



THIS IS IT by Lin Holloway



"Hunt in the Be Baw, Jacka Jacka seesaw All hid??" Last night, night before, Twenty-five robbers at my door, I get up, let 'em in, Hit 'em in the head with a rollin' pin...

I guess it has been nearly two decades since I've played "Hide and Seek" but every time I'm around kids playing what they call "Hunt in the Be Baw" I find myself mentally seeking places where I'd conceal myself if I were in the game.

745

AND IT'S FUNNY how ages can be estimated by the nature of the games being played by youngsters.

When they're 5 to 7, they'll play Hid and Seek. From 7 thru 11, Popping the Whip and other games which require physical prowess eat fibene ETAO sical prowess catch the favor.

031

ABOUT A TOUGH CAT

I've met some mighty rough people in my life, but one I saw over in Chapel Hill the other day was about the toughest I've ever seen.

This guy had more guts than the "Blood" brothers, two men I knew in Durham during my childhood who felt they hadn't done their duty on Saturday night until they had busted out a few front teeth or maybe blacked some yes or booted somebody in the sit-down. The Blood brothers were pretty fair fighters, though, seldom using knives, guns and other such weapons.

This Chapel Hill character—judging from what he was saying—was as tough as "whit-leather" and twice as un-cared. He was standing there just out of range of the sidewalk pedestrians, yet near enough to be heard...

slow walkin' and low talking and folks will be wearing black and saying 'don't be look natchel' somebody come 'round here messin' with me.

"I ain't scared of nobody—black or white, thick or thin, smart or lazy dumb or crazy.

"My great-grand grand-papa used to referee razor fights in Georgia, and my mamma wouldn't feed none of us till she had put some gunpowder in the oatmeal.

"Shucks—my uncle Emory has spent more time in the Pen than the warden, and I had a cousin overseas who was so fat the Japs voted to end the war.

457

"I remember one time my grand-ma hit Grandpa so hard she jarred his brother in the next county, and my mama said that grand-ma hit her so hard one day she knock-er halfway across the river. If 'random hadn't been laying flat of her back, she would have knocked her all the way across."

This cat was really carrying on. If his family was as bad as he pictured it, the U. S. Militia could do it no harm. He kept on talking.

"Yeah," he said, "don't think nobody's gonna go 'uppin' on me and gettin' away with it. Not with all the folks I got in my family."

"My baby sister's got so many children she had to stop naming them and start numbering them. I remember one time when the baby went up in the attic on Christmas Eve night trying to see what Santa Claus had brought him and nobody in the family even missed him 'till they called the roll on the next Fourth of July.

"My other brother has got so many children that when all of them get out in the yard, it looks like school out for recess. They have to eat in shifts, there's so many of 'em, and my brother had to buy two buses in order to be able to take all the children to Sunday School on Sunday.

361

"And then I got some folks that I ain't never seen before. Yeah, there's so many of us they had to name a section after us. 'Hopkins Hollow' they call it, and al you have to do is come down there and holler 'Hopkins' and you're talking to every d-mned body in town."

Yeah, you come messin' with me, I'll get so close to you folks will think we're Siamese twins. I'll be fighting you so strong in front, folks will think I'm behind ya.

"Jus' come here messin' up and see what happens. I'll cut out your eyeballs and make myself a set of 'bones' out of 'em. Come on, mess up, and I'll take off one of your legs and beat your brains out with it."

"Hump!—waling 'round here thinkin' you're so bad. I'll give you a dose of eye and make you like it. Yeah... and I'll shoot you so full of holes you'll sound like a pine organ every time the wind blows.

Going 'round messin' with somebody. Well you just mess with me, I'll fix you up so your own mamma won't know you.

Oh, this cat was really raving. But as yet, I had noticed none to whom he could have been talking. And then I saw her, a tiny woman—a little too old to mention it—but at that time, full of hell's fire. She dashed off a porch across the street and was up in that fellow's face in nothing flat.

I've Been Thinking By CAB CALLOWAY

I've been having a dispute with a gypsy who reads the tea leaves in a club we've been playing. It's a matter of great import, so I thought I'd call it to your attention.

This gypsy is sort of a one-track cypsy. Reads only tea leaves. I, on the other hand, prefer reading the residue left when a cup of hot chocolate is consumed. This goes back to my childhood when a neighbor we called Aunt Fae used to read chocolate cups for us.

