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A Duplin County Journal, devoted to the religious, material, educational, economic and agricultural development of Duplin County.



GOOD FOR OUR SIDE!

Good for our side. We have evidently re-learned that there are times when powder and shot serve the national advantage better than polite diplomatic notes.

Two red planes tried to get rough with our Navy men flying rescue mission patrols, and our pilots downed the red planes. And to top it, our State Department says it will protest the inhuman interference with rescue missions.

Well, now, that is quite a change.

We have been wearing the velvet glove of diplomacy so long that many thought we had forgotten the iron striking strength it covered.

Before, when fired on, we have "protested." We have ransomed Air Force men in a manner that recalled the days of the Barbary Pirates, and we have been insulted and degraded in our own eyes.

But this time, while our men were on a humane mission, we elected not to turn the other cheek. We slapped back, and it will probably do us a lot more good.

Our people are convinced that you can't play nice, parlor games with the Reds. They don't know any rules, and respect no diplomacy except the diplomacy of force.

Perhaps if we made it positive policy to play rough every time they do, we would have fewer incidents to contend with.

AIDING AND ABETTING

It seems to us that no decent - minded person can read of rape and murder, as so recently happened in Texas and Miami, without a shudder and a question of why these things occur in a civilized world?

The answer can be found almost everywhere. These heinous crimes are largely innocently aided and abetted by females who (although otherwise respectable) expose two-thirds of their anatomy in pursuit of a "fashion" that should be outlawed for general wear.

Bare backs, see-more fronts, short shorts that are all too revealing for common decency are seen on all streets, cars and buses.

The male populace, not entirely blind and not averse to a "free show," has its look and forgets it until the next one comes along.

But, alas! There are among us the pervert and the sexual maniac who need little fanning to set ablaze their smoldering disease. After a day of viewing female flesh exposed so flagrantly, these abnormal men are on the hunt. And somewhere, someone falls victim to their psychopathic mechinations.

Glaring female flesh bared to leering eyes is a menace to all womanhood. Let us eradicate it from streets, cars, and public conveyances. Decolletage and beach wear have their places. Let us keep them in their places.

TO ALLAY THE WORST FEAR

When the widely respected Governor of South Carolina, James F. Byrnes, told a correspondent of the Christian Science Monitor he opposes ending racial segregation in the public schools chiefly because it "will lead to mongrelization" he was voicing the great under-

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lying fear that besets many of the white people of the South.

That fear needs a bit of spelling out to bring it into the focus of the segregation issue. "Amalgamation" (a more objective term than that used by Governor Byrnes) goes on wherever races live in contact. The speed of the process depends less on the fact of contact than on the traditions and mores of the respective groups and on the amount of racial pride and self-consciousness possessed by each.

What Governor Byrnes and his fellow deep Southerners fear is that placing white and Negro young people in the same schools will accelerate amalgamation by making social relationships between them so matter of course that interracial marriages might become acceptable.

It is always good sense and good strategy in solving a problem to ameliorate its most acute phases first. And a thoughtful Southern woman has made a suggestion to this newspaper which we think worthy of sharing with other good people of the South who are faced with a condition, not a theory: "Integrate" the races in the public grade schools and colleges. But at the high-school level "segregate" the sexes. Place girls, white and Negro, in separate high schools from boys, white and Negro.

Such an expedient, of course, promises no complete solution. And there is a strong case for co-education under most circumstances. But it might allay somewhat the worst of white fears. And it should be acceptable to much of Negro leadership, too. For Negro leaders, generally, teach pride of race also. They are no more eager to accelerate amalgamation than are their white brothers. They ask simply that the individual be not shackled by an inferiority imposed upon a whole race. — Christian Science Monitor.

Rebel Revelations

July has gone at last—and a good riddance it is, too. If it seemed impossible that there could be worse weather than we had in May and June, we found out there could be. Only ten days of the thirty-one in July were without rain. No wonder the vacationers have been leaving vacationland and in droves this year, cutting short their stay.

The coast has been even worse than the interior. The fog has lain thick and unrelenting over the bays and inlets. Yachts have been fog-bound for weeks. Everything is just dripping and generally dismal. Even at lovely Bar Harbor there were several days this past week when you could not see the water at all—the fog was just too thick.

At least the summer theatres have been doing a standing room only business. There is not much else to do except go to the theatre. There are several old ones, ones which have become a tradition in Maine. And new theatres spring up each year.

The little town of Monmouth has an entire season of the American Savoyards—all Gilbert and Sullivan. The cast is small but excellent, the theatre is victorian enough to seem built for the purpose. And to get seats you must make reservations weeks in advance. There are theatres from Kennebunk to Rangeley and from Camden to Ogunquit. Probably the best known is the Lakewood Theatre near Skowhegan. It is really a colony beside a beautiful lake with a hotel and cottages and a dining room that serves superb dinners. Many well known actors appear there each season and the regular stock company is more than adequate.

Several times each season there are stellar attractions with a prominent star who appears in the same vehicle along the whole summer circuit and the supporting cast is made up of the regular company. Two weeks ago there was a play that had the largest advance sale of anything ever offered at Lakewood in its more than fifty years or summer stock. I am sure that most people came out of curiosity, hoping no doubt to find something to criticize. The play is a slight but amusing one—but the people did not come to see the play at all. The star was the magnet. She drew people from all over Maine. Many of them had never been to a legitimate theatre before.

