

CAPITAL REPORTER

Scott Summers

Raleigh, N. C., Nov.—It gives me great pleasure to announce that at last—some 90 years late—the South is beginning to win the war, suh.

I have heard our governors, senators, and plain citizens cite how higher freight rates in the South are discriminatory. But now comes a howl from the Yankees. Seems their beef is we ain't paying enough—at least in the textile salary field.

One Seabury Stanton, a New Bedford, Mass., wearer-of-the-blue, wants Congress to lift minimum wages in the textile industry "to wipe out a competitive advantage the South has over the North."

Ole Wet-Eye Stanton says he has to pay an average of \$1.06 1-3 per hour, against a lower figure of 75c an hour in the South. This, he says, gives us an unfair advantage.

Not only that, but he complains because he says the Southern worker is more flexible in his thinking, blames Southerners' willingness to handle more machines to the fact that most of them are "first generation textile workers" trained on automatic machines. Says further that a modern mill of 450 looms would require 158 workers in the North as against 118 in the South—where the folks apparently still believe in trying to do an honest day's work.

Seems Ole Danyankee Stanton is worryin' about the textile industry movin' South, suh. Don't worry, podnuh—we're uns is so lazy, so far behind times that it takes us a little time to understand all about that ole feather-beddin'.

Jus' give us a little time, suh, an' we'll be just an orney as them danyankee workers—an' you can pay us twice as much for half the job. We'd-a farned it by now, suh, 'ceptin' you named that there labor organization a "union".

There's an interesting little rumor floating around Raleigh. It's to the effect that a certain State senator will present a bill of resolution in the coming legislature calling for an investigation of the Scott administration.

The probe would start with the paroles commission, go to the prison division, and from there on wherever the fancy might strike.

This young senator—so the story goes—has the idea he will be named head of the investigating committee, which he plans to stack with anti-Scott senators.

Not that he really expects to

find anything, it's just another harassing move in the Scott-anti-Scott fight.

Around Capitol Hill the parn is causing nothing but chuckles.

A new, likely candidate for governor of North Carolina in 1952 bobbed up in all of the pre-election, love-and-kisses campaigning by warring factions of Tar Heel-ia's Democratic party.

He's Hubert Olive of Lexington. He's served in both houses of the legislature, and he's a prominent Baptist. The Superior Court judge right now is heading a fundraising campaign for Wake Forest College.

Bill Umstead of Durham either got off to a running start in the '52 for governor sweepstakes, or else was pushed out as a blind by conservative forces of the party. Charlie Johnson proved an early sprinter didn't always last until the finish. Umstead has lots of friends and supporters, but would have to overcome the dual handicap of being once-beaten for senator plus the old east-west tradition. Some folks say he can do it, others say he'd be the easiest man to beat the conservatives could offer. And you can talk about a deal for Kerr Sept's support for Umstead, far as I can find out 'tain't so.

E. Hiden Ramsey, the Asheville editor mentioned as an entrant, says "no". Says he has private plans that preclude such. That's smart. Doesn't pay to show your cards too early in the game, whether you plan to call the bet or not. But few men can refuse the siren song of a "public draft" to run for office.

Capus Waynick of High Point, current ambassador to Nicaragua now temporarily heading the Point Four program, suffered a blow to his potential candidacy with the death of T. V. Rochelle of High Point. Waynick has made no secret of the fact that he'd like to ride in Number 1 for four years. Rochelle was slated to handle finances for the Waynick campaign, however, and a suitable replacement will be hard to find.

Along about the middle of the 1951 General Assembly you can expect a statement from Waynick as to what he plans to do. He's up for a bigger ambassadorship—either Mexico or Spain—if he stays with the State Department.

Speaking of the paroles commission brings up the differences between Commissioner T. C. Johnson and Acting Assistant Hilda

Carpenter. Seems the Acting Assistant didn't approve of a lot of things that were going on in the commission: such as the borrowing of office electric fans during the summer; the elevating of, (what to her seemed unqualified) certain employees and assignment of a State auto to him; and the way paroles were being given. She even objected to some of the things in Comm. Johnson's personal file in which she had made herself at home.

Well, when you're top man in an office there's always a way to end such confusion.

Last week, Dr. Johnson announced that Foil Essick, one of the commission's oldest and most capable officers, had been named Assistant Commissioner. No more need for an Acting Assistant.

A deputy sheriff from Alamance County tells an interesting story. Says some top industrial boys from his neighborhood—who donated heavily in the May and June Democratic primaries—pitched quite a wad into the Republican pot in the November general election. Says those November donations were not made on a "local level", either.

