

Letter From India

I have just gotten up after returning from a trip wherein I was involved in an eye operation again this summer — only this time it was from the other side. I was helping operate on someone else, not vice-versa. And believe me, I loved it, which I certainly didn't when I was the "victim."

Seriously, I left Tuesday afternoon with 14 other people and a trailer of equipment (all jammed in a Chevrolet "town wagon" truck) to travel forty miles south of here for a village eye camp. When we arrived, there were over 100 patients waiting, and from 6:00 p.m. to 9:30 we examined eyes (my job was writing in diagnosis and treatment for each patient), until we finally had over sixty cataract operations lined up for the next day.

Then we all went over to a small house (near the concrete government office building where we set up our "hospital") and seated ourselves on the floor for a delicious meal of chicken curry and mangoes—served on leaf plates—I ate, as usual, until I was nearly uncomfortable, and then went back with the rest to sleep. The head doctor for the camp was a woman, Dr. Thomas, and the only other experienced doctor was a young girl, Mrs. (Dr.) Fernando, who finished her internship here at C.M.C. just a year ago. Also along with a boy and girl about my age who have both just finished their internship as of last week and who had just been posted to the Schell Eye Hospital (branch of C.M.C.) for their residency training of one year. The boy, "Zack" as I know him, slept with me in one end of what was to be the operating room the next day. The rest of the room was full of Indian men and women who had come for treatment. Also the five or six men (including one male nurse and three whom I might term "orderlies" and one who had come three days early to organize the camp and let the people nearby know about it) who also were on the staff were in there too. At 5:30 the people wandering in and out were too much for us, so Zack and I washed up and went outside to help the "organizer" line up the operation cases, give them cards, fill out the cards from their slips of night before, and generally get things going. At 6:45 we joined the ladies (Dr. Thomas, Pramilla Fernando, Anita, the girl in Zack's class, and the "Sister" or nurse) for a breakfast of jelly and bread, hot coffee, fried egg,

and mangoes. Then we went back and washed up, scrubbed in a better term for the day's work. By 7:30 the male nurse, "brother," and the sister had the operating sterilization set-up going, and the five of us, Zack, Dr. Thomas, Pramilla, and Anita, were in surgical caps, gowns, and masks, along with two of the other men who were to assist as I was. The regular production line type of set-up ran all day long, each patient getting his local anesthesia from one man on a bench at the door, then being seated on the floor behind our two operating tables to wait his turn. I held a flashlight with one hand and did whatever little I could with the other while Dr. Thomas or Pramilla did the surgery, assisted by Zack and Anita. Until lunch, at 2:00, Zack and I were together on one of the tables, Anita and one of the other men on the other, and Dr. Thomas and Pramilla alternated back and forth — Pramilla doing the first part of the cataract operation usually, Dr. Thomas doing the delicate business of getting the aspirin-sized cataracts out, and then Zack and Anita doing the sutures.

However, there was no strict pattern at all, and the whole day is just a blurred memory of cataract after cataract being popped out. I really enjoyed every minute of it, though I was bone-tired when I finished, for we stood over those tables for nearly twelve hours, save only for a morning and afternoon coffee break of five minutes each, and a half hour for lunch. All in all "we" took out 63 cataracts and I saw at least 40 of them at very close range. I feel like I could even do one blindfolded, though I'm sure it's more difficult than it looks—but I know I surely was itching to try my hand at one!

All in all it was a great experience with the remarkable Christian fellowship that seems to exist in every department here at Christian Medical College. Even when I tumbled into bed here at home at 12:00 last night, I was very, very happy.

BILL GRAHAM
Vellore, South India

Graduate Women's Housing Needed

The University is in critical need of off-campus facilities for graduate women students.

UNC Dean of Women Katherine Carmichael said that Kenan Dormitory would be the only dormitory open to graduate women students during the coming fall semester, and that Kenan had been filled beyond capacity.

Dean Carmichael's list of townspeople who rent rooms to graduate women students has been exhausted. Requests for housing from graduate women continue to come to Dean Carmichael's office.

"Anyone who has a room or rooms which may be rented to a graduate woman student should write to our office, 202 South Building, giving the name of the person who has the room for rent, the address, and the telephone number," Dean Carmichael said.

She called her sphere of the student housing situation "quite critical."

H. G. Hulon Joins Wilmington Faculty

Harold G. Hulon, principal of the Chapel Hill Junior High School for the past four years, will join the faculty of Wilmington College in Wilmington this fall.

Mr. Hulon will be head of Wilmington's Department of Education and Psychology.

