

East Side

IT'S OKAY TO SHOOT A NEGRO, BUT FOR GOD'S SAKE, DON'T CURSE HIM!

That which follows is the kind of humor which compares to the laugh one gets when seeing someone slip on a banana peel — It's funny, until you think about it. I must admit, the report is most funny to me, because I'm acquainted with its author, Easton King, Pascagoula, Miss. To think that such a fate should be King's, now that he's in his dotage. Here's his account of a recent trip to Washington:

The wife, who writes for the national Postmaster's Gazette which Pascagoula pm Arthur Smith edits, had to go to Washington last week because of a postmaster convention and we tagged along.

That trip was climaxed by one of the most hectic 24 hours we've spent in many a year. It started Friday afternoon when, with the madam, we entered one of Washington's largest department stores to do some shopping for the children. We went up in one crowded elevator, shopped, and down in another to the first floor where I made a purchase, reached to a back pocket for my wallet and found it gone. My pocket had been picked slick as a whistle and, to add insult to injury by a woman, too, for neither of us could remember seeing a man on either elevator.

Well, we called a floor walker, the floor walker called the manager and the manager called the police. Inasmuch as all my credentials were in said lifted wallet I couldn't identify myself. I thought of acquaintances that could assure the manager that it really was me and the most impressive Washingtonian that flashed to mind was "Fishbait" Miller, majority doorkeeper for the House of Representatives.

So I told the manager (I later found out he had been on the job only a week and had come from New York) to call him, explaining that he was House doorkeeper. That was a mistake because the manager looked real reluctant and I realized that when I said "doorkeeper" he thought of one of those guys in long coats and gold braid that open car doors and hold out a palm to be greased.

Anyway, Fishbait wasn't in so I got an old newspaper friend to identify me. He must have done a pretty good job because after that the manager cashed a check. The police came, were polite, asked questions and then assured me that I would never see the wallet again. One cheerful character told me that by this time the cash had been removed and the wallet and papers stuffed down a sewer drain.

On that note we boarded our plane at 12:35 a.m. and headed out for Mobile and the return home. While checking our bags we ran into another character about as cheerful as the policeman and every bit as polite. That was the airline clerk who told us the whole southeast was blanketed with fog and we probably wouldn't be able to land at Mobile.

We didn't. Stopped at Birmingham — supposed to have landed at Atlanta but fog had that port closed. About two hours later we started out again after he pilot told us he didn't have any idea where he would be able to land but had gassed up with 6000 gallons and could fly all day if necessary. He might have felt reassured by that but we didn't.

An hour later the stewardess told us we were over Mobile but couldn't come down and would try New Orleans. To make a long story short we landed at Baton Rouge, stayed three hours, changed to another plane for New Orleans, stayed three more hours and caught another one for Mobile.

The climax came, of course, when we went to get our bags. You guessed it — no baggage. We headed home, bought new tooth brushes and a razor and are now waiting for the airline to locate our baggage somewhere between Washington, Birmingham, Baton Rouge, New Orleans and Mobile.

Guess there are days like that for everybody.

LEGAL NOTICES

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI)
COUNTY OF FORREST)
TRUSTEE'S NOTICE OF SALE
WHEREAS, on February 4th, 1958, W. S. Cooley and wife Mary Lou Cooley executed their Deed of Trust to the undersigned Trustee in the Deed of Trust Recorded in Book 209, page 431, of the Land Deed Records of Forrest County.
WHEREAS, default having been made in the payment thereof, and I having been called upon by the beneficiary to foreclose the same.
THEREFORE, I will on Dec. 4th, 1959, at the front door of the Courthouse within legal hours, sell to the highest bidder for cash, the land described:
The South 80 feet of Lot 5, Block 6 of the Burkett Survey as per map or plat thereof on file in the office of the Chancery Clerk.
Witness my signature on this the 2nd day of November, 1959.
B. H. BAKER, Trustee.
4t 11-12, 19, 26, 12-3

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI)
COUNTY OF FORREST)
TRUSTEE'S NOTICE OF SALE
WHEREAS, on November 11th, 1958, James Bourne also known as James Bourne and wife Mary Bourne executed their Deed of Trust to the undersigned Trustee in the Deed of Trust Recorded in Book 221, page 221, of the Land Deed of Trust

Records of Forrest County.
WHEREAS, default having been made in the payment thereof, and I having been called upon by the beneficiary to foreclose the same.
THEREFORE, I will on Dec. 4th, 1959, at the front door of the Courthouse, within legal hours, sell to the highest bidder for cash, the land described:
Part of Lots 5 and 6 in Block 7 of the R. N. Mixon Survey of the City of Hattiesburg, described as beginning at the Northeast corner of Lot 6 and run West 150 feet, South 40 feet, East 150 feet, North 40 feet to beginning in Block 7 of the R. M. Mixon Survey being 624 Gravel Street.
Witness my signature on this the 2nd day of November, 1959.
B. H. BAKER, Trustee.
4t 11-12, 19, 26, 12-3

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI)
COUNTY OF FORREST)
TRUSTEE'S NOTICE OF SALE
WHEREAS, on December 11th, 1958, Vaster Kendrick and wife Lizzie Kendrick executed their Deed of Trust to the undersigned Trustee in the Deed of Trust Recorded in Book 199, page 325, of the Land Deed of Trust Records of Forrest County.
WHEREAS, default having been made in the payment thereof, and I having been called upon by the beneficiary to foreclose the same.
THEREFORE, I will on December 4th, 1959, at the front door of the Courthouse within legal hours, sell to the highest bidder for cash, the land described:
Lots 7, 8, and all of Lot 5 less the

Theatre...

men sprawl about, we laugh and shudder enthralled. We are involved in a powerful new play about a world we squares know little about.

