A REAL DOLL PARTY

A georgeous doll herself, actress Vanessa Brown, star of the new Broadway hit, "The Seven Year Itch," shows some of the winning dolls at the Colgate - Palmolive - Peet Company's 15th Annual Doll Contest in Jersey City. All of the more than 1,200 dolls, which were dressed by the firm's office employees were distributed to orphanage and other underprivileged children. Four young doll fanciers clutch the dolls of their choice. They are (left to right) Raymond Watkins, Jamie Price, Evelyn Schwank and Brenda Jackson.

NAACP Regional Conference Set For Chicago, February 7-8

CHICAGO

The first of a number of regional training conferences of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People will be held here, February 7-8, at the Washington Park YMCA, 5000 South Indiana Avenue.

Topics to be discussed are housing discrimination at the community level, the legislative tasks facing the 83rd Congress, membership and fund-raising techniques, and a program for increasing employment opportunities through state and municipal fair employment practices commissions.

The conference will be attended by representatives of NAACP branches in Illinois, Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan, West Virginia, and Wisconsin, all of which are part of NAACP Region III.

Other regional conferences scheduled are: Region IV, Des Moines, Iowa, Feb. 14-15, covering the States of Iowa, Minnesota, Missouri, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Montana, South Dakota, and Wyoming; Region V, Birmingham, Ala., Feb. 20-22, covering Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, Florida, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Tennessee; Region VI, Dallas, Texas, March 6-8, covering Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma and New Mexico; Region VII, Richmond, Va., March 14-15, including Maryland, Virginia, Delaware, and the District of Columbia; and Region II, New York City, March 21, covering Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Maine, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island.

On the West Coast, the following area conferences have been scheduled: Feb. 7-8, Southwest Area; Feb. 14-15, Central Area; March 13-15, Southern Area, April 25-26, Northwest Area; May 1-3, Northern Area.

Dimes Vs. Virus

University of Pittsburgh scientist places test tubes of growing polio virus in roller drum. This is one of steps taken in insuring production of virus grown on non-nervous tissue. March of Dimes underwrites vital scientific projects such as this.

Howard Univ. Site For 1953 Dental Clinic

According to Dr. C. M. McMillan, President of the Robert T. Freeman Dental Society, the bi-annual mid-winter clinic will be held Friday and Saturday, January 16 and 17 at Howard University's School of Dentistry in cooperation with the faculty of the College of Dentistry.

Dr. Clarence O. Lewis, clinic chairman, says that he expects 200 or more dentists and headlining the clinicians will be Dr. T. Mitchell Burdrant, clinical professor of oral surgery, Columbia University School of Dentistry and Oral Surgery of the Faculty of Medicine, New York City, graduate of Howard University in 1929 and member of the courtesy staff at Cornwall Hospital, Cornwall, New York, whose illustrated lecture will be "Oral Surgery for the General Practitioners."

Dr. McMillan

Other clinicians include Dr. Robert Jaffa, denture specialist, who will lecture with color movies and slides on "A Complete Immediate Denture Technic."

Also Dr. Joseph L. Henry, professor of oral medicine at Howard University and recent reciepient of Ph. D. from the University of Illinois whose subject will be "Simple Methods to save Pyorrhetic Teeth" and Dr. Charles Murto, professor of operative dentistry, Georgetown University Dental School, Washington, D. C.

Table clinic will be sponsored by Drs. Eugene Sills, Herman Gaskins, Garrett Ridgely, Clarence O. Lewis, Coleman Tuckson, Gerald King and Millard R. Dean.

Friday evening the dentists will be guests at a Smoker at the residence of Dr. Roscoe Lee, 1266 Columbis Road, W.

Letters From A Wife Abroad

Tuesday in Lugano,
Switzerland

Dearest,

Have I been raving about Italy? Well, forget everything I've said, this is the most beautiful spot in the world! Switzerland has no peer!

I'm writing this on a yacht which we have hired for four hours to ride around on beautiful, green Lake Lugano. We came into this little paradise nestled into the foothills of the Apls, early yesterday, after an over night stop in Milan.