Mr. Hulon came to Chapel Hill four years ago as the Junior High principal and has been working on his doctoral requirements since then. He has now been awarded his Ph.D., with a major in education and a minor in political science.

Before coming to Chapel Hill, Mr. Hulon had ten year's teaching and administrative experience, two years in Durham, two years in Richmond County, and six years as a high school principal in Robeson County.

He is a native of Hope Mills.

The 'Sneak' Operation Is Out

The following is the fourth in a series of five articles on a book entitled "Managing Personnel" by University Professor of Business Administration Richard P. Calhoon.

By **NANCY VON LAZAR**

Sneakers don't do any good in a business organization, and by "sneakers," we don't mean tennis shoes. We do mean a silent way of changing operating methods.

"The old, obscurantist school believed that the way to engineer change was to keep arry move under wraps, in as great secrecy as possible, and then suddenly spring it as a fait accompli (accomplished move)," says Richard P. Calhoon, University professor of business administration and author of a new book, "Managing Personnel," just published by Harper & Row.

Prof. Calhoon points out that "the secrecy method builds distrust, fans rumors, and causes resentment based on frustration."

Change is a continuing process and utilizing manpower resources effectively through administration of change is a crucial supervisory responsibility in the management of personnel, according to Prof. Calhoon.

WHY SENIOR WORKERS ARE TREATED WITH TLC

"Today's policies recognize that the longer an employee is with an organization, the greater should be his security," states Prof. Calhoon, explaining that most senior workers do have the advantage of TLC, or tender loving care.

Prof. Calhoon points out that both employee and public relations can be adversely affected by

seemingly callous actions affecting long-service employees. He says that "despite some handicaps to management, the concept of prerogatives for longer-service employees is coming to include preferences as to shift, location of job, machine or desk, choice of vacation time where vacations are staggered, and even temporary transfers (the new employees having to take the more unpleasant or lower-rated temporary jobs)."

The fairest and most flexible type of seniority policy is company-wide seniority, according to Prof. Calhoon.

WHEN EMPLOYEES LEAVE JOBS

If employees are going to leave their jobs there can be said to be three reasons for their doing so: "(1) what they tell their supervisor; (2) what they tell the personnel department; (3) the real reason."

When an employee plans to leave a job, the separation interview must be carefully conducted. The interviewer should preferably be someone other than the employee's immediate supervisor; he must have the manner and point of view of a counselor and must want to help the employee; he must carefully plan the interview by advance investigation of the employee's past performance; and he must conduct the interview in a relaxed manner.

Prof. Calhoon points out that employees are hesitant to reveal the truth at the time of separation and may be more willing to do so about three to six months after they have left the organization.

WEDNESDAY: How prejudice operates in the management of personnel.

Art In North Carolina

By **OLA MAIE FOUSHEE**

"Where are the gargoyles?" Ask this question of most any student standing near them on the University campus at Chapel Hill and the chances are your reply will be a look of bewilderment. Or, in some cases, a hilarious question in return. One student, for instance, asked me in all sincerity: "What are they; some kind of bird?"

Barely visible through an opening cut for them in the heavy layer of ivy that covers old Person Hall, the excitement created by their arrival in Chapel Hill has long since faded, and the charming little garden they guard is seldom seen by the students scurrying by.

A gift from the late and beautiful Mrs. Katherine Pendleton Arrington, of Warrenton, the two gargoyles and the statue of Stephen Langton — thirteenth century English cardinal and Archbishop of Canterbury who died in 1288 — came from the Westminster clock tower in London.

Mrs. Arrington, a great benefactress and patron of the arts in North Carolina, visited London in the summer of 1933, at which time she was presented at the Court of St. James. Legend has it that she and a cousin-in-law, Lord Hutchinson of Montrose, were passing in front of Big Ben when the famous gargoyles were being removed. Seeing the mass of stone lying on the pavement, she asked Lord Hutchinson just what was happening to Big Ben.

"Why, it seems that after

eighty years the bad London weather is beginning to tell on them," he is reported to have replied.

"Well, I think I'll try to purchase them," Mrs. Arrington said. "I'd like to send them to Frank Graham at Chapel Hill."

A major general of World War I, a member of the King's council, and a member of Parliament, Lord Hutchinson in true knighthood manner arranged for Mrs. Arrington to get the gargoyles by paying only for the stone from which to carve new ones for Big Ben, as well as the bishop in his niche.

An amusing story of their arrival in Chapel Hill purports that the Express Company called Dr. Graham at some odd hour to notify him that they had deposited a large crate in front of the locked door of Person Hall, newly renovated as an art gallery. They suggested that the crate should be taken in out of the weather immediately.

