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When next you motor to Washington, D. C., as we did during recent days, you can do worse than pause for a bite to eat at the Indian Hills Motel and Restaurant, 13 miles south of Richmond.

We found the food delicious, the service prompt, and the help courteous. Our choice after hundreds of miles of riding was the best Smithfield ham you could ever hope for, and the meal was made more pleasant by the waitress for our table, Carol Fulton.

A native Virginian, she lived for years in Anchorage, Alaska, before returning to the State of Presidents. This young lady would be a credit to any establishment catering to the public, so much so that in this instance the Indian Hills Restaurant is getting a free plug from The Mirror because of her.

Approaching Washington at night is still a spectacle to behold, despite the turmoil, double dealing and uncertainty existing within its boundaries. As always, the Washington Monument asserts itself on the horizon, and in the distance the spotlighted Capitol does something to the heart of even a disillusioned American, grown sick of the scarcity of statesmen operating there.

Much has been said, and understandably so, about the violent young on Washington's streets when darkness comes on. However, all pedestrians in their teens or twenties aren't bent on hell raising.

Scores of them streaming along Twentieth Street Saturday night weren't heading for a demonstration or random vandalism but returning from a concert (?) at Constitution Hall featuring the Lovin' Spoonful.

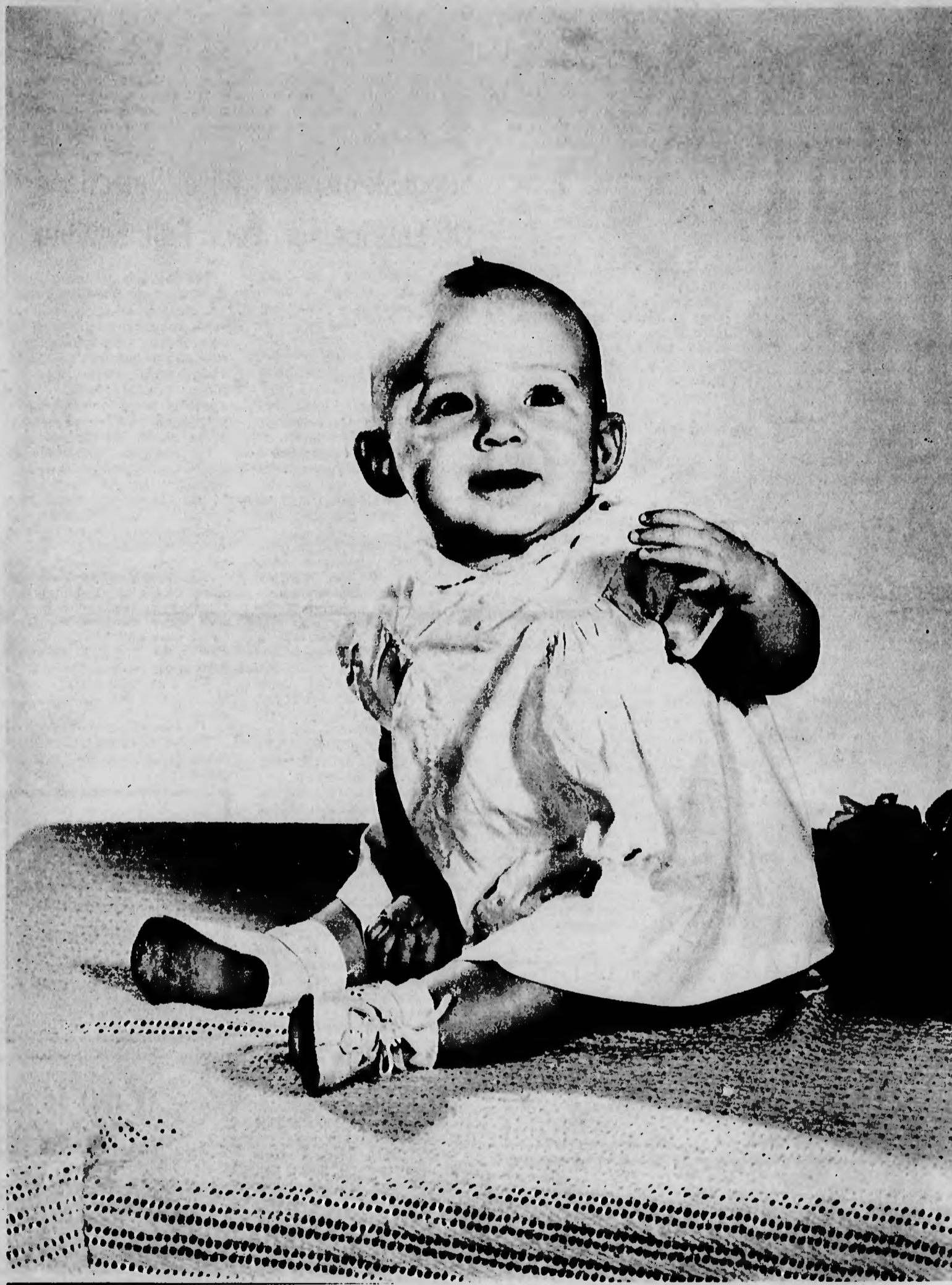
You older folks who aren't "Cool" may need enlightenment that Lovin' Spoonful is the name for a group of vocalists who do well on popular music charts and, praises be, have on occasion crashed The Mirror's Top Ten Tunes.

Washington has more than its share of punks, hippies and other assorted misfits, but it is comforting to know that there are also thousands of more rational young people attending the various universities, including Georgetown, George Washington, Howard, American and Catholic, all within the city limits of the Nation's Capital.

During the weekend we journeyed to Bethesda, Maryland, a city known best for the Naval Hospital where President Kennedy's body was taken for an autopsy, and where Secretary of The Navy Forrestal plunged to his death from the window of a room he was occupying.

Inevitably, one thing of both Kennedy and Forrestal when passing the towered institution, although many another prominent figure has been hospitalized there during its years of notable service.

Another reminder, less grim, of a famous American is on the Bethesda scene. Walter Johnson High school stands where the greatest baseball pitcher of them all lived, and it is probable that no other school in the United States has been named for a professional ath-



FANTASTIC—You can tell by her expression that this is the reaction of Alisha Dawn, daughter of the D. J. Franklins of Aurora, to Autumn's splendor. If she is excited now over colorful things, imagine what will happen when she sees those bright lights on the family Christmas tree, a little more than a couple of months from now. While adults grumble about the weather, cuss the politicians, and wish for peace they don't expect to come, Alisha and her generation

are discovering wonderful sights, sounds and flavors. It is much too late for most of us to share her innocence, but we could at least strive to match her appreciation of the world around her. Ignore, if you can for a few fleeting moments, the mess that man has made, and be grateful for blessings still untarnished by the blundering human race.—Photo by Eunice Wray.