Milan is, I believe, the second largest city in Italy and it is very cosmopolitan. We visited the Cathedral which is second in size to St. Peter's in Rome. It was an imposing Gothic structure with almost 5,000 statues in it. We looked at a few of these statues hurriedly, for we wanted to get to the Church of St. Maria delle Grazie with da Vinci's famous 'Last Supper' We were hushed as we entered the chapel. There before us on the wall was the long table, with almost life-like figures sitting around it.

Christ was seated in the middle, at either side of him were six apostles. The tilt of a head, the questioning, doubting expression on their faces makes you know that Christ has just dropped that bomb shell in their midst: "One among you shall betray me!" In striking contrast is the wonderful repose of Christ's divine face.

Our guide told us that de Vinci painted the picture in tempera, which began to flake off. D'Annunzio wrote an ode about it called "The Death of a Masterpiece" so many attempts were made to restore it in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Early in the twentieth century, Cavenaghi resored it so that now in beautiful fresh oil colors, it seems likely to endure. During the last war a bomb hit just a few feet from the church destroying one of the walls of the chapel but did no damage to the painting. We still have da Vinci's Mona Lisa to look forward to in Paris.

Our route out of town led us through the shopping districts. The big department stores and show windows reminded us of New York or any other large city. We wanted to stop but Dolly was adamant. We blessed him, later for getting us here early in the afternoon.

Our party is housed in six hotels—we left ten girls in a lake front hotel, six more in a hotel, hugging the bend of a road over looking the lake and so on up the hill. Daisy and I are with Dolly and Mattie in Hotel Bristol on the last road up the hill, facing Lake Lugano. The hotel is completely surrounded by a formal flower garden, so that no matter where your room is your balcony over looks beauty.

Our party of twenty has all lake front rooms, as that we look down on the flowers and trees and look out on the lake too. A tall magnolia tree, ladened with huge creamy-white blossoms is almost at eye level with our balcony but far enough away so as not to obstruct the lake view nor the people walking on the streets, in the village. There are little cable cars running up to the tops of the hills—they are called a funicular; at night when lighted, they look like little jewels crawling up the hills — Oh my, jewels don't crawl, do they? I know Mr. Aggrey turned over in his grave at that mixed metaphor—from his star pupil.

After dinner last night, some of the girls walked down into the the village to window shop but we sat around talking about the first thing we wanted to eat when we got back to the states' little Casma and I wanted a ham sandwich and a glass of milk, so today we had our first ham on the trip and Casma had the first glass of real milk.

Every two persons have a waiter who looks after your every need; the food is delicious and the atmohsphere is as ritzy as you please. We had champagne at dinner last night and I hear we will have it again tonight. I'm certainly going to try out some of these dishes on you.

Do you know what I like most about the people here? No one pays any more attention to us than anyone else. Mattie and I went to the village this morning and no one looked at me twice—she is white, you know, so they wouldn't give her a second look—the people are warm, out giving personalities with plenty of humor and a lust for living.

I am more than glad to sit here and write you, for we have had a busy four hours: We have stopped at four different villages along the twenty-four miles of the lake. One place had an old church on the top of a promotory — we climbed 400 steps to get up to the top—the view was magnificent but the church was just ancient—we met Ruth and Pauline coming down as we were creeping up the steps—this is the first time I have seen them since Venice—Pauline says she has just written you—the fast thing—you know the calves of my legs are kinda sore from that long climb and my alcohol is in Durham!

We pulled into shore at another village and went into the home of the founder of Lugano; at another village we went into the home a German painter who is famous in Switzerland and at the last place, which is a little piece of Italy jutting out into Lake Lugano there was a Casino and a famous wine cellar—the proprietor set out bread, all kinds of bread, all kinds of sausages and cheeses and wine for our party—there was a band playing, so we went up to the pavilion to dance—our five men got a good working out.

The Captain of the launch claimed that he had never been out of Switzerland but he could jitterbug out of this world, and was he fun! And smart too; on the way back he pulled our yacht and another, filled with British tourists, together and spoke to the group in four different languages, telling each group in its native tongue the history of Lugano and the ultimate goal of the Swiss people, in general.

