

# The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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Published Every Tuesday and Friday  
By The Chapel Hill Publishing Company, Inc.

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Entered as second-class matter February 28, 1923, at the postoffice at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, under the act of March 3, 1879.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

In Orange County, Year	\$4.00
(6 months \$2.25; 3 months, \$1.50)	
Outside of Orange County by Year:	
State of N. C., Va., and S. C.	4.50
Other States and Dist. of Columbia	5.00
Canada, Mexico, South America	7.00
Europe	7.50

### Eating and Devouring

When an animal eats a man we don't call it eating, we call it devouring and regard it as brutal and vicious. When a man eats an animal we call it eating and regard it as proper and decent and highly civilized. You could hardly expect the animals to agree with us about this. It is a pity we don't understand their language, for it would be interesting to eavesdrop on one of their gatherings and get their views on the difference between eating and devouring.

My thoughts are turned to this subject by an article entitled "Man-Eaters at Large" sent to the magazine, U. S. News and World Report, from the British protectorate of Uganda. It says:

"Man-eating lions are on the prowl, striking terror into native tribesmen here in the middle of Africa. For several months the killers have been operating. The people in Ankole province are living in a state of siege. A mother and her child were killed and eaten recently by a lion that broke into her thatch at night. Two man-eaters brought construction of the Kenya-Uganda railroad to a standstill for three weeks. The pair devoured 28 Indian laborers. The other laborers were so terrified that they refused to work until an iron fence was built to protect them. The government game department in Ankole has organized a special force to track down and shoot the man-eaters. The killers achieved so much notoriety that they became the subject of a debate in the British Parliament."

Normally lions will not attack human beings without provocation. They do so only if wounded or fearful for the safety of their cubs. The writer of the magazine article tells why man-eating has developed in Uganda: "Officials of the game department blame the crisis on a rise in illegal hunting of zebra and other plains game. Slaughter of these animals, by depriving the lions of their customary food, has caused them to hunt for human beings. Man-eaters, for the most part, are old animals, usually suffering from a hunter's wound, an injury from a fight with another animal, or a lameness caused by a stone or thorn embedded in a paw. Not able to run down the fleet zebras or antelopes, these lions acquire an appetite for slower prey—human beings."

Turning to the reverse side of the picture, the killing of animals by human beings:

Crusades for more humane treatment of animals have been going on a long time. I remember one of half a century ago led by the celebrated actress, Minnie Maddern Fiske, whose pity was stirred by the terrible thirst inflicted on cattle aboard cars bound for the Chicago, Kansas City, and Omaha slaughter pens. They had no water to drink for days at a time. Mrs. Fiske's determination and persistence brought about legislation compelling them to be watered in transit.

And in that same era, the early years of the century, there was Upton Sinclair's sensational exposure in the novel, "The Jungle," of the brutality at the Chicago stockyards. This book aroused great public indignation and led to investigations and improvements.

Older people among us remember the crusading that it took to save egrets from extermination. Hunters had been killing these birds with impunity in their nesting colonies to get their beautiful white plumage for sale for the decoration of women's hats. Repeated appeals persuaded a great number of women to quit buying egret plumes, and these appeals were supplemented by protective laws.

Recently I have been reading in the Christian Science Monitor, the New York Times, and the New York Herald

Tribune articles and letters-to-the-editor urging more humane methods of slaughtering food animals. The writers are appealing for voluntary improvement by the slaughterers and also for remedial legislation.

Improvement means as close an approach as possible to painless death. The suffering of human beings about to die can be allayed and often completely obliterated by drugs. For animals the best that can be done to make death painless is to make it sudden. Mechanical inventions have made this more practicable than it used to be, but some slaughterers have been slow about adopting these.

What impresses me as I read the current writings on this subject is that when all possible improvements in procedure are made, hundreds of thousands of cattle, sheep, and swine are still being done to death every day in the year by having their heads crushed and knives plunged into their necks and bodies.

This is simply because human beings want to eat the animals. Eat, mind you, not devour. Devour doesn't sound nice. It's only animals that devour. To feast on their prey animals, the coarse creatures, gather at a water hole or in a jungle thicket.

Human beings are much more refined. To eat their prey they sit around a table with shining linen and sparkling silver.

The killing at the slaughter-pens is done for no other reason than to satisfy human beings' appetite. Not need, appetite. Science has proved that meat-eating is not needed for health or vigor. And observation confirms this. Consider, for example, elephants and bears, upon which a vegetable diet has bestowed prodigious strength. And consider as a human example one of the healthiest men and one of the men most capable of long-sustained work that the world has ever known, who died at 93 after a life of non-meat-eating, the late George Bernard Shaw.

