

The News-Journal

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Invasion General

Perhaps no announcement of appointment of a military leader to any theatre of this war has met with more wide-spread approval than that of President Roosevelt, in his Christmas Eve talk over the radio, when he confirmed the rumors that General Eisenhower would lead the British-American attack against the Germans on the Western front.

General Eisenhower, as commander of the United States forces against North Africa, and as supreme commander of the United Nations forces against Sicily and Italy, has gained a world-wide confidence in his ability as a master strategist and, better yet, has achieved an exceptionally high regard held for him by the men and officers who fight under him.

That he is determined to do a tough job well and quickly was evidenced by his first official statement after his appointment when he assured the world that Germany would be whipped in 1944. That's a pretty big task to which he has assigned himself and the other United Nations' armies, but it's one which every person under these flags wish, and hope and pray will be accomplished.

A Little Story About Pigs

Last year, we had lots of feed and a few more than the ordinary number of marketable hogs to supply an ever-growing demand for pork. The farmers who raised hogs in this section did very well.

This year, we have lots and lots of hogs throughout this section and feed is scarce. To finish them off quickly for marketing, many of our farmers have poured feed to them for some weeks. And, as they are about to put them on the market, suddenly there are so many others with the same idea that the market is closed. Not that every housewife is getting too much pork. No. They just haven't any more coupons on their ration cards. The farmer must hold his hogs and continue to feed them. This year the grower of the hogs is not doing so well. In fact, he is losing money and his 1943 crop of hogs is eating up the feed he might have used to raise the 1944 crop.

The OPA says: So what? The farmer says: No 1944 crop of pork.

Hoke Crop Tendencies

Efforts of the office of the county agent and Hoke, Neighborhood Leaders in estimating the planting trends here for 1944 appear to show that there will be far more grains and forage crops planted this year than last, but that pork and beef production will be greatly reduced.

Mr. Knowles states that every farmer will probably plant his allotment of tobacco plus the 20 per cent increase allowed this year under the marketing program, and that some will plant more and pay the ten cents per pound penalty. However, in the case of cotton, which is selling farther below parity than tobacco is selling above that fictitious value and takes so much labor to harvest, it is expected that few will plant more than was planted this year, while some will plant less.

Grains and hay crops will probably account for the chief increase in acreage, principally because these require less labor for planting, cultivation and harvesting, and because per acre money returns are steadily increasing.

Soy beans have not proved a successful crop with most farmers in this county and acreages planted to them, despite the great demand for this wonder crop in the war effort, is expected to be much lower than 1943.

Mr. Knowles states that farmers here generally are disgusted with the Administration's attitude toward farm produce prices, particularly since most of them are below parity and are constantly being hedged against by price orders while concessions to labor are being granted. Farmers have opposed the subsidy program because they believe that they are getting a pretty raw deal from both the farm-labor and the produce price points of view. It appears that despite demands for widely varied crop production they are planting those crops which will produce the greatest monetary return per acre with the least labor cost.

Promises of Federal cooperation in aiding the farmer produce these varied crops demanded by the war have produced very little aid. The farmers are finding it necessary to consider every cost angle before selecting crops for production on their farms. Many of the crops they are asked to produce were grown here in 1943 at a terrific loss and the Federal aid failed to compensate for more than a fraction of this loss, it is claimed.

So, it appears that much of the effort of the Food-Fiber-Freedom program of the Department of Agriculture has become bogged down in the Government's own mire of half-filled promises. The farmer is going to plant only those crops which will provide the most return, whether they are the most vital or not.

OPINIONS and SENTIMENTS

From Other Editors

Plain Talk To Women

(The Rockingham Post-Dispatch)

On Thanksgiving night, a young white girl in Southern Pines was criminally assaulted by a soldier. The following morning, the wife of a soldier was also criminally assaulted as she was on her way to her work in a Southern Pines store. In each case, the soldier had a knife drawn and forced the young women to leave the sidewalk and go into shrubbery near the streets.

A short time before that, a young lady was criminally assaulted in the town of Laurinburg, and another attempted assault occurred there a few days later, all by white soldiers.

And now it has come to Rockingham. On the night of December 1st, right here in Rockingham, and within three blocks of the Police Station, a white lady was attacked and criminally assaulted by a young white soldier. The local officers, a State FBI investigator and the Camp Mackall authorities have worked on the case, but without success. The identity of this one beast has not yet been discovered.

The Post-Dispatch regrets to print this. But we do so from a sense of public duty—in the hope that it will serve as a warning to all girls and women to be very careful where and how they go at night.

Be careful NOT to go out alone. The streets, especially in the residential and outlying sections, are none too well lighted.

