



**NEW OFFICERS OF NATIONAL JUNIOR LEAGUE GET TOGETHER**—The National Junior League, an organization of young women who dedicate themselves to voluntary civic enterprise, recently held a successful and harmonious convention in Chicago. One of the big moments of the meeting was the election of national officers. Shortly after being elected, the above officers got together. Seated are (left to right): Miss Harriett Maxwell, Denver, Colo., president; Miss Harriett Powe, New Orleans, vice president; and Miss Aletha Weathers, Evanston, Ill., secretary. Standing at the extreme right is Mrs. Mattie Smith Collin of Chicago, national publicity chairman. Standing (left to right) in back row are: financial secretary, treasurer; Miss Anella Barnes, Chicago; Miss Adelaide Wilcox, Kansas City, Mo., historian; Mr. Regina Cober, Kansas City, Mo., mid-west regional director; Willa Lee Whitney, Denver, parliamentarian; and Miss Norma McClain, Montclair, N. J. (ANP)

# THIS IS IT

by Lin Holloway



CONGRATULATIONS ARE IN ORDER for Miss Clementine Weaver, lovely Raleigh lass, who won second place in the annual Shriners' beauty and talent competition which was staged this year at Indianapolis.

Possessor of a beguiling smile as well as a voice that, with a wee bit more training would win for her a nook in the ever-growing ranks of opera singer greats, Miss Weaver is this pillar's choice as "The Girl We'd Like To See Go On In The Musical World."

Second place honors in the Shriners competition netted Clementine a \$100 scholarship to Shaw University where the youthful

graduate of Mary Potter School plans to pursue a course in elementary education.

We'd like to suggest here that she burn a little midnight oil before leaping head-first into a course in education — elementary or otherwise.

Many "Good" teachers are literally begging for jobs right here in North Carolina — and some few in Raleigh, while not one actually "good" singer can be cast in one same role.

**SUGAR - FOOT AND TAZAN** Davis, well-known Raleigh dancer, arched for the Big Time it seems. Last week, the dancing duo won a chance to take part in the annual Harvest Moon Ball, and if they are successful in copying honors during that event this may well be on the way to even greater fame.

Joe Winters, who recently returned from a short stay in New York, was one of the judges at the Savoy Ballroom last week who selected the Davises as one of the five couples to represent Harlem in the annual week-long Harvest Moon event getting underway at Madison Square Garden September 16th.

The Dancing Davises, who learned the ABC's of their trade under the tutelage of their pop, Lonnie Davis who was recognized 1501st of repute here, have appeared on the Ralph Cooper TV show in The City and will get a "break" to show their wares to the world through the Ed Sullivan TV show if they can turn the trick in the Harvest Moon Ball.

Both the Davises and their pop, Lonnie, who is pioneering in a florist establishment sponsored by and connected with a New York hospital, send regards to the folk of Raleigh and vicinity.

**FRANK - MY BOY** EATMAN and his band are drawing rave notices at Raleigh's Club Colonial these days. Frank, who plays piano and sings on "Roy Brown kick" was formerly accompanist for the recording Four Interns, and way back in 19-hundred-and-something was key man in the rhythm section for our Wonder Band and traveling group. Frank also played with the Frank Weight band director at Durham's Forest Club until recently.

Sidemen with the band include Dave Weaver and Doug on tenors; Pi-do on bass and Count Hayes on tubs — nice combo.

**MAJOR ROBINSON**, sharp-talking idea — a minute writer for Jet magazine and press relations counselor, is now a song fath scout, and as such is seeking out the best in rhythm and blues tunes for possible publication and recording through some of the nation's top firms.

**ABOUT DIFFERENT CATS AND DIFFERENT KICKS**

Some folks get real great kicks out of cars regardless of whether those cars are late model fish tails or 19-hundred and nothing pushabouts. All they need is a steering wheel, in their mit and a gas pedal under their size 12's and they get as happy as Pimping Peter got when the draft board pelted him in 4-F.

I'm not against a person getting his kicks from driving, and if a person happens to be gas-happy, that's his business.

But cars just don't move me. I can't drive anyway.

And then some folks are bug about clothes. Every cent they can beg, borrow, steal, or pimp on, they convert into clothes. They get real sharp, have their collars hanging down to their waists and their drapes pegged so tight that they have to use a zipper in order to push their size 12's through them. They pick up on real gosh-hate and ties and jive to complete their ensembles and then get out on the block to be looked over by the chicks.

Clothes don't move me, though. I figure it doesn't make much difference whether I've got on my Harriett's and Marx or whether I'm wearing dungarees when it comes to having a little loot in my pocket. I've seen just as much "green stuff" pulled out of overall pockets as I have seen snatched out of one-button sacks, so the clothes don't make any difference after all. No, I don't get no kinda kick from clothes.



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## After School Pick-Up Cookies



For a quick pick-up after the mental and physical exertion used in a day at school (or work), small fry (or large) welcome a hand-out of appetizing and nourishing cookies. This recipe offers enough varieties to please all palates. Lever Brothers' Home Economists highly recommend it to enterprising mothers to use in accomplishing shortcuts to popularity for their children and themselves.

