

# The Chapel Hill Weekly

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### Designs for Future Automobiles

In an address to the Society of Automotive Engineers, Raymond Loewy has expressed his opinion about the present designs of automobiles and has ventured predictions about future designs. You may not have known, or if you did know you may have forgotten, about Mr. Loewy's remarkable career, so I will give a brief review of it.

He was born in Paris 61 years ago; he attended the University of Paris and the Lanneau College of Engineering; as a liaison officer in the First World War he formed friendships with many of the Americans fighting on the French front; he came to live in this country and was naturalized as an American citizen. His first work was as a fashion designer. He was art director of the Westinghouse Electric Company. Twenty-five years ago he established his own organization for industrial design.

He is called an "industrial designer," but that is only a convenient designation. It tells only a small part of the story and does not suggest the great scope, or the artistic quality, of Mr. Loewy's achievements. The partnership and companies bearing his name today provide designs for 127 corporations, including railroads, airplane manufacturers and operators, manufacturers of cosmetics and foods, a bus company, chain and department stores, and steamship lines. He has been designer and stylist for one of the big automobile manufacturers for sixteen years.

He has been a lecturer at Harvard and New York University; has contributed to architectural and engineering journals and to magazines; and is the author of "The Locomotive—Its Aesthetics" and several other books.

Talking to members of a brotherhood of close kin to his own when he talked to the automotive engineers, he told them bluntly, in some passages you might even say brutally, what he thought of present automobile designs. One thing he criticized was the copying of one company's product by the others and he said that this was the time, "while they have the money, the momentum, and the market," for the makers to be pioneering. Then he offered predictions. Here are some excerpts from that part of his address:

"Semi-automatic driving will become the rule. Driving will become easier—therefore more relaxing; therefore more dangerous. Interior design must take into account that the occupants must be protected more carefully if the driver lapses in attention and dozes. Devices to prevent this from happening may become standard equipment."

"The standard of living will be more uniform. More people will be able to consider the possibility of owning two or more cars. (There will be a wider variety of body types made available at the low-cost level—possibly a utility car, of which no example exists now; or a vacation car, combining advantages of the present station wagon with some of the more important facilities found in trailers; refrigerated compartments, cooking units, folding awnings, tents, and so forth.)"

"Now let's see if we can visualize an ensemble. Our 2005 model has a compact engine that does not require a high hood. This engine can be placed anywhere, and the cooling intake, if any, will be small. The body encloses large luggage spaces. The car is correctly streamlined; the undercarriage is smooth. The body is built strongly to be safe in case of collision. Therefore, window arrangement will be changed by the new type of structure. I

believe the goldfish-bowl or greenhouse superstructure is on its way out, especially in the rear of the vehicle.

"The doors—or rather, the accessibility panels—will be power-operated and will open so that one can get in and out without crouching. The car can move laterally for close parking."

"Visibility in a 360-degree arc is assured. Inside, windows closed, the car is quiet. The roof is a light-reflecting surface that will keep the car from getting too hot inside in the sun.

"The electronics industry will probably have developed a low-priced radar unit for driving in the fog. Also, I see a possibility of a return to the flat windshield, which eliminates misleading light reflections at night."—L. G.

### Mrs. Archibald Henderson

Everybody has had strange contradictory feelings about the flight of the years: at one time a certain happening returns to the mind so clearly that it seems on the very brink of the present, at another time it seems so far, far away in the past as to be rather in a dream world than within one's own experience.

As with events, so with persons. This thought comes to me in connection with Mrs. Archibald Henderson. She was of an era in Chapel Hill that we think of and speak of as bygone; the population of the place has so changed, by incomings, by departures and deaths, that most of the people living here today did not know her. But to those of us who have been here for a generation or more she is such a vivid memory that, now when we hear of her death, she belongs to only yesterday.

In the University at the turn of the century she was a striking figure on the campus and in the classroom, a slender and graceful brunette whose beauty was of the type that you see in portraits of great ladies of Italy and Spain and the French Midi. Her carriage had a regal flavor, reflecting the note of dominance in her character. She was a brilliant scholar and her contributions to the college periodicals revealed a remarkable gift for writing.

She was married soon after her graduation to another brilliant scholar and gifted writer, and their home became a center of intellectual and social life in the village.

Mrs. Henderson was distinguished for the knowledge gained by her wide-reading, for her keen perceptions and sensitive understanding, and for her lively and pungent wit. Underlying her intellectual and artistic qualities was a loyal and generous nature.—L. G.

