

Dedication Program Of New Hospital Wing Set At High School



The dedication program of the new Harry H. Straus wing to the Transylvania Community hospital will be held Sunday afternoon in the Brevard high school, beginning at 3:00 o'clock. The board of trustees of the hospital cordially invites the public to attend the dedication program and to tour the new addition following the exercises. (Times Staff Photo)

The S. S. United States—Schrifts Afloat or Vive L'ile De France! and Several Enthusiastic Hail (Queen) Marys! Being A Few Observations On Three Famous Ocean Liners

By DUNCAN MacDOUGALD, JR.

(Editor's Note: The Times is pleased to carry the first in a series of two articles by Duncan McDougald, Jr., of Brevard and New York, whose work as a professional philologist takes him to several European countries each year. Mr. McDougald is expected to sail for France the last of this month.)

Not so long ago I sat, improbable and ironic as it may seem, in the gorgeous town house in Paris of a lovely lady, oafishly swilling jero-boams of her Veuve Cliquot rose. For the record, the lady in question, because of her glittering social position, her fortune and her platinum-haired glamour, is accustomed to super-deluxe, five-star Very Important Person treatment wherever she may be. "By the way," she cooed, "I'm going to America soon. Since you travel a lot, tell me what boat I should take." As I had just been transferred from the Ile De France to the United States, I of course jumped up and hollered right out, "There's only one boat for you—the United States!" "Is it really good?" she asked. "Better it could not possibly be," I replied, "even if it sat right down and tried." Like most Europeans, my hostess was skeptical of all things American. But by cracky, I figured, this was one time that I could introduce her to something from the United States that would really bedazzle the bedaylights out of her. After all, wasn't the United States, ac-

ording to the paean-like, swooning advertisements, the most ecstasically scrumptious boat that had ever been launched? "Alors c'est bien, ca," she said, with an infinity of boredom, as she motioned to the butler to toss me out into the street, "The United States it'll be; and I'll look you up in the Bowery . . ."

That night at 8:30 the boat train roared into Le Havre. There she lay—the United States, tremendous, proud and exciting, her gigantic red-white-and-blue funnels bathed in the brilliant glare of searchlights. I waddled on board, deposited my opium-filled carpet-bags in my stateroom and retired to the smoking room-bar to fill out the usual landing formalities. As I converged on the smoking room, I thought that perhaps I had made a mistake: Was this a boat of the Harlem River Line? Or of the Ethiopian Shipping company? For the personnel consisted to an astonishing degree of young blackamoors jauntily attired in bellboy-esque suits meandering around the ship. I got the second of many shocks when I was informed that relatively few of the crew, including those in responsible positions, spoke French or German. This of course is no less than insulting to the many non-English speaking persons travelling on the ship; and it is pathetic to see a steward or a purser, while the boat is in a French or a German harbor, not being able to answer the most ele-

mentary questions in those languages. In spite of this inexcusable incompetence, the United States Lines brazenly brags in its fulsome booklet on the United States about its "specially trained staff, a staff which makes personal service and passenger comfort their first and only business!"

I asked one of the officers how late one could sample the food on the great United States, which, if you believed the effusive copy of the United States Lines, is at least several times more deliciously delicious than that served in, say, Paradise, and I was told that one could eat until 11:30. At 11:00 I went down to the dining room (cabin class) where I was served, in a singularly surly fashion, and on a paper plate no less, two cold hot dogs and a helping of cold, soggy sauerkraut! And in the harbor of the most gastronomically sophisticated nation on the globe! As there was evidence of sandwiches—by that time, with still a half-hour to go, I asked a waiter, very politely, to bring me a sandwich. Looking at me as though I were a salesman for the Bubonic Plague, he said: "At this hour? Are you kiddin'?" And it took a letter of introduction to the master of the ship which the United States Lines had given me to wheedle this churl into going to fetch one sandwich. After a while he traipsed back in, dumped it down on the table and stalked away, leaving me to get up and get (1) a napkin, (2) a knife and fork, and (3) the salt and pepper! Having thus regaled my appetite, I slunk back to my cabin and pondered in that same fulsome little booklet the following pronouncements: "You'll enjoy the finest American and international dishes prepared by master chefs whose specialty is pleasing you—expertly. The menus from which you choose have earned for Unit-

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Drug Combination May Be Used Against Tuberculosis

A man was discharged from a tuberculosis sanitarium as a hopeless case.

He was told he might as well go home to die.

Today, the man, now in his seventies, is quite well. And he recently built a foundation for an addition to his house.

The case is one of 60 that showed "marked clinical improvement" after treatment with a combination of two drugs that may prove a new and more potent weapon against tuberculosis.

Dr. Robert H. Siver, of Baltimore told of his work with the drugs, an arsenic compound and sulfadiazine, in a paper delivered to the Maryland Branch of the American College of Physicians.

"It is really most amazing," commented Dr. Weterbee Fort, governor of the branch.

He compared Dr. Siver's discovery to use of penicillin against pneumonia and liver extract against pernicious anemia.

Dr. Fort cautioned however, the treatment "must not be construed as a cure for tuberculosis until there is further confirmation in the hands of other observers." He ad-

ed "it looks good—very good."