**Pick-Up Cookies**

1/2 cup Homogenized Spray  
1/2 teaspoon salt  
1 teaspoon vanilla  
1 cup brown sugar, firmly packed  
1 egg, unbeaten  
1/2 cup sifted all-purpose flour

1/2 teaspoon baking powder  
1/4 teaspoon soda  
1 cup rolled oats (quick-cooking or regular)  
1/2 cup salted peanuts, chopped  
very fine

Combine first 5 ingredients and beat thoroughly... Sift flour, baking powder, and soda together. Add to Spray mixture and mix well... Add oats and peanuts and mix well... Measure out level tablespoons of dough on Sprycoted cookie sheets... Flatten cookies by stamping with a fat-bottomed glass covered with a damp cloth... Bake in moderate oven (250° F.) 10-12 minutes... Yield: 3 dozen.

**Four Favorite Variations**

**Date and Raisin.** Omit peanuts... Add 1/2 cup finely cut raisins and 1/2 cup finely cut dates with the oats. Shape as directed and bake 12-15 minutes.

**Chocolate and Walnut.** Omit peanuts... Add 1/2 cup chopped walnuts and 1/2 cup chopped semisweet chocolate with the oats... Shape as directed and bake 12-15 minutes.

**Prune and Apricot.** Omit peanuts... Add 1/2 cup finely cut uncooked prunes and 1/2 cup finely cut uncooked apricots with the oats... Shape as directed and bake 12-15 minutes.

**Raisin and Peanut.** Add 1/2 cup finely cut raisins with the peanuts. Shape as directed and bake 12-15 minutes.

And chicks don't knock me out either. As I said before, chicks don't faze me. I once said that I could take 'em on leave 'em. Now I just leave 'em, period. You can believe me when I tell you that I've had thy share. The young ones are too amusing and the elderly ones are too confusing, so I'll take Mrs. Lin and that's that. No, with the exception of "the Mrs." chicks don't move me.

Then there's another category ow Cat. He sets his not-kicks from being an officer in some organization, a b... any kind of "position" he possibly can. I know fellows who have spent their hard-earned loot and have campaigned all over everywhere just to get a chance to be the assistant to the assistant secretary's assistant in the Clean Up Club or something. I have known cats to make every meeting of certain organizations just to hear themselves addressed as "Sir" this and "Sir" that.

Positions are pretty cool things to hold. I've never known them to do anybody any harm, but I just don't go in for that position five. It's all right to have a long, fancy title, before or after your name, but if you get no loot—well, you know! Nope, positions don't move me either.

Then, too, you find a lot of cats who go for a lot of publicity, want to be popular and all that. That's all right if you're it, I guess, but a whole gang of publicity can be just as bad as it can be good, you know.

If one happens to be the most popular cat in the community and happens to get his head a little messed up, he gets more talking about than anybody else, and if he is the big shot in the neighborhood and occasion arises wherein he has to negotiate a personal loan to keep The Man from putting him out or something, he finds that he has built himself up as being so big the folk will not let him hold anything because he will have already proven himself a phony.

Like I said before, a lot of publicity and popularity is all right, but I don't get buggered about it. I figure if you're great enough, you don't have to make any efforts to have it known.

There are a lot of things that might add up to kicks for a lot of different cats. Some cats go for junic, but the stuff makes me simple. Some get knocked out over food, but I can get just as much kick out of Nabs and coke as I can from bone and French fries.

I figure a fellow has a right to get his kicks any way he wants to, so I've got ways of getting mine. With me, it's a killer to come into the office in the morning and look a day's work in the face and know that I can do it... then I get moved in the evening when I go home and enjoy the presence of my bride and babe... and it just about knocks me out to be in the presence of people who are going places and are reaching certain heights in the world not because they are what they are, but despite the fact they are what they might be.

To sum it up, I get my kicks by just being myself and having what I've got. That's all I can be, and that's all I need.

**INVITATION TO FAIR EXTENDED**

—BFC—

RALEIGH — An official invitation for North Carolinians to enter exhibits in, and attend the 1952 N. C. State Fair has been issued by Governor W. Kerr Scott and Commissioner of Agriculture, L. Y. Ballentine. The fair, which will have its 85th renewal here October 14-18, is a division of the State Department of Agriculture.

Calling attention to the larger and finer facilities "for your service and pleasure," Governor Scott termed the State Fair "the greatest of all annual get-togethers in North Carolina for a reflection of the yesterdays, the accomplishments of today, and the trend of the (tomorrows in our State."

The Governor took note that he first participated in the State Fair as a boy "exhibiting a few ears of popcorn," and said "as I prepare to return to the ranks of private citizens, I pledge my continued interest and patronage of the Fair and commend it to others as a panaramic center of the inexhaustible resources of North Carolina."

Commissioner Ballentine said "there will be more to see, enjoy and learn at this year's inspiring spectacle of North Carolina's accomplishments." He listed expanded and improved facilities including the big new livestock judging and exhibition arena which is expected to be in particular use this year, the Youth Center where junior exhibitors will be quartered, and greatly enlarged and more accessible parking lots.

"We want the Fair to be a lot of fun for everybody," Ballentine declared. "A place to relax; a milestone of progress; a festival of the facts that make North Carolina the No. 1 State in the South; and a meeting place for the exchange of information and ideas."

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**REDS BRAG OF DOWNING U.S. PLANES** — Russian poster displayed in Moscow depicts American planes being shot down by Soviet fighters. Legend reads: "Glory of Stalin's eagles standing guard for the peace and security of the mother land." U.S. state department protested.

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