

# The Chapel Hill Weekly

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## Airport—Inside and Outside

The new terminal building at the Raleigh-Durham Airport, with its soft-cushioned seats and all its modern facilities, is not only comfortable and convenient. The excellent lighting, both natural and artificial, and the tasteful bright colors of the ceiling and the walls make it delightfully cheerful. In all terminals, whether for trains or busses or airplanes, even with good service by the transportation companies, a good deal of waiting has to be done at one time or another, and I don't know of any more agreeable place to sit down or walk around in than this one. The thanks of the public are due to its designers and to the officers of the Raleigh-Durham Airport Authority who chose them.

It is a pity that no such good word can be said for the facilities on the outside of the building. For the people who use an airport terminal nothing is more important than the arrangements for approaching, departing, and parking and these arrangements are distinctly unsatisfactory at the Raleigh-Durham Airport. This is of great concern to Raleigh, Durham and Chapel Hill, and there has been complaint about it in all three communities.

One very vexatious restriction is that you may not leave your car near the building even for a minute or two when you are meeting somebody or seeing somebody off. Say—this is a typical case and was the case with me recently—say you have brought a departing guest to the terminal. You want to leave your car and go inside with her, to bid her goodbye or maybe to help her with her tickets and her baggage. You have to let her out, move off in your car, wind around a hundred yards or so to a pay-parking space or go more than twice that far to the free parking space. Then you walk back to the terminal. When your guest has gone you walk back to your car.

At the pay-parking space they give you a ticket that exempts you from the fee if your car stays there less than 15 minutes. Often airplanes are not on time and so often the exemption is null and void. However, it is not the fee that is vexatious. It is the damnable inconvenience.

If your guest's baggage is too heavy for her to carry, as it often is, you can't take it in for her. That is prevented by your not being permitted to leave your car close to the building. This is so even though you want to be away from the car for only the minute or so needed for taking the baggage in. Thus there is a compulsion to pay a porter a fee for a light and easy service you would of course be glad to perform. This is as odious as the celebrated hat-check tyranny.

But the worst, the incredibly outrageous, fault in the parking layout at the Raleigh-Durham airport is the location of the free parking space. This is away off beyond the pay-parking space. Not beyond it in the sense of adjoining it on the far side, but beyond a stubble field that is beyond the pay-parking space. If you elect to leave your car in the free parking space you have a long walk to make back to the terminal and later the same long walk in the opposite direction.

Not only does the length of the walk make it fatiguing and disagreeable. There is no pathway for you, and you either have to go back along the road you came by—on which the traffic is one-way against you, mind that!—or else, in order to be with the one-way traffic, you have to go around by the state highway and come in by the entrance from the highway and up the airport road to the terminal. This is at least

half a mile; somewhat more than that, my guess is.

For persons of normal health and strength such a long walk over such a poor surface is inconvenient and tiresome. For persons not well and strong, especially for those with children, it is much worse. It puts a severe strain on them and, since it forces them to walk along close to a rapid flow of automobile traffic, it exposes them to actual danger. Every time I've been to the airport I have been amazed to see that there has continued to be no walkway for the free parkers. I have wondered why the Airport Authority didn't lay a concrete path across the stubblefield to the rear fence of the pay-parking area, make an opening in the fence, and thus provide a decent footing between the free parking space and the terminal building.

I am not now complaining about people's having to pay extra for extra services. That is common practice everywhere. But I am against an arrangement that makes it practically impossible for people to carry their baggage into a terminal building when they want to. And, still more emphatically, I am against a plan of operation under which users of free parking space are treated so conspicuously as a second-class section of the public.

Is there a way to correct this bad situation? The answer is yes, and I don't believe the cost of the correction would be beyond the Airport Authority's resources.

The decision to devote the space immediately in front of the terminal building, between it and the pay-parking space, to the lawn that you see there today, was a big mistake. A lawn is a pretty sight and it is well for one to be alongside an airport building if it can be placed there without the sacrifice of the public interest. But that is not the case here. The space given over to the lawn is desperately needed for the efficient operation of the airport and it is being utterly wasted. What the Airport Authority ought to do is to convert it into a parking space.

It would accommodate a large number of cars. I am not suggesting any of the details of the parking arrangements. The Authority might decide to re-locate the pay-parking space or the free parking space or both of them, or to leave them where they are. They might decide to use the space where the lawn is now for an emergency parking space, with part of it or all of it for limited-time use. They could work out a proper set of regulations, one of which should certainly permit cars to come up to the building and stay there the short time required for the letting out of passengers and the handling of baggage. There is no doubt that the Authority, if it will recognize the obvious fact that the lawn, utterly useless now, can be put to excellent use, will be able to correct the bad situation at the Raleigh-Durham Airport.—L. G.

