

# The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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### Our \$6,000,000 Business

There is a six-million-dollar business in Orange County that we take for granted. Yet it is just as important in many respects as the University of North Carolina or anything else we like to brag about when discussing Chapel Hill and the surrounding community.

We're talking about the farmers of Orange County, and we would like to commend them on the wonderful progress they are making. A group of these farmers were guests of the Chapel Hill Kiwanis Club last week. The occasion was a Farm-City Week program under the direction of Kiwanians Vance Hogan and Frank Umstead. County Farm Agent Don Matheson was the principal speaker, and he revealed that Orange County farmers grossed \$1,100,000 in dairy products, \$1,000,000 in poultry and eggs, and \$3,148,128 in tobacco last year. Add to this the farm produce raised, and you'll find an income of well over six million dollars.

The income is very important, and it does much to help the economy of Chapel Hill and Carrboro. The income, however, would do nobody any good if the farmers were not operating their farms in a capable and efficient manner. According to Mr. Matheson, they are. "We have a group of farmers who are always striving for better ways to operate their farms," Mr. Matheson said. "They realize the importance of soil conservation, of using the latest methods. They will succeed if the farm economy of the country succeeds."

Mr. Matheson deserves much credit for the manner in which he is working for the farmers of this county. He is ably assisted by Ed Barnes, assistant farm agent; Don Dewey, forestry representative for Orange and Alamance Counties, and Quentin Patterson, soil conservation supervisor.

### Make Your Family Happy

Just a little effort on your part could make it possible for someone less fortunate than you to have a very happy Christmas. All that you need to do is adopt a family for the Junior Service League's Empty Stocking Campaign which is now under way. It is even possible to do this without spending a dime in actual money. Just call Mrs. John Crittenden at 8-0275 and tell her you would like to adopt a family. Let her know the size of yours and in all probability she will find a needy family to match. Then you can gather up some discarded clothes and toys and other odds and ends and make someone mighty happy. It's as simple as that, and if you do participate you will make two families happy—the one who receives and your own.

### Hell of a Predicament

Some idea of the predicament modern man has got himself into is given in the following item from the Granite State News of Wolfeboro, New Hampshire:

Talking a while ago with a high ranking Air Force officer, we were a bit shocked to hear his remark regarding protests from a city after a jet had smashed and burned a building: "It is about time the civilian population began to realize the danger of death and injury due to training risks of the men in uniform."

But the more we considered the remark, the more the righteousness of it drove home.

Night fighters and interceptors must train over the area they may be called upon to protect. Pilots and crews must train out of the airports they will actually use. National Guard pilots and crews should train on airports nearest their homes.

And the fighter planes are no long-

er the glamorized wood and canvas crates of World War I, carrying thirty caliber guns and perhaps forty gallons of gasoline.

When the present day jet crashes, it is a matter of five tons or better of screaming metal, pods of rockets and hundreds of gallons of fuel oil hitting with earthquake effect.

In this year of our Lord nineteen hundred and fifty-six we, as a nation, are playing for keeps. If war breaks it will sweep over the top of the world with the speed of sound and there will be no time for drills and no time for second guessing.

Everyone will be in that war, if it should come, from the old man in his terminal illness to the new born babe.

### The Best Investment

Walt Baucom and over 200 workers have been spending the past two months on the Community Chest Drive. While not all reports are in, it seems the quota is not going to be made. If it isn't, you are the one who will suffer. Every participating organization deserves the amount of money requested in the budget. If you haven't contributed, do so today.

Most of the money in the chest goes to our young people—through the Boy and Girl Scouts and the white and colored recreation centers. The best investment in the world is in their future.

### Let's Help Our Own Community

There is no better time than right now to remind one and all to do their Christmas shopping in Chapel Hill and Carrboro. Our stores are loaded with up-to-date merchandise, and Chapel Hill prices are in line with those you will find anywhere else in North Carolina. The merchants here are interested in the future of Chapel Hill, and much of the money that you spend here will remain here.

While on the subject of spending your Christmas money here it is well to point out that the town's Christmas decorations for 1956 are the finest ever displayed in this community. They express the spirit of Christmas without the gaudy appearance that so many Christmas decorations give. They are in keeping with the spirit of Chapel Hill, and they will fit in with the religious Christmas parade scheduled for later this month.

### We Pay for What We Get

(Chatham News)

Principal R. M. Durham made a number of pertinent comments about schools when he addressed the Siler City Rotary Club.

Chief among them was the admonition that "You have to pay for what you get, and school patrons are going to find as time goes by that they will have to assume more of the financial burdens of the school systems."

Those of us who have been on the Chatham County scene for some time cannot fail to realize that school progress, albeit considerable, has not kept pace with existing need largely through failure of the people to assert their willingness to foot the bill.

