

# The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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### Two Fellows We're Happy to Know

Desk Sergeant Jack Merritt answered the telephone at the Chapel Hill police department last Wednesday night. It was a long distance call asking that a Mr. J. B. McNeely be located and told to call his home, that his uncle had died. Sergeant Merritt could not understand whether the caller was saying the Mr. McNeely resided at 2A Berkeley Road or 2A Barclay Road.

He dispatched a policeman to Barclay Road, and the policeman reported he could not locate the number or man immediately. But he told Fireman Bill Ray, who lives on that road, to see if he could locate either the address or the man.

Sergeant Merritt then telephoned C. E. McIntosh, head of the Glen Lennox rental office, asking if Mr. McIntosh knew of a new resident by the name of McNeely. Mr. McIntosh knew of none. But Sergeant Merritt said he understood the man was moving in at 2A Berkeley Road. A new resident was moving in at that address, but on investigation they found him to be named Barber. Therefore, there apparently was no Mr. McNeely in Chapel Hill. And, Mr. McIntosh added, he was not looking for any Mr. McNeely to move into Glen Lennox.

There the story apparently ended. And it might have really ended there for a lot of other people. But not for Sergeant Merritt. He then asked Fireman Ray to double check on Barclay Road. And Mr. Ray finally located the residence and man.

The incident is related here to point up the calibre of men Jack Merritt and Fireman Ray are, and the calibre of cooperation in the Chapel Hill police and fire department. When Mr. McNeely was not found at Berkeley Road, as the police were informed, Sergeant Merritt could have easily closed the search. After all, it was only an accommodation. Many a policeman and fireman, and many a layman, would have adopted that easier course. Instead, Sergeant Merritt and Fireman Ray stuck by their job, to put it tritely, and performed ably in it. We're happy to know such fellows. And we wanted you to know them, too.

### Polygamy on the Installment Plan

And all the while we thought the people of these United States practiced monogamy, or at least adhered to the principle thereof. Now comes news that Dick Haymes and Rita Hayworth are about to dissolve what was the fourth marriage for each of them, and that Mary Astor has been divorced from her fourth husband. Far be it from us to attempt to explain the whys and wherefores of the failures of their definitely plural marriages. Frankly, we don't care. But it just looks to us as if they've been practicing polygamy... one at a time.

The story of attempts to recapture Vicki, the escaped elephant, is the biggest thing that's happened in Charlotte since the signing of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence.

The Associated Press reports that President Eisenhower is quite a chef, and allows his vegetable soup to simmer for two or three days before serving. Just about how long he should simmer some of the people he has appointed to jobs in Washington.—The News and Observer.

### Non-Cooperative Parents to Blame

A survey of the schools of Chapel Hill and Carrboro last week revealed that rooms for the lower grades in elementary schools are the most seriously overcrowded. And the reason for it might surprise some of the parents whose children are taught in the crowded rooms.

One of the reasons was failure of parents to pre-register children who planned to enter the first grades; and another was the failure of parents planning to move to Chapel Hill to give notice to the schools of their intent to enter their children here. The result is that schools plan to receive, let us say, 100 new students on the basis of pre-registration and notice of intent; and instead 150 new students appear for enrollment.

Not the 50 additional but the entire 150 students will suffer from crowding until sufficient space or additional teachers are provided for their instruction.

It is a condition for which parents and school patrons need not blame the schools or the system. They have only themselves or other non-cooperative parents to blame.

### Travel Back Roads for Pleasure

Some day, when we have finished a few more super-highways, someone is going to make a lot of friends by advocating the construction of a few thousand miles of narrow, winding dirt roads that lead nowhere in particular—roads that just wander off across the countryside, up and down hills, across valleys; typical, old, country roads, with all the natural hazards and charm left in.

Such roads will be built for dawdling, for stopping on hilltops, for wild-flower admiring, for bird-watching—for all the things the prudent motorist shouldn't do on a four-lane highway. We still have many country-road drivers who want to see a tree, not a blur of woodland; who want a breath of country air; not highway fumes; who want to stop and look without creating a traffic jam two miles long behind them.

