



So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

The first citizen of Flat Rock, North Carolina came to town and it seems that for the last few days, New Yorkers have vied with each other in feting him. Of course at his age of 78, Carl Sandburg has to be careful of his activity. He says the goats on his farm seem much more civilized than the rushing herd of humans in Gotham's public thoroughfares. However, the great writer makes such statements with a twinkle in his eye and one is therefore inclined to accept the salty remarks with a grain of goat's milk.

Up at stately Carnegie Hall where the 5529th concert of the Philharmonic - Symphony Society of New York was being held, we sat and listened to the engaging music of the big orchestra under the direction, this evening, of Andre Kostelanetz. It was easy to appreciate the music, for it was that of such composers as Maurice Ravel and Ferde Grofe, the latter having come from Los Angeles for the occasion and, at the request of the conductor, took several bows from his box seat. He is now very chubby. About midway of the program, Carl Sandburg appeared, his thick, white hair vivid in contrast to his black tuxedo, and with the music as rather strong background, read impressively Aaron Copland's "A Lincoln's Portrait". It was obvious to the appreciative audience that we were listening to the Lincoln of our literature.

After the concert, I went backstage and found Carl surrounded by admiring autograph seekers and personal friends. I shook hands with Andre Kostelanetz who has a most pleasant face, although like many of us, his is a balding head. From now on, he will seem more, to me at least, than the husband of Lily Pons. Mr. Sandburg nodded, passed pleasantries, signed programs and told one adoring soul, "You stick around and we'll open up a keg of nails!" Finally I managed to extract him from the throng and we made our way to the waiting Rolls-Royce of Mrs. O. O. McIntyre who had invited a few to her delightful apartment.

Frank Warner, close friend and fine folk singer, had brought his "banjer" along and, just in case, a "gittar" for Carl. This thoughtfulness proved fruitful, for after a session of delicious apple pie a la mode, we gathered around the fireplace and listened. Messrs. Sandburg and Warner in rich voices sang the tuneful folk songs, "Keep Your Hand on the Plow" and "Tom Dooley," the latter being about a Wilkes County, N. C. boy who was hanged right after the Civil War for killing his rival for the hand of a "gal". Carl even sang and played the modern, "Suddenly There's a Valley" and laughed when we roundly applauded. He sprawled in a restful chair, wisecracked and philosophized, thanked the hostess, and we were all impressed with the thought, that this was an occasion long to be cherished.

Two evenings later, I was pres-

ent when Carl Sandburg was given an award for the selection of his book, "Abraham Lincoln" as the one which a majority of 150 of us would take along in case we were exiled to a desert island. Here he spoke at some length about Lincoln's problems and again he and Frank Warner sang and played. One of these songs was something about "It don't matter where you go when you die, you're gonna find friends in both places." Three other Pulitzer Prize winners were present, Allan Nevins, the historian, Bruce Catton, editor of American Heritage, and C. D. Batchelor, genial cartoonist for the New York Daily News who has been married more than once and who quipped to me, "Always a groom, but never America's best-known book reviewer, was there with his attractive wife, and we chatted about our common ancestry. Carl Haverlin presided over the festive gathering which included other literary lights.

While here, Carl Sandburg also appeared on a national television show, and spoke before high school students at Cooper-Union Institute where Lincoln made the speech in 1860 which is said to have made him President. We hope that Flat Rock will lend Mr. Sandburg to New York many more times in years to come—for his visits are memorable and all to the good.

Russian Embassy Open Again

By JANE EADS

WASHINGTON—The big doors of the Soviet Embassy were opened to guests for the third time in 10 days, but no sleek limousines rolled up, no photographers were snapping big shots, even Ambassador Zaroubin was out of sight.

It was a small, informal shindig honoring the seven visiting Russian editors and the only faces I recognized were those of some of my colleagues. The rest, mostly male, were press or cultural attaches from the various embassies around town.

This time the guests concentrated in the big gold and white ballroom with its crimson velvet hanging and crystal chandeliers. They gathered mostly around the bar. They didn't pounce on the food attractively arrayed on the long buffet table until late in the evening.

A previous big affair was attended by more than 1,000 to celebrate the Russian Revolution of 1917.

An earlier affair, a reception for touring Soviet pianist Emil Gilels, was more exclusive, a black tie do, to which only a select 100 had been invited. Gilels gave a recital and the guests were more restrained.

I had some difficulty tracking down the Soviet newsmen. I approached a tall, dark young man who was speaking an unfamiliar tongue. He turned out to be the cultural attache of the Polish Embassy. He could speak English.

On my next turn about the room I edged up to an amiable-looking pink-cheeked plumpish man talking with a young blond, blue-eyed chap. The first was Rumanian, the second Hungarian. They didn't speak English.

