



NO INDIANS . . . But here is where some 25,000 Indian clay pipes can be made every day. The factory is at Pamplin City, Va.

**In These United States**

**Indian Stone Pipes Are Big Industry in Virginia Town**

By E. L. KIRKPATRICK  
WNU Features.

Pamplin City, Virginia, town of 300, has the world's largest plant making Indian stone clay pipes. The factory has a capacity of 25,000 "smokers" per day, using a kiln that will handle 200,000 at a single burning. It uses four regular employees and as many as 70 on a part-time basis.

Most prized product of the plant is patterned after the "Powhatan" Indian pipe. This is held to have been invented by Virginia Indians many generations ago, in the Virginia county whose name it bears. It had a long stem, gracefully curved at the upper end so that the smoker once seated in his easy chair could pull away knowing that "all the nicotine would be gone after the long journey through it and the smoke well cooled." Clay for the pipe was soft and soapy — somewhat like meerschaum—believed to have been found in some cave where water had deposited an unusual sediment without grit.

Clay in the Pamplin City area meets requirements for the original "Powhatan" as well as other pipes including "Ole Virginny," "Powwow" and "Wigwam." It has served this purpose adequately for more than 200 years, according to authentic records, having "gone through" the present plant for almost 50 years.

Pamplin City has a sense of security so long as the buying trend is toward Indian stone and clay pipes. In addition to this unique factory which draws many workers from nearby farms and villages, it has 20 business establishments and a lumber mill. Tourists and visitors from everywhere frequent it for pipes for personal use, gifts or souvenirs since every American smoker appreciates a genuine Indian pipe.



CATHEDRAL ROOM . . . Lewis and Clark cavern in Montana, third greatest in the United States, is open this year to tourists on a large scale for the first time. It was discovered early in this century by a prospector, Dan Morrison, who saw an eagle fly into "a hole in the hill."

**Arkansas Grows Some Whoppers**

LITTLE ROCK, ARK. — California and Florida people who boast about productivity will now hear from Arkansas. Recent newspaper clippings call attention to these Arkansas "whoppers":  
A stalk of cotton with 85 bolls; a 91 pound pumpkin; a 5 1/2 pound sweet potato; a 19 ounce apple measuring 14 inches in circumference, and two bass weighing more than 5 pounds caught at the same time on one hook.

**He's Caught Up**

MOBILE, ALA. — Born in 1943, Ronald Regan was only 11 inches long and weighed 2 pounds and 11 ounces. Battling for two and a half years, he has caught up with normal growth and weighs over 25 pounds.

**Why Allegany Never Became Great City**

ALLEGANY, N. Y. — Allegany (1940 pop., 1,438) was planned as Allegany City, "the intellectual, cultural, industrial and mercantile hub of the East." But through freak accidents its dream was never realized.  
The proposed city had been completed and surveyed on paper and the company started to build a palatial hotel (the Park hotel recently dismantled) according to plans. Work was interrupted on the Erie

**Prefab Houses Built in 1850**

HAMILTON, MO. — Prefabricated houses are nearly 100 years old in Missouri, for this town of 1,600 population built them back in the 1850s.

There were no carpenters in Hamilton, so A. G. Davis sent plans for a two-story house to a St. Louis firm. He received the lumber, windows and doors with holes already bored for wooden pegs — since there were no nails available. Complete instructions for assembling the house were furnished. A few years later, Otis Richardson did likewise.

The Richardson house is still in good shape. It has been remodeled and is in use.

**Half of Topsoil Has Washed Away**

BECKLEY, W. VA. — More than 50 per cent of the original top soil on West Virginia land has been washed away, according to Walter C. Grumbel, a soil conservationist.

"Where soil conservation methods have been practiced," Grumbel said, "crop yields have increased anywhere from 10 to 25 per cent."

He said an intelligent conservation program would protect and stabilize the land and water supply, restore plant food, increase farm income, prevent floods and restore forests and wild life.

**Man Really Builds 'Better Mouse Trap'**

BAMBERG, S. C. — S. D. Bishop has finally built that "better" mousetrap and may have a path beaten to his door. But it was entirely accidental.

What Bishop was really making was a fish trap. He left it overnight at the feed store where he is employed, baited and ready for a try-out.

Next morning he found five rats he caught 19 more.

**Ex-GI Gives Anti-Snorer To the Army**

BEAVERTON, ORE. — T. M. Weed, local lawyer, who used to be a G.I. and knows what snoring sounds like in a barracks, has submitted his "no-snore kit" to the U. S. quartermaster corps.

