

THE NEWS of Orange County

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Riding For A Fall

With much ado over the announcement that automobile manufacturers are producing new models, to be on the market by fall, and the OPA bulletin that 1942 models are being released from rationing restrictions, hopes are riding high. Everyone who needs a new car—and who doesn't need a new car?—has his plans all made to put cash on the line for a '46 model the moment his local dealer gets the car of his choice in stock; or else, if he misses the boat on this deal, to settle for a '42.

These hopes are wild day dreams, and they are riding for a fall. In the first place, 1946 automobiles are going to be rationed. There seems to be little chance of rationing being lifted before sometime in the latter part of next year. Too, only a very limited number of interchangeable parts that will go into making the hankered-after cars are now in the assembly line. In the second place (and this will add to the discomfiture of those who had reconciled themselves to taking a '42 model if they couldn't get anything better) only 6,000 1942 passenger cars remain in the country.

There has been a spurt of recklessness in the last month. More gasoline each week. Cars coming out in the fall. Why shouldn't we see how much Old Betsy will do on a stretch? Why shouldn't we give the failing lady a last fling before we fling her on the junk heap? Why bother to have her doctored when it makes little difference NOW if she lives or dies? She's been a temperamental servant anyway. Now that we can fire her why bow longer to her whim?

Ride your cars this way for a couple of months and you will soon be riding on the bus. Unless you have a priority, a high priority, or spoke to your dealer in 1945 for a '42 model, you're apt to find yourself out of luck. You'll be riding high—high over a mud puddle afoot and hoping you'll land on the other side when your leap is over. Now is not the time to show your car who's boss. If you pampered Betsy before, handle her with gold instead of kid gloves for another year, or until you have that new car parked in your garage and all the papers making you the legal owner approved by the OPA, the ODT, and the P.T.A.

Remember these three things:

- 1. New cars, when they do come, will be few. 2. New cars, when they do come, will be rationed. 3. The '42 models which are non-rationed will average about 125 to each state.

Get your hopes off their high horse before the awakening crash. Take care of the car you have!

Federal Aid To Education

The question of Federal Aid to education, in the minds of many people seems to involve merely a principle rather than sound, logical reasoning. This is the principle of state sovereignty and the question of centralization of power and authority. Many automatically react against anything giving more power to the national government saying that this is a tendency toward communism or a dictatorship. They don't seem to realize that our federal trinity, the legislative, executive, and judiciary, eliminate any danger of this kind.

The states, especially those in the South, need federal assistance in education. In many of them tax incomes are not sufficient to provide adequate educational facilities. As a result, the southern states are losing much of their most capable youth who migrate to the North for better training and where opportunities are greater.

The federal government has come to the states' rescue in problems of unemployment, health, rehabilitation, policing, and even agriculture. Is there any reason why it should not do so in education as well?

—Howard Rambeau

BY THE EDITOR

WARTIME TRANSPORTATION... It doesn't seem exactly fair to register another one of the conventional and boring gripes about the travel problems. Those sort of sus-

ses are getting trite and somewhat useless, what with the job of transporting that has to be done in this day and time. But it is a little hard to maintain the cool, calm and collected attitude when one gets stuck only a little more than a dozen miles from home—especially at night with a day's work coming at dawn.

IMPATIENCE TO BLAME... It is even harder to swallow the pill of being left by the last bus for four hours and it is solely the fault of the individual and his impatience. It helps a lot to be able to blame short comings on some one else—that damn driver wouldn't stop or "some so-and-so made me late getting down to catch the bus." When we can pass the blame to someone else, it eases our minds and conscience, for having failed to make the connections. It is almost irksome beyond control for one to find that he has nobody but himself to cuss.

THE LAST ONE SLIPPED BY... The last bus slipped by the corner just after impatience had overpowered the waiters and would-be riders, and they had stepped about 25 feet away from the corner. The waiters figured that wouldn't be so terribly bad—they could wait two hours and get the 1:00 a.m. That would still give time for a fair amount of sleep. But there isn't a 1:00 a.m. scheduled to run. The next one is at three o'clock.

