

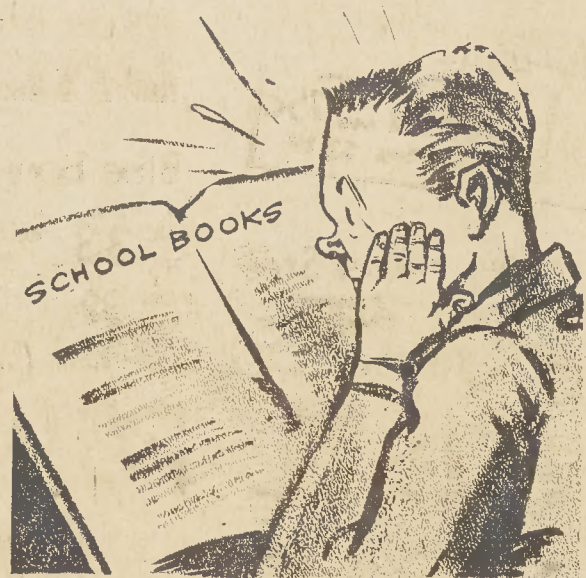
Russians And Readers

A visiting Russian—not one of the group whose leader so irked Pete Ivey, but of another, and they're coming in such numbers that pretty soon we'll have to give them distinguishing numbers or some other sort of identification—anyway, a visiting Russian recently said something about us that hits home and hurts. He told a Greensboro reporter that "the most striking thing about the well-equipped and 'rich' American homes he has visited is that they have no personal libraries. He said that in the U.S.S.R., though the houses and apartments may not be so elaborate, the home library is their first pride."

This is too unhappily true. Chapel Hill, for special reasons, may be more bookish than other communities in and outside North Carolina, but the generality holds, and plenty of homes right here could do with much more reading matter.

One of the best ways to get Americans to act nowadays seems to be to challenge them to rival Russians. Here's a challenge that could be taken up to the benefit and pleasure of the contestants. There's no substitute for books, and if that's such treason to TV that the set gets all hot up and pops a tube, very well.

Education rests on books, and education is a field recently full of U.S. - U.S.S.R. com-



Walt Partymiller

parisons. It's impossible to expect a child to feel at home with the books essential to school who has never seen books used, respected, treasured and enjoyed at home.

Every parent might do well to get for himself (and herself), on every child's birthday, some books. A good example would be set, and a good time could be had by all.

Accent Is On 'Show'

In the fuss about whether the breed is honest or gimmicked, it's well to keep in mind that in "quiz show" the accent is on "show." Viewers want entertainment. Producers want rather than persons who have a fund of information, those who can bring it out in dramatic fashion. They'll treasure such exceptional specimens, and go as far as their consciences will permit in holding onto those who prove popular. How far that is obviously varies from show to show, producer to producer.

Much of the work of newspapermen is asking people questions. They know that somebody giving an immensely important reply may do it in dull fashion. The authority may, "Um...er...ah. Now let's see," may say silent a long time and ponder, may even say, "I'll have to look up a point. Call me or come back tomorrow." That, of course, would never do on TV. Quick action is wanted and the answerer must be at least as much actor as authority.

Some television programs, though regrettably few, are really instructive. (WUNC-TV

carries more than most stations.) They have their appeal and interest, besides value, but they aren't cast in the mold of a master of ceremonies, who already has the answer on a card in his hand, firing questions at "human Univacs," who then make awful faces, writh, beat their breasts and brows, and come up with replies right or wrong. It's the writhing that counts, if it makes watchers murmur in sympathy or, occasionally, snort in pity because they happen to know the answers. The replies are secondary, but if a show latches onto a good writher, it might nudge him or her toward replying right so that the program wouldn't lose a star.

It could almost be said that a quiz show is keeping faith with its viewers if it comes up with a sprightly cast. From there, it's only a step to weeding out those who are dull in manner, however bright in fact, and cultivating those who put on appealing performances. That's the nub of the quiz show business, and it's as simple as ABC—or CBS or NBC.

Swinging On A Branch

On the way past a yard in East Rosemary Street a few days back, we saw a little girl swinging on the branch of a tree. A little girl and a great, big tree—a giant of an oak. The girl was dressed in red and the tree in green, and they made a lively, gay, lovely picture.

