

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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A Chapel Hill Housewife Said It:

"I know a lot of streets in Chapel Hill are torn up, but I'm not too concerned. My children are returning to school, and like most parents I worry about their safety on the streets. The holes and bumps can be replaced, but nothing can take the place of the life of my child."

The Weekly Comments:

The Housewife indirectly offers a solution to our automobile accident problem. If there were more holes and bumps perhaps drivers would be more careful. The sad part of the observation is that some drivers are so thickheaded they won't slow down until they think they're tearing up their automobile. Taking a life through dangerous or careless driving never occurs to them.

The Inescapable World of Cash

For years now we have been listening to the radio and, albeit under duress, have of course been listening to the commercials at the same time. Most commercials we can stomach. They're pretty grim, but most of the time we feel no particular pain from them. Of course things are going a bit too far when someone tells us we ought really to increase our kidney output; nobody, least of all us, knows anything at all out of the way about our kidney output, and we seriously doubt if anyone is interested. However, it's all right; fortunately we are not obliged to take the darn pills and subsequently make our kidneys work themselves (and us) to death.

But we were given the last straw by a gentleman on a Raleigh station earlier this week. Along about the middle of the day, with the rain drizzling merrily down outside and the spoke of an ill-treated hamburger swirling around our minuscule home and domicile in nauseating eddies, we were suddenly dealt a brisk audio-rabbit punch by a husky voice from the good old network.

The voice, which identified itself as belonging to a gentleman named Jim O'Neill, announced in muffled tones that its owner was employed as a salesman in a large Raleigh department store, the name of which we have (for better or worse, we are uncertain which) forgotten, and that said department store was, at that very red-hot moment, having a round-the-clock sale; furthermore, the voice continued, the owner of the voice, namely Mr. O'Neill, had been told by his boss that he (Mr. O'Neill) couldn't go home unless he sold one washer (whether dish or clothes we didn't hear) every hour. To heap more misery on this soul-churning tale of commercial Machiavellics (a word we invented 15 seconds ago), things had got to the point where (a) Mrs. O'Neill was mad; Mr. O'Neill didn't say at whom—probably at both Mr. O'Neill and his boss. (b) Mr. O'Neill was tired and sleepy, poor thing, and wanted to go home. (c) Mr. O'Neill hadn't managed to sell a washer in the past hour. Things were getting desperate. Would someone come down please and buy a washer so that Mr. O'Neill could go home? He didn't mention how long he had to go on selling a washer every hour on the hour, so despite the fact that some samaritan may have heard the SOS and trotted right down and spent between two and three hundred dollars on a dish washer under the impression that by doing so Mr.

O'Neill would be released to go home and face his angry wife, Mr. O'Neill may well have had to stay on anyway and sell another washer the next hour.

Now if this isn't the limit! If this isn't just handing out the thin edge of the wedge! We haven't got two or three hundred dollars. And if we did, we certainly would not squander it all on a drizzly afternoon so that some total stranger could go home and go to bed. Even for a dishwasher. And what about this "round-the-clock-sale" business? Are they really open and selling at drastically reduced prices 24 hours out of the 24? If so, who, may we ask, is going to buzz 'round to the department store and buy a dishwasher at, say, three in the morning?

We hope Mr. O'Neill got home. He certainly did sound rather bleary, as if he were being badly treated by what he considered his boss's violation of the child labor law. But O'Neill is a good old Irish name, and we'd have thought the Irish had more zest and whang in them than to stand around and be put upon by a little old department store manager who decided he just had to sell a dishwasher every hour.—J.A.C.D.

Victims of Inflation

Remember back in the days of the '\$64 Question'? When a contestant approached it, the audience usually was heard chanting "You'll be sorry!" Nowadays when a contestant approaches the "\$64,000 Question" he or she reportedly receives all sorts of letters and telegrams urging, "Go on; go on; don't stop now."

Thus it seems that not only American monetary values but also the American mental attitudes are victims of inflation.