### Old-Time Homely Remedies

I used to hear the late Dr. William deB. MacNider talk about great medical discoveries that came about by accident. Of course this part of medical history is well known to all physicians and to many other people. A famous instance was the observation by Edward Jenner that milkmaids infected with cowpox were immune to smallpox; this led him to make experiments demonstrating that inoculation with cowpox gave immunity to the disease. The use of quinine grew out of somebody's noticing that natives of a South American country allayed fever and pain with an extract from the cinchona bark. The discovery of penicillin by Alexander Fleming resulted from his observing, incidentally to experiments for another purpose, the antibacterial powers of mold.

Not so well known is the resemblance of old-time homely remedies to drugs developed from famous discoveries. One of Dr. MacNider's reminiscences was about a farmer's wife who told him, long before penicillin was ever heard of, that the best way to get rid of an infection was to apply a moldy bread poultice. The doctor paid little attention to this at the time; he recalled it after the discovery of penicillin.

These remarks are inspired by the following passage from Mrs. Lucy Phillips Russell's column in the Rockingham Post-Dispatch:

"The great bacteriologist, Alexander Fleming, died last week at age of 73. Back in 1928 Dr. Fleming stumbled into the mystery of what is now penicillin. But Dr. Fleming was not a pioneer in that branch of medicine

"Many years ago a mother in Rockingham was in great distress because her baby's mouth was so sore that he would not eat; he just cried miserably night and day. 'Aunt' Alice Leak, a respected friend of those who needed her services, came to the rescue of the distracted young mothers. Said she: 'I know exactly what will cure that baby in two days, but you

won't do what I tells you.' 'Yes, I will, I'll do anything to cure this baby's mouth.' 'Well, then you go out in the country to somebody's sheep-pen and get you a cup full of sheep-droppings, get the old kind already molded, kind o' blueish; make you a tea with boiling water, let it set till cool; don't strain it, just let it settle and wash that baby's mouth and yo' breast with a soft piece of cotton, three times a day. It will help some from the first but in less than two days your baby will be well. Use a fresh piece of cotton every time. Now I done told you what to do: you go make that 'Nanny Tea'."

"My mother was a nurse woman; she taught me how to make this tea and she learned it from her mother, who may have learned it from her mother who came from Africa.' So saying Aunt Alice went on her way.

"Was that tea ever made?"  
"I am sure not, but half a century or more afterwards a great doctor did that very thing under different circumstances and suffering humanity bows down before his memory."—L. G.

### The Horror That Menaces the World

The latest article about the horror that a third world war would be appears in this week's issue of the Saturday Review. It is "Man's Duel with the Hydrogen Bomb," by the distinguished British mathematician, philosopher, and author, Bertrand Russell.

A hydrogen bomb war menaces mankind, but, says Mr. Russell, "what impedes understanding of the situation more than anything else is that the term 'mankind' feels vague and abstract. People scarcely realize in imagination that the danger is

### Chapel Hill Chaff

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Fortunately it was not needed. The pilot's cuts did not add up to a serious injury.

The passengers, informed that they would be transferred to another plane, trooped into the Washington terminal. They boarded the substitute plane in time for the delay to be only about an hour. The plane loaded at R-D-CH at midnight.

The crew and passengers on the first plane did not know what it was that had shattered the windshield until they landed at Washington. Then they learned it was a duck. The airplane and airport people did not enlighten our niece as to what species of duck. They said simply: duck.

My associate on the Weekly, Joe Jones, knows more about winged creatures—all wildlife, for that matter—than anybody in my acquaintance, and I asked him what sort of duck this one probably was. There was no telling, he said—there were wild ducks of so many species flying north at this time of year.

I wonder if there was enough of the duck left clinging to the windshield—feathers or other parts—for the investigators at Washington to find out what the species was? Maybe Mr. Goodwin, the Eastern Air Lines' chief officer for the Raleigh-Durham-Chapel Hill area, can tell me. I will ask him.

I have received a letter from an old friend, Ferdinand B. Johnson, of Clinton, who was known only as Ferdie Johnson when he was a student here in the class of 1897. He was a third baseman on the University baseball team and was one of the great ballplayers of his era. He and W. D. Carmichael were classmates.

