

# The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina

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### Hospitals Run for the Benefit of The Patients: A Good Objective

My most important activity when I was on tour last summer and fall was, of course, sightseeing. A less important, incidental one was going to newspapers where I could buy American newspapers and magazines. There were many of these stands and on them I could find the Paris edition of the New York Herald Tribune, the international edition of the New York Times (printed in Amsterdam and distributed to other cities by plane), the Saturday Evening Post, and the New Yorker.

One day I bought the October 1st issue of the Post and read the leading article in it, entitled, "Are Patients Human Beings?" The subtitle was: "Smart hospitals are junking traditional but boneheaded customs like 5 a.m. reveille and payment in advance. Result: Patients get well faster and don't go home mad."

One of the persons quoted in the article was Anthony J. J. Rourke, administrator in the Stanford University Hospitals in San Francisco for twelve years, later executive director of the Hospital Council of Greater New York, and a recent president of the American Hospital Association.

One of the things he said was that during the past decade hospital administrators have been given ample advice from their customers, ranging from politely phrased suggestions to sizzling denunciations. One patient spoke for many of his brethren when, in an article published in a leading hospital journal, he castigated drawn-out admission procedures and asked, "Do we have to be three-fourths dead before you're willing to dispatch us at once to our rooms and get the necessary details later?"

Other patients, Mr. Rourke told the Post writer, have bitterly assailed such items as poor coffee, lukewarm food, the lack of essential privacy, noisy corridors, extreme restrictions on visitors, awkward room arrangements, inability to find out what was happening to them, nurses who don't come when called, thoughtless or rude admission clerks, the use of the standard wall color known commonly as hospital buff and sometimes as pale nausea yellow, and especially the ancient and apparently sacred custom of awakening patients at five or six o'clock in the morning.

I am reminded of the article in the Post by the one I have just read in the latest issue of "The Bulletin," published by our University of North Carolina School of Medicine in cooperation with the Whitehead Society and the Medical Foundation. This article is by Irving Carlyle, prominent attorney of Winston-Salem, former president of the N. C. Bar Association, former State Senator, and one of the leading advocates of the Good Health Movement in North Carolina.

One passage in Mr. Carlyle's article reads as follows:

"The general citizen wants and expects the atmosphere of the medical center to be one of kindness and while a patient there he expects to be treated as a human being and not as a part of the documentary evidence in support of a scientific theory. He will rebel against being treated as just another guinea-pig. The state of his health is a very personal matter to him and he expects to be treated at the medical center in a very personal way and with a very special care. He believes very strongly that in the patient the medical center should move, live and have its being."

The patients' experiences described in the Post recalled to me one acquaintance of mine had when he went to a hospital after he had suffered a

serious thrombosis. No time should have been lost in getting him to bed, but instead of being taken there immediately he had to stand up at a counter for several minutes and give various biographical and financial details for a clerk to enter upon a filing card. Various practices just as stupid and inconsiderate as this are recalled by many a person who has been a hospital patient.

I hear reports of better performance in the last two or three years. I am glad the hospitals are displaying a clearer understanding of the attitude they should have toward patients and that they are coming nearer to being the place Mr. Carlyle pictures as an ideal, "one of kindness, where a patient expects to be treated as a human being and not as a part of the documentary evidence in support of a scientific theory."—L.G.

### The Christmas Slaughter

(New York Herald Tribune)

Death in any holiday season is always doubly poignant, and never more so than at Christmas, the time of cheer and hope. The death toll which has just been chalked up on the nation's highways is nothing short of horrible. The final figure will not be known for some time, for there are those who will die tomorrow of today's injuries. But the ultimate toll will be heavy, even a record, according to those who study the grim statistics. And though joy and contentment should be universal, today sorrow and bitterness engulf the Christmas spirit in hundreds of homes throughout the land.

If there were signs of any abatement of these regular holiday tolls, one might reluctantly accept them as part of the price to be paid for the universality of highway travel. After all, no nation in the world approaches America either in the number of automobiles or the number of people who enjoy their use.

Old concepts of travel and transportation have had to be completely revised, with many of the changes occurring in the last ten years. In many cases highway planning and building has not caught up with the power and popularity of today's cars. And in some cases the motorists themselves are hard put to measure up to the potential of their intricate and powerful machines.

Yet it remains as true of today's cars as of practically every form of transport devised by man that caution and common sense will prevent all but a small proportion of accidents. The stories told by the survivors of accidents are nine times out of ten the stories of rules broken, or warnings ignored, or chances taken. And most unfortunate of all is the fact that a small proportion of reckless drivers can create havoc far in excess of their own numbers, bringing disaster upon others as well as themselves.

