

THE NEWS of Orange County

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Good For Hillsboro

The law enforcement personnel of Hillsboro have big plans for this year in the control of town traffic. Among their plans is included the purchase and display of city license tags by all automobile owners living in Hillsboro.

The ruling for display of these tags has been overlooked in the past, but it is the intention of the town to see that everyone purchases and displays a city tag as of February 1, and by force if necessary.

More power to Hillsboro. If city tags for cars are going to be used, then there should be laws and fines strong enough to require everybody to buy the tags and use them; and Mr. "Big-Wig" should be fined with the rest of them if he refuses.

More traffic control is needed in Hillsboro in the form of parking regulations. For the past several months, it has been the endeavor of the day policeman to bring about right-hand parking in the business blocks. The job can be done only with laws and lines. The best example of this is the block of main street in front of the post office. Some park diagonally, some parallel to the curb and some park half-way between. The result is that when the whole block is parked up, there is still room for anywhere from six to ten more cars, but they can't park because so much space has been wasted by the lack of parking lines. People just can't park straight without lines and should not be expected to.

Hillsboro is a small town, but there is usually more traffic here than there is place to put it when the space is used unwisely. With a few buckets of paint and the establishment of a nominal fine for out-of-line parking, the situation can be cleared up easily.

Up To The Hubs

As the general assembly of North Carolina got underway last week it was clearly demonstrated that present and to be accounted for was John W. Umstead, Jr., Orange county's veteran legislator with a mind of his own and something usually on it.

Mr. Umstead had not when we went to press secured abandonment of the gag rule adopted by the 1941 legislature and continued by that of 1943 for the primary purpose of avoiding a roll-call vote on the prohibition issue but having the further effect of preventing any consideration of a matter unfavorably reported by a house committee save by two-thirds vote. The rule is so manifestly undemocratic and indecent as to call for no argument; as a matter of fact, Mr. Umstead receives no rebuttal worthy of the name, but the drinking drys simply will not be put on record.

We suppose the matter will end there. Nor do we look for complete success of Mr. Umstead's efforts to limit the number of committee clerks and other assembly employees to those who make some sort of a pass at earning their wages. The speaker and lieutenant governor control these appointments and if not besought by importunate friends who desire to throw down a bit of fodder for an all-weather poll-worker or to defray the expense of maintaining a stenographer for the duration might easily make their lists conform to Mr. Umstead's estimates of what is right and proper. But they probably won't.

And so John's friends are now hoping that he will leave those of his colleagues who shake in their shoes at the thought of a roll-call liquor vote, or who have made personal commitments which tie their hands in a showing thereof as to legislative household economy, to stew in their own juice whilst he devotes his considerable talent and even greater courage to matters of more importance to the whole state.

ETAOIN SHRDLU

GETTING ACQUAINTED . . . Every time I have a notion to neglect my education and get along on my already-acquired intellectual equipment, along comes another experience to change my mind. Always there is something new, novel, and interesting to awaken my put-to-sleep and tucked-away smugness and mental-sufficiency. . . . There

is no end to this business of getting an education.

STUDENT GRADING . . . Right now my new interest is that of learning more about systematizing the grading of student work in the University. I got my No. 1 lesson at a faculty meeting last week. My teachers were experts who have been at the business for years, and in a discussion of that kind I was content to continue in the role of listener. . . . I listened but I didn't learn. It left me wondering if my capacity for absorption had atrophied through senility or non-use, until Dean Bob House up and said some things that had been running through my mind. . . . Faculty meetings aren't held for news reporters to record, but I won't violate any rule when I tell you that uniform grading of human beings—student, teacher, or expert—is one of those things even the once-prevalent New Dean Brain Trust could never have figured out and made stick. . . . There is too much of the human in all of us for any of us to de-humanize the rest of us.

NOT YET PERSUADED . . . By way of the editorial columns of The Charlotte Observer comes the statement that there is much still to be said and done to convince the folks in the paper's primary area that a hospital of the size recommended should be included in the state's hospital and medical care program. It's the first openly expressed question mark attached to the plan which until now has found few dissenters willing to be quoted.

GAG . . . There's been much said and written about the legislature's gag rule since the lower house adopted one for its use last week. The gag was first invented to stop statewide liquor referendum bills from getting to the voting stage. . . . Right at the moment I can think of nothing to recommend as a gagger that might be more effective than whiskey.

WHAT TO WRITE . . . I never fly into the movie-depicted editor's rage when one of my newspaper readers assumes the critic role to tell me what I ought to write about or (more often) what I should not write. For one thing, it has happened too many times for me to have taken it this long and survived. Then, there's that matter of self-education I wrote about earlier in this column. . . . You never know whether the job's a good one until you're told by the Boss Reader, or unless you're able to hire a Gallup to do a job of researching for you. The trial and error method is the cheaper of the two.