Finally, I met Boris Kampov-Polevoy, leader of the group, a tall, broad-shouldered man with mop



PRINTING CANDIDATES FOR GRADUATION. The Roy Parker School of Printing at Chowan College this year has its largest graduating class since the school was established in 1932. Pictured in front of the Graphic Arts Building are (back row, left to right) Roy Evans, Hertford; Kellon Stone, Nashville; Forest Broughlon, Zebulon; Billy Warren, Raleigh; Mike Dennis, Spartanburg, S. C.; Joe McLean, Montreat; Charles

Bridges, Waynesville; (middle row) Harold Brown, Hamlet; Lee Roy Jones, Nashville; Milton Futrell, Conway; Billy Taylor, Chocowinity; Ronald Sumner, Woodland; front row, Barbara Webb, Madison; Louise Wimbish, Deep Creek, Va.; June Tucker, Moyock; Sarah Rankin, Belmont; Virginia Drake, Pinetops; and Clarice Galloway, George. (Not pictured, Thomas McGee, Henderson.)

Average Age Of 22 Million Living Vets Is 38.5 Years

The average age of Uncle Sam's more than 22 million living veterans now is 38½ years. The Veterans Administration said the extremes range from 109 for the oldest veteran to under 18 for the youngest.

The oldest veteran on VA rolls is Albert Woolson, of Duluth, Minn., the lone Union Army veteran of the Civil War who celebrated his 109th birthday on February 11, 1956.

The youngest group of veterans, those under 20 years who served during the Korean Conflict period, number 34,000. There were only 4,000 veterans who are 85 or over.

The largest group of veterans, mostly those of World War II, fall within the 30 to 34 age bracket. That group numbers approximately 5,158,000. The next largest group, approximately 4,091,000, is in the 35 to 39 age bracket.

Based on a VA survey as of December 31, 1955, following is a breakdown by war showing the number of participants, number of deaths in service, estimated number of living veterans, and their average age:

Korean Conflict Period—6,807,000 participants (includes 1,476,000 who served both in World War II and during Korean Conflict period); 54,000 deaths in service; 4,346,000 living veterans (includes 843,000 who served both in World War II and during Korean Conflict period); average age 27 years.

World War II — 16,535,000 participants (includes 1,476,000 who served in World War II and during Korean Conflict period); 409,000 deaths in service; 15,391,000 living veterans (includes 843,000 who served both in World War II and during Korean Conflict period); 36½ years.

World War I—4,744,000 participants; 131,000 deaths in service; 3,105,000 living veterans; 62 years.

Spanish-American War—392,000 participants; 11,000 deaths in service; 68,000 living veterans; 78½

of black hair, drooping right eyelid and medals pinned on his uniform. The one word he spoke in English to me was "Okay," but through an interpreter he told me the group had enjoyed their trip.

Newsmen in Russia are treated just like the men, "cover the same things, get the same pay," belong to the Moscow Press Club. And "instead of being a distraction to their male colleagues, as some American journalists had jokingly told the group, newsmen in this country were, he said "their women provide inspiration."



By Floyd Nelson
Your television set may have cost \$49.95 or \$495.95, but either of them to do a job well must have an antenna to catch the all-important signal beamed out from the broadcasting station. Here, too often, economies are made on cheaper antenna installations which will not allow the TV receiver to perform to its maximum value. Indoor antennas will work if your sending station is nearby, but even then, minor disturbances in the home will spoil good reception. There is no question that your TV receiver must be well fed from the antenna for the best results in viewing pleasure. We at NELSON'S TV SERVICE have had a wide experience with antennas in conjunction with TV servicing, and can guarantee our results. Phone GL 6-6881 for professional television service.

Washington, Too, Has Its Glamorous Grandmother

By MARGARET KERNODLE

WASHINGTON—Every community in the country seems to have a glamor grandmother. The national capital is no exception. It has the serenely beautiful Mrs. Henry Grattan Doyle, native of Cambridge, Mass., who came here as a bride in 1917.

This petite mother of three and grandmother of seven has received an award from the District of Columbia Medical Society heretofore given only to organizations. The society honored her as first chairman of the Juvenile Court Advisory Committee and chairman of the Youth Council, which is out to obtain a center for treatment of children who get into trouble.

That is just part of what she does. Every day she is at the U. S. Department of Health, Education, and Welfare from about 8:30 am to 6 p.m.

A member of the District of Columbia Board of Education 21 years, she resigned in 1949 to visit her grandchildren, who were living in Germany. She served 14 years as the first woman president of the board.

She had an active part in getting the vote for women 35 years ago but has never voted for a President because she's lived her adult life in Washington, where nobody votes. She's been a member of the National Loyalty Review Board, has worked for the Treasury and was executive director of the Washington Self-Help Exchange from 1939 to 1945. She has been recognized for her civic leadership by the Washington Board of Trade, the American Legion, the Daughters of the American Revolution and by all branches of the military service and was chosen one of the seven outstanding graduates of Radcliffe college on its 75th anniversary.