The one hope for an amelioration of the situation seems to lie in the growing uneasiness and concern over the periodic death list. Eventually this must surely bring about irresistible pressure for a tightening of traffic laws and the imposition of more severe penalties upon violators. Safety devices are already being introduced by the auto manufacturers in growing numbers. But most important of all is the likelihood that the horror of these repeated tragedies is being hammered into the public consciousness. Some day all these factors are bound to take effect. Unfortunately, they will never erase the tragic record of Christmas, 1955.

### The House That Henry Ford Built

Henry Ford was 40 years old before he really began to make money. He was 52 when he started the business world by announcing that he would pay his workers a minimum of \$5 a day.

Ford started his company with \$28,000, mostly borrowed. A Detroit banker who put up \$10,500 in 1919 sold his stock back to Ford twenty years later for \$26,250,000. The others did just as well, proportionately.

Right now, for the first time, the company which he formed in 1903 and which is still all but the private domain of his descendants has just disclosed its financial status. Its assets amount to \$2,500,000,000.

### A Presidential Crown of Thorns

Ezra Stiles, President of Yale College 1788-1795; "A hundred and fifty young Gentlemen students are a bundle of Wildfire not easily controlled and governed—and at best the Diadem of a college president is a Crown of Thorns."

### Former Airplane Mechanic

## W. H. Ray, Chapel Hill's Assistant Fire Chief, Remembers Service Plants Blaze as the Most Dangerous He Has Seen

By Lyn Overman  
Assistant Fire Chief W. H. Ray, a lanky and personable ex-Marine whose interests have ranged from airplanes to plumbing, has been serving Chapel Hill now for about 10 years.

"You might say I've been with the fire department long enough to see it develop from almost a volunteer outfit to a paying one," he said.

Mr. Ray, father of two teenage girls, is a native of Chapel Hill and attended Chapel Hill schools before he decided to become an airplane mechanic when the University began its pre-flight training during the early forties.

"During this time I lived on a farm near here and also worked for Stroud Motor Company," he said. "Then it was the Marines for about two and a half years."

Upon his return to Chapel Hill in 1946 after serving in the South Pacific, Mr. Ray joined the fire department. At that time, he said, the fire department consisted of three



—Photo by Laverne  
W. H. RAY

men and two trucks. He and Chief J. S. Boone have seen the department grow to seven firemen and three trucks.

Every fireman remembers one blaze of his career which seems to him to have been

the most dangerous. Mr. Ray admitted his is the blaze that burned out the top of the University Service Plants building in the late forties.

"The people in the building didn't know the place was on fire until after we arrived and the roof had almost caved in," he said. "But everybody got out all right."

"We were called to investigate what seemed to everybody else a fire in a chimney," he said. "The people on the second floor didn't know that the entire attic was burning."

"It was a cold day, sleeting and raining," he said. "We were able to get it under control in about an hour. Most of the damage from the fire was confined to the attic."

Mr. Ray also does another job for Chapel Hill, that of plumbing inspector, which, he said, amounts to part time work.

He and his wife, formerly Edith Diggins of Farrington, live at 6 Justice Street. Their two daughters are Virginia Browning, 13, and Bertha Louise, 11.

### Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

What stirred my thoughts to tennis was Walter Eaton's razzing me about Chapel Hill's cold weather. "You wrote me years ago," he said one day two weeks ago when the temperature was way below freezing, "that you could play tennis here on Christmas Day." Well, after he said that the weather turned warm and on Christmas Day the mercury went up to 75. Messrs. Jordan, Cowden, McGinty, and the junior McGinty played on the Jordan court that afternoon and my nephew, Pembroke Lee, and I went up to get some snapshots of 'em to show Mr. Eaton.

When photographs of the players had been taken, I said to one of them, "Hand me that racket, and let me try a swing." I took my stance on the serving line, tossed the ball up, and swung at it. I would like to be able to report nothing worse than that I knocked it into the net or over the backstop. But what happened was that the ball fell on the ground at my feet because I missed it altogether.

I related this incident in a letter to my friend, Vivian Manning of Greenville, S. C., who was champion in both singles and doubles in tennis in 1923, and he replied, "Your report on your attempt to show how well you could still serve a tennis ball makes me feel better. In a ball in a game I was looking at last summer somebody told the company what a wonderful player I was and gave me a big build-up by reciting my record in great detail. I ought to have known enough to keep still, but I borrowed a racket and a ball to show 'em how to serve. The result was disgraceful. I swung twice and missed the damned ball both times."

