

# THE NEWS of Orange County

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Harry S. Large..... Managing Editor

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## DON'T GET TOO OPTIMISTIC ABOUT THE PRESENT DECREASE IN TAXES

In this time of high prices and inflationary living, the folks of Orange have one thing on the list of expenses, that has gone down instead of up. That is the county tax rate. Surprising as it may seem, taxes are 12 per cent lower now than they were five years ago. This may seem to be something of a trivial nature, especially when the income tax rates and other less obvious tax rates have gone up by leaps and bounds.

But instead of something to gloat over, this low tax now being paid by Orange countians is something you may well get prepared to part with.

All these dollars that have been mildeewing in your pockets in this time of shortages and rationing will not be called upon by the county tax collector but he will be looking a much larger portion of them in the near future.

This is not a threat or promise from the county commissioners, nor is it idle day dreaming, for Orange county is just before spending some money.

The biggest item in the whole account of things to be spent on is the school system. Never at a first class peak and forced to lapse into even worse condition during the labor short and material scarce war years, the schools of Orange will absorb a lot of those extra dollars of yours.

The courthouse, a proud and well loved reminder of the days of yore, is another little item that must be given its due before it reaches a state beyond repair. The expense incurred in the renovation of this handsome old structure may well be item number two on the tax agenda.

In the realm of courthouses, there also comes another building project to mind that has too long been overlooked, but will not wait much longer. The county must have adequate office space and in buildings that don't have to be evacuated every time a stiff breeze blows up.

Yes, it has been nice to enjoy, the low tax rate and it is a pity that you couldn't have been reminded of it sooner, so that you might have enjoyed it longer, for it won't be low, long.

## BLAME THE ARMY AGAIN

In order to clarify a situation that has arisen in the drive just ended by the Red Cross, THE NEWS feels it a duty to tell its readers just what the facts are regarding certain aspects of the overseas services rendered by the Red Cross.

Local leaders in the drive to raise funds all over the country have reported a growing criticism of the Red Cross from returned service men whose main gripe is the fact that they were charged for the services rendered to them while they were overseas.

The following is a direct quote from General Eisenhower and should help to clear up the aggravated rumors that must have been heard in this part of the country too.

"For the most part these criticisms have grown out of a Red Cross policy of making nominal charges to our forces for food and lodging in fixed installations abroad. These complaints are distressing to me since this particular Red Cross policy was adopted at the request of the army so as to insure an equitable distribution among all service personnel of Red Cross resources."

Whatever the excuses are that might be given for failure to contribute to the Red Cross, this is at least one that has been laid by the heels. In case any of you readers of the NEWS hear this gripe, inform the griper that this is merely another of the many blunders of the army. That is the surest way to get a sympathetic ear from a returned service man.

## LET'S DO SOME MORE PAINTING

The NEWS commends the powers that be on the promptness with which the paint bucket is mustered out and stripes painted on streets each time a new bus service is commenced in town. This is fine and we are glad to see the coming of a local bus service. We are even glad to see the signs freshly painted on the street signs "No parking - Bus Stop."

But while we are on the subject of paint buckets and sign painting on the streets, etc., why in the name of a censorable word or two

can't there be some parking strips painted in the area around the courthouse and on the other streets leading off from the courthouse.

To look at the parked cars now is to see a composite study of all the angles at which it is possible to park an automobile. To a degree this is the fault of the individual driver, but to a much greater degree it is the fault of the city, that has left parking up to chance and has not applied the same quick effort to the automobile parker as it has to the bus parker.

## BY THE EDITOR

NIGHTMARE... THE NEWS was wishing last week could have been a nightmare when its linotype went on the blink, the buying of new parts being out of the question in this day and time of strikes and shortages. But by the good graces of a bunch of Hillsboro folks and few outsiders, things are rolling again.

FIRST WITNESSES... Remus Smith and R. L. Mohler, Hillsboro's furniture man and soil conservationist came in the night the machine stopped just in time to hear our first tale of woe. All they could offer was sympathy—which is pretty valuable in a close spot. The efforts of Wayne McDade and Duke Southerland helped put us on the tract of a new part, and with a considerable bit of thanks going to them, our favorite paper continues without too much interruption.

AUTOMATIC MACHINERY... Automatic machinery is a great thing (when going according to the plans of the designers and builders) and the use of such blessings is not solely peculiar to manufacturers. One of the most popular of such automatic machines that have entered the home is the washing machine that virtually eliminates the real work. John Ballard recently installed one of those new-fangled gadgets in his home that enables the busy housewife to just throw the clothes and soap in the machine, push a button and forget about the wash until the ironing time comes. As John says, one's grandmother, who was raised on the old fashioned scrub board, the big black boiling pot in the back yard, and homemade lye soap, wouldn't believe such a thing possible. But, there were also those in the older days who doubted the possibilities of the flying machine and horseless carriage. From the looks of the many Orange countians, who are desperate for transportation facilities, the horseless carriage again looks like a far-fetched notion.

