

# AGRICULTURAL - BRANCH ACCEPTING ORDERS FOR AUSTRIAN WINTER PEAS

Orders for Austrian winter peas for use as a winter legume are now being accepted by the Halifax County A.C.A. office according to C. H. Banks, Jr., Secretary to the County AAA Committee. The seed will be ready for delivery about September 15.

Due to the shortage of gasoline and tires all producers requesting these seed should mail the order to the County Office giving the name of the farm operator, the farm serial number, and the number of pounds requested. Immediately upon the receipt of the seed orders will be mailed to each producer requesting them and they may be delivered at the places of business of Shields Company, Scotland Neck, Halifax Milling Company, Halifax, Farmer's Supply Company, Enfield, and Anderson Feed & Grocery Company, Weldon. The peas may be obtained as a grant of aid material without any outlay of cash and the cost of seed and freight will be deducted from any payments due the farmer under the Agricultural Conservation Program.

The seeding of Austrian winter peas, Vetch, and Crimson Clover is most important to farmers in Halifax County this year because of the anticipated shortage of commercial nitrates for next year. "We are engaged in our biggest agricultural production program and we must keep our soil in condition to produce as much food and fiber as the nation needs as long as necessary," Banks said in a statement for publication this week.

## LETTERS from Our Readers

Warrenton, N. C.  
Box 492  
August 28, 1942

Mr. Henry Fitts,  
Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

Dear Henry:  
As you say, the true meaning of the word Communism is local ownership. Probably a better definition is to supplement the word sharing to ownership.

I say this for you know that I have traveled extensively. In the isolated island groups of the South Seas, I have witnessed such ownership and sharing work to a point of what one might term practical perfection. Each tribe (not the whole island or group of islands) shared and shared and shared alike. The other islands or tribes did the same, but they traded their surplus with one another. In modern times they ship produce to far distant lands.

\* The fisherman shared his fish, the farmer (yes, they have farms) shared his produce. The weaver, the potter, the craftsman, the pearl diver—all did their required amount of sharing from what they produced.

Each family built their own home. True, the home was a simple one, being built of bamboo or teakwood, but it was comfortable as long as it would last. It has been proved that such dwellings could withstand the great hurricanes better than the white man's stone or stucco-like buildings in areas where hurricanes were common. This is the rule especially if the house had a good foundation. I'm not an engineer or builder as you are, but I think this is due to the resilience of native dwellings when under pressure of terrific hurricanes. Monsoons, typhoons and hurricanes are seasonal more or less—depending upon the geographical area. Our Gulf and Atlantic coasts have these storms. The clapboard dwelling is the one of choice, especially for a degree of permanence. Many dwellings have been torn and destroyed by these hurricanes on our coasts. Recently the New England area suffered mightily, particularly the stone and brick houses. An article explained this quite adequately in the Saturday Evening Post a year or so ago. The point I wish to bring out is that these simple dwellings are a result of pure necessity more than anything else.

These people of the South Sea Islands are not a lazy folk. They are full of vigor, vitality and they are happy. Usually they are the most virtuous people in the world. (I'm sure I can prove this.) They are virtuous if they have not been tainted by the ways of the unscrupulous white and Mongolian traders and exploiters.

The economic life of the Eskimo is still in the pure communal state. Read Kablooner (means white man).

This was written by a Frenchman who became tired—not of the true culture and tradition of his country—but tired of the veneer that coats and corrodes the fine civilization of France. He traveled with the Eskimo in the far North, and he did not wish to leave there, but when he found that France was stricken he returned to France to help heal her wounds after she was attacked by Germany. He was dreaming of a new France.

This brings us to the American dream—a dream for which we have struggled more than a century and a half. Daniel Boone, Clark, and others have paved the way for us. Please do not let us leave our Lincoln. He struggled from the ground up, trekking miles and miles through a wild country to reach a place called Springfield, Illinois, where he could

practice law and make a living.

These pioneers were possessed with a dream—The American dream. They backed the woods, built cabins, towns, cities. I've been all through there and I know the history of these people. They had to struggle—work hard for what they got. I am reluctant to renounce the things for which they fought. True, changes are taking place and we must have changes sooner or later but we don't have to give up Democracy, only modify or change the system under which we have had a measure of enjoyment at times and suffered miserably at others. Good times have been short, hard times always long.

Lincoln was really thinking of the world. He had a world dream, and he struggled and fought for it until he died.

You know when I visited Washington a year or so after the last fuss, I went inside the Lincoln Memorial. I felt very small in there. I read the Gettysburg speech and found in it a pattern of life.