### Gas and Morals

(The Greensboro Daily News)

"The most interesting thing in the Western Hemisphere of Wonderland," said Alice to the Mad Hatter, "is the charming British signs at the petrol booths."

"No, child," said the Hatter. "Those are not British at all, but American, and in this place they are called filling stations, and petrol is known as gasoline."

"How strange," Alice said. "But why are they written just so—like 26 and nine pence?"

"Why, they mean 26 and nine-tenths of a cent per gallon, child."

"And why, pray, would they make the '26' so terribly, terribly large, and write the 'nine' in such a tiny way that one can scarce see it?"

"Well, it is a custom of the country," said the Hatter.

"A curious one. I believe this is not a very moral country."

"Whatever leads you to say such an ugly thing of our kind hosts?"

"Well, it's plainly true. If petrol is 26 cents, why don't they say so? And if it is 27 cents, couldn't they say as much, rather than hiding the odd cent in the little tenths? It's dishonesty and an outrage."

"But everyone in America understands: Every soul who drives a motor knows the figure is hidden."

"Then it is all the more hideous," said Alice. "The petrol people are deceiving the motor-car people, and all of

### I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

A reader writes: "Regarding your quotation from a Mr. Wharton concerning whistling girls, let me say that the idea that whistling is un-ladylike went out about the time his grandfather died in 1902."

"The version I have heard for 60 years is: 'Girls who whistle and hens that caw. Make their way wherever they go.'

"If you had ever heard a girls' choir in a whistling song, you would pronounce it delightful."

"Teach Annis Lillian to whistle her songs and you will be charmed. It is a beautiful accomplishment. An alto and soprano whistling duet should not be compared to a boy's loud and raucous whistle—or the wolf call."

I have too much trouble presently teaching Annis Lillian what little I know about verb tenses to undertake instruction in how she should purse her lips to whistle. And I'm about to surrender with the conviction that possibly Annis Lillian gets along well enough to be let alone.

For instance, she says, "Yesterday I cutted out a paper doll and putted it in my room."

I know what she means; and so does everyone who hears her; so why try to confuse her now with encouragement to omit "ted" when more than half the words in her vocabulary are so armed in the past tense?

We got around to reminiscing the other evening about my elementary school days, and how I almost drove public health nurses nuts.

It all started with a sore throat and mother prescribed a morning gargle of warm salt water. That happened to be on the day we kids were lined up for examination, and one of the nurses poked a piece of lumber in my mouth, pressed down my tongue and murmured, "White patches, diphtheria. Go home."

Mother didn't believe I had diphtheria, and carried me to the family doctor, who didn't think so either. But the health department decorated the house with a yellow sign and said I had to have an anti-toxin. I got it, and it nearly killed me. I didn't have it.

One other time, the nurses measured and weighed us. I measured about three feet tall and weighed about 50 pounds, and the nurse, after looking at her little printed sheet, hung around my neck a red card which announced that I was 25 pounds overweight for my size.

From then on, I delighted in being rough on them. Whenever they'd come into the classroom and ask those who drank a pint of healthy milk a day to hold up their hands, I'd keep mine down. But when they wanted to know who drank nasty old coffee, I'd stand up in my seat, wave my hand and tell them how much I weighed.

"Children should never drink coffee," the nurse would counter.

Then, I'd say: "My grandmother raised 13 children, and the first solid food they got was soakie bread. And I still have soakie bread every morning."

Soakie bread I had, too, until I got old enough to feel that it wasn't gentlemanly to dip my biscuit in the coffee.

If those New Year resolutions which meet an early death had to be burned, the fire department would be overworked issuing permits January 2.

Best advice at this season is don't let your swear offs wear off.

them know it well. This is a whole country trying to persuade itself that it is paying 26 for 27 cent petrol. I believe otherwise, they would conclude they could not afford it. Why on earth cannot they be candid?"

"Child, you must not babble nonsense. Can you not see that we are now in an advanced part of the world where Business comes before Candor?"

"I beg your pardon," said Alice, much abashed. "You must remember that one-tenth of my questions are quite beyond my control."

Before the bridge was built, Uncle Adoniram ran the ferry at Coon River Crossing. The fare was five cents. One day Shrimp Parker wanted to cross. But he had only three cents. Uncle Adoniram chewed on it for a while, then announced his decision. "If a man ain't got but three cents, it don't make no difference which side of the river he's on."—Stanly News & Press

"It takes a mighty conscientious man to tell whether he's tired or just lazy."—Keller's Kwicksies.

