

Sunday Bleak Day At Institution:

The Women's Ward At Morganton

Beds Occupied By Roaches

This series of articles was written by a young woman who was a patient at the State Hospital for a year and a half ending in December, 1918. She is a member of a prominent state family, was educated at Queens College, and was sent to the institution on the advice of doctors because of nervous condition. Cultured, refined and sensitive, her experiences there and what she saw with her own eyes make a shocking story.

She is known to the News by her name, for evident reasons, to withhold. There are nine installments in her story, of which this is the second.

Bedtime at the hospital depended on the number of nurses available to care for the patients. Lights were always out by 6:30 o'clock, but if nurses were few, patients sometimes were locked in their rooms at 6:30 o'clock. In the Summer, this was terrible. It was noticeable that very ill patients on the back ward were much more uneasy and were noisier if they were locked in their rooms before dark. At times like that, I could hear their screams block away.

On my first night there, when I turned back my sheets to go to bed, I found that it was occupied already—by hundreds of roaches.

Roaches evidently know nothing of birth control, because there were little ones, minute, steel ones, and many grandfathers. I soon learned, that the nightly ritual at the hospital to shake your sheets just before retiring.

In the afternoon, one of the patients had thrust a fruit jar into my hand and told me to hold on to it. This became one of my most treasured possessions, for it proved to be my drinking glass, and the metal top fastened on it kept aquatic-minded roaches from going swimming in it at night.

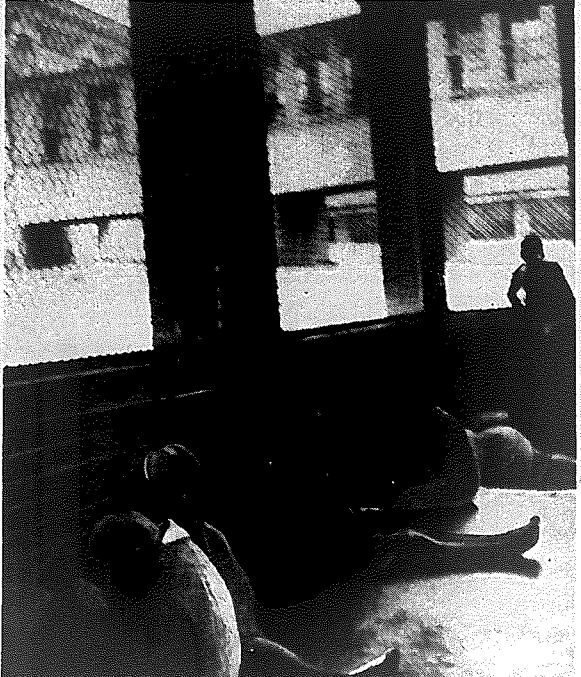
SUNDAY A DREARY DAY AT HOSPITAL

The next day was Sunday. Because of the day, I took a dress from my tight hard ball in the closet and put it on, also my white shoes. Though my dress was wrinkled like a cooked prune, still it lifted my spirits a little to dress for Sunday.

"What are you dressed for? Going home?" asked one of my companions.

"Why, it's Sunday," I said.

"Sunday is the worst day of all at the hospital," she said. "No one is allowed to visit here on Sunday, so we just have to sit and look at each other." That was the last time I wore anything at the hospital other than wash cotton dresses except when I had company. There was no incentive to look one's best and there were facilities for



Women patients at Morganton, except those closely confined, get plenty of fresh air. Spring, Summer and Fall they are locked on these porches from before breakfast to supper time—and mornings and afternoons can be chilly in the mountains, even in Spring and Fall. This is a porch of the Harper Building after it was renovated. The picture is not clear, in its detail, but sharper eyes will be able to distinguish a cement floor, bare legs and feet and the usual "Star's wrappers."

keeping only the very crudest of clothes.

That Sunday morning from my window I could see how green and inviting the grounds were. "What time do you go outside?" I asked a patient. "I can hardly wait." "Well, dearie, you will wait a long time here," was her answer. "The women patients don't go outdoors at this hospital. There is a porch we can use."

SIX WEEKS BEFORE GETTING OUTSIDE

It was six weeks from the time I entered the hospital before any

of my relatives came to see me out of doors, except on the porch. I had for a few treasured trips of perhaps a quarter of a block to the State store. These trips to the store were special favors granted by the nurses. I was more fortunate than most patients, however, for many of them have been at the hospital for years without ever having put their feet on the ground.