He claims snoring can be stopped or greatly reduced by a specially constructed device designed to prevent the fluttering action of the soft palate and uvula that causes the coarse, low-pitched irritating noise made by a sleeping person.

Weed admits that it was the complaints of his barracks mates in 1942 and 1943 that spurred him to devise an anti-snore device. He used it for the other two years he was in the army—and made friends!

More Crop Dusting  
Peanuts may be dusted from airplanes in the near future. Tests carried on at the Omega plant farms at Omega, Ga., first of the kind in that section, proved that plant dusting from the air not only costs about one-half as much as dusting or spraying from tractors but is much more efficient, since a single plane can dust 1,000 acres per day.



YOUNG PATTON RECEIVES COMMISSION FROM MOTHER . . . At graduation exercises in the U. S. military academy, Mrs. George S. Patton, widow of famed U. S. 3rd army commander, presented a regular army commission to her son, George S. Patton Jr. Young Patton was one of 21 sons of generals graduated in largest class in history of the academy. Others included the sons of Lt. Gen. James H. Doolittle and Lt. Gen. Wedermeyer.



NEW BRITISH ENVOY VISITS BYRNES . . . Lord Inverchapel, left, new British ambassador of the United States, photographed with Secretary of State James F. Byrnes, center, when he made his first official call at the department of state. John Falfour, right, British minister, accompanied the new envoy, who relieved the Earl of Halifax, now enjoying a rest after the hectic war years.



BANANAS FOR AMERICAN TABLES . . . Choco Indian boy with silver bracelets, silver and bead necklace and painted face. The two paints used, black and red, come from the berries of native trees. The dugouts are carved from mahogany. The Choco Indians of Panama are believed to be the Western Hemisphere's wildest living tribe. Each dugout will hold half a ton of bananas.



IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS . . . A staff sergeant with his own "private army" takes a stroll through Plymouth. He is Frank Cooper, Hansom Lane, Halifax, who is trailed by Allan, 7; twins, Ronald and Derek, 6; and Malcolm, 4, all born in New Delhi while carrying the only girl in the family, six-months-old Frances. Clothes are the least of their worry, using battle suits for all except the baby.



AUSTIN TO UNO . . . Sen. Warren R. Austin, 68, Vermont republican, who has been named by President Truman as U. S. representative of the United Nation security council to succeed Edward R. Stettinius Jr.



BABE IN MEXICO . . . Babe Ruth, Sultan of swat, is shown here zooming one across during an exhibition game between Vera Cruz and Mexico City. An overflow of Mexican fans turned out to see Babe. Reports are that he will join organized baseball in Mexico as the "Judge Landis" of baseball in the southern republic.



SOVIET AMBASSADOR . . . The need for maintaining close relations between the United States and Russia was stressed by Nikolai Novokov, when he presented his papers to President Truman as Soviet ambassador.



UNITED STATES MACE . . . Kenneth Romney, sergeant-at-arms of the house of representatives, is shown holding the U. S. Mace. It is 46-inches high, and consists of 13 ebony rods, representing the 13 original states.



VOTED OUT . . . Portrait of "Umberto," favorite one of King Humbert II, of Italy, whose royal destiny was sealed by the Italian people, who voted him out.

**Kathleen Norris Says:**

**Old Age May Mean Freedom**

Bell Syndicate.—WNU Features.



"While we can make ourselves necessary to those we love, we are never old."

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

THERE is no more reason to be unhappy as an old woman than as a young one. This sounds ridiculous, but it is a poor heart that doesn't discover the truth of it, along the road of the fifties and sixties.

Young women are acutely unhappy. So are young men. So are old women and old men, and middle-aged ones of both sexes. It's an unhappy world.

Too many little things can go wrong. Our lives are too complicated. Nothing is perfect. The new baby arrives yelling himself purple in the face. His mother has a few weeks of complacency, albeit it is a scared and nervous sort of pride, then croup and measles threaten. Just the dear yet exhausting responsibility of him wears her down. She isn't as pretty as she was. No more dances, no more flirting. Diddies and sitters give place to bad marks on his school cards and scarlet fever and lost rubbers. Then come girls and night clubs and the car out nights.

