

Town Beautification

A local clubwoman, in commenting on the program of beautification carried on by the ladies this season, mentions particularly the very capable leadership and the unselfish activities of Mrs. Mae Miller in this regard.

Mrs. Miller has long had the belief, which we have always shared, that one of the best ways to promote the community, and at the same time make it a better and more pleasant place for all of us to live, is to have blossoms in the odd spots about the town as well as in the gardens and lawn fringes. She has worked hard at this sort of thing, one of her ideas being the planting of the Craven lot opposite the elementary school. This idea was carried forth as a project of the home and garden and literature and education departments of the Worthwhile Woman's Club, with financial aid from the Chamber of Commerce and interested townspeople.

Besides Mrs. Miller, others who worked diligently on the project are: Mrs. G. K.

Moose, Mrs. Wm. Plemmons, Mrs. George Greene, Mrs. D. L. Wilcox, Mrs. Lester Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Greer, Howard Cottrell, Mrs. E. L. Ray and Mrs. Ed Hall.

Another project which is worthy of note was the flower plantings on the Coffey lot at King and Appalachian Streets. The Chamber of Commerce helped also with this work and picnic tables for the area were supplied by Mr. Paul Winkler and Mr. Stanley Harris. Mrs. Lee Reynolds was chairman of this project. Those assisting in the work are: Dr. Lee Reynolds, Rev. L. H. Hollingsworth, Mayor Gordon Winkler, Mrs. H. M. Cook, Mrs. R. W. Watkins, Mrs. Paul Coffey, Mrs. B. W. Stallings.

All of these people are due the commendation of the community for tidying-up and providing color for otherwise drab plots. Their many activities in support of a more wholesome and a more beautiful community have elicited much favorable comment.

Losing Weight Wisely

Every sixth American is ten per cent or more above his ideal weight, according to the actuarial tables. As a people, say the nutrition experts, too many of us are "overweight but undernourished." Statisticians report that the fat die young. And medical science has long recognized that those excess pounds are either a diagnostic indication of certain diseases or at least predispose the system to make us their easy prey.

Viewed in this light, the Health News Institute points out, overweight among our problems in preventive medicine easily heads the list. And it calls for the care and counsel of a physician as unmistakably as any other pathological condition.

Yet overweight doesn't manifest itself dramatically, like cancer or tuberculosis. It's a bodily state which tempts us to experimentation, and lends itself to appeals to vanity rather than to serious self-concern.

If you're overweight, the Health News Institute warns, remember that while you may think you have an aesthetic problem, it's also a medical one. It could be glands, bad eating habits, or a variety of factors—not the least of which may be the psychological drive which creates the so-called "compulsive" eater. Doctors have found that it is generally true that the fat person is the person who eats too much.

In emphasizing once more that obesity is a medical problem, the Council on Foods and Nutrition, in an official statement in the Journal of the American Medical Association, recently declared:

"Ethical advertisers of foods recommended for weight-reducing regimens have likewise stressed the importance of a medical consultation prior to reduction of food intake. Weight reduction may be harmful to health or even endanger life if undertaken without full understanding of the problem."

Dollars For Democracy

(An Editorial from The New York Times)

It has been estimated that the cost of a Senatorial campaign in one of the more populous states may run as high as a million dollars, and that more than \$75 millions may have been spent on the Presidential campaign of 1952. In addition to the enormous size of the figures, the significant fact is that nobody really knows exactly how much major political campaigns cost any more, and—even more important—everybody knows that the totals have no necessary relationship to the limitations in the laws governing such expenditures.

The parties and the candidates must have funds to meet the steadily mounting costs of campaigning; and, the size of our country and the methods of campaigning being what they are, those funds nowadays must be considerable. The British manage to run a very fine democracy without heavy spending at election time; but the long-established American custom evidently cannot be wiped out now. What can and must be done is to set reasonable limitations on the amounts spent, to enforce those limitations and—probably most important of all—to insure the fullest publicity for the sources of all campaign contributions.

Earlier this year, as a result of the furor over some sizable "campaign contributions" made in connection with the natural gas bill, promises were made and hopes were aroused that Congress would at last adopt some needed changes in the campaign-spending laws; but, to the discredit of both parties, the Eighty-fourth Congress closed its books without action. More than that, by some political maneuvering last winter on the part of Senator Bridges, the special Senate inquiry into campaign expenditures was deprived of having as its chairman a man who would have made it a far more meaningful in-

vestigation than it turned out to be. That man is Senator Albert Gore of Tennessee, who takes the problem of campaigning expenditures seriously.