WHAT PRICE SLEEP... Three o'clock in the morning is just a little too far into the wee hours of the morning to start home and figure on getting in a day's work the next day, especially when one is already sporting a perpetual yawn. At that stage of the game the victim is in the position and attitude that he will pay almost any price for his bed and some sleep. That left one other source of transportation since our town is not far enough along yet for airplanes and steamboats—the taxi. Their fee is pretty precious, but so is the bed and the kiss of Morpheus.

ETAOIN SHRDLU

Ahoskie (RFD)

MILDEWED... The saturation is complete and the rain water has no place to go except on the topside of the earth and into the making of jungli. It doesn't take many clothes for summer living on an eastern Carolina farm and when you try to furnish two houses for hybrid living there aren't too many window coverings and inside furniture either of the two places. But, when rain water comes down in sheets for two weeks without let-up, overruns all the surface ditches, spreads the swamp streams all across adjoining lands, and threatens to send the Roanoke river sprawling over the river bottoms, you can accumulate more mildew on the skimpy clothes and furnishings than a one-woman household crew can say grace over. It is mildew around this place today.

ROADBUILDING... There's a postponed prewar job of road building to be done on the one-mile stretch of dirt between this place and the concrete strip that leads into town. The rains are in league with the Japs; the two of them are adding delay to the postponement. Publicized in newspapers as the first road to be surveyed for the postwar farm-to-market program in the first highway district, the wornout stretch of road was playing host to a bevy of engineers within three days after the good news. That was on the fourth day of the second day of rains. On this the second day of the third week of the flood, engineers and dirt strip are both gone from my road. We either puddle or swim to town.

WHERE'D SANDY GO?... Hillsboro's Sandy Graham, who came to town from a tour of the Manteo-Hatteras oceanside area and saw this road, must have turned back to Dare county in search of dry land. There isn't any such thing around here.

DEFLATED VACATION... If the rain business keeps up one more week, this family will have its vacation bubble punctured as flat as a Rotarian, Kiwanian, or Lion without a song on his lips and a spot on the talking program. Virginia Beach, the chosen vacation land, won't have any lure for our waterbound family. All we need to have an ocean beach around this place is some brackishness in the water, and the supply of household salt is only fit to chunk outdoors. It doesn't run any more.

HOUSING... Bath houses and water-sheds are the only housing problems where I'm living now, but I see in my favorite Orange county paper that Chapel Hill and Hillsboro are facing a living-place shortage of a more enduring kind. They've appointed a committee in Chapel Hill, and that settles it for C. H. In the absence of reports to the contrary, I presume nobody has thought of naming a committee in Hillsboro. Page Mayor Ben Johnston, or the aims and object committee of the Lions Club. Hillsboro needs a committee—and hotel accommodations, boarding house, eating places and something to eat, houses for homes, and rentable rooms and-or apartments.

SUN, MOON, TOBACCO... Here goes a one-track mind again. The sun is peeping through the clouds this moment and last night I got a fleeting look at the moon. I quit offering any more weather advice to the tobacco housing farm crew but I am about ready to

Take Your Foot Off My Face

"This is written for the express purpose of telling you how much, how very much, I appreciate your patience and tolerance with me. Rough handling is what I should have received—that's all some people understand."

A University of North Carolina Marine V-12er wrote the above to his instructor a month after leaving campus for training base—and a month and two days after the instructor had caused this Marine to cut short a Florida furlough and return to Chapel Hill to complete overdue classroom assignments, or else remain on campus while his buddies went on to their officer-training.

The piece you will read below was written by the fellow as an optional assignment and just did make the deadline at somewhere between 2399 and 2400 on the day before grade-turning-in time. Yesterday's letter from Camp Lejeune included this one statement: "I can say without hesitation that this is where I belong, not in a classroom... That is not to say that this is preferable, but it's where I should be."

Now go on with your reading.

BY C. H. WICKENBURG, JR.

Like several other columns that have appeared on this editorial page, this is an assignment. The explanation at the top tells what happened to put me here pushing these typewriter keys down and slamming the carriage with a left hand that would much rather be back in Florida. But as long as I have a column to write, like Edgar Poe, I'll write something that I feel. And right now, that's plenty.

It seems to me that the American Fourth Estate has committed a gross injustice. It's been bothering me for some time—like a mosquito in your room at night. Finally it bit me. I picked up a recent issue of the Saturday Evening Post and read an article about a train trip from New York to Washington. These articles keep turning up like unwanted relatives. They deal with war time travel.

