

-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 Carrboro 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 willfully 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.

the editor bore nobody any ill-will 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..." And that ended that.

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.

"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 goings-on 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 rook), 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 junction with the Pittsboro highway near Morgan'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.

BILLY ARTHUR

Maybe the reason I've been recalling my first childhood of late is because I'm finally reaching my second. I'm swapping my natural teeth for a denture. I remember my elementary school days when I almost drove public health nurses nuts.

It all started with a sore throat and mother prescribing a morning gargle of warm salt water. That happened to be the day we kids were lined up for examination, and one of the nurses poked a piece of lumber down my throat and murmured, "White patches, diphtheria. Go home."

Mother didn't believe I had diphtheria. Neither did the family doctor. But the health department decorated the house with a yellow quarantine sign and said I had to have an anti-toxin. I got it and it nearly killed me, because I didn't have the disease.

One other time the nurses measured and weighed us. I stood three feet tall (just like I do today) and weighed about 50 pounds, and the nurses, after looking at her little printed sheet, hung around my neck a red card that announced I was 25 pounds overweight for my size.

From then on I delighted being rough on public school nurses. Whenever they'd come in the classroom and ask who drank a pint of healthy milk a day to hold up their hands, I'd keep mine down. But when they wanted to know who drank nasty old coffee, I'd stand up in my seat, wave my hand and tell them how much I weighed.

They'd say children should never, never drink coffee. And I'd say, "My grandmother Eudy 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 dip my biscuit in the coffee.

Other vivid recollections include 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, sidetracking and shifting them. When there were no kids around my

Community Church Picnic On Sunday

Sunday at 4 p.m. the Community Church of Chapel Hill will hold a picnic with international students and faculty members as guests.

Everyone is cordially invited to come.

Bring a main dish and salad or dessert, enough for your own family and some guests. In case of rain the picnic will be held in the church.



Sacred Concert 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 auf, ruft uns die Stimme."

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.

Use the Weekly's Classified advertisement section regularly. They get you good results.

Now & Then

by Bill Prouty

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 concern of a parent over an indis-

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 other flu and pneumonia cases

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.

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. And 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 you'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.

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