Senator Gore is chairman of the Senate's Permanent Subcommittee on Privileges and Elections, a post from which even Senator Bridges cannot dislodge him. As such, he now says he intends to keep a running check on campaign expenditures throughout the coming months—instead of waiting until the election is all over, when contributions and contributors may be harder to uncover. Senator Gore's plan, from which we hope he will not be deterred, should not interfere with legitimate campaign contributions. The more citizens who contribute to political campaigns the better. It is only the contributions of inordinate size, and those made behind a veil of secrecy, that are dangerous to democracy.

Letters to the Editor

Days Gone By

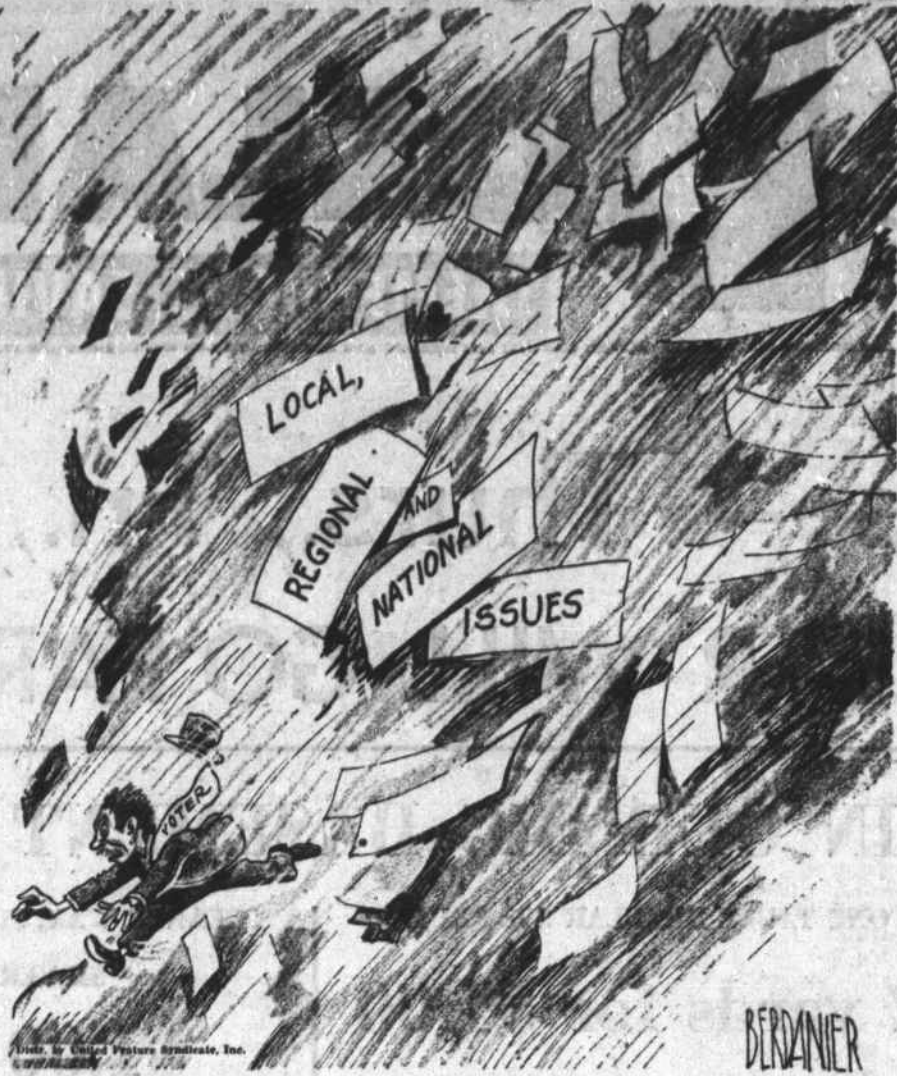
Mr. Rivers:

Your King Street column hit a warm spot of days past and gone when you talked about what we folks had to eat in the days of yore. Pigs' feet, cabbage pot likker, and ponies of corn bread that would tickle the palate of kings. I was brought up from the gay nineties on just such good eats. Also had barrels of good home made molasses, sour kraut which I often ate so much that my tummy would ache in pains and misery. Then, I remember the 'ole spinning wheel, where I often as a child would lie down and go to sleep on the floor listening to the hum of the wheel while my late mother spun yarn to make things for me to wear. I have stood for hours while she made jean cloth and the prettiest woolen blankets with all the colors of the rainbow on the loom. Good 'ole days when everybody loved their neighbors. Had not much money, but plenty of love in their hearts.