POST OFFICE MACHINERY... One of the most fascinating machines in these parts is a little and not so new gadget employed by the Scott, Helen, Pat, and Miss Cora force man the Hillsboro post office. That little hand-cranked-machine that cancels the stamps on letters is the object of discussion. The motor driven ones used in the larger post offices don't have so much on that one, according to the inexperienced bystander's opinion, except the saving of a lot of elbow grease. The most worrisome thing about those gadgets is that nobody has yet perfected them to the extent of cancelling stamps on various shapes and sizes of packages. The word automatic might also be well applied to the human machine route carriers, E. C. Liner, Charles M. Walker and Harry Woods. When THE NEWS address labels get gummied up and mutilated, sometimes beyond recognition by the human eye, the papers go right on the the proper destinations—it must be instinct on the part of those carriers, or perhaps they have blood hound noses and can sniff the paper a time or two and trail its owner to his own mail box.

BIG TOWN... The next move for Hillsboro must be the installation of a subway system or elevated train. We have bragged from most every angle about the signs of progress in the ancient village in the way of buildings and other improvements. But two of Hillsboro's brother citizens and returning veterans have pulled a rabbit out of the hat and popped a new one on us in the manner of the Hillsboro Bus Line. The Allison brothers, Steve and Bernard are venturous pair who have undertaken the task of starting an entirely new thing here. From all we have seen or heard there has never before been offered a similar service in Hillsboro.

ARMY VEHICLES... These ex-service trucks that wander back and forth around Hillsboro could be little more than a bore and an unpleasant reminder to some of the ex-service men, but to the civilians they are a curiosity. Since we last mentioned the one John Ballard has been driving, the population of the same size truck has grown by at least two. Bill Chance has been driving one that is painted a green that blends well with the present season, and being a lover of the finer things of life, the driver has even improvised a top on the cab. The other such truck roaring around the town is the one being employed by F. S. Cates and driven by Haywood Satterfield. It's painted black, the color best suited for its job—hauling coal.

## VILLAGE ORANGE

By Betsy Brunk

CHARITY "CALL" . . . The Junior Service League, which has received "marching orders" before, was on the move again last week. "Last stand" this time was the basement of the University Cleaners. Here, since their departure some time ago from the addition next to Ab's Book Store, members continued their charitable work, weeking the "Thrifty Shop," where individuals could buy or donate old clothing or household furnishings, open as usual—Thursday afternoons and Saturday mornings. For the time being, or at least until the supreme donation—that of a cubby-hole in either Carrboro or Chapel Hill—the league, unfortunately, will have to discontinue this work. Ideas or "donations" will be most joyfully accepted at any time by Mrs. H. E. Thompson, president, or her co-workers.

THE NEW TENANT of the basement beneath the University Cleaners is Bob Lloyd, Mr. Lloyd, who has been affiliated with the Tar Heel Barber Shop since 1930, is setting up his own three-chair shop and plans to hang up the "open" sign within the next two weeks. C. N. Bennett is in charge of alterations on this "site." Mr. Lloyd, his wife and son live on Davie circle.

AB'S BOOK STORE, known also as the Intimate Book Shop, has at last overflowed into the building adjacent to it and formerly occupied by the Carolina Bicycle Shop. This new section, which it is predicted will be open this week, will house as complete as possible a stock of records, radios and record-players. Four listening-booths are on hand for record-devotees, and business will be conducted on a self-service basis. Ab says his main aim, as far as the records are concerned, is to build up a folk music collection equal to, or in some instances surpassing, his classical, popular and children's recording collections.

YOU SAID IT! Men have been saying for centuries that most women's hats are little more than glorified mops. Last week at the Junior Service League bridge benefit, Mrs. R. B. Lawson just about proved them right. During the evening session, a lovely white wall mop was awarded a high scorer at Mrs. Lawson's table, whereupon the professor's wife tried it on. Cocked coquetishly to one side of her head, the mop made quite a fetching showing; both men and women admitted it looked most becoming.

THREE-TIMES-GILDERED . . . Gilda, that is Rita Hayworth of the movie of the same name, made a round trip and one visit over last week in Chapel Hill. First she stopped at the Carolina Theatre for two days, then the Pick for another day and was returned by popular demand to the Pick again last Sunday. Still the fellows ask, "where's Gilda," but now they'll just have to wait—and "blame it on Mame, boys."

MR. BROOKS, of the N. C. Cafeteria, got a new awning for his place of business last week. He replaced the familiar solid green canopy with a new tan and green number, similar to the one on Eubanks Drug Store next door. The new one looks and fits fine, yet lacks a little of the New Yorkish air of the old one. No doubt, though, the stripe is more practical.

VARLEY'S Men's Shop acquired a new sign the first of last week, while about the same time, Mr. Godwin, the new jeweler, was noticed to have hung up his shingle.

