused Communist. And one former Chapel Hill Communist eventually wrote his "confessions" in an exclusive series for a Durham newspaper.

Despite all this feverish political activity and the occasional flurries of controversy, the Chapel Hill Communists

never did manage to get themselves taken seriously. Generally, they were regarded as a collection of amusing freaks. Not even the North Carolina General Assembly got particularly exercised until an April Fool's edition of the Daily Tar Heel lampooning the Communists was published. A small flurry resulted then because several of the Honorables mistook the April Fool's edition for the genuine article. There were some mild expressions of concern, but nobody waved a Gag Law, not even Thad Eure or Clarence Stone.

Compared with the late Forties, recent years in Chapel Hill politically have been halcyon and untroubled. The post-war Marxist raketells would have classed these times as dispirited and dull. John Salter and Larry Phelps would have been regarded as two babes lost in the ideological woods.

So the question naturally arises, why a Gag Law now? After surviving the Scales syndrome and the McCarthy madness with speech still free and assembly unguarded, why has the Legislature been moved to "protect" the University with a Gag Law in these days of comparative calm.

The answer came last week, fittingly enough although perhaps unwittingly, from State Senate President Clarence Stone.

Speaking at an American Legion conference, as appropriate a gathering as any, Senator Stone said, "I have not noticed any professor leading any (anti-segregation) demonstrations in Raleigh since we passed House Bill 1395 (the Gag Law). If they would do more screening about who does the teaching there would have been no HB 1395."

In other words, if there had been no racial demonstrations there would have been no Communist wolf cry. When Senator Stone was ramming the Gag into Law he was concerned, by his own admission, with the civil rights movement and not with subversion.

It is refreshing to get the truth, even belatedly, straight from the horse's mouth.

This Season Of Sweetness And Light

If anyone had reason to doubt that the milk of human kindness courses smoothly in Terry Sanford, the Governor's panegyric last week to State Senate President Clarence Stone should lay that reason to eternal rest.

Senator Stone, you might recall, was against Terry for Governor in 1960. As Senate President, Stone introduced the first sour note in Terry's last Legislature by barring newsmen from the Senate floor, a sour note that echoed throughout the 1963 General Assembly.

Shortly after the session was under way, it was clear to one and all that Senate President Stone regarded the 1963 Legislature as his and Tom White's show, not Terry's.

Under Sir Clarence's leadership, the Senate set a modern record for stalling. One of Governor Sanford's major pieces of legislation, Senate redistricting, gathered dust throughout the regular session, with much credit due to Senator Stone. When the Governor finally got Senate redistricting in a special session, it came saddled with the potentially crippling Little Federal Plan, again with much credit to Senator Stone.

Once the Upper Chamber had finally untracked itself, the 1963 session ended with President Stone gaveling the Senate into submission and the Gag Law onto the books.

Last week, with the dust all settled and the spirit of Thanksgiving and Christmas a-throb, Governor Sanford praised Senator Stone for his legislative support of community colleges, educational TV, mental health, highway safety, school improvements and "many

other constructive programs" to the lasting benefit of North Carolina.

Governor Sanford said Senator Stone had been treated unfairly by the press in that newspaper criticism had not been evenly leavened with praise.

The Governor failed to mention that Senator Stone's heavy-handed authority had drawn from his fellow Senators some searing criticism that would never have been allowed to appear in any North Carolina newspaper. Governor Sanford also failed to mention that several of his own lieutenants had been somewhat less than charmed by Sir Clarence's rough-riding. He also neglected to give Senator Stone proper credit for the Gag Law. Most glaring of all was the Governor's failure to mention that unrelenting unfairness had been the Senate President's longest suit.

Well, we must remember that this is Christmastime and Governor Sanford's eulogy, if not a study in cool and calm reason, is certainly in keeping with the season. As they say around the Mansion, good will everybody.

Huh?

Gulfport County's State Rep. William Osteen undertook to pluck himself clean out of the Republican gubernatorial picture this week with the startling admission that he doesn't figure himself to be sufficiently seasoned or experienced to tackle the job.

This sort of candid self-appraisal is not only good for the soul, it might just catapult Rep. Osteen into top contention for the Republican nomination.



Hamlet Buried Under Heavy Snow

Archibald Henderson: A Mountain Removed

An atmosphere of mystery often surrounds people about whom a great deal is known. When Archibald Henderson died last week people who did not know him felt as though a large local mountain had been removed, and, like New Yorkers who have never been to the top of the Empire State Building, they wondered what treasures the clouds around this olympic peak had hidden.

The clouds hid much, despite publicity about Dr. Henderson. We wonder now whether we ought not to have done something more about him. We never knew him, but reading about him suggests that it would be a good idea. There was something subtly inspiring about Dr. Henderson, even at a distance. Clearly, he had discovered a particular key, a certain muscle, a rare talisman. You wish you knew what it was, not because you want to tail onto his star—he was not a man to invite bandwagoning—but simply because you want a star of your own like that.

