

Visitin' The Neighbors

By 'Ches' Matthews

What's all this business about not bein' able to make a silk purse out of a sow's ear? Don't you believe a word of it—time wuz—mebbe—but NOW—no tellin' what could or will be evolved from a sow's ear. We lean to the belief that a very satisfactory fascimile can "hold" just as much pride and pleasure anyway!

Think of the Drugs derived from Coal Smoke. Of the filmy frocks that started out in foamy milk palls—the syrup that used to be corn cobs an' the dyes that began life as little red bugs. (What a horrible thought!)

All of which is but preambing to a bit of silk-purse-to-sows-ear project of our own and is related, here, because with the shut-inness of the winter months and the out-of-reach prices of most everything, perhaps you're feelin' kinda drab, in spirit and surroundings.

We've a pocket edition of a cottage which, for a couple of years had been occupied by Very Good Neighbors. Personally they're fine. 'Premise-orily' they'd no conception of common, ordinary cleanliness 'n' sech so, we weren't too sorry to have them depart from thence, recently, nor were we surprised to learn—after they'd gone—that a self-respectin' Pig wouldn't have poked his nose in the place long enough to grunt!

After removing a vast accumulation of automobile parts, broken glass, shoes an' shucks; rakin' the yard fere an' aft and, literally, scrapin' the mud from stoop and casings, the po' little house got spankin' new paint from its chimney top to the basement door.

If you've bought any paint an' cement an' nails an' window glass lately you'll know well an' good that what was left for operatin' on the "innards" of the place consisted, largely, of a fund of imagination which has never known an over-draft; a whale of a lot of elbow grease an' the 'leavin's'. Soap an' detergents—house maids knee and dish pan hands—heterogeneous hopelessness.

Oh, but you should see it now! (An' you'll 'scuse us, please while we preen slightly!)

Nothin' cute and cunning. No ruffles on the range or tassels on the door knobs. This is a forthright little house—generously welcoming as an open palm and p'raps only a mite bigger!

In one corner of the living room stands an old cherry cupboard of which we're very proud. Imagine how we felt when we found NAILS driven in it—to hang curtains or the baby's wash or something. Naturally, that had to be repaired and refinished first off.

The sofa had a Broken Back and the same thing had happened to the Rocking Chairs as to the Stock Market back in '29!

Plenty of braces—an' old fashioned scrubbin'—a slip cover evolved from two worn out ones and the tired old couch perked up a' plenty. We put it against a partition wall—painted the wall and ceiling blue (we had the blue paint to start with!) hung a group of pictures, above and put some home made book shelves at each end. On these we put the lamps we'd found thrown on the floor

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SEEKS COTTON TITLE



Pretty blue-eyed Belle Biles of Kannapolis is North Carolina's first candidate for the 1951 Maid of Cotton title. Miss Biles attended Pfeiffer Junior College and is now employed at Cannon Mills Company. The winner of the Maid of Cotton contest will make a 64,000-mile tour to thirty major United States cities, England, France and six Latin American countries as the cotton industry's goodwill and fashion ambassador. She will be presented with an all-cotton wardrobe created for her by the nation's foremost designers. The contest is open to any single girl between the ages of 19 and 25 who was born in a cotton-producing state and is at least 5 feet 5 inches tall. Applications may be obtained from the National Cotton Council, P. O. Box 18, Memphis 1, Tennessee. Deadline for entries is December 1.

Addie Home Club Has November Meet

Addie Home Demonstration club held the November meeting at the Club Workshop building with seventeen members present. Miss Mary Johnston, County Home Agent, discussed the topic for the month, which was "Family Life." A demonstration on chair bot-tomming was given by one of the members. Hammering and sawing copper was also demonstrated as the members made copper articles from a copper still which was donated to the Club by Sheriff Middleton.

Refreshments were served by Mrs. Helen Brooks.

The December meeting will be in the form of a Christmas dinner at the workshop at one o'clock, December 1, with each member bringing a covered dish. Members will also bring hand-made presents which will be exchanged.

Chick placements in the Chatham-Wilkes commercial broiler areas for the week ending October 21 were 37 per cent above those for the same period last year.

and minus shades entirely. We painted 'em—found some slightly soiled shades which we bought for fifty cents a piece—dunked 'em in luke warm suds and they're fresh as garden pinks.

One rocker has a new 'rush' bottom we made of binder's twine. A little Grand-motherly one we bottomed with vari-colored RAGS, folded into strips and woven like children's kindergarten mats.

Re-finished our prized gate-leg table (which had been ironed on, apparently!) and concocted a small chair-side one from a nail keg and a round of ply board.

