

State Forester Begins A Campaign To Plant One Million Pecan Trees

"Old Farmer", Feature Writer for the HERALD, Has Offered This Suggestion Upon Several Occasions, and Is Leader In The Thought Which Is Now Being Put Into Action

"Old Farmer" has scored another touchdown. This time is has to do with his suggestion that pecan trees be planted along the highways in this county, and also as shade trees for the home. He has upon several occasions suggested an extensive campaign in that direction, and is persistent in his belief that it will be a great boon to the county.

Our feature writer has already learned of the great program of a "Million Pecan Trees in 4 Years", which has been recently mapped out by the Extension Division of the North Carolina State College, as he makes mention of it in his writings for this week. For those who are not familiar with the recently inaugurated program, the HERALD gives the following account recently published:

"One million pecan trees in eastern North Carolina within four years is the goal of a campaign started by the agricultural forces of the State last week. The Extension Division of North Carolina State College and the Department of Agriculture is fostering the campaign, according to H. M. Curran, forester of the division, and co-operating with the Extension workers are the various county farm agents.

"Mr. Curran, with the assistance of W. N. Roper, of Petersburg, Va., an experienced pecan grower familiar with all phases of pecan culture and handling, have direct supervision over the campaign.

"Mr. Curran has announced a plan by which he hopes the goal of the campaign will be reached. The plan is to secure 25 men in each county who will agree to plant 100 pecan trees each year for the four years, and to give all possible assistance to these men.

"Our plan is for the local county agent to secure the names of those people interested in planting trees and these men will be visited by Mr. Roper, who will give advice and suggestions as to how the planting may be done, where the trees may be secured and the prices that should be paid for the stock," explained the forester. "We have secured reduced prices for orders placed during the campaign and Mr. Roper will give the matter particular attention. We will encourage the planting of such varieties as the Stuart, Schley, Alley and Success, which have been tested in eastern North Carolina over a period of 15 years by the Division of Horticulture, and have been found ideally suited for soil conditions in this section."

"Mr. Roper, Mr. Curran said, will assist in securing and distributing planting stock. A county agent or some specialist of the Extension Division will assist the farmers in selecting lands suitable for the plantings and will visit the groves after the trees have been planted.

"If the plan of establishing hundreds of pecan groves in Eastern Carolina with over 1,000,000 trees is materialized, it will mean practically a new product for the State and an additional agricultural income of thousands of dollars.

"Later on, Mr. Curran said in speaking of the campaign, it is hoped to establish a Virginian-Carolina Pecan Growers Association for the purpose of handling the distribution of the nuts in the best way. One of the large commercial growers, he said, already has expressed his willingness to enter such an organization and a number of other smaller planters are heartily endorsing the idea.

"The present campaign, which will be waged intensively for several months, has the approval, it was announced by Director B. W. Kilgore, of the North Carolina Experiment Station and Extension Service. The Division of Horticulture, it was added, will assist in it.

"Mr. Roper and Forester Curran now are visiting various eastern counties in the interests of the campaign."

MIND WENT ASTRAY

Professor Noalot was a very absent-minded man. One morning he drifted into the barber's to be shaved. After the operation he continued to occupy the chair and the barber, thinking he had dozed off gently reminded him by saying: "Asleep sir?" The professor started, "Bless me, no!" he exclaimed. "I am not asleep but I am terribly short-sighted. When I took my glasses off I was no longer able to see myself in the mirror opposite and quite naturally I supposed I had already gone home."

"OLD FARMER" TALKING ABOUT MOONLIGHT LOVE

We had four Indian Summer days this week and the way we clodhoppers got stuff outen the field was a sight, fer it was a real pleasure to reap corn and drive a wagon down the row and see it fill up the body good and quick and watch the mules nibble at the corn stalks as they stop at the corn pile. I've just been out in the open air this week a drinkin' my lungs full of the delicious ozone that's in the air and I feel like I could jam by jump up and kick my heels together. You know folks has a way of sayin' when we have a few real pleasant days in the fall o' the year that it must be Indian Summer, just like they're guessin' 'bout it. Listen folks: When October comes we has Indian Summers off and on till jam by Christmas, fer there aint no set time fer Indian summer after the Harvest Moon, fer every spell of pretty weather is Indian Summer. And in our Southland and especially in Eastern Carolina aint the Indian Summers beautiful and pleasant. I sometimes think it's autumn flingin' back a kiss at spring.

