

THE NEWS of Orange County

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Thursday, June 28, 1945

International Carl Durham

Julia Erwin, Washington correspondent, writes the Durham Herald that Carl Durham of Chapel Hill is about to become an international figure. The OWI, she reports, has from London requested the assistance of Congressman Durham's office in the preparation of 100-word sketch of the chairman, of the house military affairs subcommittee which is inspecting the army stores left over in Europe from the job of defeating the Germans.

Why hasn't OWI had for months an adequate biography of the representative from the Sixth North Carolina district? This is not his first chairmanship of a subcommittee, nor is his visit abroad on a tour of inspection. No member of the military affairs committee works harder at finding out what it is all about. One would really expect an outfit charged with the responsibility of telling the world as well as homefolks to have become acquainted with the informed members of Congress.

But Carl Durham makes few speeches anywhere and indulges in no breast-beating on the floor of the house. Indeed, he gives his own military affairs job so much of his time that he has none left for meddling with affairs entrusted to others. That was the way of him as Chapel Hill druggist and Orange county commissioner.

"Seest thou," said one of Solomon's most observing ghost writers, "a man diligent in his business, he shall stand before kings."

He may have added—and with special reference to Carl Durham—had he been privileged with his acquaintance—"And the aforesaid diligent man will have acquired meanwhile such independence that if he tires of standing, he'll sit down."

Anyhow we hope that in the 100 words OWI will in praising Congressman Durham include these three: "Expect no blow-outs."

It's Up To Us

At a press conference last week, President Truman said he intends to put drastic Federal controls on travel if the strain on transportation becomes too great during re-deployment. His explanation was that millions of soldiers and vast quantities of material must be transported from Europe to the Pacific in the next ten months.

A few days later ODT Director J. Monroe Johnson warned civilians to stop making unnecessary trips if they wanted to avoid rationing of travel. He said an average of 300,000 troops would be arriving in this country each month until June, 1946. An even larger number, he added, will be traveling on furlough at all times in that period.

Because of this, Johnson declared 50 per cent of all railroad travel facilities must be held for the military. "There will not be a seat available," he said, "on trains, busses, or planes for any but the most essential travelers, and even that cannot be guaranteed."

If such a step is made, it will be one of the most drastic measures ever taken in this country. The individual can suffer few greater curtailments than the restriction of his freedom to move around. This freedom should rank along with the inalienable freedoms of speech and religion, and from fear and want.

But even intrinsic rights can be abused. When our main job is to win the war, anything we do which interferes with this job should be stopped. It must be stopped, for the sooner the war ends, the more lives will be saved.

If we want to continue traveling at all, we must restrict ourselves to more important trips. Mere pleasure traveling and non-essential business trips should be stopped entirely. It is up to us whether we shall have travel control or not.

—L. C.

ETAOIN SHRDLU

THIS MESSY BUSINESS... The "closed door" operations of our state highway commission has opened more side doors than Chairman Sandy Graham and his associates will be able to slam to for some time to come. Right now, as this column ramrodger was

in the mood for glossing the thing over and giving its "well-done" to the rescinding motion, comes Raleigh's News & Observer with a column-long lead editorial blasting the daylight out of the commission for what it did behind the closed doors.

SUPER HIGHWAYS... Raleigh was left off the mapped routes for postwar super-highways and the N & O doesn't like it, nor does the chamber of commerce which protested the commission's action on Monday of this week. "The people of North Carolina are now learning about some of the things that happened while the State Highway and Public Works Commission was operating under a 'closed-door' policy," says the N & O... and, "One of those things was the adoption of the North Carolina portions of the proposed postwar interregional highway system, commonly referred to as 'super-highways'."

MISSED A MILE... Still quoting. "None of the routes adopted pass through Raleigh, the Capital of the State for more than 150 years... But, while Raleigh is not included, the village of Hillsboro, once the capital of the State, is included—the proposed route passing directly in front of the former office of A. H. Graham, the present chairman of the Commission"... The only thing wrong with that is the proposed road doesn't pass through the heart of Hillsboro, or "directly in front of the former office of A. H. Graham." The edit writer missed it a mile.

