

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

126 E. Rosemary Telephone 9-1271 or 8461

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LOUIS GRAVES	Contributing Editor
JOE JONES	Managing Editor
BILLY ARTHUR	Associate Editor
CHUCK HAUSER	Associate Editor
ORVILLE CAMPBELL	General Manager
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The President Could Be Relieved of Unimportant Chores That Mount Up To a Great Weight of Fatigue

The Republican politicians are evidently much more hopeful of President Eisenhower's consenting to run for reelection than they were a little while ago. He hasn't said he would, but—and they take great cheer from this—he hasn't said he wouldn't. The newspapers reported that Leonard Hall, chairman of the Republican National Committee, after visiting the President the other day, "emerged bubbling." He told the reporters: "I am happy to say that all the reports about his condition have been confirmed. He looks a million per cent. I have never seen him look better."

James Reston, the exceptionally well-informed and judicious political analyst for the New York Times, comments on the Hall statement: "This is in keeping with the main political objectives of some of the President's principal advisers: to maintain freedom of action on the 1956 Presidential nomination, to convince the President that he can win the Presidency again without undue physical strain, and to persuade him that he can run it for five more years on a much easier administrative and ceremonial routine."

"For a 66-year-old man who had a heart attack ten weeks ago he is remarkably active. There is a thinness at the neck, and there is no serenity in the eyes, but he is agile, and his voice is brisk."

"Consequently, the impression carries through into the pictures that he is as good as new, and this image is carefully nurtured by his associates who proclaim, as the Assistant to the President, Sherman Adams, proclaimed Thursday night, that his recovery so far is 'complete.'

"This has certain important advantages. It lifts the President psychologically, an important point in itself. It reassures the American people that the man they love and respect is back in control of the Government. It consoles the allies that, in the event of an emergency, his wisdom and moderation would be decisive, but it does not justify the mounting conclusion that he will run again."

"The real imponderable in the situation is that nobody can know, now or in January when he gets his 'final' check-up, or in the spring when he must finally decide whether to run again, what the world events of the next five years are going to be and therefore what the pressures will be on the American President during that period."

In what way, and how much, can the strain upon the President be diminished? To what extent can he be freed of office routine and engagements which are, both, of trivial character but which, in their whole volume, may add up to just as severe tax upon his strength as do his really important duties?

Pertinent here is a paragraph from the statement that the President's heart specialist, Dr. Paul D. White, wrote for the Associated Press a few weeks ago:

"Of course the major strains of the principal national and international decisions must doubtless remain, but many of the chores, such as the signing of documents, speech-making, excessive press conferences under the glare and heat of the television lamps, and handshaking, traditional and popular as much of this may be, could, it seems to me, be wisely delegated to various other government officials. There must be some way in which such a revision of the President's job could be effected." Everybody who has ever thought

about the matter at all must have been impressed by the tremendous demands, of the kind Dr. White spoke of, upon the President's time. He probably likes some of the unnecessary contacts but he would probably be glad to avoid the vast majority of them if he could do so without giving offense to friends, political associates, various groups of citizens, and miscellaneous callers.

Because of President Eisenhower's having suffered a serious illness, and because the whole country knows that its not recurring depends upon his having as much rest and relaxation as possible, he is in the position of being able to escape a large proportion of unimportant but exhausting contacts which have hitherto been regarded as a necessary part of the President's life. Most of the demands upon him for his presence at ceremonial gatherings, and for handshaking receptions, spring from vanity and curiosity—small-minded people's eagerness to acquire importance by association and the idiotic craving to meet a celebrity. Under the present circumstances maybe this vanity and curiosity can be, as the military men might phrase it, de-activated.

Since I started writing this piece I have seen a dispatch from Washington which says:

"The Justice Department has drafted proposals, including some suggested new laws, to lighten the workload of President Eisenhower and future chief executives.

"The avalanche of tedious, time-consuming small chores handled by the President has been under review by legal experts for some time. But President Eisenhower's heart attack hastened the study.

"Several Congressmen are drafting bills to lighten the President's routine workload."

This is a splendid proposal and I hope it will be carried through into law.

Winston Churchill had a stroke a couple of years ago, recovered from it, came back to Parliament to speak with understanding and vigor, and at 81 he still has a keen, active mind. His stroke was probably a worse physical blow than President Eisenhower's heart attack.—L.G.

