

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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These Amendments Should Pass

In addition to the amendments relating to the schools, North Carolina voters on September 8 will ballot on three other amendments that are very important.

These three propose a 30-day period extension and subsistence and travel allowances for members of the General Assembly, a change in the Assembly's convening date, and the grant of power of attorney to married women.

Basically, the first does this: Provides that legislators will receive \$15 per day for 120 days of the session instead of only 90 days (The per diem rate is unchanged) and then adds: "The members and presiding officers shall also receive while engaged in legislative duties, such subsistence and travel allowance as shall be established by law, provided, such allowances shall not exceed those established for members of State boards and commissioners generally."

The present maximum subsistence allowance for board and commission members is \$8 a day inside the state, and travel allowance is seven cents per mile if the official uses his own car, or actual cost of tickets on public transportation.

Since it is unlikely that any regular session of the Assembly, because of the increasing scope of state business, in the near future, will run for less than 120 days, the effect of the amendment will be to raise legislators' individual pay from about \$1,350 to about \$1,800. The \$8 per diem subsistence allowance for the duration of the session will add, it is estimated, from about \$1,000 to about \$1,500 to the receipts of each member, causing him to draw approximately \$3,000 per session.

Although it is more than double the present rate, legislators in the past have had to dig into their own pockets to pay for the privilege of serving the state and its peoples. It is not only unsatisfactory but also unwarranted.

Having served two sessions in the House as a legislator, I know to what expense a legislator is put. A net loss, it figures. When I was in the 1943 and 1945 sessions, we were paid only \$600, regardless of the length of the session. That meant \$10 a day for only 60 days. Hotel bills were \$150 per month (the Raleigh hotels will not rent a room now on a monthly basis) or \$5 per day. Meals then averaged (if one was a light eater or on a diet) \$1 each or \$3 per day. Out of the remaining \$2 the legislator had to pay his travel on weekends, numerous incidental necessities attendant to living away from home, telephone bills, and meals for his constituents when they came to Raleigh.

In addition, he is, of course, expected to maintain his residence at home. Coupled with that is his personal loss of business and return at home while being in Raleigh attending to the state's business.

Although the pay period of the legislators was subsequently extended to 90 days, and then to \$15 per day for not exceeding 90 days, rising costs of living and inflation sopped up the extra allowances, such as they were.

I maintain that even if the amendment is ratified the legislators will receive very little compensation for their time and services to the state, and I'm not accounting for their loss of time and business in their normal gainful pursuits at home. They will not have to pay for the privilege of serving their state, but they will continue to be giving their time largely free. Not all of the legislators can afford that. Certainly not members of the assembly who are salesmen, teachers, farmers, business men, doctors. The same applies to lawyers, some of whom look upon service in the legislature as

a step to prominence in official life, practice before the state commissions and boards, and greater recognition at home or in the state. But a man running a retail business, farming or selling, specially fertilizer and seasonal goods, cannot mentally reconcile his bank account in that manner. Admittedly, all of them are willing to give the time and energy required in the same spirit they work for the church and community at home. But at home they don't have to maintain two residences, foot two living costs, and miss a week at their personal gainful business. Even the lawyers lose a great deal of their established practice at home while in Raleigh.

I do not favor making the assembly position a profitable plum to be plucked, sucked, and eaten. But I do maintain that the state's business, as big as it is today and as great as it will become, should be transacted by men who would not be handicapped financially by living in Raleigh—whether they be farmers, doctors, lawyers, salesmen, or what. In fact, the pay should be such that they will be attracted. That would give the assembly a greater cross-section of state life than it has been.

As to the convening date of the Assembly, it has been in January and is now proposed for February.

A sensible proposal because much time is lost, specially by the important finance committee, in the early days while awaiting reports on income tax yields. Now, that the time for filing returns has been moved back from March 15 to April 15, unless the Assembly convenes a month later more valuable time will be lost awaiting estimates and figures from the Revenue Department. The appropriations committee—both the money bodies contain practically every member of the Assembly—has to wait for the estimates so that it can anticipate how much money is forthcoming to be appropriated.

Now for the third amendment, that giving powers of attorney to women. It is best detailed by a Raleigh correspondent for the N. C. Association of Afternoon Dailies, Lynn Nisbet, as follows:

"In old English common law, upon which most Federal and State laws are based, women were accorded small if any recognition in the economic scheme. Original Federal and State constitutions denied them the right to vote or hold office and statutes made the wife little more than a chattel of the husband. Questions have arisen in the courts as to whether a wife, even with power of attorney signed by her husband, could convey her own property without his specific written consent in each instance.

"The amendment proposed seeks to clarify this point. The language of the amendment is clear: 'Every married woman may exercise powers of attorney conferred upon her by her husband, including the power to execute and acknowledge deeds to property owned by her or by her and her husband or by her husband.'"

