

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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How Voters Refuse to Follow the Advice Of a President Whom They Admire

Twenty-three years ago, in the election of 1932, North Carolina gave Franklin D. Roosevelt a tremendous majority. The next year the state held a referendum on the question of the repeal of the 18th (Prohibition) amendment to the Constitution.

Roosevelt was strong for repeal and had made it an issue in his campaign. For the repealing amendment (the 21st) to become effective it was necessary that three fourths of the states (36) approve it. After Roosevelt took office in March 1933 one state after another said yes to the proposal. But the number of states approving it was still short of 36 when North Carolina held its referendum.

So eager was Roosevelt for the state to approve repeal that he sent his chief political manager, Postmaster General James A. Farley, here to whip up public sentiment for it. Farley gave pep talks to the state's political leaders and issued statements to the people. He was explicit and emphatic in telling them that, in asking their support for repeal, he was bearing a personal request from President Roosevelt. Result: Repeal was defeated in North Carolina by an overwhelming majority.

Several years later Roosevelt attempted to bring about the defeat, in state Democratic primaries, of two Senators, one from Georgia and one from South Carolina, who had opposed some of his New Deal measures. What he was trying to effect, in telling Georgians and South Carolinians how he wanted them to vote, is known in political history as "the purge." The attempt turned out to be a fizzle. The voters of the two states, who had given Roosevelt himself big majorities, now gave big majorities to the Senators whom he asked them to defeat.

Several months ago President Eisenhower gave his endorsement to the Republican candidate for mayor of Philadelphia, Thacher Longstreth. Result: The Democratic candidate, Richard Dilworth, defeated Longstreth by 131,000.

In view of the record, nobody will dispute the statement of Earl Mazo, Washington correspondent of the New York Herald-Tribune, in his comment on this week's elections: "It is as difficult as ever for a popular political personality to transfer his popularity to anyone else."—L. G.

The Composure of Spectators

Many people who are themselves sacrificing nothing in connection with the breaking-up of the romance of the Princess Margaret and Group Captain Peter Townsend are entirely willing for the Princess to be sacrificed. The composure with which they view her forced renunciation calls to mind Rochefoucauld's celebrated maxim, "We have all sufficient strength to endure the misfortunes of others."—L. G.

A Marylander Views the West

Clark S. Hobbs, native of Baltimore, former associate editor of the Baltimore Evening Sun, former vice-president of Goucher College, and a trustee of Goucher for the last twenty-two years, is now director of the Civic Development Bureau of Baltimore's Association of Commerce and chairman of the city's Development Commission. He went on a tour of the West last summer and he has written for the Baltimore magazine, Gardens, Houses and People, an article giving his impressions of the region. Here is part of the article:

It was Horace Greeley who said "Go west, young man, go west." It was also Horace Greeley who stayed in New York City.

It may be that Horace honestly thought the West was a good place for young men. On the other hand, it may be that Horace was fed up with the young upstarts of his day and wanted

to get rid of them. How many took his advice only to decorate the great American desert with sun-bleached bones will never be known. All this writer knows is that anybody who wants Southern Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona or—this is blasphemy but here goes—Southern California can have them so far as he is concerned.

These solemn, insulting conclusions have been reached in the after-contemplation of a summer tour through these dehydrated states.

Headed for the Pacific from Chicago via the Sante Fe route, I retired to my sleeping accommodations as darkness fell upon a living, verdant world. Hours later I awoke as dawn was bringing visibility to a dead, grayish tan expanse of scorched earth, tumbleweeds, sage brush and occasional tufts of what some poor, deluded, despondent cattle think is grass. A rough calculation supports a guess that it requires at least ten acres of that juiceless forage to stave off starvation for one head of cattle. The wonder is that any head of cattle bothers to stave off starvation rather than welcome it as a merciful release from a weary land.

As a backdrop to this exceedingly realistic picturization of Joseph's seven lean years, stand the jutting crags and yawning crannies of the Rocky Mountains, as moribund as the plains they overlook. At their best they achieve a grandeur of desolation. At their worst they are an overpowering satire on natural beauty. There they stand in snaggle-toothed array defying God and man to make them fit for human association.

That was the southeast corner of Colorado traversed before entering upon another dry kiln known locally as New Mexico. More nature in the grip of rigor mortis. Miles and miles and miles of it. Vegetation is so sparse as to be virtually nonexistent. The only live thing seen in many square miles of shimmering sterility was a disconsolate, flop-eared jack rabbit that would have headed out of there as if it had rockets for hind legs if it had known which way to go.

