

Rebel Revelations

From other regions, Spring is summoning reinforcements for her annual battle against the tenacious hordes of winter. They arrive slowly in small patrols for reconnoitering. Winter is too well entrenched to be driven out in a decisive battle. Even after the thawing Southwester has sent the enemy into retreat, there are many delaying actions. The harbinger of Spring can be forced into a temporary set-back by a wind shift. The chill Nor' easter brings heavy snow discouraging the birds, covering the brown earth with white again.

The old Farmer's Almanac warns that the worst storm of the year both far and near will descend upon us in April. You almost doubt that the dreaming flowers beneath their protecting cover will survive. And only the faith that spring will surely break through gives you the strength to last.

Meanwhile one sure indication that spring is not too far off is the Spring Flower Show in Boston. It does make you very impatient to get out and dig in your own perennial border. But the gorgeous flowers are a promise of warmth and color and fragrance after months of looking at a cold and dreary whiteness.

I went down two weeks ago to cure myself of the winter doldrums; to assure myself that things will live and grow again, that they are only dormant under the deep snow and ice not really dead. And I found enough loveliness to nourish my starved soul for a while. So much loveliness that it was almost overwhelming.

I came to Mechanics Hall by the subway-so-called, (I have never considered it a proper subway at all) from Harvard Square. I am never quite sure how to get anywhere in Boston unless I am in a car with someone driving who knows the city. But this time I came alone. I had to change, too, and also keep the reverse directions in my mind to know how to get back to Cambridge. It was quite an adventure after a winter in the country.

I asked directions of the most polite policeman when I came out of the subway at Mechanics station, and again when I went into a coffee shop at the Copley Hotel. To my amazement I found everyone helpful and friendly. Another wrong impression righted. I had always thought Boston cold and frigid - the people that is. I apologize for all the nasty things I have thought and said about Bostonians. The policeman and the two waitresses in the Copley Hotel were as warm and friendly as any you would expect to find in Raleigh or Charlotte. And they put me in a receptive mood for the flower show itself - and changed my hostile feeling about Boston completely.

There was far too much beauty at the show to describe it all. As you entered there was a fabulous display of orchids - all kinds and colors of orchids. I am not impressed by orchids, wouldn't appreciate their finer points. But I did see two that seemed outstanding. One in a group of cypripediums that received a first prize was a delicate pale green and white called Claire de Lune, as wistful as the Debussy music. The other I liked was a pale green and yellow and was named Clive Black. There were exotic blooms, too, in the display of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Dane of Chestnut Hill - spray orchids, some deep crimson shaped like stars.

Beyond there were more acacias than I have ever seen, actually a forest of them all in bloom. So many you couldn't see the flowers for the mass. But across the hall there was something I could appreciate. There in a superb setting of pines and boulders was the most divine rock garden you could imagine. There were all the delicate alpine under silver birch trees against gray granite by a running brook. An exquisite narcissus called Triandus Moonshine bloomed among primulas and the fragrant daphne cneorum. Miniature iris were a background for the fragile pink saxifrage. It was to me the most satisfactory exhibit in the whole show.

Dogwood bloomed all over the place and stunning flamboyant azaleas and tulips. A carmine red apple tree and deep red rhododendrons were startling under a cutleaf weeping birch tree all surrounded by the White Ensign tulip.

Under some pine trees beside a pool there were some yellow azaleas - a lovely yellow like sunshine. I asked until I found that it is called Nancy Waterer and is a Dutch hybrid.

There were formal gardens and old fashioned gardens. One was surrounded by a high cedar hedge and was spectacular with tree peonies and camellias. A tiny pool reflected lavender and white primroses with deep purple cinerarias as a backdrop. There was a quaint captain's garden, boats, sand and all, a tiny ship-shape garden with tulips growing under white lilacs and white cherry; and all the plants in the garden were ones grown along the Boston waterfront in 1829.

On the stage in the Grand Hall was an exhibit commemorating the 125th Anniversary of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. It featured the seal of the Society with its motto sculptured in living plants, a flower shop of another century and a bandstand with a replica of the first building occupied by the Society as a background. Along the aisle from the stage to the trade section was a charming rose garden. Breck's had a formal garden with all kinds of annuals interspersed with lilies and fox gloves and white astilbe. There was a sort of campanula that looked pale green and showy annual chrysanthemums in orange and yellow and bronze.

Upstairs were flower arrangements depicting "Our New England Heritage." There was a weaver's shop, the arrangement to suggest a fabric using the fabric as an accessory. In a Paul Revere's Shop there were mass arrangements in original pewter and silver of flowers and fruit. Arrangements of roses in Sandwich glass containers occupied another section.