### On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

PEOPLE IN PUBLIC LIFE often have sensible and reasonable justification for making "No comment" statements when asked for their opinion on public issues in their field. Sometimes, however, they make themselves look either downright silly or exceedingly stupid by refusing to express their views on something which is a matter of public interest.

I don't mean for the above comments of mine to reflect directly on Gordon Blackwell, a member of the Chapel Hill School Board, but I wish to use Mr. Blackwell as an example of a ridiculous extreme in this "No comment" business.

The action of the state's Advisory Committee on Education in recommending suspension of activities of similar committees on the local level has been a subject of many thousands of words of copy in the state press for the past week.

Yet when Lyn Overman, our reporter, called Mr. Blackwell and asked him what he thought about the situation, he made the following statement:

"You can put me down as 'no opinion.'"

Which prompts me to ask Mr. Blackwell, who, as a member of the School Board, is a public official: Why, Mr. Blackwell? Why is it, even if you don't care to express your opinion, that you apparently have none?

I STOPPED IN AT SUTTON'S drug store the other day for a quick bite to eat before I dashed out to Raleigh-Durham airport to meet a plane. The fastest sandwich in prospect seemed to be a hot dog, and that's what I ordered.

"All the way?" asked the pert young thing behind the counter.

"No," I said, "not all the way. I don't want onions."

She mumbled something that sounded like they didn't have any onions or didn't like onions themselves, and then she asked me again, "You want it all the way?"

"No onions," I insisted.

"We don't put onions on them anyway," she said, distinctly this time. "You want it all the way?"

I gave up. After all, I had a plane to meet. "Yes," I surrendered. "All the way."

AN ANONYMOUS POSTAL CARD (it was signed "Noblesse Oblige") which arrived in the mail from Charlotte shortly before Christmas bore a clipping of a recent Weekly headline and a message. The headline, from the story of what we called the "Great Popcorn Fire," read as follows: "The Kids Were Disappointed." It referred to the fact that the children who went to the fire looking for free popcorn didn't get any. Here's the message from the card:

"How did they manifest it? By bleating? Or do only lambs bleat? I believe that a paper published in a University village is under a special obligation to manifest evidences of at least respectable learning; that not so to do reflects on the Uni. and on the State that supports the U. (in this instance), I am not a graduate of Chapel Hill, neither is either of my children; but I am taxed to support the U. of N."

In answer to the reader's questions, I would point out that not only lambs but certain types of people often bleat. I believe it is fairly manifest (to use a word with which our correspondent seems overly impressed) nowadays that the word "kids" may be used colloquially to mean children—and is so authorized by modern dictionaries—just as we use terms such as "youngsters," "young'uns," "small fry," etc. Used in its literal sense, a "kid" is a baby goat, and has nothing to do with a "lamb," which is a young sheep.

We want reader "Noblesse Oblige" to feel free to bleat to the Weekly any time he feels we have disgraced the University and undermined the English language.

THE CAROLINA COFFEE SHOP reports that at least one University student was well fed BEFORE he went home for the Christmas holidays. The subject of the report—a skinny fellow about six feet tall—walked into the restaurant and ordered breakfast on the last morning of the University's fall term. And what a breakfast he ordered!

Twelve eggs, scrambled; six strips of bacon; eight pieces of buttered toast, accompanied by four containers of jelly; three cups of coffee, one glass of water, and a large serving of grits.

THE NEW YORK TIMES, which always manages to turn up with something fascinating sandwiched in between all the gray matter, published a report recently from Lakin, Kansas, having to do with the troubles of newspapermen.

The editor of the Lakin Independent, a fellow named Monte Canfield, was getting his front page on the press in a rush so he could dash off to a newspaper convention. In the process of transferring the front page form—a metal framework which holds the type together—to the press, he dropped it, and headlines, news stories and what-have-you crashed to the floor of the printshop in an unholy scramble.

Canfield and his printer went to work and, line by line, pieced the front page together like a jigsaw puzzle. When they got through, it all seemed to make sense, but there were 16 lines of type left over. This didn't stump Editor Canfield for long. He printed the extra lines in a box at the bottom of the front page and announced to his readers that he was holding a contest to see who could put the lines in their proper places.

"No prize will be given for the correct answer," he carefully noted.

**RANCH HOUSE**  
AIRPORT ROAD CHAPEL HILL  
HOME OF CHOICE CHARCOAL BROILED HICKORY SMOKED STEAKS—FLAMING SHISKEBAB—BUFFET EVERY SUNDAY