The Basic Cause of Accidents

"Vaughan's car failed to round a curve and went into a ditch."

This is a sentence from the report of a fatal accident near Durham last Sunday morning.

"Failed to round a curve," "left the road on a curve," "got out of control and left the road." Phrases like these, with the car the subject of the verb, as though the car were a conscious agent, are seen every day in newspaper reports of accidents. What it means is simply that the driver was going at dangerous speed. Of course he wasn't compelled to. He could have gone more slowly if he had so desired. But, when you view the whole frightful picture of automobile deaths and injuries, it is not so far wrong as you might suppose to hold the car responsible.

Every competent person and organization that has ever made a thorough investigation of automobile accidents has come to the conclusion that they are caused mainly by excessive speed. And excessive speed is the result of the high power of automobile engines.

If there had never been made a car capable of going over forty miles an hour, millions of people killed would be alive today, and more millions seriously injured would be whole and well. Would people in general be any less happy if such a speed limitation had prevailed? Would civilization be any less advanced than it is? Answer these questions for yourself.

While the world continues to wring its hands in despair over the killing and maiming, more and more power is put into automobile engines. All the persuasion for more careful driving, all the horrors laid before the eyes of newspaper readers by photographs and realistic descriptions, all the urging for better law enforcement—all these do little good. With the population including such a large element of inconsiderate, stupid, and reckless people, the free use of the modern automobile engine, with its tremendous power, cannot have any other result than a terrible toll of deaths and injuries on the streets and highways.—L.G.

Bacon and Eggs for Baby

(New York Herald Tribune)

If nine-week-old babies could read, they would undoubtedly be overjoyed at today's news, which is that infants of this age are now entitled to bacon and eggs. The bearer of these glad tidings is a Miami pediatrician reporting to the annual convention of the Southern Medical Association. After experimenting with 700 babies, the good doctor has arrived at the conclusion that babies are best off when they get solid foods almost from birth, begin to eat three meals a day at the age of ten weeks, and give up their midnight bottles early.

Since the problem of infant feeding has long been a profound concern of mankind, parents will turn with interest and hope to this latest discovery. The next things for the doctors to attack are certain other related problems, such as how to induce baby to eat his bacon and eggs instead of spreading them around his face or throwing them on the floor. Respect for breakfast comes to man relatively late in life; in his adolescent years he frequently prefers sleeping to eating, and many a youthful breakfast is never consumed before noon.

Babies, of course, are never so unpredictable as at meal time. The tastiest of dishes, even including a miniature serving of bacon and eggs, can produce no reaction other than a cold stare, while the strangest assortment of odds and ends will frequently be gobbled up without the slightest coaxing. One cannot help suspecting that the 700 babies involved in the doctor's experiments reacted in 700 different ways, and probably enjoyed the business no end. And as for the rule against

midnight feeding, there's no use in the scientists telling it to the parents. What is needed is for some one to tell it to the baby.

A Pernicious Practice

(Greensboro News)

Not in the memory of man, we are confident, has the Daily News spoken up for book-burning nor organized a hunt for a witch. This morning, however, we are powerfully moved in that direction.

It has come to our attention that the pernicious practice of putting sugar into North Carolina spoonbread is not only epidemic, but that it has official sanction in certain cookbooks now being circulated.

Obviously, this poisonous propaganda is being placed before a younger generation of cooks, earnest, willing, appreciative of proud traditions—but in their innocence ignorant of the unpardonable sin they are committing.

This may or may not be the work of the Sugar Lobby, but there must be no delay in uncovering the source. In addition to making about half our spoonbread output unfit to eat, the practice is fast putting weight on Tar Heel Womanhood, which is hardly in shape to stand it.

The culprits have not even the grace to conceal the practice. Only weeks ago a leading Raleigh restaurant blandly confessed to the debasement of an ancient and honorable recipe—and whispered that he had full authority, in a cookbook accredited to some Junior League or other.

No major candidate for governor or other high office should be allowed to overlook or straddle this issue.

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

said no they were going to see a spider web.

The class and its teacher left the school soon after 9 o'clock and they were lucky in that it was one of those damp mornings when the dew hung like strings of pearls on all the spider webs they saw on walls and bushes. For the children, already hopped-up with spider lore, it was a walk through an enchanted land to the Andrews home, where they found Dennis's web, also dew-laden, anchored on one side to the chimney and on the other to a wall of the house. The spinner had died or disappeared, but the web held a few insect husks and a nice plump egg sac.

