

60,000 Sandwiches For Flood Workers



Lead of sandwiches bound for riverfront workers in Council Bluffs recently. Red Cross workers made 60,000 sandwiches during the crisis period. Pvt. Willard Dickerson and Mrs. E. Salaban are shown above.

KANSAS CITY, MO.—The importance of bread in time of emergency has been pointed up sharply in recent weeks. Curtis H. Scott, American Bakers Association, declared here recently. Scott addressed bakers from five states—Missouri, Kansas, Oklahoma, Arkansas and Nebraska—at the Heart of America bakers convention. When spring floods ravaged states in this area, workers toiling around the clock to build dikes were served sandwiches. More than 60,000 sandwiches were made by Red Cross workers in Council Bluffs, Iowa, alone during the peak of the flood.

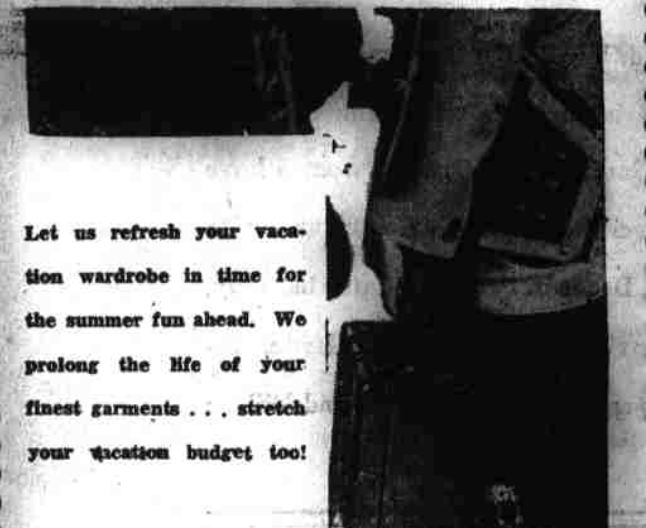
KEEPING UP ON FARMING WITH UNCLE WALT

What in the world happened to all them chickens I read and heard so much about two or three weeks ago? Seems like they was running out of everybody's ears just a few days ago, and now I hear they ain't enough to hardly go around. I went over town last week to



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of weeks' growth on the floor. Then he asked me if I knew anybody that did have any ready to sell. I told him I thought Lon Miller's ought to be about big enough, but he said he'd already got Lon's. I thought on a little longer and the more I thought, the more I began to realize that about everybody I knew had done sold what they had big enough. I hadn't thought much about chickens a bean scarce till Worth kept on talkin about the trouble he was havin a findin 'em. He talked like he hadn't never seen chickens git gone so fast as they did from the first to the middle of

THE BIBLE SPEAKS
International Union
Sunday School Lesson
BY DR. KENNETH J. FOREMAN
SCRIPTURE: Exodus 20:1-17; Matthew 23:2-12; Mark 10:2-12; Luke 2:40.
DEVOTIONAL READING: Ephesians 5:1-10.

Why Purity?

Lesson for June 1, 1932

AMONG THE NEW IDEAS that come into the world with the Christian religion is the ideal of purity, as we understand it. We acknowledge our debt here to Judaism, but Judaism never pushed into all the world as Christianity did. Christianity took over from the Old Testament and re-named with fresh emphasis an idea of which the entire ancient world knew nothing, the ideal of purity as God's will for all of us.



Dr. Foreman

The Greeks and Romans admired the like; but they looked on them as a small and special class, not like ordinary mortals. All peoples even the most primitive have some kind of sex taboos; even those that permit adultery impose some limitations on it.

What Purity Means
THE TRUE CHRISTIAN idea, the New Testament idea, Christ's idea, of purity means something far deeper and higher than merely not committing adultery. It means chastity in its full sense. It is not the same thing as celibacy or not marrying. It is not the same thing as perpetual virginity either. We commonly speak of a chaste wife. Put as simply as possible, purity in the Christian sense of the word means that sex is always to be thought of in the closest connection with love and the home.

Forgetting All Others
CHRIST QUITE CLEARLY taught as the ideal of marriage a lifetime unbroken union of one man and one woman. Since the times in which he lived were, like ours, a time of easy divorce, his disciples, good men though they were, felt puzzled about this.

Today on all sides the Christian ideal of marriage is still under attack as too rigid, as beyond the capacity of normal human beings, as being a sort of cage invented by priests and preachers. Love should be free, we are told. You do not need to go to the Bible to see how wrong this is. Just fall in love and you will understand the truth. When a man and woman are in love, really in love, enough to dare marriage together, they do not need a priest or a preacher or a Bible to tell them what God who made them has already put into their hearts: that true love means just each for the other, for always.

What young man would care to marry a girl who would say to him on their wedding day, "Darling, you are the only man I love—maybe half a dozen exceptions." What girl would feel like going on with the ceremony if at the altar the young man said, "I take thee for my wedded wife, from this day forward, for better not for worse, for richer not for poorer, in health but not in sickness, till discontent do us part."

The flower-to-flower notion of love is something every couple truly in love can see is nonsense, and worse.