She lists basic requirements for a board of education member as sense of humor, cheerful patience and physical endurance, advocates more but less expensive school

buildings, says "teachers salary is the more worthwhile expenditure," and deplors such careless phrases as "old maid school teacher" as contributing to the reluctance of

young girls to be teachers. *She stresses the need for teaching the meaning of communism in schools, saying, "It must be known to be conquered."

Before 1800 the United States Congress sat in eight cities—Philadelphia, Baltimore, Lancaster, York, Princeton, Annapolis, Trenton and New York.

"I've run into some minor reverses which may delay me."



Long Distance

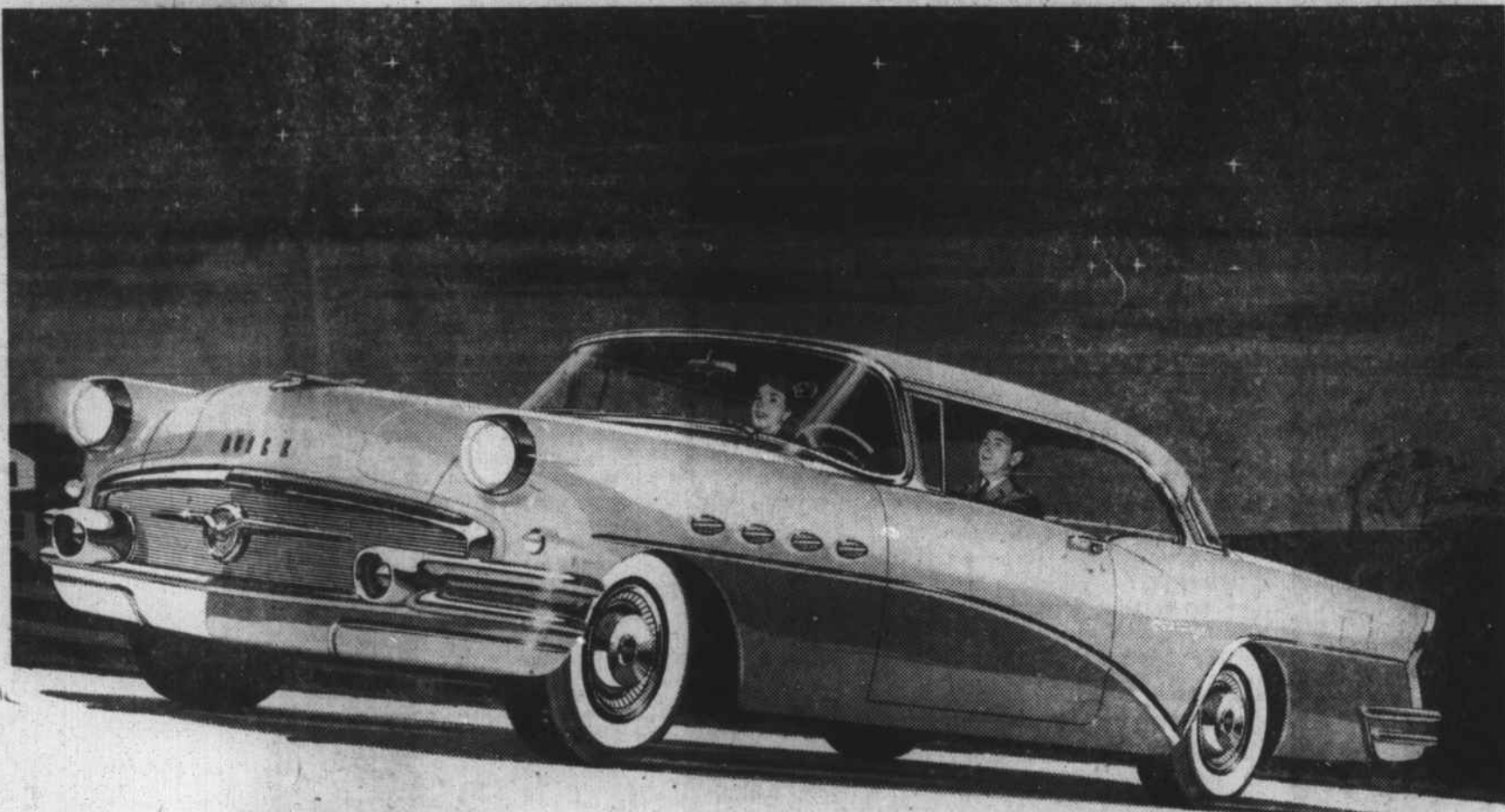
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