

The Chapel Hill Weekly

Chapel Hill, North Carolina
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Published Every Tuesday and Friday
by The Chapel Hill Publishing Company, Inc.

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Entered as second-class matter February 22, 1952, at the postoffice at Chapel Hill, North Carolina, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES	
Orange County, Year	\$4.00
(6 months \$2.25; 3 months, \$1.50)	
Outside of Orange County by Year:	
State of N. C., Va., and S. C.	4.50
Other States and Dist. of Columbia	5.00
Canada, Mexico, South America	7.00
Europe	7.50

At the Hospital

I went to the Memorial Hospital for an x-ray examination, part of a routine check-up, one morning last week. My family doctor had made an appointment for me and had given directions as to what sort of examination it was to be—running barium through me and all that sort of business. Promptly after I reported to the young woman at the x-ray department desk a pretty dark-haired nurse came up to me, led me out into a corridor, pointed to a door marked "men's dressing room," and said:

"Go in there, take off all your clothes except your shoes, and then come out here and sit on this bench."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Without any clothes on!"

The corridor being crowded with people, men and women, passing back and forth, I had been somewhat embarrassed by the nurse's command.

"Oh, no, you put on a hospital gown," she said.

I went into the dressing room, undressed, took the topmost garment from a pile on a shelf, and put it on. It was about two sizes too big for me and its only fastening was a pair of cords in front. I tied these into a bowknot and emerged into the corridor clutching the two sides of the gown and pulling them together so as to make myself feel enclosed. Nobody paid any attention to me and I sat down on the bench the nurse had pointed to.

This was not my first x-ray examination, but my most recent one had been made several years before and I had forgotten it. Now the details of the procedure returned to my memory one by one and I realized that, if I had come out of the dressing room and sat down on the bench without any clothing at all on, nobody would have paid any more attention to me than they did now. In a hospital the absence of clothing is the last thing in the world to arouse anybody's interest.

In a few minutes a nurse came and gave me a nod and escorted me into the x-ray room. All rooms for operations and examinations, even for something as simple and painless as an x-ray examination have for the patient a sort of sinister atmosphere, a quality that is appropriate to a place where they are either going to knife you or view the inside of you through a queer-looking machine. The whole affair suggests black magic. The room I was now in reminded me a little of one I saw last year in the Chamber of Horrors at Madame Tussaud's in London, but it was made less gloomy and menacing than that one by a brilliant light in the ceiling as well as by the pretty nurse who popped in now and then. Besides her, while I waited for the doctor who was to do the photographing and the viewing, I had as an intermittent companion the orderly, a genial colored man.

In this interval, as I lay there on my back on a table, I thought about what a wonderful thing it was to have the North Carolina Memorial Hospital in Chapel Hill. The building is a demonstration of the world's most advanced ideas in hospital construction, the equipment is unsurpassed anywhere, there are well-trained nursing and service forces, and, what is most important, the hospital has a professional staff representing medical and surgical talent of the highest order.

Nothing about the place commends it more highly to the people who go there, whether as patients or visitors, than the politeness and friendliness of the personnel. At the desks, up and down the corridors and in the elevators, and at the bedside they make us all feel as if we were doing them an honor

to pay them a call.

As perfection is not for any human being, so it is not for any institution, and I would not suppose that the Memorial Hospital is without flaws. I have known some persons whom I have heard speak of not being pleased with this or that feature of the service. For example, I myself would have been better satisfied with the x-ray room if there had been a cushion between me and the table they placed me on. I think the surface of this table must have been iron or maybe steel. I had a pretty long wait and with every minute that passed the table got harder and harder and I felt the resemblance growing closer between this room and the one in the 'Chamber of Horrors' at Madame Tussaud's. And I didn't like looking up into that brilliant light in the ceiling right above my head. I was glad when, about half way through my wait, a second nurse—different from the other in being a blonde but just as pretty—came in and asked if I would mind if she turned out the light. I told her I would not only not mind it but would be delighted. After she had turned it out I saw what I hadn't noticed before, that the room had another light, a dim red one, which was exactly right.

But what did these faults amount to? They were trivial indeed. Another person might have been hardly aware of the table's hard surface and the brilliant light. I forgot all about them when the doctor came in and began to fascinate me with his manipulations of the x-ray machine and his peering at the tubes, or whatever they were, within me. I wouldn't be mentioning now what I have called faults except that I would rather that the hospital personnel, reading this piece, not get puffed up from over-praise.—L. G.

