

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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A Fair and Sensible Measure Is Again Proposed in the Senate

In the 1952 election the vote in North Carolina was 653,000 for Stevenson, 558,000 for Eisenhower. Thus Eisenhower got 46 per cent of the votes. But this 46 per cent went for nothing in determining the outcome of the election. The election is settled by electoral votes and because Stevenson got a majority of the votes in North Carolina he got all the State's 14 electoral votes.

The vote in New York State was 3,953,000 for Eisenhower, 3,105,000 for Stevenson. Thus Stevenson got 46 per cent of the vote. But it did him no good. Eisenhower, because he got a majority of the votes in New York, got all the state's 45 electoral votes.

I give the 1952 election record in these two states to illustrate the injustice of the bloc system by which Presidents are elected. In North Carolina the system benefited the Democrats, in New York it benefited the Republicans. If the combined electoral votes of these two states, 59, had been divided according to the popular vote, the split, instead of being 45 for Eisenhower and 14 for Stevenson, would have been 32 for Eisenhower and 27 for Stevenson.

Of the total of 531 electoral votes Eisenhower got 442, Stevenson 89. That was a tremendous margin, but it was tremendous only because of the bloc system. The popular vote was: for Eisenhower 33,936,000, for Stevenson 27,315,000, a split of 55.4 per cent against 44.6 per cent. If this ratio had determined the ratio of the electoral vote, Eisenhower's electoral vote would have been 294, Stevenson's 237.

The Senate Judiciary Committee has reported a resolution to submit to the states a Constitutional amendment under which the electoral vote of every state would be divided according to the popular vote in that state. This is the same amendment that was proposed four years ago by Senator Lodge of Massachusetts. It was a bipartisan measure. One of its most enthusiastic supporters was Senator Frank Graham of North Carolina. It was defeated because of the opposition of two or three powerful committee chairmen who were known to fear it would endanger their control in their own states.

No proposal ever had a sounder base of fairness and good sense. I hope that the resolution submitting it to the states will win through in the Senate and the House and that it will be approved by the three fourths of the states required for the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution.—L. G.

Do We Need a United Fund Organization?

Chapel Hill citizens will be watching with interest the progress of the United Medical Research Foundation of North Carolina which was recently organized in Durham. The foundation came into existence when several North Carolina communities conducted United Fund drives which included national health agencies. Durham and other North Carolina cities were left with considerable money on hand when some of these agencies refused to accept the money and conducted their own individual campaigns. Durham, for example, had over \$70,000 left, and the United Fund board of directors there has voted to channel all of its research funds which were refused by the national health agencies to the new organization.

medical school deans from Duke, North Carolina, and the Bowman Gray School of Medicine at Winston-Salem. The deans were asked if they could use this money in special research projects for polio, heart, cancer, TB, etc. The answer was a very definite yes.

Supporters of the new foundation say they have no fight with the national health agencies. They are interested, though, in seeing a united effort being put forth in every community in the soliciting of money. It would save much time and effort for everybody concerned. It would certainly help to equalize the amount of money being contributed from each community for these worthwhile projects. Their arguments seem to make sense.

There has been much talk in Chapel Hill in recent years about a United Fund campaign. One of the drawbacks at present is the refusal of the national health agencies to participate. Much of the money contributed to Durham's Medical Research Foundation will be spent here. Perhaps Chapel Hill will want to take an active part in the program in the future.

Here, for the first time to our knowledge, is a practical way for United Fund communities to spend their money, refused by national health agencies, in a wise and useful manner.—O. B. C.

A Durham Opinion and a Raleigh Opinion

Armed Forces Day was celebrated at the Raleigh-Durham airport by demonstrations of military airplane flights. They weren't as spectacular as they were expected to be because bad weather forced the cancellation of the scheduled flights of big bombers and jet fighters.

The most talked-about aspect of the show was that spectators were required to pay an admission fee. This came about as the result of a misunderstanding between the Durham Junior Chamber of Commerce and the Defense Department in Washington.

The Jaycees "sponsored" the show—that is, made various arrangements and helped to drum up a crowd. The net revenue went into the organization's fund for civic projects.

On Armed Forces Day all over the country the parades, ceremonies, displays of weapons, and flights of airplanes were planned as patriotic celebrations. People didn't expect to pay to see them. At the Raleigh-Durham airport many people turned back rather than pay the fee. Indignation was voiced freely.