Heart of the Home
PREACHERS HAVE BEEN saying for a long time, but now they don't need to say it any more for a while, because scientific investigators, sociologists, psychiatrists, probation officers, juvenile court judges, all are saying the same thing: It is the home that makes, or un-makes, the boy and girl.

Juvenile delinquents, we are told by those who know, come from all sorts of homes, but not from homes where the parents live in harmony.

So it is not only for one's own sake that purity is an ideal to be cherished and lived out. It is for the sake of the rising generation, it is for the whole community's sake.

Do you want to know whether the next generation will be strong and good or weak and bad? Look into the homes where they are now growing up. The homes of today tell the story of the character of tomorrow. And nothing sets up the heart of a home so quickly, so often, so surely, as purity. Purity is the heart of the home.

A Hymn Is Born
BY CLINT BONNER
Wonderful Words of Life

A Poverty Stricken Youth Turns Hymn Writer

In 1848 a ragged little ten-year-old boy walked from his log cabin home in the woods of Clearfield County, Pennsylvania, to the neighboring town of Rome. He had brought a basket of berries to sell so that he might add a few pennies to those he was saving to buy a cheap violin.

Walking the streets in search of a market for his berries, the lad heard strangely beautiful music. He hurried toward the house from which the enchanting sound came. It must be a piano, he thought, because his mother had told him about the sound. The only instrument he had actually heard was a flute he had whittled from a cane.

Putting his basket on the steps, the boy ventured to the open door. When the lady saw him she abruptly stopped playing. Philip Bliss related in later life that he begged the lady "please play some more." Instead of being accommodated, he was ordered away and scolded for making tracks on the porch with his dusty feet.

Before he died in a railroad wreck in his thirty-eighth year, Philip Bliss was to write many a song that ladies would be playing on pianos for generations. He usually wrote his own words to his melodies, most of his themes being taken from sermons.

As editor of his highly popular "Gospel Songs" . . . for which his royalties ran more than \$30,000, the boy who had once been denied the luxury of hearing a piano, wrote:

Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of Life;
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of Life,
Words of life and beauty,
Teach me faith and duty;
Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life.

Christ, the blessed One, gives to all
Wonderful words of Life,
Sinner, list to the loving call,
Wonderful words of Life,
All so freely given,
Wooing us to Heaven;
Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life.

Sweetly echo the gospel call,
Wonderful words of Life;
Offer pardon and peace to all,
Wonderful words of Life,
Jesus, only Saviour,
Sanctify forever!
Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of Life.



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Wayne 4-H Program Is Subject of Study

What factors are responsible for the success of 4-H club work? A study on this subject was made recently in Wayne County by Miss Margaret E. Clark, assistant 4-H club leader for the State College Extension Service, as part of a larger study being conducted in 12 Southern states and Puerto Rico. She interviewed club boys and girls, neighborhood leaders, former members, high school principals, and

businessmen and county leaders in all townships of the county. Most frequent comment heard by Miss Clark was: "It seems as if the whole county is for 4-H Club work."

Other findings were: Parental interest in and support of children in 4-H activities has spurred members on to greatest achievements. Local adult leadership has been emphasized over a long period of years. The county council is the nucleus of the county 4-H program. Recognition given when deserved has stimulated vigorous 4-H activity among leader, members, and parents.

The club program through the years has included a wide variety of activities.

The club member's ability to select a project that appealed to him and to successfully conduct the selected project was recognized as a vital factor in the club member's success.

Special projects on which clubs worked together seemed to have strengthened the clubs.

I reckon some of the growers are a little peeved about the way sales were been pushed and the way prices were comin off, but if they'd stop to think that it was those very things that corrected the situation, they'd feel mighty good about it a bean over."

May. "Take me," he said, "I sold over 75,000 broilers two weeks and what I mean I had to sell a lot of them below what it cost to grow them out. Now, prices are up right smart and I can't find but a few small flocks big enough to sell."

He said he heard a report over his radio the other night by Ralph Kelly says that he figured over two million broilers had been sold by us farmers durin them first two weeks in May. He went on to say that this fellow Kelly who works on Poultry marketin with the Department of Agriculture had been one of the leaders in helpin the farmers git rid of all them chickens that was beginnin to back-up 'em. And the way Worth give it in, he did a bang up job of it. I reckon he did at that, 'cause they don't seem to be very many of 'em left around my neck of the woods."

So I asked Worth if he thought that sales pushin that Kelly and them other fellers did was sorta

backerin on the poultry raisers. "Ezra's interest in and support of children in 4-H activities has spurred members on to greatest achievements."

"Look at it this way, Uncle Walt," he said, "Suppose everybody'd just set still and let them chickens when many of them had already got bigger than most of the processors want. Why, I guess some of us growers would have gone out to our broilers houses and found eggs on the floor before we could of sold them. I know some of us lost money when the prices got so low, but we couldn't expect nothin else not with that many chickens ready for the



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And everyone's invited to join our ever so healthy, ever so delicious milk jamboree. Drink it plain and enjoy every drop of its creamy, taste-tempting goodness. Try it as an exciting party treat . . . as a milk shake, float or a malted. Or make it a memorable custard or pudding dessert. Then see how you make our party a happy habit . . . it's so healthful to drink milk.