This week's orchid goes to Joe Crawford, warden at Central Prison here.

Not too many weeks back, Joe was just about everybody's target. The MacCormick prison report had labeled him as a man who didn't know his job. That same report said in effect he should be given the heaveho.

But Joe took the bull by the horns. He set out to learn what he could, do what he could. He cornered his chief critic, MacCormick, and asked advice. He built up Central Prison's recreation program. He fixed a prison library. He and the boys put together a nice reception room for visitors waiting to see prisoners. He okayed and helped develop a radio show from the prison, using prison talent.

And now, there's an altogether different attitude at Central Prison. Used to be you felt like you were walking into a city of the damned when you went through the gates. Now you get the impression that the boys serving time are beginning to have hope—hope that they will get back into society; hope that they will be able to lead a decent, law-abiding life, many of them for the first time.

Many folks say a prison should have some aim beside punishment. They say it should aim for rehabilitation. Joe Crawford seems to be trying to do that, and seems to be succeeding.

Nice job, Joe.

Here are some notes from the Governor's press conferences:

He thinks a psychiatric wing should be added to the UNC hospital at Chapel Hill. "It will help us train, and give refresher courses, to our personnel at State Hospitals," he says. The Governor pointed out the need for more trained personnel at state mental institutions. "Why, there are some patients who have been there a year or more without treatment," he said. "They've been given custodial care, and that's all—because we don't have the trained manpower to do the job."

He thinks the Legislative should give the budget commission authority to add funds to building programs already authorized. Some are being held up because bids are higher than funds provided.

He thinks new money must be forthcoming from somewhere—either an added penny gas tax or an upped license tag fee—if the State is to take over building and maintenance of city streets.

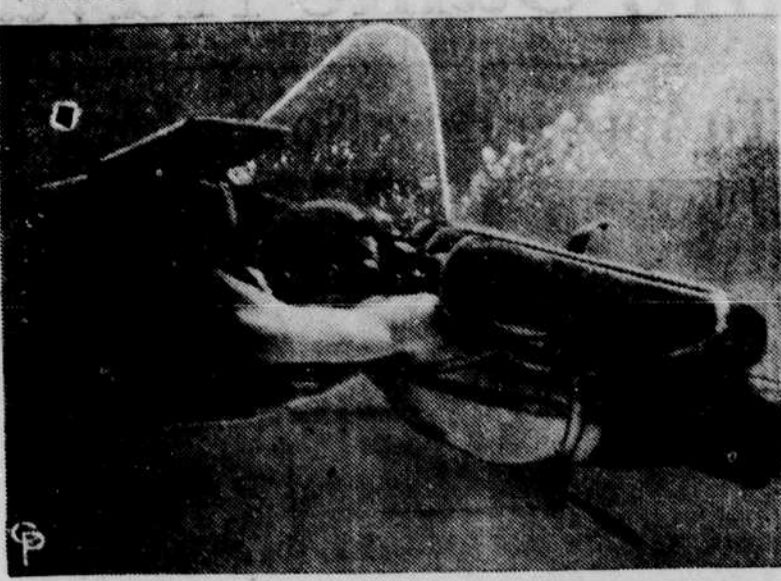
He thinks elimination of sales tax exemptions would be fair and just—and raise needed money.

He thinks folks who holler for more State services should be willing to pay the bill.

Ralph Fisher, Transylvania count Republican who tells some of the tallest tales you ever heard, will be back in the Legislature come January 1951. He's gunning for leadership of the minority party, too. If he wins, that could mean that he'll hold the balance of power in strictly pro- and anti-administration legislative snarls.

There's a rumor going around that Frank Taylor of Wayne has the House speakership "in the bag." Opponent Fred Royster, Vance county tobaccoist, reportedly plans to hit the road in the west to see what gives. One so-called political expert observed the other day that "if Fred finds out what they think of him in the west, he won't even let his name be mentioned at the (Democratic) caucus." I dunno. Out of some 708 Democrats each side is claiming more than enough to win

TESTS NAVAL SUBMARINE CAMERA



NEPTUNE'S SECRETS will soon be bared to the public eye by a new Navy underwater camera, demonstrated here by a diver-lensman off Anacostia, D. C. The cameraman is equipped with fins and wings which enable him to carry his own air supply. The 107-pound camera can be adjusted to positive, negative or neutral buoyancy. (International)

Could be this is a nice spot for a dark horse.