Yes, in this rock-ribbed Republican state, the greatest attraction ever offered was none other than Margaret Truman in Autumn Crocus. She received a tremendous ovation for Maine, too. And she was really charming. Her performance was adequate, her humor was sly and she underplayed the role just enough to make it convincing. Those who had come to scoff left with praise. I think what surprised most of the would-be critics was her disarming simplicity, her unaffected manner. She did not put on airs at all. I heard one sharp-visaged old gal say. Another was astonished that Harry could have produced such a nice girl, she must take after her mother.

Yes, Miss Truman was a smash hit in Maine—and added more prestige to the Democratic party than any one has for years. It was more of a feat than it may seem unless you know how Maine people look at Democrats—always with suspicion. As that eminent Maine Democrat Paul Douglas has said, to succeed, a Democrat first must get out of Maine. And it's about true at that.

There are many other things to do in Maine in the summer, too. You can always find some place to eat—usually in such quantities that you almost regret it if you must make a hog of yourself.

Some of the most delectable sea food in the world is served along the Maine coast. This week end in Rockland there is a feast for those who like lobsters. I have no idea how many of the succulent shell fish will be cooked but tens of thousands certainly. People are not satisfied with one or two, often they eat four or five or even even a half dozen, all dripping with butter. And if you start the meal with steamed clams and clam chowder and lobster stew, and can still hold more than two broiled-live lobsters, you must have a tremendous capacity.

It is considered rank heresy in Maine or, indeed, in New England to confuse that strange concoction called mistakenly Manhattan clam chowder as clam chowder at all. It resembles far more a vegetable soup into which a few clams have strayed by mistake. Old Doc Rockwell, the famous Squire of Southport, has this to say on the subject.

"Hi, stranger! Pull up a nail keg and relax. You made no mistake selecting Maine for your vacation. But don't take liberties. Don't start criticizing our kind of clam chowder made with milk—or advocating its overthrow by violence and the addition of tomatoes. The kind of red propaganda is quickly spotted.

"Two weeks ago, Sea and Shore Commissioner Stanley Tupper ordered the burning of all cook books that contained chowder recipes calling for tomatoes."

And the people actually feel that strongly about clam chowder. It must be made with fried or dried out pork scraps, fresh onions delicately browned, Maine potatoes and milk, cream and butter—no substitutes here please.

Substitutes are a convenience and often labor as well as money saving devices—but the result is not the same at all. That is one difference between adequate food and fine food. Fine food should not be wasted on those who don't appreciate it either.

Fine food is a creation, a work of art, a labor of love. There are no short cuts in its production. It requires an imagination, a dedication, an understanding. No pre-mixed stuff here, no frozen meal that only needs to be heated. That is all right if you must, or if your audience lacks the discrimination of a true gourmet.

You don't want to waste your creation on someone who doesn't appreciate the delicate subtleties of vichyssoise. If you have such a guest to cook for, one of the general to whom caviare has no flavor, why just open a can, or thaw out a meal—it won't matter. Let them eat cake, the kind that comes ready mixed, can be put in the oven in five minutes.

As much as I hate to admit it, most of the really fine cooks I know are men. Many a man has made a reputation on one dish, or even two. And the poor gal in the family suffers along day after day giving the brute adequate nourishment with nary a word of praise. I don't mean that kind of one specially chef—I mean one who can and does prepare all the meals, the meals, who does it so well that his wife couldn't compete—and has no desire to either, smart woman that she is.

These men have a feeling for flavor, a real appreciation of the art of cooking. They bake bread, make pies, and cook meat as it should be cooked, their salads are perfect. Many less gifted

THAT'S A FACT HOMELESS THE MOST CELEBRATED SONG ABOUT HOME—'HOME SWEET HOME' WAS COMPOSED BY A MAN WHO NEVER ACTUALLY HAD A HOME! JOHN HOWARD PAYNE WAS A PENNILESS WANDERER WHO COMPOSED HIS IMMORTAL SONG WHILE IN PARIS! YOUR HOME... YOUR FUTURE... CAN BE INSURED BY REGULAR PURCHASES OF U.S. SAVINGS BONDS—YOUR BEST INSURANCE FOR SECURITY!

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and less understanding men resent these paragons of virtue. They scoff and say, "Are they real men, aren't they effeminate to do a woman's work?"

No, my dear sirs, they are not at all effeminate—they are so sure of their masculine virility, bolstered no doubt by the excellent food they cook, that they don't have to bother about being considered effeminate. Those men who are afraid of not being called men usually protest too much anyway. And any woman knows at once how male a man is. No, these men who are creative cooks are usually successful at their businesses, too, and they are the most thoughtful and devoted husbands I know. They understand the problems of a homemaker, the hours and hours that go into creating the peace and charm that makes a home. Their wives are appreciated wives, and oh my, how fortunate!

Yes, if you are going to pick a husband, find one who can cook, or at least one who knows what good cooking is. I find men whom food bores, very boring themselves—they have no comprehension of the finer things of life, their uncultivated palate is a clue that all their tastes are uncultivated.

Most men who write are excellent cooks, architects are superb. Many musicians and photographers and actors could earn top salaries as chefs. To them cooking is an esthetic experience—the development of an art to its highest form. Yes, I like men who can cook, who show sufficient interest in their homes to take an active part in its management, to share in the work of making a home that is a refuge and a strength. To these men a home is a castle—and they are the undisputed kings thereof.

—HELEN CALDWELL CUSHMAN

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