W. A. WATSON
Deep Gap, N. C.

ELECTION-YEAR AVALANCHE

By Paul Berdamer



Stretch's Sketches

By "STRETCH" ROLLINS

Baseball and Politics—Seasonal and Similar

THE GREAT GAME of baseball is similar in many ways to another great American pastime now in season, politics.

Each is played to the hilt and played to win, of course, but another parallel is that it's a tossup as to which is more militantly partisan to his favorite team—the politician or the baseball fan.

Or, for that matter, the radio announcer as differentiated from his network counterpart, who must remain carefully impartial in his broadcast of the game.

For instance, the other night I was listening to a Chicago station's broadcast of a game between the White Sox and the Yankees at Yankee Stadium. When a Yankee player lined a home run into the stands down the left field line—a distance of about 315 feet—the Chicago announcer proclaimed, "That ball would have been an easy 'out' in Chicago!"

Earlier in the game, however, when another Yankee had belted one 450 feet into the Stadium's spacious center field which was caught, he strangely neglected to mention that that one would have been a round-tripper to any point in Chicago's Comiskey Park.

And a pitcher will moan about a lucky pop fly that falls safely and beats him in the ninth inning—but make no mention of the dozen or so

vicious line drives smacked by the opposing team, but luckily for him, within reach of his fielders.

The luck sort of tends to even itself up in baseball—and perhaps in politics, as well. But in either, you have to hear both sides of the story to get a true picture of the situation.

IT'S THE TIME OF YEAR, too, that the manager of a tail-end baseball club will read a statement to the sports writers designed to save his job. It will go like so: "This has been a year of rebuilding for us, but I have a great bunch of fellows now with another year of major league competition under their belts. With a few breaks here and there, and if Joe Fumble comes through for me and plays up to his potential, we'll be right in there fighting for the pennant next year. Don't count us out!"

But what he's really thinking runs more like this: "With this sad collection of castoffs and stumblebums I couldn't win a pennant in the Epworth League. Unless they get me some ball-players we'll end up deeper in the cellar than we are now. But if I can give the owners the impression that I've detected something about this bunch of bush leaguers that has eluded everybody else, maybe they'll sign me for another year. After that, I've got a job lined up umpiring in the Coast League."

THEY'RE ALIKE in many ways, baseball and politics.

KING STREET

By ROB RIVERS

CHINQUAPINS . . . MULTIPLE PRODUCERS

Chinquapins, a sort of far-off cousin to the rich, sweet chestnuts which used to fall by the millions from the towering trees of the forests, continue to survive and to yield big crops of the little round nuts. . . . However, the young folks no longer organize into groups and go out on warm fall afternoons to gather the little nuts from the bushes on the Watt Farthing and Jim Winkler farms, and to string them into long bead-like strands, but A. E. Trivett brings us proof that the chinquapins are still flourishing and even doing a better production job than they did in the long ago. . . . He shows a clump of three burrs, one of which has ten nuts, another seven, and the third three. The nuts are shaped more like tiny chestnuts, with flattened sides in order to be accommodated in the burr which generally contains one bullet-shaped nut.

WHATEVER IT WAS . . . A BAD THING

Two fellows were talking the other day, or rather one was doing the talking while the other was looking out the window and doubtless thinking about something else. . . . When the speaker was all finished, he put down the clincher: "It's an awful, terrible thing!" . . . Whereupon the detached one aroused from his reverie, and agreed: "It is indeed . . . deplorable, horrible, helluva shame. . . . By the way, what was it anyway?" . . .

BY THE STREET . . . NOTABLE IMPROVEMENT

W. B. Hodges, veteran bricklayer and builder, has added a lot to the appearance of the old part of the business district with the construction of a handsome brick block where the old Moretz Store (Miss Jennie Coffey's store) stood for nigh on to sixty years. The street floor of the new building accommodates the uptown office of the New River Light and Power Co., while the Radio Electric Co. occupies the other side. . . . Upstairs, space for apartments has been provided. . . . The new building was built personally by Mr. Hodges and a group of helpers, is a first class structure, and makes the street look a lot better.