The patients treated with the two drugs by Dr. Siver represented eight organic types of tuberculosis. One woman, virtually blind and unable to walk without a cane, threw away the aid and could see clearly after two months.

Dr. Siver advised the drugs are not ready yet for general distribution. They never will be sold across the drug counter because the compound comes from a deadly poison, para carbamino phenyl arsenic acid.

Dr. Siver spent four years of research with the drugs at Union Memorial and Franklin Square hospital in Baltimore. He first got interested in it while in the army, when he noted a similarity between the organisms responsible for leprosy and tuberculosis.

Dr. Siver started trying the combination on hopeless cases—such as the man sent home to die.

How the drugs combat tuberculosis still is to be determined. Dr. Siver theorizes that arsenic is the foundation by breaking the shell of protoplasm and exposing the tuberculosis germ. Then the sulfadiazine wipes it out.

Hospital "Scrub-Up" Room Also Modern



Located adjacent to the major and minor operating rooms is the doctors' and nurses' "scrub-up" in the new Harry H. Straus wing of the Transylvania Community hospital. Before operations, the doctors and nurses scrub their hands and wrists to the elbows 10 minutes with a brush and antiseptic soap and then rinse in alcohol and dry with a sterile towel that has been kept in a sealed package. Finally they put on rubber surgical gloves. Pictured above are DR. JULIUS SADER, left, and DR. C. L. NEWLAND, right. (Times Staff Photo)

Mrs. Jones Heads Hospital Nurses

A native Floridian, who has become transplanted in Tar Heelia, heads the nurses at Transylvania Community hospital. She is Mrs. Claudia B. Jones, director of nurses, who originally hails from Miami.

Being an only child who was orphaned early in life, it is not surprising that Mrs. Jones chose a profession in which she dedicated herself to helping the sick.

Mrs. Jones received her nurses' training at the Jackson Memorial hospital in Miami and was graduated in 1930. She remained on the staff for 14 years and at the time of her resignation was supervisor of a 50-bed general men's ward.

Although Mrs. Jones did some relief nursing and private duty at Patton Memorial in Hendersonville, she was not actively affiliated with another hospital before coming to Brevard.

A GOOD SPORT

The director of nurses is the mother of two sons, Claude and Alan, for whom she makes a home while their father is in the hospital corps of the U. S. navy. Mr. Jones and his wife have a great deal in common since he is a pharmacist's mate. He recently returned from Korea and is stationed at present in Charleston.

Obviously upset, a young wife called up a friend and told her that she and her husband had quarreled and that he's left her.

"Now don't worry too much about it," the friend told her soothingly. "He's done that before, you know."

"I know," said the wife, her voice breaking. "But this time he took the bowling ball."



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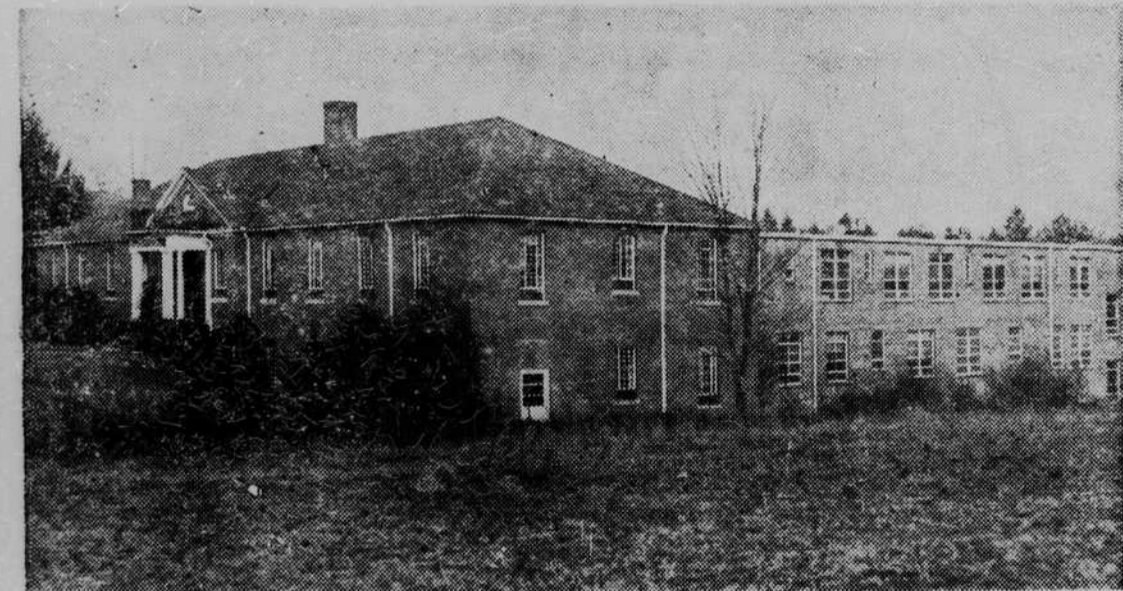
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An Excellent Institution SERVING THIS AREA WELL

We are proud of the new addition to the local hospital and feel confident that the expanded facilities will mean a blessing to the sick and suffering of our county, both today and in the years to come.

Attend the formal dedication exercises of the new wing on Sunday afternoon, January 24, at 3:00 p. m., at Brevard High School Auditorium.

Moore Funeral Home