

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina
 126 E. Rosemary Telephone 9-1271 or 8461
 Published Every Tuesday and Friday
 By The Chapel Hill Publishing Company, Inc.
 LOUIS GRAVES Contributing Editor
 JOE JONES Managing Editor
 ORVILLE CAMPBELL General Manager

Entered as second-class matter February 23, 1922, at the postoffice at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In Orange County, Year	\$3.00
(6 months, \$2.25; 3 months, \$1.50)	
Outside of Orange County by the Year:	
States of N. C., Va. and S. C.	3.50
Other States and Dist. of Columbia	4.00
Canada, Mexico, South America	6.00
Europe	6.50

ADVERTISING RATES

National, for agencies, 84c col. inch . . . Local transient, 75c; open, 65c; regular, 60c; consistent (50 inches or more average per week), 54c . . . Classified, payable in advance, minimum, 60c for 12 words, every additional word 4c; All classified ads running four or more times carry a 25% discount . . . Legal and tabular, 1 time 80c per inch; 2 times 75c; 3 times, 70c; 4 or more times, 65c . . . "Readers," separate from reading matter and clearly marked "adv.," 75c . . . Political (in advance), 75c.

We Should Have a Direct Telephone Line To the Raleigh-Durham Airport

In an editorial about three years ago I called attention to the amazing fact that when you called Chapel Hill on the telephone from a pay station at the Raleigh-Durham airport you had to make the call through Raleigh and pay nearly twice as much for it as if you had been able to make it through Durham. There was a telephone line from the Durham exchange to the airport and this was used by the airplane companies, but the public was not allowed to use it.

When the Weekly complained about this the response of the telephone companies in Raleigh and Durham was a statement to the effect that the airport was in "Raleigh territory" as far as telephone service for the public was concerned. But this didn't alter the fact that for a person calling Chapel Hill to be forced to call through Raleigh, and pay a much higher toll than he would have to pay for a call through Durham, was grossly unfair. The criticism of the practice caused a pay station connected with Durham to be installed at the airport.

This brought about a great improvement in the telephone service between the airport and Chapel Hill, but another improvement is urgently needed. That is, a direct line from here to the airport, such as the Durham Herald and Sears-Roebuck have from here to Durham. You can call either of these concerns just as you call anybody in Chapel Hill, without having to go through long distance, and that is the way anybody here ought to be able to call the airport.

The people of Chapel Hill are extremely air-minded. I doubt if there is any other town of the same size in the country whose population includes more air travelers than we have. And besides our air-traveling residents there are thousands of visitors who come and go by air—athletic teams, lecturers, persons who come to do research in the library, or to visit relatives and friends, or on vacations and business errands. Dozens of Chapel Hill-to-airport calls and airport-to-Chapel Hill calls are made every day. I shouldn't be surprised if on some days the number runs well above a hundred. It would be a great convenience if these calls could be made by a direct line. Of course the airplane companies would like it—it would help them. I suspect that the reason we don't have the direct line is that the Southern Bell Company in Raleigh, which is the one to say yes or no to the proposal, is not sufficiently cooperative. I have been hearing that the company wants around \$135 a month for the direct line. That seems to me an exorbitant charge—L. G.

The World Calendar and Business

In any company, if the subject of Calendar reform is brought up, somebody is pretty apt to make a wisecrack about it, such as: "There are so many other things to worry about—why meddle with the Calendar?", or something else equally sparkling.

But the main obstacle to the proposed improvement of the Calendar—an improvement that has long been advocated by some of the world's leaders in science, business, church, and state—is not the jokes that may be made about it but the notion so many people have that the Calendar as we know it is immutable, in the nature of a divine institution which it would be sacrilegious to tamper with.

The Calendar is man-made. It differs among peoples and faiths. For example,

there are a Chinese Calendar, a Moslem Calendar, a Jewish Calendar. Our own Calendar is the consequence of several changes.

In the year 46 B.C., on the advice of the astronomer Sosigenes, Julius Caesar borrowed from the methods of the Egyptian Calendar and added 90 days to the year. This was because the Calendar of the Romans had been so abused that January was falling in the autumn. The so-called Julian Calendar created by this reform was observed by the Christian world for 16 centuries. But it got out of kilter because its year didn't quite conform to the facts of astronomy. It was a little too long. By the 16th century the accumulation of the surplus time had so mounted that the Calendar showed equinoxes coming several days from when they actually did come.