## Shop and Mail Early

The mail is being put in the boxes at the post office just a bit later, and that postman who comes to your front door has slowed down some. Everyone, though, is working harder than ever at the Post Office. The difference is Christmas. There is already an abundance of packages, and the cards and letters that go with the holidays will be along in a few days.

There are two reasons we call the above to your attention. First, we feel that the men who deliver the mail through "rain, sleet or snow" deserve to be commended for their efforts. They work hard throughout the year, and they work doubly hard at Christmas time.

Lastly and perhaps more important to you is a reminder to shop now and mail your packages and cards just as early as possible. There are bound to be some delays between now and Christmas, and the quicker your mail is turned over to Uncle Sam the faster it will arrive at its destination. And regardless of the gift, it doesn't mean as much if it doesn't arrive by the twenty-fifth.

## A Time to Take Stock

This week has been nationally proclaimed as Bill of Rights Week.

It is fitting that Americans pay homage to their Bill of Rights, the first ten amendments to the Constitution. For our Bill of Rights gives us the dignity of men, free and responsible before the law and in the church or synagogue of our choice. It gives us freedom

to say and print what we believe, even about politics and religion.

Many parts of the world are now struggling for these very rights. Witness Hungary and Poland, fighting for something handed to us long ago by our Founding Fathers along with our Constitution.

Perhaps it has been too easy for us. Maybe we have taken our rights too much for granted. But they are at stake today, and it behooves us to re-examine and re-evaluate the document that makes us free men.

## A Summing-Up of Joan of Arc

From the Preface to Shaw's "Saint Joan"  
 The more obedient a man is to accredited authority the more jealous he is of allowing any unauthorized person to order him about. With this in mind, consider the career of Joan. She was a

village girl, in authority over sheep and pigs, dogs and chickens, and to some extent over her father's hired laborers, but over no one else on earth. Outside the farm she had no authority, no prestige, no claim to the smallest deference. Yet she ordered everybody about, from her uncle to the king, the archbishop, and the military General Staff. Her uncle obeyed her like a sheep, and took her to the castle of the local commander, who, on being ordered about, tried to assert himself, but soon collapsed and obeyed. And so on up to the king. This would have been unbearably irritating even if her orders had been offered as rational solutions of the desperate difficulties in which her social superiors found themselves just then. But they were not so offered. Nor were they offered as the expression of Joan's arbitrary will. It was never "I say so," but always "God says so."

## Chapel Hill Chaff

(Continued from page 1)

our south windows and saw Warren trees stand firm and proud I would go to a north window and see Kyser trees dashed to the ground. On our own place seven mulberries were uprooted, flagstones were jerked out of place, and the high rock wall was tumbled into Hooper lane.

A giant oak in the Kyser yard that had been spared by the hurricane had to be cut down last week because it had died, and Sunday afternoon I came upon Mrs. Kyser looking sadly at the stump.

"Limbs were falling off, it was dangerous, and there was nothing else we could do but have it cut down," she said. "I am against destroying a tree or any part of a tree for any reason except that it is dangerous."

She pointed to a magnolia a few feet away, half of which had been broken off by the hurricane, and recalled that several persons, including a tree-care expert, had advised her to take down the surviving part. She had refused and here it stood, not symmetrical as it had been before Hazel struck it, but a flourishing and, to Mrs. Kyser, still a beautiful tree. I agreed with her completely when she said she thought a tree's losing its regular shape was a poor reason for destroying it.

The two old cedars that have been left flanking the front entrance, on Franklin street, though they are now trunks all bare of foliage, add to the charm of the Kyser home.

Mrs. Irl Summerlin's Sunday school class of ten-year-olds at the Episcopal church, who, while she was away on a visit to Buenos Aires, had been taught by Mrs. Donald Loomis, surprised her with their welcome when she came back to them this last Sunday. It was articulate (appeals, all in a chorus, for her to tell them about her trip) and pictorial (drawings and cut-outs attached to the window-panes).

Presently she found herself delivering a comprehensive travelogue. There was no danger of her running out of topics—the children supplied them in a barrage of questions. What about the airplane—how high up did it fly and how fast did it go? What about the Andes? Did they really have snow on them? What about the people and the animals? What sort of language did the children speak in Sunday school? And so on and on.

The class was fascinated by a statuette of the Virgin that Mrs. Summerlin had brought to show to them. And she told them about the churches, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, that she and Mr. Summerlin had visited.

