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#### **THE NEWS of Orange County**

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Thursday, November 22, 1945

### Make Homesick or Hopeful

We have been publishing weekly (except last week when space was at a premium) a list of Orange men discharged. Our first report from overseas as to how these names affect men still in service comes in a letter Pfc. Alton Bishop, son of Mr. and Mrs. I. W Bishop of Chapel Hill, route 2, sent home. Pfc. Bishop says, "I really hadn't been homesick until I got THE NEWS, and it made me terribly homesick to see how many of the boys from the county had gotten their discharges and come home."

If we stopped reading Pfc. Bishop's letter with that sentence, we would almost be tempted to do away with our veteran's section. It seems that it's heaping coals on an open wound to taunt boys overseas by listing names of luckier men. If homesickness were the only sensation created, out would go ORANGE VET-ERANS with this issue.

But hope steps in. Bishop thinks things over and continues his letter with, "Oh, well! I guess it won't be long until I will be coming back to the states, too." If others are returning, surely there is home for him.

We quote further from the letter since this twenty-four-year-old serviceman now in Japan has said some nice words about the paper. "I have just received THE NEWS, and oh, how glad I was to get it." There's nothing like a hometown paper to bring a touch of home to those away. We thank Pfc. Bishop for confirming our belief in this theory.

Bishop has had a tough time of it. He needs a touch of home. To his folks he wrote, "In New Caledonia it was pretty bad. I slept for nights in mud and water up to my knees. It rained every day I was there. I te you, when we got to Luzon I thought I would never see home any more. You don't know how I felt. There was blood falling all around my head. Of course, after it was all over, I got a battle star and five extra points. But I wouldn't go through that again for five million stars and points." Things are looking up now, and we hope Bishop will have more time and better conditions under which to read the paper. "I am living in a seven-story building with steam heat in Japan. Those Japs still want to keep right on fighting, though. We boys had to go out the other night and bury two Japs But I'm feeling fine and enjoying reading THE NEWS and letters from home. We thank you, Alton Bishop, for the build up. And we hope that you'll keep right on reading your paper, veterans and all, with hope growing and homesickness diminishing.

Everything happened at the same time. Strains of "Here Comes the Bride" wafted through the church, and there came a steady stream of ushers, matron of honor, flower girl, groom, best man and bride. Never a pause for reporter identification. Whizz! There wen: the matron of honor in pink. Who was she? What was the material of her dress? What in heaven's name were all those flowers in her bouquet? Mrs. Marvin Walker on my left whispered she was the bride's sister, but t save her life Marie couldn't remember what her married name was. Then the flower girl. Yep, that was Daisy Dinsmore's Susie, and on the outside as it is wellwasn't that a cute dress she had on? But was equipped within. it organdy or taffeta, voile or chintz? From where I sat it might have been nylon. Phooey is about 30 cattle, 25 calves to wedding write-ups, I began to think, then and 5000 pounds of wieners. consoled myself with the thought that some Retail markets in Hillsboro, are chilled and made ready for member of the family could wise me up later. The bride came in so fast I couldn't tell ham, Mebane and Raleigh are if she was in white or black. And flowers? supplied with this fully in-Surely she had flowers. Marie Walker to the spected meat which bears rescue again. "She's carrying a prayer book stamp No. 18, sign of govern-

with an orchid." "What's her full name?" I whispered back. "Is she'a second or first lieutenant in the Nurses' Corps?" Marie didn't know. I didn't know. But surely the family could tell me.

As to the best man, neither Marie nor I had the slightest notion what his name mightbe. He was in the Navy. I could see blue from behind my post, but I couldn't see stripes on either his sleeve or the groom's. But surely the family would know.

THE FAMILY KNEW . . . The family knew nothing. All I ever got out of any of them, including the mother, was that the best man's name was Eddie. Eddie what? Eddie who? "Well," said the bride's mother, "I'm sure his last name started with an 'S.' Let's make it Sanding; nobody'll know the difference." And I learned Eddie was the best best man who ever lived, that he'd done everything to help out, including making an offer to the groom to slip a bus ticket along with the ring as a last chance if the groom wanted to change his mind. Then came a brain storm. Maybe Eddie had signed the marriage certificate and would be recorded by full name in the register of deeds office. And guess what Eddie's name turned out to be! Edgar F. Felding, Jr. All of that, and where did the Sanding come in?

