Wednesday, October 2, 1963

# -Looking Back-

#### From the Weekly's files:

IN 1923 -

The Deacons of the Carrboro Baptist Church counterattacked the Weekly in the Swimming Women Affair. The week before three Carr-

boro women had been put out of the Carrboro Church by the pastor for swimming in a swimming pool in company with men.

The Deacons of the Church wrote a letter to the Weekly threatening suit for libel; requesting that a retraction be printed; expressing its "very deep and humiliating regret for the humiliation which you have wilfully and purposely brought upon us"; and pointing out that they were "mutual in our battle against sin," rendering unto the pastor their "utmost confidence, support, and love."

The Weekly wasn't having any. In a published reply it claimed that "all important particulars the article published last week" were correct; that subplots in the Swimming Women Affair appearing subsequent to publication of the article did not alter the fact that the pastor had considered mixed swimming grounds for expulsion from the church; and that as for wilful humiliation,

# **Phelps'** Plays At Allied Arts

Two short plays by Jon Phelps, graduate student at UNC and Durham Herald staff writer, will be presented by the Durham Theatre Guild at Allied Arts in Durham Friday and Saturday nights at 8:30.

The first of the two plays, "Old Lady Who Lived," was presented originally at The Carolina Playmakers Theatre in August under the title "Ten Cars Before Hope." The second play, "Catch Fire," was written under the auspices of the Department of Drama at UNC.

"Old Lady Who Lived" is the story of an old woman who tries to regain her life and her family from the confines of a rest home, where she has been forced to live in loneliness. The original cast from the Carolina Playmakers production are repeating their performances. Myra Lauterer, Mary Kyle Watson, John Ninch, and Kathy Mintz, all of Chapel Hill, compose the cast, and the director is Blair Beasley of Pittsboro.

The second play, "Catch Fire," deals with the effect on a Negro family of the arrest of their daughter in a sit-in demonstration. The cast from North Carolina College includes Helen Reed Monroe, Harold Foster, and Doris George. Kathy Noyes of Durham is the director of this play Persons from the Durham Theatre Guild assisting with the production are Jim Zellner, Buck Roberts, Ed Kenestrick, Ann Rogers, and Bradford Guise. There is no charge for admission.

**Open 'Til 9 Nitely** 

the editor bore nobody any illwill anyway, having only "published a report of happenings that unquestionably constituted news. The thing is getting stale now and (the editor) is disposed to drop it-unless there occurs, in connection with the episode, something else of sufficient interest to require publication . . ."

my

disease.

overweight for my size.

coffee, I'd stand up in my seat,

wave my hand and tell them

They'd say children should nev-

"My grandmother Eudy

er, never drink coffee. And I'd

raised 13 children in Cabarrus

County, and the first solid food

they ever got was soakie bread.

And I still have soakie bread every morning." Soakie bread

I had, too, until I got old enough

to feel it wasn't gentlemanly to

Other vivid recollections in-

clude playing train. The porches

of my aunts' and uncles' farm

houses ran three-fourths of the

way around the house. When it

rained, the chairs were turned

upside down. That was the cue

for us kids to line them in a

row and play train, sliding them

up and down the porch, sidetrack-

ing and shifting them. When

there were no kids around my

**Community Church** 

Sunday at 4 p.m. the Commun-

ity Church of Chapel Hill will

hold a picnic with international

students and faculty members

Everyone is cordially invited

Bring a main dish and salad

Picnic On Sunday

dip my biscuit in the coffee.

how much I weighed.

sav.

public health nurses nuts."

#### IN 1933 -

When J. Penrose Harland, the archaeologist, goes between his home on the Pittsboro Road and his classroom in Murphey Hall, he follows a trail through the woods that border Kenan Stadium.

And that ended that.

"As he walked along this trail one morning last week, pondering deeply upon the recent developments in the excavation of the temples of ancient Crete - or maybe it was the latest bit of exciting gossip about the goingson in the palace of the Assyrian King, Shalmaneser the First, of 1900 BC-he was brought suddenly back to the reality of the moment by the sight of an unfamiliar object directly in his path."

It was a copperhead. "The Professor had in his hand a stout hickory stick. His custom is to carry it only during the first stage of his journey from home to campus; he hides it in a clump

of weeds and grass on the west side of the (Bell Tower) lawn and picks it up on the way back home. Dr. Harland killed the snake.