My gripe is not the subject matter; it's the approach—always the civilian angle. Probably plenty of my fellow servicemen have thought of much they could say and write about, (most of it unprintable), "conditions". Chances are that they like me at this moment are so condemned tired that it isn't worth the effort of griping.

This time last year I was travelling. I was on my way from San Diego, California to Columbia, S. C. The only reason this fact is mentioned is that I've been pondering which was the worst trip, that one, or the one just made from Florida. Neither of the trips were under orders. I took my chances on my own hook, just like a civilian.

The word that all was not well in Chapel Hill reached me about two in the morning, Wednesday morning. A party that began with my buddy, and our two Navy nurses and wound up when most of the Jacksonville Air Station had spent itself against the doors of the clubs that were assaulted long after the management would the cat and put the clock out.

"They caught me with my pants down," was my first exclamation when I read the telegram. I didn't realize how true that was until it dawned that my only wearable trousers were on me. You can't go places in dirty clothes. The government issued me six pair of uniforms. Three were at a tailors being cut down to size. The other two were in an obscure Chinese laundry "Somewhere in Jacksonville".

After much shouting and screaming about trousers, and a dozen or so cigarettes a course of action was decided upon. The family and I verbally hauled the tailor, named Moe, out of bed and dragged him to his shop at 500—that is five in the morning. He didn't approve of mother's amazon-like tactics but was so sleepy that he couldn't protest and

end this typewriter prattle and tote tales to the folks in the tobacco field out yonder. Those primers ought to be told to get on the double quick before the sun breaks through retreating clouds and turns those yellowing leaves into complete flops. That is what happens when this hot July sun shines down on water-soaked tobacco. The process has already begun, and I don't want it to get out of bounds. My bright leaf Camel, Chesterfield, Lucky Strikes, and Phillip Morris cigarettes have shrunk from sight in war times but I don't want it to happen to me in the coming peacetime era. This present field crop will soon be ageing for after-Jap-licking times and every leaf of it is solid cash money to the grower.

TASTES AND SMELLS... This week's smell is of burnt fuel oil. Tobacco barn curers are emitting the smelly smoke on farms all around. Tastes run to peaches and cantaloupes. In a week or so, smoke from pigs and chickens barbecuing around tobacco will add some variation to the night smells. Life never gets dull on the farm, and recreational projects don't eat into your tax budget or call for bond issues. All you need to do is take one look at the grass and weeds, or the muddy hole in the drive, grab a shovel, spade, hoe and rake and you have your today's exercise. I think I will get my morning's workout.

even forgot to overcharge us.

Changing pants in the automobile as we dashed madly for the Jacksonville Naval Air Station is only a vague memory. Mother kept babbling something about not getting a plane and rattling off train schedules going north. Dad kept mumbling that "Sherman was right."

The Marine guard wouldn't let them through the gate, so I left them on the double. That's the last time I've seen them—and if I don't hurry this, my furlough will be up and I'll probably never see them again. I'm going to New River in July.

Anyway, at 0545 I had wedged myself in the door at Operations Tower and asked everyone going and coming if there was a plane headed toward North Carolina any time soon. They were awfully decent chaps—they offered me rides to Memphis, Miami, Pensacola, Corpus Christi, San Diego, and Kansas City.

At 0620 a Navy pilot yawned at me that he was going as far as South Carolina... I didn't give him a chance to say where and at 0645 we were air bound.

The trip was splendid. I continued to knock myself out with congratulations for a little over three hours. At 1000 we landed at a field not far from Columbia, and at 1015 I was wondering why I hadn't taken one of the other flights going west. A swab-jockey (sailor, to you) took sadistic pleasure in informing me that the buses into Columbia ran every four hours—starting at three in the afternoon.

After a voyage across the country in this manner I fancied that I was an old hand, but without hesitation I confess that this rattled me to the edge of frustration. To anyone who undertakes this manner of journey the only words of wisdom I have to impart is, "Don't", and the only advice is—if you do, keep on the move. If you stop and wait, your chances are no better at getting where you're going, but if you move you're always getting that much closer and your odds are the same.

On the garbage wagon going to the highway leading to Columbia I caught a ride. Garbage men are very interesting people. All this chap would say about his job is, "It stinks." I told him I understood.

