

**The Transylvania Times**

Published Every Thursday by  
**TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY**  
Brevard, N. C.

**THE NEWS**  
Estab. 1896

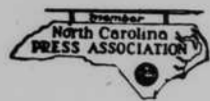
**THE TIMES**  
Estab. 1931

Consolidated 1932

Entered as second class matter, October 29, 1931, at the Post Office in Brevard, N. C., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

ED M. ANDERSON.....Publisher  
HENRY HENDERSON.....Ass't. Publisher  
MISS ALMA TROWBRIDGE.....Associate  
IRA B. ARMFIELD.....Business Manager

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES, PER YEAR**  
In the County, \$1.50 Out of the County, \$2.00



Thursday, February 25, 1943

**Now For Performance!**

Since its inception a few weeks ago, a spirit of unity, resolution and enthusiasm has marked the activities of the county Victory Garden Committee, on which every major interest in the county is represented. It was no great surprise, therefore, when it was disclosed last week that the county would have 2,597 Victory gardens, averaging four-fifths of an acre each. This means that at least five families in six in Transylvania county plan to have a garden this year, a very high ratio.

To express a purpose or an ambition to have a garden—the first step—requires but little effort; to actually plant, cultivate and harvest the yield of one requires a great deal of energy and patience. Come summer, the weather will get hot; the grass will dispute with the gardener for mastery of his plot; there will be insect pests and plant diseases to combat. Inevitably, these factors will result in the abandonment of some plots.

On the other hand, however, the announcement this week of the high point system to be used in connection with rationing of canned fruits and vegetables should cause every family to start planning to have a Victory garden.

It is now perfectly clear that civilians can only buy half as much canned food as they could a year ago, and it is likely that fresh fruits and vegetables will be rather hard to get as well as expensive.

Families should not only plan to have a Victory garden, but they should also plan to can a record amount this spring and summer and thereby insure themselves, as our fathers and mothers did years ago, of having an abundant quantity of food stored away to last through next winter.

With this urgent condition facing us, every family in the county should have a Victory garden.

For his outstanding work in the promotion of the Victory garden program, we commend County Agent Glazener, as well as all members of civic organizations and industries who are co-operating in this needed program.

**Grumbling Won't Help**

There are some people in this world who will not be contented when they get to heaven. They were apparently born to grumble and to express dissatisfaction with people, things and circumstances.

During the past few days we have heard a number of these persons kicking and criticizing the canned goods rationing plan. "I don't see any need for all this rationing," one person declared. Another said that she simply couldn't feed her family on the amount of food that will be allowed under the point system. "Why we'll starve to death," she said with emphasis.

Both of those persons were wrong. We don't like rationing. We don't like high wartime taxes. We don't like many wartime restrictions. But at the same time we realize that our nation is at war—fighting for its existence and for the preservation of our way of life.

Food is a weapon of war that is important on all fronts, including the home front. Our fighting men and our allies cannot fight and defeat the Nazis and the Japs without the strength and endurance that come from body-building foods.

We at home must share certain foods with them. These are fighting foods, particularly the kinds of foods that can be shipped easily and which will keep well under all sorts of conditions. For that reason, our nation is sending over half

of this year's pack of canned fruits and vegetables to our fighting soldiers and our fighting allies.

This naturally means that we at home will not have as much canned goods as we would like to buy. This means that we must ration these processed foods. Rationing is the only fair way to divide up the canned food we have left for civilians. If we do not ration, some people will get more than they need while others will get none. Hoarders and chiselers take unfair advantage of honest, patriotic Americans who try to buy only what they need.

We admit that the present point rationing system will allow very little canned goods for home use and that it will work hardships on the grocers. But they will make the best of the situation and there are many items that are not restricted. It is our belief that there may be a relaxation in the system, but even now we do not believe anyone will go hungry. Point rationing is the nearest thing to unrestricted buying that we can have under any rationing system. It has been tried out in England for over a year.

Every person should eat more fresh fruits and vegetables and cereals, and these are not being rationed.

During this week every person should register for War Ration Book Two. Don't neglect to do this. Dr. Zachary, the teachers and many voluntary workers are devoting their time to rendering this patriotic service. They are not grumbling. We shouldn't either!

**"The Greatest Mother"**

Somewhere, on some distant battlefield, an American soldier will be wounded in action today. He may be your son. Or the laughing, tow-headed kid that only yesterday lived in a house down the street. Remember?

Strong but tender hands will carry him back to an Army dressing station. A blood transfusion may be required to save his life—blood contributed to the American Red Cross by thousands of Americans back home.

He will be brought to a base hospital where Army nurses, recruited by the American Red Cross, will dress his wounds. Sympathetic Red Cross workers will advise his family of his progress, and, as he convalesces, other Red Cross workers will help speed his recovery.

Somewhere tonight an American boy is longing for home. He may be in bomb-scarred London—in far-off Australia, in a Pacific island jungle, or on a North African desert.

But his heart and his mind will be back in the States, at the home fireside. He will long to pat the head of that frisky pup; to laugh again with the girl who awaits his return; to live the life of a civilized man.

If he can, he will go to the American Red Cross club. It won't be the home for which he longs. It will be only a substitute—an antidote for loneliness. But there he will find a warm welcome, an American style meal, a comfortable bed. He may sit down to write a letter to the folks back home. He will find entertainment to relieve his mind of the thoughts that pass through the minds of homesick men.

He may be at some distant outpost, far removed from that Red Cross club. But tonight, or the next night, the Red Cross will come to him, bringing with it relief from the boredom and horror of war.