I have grown rather proficient in the art myself and I am here to champion the use of hot chocolate instead of tea, with apologies to Arthur Godfrey, of course.

Tea leaves make an excellent drink, but when you try to read them they look—surprisingly like tea leaves, nothing else. Now there comes to reading any kind of a fortune, and you can follow the codes in reading tea leaves.

But once the codes are down, a good fortune teller takes firm hold of the ether and sends a wild and fanciful course over the sea of imagination. And there is nothing so adventuresome looking as the hazy speckles of chocolate in a drained cup.

Tea leaves are spots, chocolate is a sea of spots in an abstract. Let your imagination run loose and you'll have the greatest fortune hunt since the gypsy told Sater there was gold in the hills of California.

I've been thinking about people who go through life hiding from people because of some slight physical difference. For instance, there are some people who have extremely large noses, there are men with bald heads, etc., and those folks so often hide within themselves because they feel that these irregularities make them unacceptable to society.

Yet, have you ever considered the people who have made these physical "differences" into real assets. Just imagine Jimmy Durante having a nose bob, will you? Jimmy's career would take the most amazing turn imaginable. If he were to worry about his physical makeup and try to correct it.

A press agent for a toupee manufacturer tried to talk Abe Burroughs, the radio and tv comic, into having a rug made for his date, but Abe would have none of it. His bald head is his trade mark.

If you find yourself becoming an introvert because of some such physical irregularity, take yourself in hand and do an about face. Make that irregularity a part of yourself. Be natural and people will accept it naturally. Your friends are your friends because they look beyond those things. You are important to them because of your personality, your charm, your intelligence, your love, your whole makeup.

And your makeup cannot be wholesome and likeable if you are in a shell over some physical irregularity. Accept yourself as you are. Everyone else will be glad to, if you'll let them.

Don't get me wrong, I'm not talking about color. I wouldn't be so naive as to say I knew the answer to that one.

He, finally able to smear a smile over his lips, said pleadingly "I was just fooling, Baby... ha, ha, ha."

"You get in front of me and get yourself home, you nasty, stinking rascal," she said.

809

And just like that they were gone to the houses across the street.

The North Carolina cotton crop is forecast at 170,000 bales. This would be 64 per cent below 1949 production and 71 per cent below the 10-year (1939-48) average. It would also be the smallest crop produced in this State since 1971.



IN SWING "COOP": Ralph Cooper, famed master of ceremonies, movie star, and disc-jockey, whose new radio program, "Ralph Cooper's Swing Chamber," is aired nightly via WGV, New York, from midnight to 3 a.m. chats with international singing star Leo Fuld, recording star and composer of "Where Can I Go." Fuld appeared on the Cooper show following his return to America from a worldwide tour.

N. Y. Musicians' Union Aid; Delinquency Fight

NEW YORK CITY (AP)—Musicians' Local 622 of New York City has joined the ranks of those who are helping in the Program to combat Juvenile Delinquency through Teen Town, which fosters an organized and directed program of fun, recreation and training for youth at Be R-U Studios Club. The slogan of Teen Town— "A Better Youth Today, A Better Citizen Tomorrow"—along with the work to impress A. Edward "Foxy" Walters, member of the executive board of Local 622 and his colleagues who granted permission for members to donate their services to the Teen Town Parties during the year, and the recent party at the Renaissance which was donated by Bob Douglas found not one but three Orchestras on hand to swing out for the youngsters to have fun.

Special prizes for the good time had by the youngsters go to Nut Howard and his orchestra. Topping all entertainment was Willie Bryant, Teen Town's Consultant who was virtually mobbed by the gang of youngsters before he gave praise to the world's greatest woman, Dr. Mary McLeod Bethune, National Sponsor of Teen Town, Let Swartz, its founder and Director; Lucille Pickett, chairman of Teen Town Comm; Geri Major, Sponsor of the Deb Sponsors whose volunteer service keep Teen Town alive and to all those Debs who were in attendance.

About 40,000 turkeys are being produced in Pamlico County this year, according to turkey specialist three Orchestras on hand to swing sets at State College.



HE'S GOT RHYTHM: Loranzo Fuller, the "Too Darn Hot" singer of Broadway's smash-hit musical, "Kiss Me Kate," shows off some of his now-famed steps at the recent opening of a giant New York television store. Joining in the routine with Fuller are (l. to r.) Kate Murrah, star singing-comedienne of the show, and featured actress, Gussie Courtney. Steven Sipes, television magazine, looks on.