How Not to Suffer from Traffic Jams

A good-sized fraction of the 30,000 people who came to the Carolina-State football game last Saturday missed part of it, some of them as much as the first quarter, because they were caught in a traffic jam. Cars coming from the east over highway 54 crept along, stopped, crept along again, stopped again. And were their occupants mad! Grumble is what the newspapers said they did but I know without having been there that grumble is too mild a word for it. Swore, or cursed, or damned, or all three, would be more accurate. I am competent to testify about the kind of language heard on such occasions because I have been caught in traffic jams, myself, going to and from games at Duke and other places. And right here in Chapel Hill, too, because there was a time when I was foolish enough to ride to a parking field near the Kenan stadium instead of walking from home.

I reflect with a good deal of satisfaction that as far as I am concerned the problem of traffic at football games has been solved completely. I solved it about twenty years ago when I began going over to Raleigh on a Saturday when a game was played here and attending it by radio. We would go in the morning, my wife and I, before the roads were jammed, and come home late in the afternoon when the jam was over. A friend of ours who lived in Raleigh used to turn over to us his radio-equipped apartment to make ourselves at home in while he was over here in Chapel Hill looking at the game.

You've guessed it: I enjoyed this program because I was getting to be not so young as I had been. Now that condition has become still more so and I don't want to undergo even the exertion of taking a ride out of town. I just stay at home. I read most of the time during a game. Every little while I turn on the radio to hear how it is going. I will turn it off and go to reading again and then a burst of cheering from the stadium will draw me back to the radio. And so it goes.

I listened, my guess is, to about ten minutes of last Saturday's game. It might have been more if my side had been winning, but not much more because my partisan spirit has been pretty well drained out. There are other things I enjoy so much more than football.

My wife had been out gardening while I lay on the couch in the living room. After the game we took our folding chairs across Battle lane and sat in the sunshine on the grass beneath the cedar tree at the corner of Felix Hickerson's rock wall. Presently people who had been at the game came streaming in by cars and on foot. Now and then friends stopped and chatted

with us. We stayed there till near sunset and then recrossed the lane and were at home again. We agreed it was a fine way to attend a football game.—L. G.

About Subscription Rates Again

In last Friday's issue I had a piece complaining that the Raleigh News and Observer did not put its subscription rates in the masthead on the editorial page as do the New York Times, the New York Herald Tribune, the Baltimore Sun, the Greensboro News, the Durham Herald, and other newspapers. My second complaint was that on some days the News and Observer did not publish its subscription rates at all. My third complaint was that when it did publish them it hid them amid the classified ads 'way over toward' the back of the paper and printed them in the smallest possible type so that they were very hard to find.

I expressed the opinion that if there was any information a newspaper ought to publish, and in such a way that it would be easy to find, it was the sub-

scription rates.

I am writing this on Tuesday the 25th for the issue of Friday the 28th. Since my piece appeared last Friday I have received four issues of the News and Observer, those of Saturday the 22nd to Tuesday the 25th, inclusive. I have searched through these carefully and I find that in not a single one of them do the advertising rates appear, not even in the favored remote spot for them amid the classified ads.

The question comes to mind: could the reason for omitting them from the masthead on the editorial page be that the owners and editors think they would make it too long? The News and Observer's masthead is only 3 inches long. This compares with 8 1/2 inches for that of the New York Times on a page of the same size. Measuring, I find that a block of rates of the same size as that of the New York Times would add only five-eighths of an inch to the masthead. If the owners and editors continue to be against putting them there I hope that, at least, they will see to it that the rates are not left out of the paper altogether.—L. G.

Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

the boxes by 8:30. Lockbox subscribers will be able to get their papers not later than 9 o'clock except when the Seaboard misses the Raleigh connection.

On the very day that I read about Life's photographs of Governor Hodges clothed in garments made in North Carolina, we were called on at our home by a person who was advertising a product of our State much more winsomely than our Governor did his collection. (Which is by no means extravagant praise—but let that pass.) It was Mrs. Isaac Taylor and this was the first time we had seen her since she returned from her summer vacation.

"Where did you get that beautiful leather purse?" I asked.

"In Edgartown on Martha's Vineyard," she said. "And when I asked the shopkeeper where it was made she said, 'Skyland, North Carolina.'"

A syndicated newspaper feature that has become popular in these days is "The Senior Forum," distributed by the General Features Corporation. It is devoted to questions and answers about problems caused by retirement. Sturgis Leavitt sends me this issue from the Lynn (Mass.) Item: "Q: I am a professional man, a lawyer, who has worked for the last 28 years with a major corporation. I will be retired like everybody else, and on April 1, 1957, my number comes up. I don't really want to go fishing. I don't want to sit on a hotel veranda. I don't think I would have much in common with trailerites in Bradenton, Fla., or with retired mail carriers in Arkansas, or even with the coupon clippers in Asheville, N. C. Yet I want out of the snow and the hurry-hurry of the North. Any suggestions?"

