

'He's our oldest and best customer!'



AN AFTERNOON IN MONTGOMERY

JOHN J. SYNON

The man sat on the divan talking politics while the little ones — five of them, aged four to six — crawled around his shoulders and over his lap like nothing so such as bunnies hip-pity-hopping a hillock.

If it had not been for his adroit handling of an immense cigar, this way and that, one would have thought him oblivious what was going on. But that cigar and the occasional pat and flash smile he gave one or another of his intimate visitors, these gave him away. He knew what was going on. But that was not surprising. On previous occasions I had had evidence of his awareness.

Besides the kids, there were three of us: There was my friend on the couch, there was Tom Johnson, editor-publisher of The Montgomery Independent; and there was your reporter.

I had come to Montgomery to say hello to Tom, to pass the time of day, and thoughtfully, my host had invited our mutual friend. He, in turn, had brought his almost-constant companion, the companion of his heart these lonely days, a six-year-old minx named Lee, the spit-n-image of another I had known.

And there they played, Lee — he calls her "Leemass" — Tom's two youngsters and the two kids from next door, there they played on the shoulders of the man who would be President of the United States.

by a "trustie", a prisoner assigned to duty in the executive office. The governor had sped past us both — "I'm late, I'm late, I'm late" — and the felon watched him go. And without directing his remark at anyone, I heard him say: "He is a good man." And what that Negro knew, I knew.

And I remembered, shortly after his inauguration, I remembered the big-mouthed, widely-publicized promise of a political enemy, the then-Attorney General, to carefully scrutinize my friend's "transactions." And after four years of such scrutiny, of turning over every rock, no charge, no allegation was ever made.

I could have told him.

....

The man talked. The afternoon wore on. The kids had gone — Lord knows where other than to that mysterious place, "outside." Eventually, my friend said he had to go.

"Leemass", he called.

"Yes, sir", the answer came from somewhere.

"Get your coat, Baby, we've got to go home."

In a bit the little lady arrived with both her hat and her coat. As my friend was assisting in the adjustment of the garments he grasped the ear of his

little eye apple and peered into it.

With the inspection over, he turned self consciously, to the smiling two of us and said, "This is the first time I ever was a Mother and you've got to make sure they stay clean. I have gotten pretty good at dressing her."

Lee spoke, then: "Daddy." "Yes, Baby." "You don't have to dress me." "I know, Sweetheart. I just sort of help."

Then he noticed Lee's playmates - of - the - day standing quietly, almost rigidly at attention.

"Say, Tom, I bet these kids would like a ride around the block with the trooper. Would you like that kids?"

His answer came in whoops and jigs.

And so he was with us another 10 minutes. And then he was gone, he and Little Lee and my heart went with them both.

SGT. LEWIS IN VIETNAM

Chief Master Sergeant Floyd W. Lewis, son of Mrs. Luther Lewis of Grifton, is on duty at Pleiku AFB, Vietnam. Sergeant Lewis, a transportation superintendent, is assigned to a unit of the Pacific Air Forces. Before his arrival in Vietnam, he served at Randolph AFB, Tex.

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WHAT IS THE ANSWER?

by Henry E. Garrett, Ph.D.

Professor Emeritus, Psychology, Columbia University
Past President, American Psychological Association

Q: Dr. Garrett, I keep seeing the name, Gunnar Myrdal, in relation to racial integration. I must have missed something along the way, Who is (or was) he?

A: Gunnar Myrdal is a Swedish social philosopher who was mainly responsible for the calamitous decision on school desegregation in 1954. Myrdal, 10 years before, had written a book he called An American Dilemma. That book set the stage for the 1954 decision; the Supreme Court cited it in its decision. In 1968, in a lecture given before New York City University, Myrdal admitted he may not have been right. He said, last year: "Twenty-five years ago, I was an expert on the Negro problem in America . . . In the present situation I am not an expert. I'm not presenting a view that I feel is absolutely right." Myrdal said that he thought "black capitalism" as proposed by Nixon "solves very little." Myrdal also felt, he said, that black history is largely black mythology. Unfortunately, whatever Myrdal's changed views, the decision still governs American racial policy.



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