At the disposal of every American serviceman are Red Cross field directors in the war front, home service workers in the local chapters and millions of volunteers. Thus, the Red Cross serves the serviceman.

Somewhere, sometime, disaster will strike some community. It may be our county, ravaged by storm and flood—or enemy action.

When that disaster strikes, the Red Cross—your Red Cross—the one to which you always have contributed—will be on the job. It will feed and shelter the suffering. If necessary, it will help to rebuild their town, their homes.

The Red Cross will be there because it is part of the community, made up of people representative of the community. When the period of emergency ends, it will still be there—on the job.

Somewhere, every minute of the hour, every hour of the day, every day of the year, the Red Cross is helping someone.

Won't you help, too? The Transylvania county war fund for 1943 is \$5,400.00. The drive to raise this large sum starts next Monday. Your contributions help make the Red Cross services possible. Of course you will give!

**DER FUHRER'S "FACE"**



**NEWS BEHIND THE NEWS**  
By PAUL MALLON

Washington, Feb. 24.—A subdivision of the farm bloc known as "the House Agricultural appropriations sub-committee" has turned down the Wickard \$100,000,000 subsidy program—the idea of dipping into the treasury for this amount now and more later to pay farmers more than their vegetables can bring in the ceiling market, and then selling the vegetables to the consumers at a government loss.

The true significance of the action was beclouded by a loud rhetorical controversy as to whether a subsidy is a subsidy or a "bonus" or merely an "incentive payment," and there has been some cheering around the country on the theory that the congress has again repelled radicalism. The cheering may have been somewhat premature.

The real question involved in the scrap was how high farm prices should go. The farm bloc apparently believed Wickard's program would not go high enough. They expect to get theirs later, in another way.

When all this quibbling and farm prospects are sifted, it is clear that before Mr. Roosevelt will be able to free the world of fear, he is going to have to free farmers from fear of prices, and fear of want of help, equipment, repair parts and gasoline.

Both Mr. Wickard and Congress are puttering around on these four fears of the farmer, but as usual, with the accent heavily on prices.

That they may have the accent in the wrong place is becoming daily more obvious in the accumulating evidence. Typical of all plain farmer's mail is a public letter from dirt farmer Louis Bromfield, the author, who points out that inestimable thousands of acres of soybeans, corn, apples and even other products, lie rotting in the fields today from last year's crop—not because of price, but because of lack of help, which will be accentuated further this year by depreciation of farm machinery and lack of gasoline. Mr. Bromfield says he found many a good farmer facing his uncertainties today with this thought:

"I and my family are all right. We will eat. When the city people have not enough to eat, maybe Washington will do something about the situation."

The advertising given the situation makes it certain Washington will do something before that, but the question still is whether it will be the right thing, or whether it will just be another price increase or subsidy payment.

No matter how high the evidence from the farmer grows, the farm politicians, like others here, cannot seem to get away from the notion that to cure any deficiencies out in the country, all they have to do is to push a price button up or down.

Yet it is plain that if the farm bloc boosts lettuce to a dollar a leaf, it will not increase the lettuce crop unless the farmer gets help, equipment and gasoline—and in case he does get these things we can produce his food without an inordinately high, inflationary price.

One ray of hope is the slight weakening of the army in its stand against releasing any men for the farm front. It may release battalions but not individuals, to do farm work. Yet in England, the same U. S. army is allowing its jeeps to participate in plowing the fields for spring planting.

Already the radicals (even the CIO) are seeing their chance in

this situation. They are publicly promoting a more or less communal farm program, which would create state or county quasi-Soviets to pool help, machinery and gas. Everyone knows most of the nation's farmers already do this in a neighborhood and democratic manner, and this democratic way can be expanded without creating a communal organization in the Red way.

Unless someone gives the farmers some certainty as to the future, the battle on the farm front will be lost this spring in planting.

Heralded arrival of the Richelieu and other French warships at American ports was a convincing tribute to the administration's policy of expediency in playing ball with Darlan in Tunisia. Just a day or so before Darlan was shot, he made the French Governor of Dakar come through with the agreement releasing these ships to us. They will go into active combat service on our side.

But there are more French warships in the harbor of Alexandria, which the French Commander there has been keeping beyond reach of British fingers. He has threatened to scuttle them at the first British move.

The British are getting a little annoyed at this situation, and developments toward getting better cooperation out of that Vichy Commander may be expected.

**"Goodnight, Bill Brady..."**

Hello, Bill Brady, 'way out there... I guess the mailman must be mad at us because he hasn't brought a letter since the day you went away. And if he doesn't ring the doorbell soon, I think my heart will break.

There isn't much to tell, tonight, except—since all my letters seem to go astray, I've found another way to say 'I love you.'

Last night I joined the Red Cross. I'm not anybody there. Just one more woman — cutting dressings, rolling bandages, packing Red Cross kits—hoping the men we love will never

need them, but hoping more that they aren't past the need.

I'll be a Staff Assistant before long, Bill. In a very military uniform. I can hear you chuckle, my darling.

I don't mind the extra hours. To me, time isn't measured by the ticking of a clock—it lags or races with the beating of my heart. So time at work is short, because I know that you would have me very busy. I can hear you say "Chin up, and get on with the job."

Good night, Bill Brady. Out there... somewhere.

The Red Cross is shoulder-to-shoulder with our fighting men from training camp to the front lines.

All over the world, wherever it can reach, it is carrying relief supplies, clothing and medicines to war victims.

In this second year of war, the needs increase. You can help with time and money. March is the war fund month. Give more this year—let's exceed Transylvania's quota of \$5,400.

Your Dollars help make possible the **AMERICAN RED CROSS**

— Courtesy of —

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