FOR INSTANCE . . . Your news gatherer on THE NEWS was advised to drop the "Orange Man" piece months ago, for reasons not now recalled. There was serious discussion in the office about what to do about it. The piece kept running and now comes this from Matt McDade, Cedar Grove boy in Cairo, Egypt: "Its make-up is good and so are its features such as 'Man of Orange,' 'Men and Women in Service' and so on."

MUTUAL CHECK-UP . . . It takes no invitation from this column or from any writer to produce the unfavorable response to a written piece but I am not hedging on this open invitation to you to tell us what you think bad or good about the paper. You're going to have recurring opportunities to help check up on the new and heretofore untried in news, features, and columns. We want a box score chart.

BY THE EDITOR

TURKEY HUNTING . . . Some time ago Ike Watts came into THE NEWS office all pushed out with pride, and justly so—he had recently killed a 19-pound turkey gobbler on Kirkland's New Ground. Ike spent 2½ hours calling the turkey with a turkey call he made himself. This was the real source of the pride. His 19-pound turkey with a 12-inch beard sets him off as one of Orange county's leading turkey hunters this year, and it's a good guess that his homemade call leads them all.

A HUNTER'S FRIEND MISSING . . . Buster Gordon's young bird dog has been missing recently. That pup, the pride and joy of Buster's life, was recently elected dog of the week by THE NEWS by virtue of his merits according to his master. Of course there is the question of whether the master is prejudiced. Anyway, the pup has grown and learned to jump fences and has "taken a powder."

HUNTING MONEY . . . Folks are beginning to get the income tax jitters now and will keep shaking and shivering till after March 15. From then until next January, they will be fussing as they impatiently wait for refunds. But from now until the fateful day in March we will be tearing our hair out trying to figure out which form is which and why, and end up knowing nothing about any of them and leaving the job for somebody else to do. So, just fuss, cuss and stomp all you please, but you'll pay just the same.

ALWAYS HUNTING . . . Everybody is always hunting for something. Some are hunting game, some birds, some money, and Buster is hunting for his dog.

The Marmalade Column

Flavored news, views, and observations about the people of Orange.

WHERE ELSE IN THE WORLD do the people who work in grocery stores talk about history the way most people toss out a bit of gossip? It wasn't only the conversation, either: In the meat compartment a skinned squirrel stood poised for action, looking as life-like as a squirrel can without his fur coat. The effect was midriffic, and an argument arose as to whether or not squirrels should be used for food, but was finally abandoned in favor of a topic less moot. In case you haven't heard the story of the man in the Richmond morgue, drop by J. L. Brown and Son's store and ask Mr. Goodwin to tell you about it.

ANOTHER PLEASANT PLACE is the Farmer's Mutual Exchange. Neat! It has the pin beat a full millimeter. The floor was so clean I felt like entering through a window to keep my muddy feet from touching it. Business was proceeding as usual, although it was New Year's Day, but Mr. McAdams out front and Mrs. Stanfield in the office took care of it with no trouble and answered my unceasing questions graciously in addition. You ought to go by there just for the inspirational value of seeing how clean that kind of place can be.

Mrs. Felix Forrest was in the library and we talked a little while about various things. But the whole time I was thinking to myself, "Why wasn't I blessed with eyes like hers?"

MRS. WILLIAMS WAS BUSY with library matters so we just smiled at each other. The new librarian, Mrs. Ethel Whetstone, came in and we chatted. She promised to let me go on one of her bookmobile trips later on.

THERE ARE PLENTY WORKING wives in Hillsboro: Mrs. Stanfield working away at the Farmer's Mutual Exchange, feeling glad that she has something to occupy her all day. When she's at home there is her little boy to distract her mind (and from what she said about his activities, he probably succeeds admirably!) Then at the Little Pep cafe there's Mrs. Frederick, whose husband is overseas. Lt. Cornelius Whetstone is overseas now, too, which is the reason his wife is the new county librarian. She smilingly says she would rather be with him, but since she can't she feels lucky to be at home again with such interesting work to keep her busy. Those are the only three war wives I happened to meet on this particular day, but there are no doubt plenty more doing their bit while their husbands are away fighting.

ONE OF MY GREAT UNCLES went to the academy in Hillsboro until the Civil War (referred to in North Carolina by constitutional amendment as the War Between the States) interrupted his scholastic career, and my grandmother taught in Hillsboro once. From their reports I gather they found the people here then as nice as I find them here now.

