

Smaller Turkey Crop In Prospect For 1953

Production In State Almost Doubled Past Three Years

North Carolina's turkey crop will be cut by 5 per cent from last year for the 1953 season if growers' intentions of January 1 are carried out.

The State-Federal Crop Reporting Service reveals that a crop of 967,000 turkeys was indicated as of January 1, compared with the all-time record of 1,018,000 raised last year. An exceptionally large turkey crop throughout the United States brought prices down while feed prices remained fairly steady last year, but increased consumption prior to the holiday season softened the blow to some degree.

Turkey production in North Carolina has almost doubled during the past three years. In 1950, only 559,000 turkeys were raised—followed by a crop of 783,000 in 1951. The average for the five years from 1945 through 1949 was 404,000.

On the U. S. level, including many states where turkey raising is big business, intentions indicate a cut of 8 per cent from last year—a crop of 54,069,000 turkeys compared with 58,956,000 producer last year.

Song Of Wananook

(Continued from Page Two)

praisal. If Wananook expected to find fear in the eyes of the Englishman he was doomed to disappointment; for Sir Richard feared no man, Indian or devil, on land or sea.

In the other, both the Englishman and the Indian recognized an opponent worthy of his steel. And each respected, if he did not fear, the other's courage.

Sir Richard marveled that the Indian dared to invade single-handed, with belligerent intentions, the white man's ship. With amusement he wondered what the Indian intended to do with the arquebus he carried. It was not reasonable to believe that he could operate the weapon.

"Faith, Cap'n," spoke up a seaman who could stand the strain no longer, "what 'ee goin' to do?"

"Quiet!" Sir Richard did not take his eyes off the Indian. A restless ripple ran through the men; they were all beginning to feel the strain.

Wananook advanced another pace and swept his arm in a majestic gesture and pointed toward the east. When he spoke his voice was harsh and commanding.

Sir Richard turned to Jeremy, who had picked up a few words of the Indian dialect. "What does he say?"

Jeremy frowned. "Best I can tell, Sir, he says, 'Go.'"

"Tell him we are friends and do not wish to harm him or his people."

Jeremy turned to the Indian and spoke a few halting words.

Wananook scowled.

"Evidently he does not want our

friendship. Ask him, Jeremy, what his name is and to what tribe does he belong."

Jeremy complied. The Indian listened stolidly and then drew himself up; he struck his chest. "Wananook!" Then followed a long string of guttural and unintelligible words.

Jeremy turned to Grenville. "He says, Cap'n, he's a great warrior and chief of the Chowanokes—the white man must go or Indian kill."

"Ask him, Jeremy, how he intends to kill the white man—with that sun he carries?"

Jeremy hesitated as if he had not heard aright.

"Go ahead, Jeremy," repeated Grenville; "ask this Wananook if he intends to kill the white man with the white man's weapon."

When Jeremy had finished transmitting Sir Richard's words, Wananook in great dignity and in solemn tones delivered a lengthy speech. He told the white men they did not belong here; this was the Indians' land. The forests and streams and all in them belonged to the Indian. The white man must go!

"An' Cap'n, sir," gulped Jeremy when he had relayed these words to Sir Richard, "e says 'e be goin' to kill us and drive us away with the lightning of the firestick. Struth, sir, do 'e be thinking he can kill us with poor Hawkin's gun? 'E that knows nought 'o such things."

Wananook was becoming impatient. He had delivered his ultimatum and now he sprang into action. With the suddenness that took every man in the cabin by surprise he sprang back a pace, leveled the arquebus and brought it to bear on Sir Richard. Just as quickly a sailor leaped forward with musket and match and fired. The flame of the musket breathed hot on Wananook's cheek but the ball whistled harmlessly by his head. Another sailor swung a sword that surely would have ended the Indian's life had it landed. All was confused. Running feet pounded the deck outside and men burst into the cabin. They took in the situation at a glance; sprang at Wananook to cut him down.

"Hold, men, hold!" Again Sir Richard sprang to the defense of the Indian. "Hold your fire and your sword arm and listen to me!"

Not understanding but obedient they lowered their weapons and backed up. There was much grumbling, but an order was an order, and not for them to gainsay it or to question.

Wananook stood imperturbable and unshaken, the arquebus still leveled at Sir Richard.

Sir Richard Grenville, soldier, seaman, adventurer, statesman, was also a diplomat. In a flash had occurred to him a solution to this problem, the possible averting of bloodshed and the winning of the Indian's friendship.

