

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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Alan Davoe Said It:

It is a curious thing that the human race has always had a taste for reckless interference with the balance of nature.

The Atom Goes to Work for Everybody

We've heard much in recent months about peace-time uses of the atom, but we can't recall having seen a comprehensive report of just what some of those every-day uses are.

Of course, now and then we've chanced across explanations of one or two new uses. But since it's difficult for us to file away in our minds all of the singletons, we were gratified by the article in the September issue of the Progressive Farmer which presents a comprehensive report on the good side of the atomic research.

We learn that the atom is giving us better paints and sandpaper, longer wearing floor wax; it is looking through castings to see that there are no flaws to impair the life of your tractor; it is putting an even layer of fabric in your tires so they will last longer.

In the field of food, the atom may soon keep meat fresh indefinitely without refrigeration. So far the scientists have learned that meat exposed to atomic rays can be eaten. The catch is the meat doesn't taste or look right, so the scientists are still working on it.

Extensive laboratory tests show that irradiated potatoes can be safely stored for two years or longer.

A better washing machine is on the way, too. Researchers rub clothes with dirt mixed with tiny bits of radioactive material. Then the machine washes the clothes. Next, a sensitive instrument like the Geiger counter measures to see how much dirt is left in the clothes. Improvements are made until the washer passes the Geiger counter test.

In hospitals, physicians introduce harmless amounts of radioactive materials into the body to diagnose circulatory disorders, to locate cancerous tumors, to measure how sick thyroid glands are working. They are finding out how much iron the red blood cells of anemic patients can take up.

The greatest killer of people in this country, high blood pressure, is being tracked down by means of radioactive calcium. Little radioactive beads are being inserted in the sinuses for treatment of cancer, another device is made for placement behind the eyeball, another for the bladder. These little beads do the job the teletherapy machines are too big and clumsy to do.

The first disease successfully treated with artificial radioactivity is a condition in which the bone marrow produces too many red blood cells.

The atom is now giving doctors new and better means of radiation treatment. Also an atomic compound, injected in a patient, concentrates for reasons unknown in the tumorous tissue. The doctor with his detection instrument can then locate the extent of the tumor.

The Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, of which our own Rep. Carl T. Durham is chairman, says scientists 'have learned more about the world in 25 years from the use of isotopes (radioactive atoms) than mankind had learned

ed in all previous history.' Doesn't it make you happy too to know that all the knowledge unleashed by the atom is not locked away in laboratories, waiting to be used only to knock someone off the face of the globe? Instead, it is working today for you, your home, your health and your work.

Why Mrs. Jackson Likes Chapel Hill

There seems to be a never-ending stream of reasons why folks like Chapel Hill. In the mail the other day came this letter from Mrs. Richard Jackson, wife of the minister of the Congregational-Christian church:

"Why I like Chapel Hill (just one of many reasons).

"I had retraced my steps to the Post Office, the Weekly office, the shoe shop, the car, and still could find only two of the batch of envelopes I'd bought. Well I, hoped whoever found them would write a lot of letters.

"Next day in the mail delivery (thanks to Charles Holloway) was a bunch of envelopes with a note, Lost by Mrs. Jackson, McCauley St. A call to Lindsay Neville at the stamp window solved the mystery. They'd been picked up in the regular mail collection that afternoon; apparently my helpful three-year-old Sue had mailed them! Now, what other town has such nice Post Office folk?"

"This Is the Law"

On its newspapers today the Weekly inaugurates an every-Tuesday public service feature, by and with the assistance of the North Carolina Bar Association. It is entitled "This Is the Law."

This feature first made its appearance two years ago when the lawyers of the state came to a conclusion that few people actually knew what their rights and privileges were under the laws of the State of North Carolina. They concluded further that since the law is based upon justice and since everyone has equal rights under the law, the public should be better acquainted with it. The result was a question-and-answer series of articles dealing with some of the most common legal problems the public might encounter.

This week the N. C. Bar Association resumes the series, written by Robert E. Lee. Some of the discussions will be quite simple; others may surprise you. Therefore, for your own enlightenment and protection, we commend the series to you.

Gratitude in Order

The Jaycees deserve everybody's gratitude for staging an annual sale of electric bulbs to raise money for the many civic projects they sponsor. Going from house to house asking people to buy something is not a particularly enjoyable way to spend an evening, especially after working hard all day at a regular job.