The tree's trunk shot up rough and huge around, as though it meant to have no more to do with earth or folks on it. High overhead the first limbs thrust out. Then one of them dipped in a graceful curve so its tip came almost to the ground—and if not just so that a child could have a place to play with a swoop and a sway, it's hard to say why.

The girl would grasp the branch as high up as she could reach, pull it down to her,

then twine arms and legs tight about it, let its supple springiness ride her skyward, dip her earthward, rockaby her like the rhyme's babe in the treetop, but safe from such a great fall. At last the pendulum lift and let would end, and then she'd do it again. She seemed to tire of the game no more than the tree did.

Factories have yet to wake a teeter-totter, the fanciest, costliest, most spring-equipped and finely balanced, that could give a child more fun than that girl was having. Each taut line of her young body told of joy as though

It was a simple scene, but all the rest of that day seemed brighter for having spied it. Perhaps that was because a happy child, made so with the aid of Nature, was at its center, she had found out how to fly.

Those who ask for appropriations at budget hearings in Raleigh may find the old Oriental saying—"Hearing is obeying"—fails to hold.

Sudden realization that they haven't been seen so much lately, nor missed, either—sack dresses.

Reading the international news often causes much the same helpless feeling as looking at the climbing thermometer on a hot day.

A French proverb says, "A meal without wine is like a day without sun," and effort to phrase a parallel about the best meal of the day can find nothing stronger than "A day without a good breakfast is like a day without a good breakfast."

If the mail were worth the hurry folks go to get it in, they could hardly stand the excitement of reading it.

Don't count your rabbits before they're hatched.

Governor Hodges says State employees fare well "in comparison with their fellow North Carolinians," which according to latest statistics doesn't put them in the 91 per cent income tax bracket.

Danger Signal Lighted

By DAN ANDERSON

Try to imagine how it would be if all traffic between Glen Lennox and the center of Chapel Hill were stopped — except maybe mule-rides.

Roughly, that's the threat facing thousands of that special sort of Americans, New York City commuters. Men in gray flannel suits, the patsies of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and dwellers in Exurbia would be worse off than the hardest-hearted author ever made them if the 'ax fell.

Presidents of two railroads hold the ax poised, to cut off commuter-train service between Manhattan and the clustered towns called "the city's bedrooms" that lie in Westchester and other New York State counties and in nearby Connecticut, mainly in Fairfield County.

'Losing,' They Wail

They're losing money, say the railroaders, and can't keep up service unless they get tax relief, subsidies, higher fares — probably a combination.

President Alfred E. Perlman of the New York Central Railroad growled in July it must at least reduce losses or end commuter service. President George Alpert of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, which serves Connecticut, echoed, more strongly, more recently. Alpert says the New Haven lost \$5,000,000 on commuters in 1957.

He announced plans to talk with officials of New York City and Westchester and Fairfield Counties about granting the road \$2,000,000 to \$2,500,000 in tax cuts, subsidies or both. If that's not forthcoming, he added sternly, he'll seek — "immediately"—to end the service.

How Can They Lose?

Plain folks may wonder why a dependable, regular, heavy flow of traffic is unprofitable. The New Haven hauls 30,000 commuters to and from New York each weekday, but says this doesn't pay, even at more than \$30 a month for a commutation ticket to far points. If the average fare is only \$20, that's \$600,000 a month, but the New Haven manages to lose

on it. Railroadng is a weird business!

Chaos and calamity would result from halting the trains. Thousands live a life attuned to the railroads — and, for many years, fostered by the railroads vaunting and improving the service they now threaten to halt.

Commuters get the twin advantages of work in the city, life in country. They pay for it in money for tickets and time spent traveling. A man from Westport, Conn., will take a train shortly after 7 a.m. for his metropolitan job, get home around 7 p.m. If his office is downtown in Manhattan, adding a subway ride to the train trip, he may spend over four hours a day going to and fro. But his children grow up seeing trees, his wife enjoys a house rather than being cooped in an apartment.

Big Investments

These people, often highly paid by advertising, finance, TV and radio, have put lots of money into their homes. They've caused real estate and business booms — including setting up by New York firms of suburban and exurban branches, Wanamaker's having even closed its Manhattan store to concentrate on a network of outlying shops.