A few steps further on he thought he saw a second snake (it was a root), stepped back, turned his ankle, and spent the next five days in bed with a bad sprain.

## IN 1943 -

At the movies: "RAVAGED EARTH - See How the Japs Fight! It Will Make You Fighting Mad! . The Censor Could Not Pass It In Normal Times! ... Children Not Admitted.'

> IN 1953 Another Bypass Is Suggested

"Some people who are concerned about the danger to children who have to cross highway 54 at Glen Lennox on their way to and from the new Glenwood School are interested in the suggestion that a new bypass be built to divert a large part of the dangerous traffic.

"Such a bypass would start at Highway 54 at the turn at Best's filling station, just over the Orange-Durham line in Durham County, and go west, crossing the Mason Farm, to a

### THE CHAPEL HILL WEEKLY

# **BILLY ARTHUR Sacred** Concert

Maybe the reason I've been vanity blossomed, because I was recalling my first childhood of conductor, brakeman, engineer, ate is because I'm finally reachand fireman, and the train moved ing my second. I'm swapping with less hitches than it did natural teeth for a denture. when I had what I considered remember my elementary poor help.

I always wanted to grow up and school days when I almost drove be a railroad man.

It all started with a sore throat In Charlotte a friend of the family. Captain Laird, was a and mother prescribing a morn-Southern Railway conductor. You ing gargle of warm salt water. That happened to be the day never saw a prouder person than I when I could wear his vest and we kids were lined up for examination, and one of the nurses carry his ticket punch.

poked a piece of lumber down There was Jim Harding, a freight conductor who lived my throat and murmured, "White patches, diphtheria. Go home." across the street. I raised a fuss Mother didn't believe I had when I couldn't tote his lantern diphtheria. Neither did the famand play like I was reading his old orders. ily doctor. But the health de-

Then, too, I had a distant rela partment decorated the house with a yellow quarantine sign tive who was a railroad teleand said I had to have an antigrapher and who gave me a toxin. I got it and it nearly killpractice sending and receiving ed me, because I didn't have the set that Dad put batteries to. And Uncle Fred Sanders, who One other time 'the nurses was baggage master between measured and weighed us. I Charlotte and Washington, gave me an old baggage master's cap stood three feet tall (just like I -the kind with the long stiff bill. do today) and weighed about 50 With the cap, telegraph set, pounds, and the nurses, after hat checks and order blanks my looking at her little printed sheet, conductor friends gave me, I set hung around my neck a red card up a one-man railroad system that announced I was 25 pounds on the front yard and on the From then on I delighted besidewalk, and regimented the neighborhood kids into operating ing rough on public school nurses. Southern Railroad fast mail train Whenever they'd come in the No. 37, southbound, No. 36, classroom and ask who drank a northbound, and local freight No. pint of healthy milk a day to hold up their hands, I'd keep 8 between Charlotte and Grover, S. C. mine down. But when they wanted to know who drank nasty old

Age and an anti-noise ordinance, the latter inflicted by our parents, broke the railroad. By that stroke the nation's railroad industry lost the most potential, efficient and able executive in its history. I began writing a column.

At St. Philip's Faure's Requiem, Opus 48, will be the featured work at a sacred concert to be held Sunday, October 13, at 8 p.m. at St. Philip's Church on East Main Street in Durham.

Soloists will be Afrika Hayes, soprano, and Janis Klavins, baritone, with the combined choirs of Ashbury Methodist Church of Durham, and St. Philip's. Organist will be William Johnston. David Pizarro will conduct.

Miss Hayes, formerly an instructor in voice at North Carolina College, is presently singing with Brooklyn Heights Opera Association in New York. Dr. Klavins, already known to Durham audiences, recently sang a brilliant recital in Chapel Hill, in which he did-the complete Schubert Song Cycle, "Die

schoene Muellerin'' Mr. Pizarro has just returned from an extended recital tour of Europe, where he played organ recitals chiefly in East and West Germany and made taped programs for the State Radio in Hanover and for Radio Free Berlin. He became a Fellow of Trinity College of Music in July. This concert is the first in a

series. The second, in November, will include the Choir of St. Augustine's College, Raleigh. The third, with Susan Rose and Janis Klavins as soloists, will include a performance, with orchestra, of Bach's Cantata 140, "Wachet auff, ruft uns die Stimme.'