The attorney general has written that this "is a common business practice that is now allowed in every state in the union with one exception."

All three of these amendments should be adopted overwhelmingly.—B. A.

As to Pencils

(St. Louis Globe-Democrat)

Doubtless everybody knows that there is no lead in a pencil, and that rubber is not an eraser. The rubber is only a binder for the grit that obliterates the mistake but never conceals the fact that it was made. And the writing material, of course, is a combination of graphite and clay. But how many know that the right clay is to be obtained only in one mine in Germany? Luckily there was plenty in this country when war broke out, considering the rate at which the armed services began to use up pencils.

In spite of typewriters, fountain pens, dictating machines and ball-points—not to mention edicts against them by arbiters of etiquette—the use of pencils continues to increase. They come, of course, in every color of the rainbow, but most people seem to feel they are not much good unless they are yellow. Anyway, the manufacturers say that's why they make 75 per cent of their output in that color. Many people also feel that they should be of red cedar. Incense cedar is better, but many manufacturers dye it to keep customers happy.

I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Mark Burnham mails this contribution to us:
THE CAPITOL COLUMN
Some Boring News

This being an election year, your termitte Washington correspondent has a lot to report. I am writing as usual from my vantage point in Senator Doddery's porch column. He doesn't know it but his whole porch is going to collapse next year.

From what I hear of Senator Doddery's conferences I think it will be a good year for us termites. He keeps mentioning a lot of presidential timber getting close to the grass roots and that is just where we like to see it. Some of it is bound to get left lying by the wayside.

A word of warning to termites in North Dakota. Senator Doddery has said he is going to stump North Dakota and if that happens your wood butchers out there might be out of house and food supply at one lick. Don't see how one man could get the stumps out of a state all by himself, but then humans sometimes do queer things.

Our foreign correspondent finally made contact with a colony of termites that has been living above the metal termite shield in the Russian Embassy. He had a hard time getting there and an even tougher time getting back. When he did get back he wrote a book. It's called "Life Behind the Iron Curtain," and it is must reading for all termites, wood borers, and flying ants.

The DEPSL had its convention here last week. That is short for Daughters of the Battle of Peter Stuyvesant's Leg. They are very proud of their direct lineage to the original Dutch termite stock that deflected their right to the Dutchman's wooden leg in which they had travelled from the old country. They have greener blood than the usual termite. Highlight of the convention was their stand on the powderpost beetle problem and the need of increased vigilance in finding new projects before the beetles get them.

Our lobby here in Washington is trying to push a bill through Congress that would require southern farmers to use nothing but square fence posts. We all know how hard it is to get a square meal off those round posts.

I'll end my report on a happy note. Come November there will be at least two party platforms with a lot of planks that will be abandoned. Let's be ready to take them over. Also, remember there is nothing better than an old soapbox—unless it's an old chestnut.

The latest issue of the University Library Notes has a couple of good ones to pass along without comment:

The August heat reminds us that a visiting scholar who has endured many a summer in Chapel Hill once remarked concerning the Main Library-Reading Room, it's the only place I've seen hell on a high level."

And—
A lady from East Pepperell, Massachusetts, recently sent the library a list of plays that her drama reading group wanted to borrow from the Extension Department, but she asked that the books be examined for objectionable words before being sent. "The members of my club do not object to improper situations," she explained, "but we find improper words embarrassing to read aloud." The staff of the Extension Department thoroughly enjoyed the assignment, though they were somewhat discouraged by the realization that words that are improper in Boston may not raise an eyebrow in Chapel Hill.

Our Billy Jr. often addresses some words to an occasion as well as any adult I know.

For instance, when we fill his glass with milk or his bowl with cereal, he says it's a "whole bunch."

The other day he coined another unmatched metaphor after having gnawed at a chicken leg. Handing it to the Missus, he said, "Mother, this bone is empty."

It surely was, too.

Don't heckle political speakers. If you're willing to listen to one, you should be willing to take the punishment.

These days a man who hitches his wagon to a star evidently doesn't own a car.

All the good people don't die young. Some live to a ripe old age and die poor.

The pressing need is for more model drivers than new model cars.

A wife is a person who remodels your story as you tell it.

Daylight was invented so that dinner guests would know when to go home.

Some men are born good, some make good, and others are caught with the goods.

A fish never lies about the size of the man who caught him.

Many a modern novel is an instant success and the next instant forgotten.

Mighty Proud

(The Franklin Press)

Whatever honors have come to him—and they have been many—Judge George B. Patton has remained unspoiled; nobody who knows him can imagine George Patton ever "putting on airs."
That is one of many reasons why we feel sure we express the feeling of most Maconians when we offer congratulations on his appointment as attorney general of North Carolina, and add that we are "mighty proud" that the appointment has come to a native son of this county.
It is the highest state political office held by any Macon County man, so far as we can learn, since James L. Robinson was lieutenant governor, back in 1881-85. The appointment also is new proof that this southwestern end of the state, long forgotten (if, indeed they every heard of it) by Raleigh officials, is winning recognition. For Judge Patton will be the second Macon County man in a responsible state position; A. B. Slagle long has been a member of the State Board of

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

their queer rocking-horse gait. Beyond the plain is a naked mountain range.