The Harvest Moon, is when the moon is high its full at the time of harvest, or 'bout the autumnal equinox, when it rises at nearly the same hour for several days owing to the small angle of the ecliptic and the moon's orbit; then's when nights takes me back to my courtin' days when we young bucks would arrange some sorter meetins' in the neighborhood and walk home with the buck-som lassies and they were just as sweet as lassies too. You know there's somethin' 'bout a pretty moonlight that when the "young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." It just pears like the occasion demands it. In the cool moonlight of memory, I recall as I write, that one Sunday night I brushed up my Sunday-go-to-meetin' clothes and give my shoes a extra brush over and went to take a young lady to church in the town which I will call W. From her home ter the church was a good long ways, Oh Well! I'd say three quarters of a mile and let me tell you the moon was in her glory that night and the winds like gentle zepthers kissed her cheeks and as we walked and talked we came up ter the church and I says ter her "this is too pretty a night to be shut up in a church, fer I feel like I wanner live in this moonlight" and I proposed that we just stroll on around the church block and up the next street parellel with the one we came and she raised no objections and we strolled on in our small like pace and back ter her house and I just had ter tell her as we walked along how good and pretty she was and she said that the romantic moon light was havin' its effect on me and of course it was, fer

"The queen of night asserts her silent reign."

Golly, the years have rolled between that night and now, fer some years after that night I married my dear old woman and then something like three years afterwards this young lady married. I was over in 'Hoskie town last spring, I think it was, and went to the depot and met her son, who is a stalwart and fine feller and he has the right ter be fer his mother was a sweet and splendid woman and his father was a capital feller, who died while his son was a wee bit of a baby in his mother's arms. He told me that his mother was then living in the Cashie Neck and if she should happen by chance ter see Old Farmer's letter next week, she'll even know his middle name. Memories! Memories! That feller Tom Moore had lots and cords of memories and wrote some of the best lines that was ever printed on his memories, in Loves of the Angels he wrote:

"Through the shadowy past, Like a tomb-searcher, memory ran, Lifting each shroud that time had cast O'er buried hopes."

And then he got ter thinkin' of the bygone days and wrote:

Long, long be my heart with such memories filled! Like the vase in which roses have once been distell'd, You may break, you may shatter the vase, if you will, But the scent of the roses will cling round it still.

And ol Tom was dwellin' on the past when he penned these lines: Let fate do her worst; there are moments of joy, Bright dreams of the past, which she cannot destroy; Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care, And bring back the features that joy

used to wear. And don't you think the Irish poet was 'bout right when he wrote: When time, which steals our years away, Shall steal our pleasures too, The memory of the past will stay, And half our joy renew. When I begun ter write this week I didn't intend ter write a 'thing 'bout things gone by but intended writin' along a different line, but I happened ter git on this subject and took up all the space that I oughter this week but I am glad ter notice in Jim's Raleigh paper last week that the agricultural officers of the state is puttin' on a campaign ter have a million pecan trees sot out in Eastern Carolina within the next four year. This work is ter be handled through the Farm Demonstrators of each county, and here's Hertford county without any demonstrator. Well, Hertford county just aint a-gwine ter stand fer no such business. We just aint a-gwine ter be the cow-tail county of the state. The commissioners are the guardians of the county and let 'em see, to it that we aint fer no such thing. All this tomfoolery is costin' us money.

The lightning bug is a pretty thing, But it haint got no mind, It just goes buzzin' 'bout With its headlight on behind. Hertford commissioners can't afford ter git in lightning bug poetry, but if they don't watch they'll be in it and it won't have a pretty tune to it either. Don't forgit ter have the Office Cat at Winton next first Monday and make a record of how each one votes on that out-of-the-county-lawyer-business. And listen: The member that votes fer the county ter pay them fees 'bout that school district business oughter ter hand in his resignation the next minute. Old Farmer won't say why, because you know why.

OLD FARMER, November 24, 1923.

"Biting" Retort

"I like cheerfulness. I admire anyone who sings at his work." "How you must love a mosquito."