In every box of eggs, there is often found a rotten one. In every group of men, there is often found a BEAST. There are 30,000 soldiers out at Camp Mackall, and it would be folly to expect every one to be perfect. The soldiers of Camp Mackall are as anxious to eradicate such an animal from their ranks as our own civilians would be were the criminal a civilian. It is no reflection on our soldiers to give this warning. The camp as a whole cannot be blamed for the actions of one or two.

So we urge you girls and women not to be out at night unless accompanied by a soldier or civilian escort. Be careful where and how you go. Danger can lurk on any dimly lighted street—if you walk UNPROTECTED!

New "Azores" of South Atlantic

(The Reader's Digest)

An airport gouged out of the volcanic rock of a tiny island in the wastes of the South Atlantic has become an essential pivot for flights that help us win the war. Ascension Island, measuring only five miles by seven, lies roughly half way between the downward bulge of Africa and the outward bulge of Brazil, and represents a most remarkable bit of American enterprise, guts, imagination and tenacity, in the opinion of John Gunther, noted author and radio news commentator.

He reveals for the first time the hitherto closely guarded secret of this remarkable airport. "God's gift to ocean fliers," in an article in the January Reader's Digest, Gunther's plane, which left Accra, Africa, in the morning, landed on Ascension Island around noon, resumed its flight in the afternoon, and landed in Brazil that same evening. The trip was comfortable and safe, thanks in large part to Ascension, Gunther claims.

The island's pride is a runway, which British engineers frankly said could not be built. We built it in 91 days, writes Gunther—scalped it out of the side of a rust-colored mountain. We also built hangers, machine shops, barracks, hospitals, rifle ranges, mess halls, storage dumps, an overnight hotel for air passengers, and all the multifarious paraphernalia a great new airport needs, including even open-air theaters and baseball fields.

All this was created on what Gunther terms the loneliest and most isolated place he has ever seen on earth, or water. Except for St. Helena, about 800 miles away, "there is nothing but the vastness, the inconceivable emptiness of the Atlantic." He describes it as a water-swept, sun-scoured chunk of rock, and says that every cubic inch of food must be brought in, except eggs laid by the thousands and thousands of terns that cluster on the rocks. There is no water on the island, but Gunther says that our chemists purify the sea water and make it fit to drink.

Ascension has no native islanders and was uninhabited until the early 1800's, when the British built a cable station there. Today, writes Gunther, the whole island is swarming with crowded activity. Several thousand American troops are garrisoned there, and are officially considered a task force. Officers and men wear steel helmets always, and, according to the article, every eventuality is kept in mind, even the possibility of a landing attack by Axis submarine.

Gunther found morale on the island first class, despite the fact that Ascension is the loneliest and most inaccessible spot any American troops are called to serve in.

Amazing Insularity

(Wilmington Morning Star)

New York Newspapers feature the fact that three women are operating buses in Brooklyn. The trio has completed a six-week training course and are now operating three buses under constant observation of supervisors and when they are considered sufficiently skilled will be given regular runs.

This may be big news in the great city but is old stuff here. Women have been operating buses in Wilmington for these many months and doing a good job too.

It is hard to convince a Gothamite that everything worthwhile does not actually have inception within their borough confines, but it is true nevertheless, and the fact that they can't believe it merely proves their insularity.

NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS

By PAUL MALLON
Released by Western Newspaper Union.

MISMANAGED ECONOMY BRINGS CONFUSION APLENTY

WASHINGTON.—The peculiarities of what can happen to plenty in a managed or mismanaged economy, such as the government has undertaken in the war (loading to shortages at the dinner table when a reasonable plenty exists on the farms) can best be illustrated by what is happening in hogs.

Lately, hogs have been rushed to packing houses so fast that experts term the condition "panicky." Even light-weight pigs and young sows have been pushed to market at an alarming rate. There are several reasons.

The shortage of feed, the difficulties and cost of farm labor practically forced the farmer to sell more than he otherwise would. Under these conditions, he could be expected to do nothing else.

Yet this plentiful supply is not all going on to the consumers either in the army or out of it. Storage figures in the packing trade indicate large quantities of meats are being held back under government direction under a policy similar to that which has also caused the holding back of stocks of butter.

Presumably, the government wants to accumulate supplies for the future when the natural reaction to the current panicky packing business will result in shortages of supply.

Only a portion of the plenty, therefore, is reaching the public, and even this portion, as every consumer knows, seems to be largely of an inferior grade and quality. The best cuts just do not seem to be available.

Some of the supply, no doubt, is going into the varicolored markets. There are many other phases of handling between farmer and consumer. In all the various phases of this management, plenty is dissipated before it reaches your eye, or even the grocery store.