The subject of his letter was the recent article in the Weekly in which a Mr. McElvaine, a visitor in the village, recalled coming here as a member of the University of Pennsylvania team in 1898 and told how a ball hit by a Carolina batter to rightfield had started rolling down an embankment, and, because of stopping in a hole near the top, had been recovered by the fielder and thrown to second base in time to put the batter out. The batter, according to the narrative, had been loafing

to themselves and their children and their grandchildren, and not only to a dimly apprehended humanity."

He quotes warnings that have been uttered by eminent men of science and by experts in military strategy. One of these warnings comes from Sir John Slessor, an authority on air warfare, who says: "A war in this day and age would be general suicide . . . It never has made and never will make any sense, trying to abolish any particular weapon of war. What we have got to abolish is war."

I have been wondering what is the closest parallel, in literature, with the day when hydrogen bombs begin to fall; not, of course, a parallel in the kind of destruction—that is, from falling bombs—but in the general scene of terror and despair.

My selection for the closest parallel is "Dies Irae" ("Day of Wrath"), a Latin poem by Tommaso di Celano, who lived seven centuries ago (from 1185 to 1255 A.D.). It begins "Dies irae, dies illa! Solvet saeculum in favilla, Teste David cum Sybilla." Here are some passages from the English translation in Burton Stevenson's anthology, "The Home Book of Verse":

"Day of wrath, that day of burning, Seer and Sybil speak concerning, All the world to ashes turning . . . Trumpet, scattering sounds of wonder, Rending sepulchres asunder, Shall resistless summons thunder . . . All aghast then Death shall shiver, And great Nature's frame shall quiver, When the graves their dead deliver . . . When shall sit the Judge unerring, He'll unfold all there occurring, Vengeance then no more deferring . . . When the accursed away are driven, to eternal burnings given."—L. G.

parallel with the building that was the Library then—it is now the Playmakers Theatre—and beyond right field was the oak grove to the rear of the South building. The present journalism and University Press building stands where our diamond was. The Carr building stands back of where home plate was."

I made a mistake last week in saying that the Paul Greaves had 6 granddaughters living in Boston now. The number is 8.

## Streamlite Samsonite Luggage

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### On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

THE WEATHER THIS PAST WEEK may not have seemed like spring to you, but believe me, spring has been around Chapel Hill for quite a little while now. It showed up first a few weeks ago in the guise of balmy weather. Then the clingers came: A pink horse caught the measles; a phony meteorite turned up in the middle of the campus; and a farmer in northern Orange county reported the seat gone from his two-holer.

The first two incidents above may have been spontaneous manifestations of collegiate sap-rising which always accompany the vernal equinox; the latter was a clear indication that the old-fashioned and well-known spring-time "Hell Week" is still being practiced by a number of Carolina fraternities, in spite of the fact that all forms of hazing have legally been abolished for some time. (The University is ostriching along in the belief that "Green Week" has completely replaced "Hell Week;" the truth is that at least two fraternities are still practicing the time-honored custom of paddling the backsides of their pledges.)

Trophies similar to the two-holer seat mentioned above have always been favorite targets of pledge scavenger hunts. Another favorite (it was on my list a few years back) was a cannon ball from the Confederate memorial on Capitol Square in Raleigh. Largely as a result of these fraternal forays in past years, there are now two cannon balls left out of the original 16 (one is on the northwest corner and one on the southwest corner of the monument). I see them every day, and I have been meaning to suggest to the buildings and grounds people that they either dig up 14 mates to go with them or get rid of the two lonely ones that are left.

But to get back to our topic, which was spring. Don't let the temperature fool you; other factors, I have found, are controlling in determining the seasons in Chapel Hill.

I AM NO LAWYER, so I am ready to stand corrected on any legal points concerning requirements for ABC elections, but from what little I have found out I would hazard a guess that there will be no whiskey vote in Chapel Hill in the foreseeable future.

(1) The municipal picture: An enabling act, passed by the General Assembly, is the means by which a municipal ABC election could be called here. This would require the support of Orange county's representative, John Umstead. The Orange-Alamance district senator, Ralph Scott, would not propose such legislation without Umstead's okay. Thus, in effect, Mr. Umstead would have to introduce the bill. I asked him a few days ago what the chances were. His answer:

"They'll have to find somebody besides me to sponsor it."

As indicated above, Mr. Scott would not do so, and no other legislator would introduce a bill concerning someone else's constituency. I didn't press Mr. Umstead for his reasons, since his tone of voice implied that he wasn't interested in even discussing the matter.

(2) The county picture: A county ABC election can be called by the Board of County Commissioners; or a petition containing the names of 15 per cent of the voters in

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