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THURSDAY, MARCH 8, 1945

It isn't true because the COURIER-TIMES says it,
 but the COURIER-TIMES says it because it is true.

FOR WHAT WE HAVE

Announced today, for reasons clearly stated in the news article concerned, is an impending change in the administration of Community hospital. The announcement comes from the hospital's Board of Directors, which met Saturday and accepted with regret the resignation of Mrs. Sarah Gran Allen, supervisor and superintendent. The Board at the same time secured the services of Allyn S. Norton, who will succeed Mrs. Allen as hospital manager.

In revealing these changes in administration the Board of Directors of Community hospital is making it clear that Community hospital, like all other institutions of similar standing, has had and is still having difficulties of operation, chiefly because of the shortage of nurses. Efficient management is a problem, too, but the hospital has had that and it is to be hoped will continue to have it. The statement from the Board of Directors is clear enough, but with, perhaps, a becoming modesty, it does not go far enough, namely that Roxboro is fortunate in having a hospital and should go to all ends of trouble to cooperate with it.

Other sections of the State are not so fortunate, as witness a large paid advertisement in a recent issue of the News and Observer in which the General Assembly is called upon to push the State hospital program more strongly for the benefit of areas without hospital facilities. Signer of that advertisement is a Mr. Basnight, representing the Chowan section of three counties, including Bertie and Chowan, that are completely without hospital facilities except as provided in the neighboring state of Virginia. Citizens from Mr. Basnight's area are ready to build a hospital and have funds for it. But they do not now have a hospital, although they see the need for one.

We hope that Roxboro and Person folks will be as much concerned to appreciate the one they have.

THE FATHER AND SON BANQUET IS AT HAND

On Friday night, tomorrow, at Hotel Roxboro, slightly later in the season than usual, fathers and sons of the Person Boy Scout district will have their annual get-together. It is an important event, one looked forward to from year to year. Call it a banquet, or a dinner in the evening, or what you will, there is more to it than food and fun. And the boys concerned are quite naturally anxious to have their fathers there with them. In fact, the boy whose "Dad" cannot be with him—unless there is a mighty good reason—feels out of it, even though an "adopted father" does his best to fill in.

There is really no need to boost the father and son Scout night program here. It has a reputation and has had for many years, mainly because the men and boys who plan it are enthusiastic believers in the benefits of getting together. And while we are at it, this is as good a place as any to say that the job of seeing Friday night's program through is falling upon C. A. Harris, who has voluntarily and deliberately done the work for years just because he likes it, and is this year not to be stopped by waiter shortages, food limitations, or what have you.

Under such determination, the least that other fathers here can do is to come on out and join their sons at Friday's affair. It is the one time of the year when fatherly obligations cannot well be side-stepped in Roxboro's Scouting circles.

THE GIRLS HAVE A DIFFERENT JOB

For many months, over a period of two years, ever since Camp Butler began operation, Roxboro young women have been going to parties, including dances and other social events at the Camp. Main emphasis has been the dances, quite properly chaperoned by a

committee of Roxboro women headed by Mrs. R. H. Shelton, who is still chairman and through whom reservations can be made, but as Mrs. Shelton has announced, there is a radical departure, a new and different turn to the job that goes with entertainment programs at Butler, one that will be in effect on this Friday night, when twenty-five Roxboro and Person girls are being asked to assist at a square dance to be given for convalescent and hospitalized soldiers.

The answer to the new problem in entertainment lies in the last few words of the last sentence above. Many of the soldiers who are to be guests have not recovered to the extent that they can enjoy round dances. Jitterbug is out. Even the waltz can be complicated. The easier routine of square dancing may be possible, perhaps, with not quite so much of athletic vim as our own high school students have been putting into it on Saturday nights. Parties at Butler are going on, in other words, but the burden of entertainment is more squarely on the young women, who may be called upon for tact and patience in leading a wounded veteran back to the all but forgotten graces of social life. The veteran himself will be the last to ask for any special consideration. He does not want it, which is one reason why the approach must now have more of subtlety in it.

It has been easy to go to the average Camp Butler dance. From now on, for a while at least, the girls are going to have the harder task of quick adaptability to meet unusual situations and circumstances. Probably, the job will not be so much fun, but it is much more important and will be greatly appreciated by the boys. And what is said here may apply equally as well to some instances with the USO Service Center programs in Roxboro, since many of the visitors there are apt to be from the same groups at Camp Butler, or elsewhere.

GEORGIA JOKE

Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Sanders, of this City, and their Roxboro kinsfolks, the McWhorters, are originally from Georgia, from one of those small towns near the red clay of their small Washington, but T. C. and his wife lived for some

time in Atlanta. In Atlanta they got a house on Peachtree street, close to their McWhorter relatives, but no relation to the famous Peachtree street in Atlanta.