Yet the junkies don't seem unusual people. Ernie, the kid from California wants to play the clarinet, only he hocked it last year; Solly knows Greek and Hebrew, obviously a scholar; Leach, our host, grows furious when someone throws a match on his worn rug; Sam a large, good natured Negro who loves to tell stories—at one point he philosophizes "Atom Bombs, I can't see what those cats have against atom bombs; personally I like mushrooms." It's true none of our heroes hold steady jobs; but they all have plans.

The only woman is an antique Salvation Army lass brought along by Cowboy when he finally arrives in the Second Act. He picked her up to confuse the fuzz. She came up for tea, and is bewildered as the beatniks single file into the bathroom to receive their salvation from Cowboy. The beats delight in confessing their sins to her. She tries to save them in a doddering sort of way. For example, she says to a photographer hired by the producer to film the event, "What is a nice Negro boy like you doing in a place like this?" But the Beatniks around her have their own religion, complete with cool language and dogma.

The first principle of their religion is—get a fix—Dope and jazz lend style to their lives. What little material wealth they have, they willingly share with their fellow addicts. They call each other "baby", or "man", never sinking to say "boy" to a fellow man. They feel for each other—they know what it is to go without the dreams "the divine luxuries of opium". They support each other's dreams. What finer religion could one ask? The tragedy of it unfolds before our eyes.

Man, this play is way out. Listen to the pad swing when the musicians blow their horns. Baby dig those square photographers hired to film the proceedings. One of them asks if there is any pot around. All the junkies laugh benignly as Leach answers, "No Baby, we don't have any marijuana, but it's sweet of you to ask."

Man, you walk out of there thinking, for you've come off of it for a couple of hours. The Connection has exposed a soft carbuncle of "our way of life". The incision has drained away the puss of a disease we did not even admit existed. Man, that's what good theatre can do.

East 10 feet, in Block 2 of the George L. Pace Subdivision, together with improvements.
Witness my signature on this the 2nd day of November, 1959.
B. H. BAKER, Trustee.
4t 11-12, 19, 26, 12-3

STATE OF MISSISSIPPI)
COUNTY OF FORREST)
TRUSTEE'S NOTICE OF SALE
WHEREAS, on July 21st, 1959, Cornelius Henderson and wife Mattie Lee Lewis Henderson executed their Deed of Trust to the undersigned Trustee in the Deed of Trust Recorded in Book 230, page 50 of the Land Deed of Trust Records of Forrest County.
WHEREAS, default having been made in the payment thereof, and I having been called upon by the beneficiary to foreclose the same.
THEREFORE, I will on December 4th, 1959, at the front door of the Courthouse within legal hours, sell to the highest bidder for cash, the land described:
Lots 7, 8 and 9 in Block 6 of the Washington Heights Survey or Subdivision of Forrest County, Mississippi, together with improvements.
Witness my signature on this the 2nd day of November, 1959.
M. W. STUTTS, Trustee.
4t 11-12, 19, 26, 12-3

The Petal Paper

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Potomac...

New York taxes, which hit the average citizen quite hard. The question of whether the higher taxes were or were not needed will probably be argued for some time. But one thing Rockefeller forgot was promptly to squeeze some of the fat out of the state budget, long inflated by the demands of corrupt politicians. His failure brought criticism from organized labor and his program was called a "soak the poor" tax.

A really tough politician would have handled the situation differently.

Who's The Conservative? — Rockefeller now seems determined to convince the local Republican politicians that he is more conservative than the Vice President. That will take some doing, because Nixon is not so much conservative as he is "resilient"; or, to put it less politely, he's tricky.

The way Rockefeller is going about the unhappy task he has set for himself, is neither effective nor convincing. When the Soviet exhibit opened at the New York Pavilion, Rockefeller stayed away. When Mikoyan came to New York, Rockefeller was among the absentees. When M. K came to town, Rockefeller managed to avoid the limelight, although he did say a few words about the American way of life being "freedom" rather than "capitalism."

Nixon, on the other hand, some times acts as if he is convinced the public is tired of "cold war" attitudes. So he journeys to Moscow, helps pave the way for

Khrushchev to come here, and then gets into a debate with Mr. K which convinces all Nixon's tory friends that he really fights for the Red, White and Blue even inside Russia.

Rockefeller, the liberal, acts as if he is afraid of contact with the big, bad Russian bear; Nixon, the right-winger, acts as if nothing about contact with the Communists scares him.

The latest of Rockefeller's "conservative" moves, is causing real anxiety among his liberal friends and it might even disaffect those many independent voters who have found the New York governor so attractive.

What he proposes is that the U. S. unilaterally resume nuclear testing (underground, to avoid fall-out). Some people wonder if this is merely a means of disassociating himself from the Eisenhower-Nixon "let's not be beastly to the bear" approach. Or is there more to it?

Until he develops his position more fully I think it would be wise to withhold judgment on Rockefeller's tactics. But his managers ought to know that there are many people besides local Republican politicians who have yet to make up their mind about Rockefeller. They would be unhappy if something so important as nuclear testing were regarded merely as a political gimmick for 1950.

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