In 1582 Pope Gregory XIII—acting, of course, on scientific advice, as Caesar had done—suppressed 10 days. Roman Catholic nations adopted the Gregorian Calendar at once but, because of the religious antipathies of those days, Protestant nations did not fall in line. It was not till nearly two centuries later, in 1752, that the Gregorian Calendar was adopted in England and America. George Washington, whose birthday we celebrate on February 22, was born on February 12, 1732, according to the Calendar then in effect.

Several years ago persons who had given the subject of the Calendar serious thought—one of these was the Astronomer Royal of Great Britain—recognized that the present Calendar did not suit conditions of modern life. Out of this recognition came the establishment of the World Calendar Association, which has branches in all the nations of the world and embraces in its membership men and women who rank high in all realms—religion, the learned professions, government, and business.

By the World Calendar every year is the same. The quarters are equal; each quarter has exactly 91 days, 13 weeks, or 3 months; the four quarters are identical in form. Each month has 26 weekdays, plus Sundays. Each year begins on Sunday, January 1. Each working year begins on Monday, January 2. Each quarter begins on Sunday, ends on Saturday. The Calendar is stabilized and made perpetual by ending the year with a 365th day following December 30 each year. This additional day is dated "W" which equals December 31, called World's Day, the year-end world holiday. Leap-year Day is similarly added at the end of the second quarter. It is likewise dated "W," which equals June 31 and is called Leapyear Day, another world holiday in leap years.

The many advantages of the World Calendar—all holidays coming at weekends, and so on—have often been recited and I will repeat them. The object of the piece I am writing now is to call attention to the fact that business—by which I mean many of the strongest and most influential elements of business—is supporting the World Calendar.

Walter Mitchell, consultant in the field of management planning and economic analysis, for five years managing director of the Controllers Institute, has gathered reports on studies, of the Calendar as it relates to business, made by manufacturers, merchants, and various service concerns, and he tells of these reports in an article in the Journal of Calendar Reform.

The article goes into detail in its presentation of time studies, which show that a vast amount of money could be saved by an orderly Calendar. Mr. Mitchell concludes: "The large savings that can accrue to business in general and the national as a whole suggest that Calendar revision is an urgent matter for consideration by business organizations and government on the national level and through international bodies such as the United Nations." L. G.

Some Preferences of Mr. Maugham's

From W. Somerset Maugham's book of recollections and miscellaneous comment, "The Summing Up":

"I have known men of affairs who have made great fortunes and brought vast enterprises to prosperity, but in everything not concerned with their business appear to be devoid even of common sense . . . On the whole I think the most interesting and consistently amusing talker I ever knew was Edmund Gosse. . . . I have been more concerned with the obscure than with the famous. They are more often themselves. Their idiosyncrasies have had more chance to develop. Since they have never been in the public eye it has never occurred to them that they have anything to conceal . . . I look

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

mobile, another would rather use it for a trip to Europe. One woman's strongest craving is for clothes, another's interest is more in house and garden. One family would rather have a television set than books, or vice versa. And so on, through innumerable choices.

I know a man who for a long time kept on saying to his wife that the greatest comfort a home could have was a servant and he thought they ought to employ one. His wife disagreed with him strongly. He said he didn't like to have her do cooking and dish-washing and other work around the house. She said she would a lot rather do the work and have the money that a servant would cost. There were many other things she would rather spend it for. He recalled a good servant they had once had and what a comfort she had been. His wife said that it was not possible to get nowadays a servant like that one. For one thing, nowadays a servant fixed her own hours and the hours were much shorter than they used to be. And the schedule had to be adjusted to the servant's convenience. She asked: "How would you like to have to hurry to come home from wherever you are, or interrupt whatever you are doing, to have a meal right on the dot at the time the servant says, and maybe when you are not yet hungry?"

He admitted she made good points and finally he gave up and quit talking about it. He tells me that he still hates to have her do all that work but he can't do anything about it except to try to make it up to her by going out for meals now and then. "But that amounts to mighty little," he says, shaking his head sadly. "There's nothing that takes the place of a good servant."

Presently I was off on a monologue to Joe, in which I recalled a happy agreement in one family about a way to spend money. The family consisted of my mother and my sister and me. That was thirty-five or forty years ago when we were living in New York.

You know the cartoon jokes you see in the newspapers and magazines, showing a breakfast table scene in which the wife looks disconsolate, and sometimes resentful, because her husband is absorbed in a newspaper. It is a favorite topic of the joke-makers. Whenever I see one of these pictures I feel as if I'd like to say to the wife, "What the hell's the matter with you, looking so sour? Why don't you read a newspaper, too?"