WE WON'T ARGUE... This column is content to let the battle over super-highway routes be fought by those having a sight more at stake than this newspaper. We sort of like Hillsboro's being on the super-duper road, and, personally, we're glad it doesn't pass right in front of Sandy Graham's office. For one thing, it would be too close to this printing office if it went that route... We've had enough wartime troubles getting printing machinery bought, handled and installed; and we don't want any postwar bulldozers playing around our front office. I like to watch those things at work when they're in the right place, but not in Hillsboro's printing office.

HAD IT COMING... As for the "closed-door" rule I never had the first idea that a state highway commission could operate in North Carolina under such a policy. I can forgive the fellows for the mistake and I will go further and congratulate them for their lack of obstinacy and bull-headedness in trying to perpetuate an idea that is foreign to conduct of public business.

NON-THANKS... The Greensboro Daily News neither offers congratulations nor thanks for the reversal of the "closed-door" policy. Instead, it offers an "Expression of Non-Thanks," in part, as follows: "The Daily News, has not thanks to bestow... No public agency is to be thanked for doing merrily what it ought to do. It is such agency's duty to thank the public for the privilege of serving it instead of going high hat and barring the public from affairs which are distinctly the public's own affairs... Those times (executive sessions) should be few and far between, and if they do occur with suspicious frequency the Daily News is confident that public and press will raise considerably more than their eyebrows... The highway and public works commission and public agencies generally have, we hoped, learned a lesson in North Carolina in how to avoid irritation, suspicion and disapproval which, in the former's case at least, time and the record will have to live down."

ON WITH THE DANCE... Now let's get on with our road building and other business at hand.

—R. P.

BY THE EDITOR

HUMAN NATURE... is a strange thing. As long as folks don't have a certain thing they raise the loudest ruckus possible trying to get it. And if it is a thing they really need, nine out of every ten realize the need only when they are without.

THE MAD DOG... back in the days of the famous Louis Pasteur, was one of the most dreaded creatures stalking the face of the earth. There was no cure nor prevention for rabies in that day. We still have no cure. The chill and fright we feel today from the fire alarm is nothing to the dreaded alarm of that day—some one screaming "Mad Dog!" At the mention of those two words, everyone ran desperately for the shelter of a house, for they knew if they were bitten, they were condemned to die a death more horrible than they could imagine. There was no escape, and law prohibited mercy killing.

SO PASTEUR... worked on the problem, risking his very life to perfect a prevention. He finally discovered it and it has been accepted and approved by medical science. His dis-

"Doc" Lyons Writes Rotarians In 112 Degree India Weather

Orange countians complained incessantly and bitterly about the weather they got last week and the week before that... and they'll be griping from now on whenever the thermometer gets up in the 90's, just as they did last Spring when they shivered from the sudden drop in temperatures. They don't know a thing about this hot weather business, as Major "Doc" Lyons writes in the letter that follows. The letter was written to the Chapel Hill Rotary club last Wednesday night.

June 11, 1945
Somewhere in India

Dear Rotary: It's kind of hard to believe that on May 23rd—less than three weeks ago—I was with you back in Chapel Hill. And now, here in the heat of another continent, I sit in shoes and shorts—typewriter propped on the bunk of an eight-man barracks section—swallowing dust and listening to the cursing of colleagues who are stuck here as I am for the time being. Gentlemen, if you happen to be thinking it's hot when this missive comes to you—please do me a favor and go put on your overcoats! You just don't know nothin'! One of the kids said a few minutes ago: "Boy, there would be one nice thing about dying to-night and going to hell; at least we'd get a lower temperature." You could never Christianize the natives here by threatening them with the burning fires of Hell; their common sense would tell them that it couldn't be any hotter than this part of India. Maybe that's one of the reasons why our missionaries have been so notoriously unsuccessful in this country!

Just to think that one week ago tonight I was having dinner in Washington, D. C. With eight stops, of which only three were for as much as one night or more (the other five were just short stops for meals) here I am more than 8000 miles away and have advanced the watch eight and one-half hours during the trip. One of the big thrills was when we dipped our wings at Bethlehem and Jerusalem at daybreak one morning. One of the short stops was at a point on the Persian gulf where they assembled the airplanes that we Lend-Leased to the Russians. We had a balky motor and were there five hours instead of the one that we were supposed to stay. The temperature was 112 and the perspiration dried up before it had a chance to wet your shirt. I drank more non-alcoholic liquid in the five hours than I had in the preceding six months. Much to my surprise, it evaporated so fast that it didn't take the time to rust my pipes. If it keeps this up, maybe I will develop into a water-drinker. Wouldn't that be horrible! The disintegration of Lyons you might call it. How some chaps have managed to endure two and a half years on the Persian gulf is beyond me; of those who didn't go completely crazy, I am sure that their brains must have gotten somewhat softened.

