

# The Chapel Hill Weekly

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LOUIS GRAVES ..... Contributing Editor  
JOE JONES ..... Managing Editor  
BILLY ARTHUR ..... Associate Editor  
CHUCK HAUSER ..... Associate Editor  
ORVILLE CAMPBELL ..... General Manager  
O. T. WATKINS ..... Advertising Director  
CHARLTON CAMPBELL ..... Mechanical Supt.

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## The Demand for Engineers

One of the most remarkable recent developments in the world of business and industry is the voracious demand for engineers. The familiar little "classified" advertisement is still used to proclaim the need for a laundress or a cook or a companion or secretary or a teacher, but in the quest for engineers the offers of employment have swelled into big displays, have overflowed the pages commonly devoted to help-wanted ads and have invaded the news and the editorial precincts.

In last Sunday's New York Times, besides eleven pages of offers to engineers in the part of the paper containing stock exchange tables, business opportunities, and banking and brokerage news, there was a 3-column-wide appeal from North American Aviation in the editorial section. The top-line salutation, in giant type, was to Guided Missile Engineers and Scientists, and down in the body of the ad was the block: "Immediate offerings for draftsman, aerodynamicists, air frame designers, reliability engineers, instrumentation engineers, stress and structure engineers, mechanical and electrical designers, and hydraulic, pneumatic, and servo engineers."

A conspicuous characteristic of the appeals for engineers is the bewildering—that is, bewildering to the vast majority of people—number and variety of specialties for which men and women embraces physicists and chemists, and many of these are women. Here are a few examples: inertial navigation, gyroscopics, digital computers, environmental research, servomechanisms, telemetry, analog computer design, development chemists for propellant formulation, rocket metal parts design, infra-red detection techniques, microwave tubes, electron tubes, and backward wave oscillators.

The Times published last Sunday a long article by Wayne Phillips, beginning on the front page, with the headline, "Engineer Is King as U. S. Industry Vies for Talent." He writes:

"A wild scramble unlike anything the country has ever seen before," he writes, "is on to attract and hold technical personnel. There are 5,000 organizations bidding for the services of engineer-scientists. They have 50,000 job openings, twice as many as the number of new graduates expected in June."

Mr. Phillips tells of how a new profession has been born, "the technical recruiter," and of how he tours the country, invading campuses in search of promising young men. The "pirating" of skilled men, effected by the raiding of the staffs of competitors, is charged against some recruiters.

"The reason for the present situation is deep-rooted," writes Mr. Phillips. "The United States has entered upon a new age—the age of technology. The military forages on the frontiers of science, and civilians live in a mechanical wonderland."

"To design and build hydrogen bombs and intercontinental ballistic missiles and earth satellites takes armies of engineers. And so, too, does the production of radar kitchens, television sets, computers and mechanical monsters to vend cigarettes."

"In 1900 United States industry employed one engineer for every 250 employees; in 1950, it was one for sixty. Then came the Korean war, and the demand for technical personnel started on an upward swing that has not yet been checked."

"The effort to attract the embryo engineer begins when he is in high school—through literature telling of the ad-

helping good students to enroll in good colleges.

"It continues throughout college in the form of scholarships, fellowships, research grants, summer employment and trips to plants 'to get acquainted.' One company went so far as to hire selected college seniors and let them continue in school full time until they had graduated."

"Faculty members receive 'retainships' to serve as corporation consultants. Summer work is provided for the college professor or the high school teacher."

Of course the extraordinary demand for engineers has led to a big rise in annual salaries. A concern called Engineering Societies Personnel Service, which cooperates with professional societies, reports that its average placement in 1953 was at \$5,600 a year, in 1954 at \$6,800, and in 1955, at \$7,500.—L.G.

## A Prediction: That Al Resch Will Quit Smoking and Won't Start Again

Al Resch, in the article reprinted on this page last Tuesday from his Chatham News, told of now, after 17 months of not smoking, he had slipped back into the habit. "Just before Christmas," he said, "I began to sneak a puff or two . . . I had no intention of smoking more than a wee bit. But I fooled myself. I began to smoke more than just occasionally. And here I am—again!"