"A: Pick out of your experience a state that appeals to you. Go to the public library and ask to see a directory of the colleges of that state. Copy off the names of some of the smaller cities—not the big cities—where these colleges are located. Then go have a look.

"College towns are among the most delightful places in America to live. They are civilized and conservative and they don't have too much money to throw around. They are made to order for a professional man in retirement.

"If you choose one of these towns, you should plan to establish living quarters close to the campus and plan to cultivate the friendship of college officials and professors. They will appreciate you for what you know. They will talk your language. They will be the means through which you may start some lecture courses on the campus—say, on corporation law.

"Chapel Hill, N. C., Gainesville, Fla., Auburn, Ala., Pasadena, Calif., Iowa City, Ia.—such towns offer a fascinating life for you."

While I am on this subject: If you want to read an exceptionally interesting article on retirement read Bruce Bliven's "A Few Words from the Shelf" in the September Harper's. Mr. Bliven was one of the editors of the New Republic 31 years, from 1923 to 1954. In 1954 he became 65 years old. He writes:

"Every community nowadays abounds in activities intended partly or entirely for what the press loves to call Senior Citizens, and a lot of us participate in things that we would have scorned twenty years earlier. We serve on committees. We collect for the Community Chest (which is certainly nothing to scorn at any age). We also baby-sit with our grandchildren. We get up late, and take naps after lunch. Those of us still well enough to drive a car go out and shop a good deal oftener than is strictly necessary—a process that has been described as 'buying a paper of pins, one at a time.'"

And so on, Mighty good all the way through. If you don't subscribe to Harper's and can rustle up 50 cents I advise you to buy a copy.

From Our Files

5 Years Ago
Frank Graham left Geneva, Switzerland, yesterday and is scheduled to arrive in New

York this morning. He is to submit immediately to the UN his report on his mission to India-Pakistan.

10 Years Ago
An editorial in the Weekly said, in reference to the sale of beer on Sunday, "There are only three places in Chapel

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

On the Town

By Chuck Hauser

EVERY TIME I WANDER into a discussion about the Soviet Union these days, someone in the group is bound to turn to me sooner or later and ask (as if I'm the latest and most accurate authority), "Just how DO you pronounce 'Moscow,' anyhow?"

The questioner is asking, of course, whether Moscow is pronounced "Mos-cow" or "Mos-cow." The answer: From a Russian viewpoint, neither is correct; from an American viewpoint, either is proper.

The Russians pronounce the name of their capital city "Mawss-kyah." Where the western spelling "Moscow" came from I don't know, but you may take your choice on the pronunciation.

THE UNIVERSITY NEEDS A PRESIDENT very badly.

The Board of Trustees, in dillying and dallying and dawdling around without coming up with someone to take the job permanently, is harming the University and certainly not helping the man who is holding down the job on a temporary basis, Bill Friday.

My views on the presidency have been no secret. I think Mr. Friday should be tapped for the position. In the period of nearly a year that he has served in an "acting" capacity he has proven his ability as a competent and courageous leader of one of the great universities of the country.

But there is only so much that an "acting" president can do. Even when he is told that he has free rein to run his institution as he sees fit, he does not feel that it is proper to institute long-range programs which he might not be around to see to completion. He feels an unwritten restraint to hold the fort, so to speak, until he is given a solid mandate to act in a permanent capacity.

The University, meanwhile, slows down just at a time when a slowdown can be disastrous. Booming enrollments and expanding campuses demand forceful leadership, and the leader is hamstrung by a titular prefix which is innocuous in appearance but deadly in its effect.

Governor Hodges sounded a hopeful note last Saturday when he told the Trustees that they might be called into special session "within the near future" to hear the report of their committee which is searching for a permanent president.

The committee has covered a lot of ground in its search. I hope it finally settles on a choice no farther from home than South Building.

"YOU CAN'T GO HOME AGAIN," Thomas Wolfe said, but I have a corollary to that theorem: It's hard to leave home in the first place.

For me, Chapel Hill is home. And at the end of this week I must leave to join the staff of the Charlotte Observer. It's not easy, pulling up the roots of many pleasant years.

I don't intend to become maudlin over this proposition; instead, I thought I would devote this final column to expressing my sincere thanks to all the people

(Continued on page 11)

Losanne suggests a . . .

Corduroy Costume

that helps make living so wonderful in the fall. Warm and comfortable for the brisk days ahead. And corduroy can be worn in so many combinations. Come see our selection.

A. Corduroy Car Coat lined in quilted cotton print with corduroy outside. Matches other parts of the costume. Patch pockets. Collar converts into hood for chilly days. \$17.98

B. Corduroy tapered pants to match all your corduroy costume. Sizes 10 to 15. \$8.88

Oxford cloth Ivy League blouse in a variety of colors with long sleeves, sizes 10 to 18. \$3.98

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