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TIME NOW FOR LOCAL ACTIVITY

Although reconversion and post-war prosperity have not as yet shown any remarkable strides, the time is at hand for everyone and every group to be particularly concerned about possibilities of developments and improvements that are not only needed but must come in order to keep abreast of accelerated movement that will speed business, add to the comfort of living, and afford relief from some of the aggravating conditions of the past.

We have in mind right now the sad-looking, holey, rain-pestored streets of Lillington. Ever so often, but not quite so often, these streets are plowed, scraped, dragged and otherwise monkeyed with, in effort to make them passable. But soon, quite soon, the dirt gets back to its wonted condition—high here, low there, soft everywhere, smooth nowhere.

And so is money spent to no good purpose at all. There is a time in the life of every town when it must go forward. Has that time arrived for Lillington? If not, when?

Property values in this town are soaring, even with sorry streets. What they would do with paved streets is anyone's guess. While we do not like booms, because so much of the thing called "boom" is based on fictitious value, still there is a way to make a boom stick, and be of real value. Paved streets would help more than anything else to put property values on a high basis and hold them there.

We cannot say what percentage of the property owners of the town is in favor of improving the streets. But we venture the assertion that once the streets were paved it would be a very small percentage, if any, that would want to go back to dirt roads.

We repeat, it's time to do some planning, and forthwith to take some action that will start things going. Other towns have already started, and it shouldn't be said that Harnett's county seat town can't do as well as any town.

We have some of the modern improvements here, but the fact that streets cannot be listed as one of our modern improvements should compel us to start out in a hurry. Now is the time—while money is cheap!

WHAT IS YOUR I. Q. RATING?

It has been said that the wisest person is one who realizes limitation in intelligence. Correct information on some matters may be difficult to obtain, but some of the simplest questions can stump people who are supposed to be well-informed.

Yes, you've guessed it—we've been listening to the Quiz Kids. And we don't mind saying we feel a little bit ashamed when we hear those youngsters answer questions that would puzzle us.

It may be, for all we know, untrue what the announcer says about those kids. He says they do not know what questions are to be asked; that they answer from their own knowledge without prompting. But even if the program is full of fakery, that does not lessen the fact that we do not know the answers, not all of them, and therefore we feel uncomfortable when the kids give the answers.

Did you ever put yourself on the stand and ask yourself some questions? It's a mighty good way to determine for yourself just how much you know that you ought to know. For instance:

Can you spell the names of all the counties in North Carolina? Do you know how many people live in North Carolina? In Harnett county? Can you name which ocean bounds North Carolina on the east? What's the name of the ocean on the west side of the United States? How many States in the Union? Does the Government spend any of the money it receives from the sale of postage stamps in local communities? In what way? Does grass go up and down in trees in summer and winter, or does it remain dormant in winter? Which fruit trees bloom earliest,

those bearing early or those bearing late fruit?

What is the significance in the words by the Psalmist, "He leadeth me beside the still waters"? What is the difference between timber and lumber? What is the name of the place where the first airplane was flown? Where is it?

Where did most of our rubber come from prior to the war? Where did most of it come from previous to that supply? Did Harnett county ever have more sheep than it has now? When? Add to this list any questions you can answer, or maybe can't. Test your own I. Q. It often pays to be inquisitive with oneself.

SCIENTIST SAYS RUSSIA HAS ATOM BOMB

Dr. Raphael E. G. Armattos, British scientist, has made the assertion that Russia has developed an atomic bomb that will be used in destructive bombs dropped on the Japanese cities by American air-fighters. Dr. Armattos, a native of West Africa, is director of the Lomeshie Research Center for anthropology and human biology at Londonderry, Northern Ireland.

Dr. Armattos declines to disclose the source of his information, but when pressed, said some members of Lomeshie Center's staff were affiliated with Russian natural-scientific societies. "The destructive character of the Anglo-American bomb depends upon a determined size of uranium," he said, adding "The Russian bomb, however, develops its force by a spin or angular motion, making it more applicable for engineering work."

Dr. Victor F. Weiskopf, theoretical physicist who was intimately connected with the construction of the atom bomb at Los Alamos, New Mexico, is reported as saying that the Londonderry report of development of the new Russian atom bomb sounded "like a lot of foolishness." He said it was absolutely impossible to derive as much energy from a small quantity of uranium as reported by Dr. Armattos.

It seems that this is a case of seeing and believing, on the one hand, and not seeing and not believing, on the other. We are inclined to place more faith in what Dr. Armattos says than in what those who are not in "the know" might say. At any rate, we cannot believe it possible to hold secret from Russia the mystery of the atom bomb. If the Russians do not already know as much about atom-splitting as we do, then it's not going to be a long, long time before they do.