In a detailed report on his experience of quitting and resuming the habit he says: "Cigarettes have already dulled my appetite for food. I don't believe I've really enjoyed a meal since I quit smoking. The morning hangover is with me again. When I get up in the morning my mouth feels as though I have been chewing absorbent cotton mixed with peanut butter . . . I don't like cigarettes a bit more than I did before I quit. They contribute nothing to my sense of well-being. My nerves. They are more badly jangled than ever they have been and I am possessed of a growing horror that I won't be able to quit after, once more, I make up my mind that I have made the bitterest sort of mistake in starting up again."

I am much more confident of Mr. Resch's strength of purpose than he is. Other men have quit smoking, taken it up again, and quit again and for good, and if other men have done it he can. Anybody who sees as clearly as he does the advantages of not smoking, and has the genuine desire that he has to recover these advantages, will have the necessary determination to win the fight. Of course he will have to do some suffering over again, but he is equal to that. I smoked and quit, and smoked and quit again. The last time I quit was in 1937 and I haven't smoked since. Nineteen years is long enough to make me believe I am now free from the slavery to cigarettes. I have only one piece of advice to give to Mr. Resch: Quit now—don't put it off.—L.G.

## The Highway Patrol (From the Chatham News)

People such as the members of the Highway Patrol have a thankless job. It continues to be a marvel to us that the state can attract men of such high caliber to such exacting jobs.

It is almost inconceivable for the laymen who seldom come into contact with patrol members that five of them, last year in Chatham County, drove 238,617 miles in performing their heavy responsibilities; to maintain safety, as best they can, on the county's highways.

Chatham County is mighty fortunate in the group of patrolmen that are stationed within its borders. Under the intelligent leadership of the personable Sergeant Victor Aldridge they maintain a performance record that must surely rank high in comparison with other counties in North Carolina.

These young men conduct themselves extremely well in the face of what amounts sometimes to an attitude of open hostility not only by people whom they arrest but from the general public. That they do so with calm demeanor is a tribute to their training and leadership.

All too many people fail to realize that these men have a job to do and that they cannot close their eyes to violations that endanger the lives of innocent people. It will be a fine day for highway safety when the public, at long last, realizes that the Highway Patrol must be given full public cooperation in order for it to function

## I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Note to the State Highway Maintenance Crew: Christopher and Old Mill Roads are good as a whole, but I'd rather use them as roads:

Today is our first under the spell of Bre'r Groundhog. At this writing, I don't know whether or not to call him a liar. But, it's mighty nice once each year to have a weather prognosticator on whom we can pin at least hopes for correct predictions.

Concerning our weather destinies, more dependence is placed upon the groundhog than any other animal. It's nice, too, that we optimists may resort to a brownish red four-legged creature to advise us if we may dust off our two-tone shoes or forget them for boots for another forty days.

We don't place our dependence on the groundhog merely because we might have experienced a back-to-nature movement. Rather, it's because the two-legged weatherman has been kidding us long enough. I'm not implying that he errs in his predictions too often. I'm complaining that, as a weather man, he should be able to command—as doth the groundhog apparently—rain or drouth, cold or warmth as we need it. What I want is a weatherman who can produce weather. It's no use paying people in Washington to guess.

If the groundhog says the weather will be bad, the weather will be bad. Maybe not always, but he's as correct as the weather man. (Please don't check me with old almanacs; let me ramble on.)

The groundhog flatly predicts the weather. But the weather man so tactfully words his forecasts that it can rain, be cloudy, or be fair; and the predictions can stand unchallenged. His forecasts always contain "probable" or "probable threatening" or "mostly fair" or something like that. But the varmint groundhog emerges from his hole of lethargy and proclaims "fair" or "foul" weather. That takes courage. He doesn't hide behind the English language.

If he's correct, we merely comment, "Well, ole groundhog surely hit the weather on the head." Then we go on about our business. If he errs, again we merely comment, "Well, ole groundhog missed it." And again we go on about our business as if nothing had happened. Right or wrong, he's soon forgotten.

But this weather man, now, I'm for keeping right in behind him. Because he doesn't feel just right before his early morning forecast, or because he has been out late the night before and feels as if the world has fallen in upon him—well, that's no reason he should tell us a lot of things probable and improbable, sending us out on a picnic to get drenched.