The eating of the flesh of lambs by Christian people is indeed ironical, for the lamb is the symbol of the Christian faith. "Lamb of God" is a hallowed phrase. Yet a gentle lady with only the purest of thoughts—and she is in churches all over the land on any Sunday morning—tilts her sweet face toward a stained-glass window, sings "O, Lamb of God, I Come," and then goes home to eat lamb chops at dinner. —L. G.

### Inverted Pots and Pans for Hats

(Washington Post and Times Herald)

As oversized feminine headgear has steadily infiltrated from top fashion circles on down during the last year, most average women—who are never "the first by whom the new is tried"—have loudly protested they would never, never wear "those hats." Men, as they saw big inverted pots and pans appearing on women's heads—and shutting off vision in public assemblies—have proclaimed firmly "Those hats must go!" For a while it looked as if they might. But now women have capitulated and are storming hat bars as well as salons for fall models of the bulky headgear.

Seldom has a radical change in fashion made its way unmodified against so much outspoken opposition.

Fashion authorities say that styles, like sun spots, business trends and tent caterpillars, have their inevitable cycles of change. Designers with a sense of timing anticipate these. Women—and especially men—at first resent this change, then ridicule it, then embrace it. As James Laver, fashion historian at London's Victoria and Albert Museum, has pointed out, "Women don't wear what they like, they like what they wear." He might well have added "especially if others are wearing it."

### Spent for Schools, Churches, Liquor

(Silver Spring, Md., Record)

All Americans believe in schools and churches. Even those who send their children to private schools willingly support the public school system.

We spend less than four billions per year on all our churches. We spend less than seven billions on our public schools. Yet we Americans spend over 9 billions of dollars annually for alcoholic beverages.

Maybe, after all, we really could afford to spend a bit more to support our churches and schools.

The world abhors closeness, and all but admires extravagance; yet a slack hand shows weakness, and a tight hand strength.—Sir Thomas Buxton.

## Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

same memory of what he said.

Kipling had lived in Vermont several years and his travels had taken him to nearly all the states, and he pleased the soldiers mightily by recalling his visits to their native regions. What delighted them most was his telling, from their speech, where they came from. He would have one of them speak a sentence or two and then would say, "You're from the Middle West, probably Missouri," or "You sound like an upstate New Yorker," and so on. It was remarkable how truly he spotted them time after time. I remember how confident he was in my case. After he had listened to me speak a few words he said, "Of course you're from the South and I'd say you're from one of the Carolinas." And he made a perfect hit on Carlos, saying, "You're from the Southern mountains."

In the course of his four months in London Carlos went to several of Lady Astor's receptions. They became acquainted and after he came back home from Europe they exchanged occasional letters.

He stayed in the Army and in the Second World War became a convoy officer in command of troops going to England. One day when he was about to start on a return voyage from Southampton to New York he telephoned Lady Astor at her home in London. That was in 1944, a time when there was a scarcity of everything in England. He asked her if there were anything she specially wanted that he could bring her on his next trip across.

She said yes, indeed there was, and when she named the article he thought she said "elastic." He was puzzled. He didn't quite understand what she meant, so would she say it again? Did she mean garters? If so, just what kind? He could hear her laugh over the telephone. "No," she said, "what I want is"—and she made the word slow and distinct—"molasses."

On his next trip across the ocean he took two quarts of home-made molasses, sorghum, which came from his native Catawba county, and one quart of black molasses, and on landing at Southampton sent the package to her in London.

When Lady Astor visited this country last year she came from her old home in Virginia to Pinehurst to see General Marshall. Carlos telephoned her from nearby Fort Bragg and she said: "Come on over her. There are things we want to talk about."

He met. This was thirty-six years after they had first met. They talked merrily of many things and about nothing else more merrily than the garters he didn't bring to her and the molasses he did.

## From Our Files

5 Years Ago

Samuel Selden, head of the University's drama department, and Miss Emily Polk Crow, daughter of Mrs. George Davis Crow, will be married Thursday, October 25, at All Saints' Episcopal Church in Austin, Texas.

10 Years Ago

John Scott Trotter, announcer for the Bing Crosby radio show, spent Wednesday and Thursday in the village; staying for the night at the Carolina Inn.