Busy at the time, but suspecting a gift of some archaeological significance, Dr. Graham enlisted the help of Dr. W. E. Caldwell, an authority on archaeology and ancient history, who hurried over and amidst much ado got the crates inside, only to learn upon opening them that they had spent many a year in the foggy weather of London.

The subject of other news stories, Life Magazine printed a picture in 1941 showing the damage done to Big Ben by a German

air raid. In prominent view was one of the gargoyles which replaced the original sent to Chapel Hill. A writer for the Daily Tar Heel once wrote these glowing and emotional words about the gargoyles:

"Their unseeing stone eyes have watched a century of world history being made. They have seen Peel, Gladstone, and Disraeli hurry past to plan the fate of the British Empire . . . They have seen the heart of Britain beat."

It may be added that they also have silently watched the thousands of students who pass them by, but it is rare that one lingers to meditate before their weather-beaten forms as Mrs. Arrington had dreamed they would.

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BILLY ARTHUR

Our family took a trip up to Richmond last weekend.

It was my first visit there in some 20 years, and some of the changes amazed me. For instance, the breakfast menu did not—repeat, did not—list ham, and we were not served grits.

Has something happened to Virginia ham, or did truth win out?

When I went to Onslow County in 1940 and bought a newspaper, I promised the citizens if they would support me in that venture I'd be their publicity agent for Onslow County hams.

They were delicious. They were known all over Eastern North Carolina, and there was no reason their fame and availability should not be extended.

Our target was to take the market of the Smithfield ham. I mean the Smithfield, Virginia ham.

We by-passed the Smithfield, North Carolina, product. Maybe I should say Johnston County ham. A good one and still is, it was too much akin in texture, curing and flavor to the Onslow ham.

On the other hand, the Smithfield, Virginia, ham was an oily-dry morsel that when fried side by side with an Onslow ham cooked out tough, stringy and dry.

We got together some good Onslow farmers and agreed on as near a standard curing process as possible. That meant copying Mr. E. H. Walton's or Nick Burton's recipe. And we were going to package them in a colorful wrapper.

That was the spring of 1940. That winter — on December 15, to be exact — when it should have been hog killing time, the Army broke ground for Camp Davis at Holly Ridge. Three million dollars was to be spent in about four months.

A standing joke was that every farmer in Onslow County became a finished carpenter — he said he was finished with farming and was going to work at Camp Davis.

It seemed like they did. They planted fewer tobacco beds that winter than ever before, and instead of killing and curing the hogs, they sold them on foot.

Camp Davis was followed by Camp Lejeune. The economy of the county and the area changed. It took too much time to

cure a ham to make an extra buck.

There now are a few farmers in Onslow County curing hams the good old way, but it would probably require the FBI to find them.


This is a lengthy way of saying that I had to ask for a slab of ham in Virginia last weekend. Do you know what kind I got? Not Smithfield ham. No sir. It was packing house ham, pal. And no better, if as good, as a Piedmont ham from Hillsboro.

Of all the high-ranking Revolutionary and Civil War officers whose names are displayed on historical markers and buildings in Virginia, General Merchandise seems to have been the most prominent.

VISITING PROF

Dr. David B. Stafford Jr., professor of sociology at Guilford College, Greensboro, is a visiting professor in the University of North Carolina's Department of Sociology and Anthropology during the second summer session, July 22-August 30.

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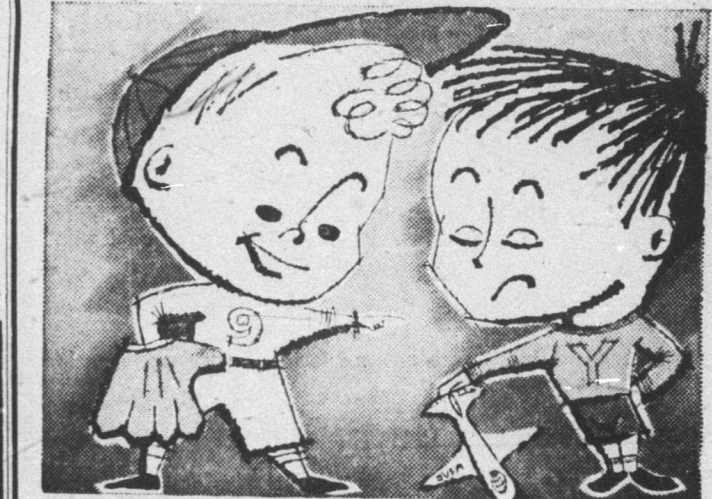
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