You would not call him a relic. That would be unkind and untrue. But you would call him a vestige, a visible sign left by something lost. He had a mind with Renaissance muscles, and there are few of those left. He knew personally great figures of the literary, artistic, scientific and political world, great men of whom most people know little more than the sound of their names. He acquired his own fame, and justly, in a

Judge Freddie Sets 'Em Up One More Time

The Charlotte Observer

If the lobbyists who lean on the rail in North Carolina's State House had an orchestra, the conductor would be Judge Freddie Bowman of Chapel Hill, who in the influence-molding trade is a virtuoso, indeed.

Judge Freddie is a squat, greying lawyer who has been looking after the interests of bottlers of soft drinks for some 30 years, and those interests could not have been better protected had they been in an armored truck.

He rarely has appeared before legislative committees. Instead, he has operated in the hotel lobbies and on the political campaign trails. He customarily begins his carbonated message, delivered in a shrill, twangy tone, with the words, "Boys, lemme tell you something . . ."

If the soft-drink bottlers are threatened with a tax, Judge Freddie's depiction of their impending doom makes Dante's "Inferno" pale in the comparison. An uninitiated kibitzer would be seized by an impulse to alert the welfare department for a wave of hungry bottlers' children.

On one occasion nearly 10 years ago, it appeared that Judge Freddie had had it and that a crown tax would be imposed. He quickly arranged a shotgun

wide variety of fields—biography, mathematics, history, wit. You don't see very much of that in an age in which we are becoming specialized almost to the point of professional monasticism. In a way, it is almost unthinkable that a man could excel with such diversity as to have the poet laureate of England call his biography of G. B. Shaw "one of the super-biographies of the world," and also to have published by the Cambridge University Press a treatise on "The Twenty-seven Lines on the Cubic Surface."

You wonder where another Archibald Henderson can be found to fill the gap. Such a search will be long and hard. You have to combine so many things into one mind, and there are few jugglers who can keep that many eggs in the air at one time. You have to combine the sensitivity of the writer with the intellectual precision of the mathematician, and among it all there has to be a certain flair and dash—the dash of a man who would write to Shaw out of the blue and flatly ask to be his biographer. Archibald Henderson did that about 50 years ago. He had just graduated from the University, and one night he went to the theater to see a play by this man called Shaw. The exit from the theater was the gateway to a life's work. And the name of the play is prophetic irony that Dr. Henderson doubtless appreciated all too well: "You Never Can Tell."

wedding, joining the proposed crown tax to a highly unpopular tax on tobacco. It hardly needs to be added that neither tax was levied.

Now the judge has done it again. At his insistence six years ago, the State Board of Agriculture adopted a rule requiring that dietary bottled drinks be displayed separately from other soft drinks.

Judge Freddie at that time told the board that customers might think they were getting regular soft drinks if bottles of the dietary stuff were cheek-by-jowl on the shelves. He forgot to say that few, if any, Tar Heel bottlers were making dietary drinks.

Opponents of the rule argued that many stores were so small it was physically impractical to separate the two types of drinks. Furthermore, they said, all the drinks were clearly labeled.

The other day, Judge Freddie again appeared before the board, this time to ask that the rule be repealed. He trotted out all of the arguments against the rule used six years ago, and said, somewhat incidentally, that a number of bottlers in the state are now producing the dietary product.

When Judge Freddie left the room, the rule had been repealed. There's plenty of fizz in the old judge yet.

-Looking Back-

From the Weekly's files:

IN 1923 —

"The new system of fraternity pledging inaugurated this year, whereby Freshmen may be pledged at the close of the fall quarter, went into effect a few days ago."

IN 1933 —

EVERGREENS AND COLORED LIGHTS OVER THE STREET

"A new form of decoration—laurel ropes, combined with colored electric lights, stretching across the main street—will be seen in Chapel Hill during the Christmas holiday season. The installation is now in progress and the illumination may begin tomorrow night."

"The laurel rope comes from the mountains of North Carolina. Around a core of hempen cord, which is invisible, is wound a profuse covering of laurel leaves, an evergreen. In among these leaves are the colored light bulbs."

"There will be about a dozen of the ropes across the business block from the post office to the Columbia Street corner. Each of them will be caught up in a point, or peak, at the center, and at this point will be a cluster in the form of a wreath or a star."

"At the Columbia Street intersection, two laurel ropes will be strung diagonally, crossing one another above the stop-light."

"An advantage of this form of decoration is that the evergreen above the street is beautiful in the daytime as well as at night."

"This is a cooperative enterprise on the part of the businessmen of Chapel Hill. . . ."

IN 1943 —

"Betty Smith talked about her book, 'A Tree Grows in Brooklyn,' in particular, and about her writing in general, at the Bull's Head Bookshop tea Wednesday afternoon. So many people came to hear her that the room would-

n't hold them. Some had to stand outside in the hall; others stood outside by the windows."