—Mrs. Eugene Smith

YOUNG AMERICAN OPINION

(Uncensored editorials by members of the class in Country Journalism, University of North Carolina.)

"OUR BOB." OH! BOB! "Term expires 1945. Robert R. Reynolds, D., P. O. Address, Asheville." That is the way the 1944 World Almanac describes Robert Rice Reynolds, perhaps better known in former days as "Our Bob." That term gives a clue to Mr. Reynolds' popularity at one time.

Mr. Reynolds comes from the metropolis of the mountains. Mountain-folk love to tell tales. We have in mind one which some mountain-folk (and we suspect that this tale is told principally by Mr. Reynolds' political foes) tell that goes like this: When Mr. Reynolds was in the throes of his first campaign (and he was elected to the Senate twice) he, clad in tattered overalls and old straw hat, drove around the hills of Western North Carolina in a rattletrap Ford car. It got votes. It was legal. So what if it did play on the gullibility of the hill-folk? Advertisers do that even in these so-called sophisticated times.

Perhaps the thing that contributed the most to Mr. Reynolds' downfall was his vote of "No" on the declaration of war. Despite our low-rate opinion of Senator Reynolds, we have to admire him for adhering to his convictions and refusing to submit to the coercion of politicians, whether friend or foe (and several of the former have become the latter when they

found that they could not influence him.)

When we of THE NEWS think of "Our Bob" (and we use the expression for the sake of convenience only), we are reminded of a quotation which we read once inscribed on a memorial to the Huguenots in the Rue de Rivoli in Paris: "He who knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool. Shun him."

We hope (and believe) that Orange Countians will not find it necessary to shun Clyde R. Hoey who will replace the editor of the Isolationist "National Record" in the United States Senate.

W. H. H., Jr.

Men and Women In the Service

Sgt. OSBORNE Z. ASHLEY, who is stationed at the Army War college in Washington, D. C., spent three days with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Ashley, last week. His sister, Mrs. David Lemore, accompanied by her husband and child were home for several days.

EDGAR L. RILEY, son of Mr. and Mrs. Bun F. Riley of West Hillsboro, is spending a leave at home with his parents for the first time in three years. He has been overseas two years.

At the end of his 20-day furlough, Riley will report to a camp in Texas. For the past two years, he has been in the Aleutian Islands.

CALVIN C. LYNN, son of Mrs. Ella Pugh of Hillsboro, has received an honorable discharge from the army and returned to Hillsboro from Fort Bragg recently.

After two years in service, Lynn was stationed at Fort Ord, Calif., where he was given notice to return to Fort Bragg to receive a medical discharge.

Capt. CHARLES M. WALKER, JR., arrived home on Christmas day as a surprise to his family. He has been overseas for the last 30 months and had no way of letting his family know when he would be home.

He is spending his 21-day leave with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Walker. He has been stationed in England, North Africa, and Italy.

Pvt. HAROLD CULBRETH is spending a furlough with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Culbreth.

RATIONING REMINDERS FOR WEEK OF JANUARY 8TH

MEATS, FATS—Red Stamps Q5 through X5 good indefinitely. No new stamps until January 28.

PROCESSED FOODS—Blue Stamps X5 through Z5; A2 thru G2 good indefinitely. No new blue stamps will be validated until February 1.

SUGAR—Sugar Stamp 34 good for five pounds indefinitely. No new stamp until February 1.

FUEL OIL—East and Far West 1 and 2 period coupons good indefinitely. Period 3 coupon in the

Bernard Allison Back From Europe

East will become good on January 15. Period 3 coupon in Far West will become good on January 8.

Mid-West and South Period 1, 2 and 3 coupons good throughout the heating year.

SHOES—Airplane stamps 1, 2 and 3 in Book Three, good indefinitely.

Efland

Robert Nichols is a patient in Watts hospital.

Mrs. Margaret Ketner has returned to Greensboro after spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Thompson.

Last week, Mrs. Gary Lloyd of Hillsboro, and Mrs. A. B. Lloyd visited Mr. Lloyd, who is a patient at Watts hospital.

THOMPSON RETURNS

Brodie S. Thompson of Chapel Hill has just returned from Long Island where he visited his daughter, Mrs. Pat Patterson.

Lieutenant Allison has been in the European theater for the past nine months, during which time he has completed 30 missions over Germany. He has been awarded the air medal, five oak leaf clusters and has received a Presidential citation.

Allison will return to Miami Beach, Fla., for three weeks of rest before being assigned further duties. He was First Pilot on a B-17 Flying Fortress in the eighth strategic army air force commanded by General Doolittle.

THE NEWS Hillsboro, N. C.

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