They have been, to a large extent, satisfied with the slow pace prompted by the county's pay-as-you-go policy and dependence upon state funds to provide needed facilities.

Existing policies have been largely determined by county school officials who have interpreted needs to the county commissioners often without seeking to discover how the people themselves felt about school facilities.

Chatham County will, we suppose, in the long run bring its school plants abreast of its needs. It will, however, continue to be a slow process and, in the meantime, thousands of the county's children will have moved on, deprived of what they really deserve, a school system as modern as today's demands.

What some people have failed to realize is that prospects for the industrialization of an area depend largely on heightened educational standards; on the development of vocational training for those youngsters who do not plan on college careers. It is in this field that greatest need exists along with that of plants adequate for the implementation of physical education programs that extend beyond the playing of football, basketball and baseball.

It is in the people that the future of education rests. Until they assert themselves, forcefully and enthusiastically, our schools will not be planned for the long haul but rather for the emergency needs of which there has been a steady stream through the years.

## Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

thing new, and one of the visitors wanted to buy a nylon shirt to take back to India. We went in a store to get one but were unable to find the right sleeve length. The merchant kindly insisted on going down the street to another store and getting it for us. The Indians were greatly impressed by the extra service given them by the merchant."

Mrs. Roosevelt said she thought his action was a contribution to international good will. With these words she insured her good standing with Mrs. Whitefield, who is always proud to hear a member of her Association commended.

Miss Mary Gilson says she's a phonophobe. She wishes she had earlids as well as eyelids.

"I detest noisy, clattery cocktail parties where women shriek and men growl at each other and make day hideous," Miss Gilson says. "I detest dogs that bark at garbage men and delivery men, and I'd love to have earlids I could flap shut on such occasions."

Miss Gilson was born a few million years too late, according to an article she read the other day on the editorial page of the New York Times. "Theoretically, there was earlids," the Times said, "just as there were creatures with three feet and two heads, the extra one of which proved an encumbrance. There were after all dinosaurs—kings of beasts—who became so large and strong and well-armed that their whole selves constituted an encumbrance. If you were to turn over this earlid hypothesis to a scientific romancer and ask him why the earlidders did not get through when earlids would plainly be such handy affairs nowadays, he would tell you that these earlidders used their apparent advantage without descretion. They would turn off the crash of nearby waterfalls to get to sleep, turn off the chirping of birds in early morning to get more sleep, perhaps turn off the chatter of their mates for the sake of a little relaxation and so fall victim to some noisy danger which otherwise would have been heard and avoided. A really enthusiastic devotee of evolution might go on to say that much the same thing would happen to any men who today were blessed with earlids. They would shut out the alarm clock and lose their jobs. They would shut out city noise and be struck by an auto whose horn they did not hear, or be mugged on some lonely street because they were not aware of the thug's approach. And so on.

"And what would be the reaction of the chap who put the question, himself a phonophobe? Certainly he would feel that earlids were worth the chance. Never again to hide one's head sideways under the pillow, never to close the windows on a smothering night against the whine of passing autos or the gabble of pedestrians, never to suffer the roar of the subway in a tight tunnel, never again to grit one's teeth to the insistence of a pneumatic drill or an acquaintance snapping chewing gum, never to cringe to the clang and holler of fire engines or the mournful shrieks of ambulance sirens, never to endure as captive audience the overheard chit-chat of inane small talk! To save the ears for the breaking of waves, for children's voices, for Yma Sumac and Wanda Landowska, for the sounds of coffee perking and a key in the lock! It would be worth the evolutionary chances."

### A Hazardous Task

By Rena B. Lassiter

In the *Smithfield Herald*

Weimar Jones, editor of the Franklin Press, made some timely observations on house-keeping after he had recently experienced a week's bachelorhood while his family was out of town. He headed his observations with this: "Frying bacon can be a very hazardous task without a pajama top."

It took this editor-husband to get into print this idiosyncrasy of frying bacon. But every housewife whose job is getting breakfast could tell him that popping grease is only one. I never cease to wonder how a new box of bacon is going to act. It may pop like that of Mr. Jones—and I may have to grab a pot lid as a shield and buckler and keep my distance as I turn the bacon with a long-handled fork.

Then again the slices of bacon may curl at the ends until you lose patience with trying to flatten them out and just don't care if the ends are half raw and you put them on the platter that way. I recently saw, in one of those interminable gadget catalogs that I have been receiving, a device for the frying pan that would hold the slices up in the middle permitting the ends to smooth out all the way. I knew when I saw that, it is not just the way I manipulate the bacon that makes it curl; someone else has had trouble, too.