OTHER PRODUCTS ALSO

Precisely the same conditions are true of beef, and the same results are evident in dairy products, although brought about by an almost opposite situation.

There, a good common grade milk cow can bring over \$200 in the present market against \$75 to \$85 before the war, because of the restricted price of butter and milk, and the shortages and costs of both feed and labor. Pure-bred milk cows are bringing enormous prices, varying from \$700 to \$1,000.

These cows are being bought up by dairymen looking to the future with an idea of breeding. Yet shortages prevail in all the varied products. It never seems to come out even.

If any human set out to create a shortage in a time of plenty, he would have encountered far more difficulty in accomplishing it than the managed economy has been able to do while striving in the opposite direction.

The setup was supposed to provide us all with a fair share of what is left after army needs, but it has run contrary to human nature and natural laws and has wound up a rather mangled economy. Certainly no one will contend it has provided equal distribution.

To me it proves, at least, that managed economies are impossible.

CONVERSION OF INDUSTRY WILL BE DIFFICULT

Peacetime business conversion will be as difficult as the conversion of industrial plants to war. The problem of every individual plant will differ in some respect. Best picture of the situation has been presented by Chrysler's president, K. T. Keller.

He showed the George committee that Chrysler has converted 16,000 of its 20,000 tools to war work, and today has 19,227 tools owned by the government. These government tools will have to be cleared from the plant before Chrysler can start to make automobiles again. Then what to do about the tools?

They cannot all be converted to auto use, but he said Chrysler would buy some, and the government may wish to use others in arsenals. Obviously, the government is going to become involved in the greatest second-hand industrial junk business of all time.

Certainly, this situation calls for a clear, immediate declaration of policy and the beginning of tremendous detailed work of handling individual plant problems.

While WPB has experts with better knowledge of conditions than anyone else, much better than the army and navy, for instance, Mr. Baruch probably will recommend creation of an over-all body rather than designation of any specific bureau.

Only extremely generalized rules can be laid down, however, in view of the variety of conflicting situations in plants. If the problem is measured up by bad management, it will dangerously accentuate unemployment difficulties, force continued rationing and delay our return to normal.

FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF



POOLE'S MEDLEY

By D. SCOTT POOLE

A friend, not a native of the South, asked me a few days ago, why the people of this section wanted fireworks displays at Christmas instead of on the Fourth of July, and I could not explain why. However, it has been a custom in this section to fire guns, fire crackers, and other loud stuff, at Christmas.

The sleet stopped traffic in the hill country, and accidents occurred in some localities in this section of the state. But I have seen it only rain in Raeford. Then get on a train, and from Montrose to Aberdeen the trees would be heavily laden with ice.

There has not been a heavy sleet in this section since January 6th, 1876. On the night of the 5th of that January, I spent the night at Argyle postoffice, (Longstreet church) enroute to Fayetteville with the mail and Wednesday, January 5th, it poured rain all day, and it froze as fast as it fell on the trees, none on the ground.

I carried the mail on the first week in June, 1874, for brother John, who was carrying it for M. G. McKenzie, of Clark's Mills, 46 miles west of Fayetteville, and John had to help father in some heavy work I could not do, so I was mail carrier "protem" as it were.

A man named Louder, was postmaster in Fayetteville, and as I was small for my age, he accused McKenzie, the contractor, of sending a child with the mail. On that January I secured an affidavit that I was 16 years of age, and entitled to be mail carrier. The regular carrier was sick.

As I rode along the road that morning between Longstreet and Fayetteville, limbs of trees, heavy laden with ice crashed all around me, but I went steadily on. Occasionally a whole pine, as large as they grew, fell just behind me, or just before me or along side me, but my self and horse escaped unhurt.

I arrived in Fayetteville at 11 o'clock A. M., carried the mail into the post office, went and fed my horse, and looked around awhile. At 1 P. M. I presented myself and my affidavit, and got the mail pouch and started on the return trip. Postmaster was mumbled something about perjury, or some other unnecessary complaining.

As I reached the foot of Haymount, I met a terrific thunderstorm, and the heaviest kind of a rain. The water was almost strong enough to sweep my horse from under me, and the flat lands for some miles out of Fayetteville were ponds of water three or four feet deep.

The woods all over this longleaf pine section looked like new cleared lands, with the heaps of green pine-tops. How I and my horse escaped I (Continued on Page Eight)

OUR DEMOCRACY — by Mat



New Year's-1944 = My time for an Accounting

Annual Income	\$?
Annual Expenditure (Life as usual plus unnecessary spending)	The Same
Result	Worry and Want.
Annual Income	\$?
Annual Expenditure	Only enough for careful family living
Money to put into War Bonds, Life insurance, savings accounts	To balance the account
Result	Happiness and Security