Wananook no doubt thought the arquebus would spout flame and death if he willed it; but it was obvious the Indian knew nothing of firearms and the arquebus was harmless in his hands. So, reasoned Sir Richard, why not allow the Indian to continue to believe that the arquebus held the power to kill and subdue the white man; for if he discovered that the weapon

would not kill for him as it did for the white man, he would revert to his knife and a bloody battle would ensue, and some of the men would be hurt or killed before the Indian could be subdued.

"Lads," spoke Sir Richard, "lay down your weapons—on the deck—and back away from the Indian. Jeremy, tell Wananook we go. We will leave the Indian's land."

Jeremy's jaw dropped. "Cap'n, be ye daft?"

The men looked at one another, blankly, as if their Captain had indeed gone mad. They stirred uneasily, but held onto their swords and muskets.

Sir Richard Grenville's brow darkened with wrath. "Lay down your arms," he roared, "or by God, I'll hang every man jack o' ye from the yard-arm!"

Muskets, swords and pikes rattled to the deck.

"Now, back away!"

The men complied sullenly.

"Now, Jeremy—tell him we go."

When Richard Grenville spoke thus no man dared disobey. Despite his sternness, Sir Richard Grenville could not but appreciate the humor of the situation—a lone Indian holding at bay a cabinful of tough English seadogs—but he carefully concealed his real feelings from the men. His outward demeanor was serious and with the dignity becoming an officer.

Jeremy conveyed Grenville's words to the Indian; Wananook surveyed the sullen, unarmed seamen before him. His gaze paused on the granite visage of Grenville. For a long moment he held his pose; then again he swept his arm to the east in a dramatic gesture and repeated his command:

"White man—go!"

He cradled the arquebus in the crook of his arm, turned on his heel and stepped from the cabin.

Wananook dropped over the side into his canoe, and was paddling for the distant wooded shore before the English fully realized the Indian was gone.

Wananook stood tall and straight on the banks of the Nomopana. He gazed out over the water and his eyes rested on the big white-winged canoe of the white men. At his back the tall trees rustled and at his feet the gentle waters rippled.

On board the great canoe there was

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much activity; across the water came the creak of block and tackle and the faint rattle of chains. The white men scuttled back and forth, they called to one another, and some climbed the tall trees that supported the wide white wings. Long ropes dangled and swayed and were hauled and pulled this way and that by the white men.

On the highest part of the great canoe stood the chief of the white men, leader of the many men from the strange land across the deep waters. He strode the deck and waved his arms, and his commanding voice came across the water to the ear of Wananook.

Wananook looked out over the river and he saw that the big canoe would soon spread its wings and glide down to the mouth of the mighty stream, on into the Sound and out beyond the Great Bar, and depart from the land of the Chowanokes forever, never to return.

The Great White Chief would keep his faith with the Indian. Wananook had commanded the white men to go, and they had laid down their arms and heeded the words of the Indian. Wananook was a great warrior; the white man could not stand up before the arrows and knives of the Indian, who were as numerous as the leaves of the forest. And if they listened not to him, he, Wananook would loose upon them the great

voice and tongue of flame of the firestick which he bore.

They would go down and out of the land of the Indian forever. Wananook had spoken.

Not a muscle moved in the Indian's bronzed body as he stood long and silent on the shore of Nomopana and watched the big canoe lift its wings and make ready for flight.

Slowly at first but gathering speed as the wind caught her sails and filled them, the ship slipped from her anchorage, heeled over, and was soon beating her way down the river.

The mists of the great river lifted up and swirled about her; her bow cleft the waters; and they rippled and gurgled as they slipped off her hull and spun out astern in a foamy wake.

Wananook stood and shaded his eyes with his hand against the glare of water and sun. The ship on the breast of Nomopana grew smaller and smaller, wrapped about by the curtains of mist and haze that were gradually drawing down; until finally she was no more to be seen. And the forests and the streams, and all the land of the Indian was left to Wananook. The white man had gone; he would never return.

Yet still and silent he stood, a chief and son of chiefs, at his back his bow and arrows, at his belt his knife and war-locks, triumphant and regal. The squirrels ceased their chatter and crept closer to look; and far-

there downstream a deer, unafraid, nuzzled the water.

Wananook turned, and with the arquebus of the white man still cradled in the crook of his arm, disappeared into the forest.

But the white man did return. The Indians' efforts to turn this great flood were futile and in vain. They came in many ships, cut down the forests, built great villages with many lodges and settled down to plant and people the wilderness. . . . (Concluded Next Week)

"Posturized"

The question in the physiology examination read: "How may one obtain good posture?"

The country boy puzzled a moment, then wrote: "Keep the cows off it and let it grow."

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