The Defense Department knew nothing about any plan, anywhere, to charge a fee for admission. A delegation of seven members of Durham's Junior Chamber went to Washington to discuss arrangements for the Raleigh-Durham show and conferred with Lt.-Commander Edward E. Wood, the Pentagon coordinator of Armed Forces Day celebrations.

Afterward Mr. Wood said that nothing was said at the conference about the plan to collect from spectators.

Editorial comment by the Durham Herald: "That the criticism of the Junior Chamber of Commerce for charging a fee was undeserved is clear from the statement issued by the Jaycee president and the show's general chairman. The Jaycees carry on a number of projects to which they give their time and effort and from which funds are raised for the organization's community-service program. This was one of them. There was no attempt to conceal the fact that an admission charge was being levied to cover the costs of the arrangements that had to be made and to raise money for Jaycee projects."

Editorial comment by the Raleigh News and Observer: "The charge levied upon persons attending the Armed Forces air show at the Raleigh-Durham airport was wholly unjustified. No such fee was charged to witness similar events elsewhere in the country and none should have been charged here."

"The explanation of the Durham Junior Chamber of Commerce that the show could not have been arranged without a private sponsor will bear examination. There has been no difficulty in the past for this area to obtain such shows without an admission charge."

"There should be no repetition of this performance in future years. Armed Forces Day is not the property of the Durham Junior Chamber of Commerce or any other private group."

The Moving of Johns Hopkins

Johns Hopkins of Baltimore has been moved. Not the institution of that name but a statue of the founder thereof. The following comment is from Gerald W. Johnson's TV-radio broadcast of news

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

The line, "What, never? Well, hardly ever," in the Gilbert and Sullivan opera, "Pinafore," applies to snakebites. The fact that snakebites rarely occur is comforting, but it doesn't mean that we shouldn't be careful about snakes. The copperhead (sometimes called the highland moccasin) is the only poisonous snake in and around Chapel Hill. It will not go out of its way to attack anybody; all it wants is to be left alone and it will get out of your way if you will give it a chance to. But if it is coiled in undergrowth or a clump of weeds or shrubbery, and you put your hand out toward it, it is apt to strike you.

That is what happened to D. D. Carroll when he was working in his garden one day some ten or twelve years ago. There was no hospital here then, so he went to Duke hospital in Durham to be treated with anti-venin. This gave the poison time to spread through his body. The pain that he suffered would have been spared him if he could have got prompt treatment.

The only poisonous snakebite I have heard of since that one was Maurice Whittinghill's. Mr. Whittinghill, a zoology professor, was bitten by a copperhead which he was examining in a laboratory in Wilson hall. It was a small bite by a small snake—a disagreeable experience but one that did not give him any serious trouble.

W. L. Engels, who has had more experience with snakes in their native habitats than any of our other zoologists, tells me that the snake that some people here call the water moccasin is not that breed. It is a banded water-snake that is harmless.

People who are fearful of snakes do not give much thought to the difference between one species and another. They just dislike all snakes.

Mrs. William D. Carmichael is an ardent lover of wildlife—snakes excepted. A few years ago she killed a snake that she found stretched in a washtub in her basement. After it was dead she learned that it was a kingsnake, and that a kingsnake was a good snake that killed bad snakes as well as troublesome vermin, and that it had no animus toward human beings, and that even if it were teased into biting anybody the bite would do no more harm than the prick of a sterilized needle. Mrs. Carmichael might not have killed the kingsnake if she had known all this beforehand, but she doesn't want any more kingsnakes, or any other breed of snakes, around the house.

She told me that an ambition she had long cherished was to have a zoo. But an incomplete zoo in one respect. Snakeless.

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

"What are you doing around here so bright and early?" I was asked at the Capitol about 11 a.m. the other day.

And I told them I'd been there since 8:30 a.m.

"Huh," they sported. "I wouldn't say you were so bright for getting here that early."

Joe Hennessy of the Institute of Government is an old meanie. When I entered the House on a recent Monday evening, Joe spoke up. "I didn't see you in church yesterday."

I confessed, "I didn't go, I'm sorry to report."

"I didn't either," Joe said.

So, from now on to be safe whenever anyone remarks about my absence from church, I'm going to phrase it something like "I didn't see you either," leaving, of course, the inference that I must have been sitting on the opposite side of the church or in the balcony.

Shelly Cavness was strutting a handsome summer suit through the Sir Walter hotel lobby the other evening.

"This is some of that new-fangled cloth," he replied to my

comment. "I've worn it about six times already, and it doesn't wrinkle. And if it needs cleaning all you got to do is throw it in the washing machine and then iron it."