The young man who knocked on your door and asked you to buy a box of light bulbs wasn't doing it because it was fun, or to make money for himself. He was doing it for the good of his and your community.

Reading Long Postponed

Probably everybody who reads at all has thought, at times, about the books he (or she) has intended to read but somehow has never got around to. Mrs. Lucy Phillips Russell sends the Weekly a yellowed clipping, a poem by Edgar Guest, which she says has been tucked away in her home out of sight for years:

"If I shall ever be
Eighty-one or two or three,
If I still can sit and read
I shall happy be, indeed.
In that wrinkled time and gray
If my sight is good I may
Con those volumes I have owned
And their reading long postponed.
To those books I've often said:
'Some day soon you'll be read,
Some day soon I'll run you through
As I long have meant to do.'
But in days of haste and speed,
When can anybody read?
In these days of radio
Books must only be for show.
But if I shall live to be
Eighty-one or two or three,
I may find the time I need
To sit quietly and read."

Some Others Didn't Make It

Wasn't Peron lucky? He lived to be an ex-dictator.

More Cuttings in the Old Days...

C. E. King, Number Two Sergeant on the Police Force, Has Served as a Chapel Hill Law Officer Since 1942

By J.A.C. DUNN

Sergeant C. E. King, second in seniority of the police sergeants, sat in the police office the other day and told us laconically of his past.

"Born and raised in Durham County, 'bout four miles east of Chapel Hill," he said, rubbing his chin thoughtfully. "Came to the police department in June, 1942." He turned to the radio.

"Testing, 1:30, KIA 736," he said.

"Car 6, ten-four," said car 6 over the radio.

"Ten-four, 6. I worked on the campus until December 1943, then I transferred downtown and worked the street on foot for a year and a half. The four to eight shift, that was."

"Car 6 to the station. Do you have traffic?" interrupted the radio.

"Do not," said the sergeant.

"Ten four."

"Then I began rotating from shift to shift," he went on. "We only had five men at that time."

"A man in a straw hat ambled in and leaned on the counter."

"Lo, Ed," he said to the sergeant.

"Hello Brick—I mean John."

"Where's Chief?"

"Out'n the car."

"Bet things are picking up with all those boys around."

"Yeah," said the sergeant, and irrigated the wastepaper basket with used chewing tobacco. John and the sergeant



Photo by Lavergne C. E. KING

discussed John's sore nose for a couple of minutes in a desultory sort of way, and then John ambled away again.

"I alternated between the first two shifts," the sergeant continued after the door had been closed on John. "Sergeant Merritt took the third shift by himself."

"One of the Carrboro policemen came in at this point."

"Whattaya know, King?" he asked lazily.

"Don't know much."

"Well, if you don't know anything good, don't tell it," suggested the Carrboro policeman, and strolled out the door

again. "All down West Franklin street was residential then," continued the sergeant. "There weren't any business buildings except Obie Davis and Williams Upholstery and the Carolina Cleaners. Not more than three or four of us on duty in those days. More fighting than we have now. Dunno just how to account for it, but I believe it's so. Not unusual to have two or three good cutting scrapes in one night back then."

"We asked when the sergeant had been made a sergeant, and he replied that it was about the same time as Sergeants Merritt and Durham. 'Seems like it must have been 1951,' he mused."

Further probing inside sergeant King revealed the facts that he was married in 1937, ran a service station (first Gulf, then Sinclair) on the Durham Road from 1930 until he went on the police force, and starting in 1926, sold insurance in Durham for two years, in the early part of 1929 he had to lay out for a while after having a bone graft for a broken arm.

Seemed like a quiet, peaceful life, we commented.

"Yes, real quiet," said the sergeant. "Hope you can make something out of it with all these interruptions."

To which we replied that the simplest thing to do was include the interruptions.

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

top specialist to operate in Chapel Hill." W. D. Miles, a local barber, said the other day. "The boys howled when they got short haircuts in the Army, but that's all they want when they get out."

"You ought to do like that barber over in Burlington," somebody replied. "Put up a sign saying 'Flat-tops and duck-tails one dollar extra.'"

"I'll give you two dollars extra if you can cut mine so it'll look thicker in front," somebody else said.

"If I could do that I'd retire next year a millionaire," said Mr. Miles.

I've quit trying to guess the occupations of the people who appear as guests on the "What's My Line?" television program. I just sit back and wait till it's flashed on the screen.