Perhaps the scene was heavily contrived. Maybe the giraffe were tame ones or had been laboriously rounded up for that one shot. The boy may have been a lifelong shoe wearer from Brooklyn, New York, running across a desert near Palm Springs, California, against a spiced-in African background.

If so, the contriving was good enough to fool me to my complete satisfaction. It raised the goose bumps. I felt I was really seeing a part of Africa. Not just a physical part but something of its tragic history. The little Negro, a moving dot on the face of the land. Around him the tawny plain, the savage mountains, the splendid animals. His beautiful land that no longer belongs to him or his people. Running to get help for those who took it.

A letter from my sister-in-law who lives on a farm in the northern end of Virginia's Shenandoah Valley says:

"Several times this summer when we read in the Weekly of your need for gain Education.

This high honor to Mr. Patton reflects honor on his home county, so all of us can take pride in the Macon County character and talent that won it for him.

we wished we could have sent you some of ours. It has been most difficult to get the threshing done. The classic story of how wet it has been around here this summer is that a wild duck laid her eggs in a shock of barley at the Hardien place and the day the men went to put the barley on the wagon to haul it to the threshing machine she flew out in their faces and they saw that the eggs were just hatching. So they left the shock in the field."

Miss Isabel Winslette is that rare person who flies a great deal but doesn't like to fly. She often goes by plane when she takes a vacation in New York or some other distant part of the nation. Last month she flew to Europe and, with Paris as a base, made trips by air to various other cities in several European countries, including England. Then she flew back across the North Atlantic to America.

"I don't enjoy flying," she told a friend. "I do it only because it gets me there quickly. Vacations are short and there is no time to waste."

Miss Winslette said the ocean crossings were specially unenjoyable to her. "We were on a tourist class plane," she said, "and it seemed small and crowded. I just sat there in my seat all the way across because I felt I would upset things if I got up and moved

Letter to Editor

Sourwood Drive
Chapel Hill, N.C.

To the Editor:
I should like to express through your newspaper my deepest appreciation for the many kindnesses afforded to us by the townspeople of Chapel Hill. Although our fire was certainly no tragedy and of little moment to the community, it was of considerable import to my family.

Neighbors put out the fire and saw that we never lacked for food, clothing, shelter, or any of the comforts that kind and true hearts may offer.

To our neighbors, the tradespeople with whom we deal in Chapel Hill, my associates at work, and indeed, to many strangers, our heartfelt thanks for enriching our lives by your kindnesses which will leave with us a wealth of memory of far more value to us than anything we lost.

Gratefully,
John Clayton

Overheard last week in a doctor's office, a woman who had brought her elderly father for treatment saying to the doctor's receptionist as the other waiting patients gawked:

"I'll tell you one thing about my father. He's not afraid of pain. He was born and raised up there near the Great Dismal Swamp where the big bear and the rattlesnake came out and looked him in the eye when he was little."

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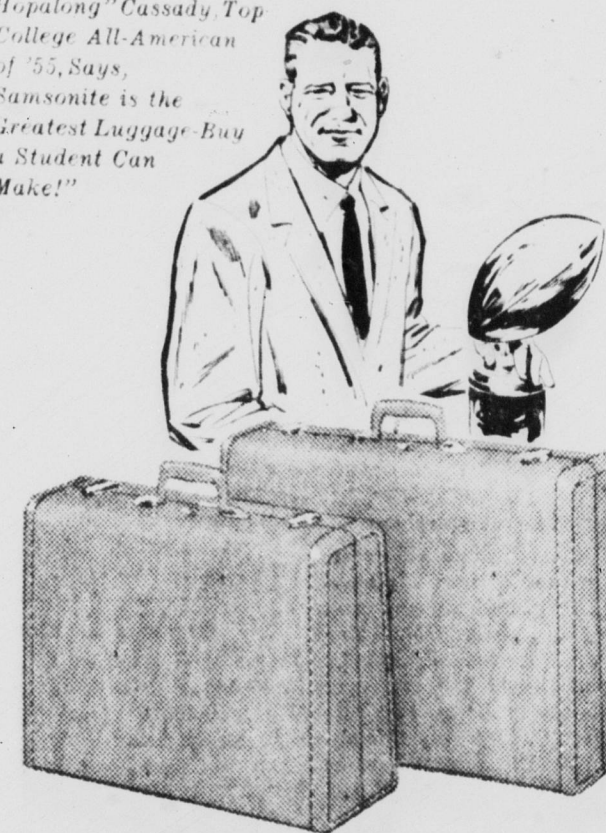


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