Andy Gutierrez's name was omitted from the list of directors in a recent report of the Chapel Hill Athletic Club, and President Carrington Smith has been ribbing Andy about it.

Suffice it to say that Carrington can abuse Andy's movie offerings all he wants to, but he can't wrong Andy personally. The Weekly will protect him and confess to an inadvertent omission of his name as an Athletic Club director.

## Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

uses for outdoor gatherings on the campus, and a few of these can be placed so that they will have their backs to the wall of the Inn and will face the path and the courtyard.

With the coming of hot weather, when the Inn's bedroom windows will be open and the sitters might disturb roomers with their conversation, the benches can be taken away and returned to the campus.

In this column, recently I wrote of my having a malady that I called covertitis, and I explained that this meant the covering of papers with other papers, memoranda, clippings, letters, manuscripts, solicitations, bills, circulars, everything so that they accumulated in piles and overflowed from the desk and the table in my workroom to chairs, and then overflowed to other rooms. As to this latter overflow I said that it was a mighty good thing for me that the person I lived with was indulgent about it.

The piece I wrote has brought me the following letter from H. E. C. Bryant (famous in newspaper circles as "Red Buck" Bryant), who was for many years Washington correspondent for the New York World and is now, at the age of 83, living near his birthplace in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina:

"I have known several very painstaking desk men in newspaper work. A clean sanetum was a rare thing in my early days as a reporter. But two of the most capable editors I ever knew had no litter around them."

"Mr. Joseph P. Caldwell, of the Charlotte Observer of fifty-odd years ago, was meticulous. He knew where everything he needed was to be had. His desk equipment was always neatly arranged. He was a careful reader of exchanges, especially those published in the North Carolina and joining states. He kept scissors handy to 'chop out' news of local interest or items he wished to use for editorial comment. He said 'chop' instead

I never served a slipshod editor. But, in going about the state before I went to Washington, I often saw desks in newspaper offices piled high with rubbish. In time I discovered that, to be effective as an editorial writer, one had to be able to lay his hands on important information not only of that day but back through the months or years.

"Dangerous disputants were those who never threw away a worthwhile statement of a competitor. I have known editors to paralyze a forgetful opponent with one of his own assertions, long forgotten. In a heated letter a Bryanite roasted Mr. Caldwell for deserting Bryan. Ten years later that man became a Republican. Mr. Caldwell dug up his letter and printed part of it with the comment: 'The extremist jumps the fence first!'"

## Memory of Bambaw

By C. A. Paul  
In the Elkin Tribune

Sudden memory: Bambaw, greater grand mother, from whom I inherit many of my traits. I called her Bambaw when I was a crawling infant because I could not speak plainly and I continued to call her that until her death. Perhaps I suppose, because when other members of the family spoke of her to me they called her that too. I can see her now seated in her favorite rocker by her favorite sitting room window. She was small and her black eyes almost created the illusion of snapping about. The French blood in her was strong. She merely shrugged her shoulders in answer to many questions. Although she insisted on sleeping on two feather beds she always kept her feet stuck out from under the covers. Summer and Winter.

Bambaw was from Virginia. Once, when Grandma bought two or three bushels of peaches she called on all the household to help peel them preparatory to canning them. Bambaw said: "I was brought up in Virginia, where only servants peel peaches." But she got a paring knife and pitched in and did her share. Bambaw could shoot a rifle and was quite a marksman. So was her daughter, my great-aunt Lou, who took up the pistol and maintained a range in her back yard in Hartford, Ky., until her death, which didn't occur until she was well in her eighties. Bambaw wore prim frocks and black silk aprons. She would reach under her apron into a pocket of her dress and bring forth a coin purse. Many a coin did I get from that purse.

Bambaw never did get used to the newfangled telephone my grandfather had installed. She said folks talked too much already without having instruments to help them. She never said so, but I suspect she believed a shrug of the shoulders or upturned palms or perhaps a lifted eyebrow might well replace at least half of all spoken words. When I was five Bambaw gave me a china dog some six inches high. I have it now. Some years ago when I visited Grandma she asked if I would like to take it with me. She explained with considerable trepidation that she had broken it into several pieces. But she glued it back together so cleverly no one would ever notice that it once was broken. I was looking at the dog the other day and I could see Bambaw. She was reaching for her purse, to get a coin for me. And I sometimes think of her as I go to bed, for I too sleep with my feet out from under the covers and always have. And I often shrug my shoulders. And sometimes I cough. But there's no horehound candy. Only some messy stuff prescribed by a physician. It has codeine and cherry syrup and maybe a dash of penicillin in it. But it's not nearly as good, nor so effective, as a stick of Bambaw's horehound candy.