I recall one back road where we parked one day to watch a wood thrush, and after we had been there half an hour two foxes came into a clearing close by and played like puppies. It's a grass-grown trail that leads past an old cellar hole and two very old lilac bushes, fragrant remembrance of a farm wife who lived and raised a family there, and is buried there beneath a weathered sandstone marker.

These back roads lead to something many of us don't want to forget. Something placidly beautiful, something as natural as a stand of fine old hemlocks. Something that isn't too much changed by the years or by the things man does to the places where he lives and works.

We live in a world of change, often violent and sudden, and it is good for the soul to be aware of things which change only on their own terms and in their own time.

—Hal Borland in New York Times Magazine.

### Going in For Something New

The latest report from Detroit leads one to believe that the automobile folks are going to offer something besides speed, style and color in the 1956 lines. They're going in for safety.

It's too bad safety wasn't the first concern, but it's understandable. People will just naturally buy something that looks good. They let the other fellow worry about safety, feeling that nothing will happen to them on the highway. Several thousand Americans who thought it wouldn't happen to them are no longer around to enjoy the speed, style or color that went into most of the present models.

Harper's magazine reprints the following from the 1954 edition of the Encyclopedia Universal Herder, published in Barcelona, Spain: "Americanism: A way of life characteristic of the citizens of the United States who are commercial-minded, have a commercial soul, and are biased in favor of practical success and intense technicization and automation of all the processes of life, frequently neglecting higher values."

"No prevention of neurosis or crime, no stable marriages, no steadiness and enjoyment of work, no healthy nation is possible if children are not permitted to develop fully to emotional independence and self-reliance."—Dr. Leon J. Saul

### Former Air Force Sergeant...

## Mrs. Barbara Howdy Would Like Everyone to Fork Over For Parking Violations, so She Can Clean Out Her Files

By J. A. C. Dunn

We went up to the police station the other day to see Mrs. Barbara Howdy, who sits behind the door in Chief Sloan's office and deals with the parking ticket situation.

"I don't know what you could possibly write about me," said Mrs. Howdy, looking rather startled at the idea of being the subject of a newspaper feature. "I'm not a very interesting character."

We said, in our best invincible-reporter manner, that we'd see about that, and how about a little background?

Mrs. Howdy warily told us that after grammar school she had come to Chapel Hill high school for one summer session to take second year Latin (her mother's family originates in Chapel Hill), and that she had then gone to Salem Academy in Winston-Salem, and then to St. Mary's in Raleigh; that she was from Washington, N. C.; and that after college she had worked for the Chamber of Commerce in Washington for two years.

And then what?  
"Then I played for a year," she said.

And then what?  
"Then I was broke. So my cousin and I both joined the Air Force. She and I are both



MRS. BARBARA HOWDY

the same age, and we're both named Barbara Gray Ramsey, and we just decided we'd both join the Air Force."

And how long had she been in the Air Force?

"A little over two years. I was a sergeant, a weather observer. I plotted maps for weather observers. My husband was a weather observer too. We were both plotting maps in Colorado Springs. I was his boss."

Patrolman Skippy Etheridge, who was prowling around the office looking up something in the files, asked, "Who's the boss now?"

Mrs. Howdy blushed and said softly that she thought maybe she still was.

And how about the police department job?

"Oh, I plan to stay on here regularly—unless I get fired, or something dreadful like that," said Mrs. Howdy. "My husband's going to be in school for the next five years. He's in pre-dental school now, and he hopes to enter dental school in the fall."

That all sounded very interesting and readable. Was there anything else we ought to know about Mrs. Howdy?

"Well, it makes me feel so decrepit to be called Mrs. Howdy. I'd much rather be called Barbara. I don't think there's anything else, except I hope everyone will come and pay their parking tickets so I can clean out these files and start new. And then I hope everyone will behave themselves."

We asked if we had any outstanding tickets, and she looked us up in the South Carolina file and said we were all paid up. We said we would behave ourself in the future.