Students Who Quit School Too Soon Are Throwing Away Future Earnings

(The Elkin Tribune)

Inasmuch as school enrollment got under way today in the Elkin school system, and will begin within days at some of the neighboring schools, this seems like a good time to mention some of the findings of the U. S. Department of Labor's Wage and Hour Division and its bearing upon the wage earning power of those who did and did not complete school.

Frank Muench, who is acting Regional Director of the Wage and Hour Division of the Department of Labor, urges teenagers who have quit school to return to high school this fall. He points out the result of a 1950 census, which showed that a return to high school will mean thousands of dollars to the average youngster.

One of the findings of the 1950 census was that men over 24 who had completed eight years of grade school received an average annual income of \$2,523. Those who had graduated from high school, however, averaged \$3,285 a year, an increase of over \$700.

Moreover, the same study showed that those who had four years of college received an average annual wage of \$4,497. This is an increase of about \$1,500 over the average annual earnings of men over 24, who only had eight years of grade school.

It was also pointed out that the cash value of finishing the last year of high school, measured over a period of 40 working years, resulted in earnings of about \$15,000 for men and \$20,000 for women.

We are too familiar with the success stories of many business men who did not finish school. Their achievements are remarkable, and these men are sometimes the community's leading businessmen and best citizens. However, these are the exception rather than the rule. They do not change statistics.

It would appear, therefore, the youngster who has quit school, or adults who never finished high school, should make every effort to return to high school, or go to college, if possible. When one thinks of this school training in terms of a probable 10, 20, 30 or 40 thousand dollars, the argument to return to school seems pretty convincing.

Man can now duplicate ocean water, except for one "slight" difficulty—nothing will live in it, says A. C. Ferber in the September Reader's Digest. But if a very small percentage of real ocean water is added, ocean life will thrive therein.

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Because of his being a native Tennessean and migrating elsewhere to "kill a bar," Bob Cox was introduced to the Exchange Club last week as "the Davy Crockett of Chapel Hill."

J. C. Lyons offered a guess at the identity of the Chapel Hill businessman who said the coeds here this summer were the prettiest he had seen in 32 years. "I'll bet," he guessed, "it was Zeb Council who said that."

The Missus asked the sidewalk vender the price of his peaches a bushel, and he mumbled \$3.50. Undecided whether to get some for the freezer, she waited until the next day, and put the question again.

"Three fifty a basket," he replied this time.

"How many in a basket?" she asked.

"Three pecks."

"You told me yesterday they were \$3.50 a bushel."

"No ma'am," he replied. "When folks ask me how much they are a bushel, I always say they're \$3.50 a basket. I don't answer the bushel question exactly."

We did put away in the freezer six dozen ears of corn and a bushel of nice butterbeans. The latter I had to help shell after working all day down at the Weekly on the special edition. And, it seemed that the Missus had shelled all the big beans and left the little singletons for me. Then I had to help package the blanched product.

But I got even; I don't think I'll be asked to help with kitchen work any more. When we finished, I casually said, "Honey, you know I was cutting my toe nails to-night, and I don't remember whether or not I washed my hands before I started packaging those beans."

I haven't told her yet whether or not I did swab 'em. Of course, if we settle them to company sometime, I'll have to say that I did. But even then, I'll have every-body guessing.

Whenever we pass by the Monogram club, our children go through a routine that runs like this:

"There's the Monogram club," says Annis Lillian, "where Jane West's daddy works."

Then Billy Jr. always adds: "Runs it like mama runs the house."

New description of Durham offered on the street: "The city of exhausting stores."

I can't win department:

The other day when we drove down Cameron avenue by the Arboretum, I pointed to the trellised area and said to the Missus, "Betcha don't know what they call that thing?"

"A trellis?"

"No, it's a pergola," I replied, educated like.

"Well, I'll bet you just learned that today," she countered.

"Nope, learned it several days ago."

"Oh, then you just learned today how to pronounce it."

Chapel Hill Chaff

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go. He will be keenly missed in this organization.

Two dried and pressed blossoms of edelweiss, the charming white flower of the high Alps, were inside a letter handed to me last week by Mrs. Louise Lamont. The pressed flowers and the letter were from an Austrian boy to Mrs. Lamont's 19-year-old niece, Miss Tallye Swanson of Hartford, Conn. The two have been writing each other since they were ten years old and Tallye picked the boy's name from a list of European school children who wanted to correspond with American school children.