WHICH REMINDS ME . . . That 16-yearold Casanova of a Sonny Ellsworth seems to keep weddings on his mind. Or at least women. I wonder if it's the California climate. When the story of his elopement with Mrs. Eleanor Deveny broke last week, I sat back for a short breath and tried to think of a Freudianism that might serve as a proper label. Sonny, the same young gentleman who married when he was 14, only to have Mama

## Livestock Slaughter Growing

At Piedmont Packing Co. The Piedmont Packing | sions today up to 100 feet by 175 feet. Within these dimensions are Company, located about five housed several well equipped and miles north of Hillsboro on regulated departments. First, there is the beef slaughterhighway 86, is one of the most ing department with its modern complete and up-to-date meat electric hoists where cattle and packing plants in the state. calves are slaughtered. Close by Owned and operated by G. C. is the hog slaughtering depart-

Daily capacity of the plant Chapel Hill, Roxboro, Dur-

Kennedy and sons, it is as neat

#### SIX DEPARTMENTS IN MODERN PLANT

ment approval.

Several additions have been made to the original plant which

was built in 1937, bringing dimen end the whole pre-arranged cityby - city and county - by - county boundaries yielded to politics. Billy Arthur, who takes his biennial vacation leave from newspapering by getting elected to and attending the legislature, didn't object to the fixed boundary; in fact, he thought it a great idea to settle the thing for good and all. Politicians of the state had never been able to do it; now, he said, would be the time to do a service for the State. Also, it would be a fine initial accomplishment for the state's baby newspaper group.

#### THE CASE OF HILLSBORO .

Then arose the case of Hillsboro which had been predetermined a belonging to the western half. I was there by invitation of the committee that had prepared those tentative' by-laws and the invite had been sent to the Hillsboro paper. Besides that, didn't the crowd remember the state primary in which Sandy Graham ran for governor as candidate from eastern Carolina? My offside playwhispered to the accommodating Billy Arthur-re-opened the question. Result: the same fluid boundaries exist now that produced an eastern gubernatorial candidate from Hillsboro and a western senatorial candidate from Roxboro (a town more easterly than Hillsboro

YOU MAKE THE CHOICE . Newspapers in North Carolina will now choose their own geographical they may western. The publisher group changed the article to provide for individual determination. In the minds of the behind-door framers Durham was to be the dividing line.

by a few degrees).

# Chapel Hill -- It Seems To Ma

blood is dried and all the affoel is cooked and pressed to extract the grease. The dried material af-ter the grease is extracted is known as tankage. This is sold to the feed mills and used especially for hog map, yes, but not by the in

Last department, and one which ment where more electric hoists calves are sorted and packed bethe latest dehairing machinery fore going through a certain curscalding vats and dressing tables are installed. From these departments the dressed animals are are handled each week. moved on overhead trucks to two

coolers or refrigerators where they DR. CHRISMAN S INSPECTOR

All animals slaughtered at Pied Beeves are quartered in the coolmont Packing Company are iners and removed to the shipping spected-before, at the time of room where they are wrapped in slaughtering and again before bepaper and loaded into insulated ing sold. A graduate licensed vettrucks, ready for transportation to erinarian, approved by the state retail markets. Veals are usually department of health, the state desold whole. They, likewise, are partment of agriculture, the U.S. wrapped in paper before being government and the county health loaded into trucks. Hogs are cut department, does this inspecting. into hame, shoulder, sides, loins, spare ribs and back bones. Much Dr. W. G. Chrisman has been employed by the Orange county comof the pork is made into sausage missioners for this job. When he and some is used in the manufacplaces the standard state stamp ture of wieners. bearing No. 18 label on the mean Third department is the sauor package, goods, he gives the sage kitchen, perhaps the largest, best-lighted and most con-'Go ahead; this is o.k." sign to all customers. Permit No. 18 was isveniently arranged of any in the sued to this packing plant by the state. This section is 30 by 60 feet. It is equipped with the latest mastate department of agriculture chinery for grading, mixing, and and meat so stamped can be sold stuffing sausage and wieners. A anywhere in the state.

new linking machine was installed OUT BUILDINGS ARE only this month by Kennedy for NEAT, UP-TO-DATE making linked sausage and wie-For a plant this size, many lot

ners. Capacity of the machine is 600 per hour. Some 20 girls are employed in this department.

processing.