A country family going to market in Columbia picked me up about 1130. When I got into the automobile I had my choice of holding a large bird dog or the youngest of four children. I chose the infant. Tobacco, I learned, is slow this year. The cold spring kept it down and now this hot spell is making it bloom before it gets out of the ground too good. There is, I learned, also, something a lot worse than a dog to hold. Paternity is for parents.

These people were patriotic, square-toed Americans and at the rate of 30 miles an hour we reached Columbia at 1215; I might warn you that from now on you have to subtract twelve from the numbers and you'll find out what time it is. Military services use 24 hours as a basis of time—there's no a.m. or p.m. Two o'clock in the afternoon is 1400. 1400 minus 1200 gives you 200, or two o'clock p.m., see?

When I got to Columbia I grabbed a couple of sandwiches and a bus for the Columbia Army Air Base and again assaulted Operations.

It always happens. When a marine starts mixing with dogfaces, (Army), things never work out too well. I got stuck there for three and a half hours. The heat was terrific. I wonder if Major Lyons, also on this page several weeks ago, knows what he is talking about in his letter. I wondered a lot of things while I waited there; if you've ever waited like that, you know, for something that you don't definitely is coming, you can understand how things can crowd into one's mind. Some people at a time like that sing, some whistle, some read, some sleep, but I—write poetry.

I've been on an emotional jag for the past few months at the university. She and I have gotten to where we tell each other a lot of things—chiefly, her troubles. The whole thing appears awfully one-sided, so I wrote:

My love for you is tangent, dear,

Movie Preference IN THE PACIFIC...



Like today, unnoticed, but always here. Your love for me Lived, Died, So fast. Like yesterday, the past, Like tomorrow, never come—Chum!

After composing this idiotic piece of maliteracy I worked crossword puzzles until 1630. (try that one) when a captain who walked like he was pushing a plow wheeled in front of me and announced that he going to Greensboro and would I like to go along. I never did find out what a two letter word meaning "Sun God" was.

The trip was splendid. Seems like I've said that before. This time I got to ride up in the compartment with the pilot. We shouted at one another for fifteen minutes before he remembered the crate was equipped with an inter-com and then we enjoyed the quality of making a long distance call to the Ural Mountains.

We landed in Greensboro at 1830. Immediately I was seized with the fear of a repeat performance of that morning, but the captain saved the day and gave me a ride into town where catching the bus for Chapel Hill was mere child's play.

So I got in last night, but there was little sleep. All the guys to whom I'd bade a farewell four days before wanted to know all. They really weren't interested in me, they were just trying to keep from studying for exams today. But every place I've been this morning, that is away from this typewriter, I've had to explain.

It's too bad this won't be published until next Thursday. I'd like to clip it and pass it around to the curious. But as it is, I'll probably never see it in print. Gosh knows where I'll be when you read this. Maybe someday I'll write you and let you know, but Mr. Parker, my professor, says that he's heard that song before.

I hope I've shown that you civilians aren't the only ones who have trouble travelling. As for the title—I got that from a bus ride between Raleigh and Durham.

Soil Conservation News

By H. E. Singletary and Clyde Ferguson

Ben Tripp, A. S. Blackwood, E. N. Mangum of the Mt. Carmel Neighborhood have recently planned some conservation practices on their farms. Personnel of the Neuse River Soil Conservation District assisted in making plans which consisted of terrace pasture improvement, sowing icea on some of the steeper slopes and a rotation system to conserve and build their soils.

F. D. Turnage of New Hope Community with the assistance of the Hillsboro Office of the Neuse River District is planning to construct a farm fish pond. Mr. Turnage is rural mail carrier in the community. Beside the fish pond a complete land use program has been planned.

J. H. Hanner has high hopes for kudzu as a hay crop. He has only one acre but receives more hay from this acre than any other on his farm. The district assistant, Mr. Hanner in getting this started 4 years ago. Kudzu may be cut twice during the summer. Hanner usually cuts his in late September.

C. A. Bowden of the Antioch Neighborhood is doing a fine job of conserving his soil. The part of his farm is terraced. Bowden farms with the contour making terrace maintenance easier. With the help of the District personnel, terraces were established on a tobacco field this spring.

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