"Mrs. Smith interested her audience keenly by telling in an easy, informal way, of her own work as playwright and novelist. Specially entertaining was what she told of her experience with Hollywood. One of the big movie producers declined her novel before she submitted it to a publisher in New York. She would have been glad to accept \$5,000 for it then. Later, after it had won great acclaim, the same producer was eager to get it for \$50,000. The movie producers are not able to judge, themselves, of the merit of a play or novel. They wait until it has won popularity on the stage or in the book market, and then they clamor for it."

IN 1953 —

From Chapel Hill Chaff: "Call for you from Charlottesville, Virginia," the telephone operator at the Carolina Inn said to Manager L. B. Rogerson. The caller was the celebrated actor, Charles Laughton.

"It's snowing here, and too cold for me," he said. "How's the weather there in Chapel Hill?"

"Mr. Rogerson replied: 'No sign of snow here. The sun's coming through the clouds and everything looks pretty. Seems to be getting warmer, too.' 'Fine! I'm driving and I can start off in a few minutes. Can you let me have a room?'"

"The answer was yes, and Mr. Laughton arrived a little while before dinner. He had been here twice before, to take part in readings, and had made the acquaintance of several men and women in the drama department and the Carolina Playmakers. Now he called John Parker but nobody was at home. Then he called Kai Jurgensen. The Jurgensens invited him to dinner, but he declined."

"Whenever I've been in Chapel Hill," he said, "people have fed me. Now I'm going to do the feeding. You come and dine with me."

To The Assassination

Reaction Of The British

Mr. Anderson graduated from the University here last June and is now attending Oxford University in England on a Marshall Fellowship. The following is from a letter to a friend in Chapel Hill.

By FRED ANDERSON

President Kennedy's death has left a dark, deep trace upon the minds and hearts of the people of England. Again and again during this tragic weekend I have wished that Americans could see first-hand how the English, and all the people of Europe, are sharing with us deeply grieved and troubled hearts over the loss we are strained to bear. But the reaction here this weekend affirms that in spite of often ardent disapproval of American policy, in spite of complaints of American control of European affairs, in spite of manifold criticisms of our handling of our internal affairs, Europeans still feel a profound alliance with our cause and destiny and they were particularly involved with the fate of the man upon whom had been placed the responsibility of leading, not only our own country, but the entire Western world. He was our President, but we selected him to lead our country. I can see now from the somber, intense faces of Englishmen around me in Oxford, that he belonged in effect to them as well.

It is difficult to describe the feeling the small group of Americans in my college had when every act and word, every betrayed emotion, became a profound personal tribute to our countryman. In despair there was pride, and a realization of the great respect held here for the man. It was seven-thirty in the evening before the news reached us, but before eleven o'clock that night the Rector of our college had written a personal note of condolence to every American in the college—fourteen in all. Balliol college chapel was filled at ten the same night for prayer and tribute. Every college in Oxford has flown the British flag at half mast since Friday. Sunday afternoon Radcliffe Square, the center of the University, was filled with people who had come to remember the late President in silence. And of course there have been long, unhappy conversations in which for once the stubborn heat of political argument has been replaced by unashamed acknowledgment of what the President meant personally to people here.

I have tried to see as best I could what it is that made the Englishmen and Europeans across the channel so profoundly admire the President in particular. It seems to boil down to this, that he maintained a hope-

ful and even idealistic outlook for the future, an outlook and vision which he tempered with a sober and practical awareness of the means one uses in a political world to gain one's ends. This is a great tribute for any man coming from Europeans, for they among all the peoples on earth are the best-trained to know this virtue, having been betrayed by so many not possessing it during the past strife-ridden decades.

This summer Kennedy made a speech in Berlin that won him the hearts of all of Germany. It was an idealistic speech, full of spirit and optimism, yet fully admitting the grave difficulties of modern Berlin in its fight to remain free. He ended every point concerning courage and freedom with, "I am a Berliner." And now we can see that every one in Germany who heard him knew that in spirit he was. He was to Europeans a man who could translate the American ideal into terms a skeptical and wary European could appreciate and understand.

And finally we come to the essence of what was so tragic to the people here in his untimely death. The Sunday edition of The Observer of London expresses it well.

"When great men of State die, it is their achievements which come to mind. The tragedy of Kennedy's death is that we have also to mourn the achievements to come. There is a feeling that the future has been betrayed."

Thus there is a deep-seated sense of frustration here, much as I know there is at home.

A Letter

Dear Sir:

The Chapel Hill League of Women Voters would like to congratulate you on the editorial "Big Versus Little Is A Phony Issue" which appeared in the November 20th issue of the Weekly.

Since the fair new redistricting recently achieved by the Special Session of the Legislature would be scrapped and because of the inequities in representation and the uncertainties which will result if the amendment passes, the League believes that North Carolinians who believe in fair representation will vote against the constitutional amendment.

Yours very truly,
Mrs. H. S. Willis
President, Chapel Hill
League of Women Voters