WHISKERS . . . USED TO PULL 'EM

Tv viewers, constantly bombarded by shaving soap commercials, electric razor yammering and the like might wish times were like they used to be in one respect—some hundreds of thousands of years ago, the cave-dwellers are believed to have been smooth-faced as the proverbial onion. . . . In later years, when whiskers began to grow, our ancestors are alleged to have used a pair of clam shells for tweezers to pull out the offending whiskers. . . . Later on, the Grit says, shark's teeth were sharpened to the point they would shave. . . . Shaving came into vogue because men with beards often were grabbed by enemies in battle who found a finger-hold in the chin whiskers. . . . Orientals shaved both their heads and beards. . . . Later razors made of bronze, copper and iron came about, along with granddad's prized blade which made a noise like scraping a pig when drawn across a stubby cheek. . . . But lately pop can power-mow his whiskers while the car's being washed.

TOWN SQUIRRELS . . . HOPE THEY ESCAPE

Grey squirrels are soon to become the targets of hundreds of huntsmen and some farmers are posting their land. . . . In town, there's some anxiety, which we share, since we have been feeding some of the friendly little things near the kitchen door for a long time. . . . In other sections of the town, notably the Daniel Boone Theatre, there are squirrels. . . . Since it's against the law to shoot within the city limits, anyway, maybe we can carry over some of the pets another year. . . . We'd be mighty happy if we could.

So This Is New York

By NORTH CALLAHAN

Eugene van Wyck has travelled 1½ million miles in his lifetime, he told me, and says that never has the white man's reputation been so low with Asiatics as it is now. This applies to Egypt and the Middle East as well. Eugene, a genial Dutch native of South Africa is an official of the Swedish American Lines here and makes a trip around the world almost every year. There is definitely not one world, but two, he says, the Eastern and the Western and he has the Kinglesque attitude that never the twain shall meet. India, for instance, he pointed out, is only a third the area of the U. S. yet has three times as many people. Average wage per man there is \$47 a year, and thousands sleep outdoors because they have no houses in which to live.

Second-rate American movies, the only kind they can afford, give the Indian people a wrong idea of our life, and make them shy away from us as well as from Communism. Yet India is a powerful country. Eugene emphasized to me, and Nehru is the only man in the world, he stated, to whom Nassar of Egypt will listen because the Indian prime minister is known to be unflinchingly neutral between East and West.

Stopped beside the sunken plaza in Rockefeller Center and noted that there, summer is taking a lingering goodbye. Along the picturesque length of the miniature gardens which touch 5th Avenue, iris and green shrubs still betoken the fading signs of summer, while the little copper mermen relentlessly ride the mouting fish down to the low section where Prometheus statuesquely holds his precious fire aloft. In the plaza, summery-looking sets of tables and

huge umbrellas for the visiting diners were completely deserted, and pigeons sliding on the breezes caused by the surrounding skyscrapers seemed to whisper that summer is over and the whole scene would soon be changed.

When Jeter Oakley lived in North Carolina, he was known as one of the best automobile drivers between Gastonia and Statesville. And now that he has come to New York to live, he figured he was equally as capable. In fact, he told his young son, Stanley, so, in no uncertain terms. They were driving in from their suburb to Manhattan. But as the Oakley car turned into 8th Avenue near Madison Square Garden for which they were headed, Jeter found he was going the wrong way on a one-way street. He quickly turned the car around, almost knocked over a fire-plug while so doing, then with red face he quickly drove off the avenue. A cop looked at him and just shook his head. So did son Stanley.

She's really a harmless-looking blonde girl, with a nice smile from glistening white teeth. But when she gets you into the dentist's chair, she does a complete personality-change. First, she yanks open your mouth with all the delicacy of opening a can of sardines, then with a murderously-sharp, ice-pickle-like instrument, she probes around your gums until you feel and act like a struck pig. To allay the pain and blood, she then swabs out the mouth with some kind of salve-cum-mound that seems much like window-putty, then she grinds away on the molars until you swear she once operated a jack-hammer or at least a riveting machine.

(Continued on page six.)