Next department is the smoke house. There fre three of these houses where sausage and wieners must pass for curing after being cooked.

tle pens also have running water Following through with the sauso animals can drink at their leisage and wiener production, a vissure. All barns, pig houses, and lot itor to the plant would find these fences are painted. Recently Kentasty meat dishes must be brought nedy built a board fence for his back to the sausage kitchen from cattle pasture and painted it white. the smoke houses, washed thoroughly with hot and then cold TWO TRUCKS NEEDED water before being placed in the refrigerators. After they are chillfor delivery, the other as a cattle ed sufficiently, they are taken to truck, have been added to equipthe packing room where they are

skinned and packed ready for shipment in the insulated trucks. Another important department

is the rendering plant. Here the and poultry feed.

must not be overlooked, is the hide cellar. Here hides from cattle and ing process. This curing is done thoroughly, and hundreds of hides

and houses in which to confine the

animals are needed. The Piedmont

hos

Packing Plant is the proud pos-

houses with concrete floors and

running water in every pen. Cat-

Two Chevrolet trucks, one used

sessor of well-constructed

The people, then, who are the They constitute a cross-section America, of both today and y terday, a melting-pot of vario creeds, nationalities and rac They came here by choice. They came here by choice. They leave by choice, but they ret They talk of Chapel Hill; ti preach it. Others come here. and out they go, keeping the fresh with new ideas.

By Betsy Brunk

Strip it clean of its human

its men and women, children

dogs-and what have you? No

ing, nothing except a mass

buildings, a maze of walks and

deserted town. Chapel Hill by

Granted that people are

same the world over, why the

there not another Chapel Hill,

many such places? Because, in

first analysis, the majority of

town's inhabitants migrated ra

er than were born here. TH

picked Chapel Hill, rather ti

the other way around. But en

more important, they picked it

a time when they were ripe

mental development.

Why do they come here? Wh is it that these people talk a preach? Is it a gospel? Yes. It the gospel of freedom, freedom everything that is important speech, religion and everyday li ing. But, it is a freedom of cr tion.

Here in the easy climate of Nor Carolina, seasoned and you minds work together. Traditio and foresight go hand in han The dusty paths they follow lea to better living in a better work At night, walking across the un versity campus, it seems as thous one can feel the pressure thought. Thousands of minds pro ing the known, groping for i unknown. The lights from cla and dormitory windows remind o of a factory setting, only the labo here is mental and done with

existence. The individuals who people th spot work with both a selfish a an unselfish attitude. They con to find happiness, but in their di covery they learn its essence a

will for living rather than for me

give as they receive. Such an analysis of the spi of Chapel Hill could go on i definitely. Perhaps it has all be said before. Has it? Then forgi me. I'm new here.

ment at the plant. Trucking cattle from markets in the Blue Ridge (Continued on page 10)

The News, Hillsboro, N. C., Thursday, November 22, ,1945

#### **BY THE EDITOR**

THE WEDDING . . . Weddings are definitely not up my alley. For a long time I have refused, dodged and side-stepped all invitatione because I knew I would disgrace myself by crying. I always cried at weddings. So every nuptial ceremony which I've written up since working on this paper has been written from information given me instead of from an eye-witness viewpoint. I hadn't attended a wedding since my own until Thursday when Ruby Bivins married Bill Miller in the Baptist church here. I didn't cry, and I've decided that the only reason I ever cried before was from envy that some gal had snared her man while I remained an old maid.

I will never make a society reporter. I had hopes before going to that wedding. Now I know better. In the first place, sitting square behind a post is something a well-versed reporter is not doing this season. I couldn't see a thing without leaning on the shoulder of the woman next to me, and she didn't appreciate that a bit. By twisting and turning and getting jabbed in the eye by this lady's hat pin, I managed to get a fairly full description of the flower arrangement at the altar. Wedding write-ups call for floral profusion, don't they? At least I got that much.