The point where I am is the redistribution center for this theater and everyone who comes and gets stuck here for at least six days. They recheck your papers, look over your medical record, and shoot you full of new varieties of venom. Gentlemen, I truly feel sorry for any of these flies or mosquitos that happen to bite me now; it is going to catch more disease than it ever thought existed. In his book, I NEVER LEFT HOME, Bob Hope says that there is one peculiar thing about flies in Tunisia—when you try to blow them off, they blow back at you. Well, any mosquito that tries to poison me now is sure going to be surprised; he will die about six different kinds of horrible deaths.

After about a week, We'll

covery has saved countless thousands of lives.

BACK TO HUMAN NATURE... People in that day were screaming for a cure or prevention for the dreaded disease—rabies. And they got it. We have it now, but hardly ever give a second thought. According to an article in this week's issue of THE NEWS, the rabies clinic held in the county last fall turned out to be a complete flop. And there are cases of rabies reported in the county at the present. Sure, if we are bitten, we can take the treatment to prevent the disease from killing us, but why wait until then to realize the need. We can look ahead and prevent it by inoculation of dogs. There are two very effective ways to inoculate dogs—one is to have the veterinarian use a serum; the other way is with a shotgun.

MY OWN DOORSTEP... is pretty well cluttered up with a pooch that adopted us recently. It must have been an outcast for advertising failed to bring either its old master or a new one. So I will enter this as a last plea in behalf of the mutt. If you have a place for it—come get it and for goodness sake have it vaccinated against rabies. Either by one of the above two methods, or maybe chloroform. Otherwise, its days are numbered and it will be vaccinated at home, but not by a veterinarian.

Church and Lodge Directory

Hillsboro Episcopal Church
R. C. Masterton, Pastor
First Sunday, Holy Communion, 11:00 a. m.
Second Sunday, Holy Communion, 8:00 a. m. Morning service, 11:00 a. m.
Third Sunday, Holy Communion, 11:00 a. m.
Fourth Sunday, Holy Communion, 8:00 a. m. Morning service and Litany, 11:00 a. m.
Fifth Sunday, Morning service, 11:00 a. m.
Saints Days, Holy Communion, 11:00

Hillsboro Methodist
Rev. Samuel F. Nicks, Pastor
First and Second Sunday at 11 a. m.
Third Sunday at 7:30 p. m.; Sunday School every Sunday at 9:45 a. m.

New Sharon Church
First Sunday, 11 a. m.
Third Sunday, 11 a. m.
Fifth Sunday, 11 a. m.

Palmer Grove Church
Second Sunday, 7:30 p. m.

probably start on our next hop. The installation here is the one in which the British 8th Army was staged and trained before it entered the North African Campaign. We have marvelled at their exploits and wondered how they got so tough. After even a few days here, I understand completely! And the boys back from China on their way home are the most encouraging. They say, "You think this is rough? Well, friend, you have revelations coming to you. The motto in China is: 'China is no place for softies. If you can't take it, you'd better turn around and go home. You boys from the European theater have got things to learn.'"

I did enjoy the brief visit in Chapel Hill—and seeing all of you again. I think that those of us who have been away will appreciate more than ever the joys of living in the village when we get back. Keep Bruce Strowd, Fred Bowman, Vic Huggins, John Holsouser, Hugh Lefler, Bob Connor, Erle Peacock (especially Erle) and all the rest out of trouble—and the best to you in all your undertakings (particularly Ladies Nights!).

Sincerely,
"Doc" Lyons

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Second Sunday, 3 p. m.
Fourth Sunday, 11 a. m.
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Hillsboro First Baptist
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Sunday School every Sunday, 9:45. H. E. Singletary, Supt.
Worship every Sunday morning, 11 o'clock; every Sunday night except first Sunday nights, 7:30.
Prayer service every Wednesday night, 7:30.
Brotherhood every Sunday evening, 6 o'clock.
Every fifth Sunday night will be Hymn-Time service.
Everyone is invited to attend any or all of these services. A warm welcome awaits you.

West Hillsboro Baptist
Rev. E. D. Young, Pastor
(Continued on page 4)

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