Two items in the record—(1) Duke's beating Navy after being beaten in its two preceding games and (2) Carolina's showing of reserve strength in the game when it won from Maryland 23-0 last Saturday—have raised the hopes of Carolina followers for a victory over Navy in tomorrow's game in Baltimore.

15 Years Ago

Defense saving stamps are on sale at stores in Chapel Hill.

The State Highway Commission has agreed to surface and maintain three important streets—Church Street, Hillsboro Street, and North, Columbia Street.

### Salegirl's Secret

(From Catholic Digest)

In a chain candy-store a salesgirl had customers lined up waiting for her, while other salesgirls were idle. The manager of the store asked the popular girl her secret.

"Well," she explained, "the other girls scoop up more than a pound of candy and then start taking away. I always scoop up less than a pound and then add to it."

## I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

Often it has been said, or something's been paraphrased, that "money makes the world go 'round.'"

That being true Chapel Hill—which, let me say, at the outset is not different from any other town—must be literally dizzy from spinning these days.

At least, that's the impression I got from reading the Tuesday issue of the Weekly.

On page one were stories about the campaigns for funds by the Republicans and Democrats, the N. C. Symphony, the Community Chest, the Boy Scouts, and the Lions Club. On the same page Joe Jones discussed teachers' salaries in Chaff, and it was announced that the Folk Festival was being discontinued because of declining attendance. That's the same thing as a decline in cash receipts, you know.

Then, on the inside pages of the weekly were more money stories—the Fall Plant Sale, the School Art Guild Tour, and the Baptist building fund drive.

Other stories which involved money, directly or indirectly, were those on the school traffic patrol, Lee McGhee losing and finding his wallet, the remodeled sorority house, the Playmakers' production, the meeting of state employees, and relocation of U. S. Highway 70.

Finally, I got tired reading and thinking about money when I chanced across the stories about Palmer Hudson's book on folklore and the Coker biography. They cost money, too.

Thus, it was a relief to find a story about something for free—Dean Mackie winning an album of "Aida" music.

But, come to think of it, that album set Kemp Nye back his wholesale price.

Kay Kyser wonders why all the time was taken to find a University president. "Here I was all the time, an ex-college president, unemployed and ready to work," said Kay.



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

# Elegance is the Theme for Autumn



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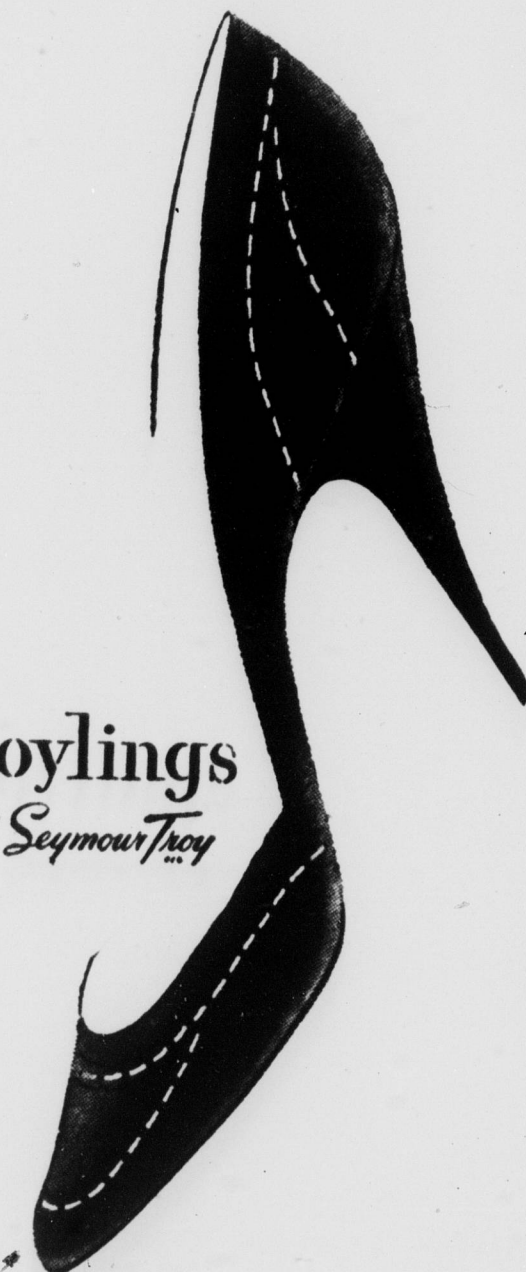


Brown Alligator \$19.95



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Troylings  
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Black Suede ... Vynalite \$16.95

*J.P. Robbins*

of Chapel Hill