



MOVIE STARS — Talking over details of the new Chowan College sound-color motion picture, "Opportunity-Unlimited," are Bettye Jo Lassiter of Union (second from left), a 1959 graduate of Chowan who is featured in the film, members of her family—(left to right) brother, Steve, the parents, Mrs. A. Ray Lassiter, and Mr. Lassiter, and Donald—who are also in the film; (standing) Chowan Public Relations Director John Gill, who assisted in production of the new movie, and Chowan President Bruce E. Whitaker.

"Opportunity-Unlimited" is Color Movie With A Chowan College Graduate in Starring Role

By RAYMOND JAMES

Founder's Day

Dr. Edward A. McDowell, Jr., professor of New Testament Interpretation at Southeastern Baptist Theological Seminary, Wake Forest, was the principal speaker at the Founder's Day program, Monday morning, October 26.

Chowan College President Bruce E. Whitaker presided over the program which included a statement by Mrs. J. Grady Bridgers of Jackson, Chowan College Alumni Association president, and choral selections by the college choir.

Dr. McDowell has both historical and contemporary connections with Chowan College. His great-uncle, Dr. Archibald McDowell, was the first president of Chowan College more than a hundred years ago, the visting speaker delivered the baccalaureate sermon for the graduating class of one year ago.

Before assuming his present responsibilities at Southeastern Seminary in 1952, Dr. McDowell spent 12 years on the faculty of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, Ky. A preacher of note, he is the author of three books on New Testament studies, all of which are presently being used in many American colleges and seminaries.

Valuable Gifts

Chowan College has received an unusual gift from Mrs. Dan G. Harris of Indian Trail, according to a recent announcement by President Bruce E. Whitaker.

More than 100 albums of recorded music by the world's esteemed composers, a number of individual Victor Red Seal recordings including some rare collector's items, and a large amount of classical piano music were a part of the gift.

All of the gift items belonged to the late Dan G. Harris, professor of science at Chowan from 1953-1956, and were donated in his memory.

The premiere showing of the new 16-mm. full color, motion picture titled, "Opportunity-Unlimited," was shown in the Chowan College auditorium on Tuesday evening, November 3.

The film was produced by L. J. Morriss, director of audiovisual aids for the Baptist State Convention of North Carolina. It emphasizes the many extra values that are found in church-related colleges, and especially the unlimited opportunities which are offered in the program of Chowan College.

Miss Betty Jo Lassiter of Union, N.C., who was graduated from Chowan last spring, is featured in the film. Others included in the film are members of her family, the congregations of Union, Murfreesboro, and Woodland Baptist churches, and the Chowan College administration, faculty, and student body.

The picture begins with Miss Lassiter still a student at Ahsokie High School. The camera follows her through her high school graduation, the days of planning for her college experience, and graduation at Chowan.

"Opportunity-Unlimited" is the first motion picture to be produced in this area. Scenes from the towns of Ahsokie, Woodland, and Union, as well as Murfreesboro and the Chowan campus are also shown in the film.

Piano Needed

There are a lot of co-eds at Chowan who like to play the piano and sing. It's a lot of fun to gather around the piano and have a group singing, or form duets, trios, and quartets.

But alas, the girls' beautiful dorm does not have a beautiful piano—in fact they have no piano at all.

If you have a piano suitable for the attractive lobby of the dorm, how about letting the Chowanian hear about it.

Our Hat is Off

More than 600 people ate lunch in the new cafeteria following the dedication program on Monday, November 2.

Ham and all the fixin's served couldn't have been better, and the excellent service given by the student selfhelpers who work in the cafeteria was of the biggest degree.

Above all, hats are off to Mrs. J. F. Beaman, college dietician, and her staff. It is a big job to feed more than 400 students three times a day, but the cafeteria staff took on added hundreds with apparent ease. (Of course everyone knows there was much added work behind the scenes.)

So our hats are off for a job well done, Mrs. Beaman—and through you, to your staff.

Professor's Brother Dies Unexpectedly

BOYKINS — Walter Wallace White, Jr., 65, business and church leader here and former member of Boykins Town Council, died unexpectedly at his home Sunday, November 8.

He was president of White Hardware Co., a partner in Boykins Ginning Co., and a farmer. He had served on the town council for years.

He was the superintendent of Boykins Methodist Church Sunday School and a member of the church's board of stewards.

He was a member of Boykins Lions Club, Boykins Masonic Lodge 287, and Camp PD Hunt Club of the Big Woods.

Son of Walter W. and Allie Moss White, he was a lifelong resident here.

He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Catherine Wilroy White; a sister, Miss Frances E. White of the Chowan College English department at Murfreesboro and a foster son, Jack F. Wilroy, of Washington, N. C.

Sabbath in Holy Land

"Sabbath in the Holy Land" could well be the title of the second in a series of letters from Mrs. F. O. Mixon, who studied in the Holy Land last summer.

Malon Or-gil
Jerusalem, Israel
"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy."