IT SEEMED like home and old times both last week as the Fuller Brush salesman was observed, "knocking" his way around the town. Even in the rain he managed to make a sale at the A. A. Klutz residence, but perhaps the young-lady buyer was prompted more by a feeling of nostalgia than need of a brush.

FARM FACT . . . An interesting fact about Mr. James L. White, new owner of Dell's Jewel Box, was discovered last week. Seems as how he was at one time owner of a flour and feed mill. With this experience behind him, Mr. White should know just what the folks in this county want and need in the jewelry line. Like Mr. Godwin, our other new community jeweler, Mr. White is also a commuter, coming all the way from Oxford to work each morning. Yes, he, too, would like to move

to Chapel Hill BUT . . .

NECESSITY once again proved herself the Mother of Genius, and this time the "genius" was Dr. R. C. Rendtorf, son-in-law of Mrs. E. J. Sells. Dr. Rendtorf was ordered by the Venezuelan government last Wednesday at 1:30 p.m. to report to Caracas for special assignment via the next plane. He was to leave his home in Baltimore, Md., at 8:45 p.m. for Washington, and from there, for South America at 11 p.m. His baggage was not to exceed 55 pounds. Stores were closed when the message came through, and the only scales available were in a nearby bakery. Two books, each found to weigh exactly one pound, were weighed at the bakery, brought home and rigged up on a mop handle. Every article of clothing was then weighed by this crude but effective method until the estimated quota has been reached. Somehow the doctor managed to make train and plane deadlines and arrived in Washington in time to watch plane authorities check and weigh his luggage. Imagine his surprise when the scales registered exactly 55 pounds!

POST MISTRESSES . . . Carrboro and Hillsboro post offices have much in common, not the least of which is Mrs. Christine T. Ray (Mrs. Benson Ray) and Mrs. Cora L. Lynch. Both these ladies are acting-post-mistresses since the death, in the one case, and retirement, in the other, of their former bosses. Needless to say the ladies are doing man-sized jobs. Mrs. Mary Frances Riggsbee of Carrboro was called in recently to assist Mrs. Ray, who also happens to be president of the PTA over that way.

NEVILLE BROS. Service Station came in for a fresh coat of white paint last week, and from the looks of the few drops on O. D. Neville's nose Saturday, it appeared he might have come in for a bit of it personally.

NO EXCUSE for passing up the new Midway Grill now. . . . A large neon sign has just been installed over the entrance.

## NEW HOPE

Representatives from 5 churches have participated in the study of the book of Isaiah taught at New Hope by Miss Florence Root, Bible teacher in Orange county schools. The last in the series will be given next Sunday, May 12, at 3 p.m. Everyone is invited.

Circle No. 2 will meet Tuesday, May 14, at 2:30 p.m. with Mrs. Homer Tapp.

The Young People's League will meet next Sunday.

The Woman's Auxiliary met last Sunday. Mrs. O'Neil Sharpe gave a report from the Presbyterian. Plans were made for the annual birthday party.

At the meeting of the session last Sunday plans were made for a daily vacation Bible school.

Mrs. Jones of Fayetteville is visiting her son, J. R. Pulley.

John Borland is visiting his daughter Georgia in Wilmington.

Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Campbell are moving into the Thomas Craig place near New Hope.

Mrs. June Lloyd left last Thursday, May 2, for Louisiana for a visit with friends.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pickard and two sons, George and Tommy of Pittsboro, Mr. and Mrs. Gar-



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land Kirkland, Alfred Kirkland and W. G. Strayhorn of Chapel Hill visited at John Cates' last Sunday.  
Mrs. William Gatling and little daughter of Florence, S. C., are visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Lockhart.  
Howard Tapp left for Ft. Bragg Saturday, April 27.

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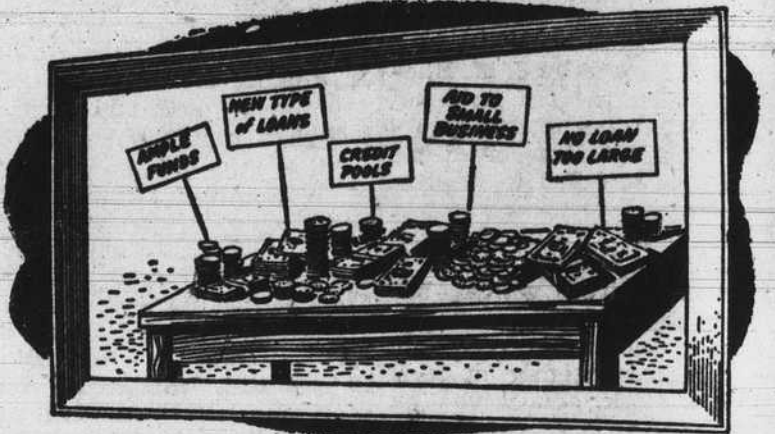
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