Clarence Perry's idea of a plutocrat is a man who has enough different belts of underwear to meet the daily changes of the weather.

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Weak Back

Mrs. Mildred Pipkin, of R. F. D. 8, Columbia, Tenn., says: "My experience with Cardui has covered a number of years. Nineteen years ago... I got down with weak back. I was run-down and so weak and nervous I had to stay in bed. I read of CARDUI The Woman's Tonic and sent for it. I took only one bottle at that time, and it helped me; seemed to strengthen and build me right up. So that is how I first knew of Cardui. After that... when I began to get weak and 'no account', I sent right for Cardui, and it never failed to help me." If you are weak and suffering from womanly ailments, Cardui may be just what you need. Take Cardui. It has helped thousands, and ought to help you. At all druggists' and dealers'.

FARM NOTES

Lime and humus are again proving a good combination in improving crop yields. An Iredell farmer has just found that it pays with corn. Tom Tarheel says: The farmers of this State have caught the spirit of the new North Carolina. Henceforth, they will be torch bearers in the pageant of progress.

NOTICE OF SALE UNDER DEED OF TRUST

By virtue of the power and authority given by a certain deed of trust, executed by R. N. Nickens and wife, Irene Nickens, J. A. Copeland and wife Millie H. Copeland to Jno. E. Vann, Trustee which is recorded in the office of the Register of deeds for the county of Hertford, in book 65, page 31, the following property will be sold at public auction, viz:

Two lots in the Town of Winton, N. C., beginning on Hill street at Mrs. Bettie Majette's line, thence an easterly course along said Majette's line 100 yards to the Faison line, thence a northerly course along said Faison line 50 yards to a supposed cross street; thence westerly course a straight line 100 yards to Hill street; thence along said street a southerly course 50 yards to first station. Said lots lie side by side and known as the late A. J. Pearce's gin and saw mill lots. The saw mill, engine and boiler, saws, belting, shafting and all other saw mill machinery and fixtures, together with the cotton gin, press, scales and all other fixtures connected with said gin. Second: A tract of land bounded on the north and west by the lands of the late Harriet Downes, on the south by the lands of the late C. D. Nickens, and on the east by the lands of the Cofield Manufacturing Co., and J. P. Jones, containing 5 acres, more or less, and known as a part of the J. H. Nickens land. Third: A lot in the village of Coffee, N. C., beginning at a corner in the Ahoskie road; a corner for the heirs of the late J. H. Doughtie; thence along said road S. 34 3-4 W. 92 feet to corner for C. D. Nickens; thence with said Nickens line, N. 56; W. 272 feet to right of way of the Atlantic Coast Line R. R. Co; thence along said right of way N. 54; E. 100 feet to corner for Doughtie; thence with Doughtie line S. 56 238 feet to the beginning. Place of sale—Courthouse door, Winton, North Carolina. Time of sale—December 10, 1923. Terms of sale—Cash. This November 1, 1923. 11-9-4t JNO. E. VANN, Trustee.

Baked At Home

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Thanksgiving and a Reverie



We rejoice with our people that a great Nation turns from its tasks, today, to render solemn tribute to The Maker of All Things, for the abundance of His goodness. We are thankful for citizenship among a Christian people.

Looking backward, on this day, we leap the bridge of time which spans today with the years gone by. We stand, and reverently clasp hands with our sturdy old forefathers, and see, as they saw, North Carolina, a virgin soil. We see the privations and hardships they endured, strengthened only by their faith in Him to whom we return thanks today.

We see them on the shell-torn fields of two great wars, and we are grateful for the stalwart manhood which has been handed down to our great State.

As we look about us, on this Thanksgiving Day, and see the golden peace and plenty flowing from the crucible of other days, there comes to us the thought that we, ourselves, are but pioneers for those who are yet to come, blazing the trail toward lasting peace and greater prosperity.

We are thankful that it is our privilege to work with our people, and contribute our part toward the advancement of a great State. And with the consciousness of the important part we must play, comes a new determination to try to play it better that the threads in the warp and woof of time's loom shall remain unbroken and unmarred by any act of our, and the finished cloth shall be a perfect pattern—a greater North Carolina.

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