From Washington, via pony express:

Britain probably will request Uncle Sam to waive first payments on the 1945 loan from the U. S. due at the end of 1951. Seems to us we've heard that song before—say back in the '20's. Wonder what would happen if "Unc" got tough, for a change.

Report that Capus Waynick is fighting with Willard Therp, assistant secretary of state for economic affairs, over who'll have the say on Point Four. Add to that President Truman's "appointment"—later changed to a "high post in"—of Nelson Rockefeller as Point Four director, and you have quite a mess.

Out of the fuss, Washington grapevine says, is likely to come a snatch of Point Four from the State Department, lateral-passing it to a merger with a reorganized ECA after the current Marshall Plan expires in 1952.

North Carolians like to see their sons stay home and succeed. But sometimes, I think, they like to see their sons go out and make good in other corners of the land—just to prove that it can be done, if for no other reason.

Well, a Louisburg native is doing all right out Kansas way. He's John Staley Holden, son of the late Ben T. and Willie S. Holden of Louisburg. His father was a state senator, an able lawyer loved by many throughout the state, and a man listened to in Democratic circles. His mother took over raising the family when her husband died; was active in civic and political affairs—representing Franklin County on the State Democratic Executive Committee.

John started out studying law at Wake Forest. Uncle Sam beckoned, and he spent several years in khaki, came back after the war and finished his law at Duke.

He decided he didn't want to set up practice in his home town, because he felt he would be trading on the reputation of his parents. He looked around the country, picked Cimmaron, Kansas, as a likely spot for a fledgling attorney to try his wings. He passed the bar and pinched his pennies, living in a storm cellar—actually while he made friends and began to get clients.

The county he had settled in was Republican, but when 1948 rolled around that didn't bother him. He ran for county attorney on the Democratic ticket. He stumped the county, calling for votes for "Honest John". He waged such a good campaign that the Republican governor came down to personally give his opponent a hand. But John won the election, anyhow.

As county attorney (similar to our county solicitor here) he fined and jailed friend and foe when they ran afoul of the law. He made friends, and—of course—he made enemies. Not too long ago he married a Kansas girl.

Then came campaign time again. John wrote back to North Carolina saying he didn't much expect to win. Off-year, and so forth. Strong Republican county. Concerted drive to get rid of him.

But when they counted the votes, old "Honest John" Holden had won again!

He carried every precinct but one.

Tar Heels, naturally, would like to see such boys stay home. They can be proud of them, though.

On the House speakership race front, supporters of Rep. Frank Taylor of Goldsboro claim from 49 to 51 votes "in the bag". Co-noris of Rep. Fred Royster don't believe either man has anything like those claims pledged, but they believe Taylor has a slight edge. There's talk that Wake County's Brantley Womble—who served in the much-maligned 1933 session—may be rung in as a "dark horse". Womble, a middle-

M. G. Mann, general manager of the Farmers Cooperative Exchange and the N. C. Cotton Cooperative, is quite a prophet.

In 1946 he predicted 35 cents cotton. It hit that. In 1947 he predicted 40 cent cotton, and was laughed at—but that, too, has come about.

Now he's predicting 50 cent cotton in 1951, but there are no snickers.

Red Headed, 70-year-old Miss Nora Edmundson is teaching again this year because of Watauga School Superintendent Walker's help.

You probably remember Miss Nora. She's the schoolmarm who talked herself out of a job by getting the "Road of the 99 Fords" built in Watauga county. She was teaching a score or more of kid's in a one-room shack, because they were isolated in the Watauga hills.

When they built the road, the kids were transferred to a consolidated school—riding buses instead of walking five to ten miles—and Miss Nora's job was gone.

Walker looked around. Down at Ocracoke, Teacher R. Othaler—son of Moravian Bishop Rondthaler of Winston-Salem—read about Miss Nora. He and Walker got together.

Now Miss Nora, spry as a cricket and refusing to retire is teaching the Outer Banks kids. She's pioneering again, now completing the tour from mountains to seashore. Folks like Miss Nora make "retirement at 65" sound silly.

Interesting Bits of Business in U. S.

Many companies are still trying to build up inventories, but are handicapped by their rapid rate of shipments of finished products

Dwindling supplies of raw cotton and a short crop have caused the government to clamp limits on exports. Wool shortages and rising prices will cause the government to clamp limits on exports. Wool shortages and rising prices will cause apparel manufacturers to turn to increasing use of synthetics. Personal income statistics continue their steady climb, providing more arguments for the exponents of inflation control. Present stocks of cement are at the lowest on record and German cement is being imported. Department store sales are expected to start showing effects of higher incomes between now and the spring of 1951.

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