Within Paul Revere Hall were myriads of cut flowers, huge vases of bird-of-paradise and calla lilies and roses such roses. There was a huge yellow rose called Golden Rapture, a perfect white one called Starlight, and hundreds of the sensational red Better Times. There was a whole hall devoted entirely to carnations with one I liked especially, a yellow one, Shirley Anne. There were hundreds of kinds of African violets and more house plants than I knew existed.

Even the basement had many displays, a giant cactus garden, several Spring gardens with iris and dogwood. The Arnold Arboretum had a fascinating exhibit of century old, Japanese dwarf trees. Around a bluestone terrace was an informal early June garden surrounded by an evergreen hedge and a gay planting of peonies, delphinium and iris.

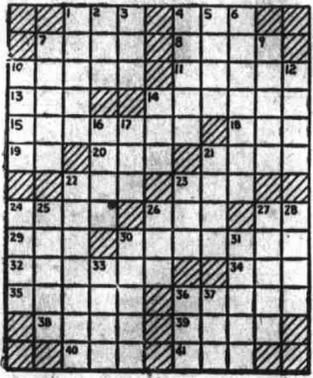
But by far the most intriguing both of all didn't have a single flower. It was the Boston Mycological Society's exhibit on the second floor. That is a club that is interested in edible mushrooms - not just the common kind that grows commercially and is often found in fields, but hundreds of varieties ranging from the orange fungi on trees to the tiny black ones that spring up in clusters and soon melt into an inky fluid.

One day soon I shall do a complete column about the society and the delightful woman whose charm may have been what made the exhibit so attractive. Mrs. Franklin Hammond from Cambridge. She is so enthusiastic about her hobby that you become eager yourself. I shall be sure what I eat before I venture to taste some of the weird ones that grow in my woods. The poison ones are often hard to distinguish and Mrs. Hammond warned everyone, "Be suspicious of all of them until you know exactly what is what."

HELEN CALDWELL CUSHMAN

CROSSWORD

- | | | |
|--------------------------------|------------------------------|---|
| ACROSS | DOWN | 16. Outer coat of wheat |
| 1. A sea animal | 1. Besiegement of a fortress | 17. Audience |
| 4. Reform | 2. Ancient | 21. Horse's foot |
| 7. A valuable liquid food | 3. Firmament | 22. Unduly |
| 8. Noisy | 4. Frighten | 23. Lamprey |
| 10. Shabby | 5. Center | 24. Astorisk |
| 11. External angle (arch.) | 6. Hard-backed reptiles | 25. Grew white |
| 12. Unit of work | 7. Worth | 26. Man's nickname |
| 13. Miserable person | 8. Dicing device | 27. Pale |
| 15. Connecting beam of a house | 10. Bristollike process | 28. Fish |
| 16. Herd side | 12. Lean-to | 30. Fathers |
| 19. Close to | 14. Pale | 31. Fluid in veins of gods (Class. myth.) |
| 20. Flowed | | 33. Inter |
| 21. Flock | | 36. Malt beverage |
| 22. Distant | | 37. Heart |
| 23. Goddess of dawn | | |
| 24. Whirl | | |
| 27. Sign of the zodiac | | |
| 29. Roman pound | | |
| 30. Convert into leather | | |
| 32. Excuses (colloq.) | | |
| 34. Mandarin | | |
| 35. Happen again | | |
| 36. Suffered dull pain | | |
| 38. Venture | | |
| 40. River (Fr.) | | |
| 41. Blunder | | |



THE HEADLINE MAKER



Lets Do Household Jobs The Safe Way

You don't really link danger with the many jobs you do around the house each day, but actually many of them may hide a risk that is very real, though invisible.

According to State College home management specialist Mamie Whinnant, this is a good point to bear in mind. Take washing clothes, for example. You don't ordinarily associate tragedy with this very common practice. Of course, if you work with the older wringer type machine, there's always the danger of catching your clothing, your hair, or little Susie's fingers.

But there is another hazard associated with washing clothes that strikes with even more tragic results. According to U. S. Department of Agriculture specialists, there is the possibility of being shocked if your electric appliances used with

water or in damp places are not properly grounded. Without this very necessary protection, a stray current seeking the easiest way to the ground, may run through your body.

Some manufacturers equip their machines with a cord that grounds the machine whenever it is plugged in. These special cords have a three-pronged plug that requires a three-hole outlet to fit it. Some other washers have a three-wire cord and a two-prong plug that fits into the conventional socket.

Good tractor care can save wear and tear.

The average value of milk cows and heifers on North Carolina farms on January 1, 1954, was \$94, compared with the national average of \$145.

