

THE NEWS of Orange County

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THE NEWS of Orange County is the oldest newspaper of continuous operation in 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.

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.

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.

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 tell you, when we got to Luzon I thought I would never see home any more."

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.

BY THE EDITOR

THE WEDDING... Weddings are definitely not up my alley. For a long time I have refused, dodged and side-stepped all invitations 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 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.

Mrs. C. Scott Cates and Miss Helen Caston soon began the pre-knot tying 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 I had on the back for knowing Mrs. Cates' and Miss Caston's names. But from that point on, the going really became rough.

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 went 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 I save her life Marie couldn't remember what her married name was. Then the flower girl. Yep, that was Daisy Dinsmore's Susie, and wasn't that a cute dress she had on? But was it organdy or taffeta, voile or chintz? From where I sat it might have been nylon. Phooey to wedding write-ups, I began to think, then consoled myself with the thought that some member of the family could wise me up later.

The bride came in so fast I couldn't tell if she was in white or black. And flowers? Surely she had flowers. Marie Walker to the rescue again. "She's carrying a prayer book 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 might be. 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 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-year-old 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 and Papa Ellsworth go scooting for an annulment, has had 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 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 and with no argument. This one about geography wasn't so easily disposed of.

POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY... In the

Livestock Slaughter Growing At Piedmont Packing Co.

The Piedmont Packing Company, located about five miles north of Hillsboro on highway 86, is one of the most complete and up-to-date meat packing plants in the state. Owned and operated by G. C. Kennedy and sons, it is as neat on the outside as it is well-equipped within.

Daily capacity of the plant is about 30 cattle, 25 calves and 5000 pounds of wieners. Retail markets in Hillsboro, Chapel Hill, Roxboro, Durham, Mebane and Raleigh are supplied with this fully inspected meat which bears stamp No. 18, sign of government approval.

SIX DEPARTMENTS IN MODERN PLANT

Several additions have been made to the original plant which was built in 1937, bringing dimension the whole pre-arranged city-by-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 as 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 play—whispered 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 by a few degrees).

YOU MAKE THE CHOICE... Newspapers in North Carolina will now choose their own geographical bed; they may be either eastern or 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.

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 that one.

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 raffish and auctions, and even bond sales would be without the lure of nylons." "A President of the United States should not be so uninteresting 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 impious."

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

Chapel Hill -- It Seems To Me

By Betsy Brunk

Strip it clean of its humanity—its men and women, children and dogs—and what have you? Nothing, nothing except a mass of buildings, a maze of walks and deserted town. Chapel Hill by the map, yes, but not by the instincts.

Granted that people are the same world over, why then there not another Chapel Hill, many such places? Because, in the first analysis, the majority of the town's inhabitants migrated rather than were born here. They picked Chapel Hill, rather than the other way around. But even more important, they picked it a time when they were ripe for mental development.

DR. CHRISMAN IS INSPECTOR

All animals slaughtered at Piedmont Packing Company are inspected—before, at the time of slaughtering and again before being sold. A graduate licensed veterinarian, approved by the state department of health, the state department of agriculture, the U. S. government and the county health department, does this inspecting. Dr. W. G. Chrisman has been employed by the Orange county commissioners for this job. When he places the standard state stamp bearing No. 18 label on the meat or package goods, he gives the "Go ahead; this is o.k." sign to all customers. Permit No. 18 was issued to this packing plant by the state department of agriculture, and meat so stamped can be sold anywhere in the state.

OUT BUILDINGS ARE NEAT, UP-TO-DATE

For a plant this size, many lots and houses in which to confine the animals are needed. The Piedmont Packing Plant is the proud possessor of well-constructed hog houses with concrete floors and running water in every pen. Cattle pens also have running water so animals can drink at their leisure. All barns, pig houses, and lot fences are painted. Recently Kennedy built a board fence for his cattle pasture and painted it white.

TWO TRUCKS NEEDED

Two Chevrolet trucks, one used for delivery, the other as a cattle truck, have been added to equipment at the plant. Trucking cattle from markets in the Blue Ridge

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54% of North Carolina communities have no other means of public transportation but buses.



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CAROLINA TRAILWAYS

"Serving you is our 'Good-Neighbor' Policy"