On the scuffed linoleum floor we used up a lot of odds and ends of paint. We'd enough tile red to cover one coat—then, with a sponge, we used up the little dabs of yellow, blue and soft green we had, to stipple it all over.

We discovered a dreamy sort of wall paper for the three walls and the inside of the cupboard. It has ol' planation homes an' carriages, people, meanderin' streams an' 'side wheelers'. (We could just 'set an' rock' and let our thoughts drift into the long-ago an' far away!)

Our tobacco canvas window curtains hang as gracefully soft as would French marquisette and give the same effect, truly!

To tell you about the flower-garden air of bed room, kitchen and bath we'd have to "continue in our next". Anyway if you'd come to visit our little 'rescued' house you'd need to get no further than the living room to agree with us that, sometimes, Dreams CAN be MADE to come true out of Very Nightmarish situations.

There's no tax on Ingenuity an' Hard work, y' know and we often feel the rewards are far richer when the prospect seems a composite of things impossible to start out with.

What's pesterin' US most, now, is that our Badly Buffeted Budget won't permit us to keep the small cottage as an Ivory Tower Retreat for "our own selves!"

CAPITAL REPORTER

Scott Summers

Raleigh, N. C., Nov. 14—It gives me great pleasure to announce that at last some 90 years late—the South is beginning to win the war, suh.

I have heard our governors, senators, and plain citizens cite how higher freight rates in the South are discriminatory. But now comes a howl from the Yankees. Seems their beef is we ain't payin' enough—at least in the textile salary field.

One Seabury Stanton, a New Bedford, Mass., wearer-of-the-blue, wants Congress to lift minimum wages in the textile industry "to wipe out a competitive advantage the South has over the North."

Ole Wet-Eye Stanton says he has to pay an average of \$1.06 1-3 per hour, against a lower figure of 75c an hour in the South. This, he says, gives us an unfair advantage.

Not only that, but he complains because he says the Southern worker "is more flexible in his thinking", blames Southerners' willingness to handle more machines to the fact that most of them are "first generation textile workers" trained on automatic machines. Says further that a modern mill of 450 looms would require 158 workers in the North as against 118 in the South—where the folks apparently still believe in trying to do an honest day's work.

Seems Ole Damykanee Stanton is worryin' about the textile industry movin' South, suh. Don't worry, podnuh—we'uns is so lazy, so far behind times that it takes us a little time to understand all about that ole feather-beddin'. Jus' give us a little time, suh, an' we'll be just as onery as them damyankee workers—an' you can pay us twice as much for half the job. We'd-a larned it by now, suh, 'ceptin' you named that there labor organization a "union".

A new, likely candidate for governor of North Carolina in 1952 bobbed up in all of the pre-election, love-and-kisses campaigning by warring factions of Tar Heelia's Democratic party.

He's Hubert Olive of Lexington. In many respects, his career parallels that of Senator Clyde Hoey. He's served in both houses of the legislature, and he's promi-

nent Baptist. The Superior Court judge right now is heading a fund-raising campaign for Wake Forest College.

Bill Umstead of Durham either got off to a running start in the '52 for governor sweepstakes, or else was pushed out as a blind by conservative forces of the party. Charlie Johnston proved an early sprinter didn't always last until the finish. Umstead has lots of friends and supporters, but would have to overcome the dual handicap of being once-beaten for senator plus the old east-west tradition. Some folks say he can do it, others say he'd be the easiest man to beat the conservatives could offer. And you can forget talk about a deal for Kerr Scott's support for Umstead, far as I can find out 'tain't so.

D. Hiden Ramsey, the Asheville editor mentioned as an entrant, says "no". Says he has private plans that preclude such. That's smart. Doesn't pay to show your cards too early in the game, whether you plan to call the bet or not. But few men can refuse the siren song of a "public draft" to run for office.

Capus Waynick of High Point, current ambassador to Nicaragua now temporarily heading the Point Four program, suffered a blow to his potential candidacy with the death of T. V. Rochelle of High Point. Waynick has made no secret of the fact that he'd like to ride in Number 1 for four years. Rochelle was slated to handle finances for the Waynick campaign, however, and a suitable replacement will be hard to find.

Along about the middle of the 1951 General Assembly you can expect a statement from Waynick as to what he plans to do. He's up for a bigger ambassadorship—either Mexico or Spain—if he stays with the State Department.

North Carolina's 4-H Club camps attracted 3,076 Tar Heel boys and girls this past summer. That number spent a week at one of the State's four club camps.

This year the Mexican bean beetle damaged foliage of whole fields of soybeans, though it has been considered a pest only on the garden bean varieties.

With Stars who must think of their throats, it's COOL, MILD

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