The War Department does not know about Peachtree street in Roxboro, on which there are only two or three houses and all of them unnumbered, quite in contrast to the multitude on Atlanta's stately street of the same name. As we have said, the War Department does not know all this, but Marine Sergeant William A. Sanders, son of the T. C. Sanders and expected here shortly from a stay of months overseas in the Pacific area, started as a joke a Peachtree street number in Roxboro—1492—that is in Army files and was used here Monday in the Courier-Times in a War Department story concerning the fact that Sgt. Sanders is now at Miramar, Calif.

First to spot that 1492 in the Courier-Times was editor J. W. Noell, who wanted an explanation. This is it, and in the process the Sanders are getting one, too, where the whole story came from.

WHAT OTHERS ARE SAYING

PIECE DE RESISTANCE

Richmond News-Leader

A menu of the incomparable "loved and lost" restaurant of the lamented Voison, Rue St. Honore, Paris, is reproduced in the current issue of Table Topics, the fascinating house organ of Bellows and company. It is a startling menu, because it was printed Christmas day, 1870, when besieged Paris was eating horse flesh and the meat of rats, of dogs, of cats and of the animals of the zoo. Numbers of these appear on Voison's menu, but the eye passes quickly over them to the wines for which Voison was renowned. Listed for the day were a Mouton Rothschild of 1846, an incredible Romance Conti of 1858 and a port of 1827. Your eyes bulge at the sight. You swallow and you tell yourself that for the sake of those wines you would try to put down as a roast the formally presented Chat flanque de Rats—roast cat flanked by rats!

NOT LESE MAJESTY

Greensboro Daily News

"Revival at Nassau of the Bahaman folk song, 'Love Alone Caused King Edward To Lose His Throne,'" is being met with stern efforts at repression. Those who plonkily hum it are being punished, says report, with fines of 50 pounds and 10 days in jail.

Well, British courts, colonial or in the United Kingdom, have a fashion of handling their business better than courts of well-nigh any other race or nation, so it is pron-

ably well enough to let them attend to the matter. But it is to be hoped the misdemeanor—it could hardly be termed a high crime—will not be labeled lese majesty.

It has been our notion all along that perhaps the simpler West Indian subjects of the British crown had a deeper and sincere regard for the Duke of Windsor than British-

ers in any other parts. Their song is not, we think, intended as disrespectful; on the contrary it might reflect tender devotion.

Certainly a Bahaman could come nearer understanding and sympathizing with Edward's abdication than any an English archbishop has indicated a willingness even to attempt.

Back In Our Town, Or Some Other Town

Atlanta, Mar. 7.—He's back in our town, or in some other town, this slim young soldier, wearing the purple heart which signifies that he was wounded on a foreign battlefield. He's back with the same grin he wore when he embarked on the great adventure. He's lost a lot, maybe an arm or a leg, but he hasn't lost his sense of humor. He's too American for that.

Meet Jim, for instance. Jim's 20. He has snapping brown eyes and a contagious smile. We saw him the other day for the first time in many, many months. He didn't look anything like he used to look except for those snapping eyes and that contagious smile. They were just the same as always.

Jim leaped across the street to meet us, that is he did if you can call the peculiar gait he had leaping. He was almost as fast as ever, but he walked on crutches and he had "only one leg." Yet his great hands had their old strength as he put both of them out and wrung ours.

We averted our eyes when we saw those crutches and that dangling trouser leg. We didn't want him to think that we were sorry for him. We knew how he had always hated to be pitied. But, when he looked us straight in the eye and gave us that old-time grin once again, we forgot for a moment about the lost leg and talked of the days before Pearl Harbor when we were great friends.

It was Jim who had always wanted to be a reporter. He would have been one if it hadn't been for the war. Always he had pictured himself running out of news room doors as city editors snapped orders. He longed for the police beat and he learned to cover fires. What kind of a leg man could Jim be now, one wondered.

His story is one of the many that have come out of this war, a story of suffering endured and of a life almost blasted, a dark story brightened only by the American sense of humor.

"Jim suffered the tortures of the damned, enduring operation after operation," one of his comrades told us. "Shrapnel had penetrated his leg in 30 places and several inches of bone were destroyed. In spite of everything that Army surgeons could do, in spite of their compassionate skill, they just couldn't make it heal properly."

Jim didn't say anything about that. He just told the surgeons, "Cut the old thing off," and let it go at that. And that's what they had to do, finally.