If she could answer me, maybe she would say: "But I can't. There's only one paper and he's got it."

In New York at the time of which I am speaking the two papers that we liked best, the Times and the World, sold at one cent on weekdays and five cents on Sundays. When the three of us went to live in an apartment on West 82nd street we placed an order with the newsstand man on the Columbus avenue corner to send us, every morning, two copies of the Times and one of the World. So, each of us had a paper at breakfast. No dividing a paper, with one person taking some sheets and another person other sheets. No dissatisfaction because one person had

a sheet that another person would like to have. Nobody annoyed by not having the inside sheet on which an article was continued from the front page. No need for one person to ask another for something to be read aloud. Everybody with a complete paper and deeply interested in what he or she was reading.

It was a silent meal and a happy one. It wouldn't last more than fifteen or twenty minutes and there was time afterward for whatever chit-chat we wanted to exchange.

Some of our friends, when we told them about this, would express the opinion that it was an extravagance. But consider the figures. The Times and the World together, daily and Sunday, cost about \$1 a month. We were far from affluent and a dollar was not to be despised, but the three of us were in hearty agreement that, except for food, clothing, and shelter, there wasn't anything else that we would rather spend a dollar a month for than those two extra papers. We knew that some of our friends who thought we were extravagant were spending money on plenty of things that they didn't need to have any more than we needed extra newspapers. It was just a case of their making their choice of what to spend money on and of our making our choice.

Newspapers, like everything else, cost more now than they cost in those days and, what with high income taxes and other obligations, probably many families now getting one newspaper in the morning would think of an extra paper as a luxury they can't afford. Well, again, it all depends on what you want to spend your money for. In our house we get two state papers which we read simultaneously, before breakfast or at breakfast or maybe both. On some days each of us is content with one paper. On others we swap and each of us reads both papers. It's a fine arrangement.

Most of Loren MacKinney's talk to the Faculty Club on Tuesday about the practice of medicine in the Middle Ages was serious, as befitted the subject, but he enlivened it by telling of some funny stories chronicled in manuscripts that he found in libraries in the course of his recent stay in Europe. One of these stories was about a Duke, the ruler of a French province, who had been feeling ill and had been told to send his doctor a specimen of his urine for examination. The Duke, a prankish person, thought he would play a joke on the doctor, catching him in a false analysis, and he sent a specimen of a woman's urine instead of his own. The doctor, after he had made the examination, announced to a company of young men to whom he was teaching medicine: "Gentlemen, the most revolutionary performance in the history of medical science is soon to take place: Our noble protector, the Duke, is going to give birth to a child."

After Bob Bartholomew had read my piece about the vogue of the word 'terrific,' meaning admirable, splendid, remarkable, wonderful, etc., he called me on the telephone and said: "A friend

of mine who has just come from New York tells me that 'terrific' has been succeeded by 'fabulous.' He says that everywhere you go now, in cafe and theatre and sports circles, you hear that this or that writer or actor or jockey or baseball player, or this or that book or play or whatever it is anybody wants to praise, is 'fabulous.'"

I asked Bob: "Is 'terrific' already gone? Or is it just on the way out?"

Bob replied: "My friend tells me it is not entirely gone but is going fast. He says it is still heard now and then but that a person who says 'terrific' is looked at pityingly and people say his language is 'dated.'"

Random Notes

A typed notice on a copy of Van Gogh's "White Roses" in the lobby of the Person hall art gallery says, "This is one of the reproductions that is for rent."

Person hall is in good company when it uses an "is" instead of an "are" in the second part of the sentence. It is a construction that appears sometimes on the editorial page of the New York Times and used to appear regularly in Time magazine, though not in Time's sister publication, Life, and now only occasionally in Time. Evidently somebody on Time's copy-reading staff has been cautioned to watch out for it.

An elegant brochure the Weekly received from Charleston's proud St. Cecilia's Society said, "Charleston is one of the few cities in America that reveres its past." A person in the office remarked that it should be, "Charleston is one of the few cities in America that reveres their past." John Motley Morehead's niece, Miss Julie Harris of Danville, Va., who was then on the Weekly staff, disagreed and offered to bet \$5 that the St. Cecilia version was right.

To settle the bet, Miss Harris, who was studying at the University for a master's degree in English, took the question to her professors in the University's English department. When they told her she had lost the bet she returned to the Weekly office and cheerfully made out a check for \$5. She said the grammar lesson she had learned was worth \$5. Person hall art gallery gets it for nothing.