As with New Mexico, so with Arizona, owing to an awesome climax in the Grand Canyon of the Colorado River. Here was magnificent desolation in overwhelming dimensions. The Colorado's removal of trillions of tons of silt to carve a gully 218 miles long with an average width of seven miles and depth of one mile staggers the imagination. Yet there seems to be no other explanation for this king-size ditch but erosion. And down at the bottom of this terrific gash in the face of nature the perpetrator of the deed can be seen boiling over its rocky bed and still carrying with it a heavy burden of silt.

Southern California's ballyhoo artists may convince this visitor to their "sunkist" state that Marilyn Monroe is an incarnation of Venus, Psyche, and all three of the Three Graces but never again can persuade him that the lower reaches of their state are more like the garden of Eden than the garden of Eden was. If someone were to forget to turn on the water in the roto-rain contraptions and irrigation ditches for two weeks, Southern California would make the apple schnitt condition of the late Rameses II look like a water-soaked sponge. Around the synthetic beauties of Los Angeles, Hollywood, Pasadena, lies a desert menace that looks greedily on man-watered vineyards, orange groves, carrot-crowded acres and fields of salad makings. A grim reminder this that a pipe-line that brings water from over the hills and far away is also Southern California's life-line. The Sunkist State? Indeed, yes. And what a buss! Without that pipe-line it would be a kiss of death.

San Francisco has its points. Its many peopled hills rising from expansive waters, its sometimes mysterious and sometimes not so mysterious orientals, its fine hotels and department stores, its Fisherman's Wharf and even its cable cars combine their various appeals to make an interesting, attractive city. Alcatraz looming up in the middle of San Francisco's bay could be a disturbing element for some people, if they have been careless with their income tax returns. But the man whose conscience is clear can look at it with composure and be glad he made a practice of telling Satan to get behind him.

When one leaves San Francisco to go northward, the more miles he puts behind him, the nearer he gets to real natural beauty.

Few cities anywhere can boast a setting that surpasses that of Seattle. The city clusters on hills that rise

This Is the Law

By Robert E. Lee
(For the N. C. Bar Association)
SAVINGS BONDS

May U. S. Savings bonds be used by a person as security for a loan?

No. Individuals owning U. S. savings bonds cannot pledge them as collateral for a loan or use them as security for a loan.

May an owner of U. S. savings bonds sell or give them to another?

No. Savings bonds are not transferrable and are payable only to the owner named thereon.

If a savings bond is registered in the name of one person only, and he dies, it is considered as belonging to his estate and will be paid to his executor or administrator.

May a U. S. savings bond be issued in the names of three or more persons?

No. A savings bond may be issued in the names of two (but not more than two) persons in the alternative as co-owners, for example: "John A. Jones or Mary S. Brown." No other form of issuance or registration establishing co-ownership is authorized.

If a U. S. savings bond is issued in the names of two persons, may either of the co-owners obtain payment without the signature of the other?

Yes. During the lives of both co-owners the bond will be paid to either upon his separate request without requiring the signature of the other. Upon payment to either co-owner the other person ceases to have any interest in the bond.

If either co-owner dies, the surviving co-owner will be recognized as the sole and absolute owner of the bond. Payment will be made only to the survivor, as though the bond were registered in his name only.

Is there a limit upon the amount of U. S. savings bonds that a person can buy during a particular year?

Yes. Individuals cannot buy bonds of Series E in excess of \$20,000 during any one calendar year. The limitation is set at a higher amount for some of the other Series.

Series E is the type that most persons have purchased.

How soon after the purchase may an owner of U. S. savings bonds redeem or get "cash money" for his bonds?

A bond of Series E may be redeemed at any time after two months from the issue date without advance notice. The owner will be paid the appropriate redemption value as shown in the table printed on the bonds.

Bonds of any Series other than E are generally redeemable six months from the issue date and on one month's notice in writing.

Do U. S. savings bonds of

Series E earn interest after the date of maturity?

Yes. Owners of bonds of Series E which have matured since May 1, 1951 have the option of retaining the matured bonds for a further ten-year period and earning interest upon the maturity values thereof.

Letter to Editor

To the Editor:

Have you no better use for your editorial column (November 8, 1955) than to fill it with a discussion of the matter of Princess Margaret and Captain Peter Townsend (which is none of our business in this country), and at the same time criticize three historic Churches because they stand by Christ's teaching about divorce? "The ancient ideas and practices" of which you do not approve were Christ's. Why not criticize Him and be done with it? Has "the advance in civilization" made Christ's teaching obsolete, or just those teachings which you do not like?

It is easy to understand the interest in Princess Margaret and Capt. Townsend. All the world loves a lover. Not often do we have a true love story to read about.