"That so?" I asked.

"Yep," he admitted, "but I haven't tried it yet. Scared to."

The North Carolina Manual, edited by the stickler for accuracy Secretary of State Thad Eure, shows that in the 1952 elections Hubert E. Olive defeated the late William B. Umstead for governor. And gives a purported vote, too.

An elderly character bedecked with scissors, ribbons, and pins and carrying a batch of gaudy umbrellas stood at the bus station the other afternoon heaping criticism upon Chapel Hill. "Had I knew it was a college town I wouldn't have stopped here," he grumbled. "But I tried to check in at the Carolina Inn, and they wouldn't take me for but one night and they wanted to charge me \$9 for the room. I told the man I didn't want to be robbed of everything I had in one night."

charge of damage control operations in the forward torpedo room, fighting the resultant electrical fires with CO₂. In spite of the heavy smoke, Lt. White refused to accept the delay of donning a breathing apparatus.

It soon became necessary to isolate the forward battery compartment in an attempt to smother the fire. Only when the forward watertight bulkhead was sealed did he leave the compartment.

To complete isolating the compartment it was then necessary to clear sheet metal debris from the after watertight door of the forward battery room, between it and the control room. Lt. White organized a party to carry out this task by entering the smoke filled control room by way of the bridge and conning tower. While directing this operation he continually exposed himself to great danger from smoke inhalation and particularly from possible subsequent explosions. He climbed down from the bridge to the conning tower to maintain communication with the oxygen-breathing-apparatus-clad men below, and shortly thereafter a second explosion caught him in his exposed position and blew him

nearly back to the bridge. Lt. White was taken to the U. S. Naval Hospital in a critical condition with a badly broken leg, a brain concussion, severe lacerations of the head, arms and legs and second-degree burns. Without his strong spirit he might not have survived. His condition is now excellent and, although he is still wearing a foot-to-hip cast on one leg, he is already starting to walk again.

The commanding officer of the Pomodon said he considered Lt. White's conduct on the night of the explosion to be outstanding. He further stated that "despite the severe and unusual nature of the casualty, his coolness and efficiency was an example to those around him and a steadying influence."

While here at the University, Lt. White and his wife and three young sons lived at 216 West University drive.

Random Notes

During this week's steamy weather visitors to my office have asked why the air-conditioner isn't on.

Since it is a one-room machine, my office doors must be shut to get any good out of it. This means that while I am enjoying cool comfort Mrs. Oakley is sweltering in the front office, Oliver Watkins and Charles Dunn are stewing in the back office, and Chariton Campbell, Bill Oakley, and Billy Bowman are burning up in the printing department.

This hurts my conscience so keenly that every spring I postpone turning on the air-conditioner as long as possible. Sooner or later, however, the increasing heat becomes less bearable than a guilty conscience. When that point is reached I shut the doors and turn on the air-conditioner.

Just after school had let out the other afternoon a ten-year-old girl with yellow hair and big sad eyes came in the Tar Heel Sandwich Shop. Taking a seat in an empty booth, she spread out one of her schoolbooks on the table and began to read it.

Jesse West, jr., one of the proprietors of the shop, came over to the booth and asked the little girl what she would have.

"Nothing," she replied. Her voice was low, her expression innocent.

This simple and unexpected answer took Jesse by surprise. For a moment he stood there silent. But only for a moment. Then he smiled and said in a kind voice, "We have plenty of that. Make yourself at home." After that he returned to the front of the shop and the little girl resumed her reading.

Tuesday night at an unknown hour between 12 o'clock and dawn I learned something new.

The house painters had left the screen off my window, and after I had gone to bed a bat came in and woke me up. I couldn't see it but I could hear the ceaseless fluttering of its wings, back and forth, back and forth above my bed.

Since I didn't want to turn on the light, for fear of its drawing insects, I lay there waiting for my visitor to depart the way it had come. Finally the fluttering stopped and, figuring the bat had left, I went back to sleep. But it was only taking a rest. It woke me up again. This time, after about 15 minutes of waiting for it to leave, I got up and turned on the light in the bathroom, hoping the bat would be attracted in there by the light and then could be chased out the bathroom window. But as soon as there was light in the house the bat darted out the bedroom window.

I had known that a bird in a darkened room would fly toward a lighted window and so make its escape if the window is open. Now I had learned that to get rid of a bat you must have the conditions just the opposite—the room light, the window dark.