A bill to legalize the marketing of quail raised on game farms in six North Carolina counties was approved Monday by the House of Representatives in Raleigh and sent on to the Senate. It would permit the sale of such quail to restaurants throughout the state.

It will be a sad day for North Carolina quail hunters if the Senate approves this bill, which is for the financial benefit of a small number of breeders. Nothing is more deadly to a game species than for it to be legally sold as food.

Opponents of the bob white bill forced an amendment saying that records must accompany every sale so that game wardens can check on the origin and destination of all birds intended for restaurant use. This kind of law is unenforceable. There aren't enough game wardens to check on all quail that would be sold in restaurants under the proposed bill. If it passes, deadfalls and other traps that can catch a whole covey of quail at a throw will come back. Their furtive users will make good money for a while. Till the quail are gone. —J.J.

Carolina Wins Track Title

The University's track team, coached by Dale Ranson and Joe Hilton, won the Atlantic Coast Conference title here last Saturday in the annual conference tournament. The Tar Heels outscored Maryland, the defending champion, by the narrow margin of one and one-fourth points. The final standings were Carolina, 55 1/4 points; Maryland, 54; Duke, 37; South Carolina, 28 1/4; Virginia, 16 1/2; Clemson, 16; North Carolina State, 13, and Wake Forest, 5. Two records were set when Carolina's Roger Morris heaved the shot 51 feet 4 inches and State College's Mike Shea ran two miles in 9:27.6.

On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

"THE SOUTH," WROTE JAMES STREET, "can't be put in a book any more than Pandora can be put in a box or the mystery of life in a test tube."

James Street was wrong. The South has been put into a book, and what's more, it is "James Street's South" (Doubleday, 282 pages, \$3.75). The book, published yesterday, is a collection of essays on the cities and the states and the people of the South, edited by the writer's son, James Street, jr. All of the material has been published before, with the single exception of a story about the Arkansas Gazette, for which the late Chapel Hill author worked in his younger years.

To read this volume is to know and understand the South a little better. To read it is to know and understand James Street a little better. Both are pleasant and interesting experiences.

Here is the familiar Street wit, the sarcasm, the tongue in cheek, the de-bunking, and the alert thrust of the verbal rapier which never seems to fail to flick home to its target.

Here is an exciting word picture of the South of myth and fact, the Old South and the New South, the South that is made up of so many divergent elements that it can (Continued on page 8)

For The One You Love Most . . .

The Perfect Gift

ON A VERY SPECIAL OCCASION

- Graduation
- Birthday
- Wedding
- Engagement

A LANE CEDAR CHEST
 AS LOW AS \$49.95
 Stunning blond oak modern chest. Has self-lifting tray. \$49.95

19th Century mahogany chest with self-lifting tray. \$59.95

Samsonite Luggage

FOR

- Graduation
- Birthday
- Dad's Day
- Vacation

Quick-Tripper \$19.50 Two-Suiter \$25.00

World's most popular luggage . . . because it's strongest and smartest!

Men who go places, go with Streamlite Samsonite! No other luggage has Samsonite's impressive better-than-leather finishes. They defy scuffs and stains . . . wipe bright with a damp cloth, trip after trip! And thanks to a unique construction—you carry more clothes in less space, wrinkle-free—with Streamlite Samsonite!

See our new complete selection of Streamlite Samsonite Luggage for Men and Women in:

- SADDLE TAN
- ADMIRAL BLUE
- BERMUDA GREEN
- ALLIGATOR FINISH
- COLORADO BROWN
- TALLHIDE FINISH

— OPEN FRIDAY EVENINGS TILL NINE —
 — CLOSED WEDNESDAYS AT ONE —

"Quality is remembered long after price is forgotten"

422 W. Franklin St. Phone 8-451

upon myself as very fortunate in that though I have never much liked men I have found them so interesting that I am almost incapable of being bored by them. I do not particularly want to talk and I am very willing to listen. I do not care if people are interested in me or not. I have no desire to impart any knowledge I have to others nor do I feel the need to correct them if they are wrong. I do not want to spend too long a time with boring people, but then I do not want to spend too long a time with amusing ones. I find social intercourse fatiguing. Most persons, I think, are both exhilarated and rested by conversation; to me it has always been an effort. When I was young and stammered, to talk for long exhausted me, and even now that I have to some extent cured myself, it is a strain. It is a relief to me when I can get away and read a book."