We have really spent some money in this here town. Not me — I haven't exchanged any money for francs—I did get a few centimes but just for souvenires. The girls are buying watches, Swiss laces and those quaint music boxes made in different shapes such as a powder box, a tiny bird, a clown that winks at you as the music plays, or a mountain climber who plays a tune when you life his alpenstock. One man bought an eight day clock! It is a beautiful, delicate looking thing; I wonder how he is going to get all the way to California with it.

We're coming into shore—this has been a delightful day but we are moving out after lunch tomorrow. I wish we could come back here together some day. I hope I'll have a lot of mail from you, tomorrow.

LOVE
? ?

PLAN FOR FAMCEE PRESS WORKSHOP — Three Famceans who will be in the spotlight during the Third Annual Florida A. and M. College Interscholastic Press Workshop scheduled for February 6-7, recently got together to discuss the role of The Famcean, student newspaper in the two-day conference.

Left to right, Ebenezer Edwards, executive editor, Miami; Charles J. Smith, III, adviser, Workshop director, and Rupert Seals, editor-in-chief, Lexington, Ky.

More than 120 high school journalists from Florida and neighboring states attended last year's conference with an even larger representation expected to be on hand for the 1953 conferencee. (Staff photo by H. Jones of Famcee).

THE COUNTRY BOY

BY E. COGGIN BRIDGES

Korean veterans are returning home having served their enlistment in the various branches of the armed services. These young men have flown the oceans in silver planes, seen pyramids along the Nile and walked the streets of Germany and Japan. They have lived with people of many races from many places. The experiences gained from their many military adventures have made them alert and ambitious. They will no longer plow the soil for a dollar a day or "a third for you, a third for me and a third for the mule" with the mule and me getting the largest third.

They will no longer accept what is called "jobs for Negroes," but veterans are finding that after removing their uniform they are just another "John" in the employment world. Some have decided to return to school, as the government will pay the bill. Good! But all veterans are not interested in school for one reason or another. Others are going North. The North is crowded with empty handed people.

It seems to me that the philosophy of one of America's great educators is the solution to the problem, "Cast down your buckets where you are."

Yours truly, with the aid of a Johnson Cotton Company representative, is now investigating Farm Loans to veterans under the G. I. Bill. I shall pass the information on to you as I receive it.

A few months ago I attended a dinner in New York at which a group of people from Raeford was present. We discussed the possibility of opening a business in our city, if we could find other interested persons . . . John D. McAllister, while Veterans teacher at Upchurch, tried to get the veterans of World War II to invest in a corporation. By this time they could have been working for themselves.

Every thinking man knows what will happen to the high paying jobs when the war is over, but even that is not the worst. The one time low paying jobs are now being done by machinery. For example the cotton picker, the tractor, etc. Are you wondering who will operate this machinery? The same people who operated it before the war.

Mr. Rogers of the COURIER quoted Mr. Schuyler of the same paper as saying, that the Negroes in America are like a colony of ants drifting down the Mississippi. This will not be true of the Korean veterans.

AFRICAN PROVERB . . . . "The dawn does not come twice to wake a man."

Peter J. McLaughlin has returned to Raeford from Germany.

Two members of the Upchurch High School faculty were the over night guest of Mr. and Mrs. Kelly, January 9.

The NAACP held its first meeting of the year at the Silver Grove Church January 8.

If you have church, school, club or any news that you wish to have put in the paper, or in the COUNTRY BOY'S COLUMN, please send it to, The Country Boy, care E. Coggin Bridges, Route 1, Box 2, Raeford, N. C.

-Editor-

(Continued from Page Two)

entering. After someone goes through the trouble of getting those rights which are rightfully ours, only a few of us have the nerve and guts to exercise them. It seems stupid on our part to let such things continue to happen and not fight back when people like this particular driver insist upon upholding white supremacy in the south.

It is my desire that we as the young generation begin upholding these rights to better conditions for those who will follow us.

WILLIAM H. THORPE
Durham

5 PEAK POLIO YEARS
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THURSDAY
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FRIDAY
SPARE RIBS, SLAW AND FRENCH FRIES.
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