One incident that impressed them was Mr. Summerlin's case of faintness brought on by his leaving the plane and moving around too much at La Paz, Bolivia. The airport there is the highest in the world, 13,000 feet above sea level, and the air is so thin that if you take any but the slightest exertion your oxygen runs out. When Mr. Summerlin's legs began to feel weak he returned to the plane. The hostess noticed that he was pale, quickly stuck an oxygen tube in his nose, and commanded: "Breathe deep." He did and in a minute or two was all right. He had no more trouble because the airplane's passenger quarters are kept under pressure.

## News of Books

By Robert Bartholomew  
**PHOTO JOURNALISM.** By Arthur Rothstein. American Photographic Book Publishing Co. New York. 197 pp. \$5.95

Whether you own a \$3 box camera or a \$500 press camera, here is a book that will prove valuable to all who take pictures. It is a book on photojournalism that can be read and understood by the layman and can be read without difficulty. This in itself makes it a rare book in its field.

It is illustrated with over 200 outstanding news and feature photographs, examples of many forms of picture coverage and historically important pictures which span a century of photojournalism.

The book is lively, yet one of the most comprehensive accounts of photojournalism ever published. It will interest everyone who is curious about how modern newspapers and magazines are put together—the theory and the working practice behind the publications on the corner newsstand.

**AMERICAN HERITAGE.** December, 1956. Published by American Heritage, New York. \$2.95 a copy or \$12 a year. The current issue of "American Heritage" begins the third year of publication of this

## From Our Files

### 5 Years Ago

Westwood, the residential section adjoining Chapel Hill on the southwest, is to become part of the town. The ordinance annexing it was unanimously adopted by the aldermen at their meeting Monday night.

At the direction of the board of aldermen the mayor and the town manager have sent a letter to the University asking it to do something to improve traffic conditions on the Pittsboro Highway just outside the town limits.

### 10 Years Ago

Members of the Carrboro Lions met last evening in the Methodist Church but to discuss plans for the building of a community center in Carrboro.

### 15 Years Ago

The airport, the dam at the University lake, and the power plant are being guarded by armed sentries 24 hours a day. Patrolmen and watchmen on the University campus report to police headquarters by telephone every hour throughout the night.

Carolina home.

Recent reprints in the Universal Library Series by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

**REVELLE IN WASHINGTON.** By Margaret Leech. \$1.25.

**MELBOURNE.** By Lord David Cecil. \$1.25.

**MAN AND HIS GODS.** Homer W. Smith. \$1.25.

**QUACKERY IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.** By Albert Lynd. \$0.95.

**THE LATE GEORGE APLEY.** By John P. Marquand. \$0.95.

## I Like Chapel Hill

By Billy Arthur

John Umstead did something last week that he hadn't done in 30 years. He went rabbit hunting.

And he did something else that he hadn't tackled since he was 16 years old. He skinned four rabbits.

The rabbit hunting deal reminded Policeman Graham Creel about the time Herman Stone went one afternoon and started out again the next morning. "Going rabbit hunting again today?" he was asked. "Nope," he replied, "dog hunting."

It's generally agreed that Carrboro is the rabbit hunting capital of the world. Recently one of the fellows out there asked if there would be room enough in a hunting party for just one more person. So, when time came to begin the hunt, he and five other Carrboro folks showed up.

Noel Houston was high atop a ladder cleaning out the gutters on the roof of his two-story Greenwood Road home when I passed and called out to him. "Getting these things cleaned up," he advised. "You know folks want at least \$15 to clean 'em, so I decided I'd do it myself, because this'll be the only \$15 I'll make this month."

University students who are inclined to nip on weekends, beginning Fridays, sometimes start on Thursdays and have designated that day "Little Friday."

I am thoroughly enjoying "Charlie Craven's Kind of People," the new book by our News and Observer contemporary. His stories even now are as funny and touching as when I first read them.

Former cheerleader Vic Huggins tells of an embarrassing episode during his collegiate career. It occurred shortly after Archibald Henderson had been knighted by British royalty.

In those times Mr. Henderson was an ardent attendant and a good speaker at Pep Rallies, as well as an astute teacher and biographer of Bernard Shaw.

Before one of the big football games, Sir Archibald had accepted an invitation to make a pep talk. Vic was whipping up the enthusiasm and yelling and leading cheers, and finally screamed to the audience: "Now, we got a man here who needs no introduction to you . . ."

He turned and pointed to Mr. Henderson, but Vic's memory failed for the moment. "A fellow who needs no introduction, I said . . . what the heck's your name, sir?"

A man may be honest in all else, but he always played a better game of golf two years ago than he does now.

Too many people act first and think it over later.

The United Nations has voted to finance the cost of preventing war in the Suez, but it'll be cheap as water at that.

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