### What Is The South?

(Winston-Salem Journal-Sentinel)

The South is a garden full of roses wet with morning dew of May. It is the old Huguenot cemetery in St. Augustine; the iron grilles work on the porticoes of old houses in the Latin quarter of once languorous New Orleans; the magnificence of old Charleston's magnolia gardens and the look of puzzlement and pleased surprise on the face of restored Williamsburg.

It is the oyster boats on the Chesapeake and the vast shadow of the Washington monument across the Mall; dress parade on Worden Field; and the "mighty Mo" steaming into Hampton Roads.

It is blue smoke curling from a dozen tobacco barns in a quiet Old Belt valley late in September and, in any warehouse town, the mellifluous if monotonous chant of the tobacco auctioneer.

It is a Negro jazz band playing with home-made instruments in a shoeshine stand in Durham, Atlanta or Chattanooga, a Gene Talmadge snappin' his galluses and exhorting woolhats in a red-hot Georgia sun, a Huey Long spell-binding the Cajuns in the Louisiana canebrakes.

It is Old Man River rolling across the levees in the bayou country, the sweat on leathery faces in the steel mills of Birmingham, and the clatter through the swamp lands of the "Cannon Ball Express." Too, it is the sea of fog which fills the mountain valleys on a summer dawn, and the patter of rain on the roof of the cabin in the cotton.

The South is the unmarked grave of the lynched Negro; the inescapable county seat Confederate monument; the memory of the Ku Klux Klan and reverence for "Marse Robert" and "Stonewall."

It is Oak Ridge and oil wells, TVA and textiles. It is Tobacco Road and Jim Crow, harassed but lingering illiteracy, moonshine liquor, crap games in shantytown and death by pistol or knife in slum alleyways.

It is the expanding schoolhouse on the hill, the planetarium at Chapel Hill, the Duke tower chimes at twilight, the rotunda at Charlottesville, and the rising spires of a new Wake Forest.

It is the pulling power of traditions long held, the magic of dreams and the enchanting persuasiveness of the alluring myth, and the wistfulness inspired by the memory of defeat and sacrifice.

It is William Faulkner, Erskine Caldwell, Paul Green, James Street, Eudora Welty, brooding Tom Wolfe, and all the rest of the moderns who see the South as it is today, as well as the romanticists of another era who magnified the grandeur of a South that never existed.

Bill Polk, James Street and many another writer has tried to define and explain the South, but in the end admitted it defies definition and it is largely inexplicable.

But certainly it is a pleasant land populated by a hospitable, warm-hearted people who do not take life quite so easily or leisurely as once they did. They are yet presently apprehensive of the impact of new social forces—wise in their way and determined yet plagued by deep uncertainties.

Yet because the South is San Juan Hill as well as Appomattox, Normandy Beachhead and Okinawa as well as Vicksburg and Atlanta, her people go forward now in faith, confident that the same vision, warm humanity, wisdom and courage which mastered disaster in the past can help the new South to dissipate her fears and blow the fogs of doubt away.

### Two Letters on Our Special Edition

Hospital Saving Association  
Chapel Hill, N.C.

To the Editor:

Tuesday's Special Edition of the Chapel Hill Weekly was the most comprehensive and attractive review of a town or city that I have ever seen. The entire issue read well because it was well written and well edited.

Unquestionably, with this issue the Weekly performed a unique and scholarly service to the community.

Cordially yours,  
J. S. Nagelschmidt

517 East Franklin St.  
Chapel Hill, N. C.

To the Editor:

Let me congratulate all of you on your splendid edition. We always enjoy the Weekly and look forward to its coming and feel you did a superb job with the special edition.

Sincerely,  
Mary L. Cobb

### On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

WE WERE IN A RUSH trying to get the paper to press last Thursday, so when I ran out of cigarettes I decided to bum them from Billy Arthur for a while until I got a chance to go up town and buy some.