During most of these nine years Tallye's parents have been sending clothing and other gifts to the Austrian boy's family, and for some years, in his letters, he has been declaring his love for Tallye and expressing the hope that they can meet face to face. But Tallye, who was graduated from high school this year, has fallen in love with an American boy and has so informed her overseas friend, who is heartbroken. Here is his letter that came with the flowers: Dear Tallye,

I think you have your graduation soon and therefore I will send you a little present for it.

Because I do not have a lot of money I climbed on a high top of mountain seeking for you the rarest flower of the alpes — Edelweiss. Enclosed two Edelweiss.

If you will ask my friends Fortun they can say you: It is a perilous affair to seek this flower.

Besides I send you my best wishes and the best greetings with all my heart. Also to your family.

How are you? I hope well. It is possible that I come over nevertheless once.

Now we have our agreement of state with the powers, but I don't see what is better now.

Cordially your
Gerhard

President Warren G. Harding was honorary president of the National Horseshoe Pitchers' Association.

"Minute Men" was the name given to companies of militia organized at the time of the American Revolution.

On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

I'M AFRAID I'M GETTING NEON NEUROTIC. But who wouldn't, after taking a look at Miami and Miami Beach?

Thank goodness I didn't have to spend much time in those corporate conglomerations of bright lights and loud talk. I think I prefer New York City. Less Yankees.

I just stopped through Miami long enough to take a quick look, tourist-style, before I flew to Nassau for eight days of swimming, sailing, skiing (water) and swilling (anything but). I was happily surprised to find that Nassau doesn't believe in neon lights. You can wander up and down Bay Street until your tongue is hanging out (although there's a sure cure for THAT!) and you won't see one single cotton-pickin' neon tube of any color or description.

There's something else Nassau lacks. That's traffic lights. Those red-and-green monsters which regulate our movements in the smallest of American communities are completely lacking in the tropical paradise which languishes less than an hour's flight off the coast of Florida.

I picked up a driver's license down there, and found to my surprise that no road test was required. No test of any kind, as a matter of fact. The policeman behind the desk (he was Negro, as are all the law enforcement personnel) transferred some information from my North Carolina license to a blank form, gave me some brief instructions, and handed me my license. Not even a fee. His instructions, verbatim, were:

"Speed limit 20 miles an hour inside the city; 30 miles an hour outside. Watch the one-way streets, and keep to the left." That was all. I am amazed that traffic fatalities don't zoom in tourist season, when the place is packed with Americans buzzing up and down the narrow streets in rented sports cars which they consistently drive on the right-hand side of the road except when they see something coming the other way and get jolted back to consciousness in time to avoid a collision.

I had previously experienced left-hand driving in Tokyo, but it's a bit nerve-wracking to get reoriented. I did fine in Nassau until I'd come to a circle, or a divided road. Then my reflexes would pull me to the right. But to tell the truth, I really didn't have much trouble after the first week. We were there eight days. And I doubt seriously if my doctor's bills ran over \$100. My insurance took care of the property damage.

When I got back to Chapel Hill I promptly drove up Franklin street on the left-hand side. Another \$100. If Hospital Savings wants to take on a poor risk, I think I had better sign up before I get in the car again. Does anybody know who gives driving lessons around town?

IT WAS ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE gloomy mornings when the sky was completely blanketed by clouds. I glanced out the front door of the Weekly and announced, half to myself and half to the staff members sitting inside, "According to WPTF, it's supposed to be 'partly cloudy' today. As a matter of fact, Jim Reid said that 'partly cloudy' meant mostly sunshine."

"Partly cloudy..." mused Mrs. Marion Harden.

"Which part?"

"The part over Chapel Hill," cracked Charles Dunn.

COLLEGE REQUIREMENTS

Make a successful entrance at any college event in our smart young fashions, designed to attract major interest. We've all you require for a Grade-A college year.

J.B. Robbins
Of Chapel Hill