The egg sac was taken back to the classroom and placed in a glass jar with holes

punched in the top so the little spiders could get air when they hatched.

Two or three days later a quiet period the class was having was broken by a shout from Gregg Edmister, whose desk was in the back of the room. "The baby spiders have hatched out," he exclaimed. "Here's one on Susan!" He had seen a little spider spinning out a thread of silk from the shoulder of Susan Patterson, seated just in front of him.

It was discovered that the spider eggs had indeed hatched and that the little spiders had emerged through the holes in the jar lid and were loose in the room. Most of them had spun strands of silk on the toy animals and other decor-

ative articles on the window sills.

In their study the children had learned that new spiders travel from their birthplace by spinning a tiny thread and floating away on it, and now they asked that the windows be opened to see if their little spiders would do this. It was a balmy day and permission was quickly granted, especially since Miss Barefoot is one of those rare adults who don't have to counterfeit the sense of wonder and excitement all children have. As with her pupils, it is a genuine part of her nature.

So the windows were opened and one by one the baby spiders detached themselves from the toy animals and floated away, out the windows and across the schoolyard, each on its tiny filament of silk, while the children and their teacher watched with shining eyes.

Place Names VaryBy C. A. Paul
In the Elkin Tribune

Faith and Devotion are pretty far apart in North Carolina.

Faith is a town in Rowan County while Devotion is in Surry. But if you're looking for Trust it's even farther away, in Madison County.

Place names in North Carolina vary widely. But as anyone with a smattering of knowledge of the state ought to know, names such as Faith, Devotion and Trust are found in the west. You have to go toward the east to find names like Merry Hill (Bertie County), Merry Oaks (Chatham) and Cognac (Richmond).

Joy and Worry are emotionally widely separated, but in Burke County it's just eight miles from one to the other.

You can find a Suit in Cherokee County. If you need Vests, same county. But Coats is 'way off, in Harnett. Tuxedo—that's in Henderson.

Cutthroat Ridge is in Wilkes, but not far away, in Ashe, is Civil Gap. And there's Welcome in Davidson.

Those who bestowed place names on North Carolina spots must have liked girls. There are Lola (Carteret), Inez (Warren), Mabel (Watauga), Maggie (Haywood), Mamie (Carrick), Olivia (Harnett), Ruth (Rutherford), Sophia (Randolph), Stella (Carteret) and Thelma (Halifax). Just for good measure there's Margarettville in Northhampton County and a Vixen in Yancy.

Ask for Joe. You'll find it in Madison County.

There's a Cranberry in Avery, Citron in Alleghany, Toast in Surry and Turkey in Sampson. To say nothing of Chinquapin (Duplin).

There are places to suit your moods, too. There's Harmony in Iredell, Relief in Mitchell and, for a Climax (Guilford) to complete the Cycle (Yadkin), there's a Sly in Ashe. If it's Speed you desire, it's in Edgecombe.

For Method, go to Wake, but for Candor, try Montgomery.

There's a Three Mile in Avery, but just what is three miles away isn't disclosed. It couldn't be Spot, for it's 'way down east in Currituck.

There's a Stem in Granville, but a search of the state fails to turn up a Stern.

Apparently there are three places in the state named for Daniel Boone, but none for Davy Crockett. There's a Boonville in Yadkin and a Boone in Watauga. But did you know there's a Boonford? It's in Mitchell.

There are several place names which include "bear." There's Bear Creek in Chatham and Bearwallow in Henderson. And someone must have treed a bear once upon a time in Rowan for there's a Bear Poplar. Similarly, there's a Bee Log in Yancey.

Folks down Pamlico County way must not have been very trusting in early days, for there's a Cash Corner there. The name of a place in Duplin causes one to wonder if some shipwrecked West Indians wandered inland. The town's Calypso.

If you want a Bath, go to Beaufort, of course.

If you're not superstitious there's Buggaboo in Wilkes. Also a Radical.

There's an Oval in Ashe, but apparently it's the only shape name in the state. Unless you want to count Horse Shoe (Henderson).

Comfort can be found in Jones.