Our present box of bacon is acting still differently, and the difference is without doubt in the packaging. The slices are so thin and they are so tightly stuck together that no kitchen utensil that I possess will prize them apart in anything like the semblance of a whole slice. For two mornings now instead of scrambled eggs and bacon for breakfast we have had scrambled bacon and eggs.

Another thing about bacon. One box will sometimes just ooze grease as you fry it. A half dozen strips will yield a full cup of grease and the resulting little "bitty" strips hardly furnish a garnish for the platter of eggs. Then again a box of bacon will be so lean that not enough grease comes out to fry the eggs in.

But sometimes the bacon is just right. The strips cook to

a golden crispness without popping, without curling, without acting up in any way. And in spite of the way bacon does act at times, it is the favorite meat for American breakfasts in this day and time. The day of a heavy breakfast of fried ham and grits, or beefsteak and rice or fried chicken and hot biscuits with pancakes and syrup to top it off, has long been gone. But when I began house-keeping 50 years ago that was the kind of breakfast we began the day with. However, more often than not there was a cook in the kitchen to prepare it. In recent years, with no maid from sun-up to sun-down, housewives have been simplifying breakfasts.

The meat packers have contributed to the easy breakfast by slicing the bacon ready to fry. There was a time when we brought long slabs of "streak of lean and streak of fat," sharpened our butcher knives to the thin degree, and did our own slicing. And we had to slice our bread for toast, too.

The manufacturers of this age surely do go all out to make cooking easy, but they have not taken the "pop" out of hot grease. And I agree with Editor Jones' observation that pajama tops are advisable when frying bacon.

### Dislikes Mattamuskeet

By Henry Diggs

In the *Smithfield Herald*

With the duck hunting season just around the corner hunters by the hundreds will be flocking to Lake Mattamuskeet for the excellent shooting that refuge offers. I have not been there during the hunting season and I have never seen the thousands of birds that winter there. I have only been there in the Spring.

Several months ago Peter Huith and I attended a press meeting at Lake Mattamuskeet and we both decided that the best thing that could be done with that section is to give it back to the Indians. Naturally, that section is home to the people around there and they love it, but Pete and I didn't find anything that made us want to leave Smithfield.

One of the dignitaries was making a speech one night about the enormous benefits

## News of Books

By Robert Bartholomew

SHERMAN'S MARCH THROUGH THE CAROLINAS. By John G. Barrett. The University of North Carolina Press. Chapel Hill. 325 pp. \$6.00.

I read "Sherman's March Through the Carolinas" while a patient in the hospital. After I had finished it I offered it to my room-mate, who kept it about two hours and returned it to me.

"Don't you like the book?" I asked.

"The book's fine," he answered, "but like most Southerners I've always detested Sherman. When I was half way through the book I began to take a liking to the damn rascal, so I just quit reading."

Sherman considered his march through the Carolinas his greatest military feat. When he set out northward from Savannah with 60,000 veteran soldiers in January, 1865, he was convinced that the bold application of his idea of total war could bring an end to the conflict.

Before him lay South Carolina, the birthplace of secession. Beyond him were North Carolina and Virginia, where the forces of Lee and Grant were deadlocked.

The author's story of the three months that followed is based on printed memoirs and documentaries of those who fought and the civilians who lived in the path of the famous march.

The burning of Columbia, the battle of Bentonville, and Johnston's surrender nine days after Appomattox are the high spots of the story; but the human interest is concentrated in the many episodes that grew out of the planned destruction by Sherman's orders and the undisciplined pillage by the "bummers."

Those who know Chapel Hill and the University will be delighted with the chapter, "The General and a Lady," which tells the story of the Atkins-Swain love affair. For those who are not familiar with the story, the daughter of the president of the University of North Carolina married the commanding officer of the Union troops who occupied the village. At the time, most residents of Chapel Hill thought the young girl had thrown her life away.

I recently called on a granddaughter of this strange union, an elderly lady herself. When she met me at the door, her first words were, "Now, young man, don't start accusing my grandfather of stealing all the silver in Chapel Hill. He only stole a girl's heart."

Mr. Barrett, who teaches history at the Virginia Military Institute, has written an excellent book that will appeal to the scholar and the layman.

### HOW TO GET RICH IN TV—WITHOUT REALLY TRYING.

By Shepherd Mead. Simon and Schuster. New York. 180 pp. \$2.95.

Did you know that you can be stupid, incompetent and even moderately repulsive and still make a fortune in TV? Did you know that you can be a cowboy star without knowing how to ride a horse? That you can earn more than the president of the network by merely knowing how to open a refrigerator door?

Whether you own a TV set or just look in on the neighbors, don't miss this book. It is one of the best works of nonsense of the year. Well illustrated with cartoons.

offered by the area and about the advantages offered industries. Pete turned to me and in a not so low voice said, "Why in the world would they want to industrialize this forsaken section?"