One thing to remember, and it may be kept in mind in connection with what Dr. Weiskopf says, is that Russia, like some other countries, has learned to do great things with less material than some other nations, including America, enjoy.

For our part, we would believe Russia could do wonders with less uranium than was used in our bomb with which we knocked the fighting spirit out of Japan.

Watch those Russians! They are going places!

DO JEWS REALLY WANT PALESTINE?

The controversy still rages over the question of turning Palestine over to the Jews. One might infer from press dispatches that it is now simply a question of whether Great Britain and the United States may agree to let them have it.

But it is well to keep in mind the fact that solution of the matter is not so simple as that. The Arabs claim that Palestine is theirs; that it was originally theirs, and that the Jews are what might be termed in our phrasology as "squatters."

A few years ago this writer had an interesting conversation with two young Arab gentlemen, who, by the way, were above the average of intelligence of ordinary Americans. In the course of the conversation the Palestine question arose. Immediately the young Arabs waxed eloquent in their contention that the country called Palestine was not and never had been Jewish; that even though the country might be turned over to them they would not be satisfied except for a temporary period. Just as soon as they felt their freedom and a sense of ownership, they would do as they have always done, begin to wander away and into all parts of the world. "Give Palestine to the Jews—bah!" exclaimed one of the Arabs, "they want Palestine like a fish wants the air."

No doubt there is a sincere desire on the part of the Jews—European Jews—for a place to settle, a place where they would, for a time at least, they would be free from the yoke of bondage. But wasn't that the story during Moses' time?

The Covenant promised that so long as the Jews abided by its terms they would be happy and prosperous, but it also stipulated that if they departed from it they would disintegrate as a free people. That amazing document also promised them, however, that when they struck up on evil days, if they would cry out in repentance to Jehovah, they would be heard, and their needs ministered. Is that repentant cry now going up? If so, no one can reasonably deny that their cry will be heard. But it is well to bear in mind that the demand of the Jews for their restoration in Palestine is, probably,

not so much that they are really desirous of returning to Palestine and remaining there, as it is to find a haven in time of storm.

At any rate, it is altogether unlikely that either America or Britain, or both, can adopt the Jehovah role and do everything for the Jews that was provided in the Covenant, and so often.

HOME BREW BY MRS. LOU

Well, since all er these here strikes is on, hits put er noshon in my hudo enbout strikin' myself.

An' I been er thinkin' what I'd best to strike fer—I can't strike fer wages fer I've worked all my life an' ain't never got none.

I can't strike erbout long hours fer I has to work ontill my nose is done. I can't strike erbout the weather fer I has to take what comes, so my onliest thing to strike erbout is wimmon's hats, an' ontill they gits back to my noshon I'm gonn' on er bare-headed strikin' 'em all erlone.

I seed er woman yestidday with er straw hat on, hit was er tiny little doll-baby lookin' sailor—not much bigger 'an er ash tray. Hit was balanced on er knob on her hade an' propped up to er dangerous slant by her ear.

She was young an' didn't keer erfon hit made her look like er monkey, but I ain't got no noshon er baboonin' myself with one er them quare non-hits.

When they hits back to hade size an' all appendages in proportion—then I'll be on the market ergin.

Ontill then—erfon hit busts up the hat bizness, I've done struck, an' yo'll see me bare-headed right on.

I'm sho sorry to see the kidnappin' bizness rovin', his terrible on them that's got young'un's money; an' growed up folks even gits kidnapped sometimes.

When I thinks erbout hit, I'm sho glad I'm ole, red-headed an' knock-kneed, with no mo' figger 'a nor figger one. Them quare biznesses gives me er sense er security erbout gittin' kidnapped.

Er strange man onct come to my house with er note book an' pencil in his han', an' I was scart he was er kidnapper at first, so I sez, "Yo'er sellin' somethin' I suppose."

He had er mighty mean countenance an' I sho felt uneasy. "I'm not sellin' anything," sez he. "I'm doing some research work for a biologic society, and some of your neighbors said you would be a good one for me to see."

"You see, we are taking a cross-section of country and locating different types of people. "It seems to me that the cave-dwellers are the prototype of you and your forebears," sez he grinnin'.