We resent foreigners, especially the English, for criticizing our way of life. If the way the English have handled this matter suits them, that is none of our affair. If they want a change, they have procedures for doing so. If the Princess is a "victim of ecclesiastical barbarism," her people, who have a reputation for fair play, will see that she is rescued. The English Church and the English government have gotten along for centuries without the unsolicited help of your Weekly.

Honor and Duty have been compelling ideas and ideals for many Englishmen. They have stirred their hearts and have been the cause of many decisions—both for and against proposed courses of action. "I could not love thee, dear, so much loved I not honor more." Just as "England expects every man to do his duty" so the royal family knows that the commonwealth's well-being depends upon their living up to the noblest traditions of their people. The Princess has been true to what she felt was duty. The decision must have been hard in view of her love for a fine man.

Writing as one who has been in and out of broken homes for over forty years, we pay a high price for our easy divorces. The cost is reflected in the lives of children. I know at times there seems no other way, but "the hand that wrecks the cradle wrecks the world." The very day your editorial appeared the front

sharply from the waters of two beautiful lakes and Puget Sound. The streets in much of the city rise tier upon tier on the hillsides, each by its elevation a vantage point from which watery loveliness can be viewed. And, speaking of things being watery, the term can be applied to the land as well as the lake and sound areas of Seattle. The soggy truth is that Seattle is as water-logged as Southern California is sunkist. Most of the Seattleers will deny it even when the rain is trickling down their necks, but during long periods of time rain falls some part of every day. All of which accounts for lawns like oriental rugs and flowers in profusion far into a winter season moderated by an accommodating Japanese Current. And there is no burning summer, thanks to ocean breezes. Scores of scantily-clad young ladies adorning numerous floats that appeared in the annual Sea Fair parade on July 29 can testify to that. In a 62-degree temperature they exposed to public gaze some of the most beautiful gooseflesh this traveler has seen.

For this very provincial person, there is no beauty that surpasses the soft, leafy peacefulness of the Blue Ridge and Allegheny hills and here, indeed, "The valleys stand so thick with corn that they laugh and sing."

A Lively Funeral

From "Attila and the Huns," by the British scholar, E. A. Thompson, published by the Oxford University Press:

Before the campaigning season of 453 A. D. began Attila decided to add yet another to the long series of his wives. On this occasion his bride was Idico, and we are told she was a girl of great beauty. After the wedding Attila drank far into the night, and, when much of the following day had passed and he did not reappear, his

pages of our daily carried the story and the picture of a woman of our country who has been married six times. Which do you admire—the Princess or this other woman?

Yours truly,
Robert E. Gribbin,
Winston-Salem, N. C.

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

cided that they would be taken over by Mr. Odum's son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Schinhan. Now, after almost a year of operation, the Schinhan find themselves as wrapped up in Jersey breeding as was their predecessor. What's more, the herd has just received its first American Jersey Cattle Association ranking under their administration and has come through with flying colors. The entire herd of 53 animals won a high rating, while one four-year-old bull, Louise Oxford Basil Designer, was given the highest possible rating of Excellent.

Most of the management of the herd is being done by Mr. Schinhan, with the assistance of Walter Neville, who has been the farm's herdsman almost twenty years.

"I am vitally interested in the project," Mr. Schinhan said, "and I have learned much about it since Mary Frances and I took it over. But I realize I'll never be the expert Dr. Odum was. He had a rare and wonderful intuition about cattle. He could look at an animal and see capabilities nobody else thought were there. Other breeders marveled at his uncanny knack."

The Schinhan are concentrating on the development of a strain of polled (hornless) Jerseys.

It is desirable to have hornless animals," Mr. Schinhan said, "but it is a costly nuisance to have to saw off the horns. There are polled beef cattle and even a strain of polled Holsteins, but so far nobody has been able to develop a strain of fine hornless Jerseys. We are working on it and should have some indications of progress within five years. It may take about ten years to tell whether or not we are going to succeed."

When asked if his cattle breeding was a money making proposition, Mr. Schinhan said, "It wasn't for Dr. Odum because he gave away so many of his finest animals. As our plans develop, Mary Frances and I hope to put the farm on a paying basis."

As it was with his father-in-law, cattle breeding is a sideline with Mr. Schinhan. Along with Robert E. Dickinson, he is co-owner and co-operator of the Simplified Farm Record Book Company, which has its headquarters here in the Glen Lennox office building, with subsidiaries in several states.

servants shouted loudly outside the door of his room and eventually forced an entry.

They found their master dead and his bride weeping beside him, her face covered with her veil. Attila had bled heavily through the nose during the night (as, indeed, he had often done before), and being heavily drunk had suffocated in his sleep. His body bore no trace of a wound.