Devil's Court House is in Transylvania. And in this be-

You Never KnowBy Jim Parker
In the Chatham News

My father-in-law, a retired minister who has been living in Montreat, is now in Florida where he has charge of a church which is looking around for a permanent pastor.

Last Sunday he preached a sermon on the material things of life, taking his text from a newspaper columnist's note about a rich man who purchased eight Cadillac automobiles for his children all at one time.

After the service a man came forward, obviously mad about something, and told my father-in-law that he was the man who had purchased the Cadillacs for his children and that he didn't think much of the sermon.

"Hereafter," he said, "I'll attend the Methodist Church."

My father-in-law did a little investigating and found, sure enough, that the man about whom he had been preaching was the man who had gotten mad about the sermon.

A young Smithfield matron wanted her new maid to be pleased with her job. "You'll have an easy time of it here," she said, "since we have no children to annoy you."

"Oh, I like children," said the maid. "Don't go restricting yourself on my account."—From the Smithfield Herald

"Each succeeding Monday morning finds me less anxious to get down to work."—E. A. Resch in the Chatham News.

hop age it's odd to find a "Cat's Square" in Lincoln County.

And to bring this piece to an end, there's Whynot in Randolph.

On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

MRS. NELL JUSTICE IS NOT a gambling woman at heart, but she doesn't mind placing a small wage on the outcome of an athletic contest from time to time. When she does this, she usually comes out the winner.

For instance, consider the bet I made with her on the Carolina-Duke football game. I had placed several other bets on the game, and collected them all (my winnings amounted to \$1.25 in cash, one steak dinner, and two beers). The reason I won these bets was not that I bet against Carolina—indeed, I did not. I took the points which the Duke supporters offered to show how convinced they were that the Tar Heels would be badly beaten. I got from 10 to 17 points in the various bets. As everyone knows, Carolina lost by only six points, and I won my bets.

However, Mrs. Justice is too shrewd a gambler to throw points around indiscriminately. She felt Duke was going to win, but she also had a feeling the game would be close. She would agree only to an even bet. I accepted her challenge for 50 cents, and of course I was the loser.

Mrs. Justice has lost one important wager this year, in spite of her usual success. She lost 50 cents to my father on the Army-Navy game. This was another even bet, with Mrs. Justice picking Navy to win.

I was in Philadelphia with my folks for the game, and before we returned to North Carolina my father mailed Mrs. Justice a bill for the 50 cents. He wrote it on the back of a fancy souvenir ticket stub from the Pennsylvania Railroad "special" on which we rode up to the game from Washington.

Mrs. J. got her revenge. She wrapped a 50-cent piece up in yards and yards of tissue paper, stuffed it into a shoe box, and mailed it to my father in Fayetteville—COD.

AS I GLANCED THROUGH the last issue of the Weekly, I came across something which made me think for a moment I had mistakenly picked up a copy of another newspaper. The something was an advertisement placed by the Carolina Sport Shop extolling the virtues of the "New Webcor Pixie Fonograf." Get that, will you: Fonograf. Not Phonograph, but Fonograf.

Now, the only other place in the world you would run across such a unique system of phonetic spelling is the Chicago Tribune, which blatantly and unashamedly calls itself the "World's Greatest Newspaper." Many years ago the late Col. Bertie McCormick, publisher of this journalistic Goliath, decided that the English language was a pretty silly business and why shouldn't we write the way we talk. He came up with his own spelling system, which is still in use on the Tribune.

Well, all I've got to say is, a system of phonetic—pardon me, fonetic—spelling may be all right in Chicago, but the nicest thing about Chicago is that it's so far from Chapel Hill. And besides, my old dictionary has got to last me another few years.

MAYBE IT'S ALL RIGHT, but I can't help wondering just whom the Chapel Hill Concert Series expects to sell tickets to by placing all its Bach Aria Group posters in back alleys.

LEFT OVER FROM THE LAST ISSUE: I have just discovered in my notes a reference to a place called the "Bayou" in Washington, D. C., and I figured that I had better mention it while I'm on this travel binge. It's on K Street in Georgetown, under the new Freeway, and offers Wild Bill Whelan and his Dixie Six hammering out Dixieland jazz at a breathtaking pace and an earsplitting volume for a half hour at a time on the quarter after the hour. If you like it, you'll really go nuts over this place. I didn't believe the nation's capital could do it.

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