

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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A Town on the March

We were talking to a person recently who was on his first visit to Chapel Hill in ten years. He remarked that he had spent the afternoon driving around the community, and that he was convinced that no town of comparable size in North Carolina had grown so rapidly in the last ten years.

Last week University Chancellor Robert House told the Chapel Hill Kiwanis Club that the University's present enrollment of approximately seven thousand would increase to between ten and fifteen thousand during the next ten years. This increased enrollment means an increased faculty and increased maintenance personnel.

There's an old saying that everyone has to learn while growing up. Chapel Hill has learned a lot over the past ten years, and it will be able to put this knowledge to good use in the future. There have been some mistakes, but, for the most part, Chapel Hill has done a good job of growing.

Working Together

A small boy was trying very hard to lift a heavy stone. His father, happening by and noting the son's failure, said to him, "Are you using all your strength?"

"Yes, I am," the boy impatiently exclaimed. "No," the father replied, "you are not. You haven't asked me to help."

Working together is an essential part of any community. Both the townspeople and the University benefit when they are working for the same program.

It is also well to remember that regardless of who you are, how smart you are, or how much money you have, there is little you can accomplish by yourself.

Wanted: A New Kind of Graduate

Business and industry have been telling us, in recent years, that mere technical knowledge is not enough—that the kind of college graduates they are looking for must have a "broad view" and a "good general grasp of things."

They keep telling us this, but their employment ads do not. I have been looking through the financial section of The New York Sunday Times, and I find pages of display ads desperately

calling for engineers and technicians, and offering the most seductive terms of employment.

I have yet to see, however, a quarter-page Help Wanted ad by an aircraft or electrical or chemical corporation which runs something like this:

"WANTED: A college graduate who knows how to read with understanding, write with clarity, speak with precision, and listen with comprehension.

"The young man we are looking for should not be a narrow specialist in some technical aspect of science or industry, but should have a sense of history and a working knowledge of the needs of modern society.

"We prefer someone with a background, and interest, in psychology, for dealing with people is more important than dealing with things.

"Our biggest problem is finding a young executive whose horizon is wide enough to encompass all the aims of our company—and to help our company find its most effective place in the community and in the nation.

"In short, what we are looking for is a man who has been trained to think in a wide frame of reference, who can communicate with different kinds of people, and who can create an over-all pattern for future progress.

"We invite all graduates of liberal arts colleges to consider the attractive terms of employment, and the unlimited future, offered by our company."

I suggest that this kind of ad, prominently placed in the business pages of the daily newspapers, would not only unearth hundreds of young men whose capabilities are badly needed by modern industry, but would also give heart to thousands of other college students who are studying the liberal arts in the wistful hope that the future does not belong entirely to the technicians.

Our Founding Fathers were, for the most part, highly educated men, proud of their broad grasp of affairs; and the greatness they conceived will not, in the long run, rest on our industrial power or our scientific ingenuity, but only upon the quality of our social, our moral, and our psychological thinking.

Why a Turtle Has Ugly Thoughts

(The New York Herald Tribune)

Turtles think turtle thoughts, a philosopher once said. As summer dwindles, ponds shrink and streams grow sluggish, a turtle comes out on a log and thinks slow, snappish thoughts.

Agassiz, who never said a turtle wouldn't sun himself on a log, did comment on the great age a turtle can attain. A snapping turtle can be around a lot of summers and get dates and initials carved on his shell by more than one generation.

Experts say a snapping turtle is too dangerous to be considered as a pet. Anybody looking a turtle in the eye will understand that he doesn't want to be petted. The best way to pet a turtle is to keep him in a screened barrel in a pond, feed him well and fatten him up for the soup kettle.

If a snapping turtle is an ugly customer and indulges in ugly thoughts, perhaps it is because he is annoyed at always having to carry his house around with him. This helps in a housing shortage, but when a turtle walks it is as if he were sticking his arms and legs out of the windows.

When Haste Is Dangerous

(Richmond County Journal)

A Monroe newspaper has made a good case of the fact that at no time does the adage, "Haste makes waste" apply more than when an auto driver is trying to rush someone to the hospital.

According to the newspaper, the same week Rockingham experienced a fatal accident at a stoplight when a man rushing a boy to the hospital hit a truck under the stoplight, in Monroe a woman rushing a boy to the hospital hit another car under a stoplight. Fortunately in the Monroe accident no one was killed, but several were injured and the girl being rushed to the hospital received additional injuries.

No doubt it is difficult for people

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

ed in the lake. As soon as it hit the water a big bass struck it and got himself hooked and was reeled in. He weighed seven and a half pounds."

Walking at least twice a day between the Weekly office and my living quarters around the block I regularly pass the intersection of East Rosemary and Henderson Streets. A big sign warns drivers coming down Henderson Street from the Post Office to stop before they enter or cross Rosemary Street. Every once in a while I see somebody disregard the warning and drive right on out into Rosemary Street without even slowing up.

There have been plenty of close calls, though, and they always scare me to death. One took place the other day when a woman with a car full of small children came down Henderson Street and entered the intersection without any slackening of speed and without looking, while other cars were approaching the intersection from both directions on Rosemary Street. My heart jumped into my throat when I saw she wasn't going to stop. I expected a terrible accident. But the other two drivers prevented it

by slamming on their brakes and screaming to a crawl, barely in time for the woman with the children to slip between them and pass on down Henderson Street unscathed and apparently unconcerned.