"Cave-dwellers? I've heard tell er them folks; pa used to teach, us erbout 'em, an' enbout the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, an' the Iron Age; an' the Iron Age ain't over," sez I. "As I started towards him with er hot iron in my han', he lef' that place at er forty mile er hour clip, an' I ain't heard tell er him but onct since; he stopped at one er my neighbors an' tole 'em that he stopped at my house to write-up my type thinkin' that my fer-er-way ancestors was cave-dwellers, but he foun' he had made er mistake an' instead I had come from er colony of viragoes. He tole 'em that he didn't stay to git no details, he lef' vamoosed."

He may call hit vamoosin', I'd call hit rapid transit, he run so fast that his shirt tail come out, an' I'm sho he'd never come back fer my type no mo'.

I knows I ain't never took no beauty prizes, an' I'm erware er all my shortcomings an' overperductions from the blige on my ole hull in the wrong place plum down to my pigen toes, but I didn't come from no cave-dwellers, an' none er my ancestrals did, nor did they come from the App-Man to Java, nor the Pliedown Man, the Neanderthal Man, or the Cro-Magnon Man.

All er them was manufactured outen er few ole fragments er bone foun' scattered erroun', an' hit sho was insultin' to have that Yankee pretendin' he thought my ancestrals come outen caves.

I dunno what give him the idee onlessen he had as his work to locate er type that had come from cave-dwellers, an' he thought I was er harmless ole soul that he could git to say anything wanted.

Efon I'd er took time to er tole him anything, I'd er give him Genesis as the reference an' the Garden er Eden as the place where my ancestrals come from.

Scientific agricultural experimentation is now on a hemispheric basis to produce supplies which the U. S. needs but does not grow.

Happy are the families where the government of parents is the reign of affection, and obedience of the children the submission of love.—Bacon.

Chattels for sale at The News office Deeds for sale at The News office

OBSERVATIONS

BY A COUNTRY SCRIBE

HOW LONG DOES A BUNGLER BUNGLE?

There was once a fine old fellow living around here who was a daily gazer at the Jiggs cartoon the daily paper funny column. His name was Hec Green—and a repetition—a finer fellow never lived, Hec got tired, mighty tired, of the way things were going in that cartoon funny, and he remarked to his friends one day: "I want to see a cartoon in which Jiggs beats the devil out of Maggie, and then I want to see the whole thing stopped. I'm tired of it."

That's the way a lot of folks—a whole lot of folks—are feeling about OPA. They're as tired as Hec er seeing OPA hop on this and that without rhyme or reason.

The latest hop was on cotton—raw cotton, mldud you, cotton when still in the hands of the farmers, who have tilled and sweated in the hot boiling sun and through the blinding sheets of rain to bring forth a crop which the world declares it can't do without. Farmers, do your stuff, the patriotic spellers spell, and the farmer does his stuff. Then what? Why, the OPA come along and tries to knock the stuffing out of the farmer by fixing a ceiling price on his cotton?

Shades of Pharaoh! How much will the cost of living be affected by fixing a ceiling price on cotton when there is not thirty cents worth of cotton in a shirt that sells for two to three dollars?

Are the last and final items about to drop out of OPA's list that keeps it in existence? It would seem so when it hops on cotton.

Knowing full well whereof he speaks, this Scribe would be willing to grant a pension to every person who is hardworking and industrious enough to grow cotton. How do I know whereof I speak? Listen: I chopped and picked cotton when I wasn't knee-high to a duck-legged duck. I've sweated the sweat of a cotton farmer; I've done his work. I know his back-breaking exactitudes. Also I know his heart-breaking unreluctance at market-time. My daddy hauled cotton twenty miles to market and sold it for four cents a pound. Do I know cotton?

This latest hopping by the OPA gets me all riled up. I can't help it. If I had my way, I'd order a thorough investigation of OPA to determine if there were really any brains mixed up in it, which I seriously doubt.

Then, after cleanng house, I'd put in a crowd who'd know something about the cost of living, who'd made an honest living all their lives, and who wanted to see everyone who works as hard for what he gets as the cotton farmer does left alone to get what little he can for the product of his toil.

Now that I've got that put of my system I don't feel any better, and won't, till OPA crops the notion of putting a price ceiling on cotton.

LO, THE WIGGLER!—Count on the Farm Extension Service for information. Ever so often The News has directed attention of its readers to the many valuable pieces of information contained in its farm news pages. Items in that news come to us illuminating such a way that we find ourselves wondering why we'd never learned them before.

And now comes a choice bit of knowledge. It's about fishing worms. Of all things! This Scribe has for a long time been fascinated by these lowly worms, but only in a manner of snatching something to lure the wily and wise fishes. (Fishes are a peculiar lot! They can snap at your bait till you almost feel superior to Ike Walton, or they can let it so severely alone till you think you are bound to be a son of a Jinx.)