The Huns were dumbfounded. They cut off their hair and slashed their faces with their swords so that (in the words of the historian, Priscus) "the greatest of all warriors should be mourned with no feminine lamentations and with no tears, but with the blood of men."

Attila's body was laid in a silken tent pitched on the plains over which he so often led his men to war. Horsemen chosen for their exceptional skill from the whole nation galloped wildly around him, so as to (in the words of another historian) "gladden the heart of the dead chieftain." A war song was sung over the body.

In the meantime, his barrow had been heaped up, and, when the lamentations were over, the Huns celebrated his burial with wild revelry, mixing their grief with joy in a manner that amazed the Gothic monk whose chronicle has come down to us. When night fell the body was removed from the tent and laid in the barrow. They covered it first with gold and silver, then with iron. The precious metals indicated that he had received the tribute of both Roman empires, the iron that he had conquered all the nations. The arms which he had stripped from his enemies, along with gems and other treasures, were placed in the barrow. Those who laid him to rest were slain over his body and rested beside him.

On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

I DO BELIEVE WE HAVE a new Andy Griffith in the making in the person of James Sechrest of Thomasville. He played the role of Jimmy, the younger brother, in the Carolina Playmakers' production of "The Rainmaker," which closed Sunday evening after a five-day run. In voice, gestures and stage presence, he seemed a young carbon copy of the former Carolina student who is now appearing in the title role of one of the most successful comedies to hit Broadway in many years. I don't mean to say that Sechrest was imitating Andy; he wasn't. He just happens to have the same qualities that have made Andy a hit as a comedy star.

"The Rainmaker" was well done. The members of its cast, led by Jim Heldman and Louise Fletcher, were, almost without exception, perfectly suited to their roles. The two leads presented smooth, effortless, polished performances which completely won over the audience.

.....

i
have a feeling
e. e. cummings

doesn't
encores. like

or else, why would he have
pulled our leg
by reading (

with
a poker face
)
a poem.
in a language which
no one could understand

.....

SERGEANT C. E. KING of the local police department has a just complaint against the excitable Chapel Hillians who jammed the police telephone and hampered official business with hundreds of unnecessary calls last week to ask when the power would be restored. The callers should have realized that every effort was being made to remedy the situation as soon as possible. As Sergeant King put it, "I wish we could teach people to be calm when something like this happens."

There is another side to the picture, however, which Chief W. T. Sloan pointed out. At the scene of the automobile accident which caused the loss of lights in the village, calm and level-headed citizens gave invaluable help to the police department and the public in general by taking charge of the situation and helping to direct traffic at the scene of downed poles and dangerous live wires. As the Chief put it, "If it had not been for those boys, someone might have been killed."

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Give Daylight Saving Time back to the television stations. I now have to stay up too late to catch my favorite programs.

And give a hand for good advertising to the Church of the Holy Family. They dubbed the "white elephant" section of their bazaar "Attic Treasures."

Small towns are all alike. Down in Jacksonville last week the merchants were talking just as they do in Chapel Hill. They couldn't exactly agree on Christmas decorations, nor on the time they should be put up; larger merchants felt smaller ones were not footing their share of the cost; businessmen in one sector of town felt those in another were uncooperative; they have a coffee club every morning where they cuss or joke one another; and they eventually get together on their town-wide projects and do things up nicely.

.....

Jacksonville has just opened a beautiful country club and nine-hole golf course.

Incidentally, the course was designed and built by George Cobb, now of Chapel Hill. It's a beauty.

Further evidence all small towns are alike: The folks who pooled their funds to build the club have run out of money, too. But they'll make it.

Just purchased a couple of suits from Bob and Monk, and am worrying about how I'm going to pay them. Think I'll tell them to come get 'em and put 'em in stock; then when they have to mark the prices down because nobody'll buy 'em, I'll take 'em off their hands.

.....

And all the while I thought I was a farmer! At heart, at least. But not until the other afternoon had I ever heard the poem about planting four grains of corn to a hill:

"One for the blackbird,
One for the crow,
One for the cutworm,
And one to grow."

The Real Cruelty

(Wall Street Journal)

The new housing credit regulations, as might have been expected, brought some pretty anguished cries from segments of the home building industry. . . .

Well, it is certainly worth a look at any Government regulations for which such anguished cries are claimed. And it is at once plain that they do make housing credit not quite so easy as before.

Under the old regulations, to make a comparison, a young veteran who wants to buy a \$10,500 house will without putting up a penny. In return for which he mortgaged himself for up to thirty years and assumed

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