



By LELA BARROW

# Ages and Styles

In the olden days people had their peculiar ideas and ways. The dignitaries tried to suppress the instincts of youth for gayer fashions and happier times, the standards of right and wrong amusements. To dancing many objected as improper and a sin—some turned out of church; and card-playing as dangerous. But they saw no harm in kissing games or lotteries. Young and old indulged in the fashionable disfigurements of the day.

In reality Victorian Maidens were well protected by their clothes. The bodice of even the most diaphanous looking ball gown was shaped with stitched-in whalebone and was as stiff as a suit of armor. Both dresses and undergarments were fastened with tiny hooks and eyes. The person could not dress without help from someone.

The emphasis on a small waist (usually 18 or 20 in.) was done by wearing the whalebone corset which had to be worn regularly. Fashion ruled over health. The cut of the dresses with shoulders and fulness over the hips tended to give the allusion of the smaller waist.

I can remember the bustle, as a little girl, worn under a stiff petticoat also the leg-o-mutton sleeves which were lined with stiff muslin or crinolin, to make them stand out. When the lady was

helped in the buggy there wasn't much room left for the escort. The ladies mostly sat in straight back chairs with no arms, also big enough for the bustle. The dresses and petticoats were mostly made of taffeta, you could hear the rustle of the skirts twenty yards away. They were down to the ankles - almost touching the floor—they had hem-binding-braid to protect the hem of the skirt. My two older sisters wore dresses with big sleeves and bustles. Wearing ribbons around the neck and bows in the hair was a good sign of expecting company.

These styles were time consuming—it took a week to make a styliist dress around 1880-1900. In my time of primping a nice dress could be made in a day. One dress I made took several days—the skirt and petticoat measured five yards around the bottom—the waist and skirt had twenty nine yards of insertion in them, with lace to match.

There was an old man with long hair and beard that was always after me to cut my hair, when I was a little girl. I was afraid of him, he kept his young girls' hair short. My hair was long, curly and tied with ribbon. Maybe I thought he might grab me and whack mine off.

Those of you that haven't seen the President's wives in their bridal attire at the Smithsonian in Washington, D.C. should make an effort to go—they really give you the styles of the ages. The cortumes are very pretty and I enjoyed my visit there. The picture of my oldest sister's wedding gown with big sleeves and full skirt is pretty too not elaborate but neat and pretty. These styles may never come back—or who knows?

Let us have a glimpse of the styles of today 1984. Give me a chewed off pair of dungarees, a skirt with two buttons, and the skirt tail hanging out, no sleeves; a car with no top and "I'm ready to go." All the man has to wear is a pair of shorts. You know what they have to wear at the beach. Now to go to church they can wear shirt and pants, or a suit, or dresses—men can wear suits or short sleeve shirt and pants. Quite a difference in ages and styles.

Most of the pictures of Christ are in long coats.

## Give Them A Break

Yes, you can help your community become more attractive, more aggressive, and a better place to live. You ask "how? I'm only one person." That is true but multiply yourself by the number of people just like you, who go out of your small town or community to buy groceries from the large supermarket in distant towns, to buy hardware, to buy furniture, and the thousands of items that could be purchased from that merchant down the street who will help you if you need a quick favor, need a sponsor for little league, or Tee Ball, or a Bingo Prize or who even support the community newspaper by placing weekly ads there for your convenience.

Had you ever thought how lonely your town or community would be without the merchants you now have.

Many of the places of businesses had to invest a large amount of money to settle in your community. How long did it take to get that drug store? Are you now buying from them so they can stay? How long did it take to get auto parts convenient for you? Are you buying from them so they can continue to improve their service? Do you appreciate having a supermarket with a full line of groceries for your convenience? When did you last check them out and shop with them? Did you miss the hardware store that was burned? Have you stopped in to speak or buy from the one that replaced it? Where did you buy your last item of furniture? Did you bargain with your local furniture dealer to see if you

could get a better value? These are some of the questions that small communities should ask themselves each day. "Have I purchased from our local merchants?" is a question that should be on the minds of every citizen and each citizen should encourage their neighbors to trade at home.

So give your hometown merchants a break and help them stay in your community. You need them and they need you. Let them know through letters to this newspaper what it will take to keep you trading in the community that has been good to you down through the years. Your name can be withheld in the paper but letter must be on file signed by the writer.

## Jawing With The Dentist

By JONATHAN PHILLIPS

"Shoooooot. What you wanna go down there for? Ain't nothin' to do there. Dead. You ever been around Raleigh or Durham during the summer? Dead, I'm telling you."

Speaking from Somerset, N.J., and speaking about North Carolina was Dr. Joseph Brown. He had been to dental school at Duke, where they forgot to teach him that patients can't reply to questions when they've got a mouth full of hardware and industrial-strength chemicals.

"Whah oo mean, nuffin doo?" I mumbled-exclaimed through the left side of my mouth. "Deah loh uh stuffa do down deah. Whah oo tokkin bout?"

"Man, it's boring," he said, as he seemingly drilled right through a molar and halfway through my jawbone. "Does that hurt?"

I only writhed in agony and clenched my fists until there were nail marks in my palms. For perhaps the first time, I prayed for a shot of novocaine.

"Does, huh? You shoulda told me, man," he said, ignoring the fact that there's not much you can say with a big hand prying your jaws open and a Black-and-Decker spraying calcium everywhere.

"Anyway, you don't wanna go down south. Country folks down there. No excitement. My sister went to N.C. State, and stayed down in Raleigh. Been there since '72. Don't see how she stands it." the large black dentist said, turning off the diamond-tipped torture machine and moving my chair upright.

"I can see how you wouldn't like it if you're into night life and

big-city culture," I said. "But if you want to fish or swim or take it easy, it's the place to be."

"You can do that in New Jersey," he said.

"Would you swim in the Raritan? Would you eat a fish from the Hudson?" I asked. I chose not to mention that thanks in large part to his sister and 150,000 other folks in Raleigh, the Neuse is not exactly pristine itself.

"(Expletive deleted)," the mouth-mauler muttered. I took it to mean no.

Finding little to sustain that line of conversation, Brown turned to pro basketball. Knowing me to be a Laker-hater, he began implying that the Celtics beat L.A. in the finals using mirrors and blind luck.

"Boston won because they had the key ingredients for success, I told him. "A good 'ci eastern North Carolinian (Cedric Maxwell) and a big ugly white guy (Larry Bird)." Being a big ugly white guy and an eastern North Carolinian myself, this argument has great emotional appeal to me, if a debatable basis in fact.

Joseph Brown laughed so hard he gave me a gap between bicuspid I never had before, and changed the subject again.

"You play ball? You any good? Can you jam with two hands?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, and no."

"You 'bout 6-3 and can't dunk? What's wrong with you?"

"White man's disease. Can't jump," I explained. "This has been a source of constant shame since the age of 13."

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