Use the Weekly's Classified advertisement section regularly.

# Now & Then

Perhaps nothing before or since its discovery has had such a profound influence over the well-being and upon the mind of mankind as the advent of the wonder drugs.

And especially dramatic, it would seem, has been the effect of these drugs over the lives of children, though they do not realize this, which is just as well. For nothing horrifies man so quickly or completely as the serious illness of his young. This great boon to modern children was impressed upon me only the other day when a waiter at the Porthole Restaurant, Sim "Big Daddy" Bynum, casually told me that his little boy had been sick. Thinking that perhaps the youngster was down with a bad cold or some other of the mild afflictions which inconvenience nowadays youngsters, I asked what his boy's trouble was. "Pneumonia," said Sim, more or less casually. "He'll probably have to be in bed for two or

three days.' Two or three days, indeed! To me, and to everyone else who ever had pneumonia before the wonder drugs, the very word strikes a terrifying chord on the memory. In my childhood days pneumonia was a wide-eyed word which had the smell of death right beside it in ready parentheses.

And here was a father who, because of the wonder drugs. needed only the ordinary con-

posed child, although the youngster had pneumonia!

As I looked out the window across the parking lot to the University Methodist Church building the amazing contrast between the times before and after the practical application of the wonder drugs to the diseases of the bronchi was brought vividly to mind.

It was in the winter of 1919 and our family was living in the old Barbee house which stood in place of the Methodist Church building. Only the year before, in the dread winter of 1918, had occurred the great influenza epidemic when many here, as all over the United States, had been afflicted, great numbers of them fatally, including the then president of the University, Edward Kidder Graham.

Each room of that high-ceilinged, leaky old house was heated either by a stove sitting out in front of a partitioned-off fireplace, or a fireplace itself. The bathroom door led off the back porch, and contained the only cold water tap except for the one in the kitchen sink. Water was heated from coils of pipe wrapped around the firebox of a coal burning cooking range My older brother, Fred, came down first, with flu, later developing into bronchial pneumonia. Then Dad was stricken, also with flu, and both he and Fred became desperately sick. The three practicing doctors of the Town were so busy with

that only rarely could their services be had, and then only for a few minutes. Both of Mother's patients became dangerously highfevered, and both, from time to time, were delirious.

by Bill Prouty

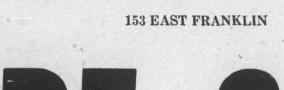
Mother, a great believer of forcing the fever to break, finally accomplished this by massaging the chests of both with Vick's and then wrapping them in several blankets until they broke out in profuse sweating. This did the trick. Ard before long both Dad and Fred were on the way to recovery. But it was a long, tedious time before either of them was on his feet.

And if you've ever recovered from a case of pre-wonder drug flu or pneumonia, as have I, you'll know just how slow that recovery is and for how many months afterward you were weakened by your illness. And vou'll also understand my continued fright upon hearing that anybody has pneumonia, despite the almost specific effect upon the disease of the wonder drugs. A child subjected to such a great struggle for life as that one in the old Barbee house back in 1919, is not likely to forget it or to lose respect for the seriousness of the disease, or to fail to appreciate to the fullest the God-sent wonder drugs which have all but disassociated horror with the once dread word 'pneumonia."

For results that please, use the classified ads.

They get you good results. cern of a parent over an indisother flu and pneumonia cases DANZIGER'S

Old World Gift Shop





### Page 3-B

the Pittsboro highway near Morgain's Creek. "This is merely a tentative suggestion. So far as is known it has not been submitted to the State Highway Commission. It is in the 'talk stage' and may or may not get beyond that. Use the Weekly's Classified

Ad section for the best results.

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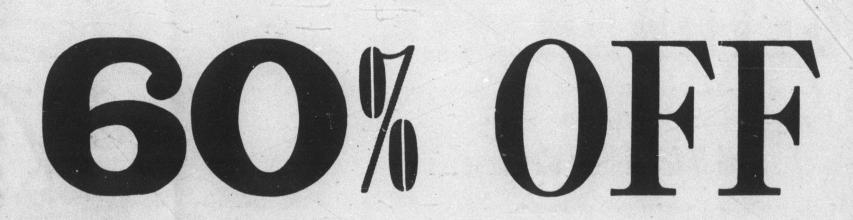
as guests.

to come.



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