Time was when this wasn't so. That was after I guessed one man correctly as soon as he walked on. He had bookie written all over him. Bookie I guessed. And bookie he was.

I had felt puffed up ever since till the night I was set down hard by a "What's My Line?" guest I thought was a watchmaker or piano tuner. He was a pallid, slightly stooped fellow with squinting eyes and white slender hands. "He probably fixes watches," I announced to the other people in the room. "Or works with something else small like that. Something that requires delicate workmanship."

Before I could say more it was flashed on the screen that the man was a handler of elephants. That's when I swore off "What's My Line?" guessing. I don't make my guesses out loud any more, anyway.

But perhaps I wasn't so wrong after all. The next day the papers said F.B.I. agents watching the program had recognized the elephant handler as a man wanted for car theft and were at the door to apprehend him as he left the building in which the program originated. Would you put it past a car thief to lie up an unusual occupation to get himself on a TV give-away program? Maybe he was a watchmaker turned car thief.

Bob Bartholomew of the University News Bureau got an unusually good play on the fine feature story he wrote about freshman registration. The Weekly was certainly happy to use it, as were many other papers throughout the state. E. A. Resch, editor of the Chatham News, even ran it in his personal column, "An E. A. R. to the Ground."

After explaining that he was going on vacation and didn't have time to turn out his usual column material, Mr. Resch wrote:

"I was helped greatly by the appearance in the mails of a piece from Bob Bartholomew of the University News Bureau. It was an out-of-the-ordinary story about the registration of the freshmen during the past week. As a rule the piece would not appear in our newspaper, crowded out—probably, either by local news or some-

This Is the Law

By Robert E. Lee

(For the N. C. Bar Association)

Kinds of Property

This is the first of a fall series of articles that will appear each week throughout the next three months. They have been written for the non-lawyer as a public service of the North Carolina Bar Association.

What is real property? In a popular sense, property is anything that may be owned. It may be divided into two general classes: real property and personal property.

Real property is the term applied to land or real estate. It is property which is immovable and permanent in its character and use, such as houses and buildings, the annexed fixtures, the trees and vegetation above the soil as well as the mineral underneath its surface.

What is personal property?

Personal property is movable in its nature, and includes every sort of property not possessing the nature of real property, such as furniture, merchandise, clothing, animals, promissory notes, stocks and bonds, books, patents, automobiles, and the like.

Personal property may be changed into real property, as where one takes brick and mortar—all personal property—and constructs a house with them, which is then considered real property; and if in the lapse of time that same house be razed to the ground and the building material sold as such, they again acquire the characteristics of personal property.

A Letter from "A Reader"

Chapel Hill, N. C.

To the Editor: Will you please print this letter in your newspaper so people can get one person's reaction to the excellent special edition you have just put out. To begin with, it is a "beautiful" paper. The printing is good, the pictures attractive, the subjects covered are comprehensive, the advertisements catchy, and in general it surpasses many papers of much wider circulation.

These papers should be kept for posterity, who will be much more interested in them than a "stuffy" history book. A copy should be in each school and library. I particularly enjoyed Joe Jones' column. One sentence is especially apropos, "On East Rosemary and East Franklin Streets are old houses, loved and lived in as they were before the Civil War." Too many of the gracious old homes are being demolished for piles of brick without any beauty, and those who come after will know nothing of the charm of ancient architecture.

"Johnny Can't Read and Parents Can't Spell," on the editorial page, was delightful.

The Chapel Hill Weekly is a unique paper, avoiding sensational news, as there is enough of that in the daily papers. A woman once made the remark, "I wish I could pick up a paper without glaring headlines of horrible happenings." An out-of-town subscriber answered, "You should take the Chapel Hill Weekly." It is a little old-timey, bringing in human interest, which many people like, and we hope it won't change. One person laughingly said, "If there is a murder in town, that isn't news, but if somebody's cat gets up in a tree and can't get down, that's news."

The Chapel Hill Weekly doesn't usually go in for controversial issues which are likely to give you a heart attack. Somebody once said to me, "I believe you like the Weekly because it's softer." That hit the nail on the head.

Again let me congratulate you on the excellent job which Billy Arthur, Orville Campbell, and the entire staff did on this number.

A Reader

of one of the freshmen who went through the ordeal. It is humorous and should be of interest to other people."