What could the commuters do if the link—the lifeline! — were cut? Take buses? Form carpools for round trips often more than 100 miles daily? They'd make more mess than the highways could take. New York couldn't hold them if they tried to move back there.

The city and all the towns have big stakes in keeping commuters riding. Perlman and Alpert may have talked, hoping for concessions, more fiercely than they'd ever act. Solutions may — really, must — be found.

Yet here's a gloomy omen for all the sprawling metropolitan areas of the nation, of which New York was first and is foremost. After giving thanks they aren't in such a bind, Chapel Hillians who care how the rest of the country lives will watch what happens around New York.

'It's Great How Things Are Picking Up'



Newsman's Notepad

So Like Chapel Hill - So Unlike

By ROLAND GIDUZ

Going off the hometown news beat and changing over to the big city has been quite a switch for The Newsman and his brood... We'd imagined that in moving from one University community to another, things would be pretty quiet in Cambridge this season of the year, as they are in Chapel Hill.

One thing we didn't reckon on, it seems, is that Cambridge (Pop. 120,000) is a University "village" surrounded by Boston (Pop. 800,000) and about two dozen other small towns, each approximately the size of Raleigh. Nothing quiet about that many people in one place. And our family zoo of five certainly hasn't served to lessen the clutter.

Having been out of Orange County overnight less than a dozen times since 1950, a four-day auto trip, family and furnishings in tow, proved quite an experience.

The AAA-plotted route for the 750-mile journey went by Richmond, Washington, Baltimore, Wilmington, Philadelphia, New York, New Haven, Worcester, and Boston... But it actually went "by" all of them. Durham was the biggest city we went through, other than Washington, on this "express" route between Chapel Hill and Boston. Thruways, by passes, boulevards, parkways, and turnpikes, as they're variously known, routed through traffic around every single place mentioned... And a boulevard bypass around the nation's capital is now under construction, too.

\$5.20 In Tolls

Of course all this wasn't free. The family accountant tabulated tolls totalling \$5.20 for the full 720 miles — covering turnpike, bridge, and ferry tolls. Needless to say, it was a good buy. The ferry toll came in because of the different way we chose to enter New York City (a side trip from the official routing). Leaving the New Jersey Turnpike at Elizabeth, we crossed Goethals Bridge onto Staten Island and entered Manhattan at the Battery landing via the Staten Island Ferry (\$.65) from St. George. To our thinking this harbor approach is and always will be New York's most interesting tourist sight.

Three-year-old Bob seemed to enjoy the boat ride, too. He surveyed the expanse of the towering skyline in front of him, the Statue of Liberty to his left, the water in front, and commented sagely: "Mama, it's deep."

Traveling with a family of three young boys complicates any type of journey, to make a bit of an understatement. We soon found out that mornings were much better than afternoons for travel. Also: Post-meal journeying was smoother than pre-meal times. (— We needed a 700-mile trip to discover that???)

Meals were the most trying part of the whole endeavor. Few restaurants are equipped for family service, though we found that some spots with lollipops, balloons, high chairs, children's plates—and, most important—fast service—made things far less painful. But take a gang of children into a crowded Times Square Cafeteria at 6 p.m. and try to get 'em fed. Try it, sometime. You just can't do it!

The boys seemed to have a fair time for the overnight stay in mid-town New York. They enjoyed their first subway ride (no charge—walked under the turnstile)... were fascinated by Times Square's neon phenomena, and interested in the view from the Empire State Building tower. But nobody disagreed when young Bill volunteered simply—"New York's too big. It's got too many people and too many cars."

Constant Question

Most frequently-asked question in the entire four days was: "How many miles?" One of the boys asked it at least every mile—just about on the mile. We developed a stock, though scarcely creative answer: Every time we replied "Fifty miles." This was usually incorrect, but we never got any kick-back on it!

And talking about congestion... We expected it quite naturally in the cities of New York and Washington. On the parkways, turnpikes, or boulevard what-chamacallits we never saw any congestion. —Except on our heading northward out of New York in the early morning. The in-bound lanes on the Merritt Parkway were solid with fast-moving double lanes of cars. Then at one point for about 100 feet, that side of the highway was squeezed into a single lane where some road repairs were in progress. —From that point back the cars were packed solid for a little over two miles in a fast-growing snail-pace procession through the single-lane bottleneck.