Inside WASHINGTON

State's Dulles Optimistic About Geneva April Meet | Reds' Obstructionism Might Turn French Toward EDC

Special to Central Press
WASHINGTON—Secretary of State John Foster Dulles is really quite optimistic about the Geneva conference with Russia and Communist China in April—even though he is convinced the Reds will do absolutely nothing to guarantee peace.

Dulles' optimism, in fact, is based on the expectation that Moscow and Peking will behave as belligerently as ever. Dulles figures that another round of talks getting nowhere—on top of the Berlin go-round—will convince the French that they have no choice but to ratify the European Defense Community. Not, of course, that Dulles would not like to see the Communists act as though they are sincerely interested in ending the cold war. For developments at Geneva could embarrass the United States.

BATONS AND SIX-SHOOTERS—Tourists visiting Washington for the first time used to think of the Library of Congress and the nation's most precious documents—the Declaration and the Constitution—as being almost synonymous.

These documents have been moved elsewhere now, but the Library is and always has been a lively place where almost any traveler could find something to his taste.

In March, for example, the theme of exhibits ranges from *The Wild and Woolly West to Father of the Walts*, including early printed editions of many works by the elder Johann Strauss.

The Library frankly states that its wild west exhibit will feature a "romantic concept" of the cowboy, the cattle industry, ranch life, heroes and outlaws.

Incidentally, the Library very appropriately chose this way to observe the approaching 150th anniversary of the elder Strauss' birth. It happens to own first editions of about 99 per cent of everything the composer and his better-known son, Johann Strauss, Jr., ever wrote.

POW-WOW ON THE POTOMAC—Indians representing more than 40 tribes met in Washington for four days of intensive campaigning against legislation which they claim means ultimate destruction of their race if approved. Most of the tribal tomahawks were raised against so-called "withdrawal" bills which would end federal services such as those concerning health, education and welfare for some of the clans.

Some spokesmen for the Indians, during their stay in Washington, buried once and for all the myth that braves are strictly monosyllabic. One of them acidly declared in his testimony, "We know that the Indian battle for survival began when the first white man bribed his way into the country with a string of beads and a bolt of calico."

"Either the United States government recognizes its treaty and statute obligations to the Indians . . . or we continue down the road toward complete destruction."

"For more than 130 years, the government has been paving this road for us. I would say it is one of the few good paving jobs it has done for the Indians."

UNCLE SAM'S POSTAL BILL—Congress ruled last year that government agencies should begin paying for their postage stamps instead of franking their mail for free and the first tabulation of costs is coming in before congressional appropriations committees. The estimate is that the cost for the government to mail its letters for one year will be \$40 million.

To most of us, \$40 million worth of stamps would seem to be an awful lot of muckilage but expert government witnesses contend their estimates are moderate.

One of the biggest users of stamps is the Defense department which guesses its stamp bill will run up to \$14 million a year. Another is the Treasury department which figures on paying out \$10 million in order to mail out its tax notices and the 171 million government checks it sends out annually.

Tips on Touring

By Carol Lane
Women's Travel Authority

The three "E's" of traffic safety—engineering, enforcement and education—are not in themselves the only approach to the problem. There are also three "A's"—individual awareness of what needs to be done, acceptance of what the individual ought to do and action—which are equally essential.

This was the opinion expressed by women attending the recent President's Conference on Highway Safety held at the White House in Washington, D. C. As a participating delegate at the Conference, I was particularly pleased to note the emphasis which was placed on the necessity for individual activity at the community level. The Carol Lane Awards for Traffic Safety, which are administered by the National Safety Council through a grant from my company, Shell Oil, honor individual women and women's or parents' groups for achievements in the community and state.

The 250 delegates comprising the women's group pledged support to traffic law enforcement and cooperation with professional traffic safety people. They approached realistically the challenge of what the national, state and local groups could do. They agreed that women as citizens have a definite responsibility in dealing with the problems of traffic safety. They felt that their particular obligation is to create attitudes about traffic safety on a moral and spiritual basis.

Their consensus was that they should approach the task from the standpoint of individual responsibility. The problem of traffic safety begins on "Main Street" and must be solved right there.

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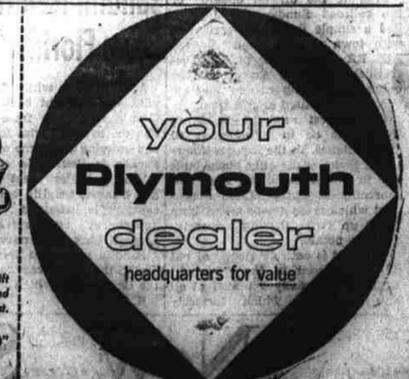
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