On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

THIS IS CHAPEL HILL: The oriental gentleman riding down East Franklin Street perched atop a motor scooter on which is pasted a large green sign, "See Grandfather Mountain". . . The dirty flag flopping at the end of the Town Hall's flagpole in celebration of the birthday of the U. S. Constitution. . . Moviegoers utilizing the yellow-painted "No Parking" space in front of the Varsity theatre after dark, when police patrolling is at a minimum. . .

WHEN J. A. C. DUNN DUG UP the old 1925 Yackety Yack from which we reproduced the picture of Rameses I on the front page, I was surprised to discover what an interesting and distinguished set of upperclassmen populated the campus at the time the Carolina mascot first showed up on the scene.

As Jim Dunn mentioned, Vic Huggins was head cheerleader during the 1924-25 year—his senior year—and it was he who thought up the mascot business in the first place. Mr. Huggins captured the honor of being named "Most Energetic" in the list of senior superlatives, as reported by the Yack.

Under the Huggins picture in the senior section are some of the following comments: "A living specimen of personified optimism. . . Since his entrance he has made several adventures in the business world which were both novel and remunerative. His honor-system apple boxes have put the Greeks to shame. . . He has sold everything to the student body including his own unequaled line of bull. . ."

Two other familiar Chapel Hill names crop up in this old Yack as classmates of Mr. Huggins. They are Robert Linker and J. Maryon Saunders. Comments by the Yack:

Mr. Linker: "A scholar. . . A language hound. . . He has many friends, among them some rather wonderfully rare types. In addition to the general run, he seems to have a liking for freaks; however, a linguist always has. . . An interesting conversationalist, who will talk to you by the hour about any subject or about nothing at all. . ."

Mr. Saunders: "Spike is our idea of the all-round fellow, good at anything at which he tries his hand. . . He is always interested in a dance, and as for women, he is great on Love, spelled with a capital letter. . ."

Here are two other interesting University graduates of 1925, both of whom have made their fame elsewhere in the Tar Heel state, one as a U. S. Congressman and one as Commissioner of Motor Vehicles:

Charles Raper Jonas: "The recognized leader of the small but faithful band of Republicans in our midst. . . We hereby prophesy for 'Red' a brilliant success in the legal world, and if, perchance, there should ever be a swing in the political pendulum of the Old North State—"

Edward Scheidt: "A human dynamo of energy, a speed-demon with the typewriter, a wizard in turning out any kind or amount of work in record time, a Southern checker champion, an excellent mixer. . . the very personification of ability. . ."

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

If I'm missed for several days, I'll be down at Wingate, N. C., having been lured there by an inviting headline in the Monroe Journal, which read:

HONEY SWAPPING IS PLANNED AT WINGATE

Elton Casey, who writes a lot of sports for the Durham Sun, was over town the other p. m., and we chatted briefly. Later that evening he telephoned to know how tall I was. Seems as if he had up a little wager.

Anyway, I honestly couldn't tell him correctly. I knew approximately but hesitated to blurt an answer, fearful he might lose. So, I recommended him to Bob Cox or Monk Jennings, who had recently taken my measure.

In more ways than one. Haven't heard yet how Elton made out. But if he lost, he'll be like a lot of other folks who have come to the proper conclusion: Don't bet on Billy.

I'm not only ignorant of my exact height but also my weight. All I know about the height is that I can't see on top of some counters, but that doesn't bother. And, as for the weight, that all depends on whether I check it on Mr. Eubanks' scales before or after my morning coffee hour.

Some of my learned readers probably flinched when they passed the sentence above saying that Elton Casey was "over town." I confess it's colloquial and may leave the impression he was flying or suspended. Nope, not that; he was a walking visitor.

In Cabarrus county it is perfectly proper to say one was "over town." Or, it used to be. That meant one had been to Concord.

I'm now reminded that in one of the contest crossword puzzles last week we came across a definition which went something like this: One is likely to hide money in an old one.

The missing word could have been either cloak or clock.

Remembering the tall grandfather clocks with the false bottoms, the Misses and I decided clock was the preferable word. Then she remembered another place folks used to hide their money. That was in the "company sugar bowl."

Our discussion disclosed that both of our families had two sugar bowls, one that was used every day and seldom left the table, and another that was taken off the top shelf of the china closet (they're another two words you seldom hear today), when company came to dine. It was in that sugar bowl that money usually was hidden, too.