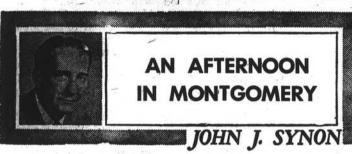
'He's our oldest and best customer!'





ing politics while the little ones ed to duty in the executive offive of them, aged four to fice. nothing so such as bunnies hippity-hopping a hillock.

adroit handling of an immense cigar, this way and that, one knew, I knew. would have thought him oblivwhat 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 one. 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 ent; and there was your report-

I had come to Montgomery to say hello to Tom, to pass the friend said he had to go. time of day, and thoughtfully, "Leemass", he called. my host had invited our mutual friend. He, in turn, had brought from somewhere. 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 "Lessmass"-Tom's ments he grasped the ear of his 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.

What he said of politics I hardly remember; my mind kept wandering. I remembered the story his Mother had told me of her son's warmth of heart, how, as a very young man, he had secured a peg leg for an unfortunate who needed. And I remembered the remark made

The man sat on the divan talk- by a "trustie", a prisoner assign-The governor had sped six — crawled around his past us both — "I'm late, I'm shoulders and over his lap like late, I'm late" — and the felon watched him go. And without quietly, almost rigidly at attendirecting his remark at anyone, If it had not been for his I heard him say: "He is a good And what that Negro man."

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

I could have told him.

noon wore on. gone - Lord knows where othplace, "outside." Eventually, my at Randolph AFB, Tex.

"Leemass", he called.
"Yes, sir", the answer came

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

In a bit the little lady arriv-ed with both her hat and her coat. As my friend was assisting in the adjustment of the garlittle eye apple and peered into

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

"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.

Chief Master Sergeant Floyd W. Lewis, son of Mrs. Luther Lewis of Grifton, is on duty at Pleiku AFB, Vietnam. Sergeant Lewis, The man talked. The after- a transportation superintendent, The kids had is assigned to a unit of the Pacific Air Forces. Before his er than to that mysterious arrival in Vietnam, he served

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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. 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 Dilemna. 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 mythol-Unfortunately, whatever Mydal's changed views, the decision still governs American racial policy.



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