The bliss of a radiantly happy engagement soon clouds over. Weddings cause more mental agonies than almost any other form of social gathering. Feelings are hurt. Dresses are disappointing. Honey-moons are altogether too strange and brief to be much fun. House-keeping has its phases of inexperienced cooking, troublesome old friends, family criticism. Only one thing is worse, and that's not marrying, not having a house and husband and babies to worry about. 'Life a Delusion.'

Why not face it? Life is a delusion at all ages. We have a fight for the bright spots and pray for the serenity of spirit that rises above the pricks and disappointments and carries us into a really happy old age.

Yes, here we are back at old age, and I believe it can be the happiest time of life. I don't mean resigned, or patiently enduring, or downtrodden and saintly and long-suffering. I mean that with good health, something to do, and confidence in God's strange and perplexing ways, the 50s can be happier than the 40s, and the 60s better than either. Further than that I am not qualified to go at present, but I have no fear of the years to come.

Health in age is real health, depending on a time-seasoned body, restraint in eating, drinking, amusements, fatigues. Something to do is absolutely essential to good old age. There are one million neglected jobs waiting for old women, and a lot of the old women are idly stagnating in little warm parlors, playing occasional bridge, eating too much, and suffering from headaches, colds, blues. These are the old women who have given old age a bad name. They think it is simply dreadful.

The independence of age, its freedom, its relief from the long years of having to do things she didn't want to do, its right to do the things she does want to do, escape the notice of these narrow little cotton-wool useless old ladies. In the 60s one may give up boring dinners; one's acute maternal obligations are over. One's nights can be prefaced by good reading and filled with deep sleep.

Help with Chores.  
And for work? Well, I wish I had a dollar for every one of the tired young mothers who talk to me of the difficulty of trying to get some-

**QUIET HAPPINESS**

Most people dread the coming of old age. Women especially hate to think of the later years. But, as Miss Norris points out, the years after sixty may be peaceful and happy. With reasonable security and fair health, it is possible for a woman to enjoy life more than she ever did. There is at last an opportunity for reading, and for any hobbies that she may want to follow. The chance to study the wonders of nature has now come.

Most important, says Miss Norris, is for the older woman to have a real purpose. She must feel useful. Some sort of work, such as helping her daughter or daughter-in-law with the household or the babies, or some charity or social service—anything really worthwhile—will give the elderly woman a sense of real importance. There are even some opportunities to earn a good bit at part-time employment, such as clerking in a little store.

The freedom of old age is a great compensation for the loss of pleasures that belong to youth and middle age. The realization comes that a lot of the scurrying around doesn't matter, that a lot of the social obligations are just a nuisance, and can well be forgotten. Old age can be happier, all things considered, than any other time of life.

one to sit with the baby, do an hour's ironing, clean out the vegetable cooler, sit and chat and finish up that mending basket. Scores of elderly women will actually go to see a beloved daughter or niece and lament with her over the lack of intelligent household help. They will sit in the young mother's parlor, looking about sadly; "no one to help you with dusting dear." They will tut-tut-tut over the heaped washing, all the while interrupting the household routine and adding cigarette stubs to the trays.

"Nancy can't get anyone," they complain, themselves perfectly fitted to step into that little household three times a week and go straight for the dish towel or the clean pillow slips. Three times a week to Nancy, three times a week to George's wife, quiet, unquestioning, cheerfully gossipy, what a blessing these idle, well-manicured, 60-year-old hands could be!

A blessing not only to Nancy. It is a blessing to oneself to be busy, useful, beloved. It makes an idle Sunday a treat. It warms one's heart with the disproportionate gratitude of the younger crowd. It makes the days fly and all thoughts of age fly with them.

While we can make ourselves necessary to those we love, we are never old. Wearing what you like, reading, eating, seeing the plays or pictures you like. What more could youth offer you? Youth, with its vagaries, doubts, fears, ignorances, chances, heartaches, offers you much less.

If helplessness, illness, incapability come upon you, you need new heroism, new philosophy, new faith. But until they do—and they may never come! — don't cheat yourself out of the deep happiness and security of old age.

**Mittens from Scraps**

Each of 1,000 snow suits and 800 capes made for European relief by the Kalamazoo, Mich., chapter of the American Red Cross was accompanied by a pair of mittens, thanks to Mrs. Fred W. Sellers. She is an employee of the commercial firm that cut out the entire quota of several hundred snow suits. The trimmings provided material for 1,800 pairs of mittens in three sizes, made of warm tweed. Mrs. Sellers used her extension patterns and knowledge in designing the mittens.



The serene years . . .