Mrs. C. Scott Cates and Miss Helen Caston soon began the pre-knot tieing rendition of appropriate music, and I knocked myself out trying to recognize melodies and recollect composers. The biggest boner was mistaking "To A Wild Rose" for "Going Home," which on the back for knowing Mrs. Cates' and Miss Caston's names. But from that point on, the going really became rough.

and Papa Ellsworth go scooting for an annulment, has bad luck with his women. Husbands of the women who know Sonny have even harder luck with their women. If I were Sgt. Deveny, I'd take my wife out to the nearest chopping block and use the sturdiest slab of wood in the pile right where it'd do the most good. Then I'd send her back to kindergarten where she belongs. As for Sonny, I'd mar some of his boyish charm with a swift jab to the jaw.

STINGY ... Ruth Bivins has been ignoring her old friends since she won that \$50 bond at the Legion bingo party Friday night. When I tried to borrow a small sum, she acted as if she'd never seen me before. Money that one. certainly goes to some people's heads fast.

I'M DIFFERENT . . . These women who begin to get starry-eyed when they hear their husbands are coming home after months overseas I look on with greatest scorn. Having a returned husband is nothing to glow about. What's a husband anyway? Just somebody you wear yourself down cooking for, cleaning up after and petting like a baby if he catches cold. Husbands are nothing but a convenience when they have money, nothing but a liability when they don't. As for telling everyone on the street the news when they hear their men are returning, women who pull such stunts are a disgrace to their sex. I say ignore all husbands. . . . Oh, excuse me, folks. There goes Mrs. Smith down the street and I must run catch her. It just struck me that she's the one person I know who hasn't heard yet. My husband's ship is pulling in at San Francisco next Thursday.

#### **ETAOIN SHRDLU**

GEOGRAPHY . . . At Wilson last-week I got into the middle of a weighty discussion by eastern Carolina newspaper folks about where to locate the boundary for the eastern half of North Carolina. Purpose was to fix the geographical limits for membership to an Eastern Carolina Press Association. As is usually done in such cases, an informal conference and discussion had preceded the organization meeting and the ramrodders of the organization had the limits well defined and laid down in the tentative draft of constitution and by-laws. Until the boys and girls got to that particular paragraph pre-written articles had gone through without discussion rand with no argument. This one about geography wasn't so easily disposed of.

POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY . . . In the first place.

WHISKEY AND POKER . . Once a year or so-maybe oftener. sometimes less often-I may find enough unoccupied moments to do some self-analysis. I get along satisfactorily until I get around to my attitudes-if that is what they are-toward the funnies, straight whiskey, and poker playing. What's the matter with a fellow who doesn't read the funnies, can't look straight whiskey in the face, and won't play poker? You answer

. . TEXAS BAPTISTS' ANSWER

. . The nearest approach to a final determination of the question seen or heard lately was the action of Texas Baptists who have resolved that no Baptist college or university in that state will award honorary degrees to persons who drink and play poker. I had copied the resolution for my annual reflective moments; maybe for future column use. Tom Bost, the Greensboro Daily News columnist, got his poker-whiskey piece written and published first, and I am going to add, extra length to this week's production to pass some of his stuff along to you.

BOST QUOTES . . . "Everywhere one goes these days one finds friends about the bridge table wagering pennies, perhaps nickels on 'points,' but if anybody has found in all his artificial interest injected into the game, any large loss of money there has been no report of it. The instinct to gamble seems universal, else the churches would have fewer raffles and auctions, and even bond sales

would be without the lure of nylons." . . . "A President of the United States should not be so un-interesting to himself that he either has to drink or throw dice, shoot craps or play poker to get along with himself. But church bodies should war on petty gambling, not so much because it is wicked as that it is wasteful; not so much because drinking and wagering are tragic as that they are trivial. If Mr. Truman should play mumble-the-peg or spend his days on Look's puzzle page, he would not be impeccable; neither would he be impolus."

STILL UNSETTLED . . . This me, except that I shan't go to Texas for my collegiate uplift— which I didn't intend doing in the

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