Well, it has been discovered, so the Extension folks say, that fishing worms can increase the yield of corn in a field! What d'you know about that? Nothing, I guess, just as I did till the Extension folks told me. But they say it has been proved!

Now, before you declare yourself a monkey's uncle, just ponder a bit. You know some things, you know. Well, when the worms crawl through the earth and loosen it up so that nitrates can get through from the air—why, that's getting plainer, isn't it? But you'll have to get the Extension folks to tell you exactly how it works. In the meantime, read the article about it in this issue. You'll be amazed.

DOWN IN THE MUD.—Come in Mr. Proffit, the school man, and tells us he's been over in Western North Carolina where the schools are stalled down on account of the mud being so slicky-sticky-soft that the buses can't make it. On dirt roads over there, he says, the freeze-or-freezes—have continued since the early part of December, and the roads are solid ribbons of snow-sleet-ice. Cut-throughs in the roads have rendered them impossible of passage. It is, therefore, necessary for the schools to stay closed till the weather mends.

Knowing what mountain roads can do, and do do, when there's too much moisture, the Scribe could console Schoolman Proffit with the thought

that, though it can happen here, it doesn't.

SALUTE TO VOLUNTEERS ON RATIONING PROGRAM

Harnett countians who began their fifth year of service on OPA price control boards this month were lauded today by OPA District Director T. S. Johnson for their work in the past and reminded that the work is far from being finished.

"Board members who gave so untrudgingly of their time and energy to the rationing of scarce commodities are the people who made rationing programs a fine example of American democracy," Johnson asserted.

OPA continues, to need the assistance of unpaid volunteers, on local boards to meet the tremendous inflationary threat that is many times greater now than it was after World War I, Johnson said.

Reviewing the history of the organization of local boards, Johnson related that immediately following Pearl Harbor each governor was asked to set up an organization to ration tires in his state by January 5, 1942.

Less than one month after the war began, he continued, approximately 7,500 local rationing boards, manned by 29,000 volunteer workers, were receiving applications and issuing ration certificates for tires.

This original army of 20,000 volunteers soon increased to 76,000 and another 200,000 men and women volunteered to assist the local boards regularly, he said. These volunteers—merchants, bankers, factory workers, doctors, housewives, high school boys and girls, teachers, office workers and farmers—gave a specified amount of their time on a regular weekly schedule.

With everything but sugar now off the rationing list, OPA has changed the official name of its local organizations to Area Price Control Boards, Johnson said.

The district director stressed that while goods are scarce and in great demand, these price control boards will greatly need the support of the volunteers who worked so efficiently on price control during the war.

IN MEMORY OF GRANDMOTHER To the resounding echo of the music of a life, Which continues to inspire with all its past power As does the prolonged vibration of the strangled violin, May these lines he dedicated in reverence.

Lift your voices in mournful song, O thou of the Church and ye of the field! One of thy laborers hath passed on, But her handiwork is still to be seen.

Of the crowds and good times at the oldtime church meets, The older folk can tell, And at night where they stayed; of this good woman's meals, Who now breathes spiritual bread.

And ye of her kindred with eyes warm, undried, Who vision her figure as in Paradise, Can you still hear her voice; feel her uncertain hand, Or will holidays henceforth never be the same?

The New Year took her where the Old had declined, For he too was old and he knew the New courted her with dreams of the beyond, And she went—to join her beloved and the Master of them both.

O Woman, thou who yesterday was of the wretched flesh, Come to me yet in a dream, That again I may be mothered by thy soothing voice, O memory, O love, mournnik a finished life.

James Robert Spence 526 USN. Written in memory of Mrs. Jennie S. Patterson who passed away on January 1, 1946.

CEILINGS ARE RESTORED ON CITRUS FRUITS

Ceiling prices for citrus fruits, restored to OPA controls Jan. 4, will again appear on the new community price lists posted in food stores, T. S. Johnson, OPA district director for North Carolina, said today.

Prices appearing on the community price lists in the eight southeastern states range from 6 1-2c to 8 1-2c per pound on Florida white grapefruit, from 11c to 15c on Florida oranges, he said.

Price control was restored to fresh citrus fruits after several weeks of consideration because of unexpected price increases, Johnson explained. The district director pointed out that when fresh citrus fruit was suspended from price control in November it generally was selling below ceiling prices and a bumper crop was expected. Instead, prices for fresh citrus, especially oranges, continued to increase until restoration of control, he added.

Asserting that OPA wants to get rid of controls wherever possible, Johnson said, however, that they must be maintained until it is definitely that their removal would result in sharp increases in prices.

In this world, it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—H. W. Beecher.