The crushing defeat came later that same night when we were ravenous and practically starving after listening to a couple of hours spent in extolling the virtues of the area. We decided to drive to Swan Quarter and get a hamburger and a shake before turning in, so we took off on the seven miles or so to Swan Quarter only to find the whole town closed down at 10 p. m. I rummaged through the car and found three crackers about seven months old and that held us till the next morning.

Later on, back here in Smithfield, I mentioned the trip to Hugh Austin, Sr., and Hugh said he'd found that the section impressed him about as little as it did Pete and me. Hugh told an interesting tale about a trip he and Rufus Sanders and J. E. Wilson once made to the lake on a hunting expedition. He said the place where he stayed was so filled with bedbugs and other assorted varmints that he finally gave up and went to the car to spend the night.

## I Like Chapel Hill

(Continued from page 1)

bois. Most of them have little or nothing to do with the Birth of Jesus. For instance, the Christmas tree and the Yule log and the lights. They are loose symbols. And, accuracy can be given as no-reason for omitting Santa Claus from a Christmas parade, because actually Christ was not born at this season.

Whatever else one may deem Santa Claus to be, he is a symbol to interpret the spirit of love.

Santa is a benevolent and loving spirit which children understand. Jesus is, too, but children who believe in Santa Claus are too small and young to understand the meaning of the Nativity.

It's easier to teach them the love of Jesus through the symbol of Santa Claus. They know what Santa Claus means, but they do not yet know, or are not yet quite sure, what the Nativity means.

So, when we have one parade at this season, children are going to ask, "Where's Santa Claus?"

What do the churches want me to tell my six-year-old and my four-year-old?

I resent lumping Santa Claus and commercialism in the same class. I may go to the parade, but it's going to be mighty difficult for me to take my children and let them see the lights, and the Christmas trees and the Nativity scene and hear Christmas carols sung—and then for me to endeavor an explanation why another symbol of love, especially the symbol of the love of the world for little children, is absent from the scene.

The churches possibly have an explanation, but they'll never be able to make little children understand the answer to the only question they'll want to know: "Where's Santa Claus?"

What some doctors know about medicine would fill a cemetery.

Kissing is like eating soup. Takes a long time to get enough of it.

"Life is a heterogeneous collection of irreconcilable phenomena," so a scientist says. Television producers have long known that.

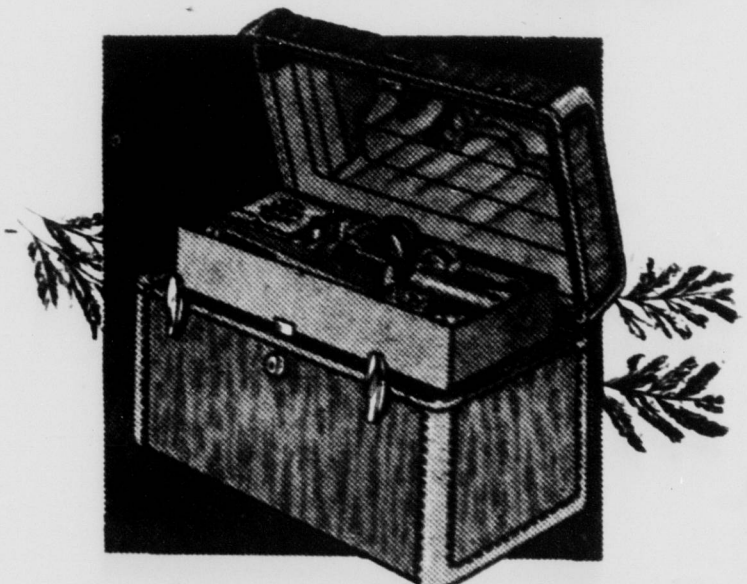
Yes, tell the truth—and get yourself in trouble.

The outcome of most marriages depends upon the income.

When we're winning, we praise the State Department and Mr. Dulles. But when things look bad we ask God for help.



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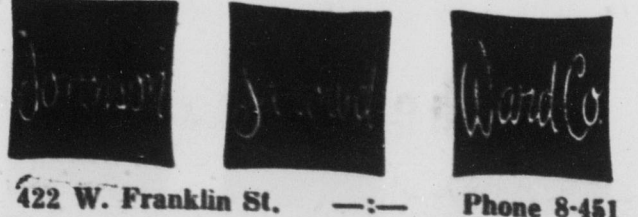
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Get a head-start on Christmas by giving her the Samsonite Train Case—the most useful case she can own! It holds 52 travel needs, has a waterproof lining and plastic tray for cosmetics and jewelry! She'll also love the Samsonite Hat Box and Personal O'Nite. All have "better-than-leather" finishes that defy scuffing and wipe clean with a damp cloth!

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