The State has spent thousands of dollars beautifying and improving the hospital grounds, yet there are only a favored few who ever

have the pleasure of enjoying them.

Psychiatrists are agreed that the out-of-doors has a most soothing effect on nervous patients, doctors also think it is a great body-builder. But, evidently, no stock was taken in such far-fetched ideas at the hospital.

The porch my friend had mentioned proved to be very small. One could take exactly nine steps in the longest direction, and it was supposed to accommodate 40 women.

BARE WARD PATIENTS LOCKED ON PORCHES

At least, we never were locked on the porch, as some of the patients on the back wards were locked on theirs. From our room we could see these porches.

One chilly November morning when the wind was blowing from the near-by mountains, I saw a nurse lock a young girl she had dosed in some way on one of those porches. It was I, of course, and she lay there for half a day, whimpering like a cold little puppy. She had been placed in a straight-jacket, a thing which binds the crossed arms to the body and ties it back, making a patient helpless. The nurse had thrown a blanket around the girl's shoulders but had failed to put on a sheet or stockings on her. The blanket dropped away, and I saw her weak limbs to and regain it with her teeth.

On other days I saw patients locked on these porches early in the morning to remain until supper time. There were usually about 40 patients and never over five or six chairs, which necessitated that the women either sit on the floor, some of the floors were cement and, of course, were very cold.

It was even worse when the floors were made of boards; that is, if you happened to be on and but the top floor. As I have said, these patients were locked on the porches, all day, there were no toilet facilities, so it was necessary for them to use the floor. Some time during the day the floors were washed and the soap ran down on the patients on the lower floors. This also made the floors wet for the patients to sit on. Some trays were served on the porches, and I have known trays to be put down in the midst of this human refuse and the patients expected to eat as though at table.

(Continued Monday)

Graphic Arts Meeting Set For Feb. 20

Master Printers Group Will Assemble Here

The Graphic Arts Club of Charlotte will host to the North Carolina Master Printers Association, Master Printers of South Carolina, and trade representatives of the graphic arts industry at a two-day convention Feb. 20 and 21, with headquarters at Hotel Charlotte.

Registration of delegates will be held at noon Friday, Feb. 20, and the first meeting will be Friday at 8 P. M. Meetings scheduled for Feb. 21, will be at 9 A. M. and 2:30 P. M. with the closing session a banquet at 7 P. M. followed by a dance in the Hotel Charlotte ballroom.

Primary purpose of the meeting of the employing printers of the two states is to discuss problems created by the war, to plan ways of group co-operation with the Government and to hear speakers representing the OPA, the paper trades group, and industries allied with printing.

W. M. Pugh of Chapel Hill, president of the N. C. Printers Association, will preside at all sessions. James W. Webb, president of the Graphic Arts Club of Charlotte, is chairman of arrangements and has made partial committee appointments as follows: Entertainment, Norman W. Foust, William Mitchell, Mrs. Elliott H. Hall, James A. S. Elliott, registration, John Fletcher, Alf F. Asten, and E. H. Hall. Other committees will be appointed and detailed plans for the meeting will be announced later.

Approximately 200 persons are expected to attend.

Politicians Are Slow About Entering Races

Prospective Candidates Are Weighing Many Factors Before Announcing

By TIM PRINCE
Charlotte News Staff Writer

Mecklenburg County politicians were getting into Spring primary campaigning about this year. Too many uncertain factors were waving in the wind for a feller to make up his mind, and the chances are that you'll see leaves on the trees before you see your complete political picture.

For one thing, there's the Congressional race. It will have quite an influence on local political affairs. But so far there is only one candidate for sure, former Senator Cameron Morrison, while Prospective Candidate Hamilton C. Jones delays his announcement.

Another uncertain element is the Federal Court case against former Postmaster Paul R. Youngs, et al, which at least some sections of local politics expect to have an important effect on local races.

Also there is the steadily gathering strength of the social-ethical movement in local politics known as the Citizens' Group. It went into the field last Spring and changed the City Administration. It is at least making preliminary plans for the same effort in County races this Spring.