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Rebel Revelations

As I rode back to Kenansville from Raleigh at 6 a.m. last week, I was sure that James Russell Lowell would have changed his mind to May had he been here. June in his New England is like May here—the fields seem to grow as you look at them—wild flowers are a riot of color as you ride along—some yellow flower was growing in fields all along the road—it looked like coreopsis. The air is fresh and sweet at that hour in the morning—and somehow it always gives you such a righteous feeling to be up that early. April in England or in Paris is the month of spring glory—there have been countless songs written about the season in both places. But there is a special longing to experience a remembered spring in Wordsworth's 'Home-thoughts from Abroad.'

Oh, to be In England
Now that April's there,
And Whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

Nostalgia, homesickness, yearning for familiar places is a universal feeling, I expect. Each time we go away even for a short trip, we are not quite the same people we were when we left—we have grown a little, seen new things, met new people who have changed us even if almost imperceptibly. Maybe part of that feeling is a wish that time could stop in its tracks—or that it could even be pushed in that we must always go on from the point where we are at any given moment—we cannot be the same people that we were a week ago, a year ago, nor can we return to the hills of home the people we were when we left—the familiar things have changed with us—the trees have grown—and we are taller, too. We would be much happier if we would accept the fact that life moves on, and move with it, not live in regret for times past.

While I was away, I met some people I liked, too, people who were kind—which means to me doing something above and beyond the call of duty. Two of them helped me when it could not have been reasonably expected of them—one was a Mrs. M. L. Waters who is the awing operator in the Atlantic Coastline Station in Warsaw, and the other was Mr. M. L. Martin who is section foreman of the A.C.L. If you take a train trip soon, I do suggest that you take advantage of the excellent service of the A.C.L. from Warsaw. I slept in luxurious comfort—and that demitasse of black coffee they give you to sustain you until breakfast is a really civilized way to begin a day. In New Orleans they do that, too—they drink coffee as I do at the least excuse—and they call it 'petit noir'—shortened to something that sounds like 'tinois.'

The poll is progressing at great pace—and maybe by next week we can see some trends that would give an indication of that elusive quality the gals most want to find. The one so far most desirable is thoughtfulness. Some of the gals have written me telling me things they do NOT like in a man, too—you'd be surprised, boys, at how much they dislike conceit in you. Joseph Gaucher says in the Statepost that a man who is conceited enough to think he's a great gift to women may find himself exchanged.

Many years ago I met at a dinner given by that wonderful person, Ella Berlin, a very remarkable woman whose husband was one of the most charming people I have ever met. I was delighted to find a posthumous book of Alice Duer Miller's poetry in the library in Kenansville. She wrote 'The White Cliffs and Forsaking All Others,' two narrative poems as well as 'Come Out of the Kitchen,' her first novel which later became a play and amusing comedy and a movie. Best known is her 'Gowns by Roberta' which was a smash hit as the musical Roberta—and will be the M.G.M. starred movie for this summer called 'I believe, Lovely To Look At.' Some of the poems are amusing, some satirical, some serious. That elusive quality that seems most desired in a man could be called gentleness, too—and she has something to say about it in her poem called 'An Exhortation to Gentleness.'

You who are strong, and do not know the need
That weaker spirits feel, but do not plead—
The need to lean on someone who is strong—
Oh! now you give their silent wail good heed.
Be not so busy with your own career,
However noble, that you cannot hear
The sighs of those who look to you for help,
For this is purchasing success too dear.

I had a grand time at the News and Observer the other night watching them get the paper out and talking to my friends, Sam Ragan and Jim Whitfield. Sam told me that he, too, enjoys writing his column, and has the same trouble that I do finding time—how well I know what he means. You do a paragraph today—and as you are starting the second one, you are called away on a story—and when you are back again, the mood and the theme have gone—the continuity is hard to achieve. Sam had written to me regarding 'Cynara' that he agreed with my estimate of the Downson poem. Too long to quote here is my favorite poem by Stephen Spender, one of the best of our contemporary poets and a good novelist, to but part of it I would like to share with you. It's called 'I Think of Those Who Were Continually Great.'

What is precious is never to forget
The essential delight of the blood drawn from ageless springs
Breaking through rocks in world before our earth.
Never to deny its pleasure in the morning simple light
Nor its grave evening demand for love.
Never to allow gradually the traffic to smother
With noise and the fog the flowering of the spirit.
Near the know, near the sun, in the highest fields
See how these names are feted by the waving grass.
The names of those who in their lives fought for life
Who wore at their hearts the fire's center,
Born of the sun they travelled a short while towards the sun,
And left the vivid air signed with their honor,
—Helen Caldwell Cushman

Wet Or Dry

Many who failed to heed the advice to 'Save for a rainy day' now recognize the wisdom of laying a part of their earnings aside for a 'Dry Season.'

The wise man builds a substantial bank balance by saving a certain sum at regular intervals.

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