In a recent Chaff column about my mother I said I believed her happiest memories are of the year or so she spent here at the Carolina Inn. Emending this statement in a letter to me, she says: "I am sure you do not want to give the impression that my stay at the Inn was happier than my home life. I was very happy at the Inn, more so than at any place since my home was broken up after your father died and all the children were scattered. It was a hard blow to break up my home, where I spent the happiest days of my life."

Snare and Delusion

Al Resch in Chatham News

I'm getting a mite fed up with those who contend that hard work is the one sure way to happiness. As far as I'm concerned the contention is a snare and a delusion. I believe that work is the worst possible way to make a living and that most of us work because we have to in order to keep body and soul together.

Pocket-Size Magazines

By Harry Golden

When the Carolina Israelite is late, it naturally distresses me to receive so many communications asking, "Where is it?" Folks should understand that this is not one of those great monthly pocket-size magazines. These million-dollar publications are paste-up jobs which I could do on a half-pint of whiskey with one hand tied behind my back.

North Carolinians consumed 1.25 pounds of cottage cheese per person in 1955.

rushing to the hospital to realize, but the fact is that the person they are carrying is in much more danger if normal traffic rules are not followed, than with the injury or illness necessitating hospitalization.

We hope none of our readers ever have the occasion to rush someone to the hospital. If it does arise, however, we hope they will keep in mind that they do not have the warning devices or experience of emergency drivers and the risks of breaking traffic laws are far greater than those of not getting their passengers to the hospital in time.

The Fate of the Schools

(From the Chatham News)

Debate is not ended over the future of North Carolina's public school program merely because the special session of the General Assembly has adjourned following the passage of the Pearsall plan last week.

Prior to last week's legislative session the people, generally, were silent. They figured that the legislature would take care of the situation. Few took the time to study the proposals contained in the Pearsall plan. The special sessions served to arouse their interest. Now they can be expected to ask questions, express opinions and do a heap of soul-searching.

On September 8 they will decide whether they want to authorize the General Assembly to provide education expense grants for private education. They will also decide whether they want the clos-

ing of any school decided by the people on the local level. There have been conflicting expressions on the provisions contained in the amendment. Opponents of the Pearsall plan have already become vocative in their contention that it opens the door to mass integration in the schools. Others are saying that it will do away with the public school system.

It is incumbent upon us all to weigh carefully every statement that is made about the impending election. It is not too much to assume that there will be statements made that are not based on fact.

The people will render a wise decision only if they take the trouble to search out every bit of information that will be made available to them; and if they consider that what has been done sets up the machinery whereby the people alone will control the future of North Carolina's public schools.

Someone has well said, "Success is a journey, not a destination." Happiness is to be found along the way, not at the end of the road, for then the journey is over and it is too late. Today, this hour, this minute is the day, the hour, the minute for each of us to sense the fact that life is good, with all its trials and troubles, and perhaps more interesting because of them.—Robert D. Updegraff.

A society in which each is willing to surrender only that for which he can see a personal equivalent, is not a society at all; it is a group already in process of dissolution.—Judge Learned Hand.

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Our two energy-packed youngsters have suddenly taken an interest in fire trucks. And the other morning they established a fire station beneath the dining room table. At the slightest pretext they roared from beneath, pushing chairs before them, to put out their pretended conflagrations.

"Daddy," asked Annis Lillian, "you got a fire?" "Not yet," I replied. "Well, when you do have a fire," she asked, "will you please call me and Bubba?"

Some of the businessmen are often heard remarking "when the students are out of town, we can find a parking place. What a relief that is!"

Remember when barber shops used to offer bathing facilities? I got to wondering the other morning whether or not any now had showers for folks who wanted to perform their ablutions.

Bud said baths were discontinued in Chapel Hill barber shops about 25 years ago. Why? More bathrooms. More were being put in dormitories, and hot water was fast becoming commonplace in the homes rather than a Saturday night luxury.

Bud recalled that in the days beyond that he and Moody Durham used to go down to the power plant to get their baths. There was a shower there. "And we'd go down about midnight," he said, "and then go on home. I remember yet how we could hear the whistle of the 2 o'clock train going from Durham to Greensboro when the wind was in the northeast."

However, in Jacksonville where I lived from 1940 to 1954, showers are still offered in one or two shops. I remember in the earlier days of the building boom down there, laborers in the rooming house where I was staying had used up all the hot water. So I went down town.

Just at the moment when I had completely lathered myself all over, the water went off. The wheels of a big heavily loaded motor express truck going down the alley behind the shop had sunk in the ground and broken the water main.

The cost of living is improving. A man earning \$100 a week can now live on \$125.

When better motor vehicle laws are made, motorists will break them.

There's a time for everything, but not everyone recognizes its arrival.

Some people have a knack of making big things seem small; others, small things seem big.

It's much easier to love your enemy after you beat him.

Regardless of how old a woman may be, she never thinks you think she looks it.

Bud Perry says his partner Y. Z. Cannon so loves President Eisenhower that he just had to have a heart attack to be like his idol.

AT THE CROSSROADS!



HOME OF CHOICE CHARCOAL BROILED HICKORY SMOKED STEAKS—FLAMING SHISKEBAB—BUFFET EVERY SUNDAY