Washington, a stopover for two nights and a day, wasn't without its highlights, either. Naturally we had to take the boys to the National Zoological Park for most of a day... There they saw the okapis, rhinos, elephants, anteaters, tigers, alpacas, two toed sloths, and lions, etc. And what would you suppose six-year-old Bill said he liked the most? —A corral full of prairie dogs—common desert rats.

Locked Out of Car

That was no less of a let down than the climax to a brief walk through the Capital building. On returning to the car we found it locked solid with the keys still in the ignition. But within minutes an ingenious and helpful policeman had it open. He used the old trick of inserting a coat-hanger loop through

How ABC Stores Helped

What follows is reprinted from the Durham Morning Herald. It tells how the city and Durham County benefit from profits of ABC liquor stores — in money and otherwise. Results could be similarly happy for Orange County if voters approved establishment here of ABC stores in the referendum August 7.

Durham County's bootleggers and moonshiners have taken a bad beating since the ABC system was established here in 1937.

Weaning tipplers away from speakeasies, legal liquor at the safe time has provided profits that proved a boon to county and city budgets, and thereby a blessing to the taxpayer.

'Terrible' without It

"The city and county would be in terrible shape financially if we had not had ABC money," a county commissioner asserted recently. "The tax rates would certainly exceed their present status."

Records show that a total of \$57,926,926 worth of hard drink was sold by local ABC stores since their opening through last June 30.

Profits were distributed in this manner: to the City of Durham, \$3,964,310; to the County of Durham, \$4,084,310, and to the State of North Carolina, in 10 per cent sales tax, \$4,961,099. The federal government realized its big take at the source, being paid by the distiller at the rate of \$10.50 for each gallon of 100 proof liquor.

The city and county split the profits 50-50 until a couple of years ago when the county assumed sole responsibility of the operation of the Health Department. At that time it was agreed that the county would take 70 per cent of ABC profits and the city 30 per cent.

What It Does

How has ABC profits helped Durham?

Before the recent profits percentage change, a 4 1-2 to 5 per cent saving was reflected in the county tax rate through ABC monies.

ABC profits have entirely financed Durham's share of the Raleigh-Durham Airport. Until its recent closing (due to the opening of Gravelly at Chapel Hill), the Durham County Tuberculosis Sanatorium was operated solely through ABC profits.

Lincoln Hospital has been aided greatly, county teachers have been employed, industrial utilities helped, warehouse equipment obtained,

public libraries supported, the Committee of 100 aided, outside fire protection financed, garbage disposal service made available, county rabies inspection program financed, and given a financial shot-in-the-arm through the legal sale of alcoholic beverages.

How Money Divides

Here is where the money goes for a bottle of ABC whisky. Take for example a fifth of a popular brand selling for \$3.95.

The federal government (based on \$10.50 per 100-proof gallon), receives 45.7 per cent or \$1,806; the State of North Carolina receives 10 per cent of the selling price or 39.1-2 cents; the County of Durham (70 per cent of the net profits) receives 8.7 per cent or approximately 34 1-2 cents; the City of Durham (30 per cent of the net profits) receives 3.7 per cent or nearly 15 cents; to law enforcement goes 1.4 per cent nearly 5 1-2 cents; cost of handling, storage and transportation totals about 2 cents; ABC operating costs total about 21 cents; and costs of beverage totals 24.7 per cent or about 97 1-2 cents.

.. Disclaimer ..

By DAN ANDERSON

Special for The News Leader

"If a reader thinks he's seen Similarity between

Characters in this book and

Real folks, he must understand

It's by pure coincidence, and

And he mustn't take offense."

That's what writers often say,

But I'll put it, if I may,

In a somewhat different way:

"If, sweetheart, you think at

times

You've discovered in my rhymes

Some real girl recipient

Of my praise and compliment,

Be assured it isn't true —

Unless that real girl is you!"

N. C.'s Unique Position

North Carolina is in a rather unique position with regard to highways in that we are one of only four States which assumes final responsibility at the State level for primary as well as county roads. Our Commission has the total responsibility for designing, building, improving and maintaining well over 70,000 miles of public roads and highways. In this respect our responsibility is larger than that of any other State. —Gov. Hodges.

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