Not many experienced politicians will announce for office until they see something of size and shape of the Citizens' program this year.

INCUMBENTS TO RUN

The general impression at the Courthouse was that with only two exceptions all incumbents would seek to continue in office.

Waste Paper Collected by Boy Scouts

House-to-House Drive Made by Organization

The county's Boy Scouts, more than 1,000 of them, went from house to house today to collect old newspapers and magazines in an intensive waste paper campaign.

Working by troops, the youngsters made the rounds in their own neighborhoods, turned the paper into troop headquarters. The paper will be sold by each troop for waste paper dealers, and the money derived from the sale will go into the troop budgets.

Most of the paper probably will not be sold to the paper dealers until Monday or Tuesday, Scout Executive Charles Bailey said. The Scouts were to make a thorough all-day job of it, working on into the afternoon. Rural troops as well as those in Charlotte were hard at work.

The campaign was suggested by the Government as a means of aiding in preventing a serious paper shortage. Similar drives have been held throughout the country.

Army Reserve Officers In This Area Called

Orders calling four Army Reserve officers of this section to active duty were announced today at the office here of the Reserve Instructor for North Carolina. The officers are second lieutenants in the Infantry Reserve and are to report on Feb. 11 at Camp Livingston, La.

The officers are Claude E. Clark Jr., Rockingham; Ted C. Johnson, Paw Creek; Ed M. Greene Jr., Peachland; George R. Freeman, Norwood.

Your Dog And Mine

By Tom Revelle

Short tales again today: John Howie of 1824 Thomas Avenue, on the staff of Glasgow Aik, says, is "doing everything" like an old dog, and he is only over seven months old. He expects in two weeks to be a month old puppy trial that happens to be called "Dumy" at a trial saleman and

generally does things "just a little different." This time he took it out on the dog, registering his name as "Knee-buck Belshazzar" and then calling him "Orsky."

On that time the pup is learning to answer to either name.

Martin Withers, dog breeder, said that the unfortunate thing for dogs is that so few dog owners understand the seriousness of distemper or how to recognize it in its incipency or realize the great value of the improved vaccine now being supplied by veterinarians. Many a poor dog has passed up because its master did not recognize the advance stage enough. In other cases they did not go to the trouble of finding out.

Frank Gilvath, insurance man and hunter, is of the opinion that owners of hard dogs must bear themselves more during the national emergency to protect the flock and streams of the state than before. "We are so apt to forget to save this valuable national resource that we are fond of the end of the war that game has vanished," he said.

McLaurine Is Expected To Return Here Monday

W. M. McLaurine of Charlotte, secretary of the American Cotton Manufacturers Association, is expected to return Monday to his office after a trip of several days that took him to Memphis for conferences with leaders in the cotton industry.

Officers of the American association soon will begin to plan for the annual convention, the time and place for which has not been announced. Impetus of the nation's war effort on the textile industry, now operating at capacity, will make this convention one of the most important in the association's history.

Fatherless Boys' Banquet

Annual Fatherless Boys' Banquet of the YMCA's Colored Branch will be held Friday, Feb. 20, at P. M. at Scotswood Ward Branch school. The meeting is being arranged by the Phloxan Fraternity of the Branch.



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Rockingham Has Its Own "Horse Opry"

ROCKINGHAM—If you happen to see a couple of men riding a horse around the outskirts of Rockingham shortly after midnight, blame it on the war.

Because the war was directly responsible. Or rather the threatening draft was.

During a discussion at Elton Swink's meat market in downtown Rockingham one might recall Charlie Talley reminded Swink that he soon would be called into the Army, and offered him \$15 for his horse, which he purchased several months ago for \$50.

Swink surprised Talley and accepted, and asked for settlement. Talley said he would pay upon delivery and soon after-

wants went home and to bed.

Swink and a friend, Stup Edwards, locked up the market about 11 P. M. and went over to Swink's home, six and a half miles from the horse then, and gave Edwards \$5 to ride it to Talley's home, while he rode a taxi. Swink got Talley out of bed and delivered the horse to him on his front porch, and collected.

Talley, as eager as a school boy with new swat, wanted to try out his purchase. He awoke a neighbor, and the two went to Swink's home, where he returned home at dawn. The next morning, Talley turned the animal over to his mother, because he could find no place to keep it at his house.