Susie Snipes of Nunn street is somebody else who had an animal intruder in the house the other night. Hearing what she thought might be a rat, she got up to investigate. The noise seemed to be coming from inside the ice box. She opened the door of the ice box, and there sat a half-grown possum helping itself to a plate of fried chicken.

The animal stood its ground, not wanting to give up the chicken. It bared its teeth and hissed at Susie, but when she struck at it it scurried down the ice box drain and made its escape from the house. It returned the next night, was frightened away again, and hasn't been back since.—J. J.

with nice roadways leading into it. So it seems theoretically possible now for nice cars to crash when only two could

kins off Charles street. I am not sure that the move represents progress. They say that Johns Hopkins was an obstruction to traffic and he has been hit

On the Town

By Chuck Hasser

PASSING SCENE: In the gaudy brightness of the mid-morning sunshine, a pastel brown rat bounces into the center of the street in front of Alderman dormitory and scurries toward the deep green coolness of the arboretum.

RALEIGH NOTEBOOK: On signs in three separate places in the W. T. Grant variety store, painted in bright water colors, the advertisement for a phonograph record: "The Ballad of Davy Crockett" . . . And a newspaper note tells us that the familiar "Spirit of Communication" will be erased from the front cover of the next Raleigh telephone directory, obviously another casualty of the strike.

PITY THE POOR DURHAM JAYCEES! They just had to charge the luckless taxpayers to see their (the taxpayers') own military equipment on display for Armed Forces Day. And it was all done, mind you, "in a sincere spirit of civic mindedness," and we know this is true because the Jaycees said so. After all, it is perfectly understandable that certain expenses are incurred in sponsoring such a show. To begin with, you have to send seven (7—count 'em—7) delegates to Washington, D. C., to confer with Pentagon officials. Why, goodness no, just one wouldn't do at all! What is a party in Washington if you have no one to party with?!

I PRINT THE FOLLOWING EXCERPT from a letter I received a few days ago for two reasons: (1) The writer, Rolfe Neill, is known to many Chapel Hillians and University staff members (he was editor of The Daily Tar Heel and for a while a staff writer on the News-Leader), and (2) Chapel Hill people who have sons or relatives in Korea at the present time will be interested in hearing a newspaperman's first impression of that war-torn little country on the far side of the globe. Rolfe has just been assigned to the 7th Infantry Division, which is dug in in a defensive position north of Seoul. The paragraph from his letter follows:

"Korea is not the Korea you knew, Chuck. They are sleeping in tents and getting daily showers in many places. Everybody's eating terrific chow, better than any I had in the States. Fresh milk (recombined), fresh eggs, fruit, vegetables, etc. The biggest drawback now is the lack of recreation facilities, and moves are underway to improve conditions although they never can satisfactorily whip that deficiency. Since I've not gotten around in Korea I can't report on conditions generally and specifically in the line companies. That will be forthcoming."

News Notes about High School Seniors

John Adams will enter Swarthmore College in September on an engineering scholarship. He was in the high school senior play and is a member of the school band, playing the French horn. He attended the Transylvania music summer camp at Brevard on a scholarship. He plans to keep up his music at Swarthmore.

Robert Todd will study engineering at N. C. State College. He was a member of the high school football team and was in the senior play.

Dorothy Moore has won a scholarship to the Woman's College in Greensboro, which she will enter this fall. She had a role in the senior play and also in the play the school entered in the state contest.

Cecilia Husbands will enter Duke University in the fall. She is a member of the Proconian staff and has been active in the Library Club.

Judy Rosenzweig will attend Marietta College, at Marietta, Ohio. She was in the Dramatics Club and took part in many other activities.

Sally Burket will enter the University's School of Nursing.

At Church of Holy Family
Whitsunday services day after tomorrow at the Church of the Holy Family will be as follows: Holy Communion at 8:30 a.m. and 11 a.m.; family service at 9:30 a.m.; youth activities at 5 p.m.; evening prayer at 7 p.m.

The undersigned having duly qualified as executors of the Estate of Mary L. Billings, deceased, late of Orange County, North Carolina, all persons having claims of whatsoever nature against the said Mary L. Billings, deceased, are hereby notified to exhibit the said claim or claims to the undersigned on or before the 28th day of May, 1956, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to the said Mary L. Billings, deceased, are hereby requested to pay the said indebtedness to the undersigned immediately.

This 25th day of May, 1955.
Harold C. Billings
Geraldine A. Foster
William S. Stewart, Attorney
119 N. Columbia St.
Chapel Hill, N. C.

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