A parent's good example will assist the tempted child in solving his own problems.—Dr. J. W. Holland.

A Father's Letter To His Sons

Dear Sons: I am wondering whether you boys have been among the number of servicemen overseas who have been protesting so strongly over the delay in demobilization. And if you have taken no part in it, I wonder what your reaction is to the whole matter. I expect I can guess, though. I feel sure that you boys are in hearty sympathy with the protests, whether you have taken part in the demonstrations or not. I think so, because practically everybody here feels the same way.

I am sorry indeed that the military authorities have bungled so badly the bringing home of the men and women overseas. If there was not a sure and certain program of demobilization in the first place, it should not have been announced that the servicemen and servicewomen overseas would ALL be brought home by a certain time. It seems that on the spur of the moment, when flushed with victory, the toppers declared with a flourish that all fighting men would be brought home as rapidly as shipping was available. They even went further and stated that every one would be back home by the first day of the year or soon thereafter. That was unfortunate, for, as I have said, they shouldn't have made any such statement without being absolutely sure they could carry out their program. Really, I believe they had no fixed program at all—that is, one based upon performance they could be sure of.

But it is just another case of bungling—and there have been so many! This latest one, however, is bad indeed, because the eyes of the world are fixed on Uncle Sam and his Democracy, and to be sure it leaves a very sorry impression.

Of course all of us here at home realize it would be bad business to so deplete the occupation forces as to leave in doubt whether we intend to carry through our commitment to see that the conquered enemy is subjugated to the extent that he will be able to stir up any more trouble. And because we realize that, we were somewhat amazed at the statement of hurried demobilization. But the authorities knew what they were talking about.

Well, it's a bad mess. But I hope the matter can be ironed out in a satisfactory way. We simply can't afford to lose our prestige now!

The reconversion program is going very slowly. The strikes now seem to be spreading, and although there is some progress being made toward a

return to normal industrial conditions, I am afraid it will be quite a long time before things get going smoothly. It seems that industry is faced with a strike or a threat of strike.

It is hard to determine what return there is from men toward the war when they were very much wrought up by reports of strikes of the home front. We don't hear anything about that now. It may be that the workers who have been discharged from the most part, lining up on the strikers' side. Surely you couldn't blame a member of a union to take his stand with his former fellow-workers.

Viewing all this demobilization in the light of our more than over convincing that the "winning" of the war—even not as many physical injuries as the loss in dollars and cents, as well as the hindrance to progress, will be something terrific.

How we do long for the good old days! You remember the old song the colored folks once sang, "I'm living greasy." Well, since the coming of the fat have been bringing us some of the butter, vegetables, and so on. And just the other day a big jar of fresh honey. You know how we love that! For New Year's the "good luck" peas and corn-bread. (Personally any other food better than that.) If we have that good enough, I think we will be lucky enough, I think.

At any rate, we're going to see to it that when you boys get home you will not be disappointed in the good "cents" we have been promising you. You can bank on that.

By the time you read this letter you may be on your way toward "demobilization." So many of the boys are now writing us paper till they get home on their way. That's a good sound. I wish we could get a letter from every one of the boys telling us the same thing. We want all of them back!

Now, keep a good watch on yourself, and keep fit. We are waiting patiently but anxiously to see you. Our love of you and to all of your buddies.

As ever, DAD.

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT SOCIAL SECURITY?

The Social Security Act affects every wage and salary earner in private industry and business. It affects every covered worker's family. Do you know your rights under this law?

If not, get the facts from the local Social Security Board office. There you will be given answers to such questions as:

When do I get retirement benefits? How much will my monthly benefits be when I grow old? What would my family get if I should die? What is a social security card for? How will it affect my social security account if I have more than one account number? What jobs are covered by the law? What will happen to my social security if I should leave a job in private industry or business and go to work on a job that is not covered by the law?

"These and other questions will be answered gladly at any office of the Social Security Board," said Cecil G. Rollins, manager of the Fayetteville office. "All information and services are free. The answers to many questions are to be found in a little pamphlet called 'Old Age and Survivors Insurance for Workers and Their Families.'" This publication is available upon request—without cost—at the Fayetteville office of the Social Security Board, located at 305 Huske Building.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE Having qualified as administrator of the estate of Walter Johnson, deceased, late of Harnett County, N. C., this is to notify all persons having claims against the said estate to file the same duly verified with the undersigned on or before the 17th day of January, 1947, or this notice will be placed in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate settlement with the undersigned. This 17th day of January, 1946. LLOYD G. JOHNSON, Administrator of the Estate of Walter Johnson, Deceased. 17-6p

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