We worked and we worked and I bummed more and more of Billy's cigarettes and pretty soon I noticed I had the darnedest headache I had suffered in months. Then I remembered that Billy's brand of cigarettes—it was a well-known king-size filter the name of which I won't mention because I might hurt the feelings of someone close to the University—had previously given me a headache, when I smoked a large number of them in succession while working under pressure on something or other.

I went into Billy's office and gave vent to my unhappiness. "Those darned - - - - - cigarettes," I said calling them by name, "give me a darned headache."

Billy looked up indignantly. "You're just plain crazy," he said, "if you think you're going to talk me into changing brands!"

I WAS SITTING ON A BENCH in the University's Y Court the other day chatting with Bill Friday and Claude Teague about nothing in particular, when Mr. Teague turned to me and asked me what my prognosis was on the coming Tar Heel football season.

"We're going to squeeze by Oklahoma with about a one-touchdown margin," I said with a straight face.

"No kidding," said Mr. Teague, sort of stunned like he had just heard a jockey admit the race was fixed. "You really think so?"

"Absolutely," I said. "Remember what we did to Texas a few years ago when they came up to Chapel Hill for the first game of the season? They had beaten us 34 to nothing the year before in Austin, and we handed them a 34 to 7 licking and sent them back home with their longhorns between their legs. Well, Oklahoma Texas... they're all Westerners... same routine all over again..."

"Can I bet money on that?" asked Mr. Teague. "As long as it's not my money," I told him.

CHAPEL HILL COURT OFFICIALS are reportedly worrying about what is going to happen when a defendant pleads innocent to a parking ticket charge. The question has arisen in their minds in connection with the large number—around 80, at latest count—warrants being prepared for recalcitrant holders of three or more parking tickets.

In a recent case in which a University student owed the town for some 65 tickets, no problem arose in the handling of the case because he pleaded guilty and forked over the \$65, plus court costs. But what will happen when someone pleads innocent?

Presumably, the officer who wrote the ticket would have to testify that on such and such a day at such and such a time he observed such and such a car violating such and such a town ordinance. The description of the specific ordinance is liable to be a little difficult, since they are not consolidated. For example, a one-hour parking ordinance for one street might have been passed five years ago, while one concerning another street might have been adopted as recently as last year. Only a search of the ordinance books and the minutes of the Board of Aldermen's meetings for many years back will produce the information necessary to a successful prosecution of a parking law violator.

### I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Y. Z. Cannon said the Weekly's special edition would "lead every reader to believe that everybody in Chapel Hill is long haired. There wasn't a single barbershop ad in the whole paper."

When everyone else was decked out in sport shirts, Bob Cox and Monk Jennings had on coats. "How come?" I asked. "Why shouldn't we wear 'em? We sell 'em," Bob declared.

When Tom Rosemond visited the Raleigh Kiwanis Club in his campaign for lieutenant governor, one of the wags called out, "Tom, stand on a chair so we can see you."

"What Kiwanian do you think I am?" he snapped. "Jack LeGrand or Billy Arthur?"

When Tom went into Eubanks' Drug Store to weigh one day last week, he withdrew his wallet from his back pocket and laid it on the counter. Then he stepped on the scales. "Didn't want my wallet counted in my weight," he explained.

I guess there's a good reason for the question, but it always struck me as being nonsensical. I mean the conversation that usually takes place when I call the telephone company's—any telephone company's—repair service.

I usually tell the operator, "I want to report a telephone out of order."

Then she asks, innocently, "What seems to be the trouble?"

And that's what gets me. I've always wanted to say, "Honey, the damn thing just won't work."

Why doesn't she omit the "seems" and simply ask what the trouble is? Then one could honestly answer the bell won't bell, the phone won't phone, or the dial won't dial. There just ain't no seeming about it. Besides, if I actually knew what seemed to be the trouble I'd fix it myself and not get all hot and bothered listening to such questions as "What seems to be the trouble?"

The Weekly really keeps good company in the Spike Saunders residence. He says he has it on the bedside table with Lefler's History of North Carolina and the Holy Bible.