The lines in the lasting gem of World literature that pressed so vividly on a certain sheet in my mind were:—"and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people—shall not perish from the earth." It would be a good thing if all our boys could read that address, better commit it to memory as I did, before they go off to battle. Get it and send it to your own son and tell him that is what he is fighting for, particularly point out the lines that I have quoted in this paragraph. Tell him to circulate it among his buddies. What we fought for in 1917-1918 was a cruel and unscrupulous Plutocracy, not the Democracy of Lincoln's dream.

You may consider this an open letter and have it published in your local paper.

(This letter is unfinished, will continue it later.)

Love to all,  
I wish to clarify certain points between the relationship of communism and a pure Democracy—the Democracy we want.

Nay  
Please answer and give me some of your ideas.

September 4, 1942  
Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

Dear Mr. Editor,

The country as a whole is always encouraging the people to keep the morale of the armed forces up. So we, the young people of Roanoke Rapids, are more than willing to do whatever we can to help. However, we are at a definite disadvantage. With gas rationing and tire shortage, it makes it almost impossible to carry anyone for a pleasure ride in our family car. We don't mind that at all, though.

Now, here's where the citizens of R. R. play their patriotic part.

"We" need a place where we can go in order to have something to do. Maybe a small dance pavilion provided with a juke box (piccolo) in one of our many unused mill parks would help. This is merely a suggestion but a swell opportunity for the business men and citizens of R. R. to do their patriotic duty.

We date the Soldiers, Sailors, Coast Guards, Marines, Flying Cadets and home boys with pleasure; but we have no place to go, except the movies. When sometimes the dates can't afford it. If we had a park fixed up, as we suggested, we would be able to meet our friends and have a nice, clean, good time. Other nice towns have them. Why can't we?

So, we appeal to you, Mr. Editor (and Roanoke Rapids) to help us fix up our little city of which we are so proud.

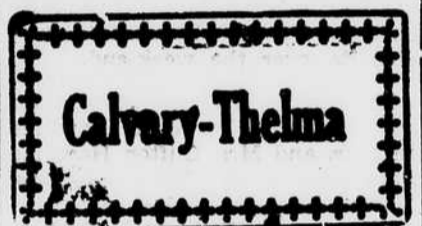
Sincerely yours,  
The Juvenile Public  
of Roanoke Rapids

P. S. If you don't believe this, ask any young boy or girl in town. They'll tell you the same thing.

P.S. Jr. We'll be willing to "flush" the piccolo!

P.S. Sr. We buy Defense Stamps, too!

Thanks a million!



Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Perry and Mrs. Troy Woodlief were visitors of Mrs. F. W. Parks Sunday night. Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Parks and family and Mr. and Mrs. Jim Jenkins spent Sunday afternoon with Mrs. Jasper Walker.

Mrs. J. L. Gleason has returned home after visiting relatives in Richmond, Va.

Mrs. W. T. Threewitts was the Friday afternoon guest of Mrs. H. L. Faucette.

The Woman's Society of Christian Service met with Mrs. Roscoe Hamill at her home in Thelma Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Robert Morris and Mrs. Jasper Walker spent Tuesday in Roanoke Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Myrick and son of Portsmouth, Va. were visitors in the community last Monday.

Mrs. Sidney Walker spent a short while with her granddaughters, Mesdames Jenkins and Conley, Friday morning.

Mrs. Frank R. King spent Friday with her daughters in Roanoke Rapids.

Mrs. B. C. Jenkins spent several days with her daughter, Mrs. H. S. Harper, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Perkinson and sons of Norlina spent the week-end with her mother here.

E. S. Jenkins of Franklin, Va.

was at his home for the week-end. H. D. and Dora Alice Myrick of Raleigh spent the week-end with their parents here.

Billy Myrick of Portsmouth spent the week-end here.

Willie Gray Mitchell of Norfolk was home for the week-end.

Mrs. Shirley Myrick of Norfolk was a visitor of Mrs. John Myrick Sunday afternoon.

Whit Faucette of Richmond was a visitor of his brother, H. L. Faucette, a short while Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde Myrick and family were guests of Mrs. John Myrick Sunday afternoon.

W. C. Myrick of Jacksonville was at his home for the week-end.

### ENTERTAINS CLASS

Miss Allyne Faucette entertained the Junior class of Calvary Sunday School Wednesday afternoon at her home. Games were played and ice cream and cake were served to the following: Margaret and Hazel Harper, Margaret Ann and W. G. Mitchell, Dallas Ervin Lucas, Alaise and Carrie Mae Jenkins, Betsy Ann Myrick, Pat Brown, Dorothy, Iris Jean and George Thomas Parks, and Miss Helen Mitchell.

### CALVARY CHURCH

Sunday School Sunday a.m. at 10:30. Please come and please be on time.

Mrs. J. D. Overby visited her daughter, Mrs. A. M. Atkinson, Thursday. Mrs. Overby was returning to her home in Margaretsville, N. C., after visiting her daughters in Washington, D. C. and Richmond, Va.

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