Two men from up the creek boarded one of the new double-deck Greyhound busses. As they sat near the door, the more adventurous of the two spied the stairway.

"I believe I'll climb up and see what's on top."

In a moment he came hurrying back, plopped down by his partner and said breathlessly:

"Stay where you are! There's no driver up there."—The Dallas News.

"Mrs. Lois Roberts was taken to a doctor twice within the past two weeks but is getting along all right."—North Wilkesboro Journal.

"In all of my long career,

## On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

"FOR A FELLOW WHO'S been around Chapel Hill as long as you have," said Spike Saunders, "we have an appropriate job."

I was puzzled. "A job?" I said. "I already have a job."

"This is something extra," he explained. "Eleanor will tell you all about it."

The above conversation took place outside the Roy Armstrongs' home where we were headed for a get-together following Eleanor's wedding rehearsal, Eleanor being the former Miss Saunders and the present Mrs. William Tazewell Morris.

Inside, I got the word. "It's all very simple," said Eleanor. "Ever since I went to a friend's wedding where they tolled the church bell after the ceremony, I've wanted to have bells rung at my wedding."

"All right," I said. "That's very interesting. But where do I fit in?"

Eleanor's mother chimed into the conversation at this point. "You've heard of Cornelia Phillips Spencer, haven't you? The Woman Who Rang the Bell?"

I admitted I had.

"Well," said Mrs. Saunders with a dramatic flourish, "YOU are going to be the MAN Who Rang the Bell!"

Now the Presbyterian Church, where the wedding was to be held, has a horseshoe balcony. At the closed end of the horseshoe, which is directly over the front entrance to the church, is the bell rope. When you stand beside the bell rope, your view of the lower floor is limited almost entirely to the chancel. This is where our problem came in, because I was supposed to start ringing the bell at the moment the newlyweds reached the vestibule on their way to the front door, and I would be unable to see them once they began their walk up the aisle.

"We'll have to arrange a signal," said Eleanor. "We'll have one of the bridesmaids give you a signal."

Jane Edwards was quickly selected as the signaling bridesmaid, but no one could suggest a proper signal. A hand wave would be out of place, as would any number of other questionable actions which occurred to us. A wink? Too hard to see at that distance, and anyway, who can tell a wink from an involuntary blink?

We finally decided that Jane should put her hand on the back of her head, as if she were smoothing her hair down. That would be a fairly unobtrusive movement, and everybody would probably be watching the bride and groom anyway.

You would think that ringing a bell would be a fairly simple matter, but I have rung bells before and I know that bells can be temperamental. I felt very badly about the fact that I was not informed of my bell-ringing assignment prior to the rehearsal, so I, too, could have practiced up a bit. But I had to do the job cold turkey.

The first floor of the church was filling up rapidly when I got there about 10 minutes before the ceremony on Saturday afternoon. I made a quiet end-around play and slipped up the stairs to the balcony. No one was there. I took a seat in the front row, on the aisle, and relaxed.

Then the overflow crowd began being directed up the stairs. My privacy was gone. A gentleman with a large family walked down to the front row where I was sitting. "Excuse me," he said, and I, instead of just standing up in place to let them by, stepped out into the aisle so they could move in without trouble. They moved in, all right, and after they were all in place I didn't have a seat left.

There were several vacant seats in the front row on the left hand side of the aisle, however, so I switched over there. In a few minutes, up came two young girls

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Do you "bring home the bacon" in the form of a regular pay envelope or check? Make sure that you keep a healthy slice of it for the future benefit of your family and yourself. Best "home" for the part of your "bacon" that you aim to hold onto is in your savings account, where compounded 3½% interest can add steadily to its size. Decide how much you can reasonably expect to save each week. Then faithfully deposit that amount in your account, first thing every pay-day!

**ORANGE COUNTY**  
**BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION**  
West Franklin St. Tel. 9-8761