If you think he is crushed by all that he has been through, then you don't know Jim. "Just think," he said, "as soon as I get my artificial leg I can go out dancing with all

the pretty girls. It'll be just like a real leg, and any city editor who dares to say that I won't be good enough to chase fire engines and run to catch editions and make deadlines, just like the big town reporters do, has another thing coming to him."

Jim's narrative is typical of a lot of others that are being told today by American boys who are being invalidated home from overseas. Thirty thousand of these young men come back each month for care in the Army's 60 general hospitals, the sort of care that will restore them to health and permit them to take a useful place in society.

To help give this care the Army is seeking thousands of women to volunteer for training as Medical, Surgical and Clerical Technicians in WAC General Hospital Companies.

The way is open for the women of our town to help boys like Jim of the laughing eyes and the urge to become a reporter, get back on their feet. Some are volunteering for service but many more are needed.

American women with or without hospital technician training between the ages of 20 and 49, who have no children under 14 years of age, who are in good health and of good character and who have two years of high school education or its equivalent may qualify for this service. She may take the first steps to become a Medical, Surgical or Clerical Technician by going to the Army Recruiting Office and applying for enlistment in a WAC General Hospital Company.

He's Just A Pfc.

(Written by Mrs. Carlton James, of Hurdle Mills, and dedicated to her husband, Pfc. Eugene Carlton James, now somewhere in Germany).

He's just a Pfc. in the Army; And we're thousands of miles apart. We're wondering how he stands, and how he's getting on. Well, he's a five star General in my heart.

He's just a Pfc. in the Army; But what do I care about his rank. I'll bet the guys that's wearing the stars— If they had his one stripe—They'd say thanks!

He's just a Pfc. in the Army— And I know he's one of the best; For he carries a gun in the infantry— And never gets to rest.

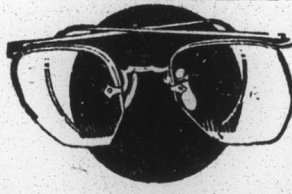
He's just a Pfc. in Germany now. And his medals are—not so many; But you just wait 'til he gets to Berlin.

There will be medals—and plenty! He's just a Pfc. in the Army. And yet—that is just the start; For as I have told you before He's still a five star General in my heart.

Buy War Bonds TODAY

Will Be Closed Each Wednesday Afternoon from now on. Due to shortage of labor

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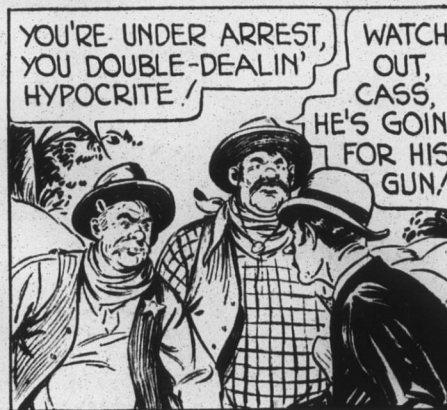
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PENDER

COLONIAL BRAND
 Spinach No. 2 Can 16c
 NEW PACK
 Tomatoes No. 2 can 10c
 DEL MONTE DICED
 Carrots 16-oz Jar 14c

Sterling TABLE SALT 2-lb. bag 6c
 Pender's Best PLAIN FLOUR 10-lb bag 59c

Dromedary Blended Juice 46-oz can 41c
 Great Northern Beans 2-lb cello 21c
 Gibb's Mixed Vegetables No. 2 can 13c
 Sunshine Krippy Crackers 1-lb Pkg. 19c
 Fleecy White Bleach Half Gallon 25c

Large Package Ivory Snow pkg 23c
 Guest Size Ivory Soap 3 for 14c
 Large Package Oxydol pkg 23c
 Obelisk Plain Flour Ballards 10-lb bag 67c
 Large Package Ivory Flakes pkg 23c
 Austin's Kibbled Dog Food 2-lb pkg 28c

MITCHELL'S BRAND Shoe Peg CORN No. can 15c

TRIPLE-FRESH BREAD
 Sandwich 1 1/2-lb loaf 11c
 DOUBLE-FRESH COFFEE
 Gold Label 1-lb bag 24c
 OUR PRIDE — 2 loaves 15c

Franks, Type Two, All Meat, lb. 35c
 Lamb Shoulder, Grade A, lb. 29c
 Grade A, Chuck Roast, lb. 28c
 Beef Liver lb. 35c
 Bologna, Sliced lb. 29c
 Dressed And Drawn Hens lb. 48c
 Pork Ears 2 lbs. 25c
 Pork Neck Bones lb. 9c
 FRESH FISH AND OYSTERS