It was Friday evening, the eve of the Sabbath. The mood was one of preparation, a time of waiting for something to happen. We planned to make a tour of the synagogues in the orthodox section, Mea Shearim, which is only a few blocks from our hotel. Mea Shearim was built at the end of the last century to give homes to Jews from Europe. It is near in character to the ghetto of eastern Europe than to Jerusalem. Old people came here that they might die in the Holy City. Some brought children and grandchildren.

We left our hotel about 6:30 P. M. "Town criers" were rushing up and down the streets of Mea Shearim and appearing on balconies blowing ram's horns to warn the Jews that shops, movies and all businesses must be closed quickly before the beginning of the Sabbath. These pale faced men wearing black robes, side curls, and fur hats, looked like bats darting here and there. There was almost no vehicular traffic—only the ceaseless tread of feet. All the men wore the fur hats which, from being the mark of shame in the ghettos of eastern Europe, had become the pride of orthodoxy. Boys wore similar hats or little satin skull caps adorned with the star of David.

We went from synagogue to synagogue through a tangle of streets, up flights of stairs, through cobbled court yards, past shabby houses. Lamps glowed in doorways, and candles burned behind barred windows.

The Persian synagogue was full of little old men with lined faces, who sat crossed-legged on cushions covered with bright material. Some were barefoot—some wore socks. While they lived under Moslem domination before coming to Israel, they had adopted many of the ways of the Mohammedans. Never in an orthodox Jewish synagogue did we see men and women worshipping together. The women were in separate rooms, or latticed partitions separated the sexes.

In the little Yemenite synagogue men with delicate features and large dark eyes prayed with deep concentration, in strange wild tones, swaying with their bodies. We were told that their manner of worship was born of their life of persecution. In the Yemen they had been forbidden by their Moslem overlords from mounting a camel because a Jew must never be higher than a Moslem. On the Sabbath, however, in their synagogues they could express in prayer to God their pent up feelings, employing the rhythms and movements they once had used when riding camels in the desert.

We peeped in the door of a Hassidic synagogue. Men in fur hats stood praying in the candlelight. Each prayed alone, their voices blending into a melancholy harmony. Each seemed to be addressing God, lamenting, arguing, pleading.

Blending of Old and New
While in Mea Shearim we could not help noticing the blending of the old and the new. A little girl wearing the costume of her people for many centuries

was sucking a plastic lemon. The streets were dark now. Only candlelight in the windows and overhead the stars. In a few minutes we were back among movies, cafes, buses and motors—all that the word progress suggests.

In the city of Jerusalem the past and present are ever before us. What I had seen of Jewish orthodoxy deeply impressed me.

At dinner in the hotel Dr. Rudsky, director of the N. Y. U. professorial group, led us in the traditional Jewish ceremony with the loaves of bread and small glasses of wine.

The Jewish Sabbath continued until the appearing of the first three stars Saturday evening. Late Saturday afternoon we walked (no taxis) to the home of Dr. Vardi, chairman of the Department of Religious Affairs for Israel. Later as we sat on the grass in his beautiful garden, he talked to us about Israel's attitude toward all faiths. Protestants are not officially recognized religious groups because they were not so recognized by the British Mandate, but every faith enjoys full religious freedom in Israel. (Dr. Rudsky had warned us not to take notes on Dr. Vardi's lecture because he is a traditional Jew and "to work" in his home on the Sabbath would be discourteous.)

Early Sunday morning a few of us energetic souls went at 6:30 to the Abyssinian or Ethiopian Church for "prayers." It is a round, domed church in Abyssinia Street, off the street of the Prophets. We knocked on the great iron gates and were greeted by dark-skinned patriarchs. The Abyssinians first came to Jerusalem from Egypt about the fifteenth century. Legend has attributed the origin of the Ethiopian Church to Matthew and Bartholomew, as well as to Philip's conversation with the eunuch. Historically the church dates back to the fourth century. There are links between the Abyssinians and the Jews. The old name of Ethiopia was Cosh, and Cosh was a grandson of Noah. There is a tradition also that the ark of the Covenant is hidden somewhere in Ethiopia and for this reason the land is especially blessed of God.

Custom of Adyssiains

Perhaps because of their association with the Jews, they keep the Sabbath (Saturday) as well as Sunday. They distinguish between the food that is clean and unclean, refusing to eat the flesh of animals that do not chew the cud or have cloven hoofs. Their calendar, too, is strange by western standards. They observe Christmas once a month and I am told that Pontius Pilate is included among their saints.

The priests engage in ritual dances accompanied by drums beaten with the palm of the hand. They also use a rattle (sistrum), which is said to take seven years to learn to play, which makes a shrill, shivering sound. Late on the night that follows Holy Saturday the monks who live on the roof of the Holy Sepulchre celebrate a rite known as the Searching for the Body of Christ. They go round the roof in the light of the moon chanting in weird, melancholic tones, beating their drums and shaking the sistrum. So lamenting the Saviour they cannot find, they await the dawn.

Later in the day the beautiful worship service of the Church of England at the Scottish Hospice ended my first weekend in Jerusalem, Israel.