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Tuesday, October 29, 1946

One Man's Meat

Jennings Perry, newspaperman writing recently from Washington, D. C., sized up one of the troubles eating at the vitals of this nation under the above title. His story reads:

We ducked into the same cab, the rancher and I, both heading out from our country's Capital through the National Airport—he west, I south, a hearty, healthy man, my cabmate—happy and cussing. Truman had just folded on meat price controls. It was going to be all right, now—the cattle would move.

"Ay gannies, they wouldn't have moved till he did. What right they got to tell a man what he can get for what he raises?"

My man was sweating at the collar. He had had to hustle down his own bag. Last night, he had to make his own bed. At the Statler, as we passed, a dozen of our fellow citizens, men and women, were trudging picket-file, carrying placards.

"Dammit," said the rancher, "these monkeys are going wild. Hotels are essential. If they've got to mess around, why don't they do something about that?"

I knew about that, too. A few hours before, I had talked with the wife of one of those "monkeys" on the traffic island at the corner of my hotel. She had cautioned me against crossing on the red light. Her husband was in the picket line, an elevator operator, \$28.30 weekly. She hadn't been translucent about beef or anything. It was just that how could a family live now on \$28.80 in Washington?

It was, in our cab, a tale of two strikes. The rancher had won his. They—his Government—had no right to tell him what he could get for his goods. The hotel help had not won their strike. But they—the same

Government—ought to do something about that situation.

Two worlds, right at home, it was evident; so close together—and so far apart. Really fighting the same fight, for a better break for themselves, but seeing each other so dimly. Because the rancher had won his strike, it was going to be even more difficult for the hotel employe to make his ends meet.

The rancher's success has deepened the wage earner's poverty.

Yet the elevator man should not be permitted to withhold his goods as the rancher had done, because his services were indispensable to the comfort of people—ranchers and newspapermen—on their travels. How was this? For my rancher, I was sure, did not rank his own goods below any: had he ever doubted, certainly in the East he must have been convinced by the alarms screaming on every newsstand—"meat... We famish." Our cab rolled on the bridge. The sky was luminous from the airport light. The night air had cooled my rancher's collar. Seriously, how did it all add up? He grinned flattened his broad hands on his knees.

"Oh hell, give 'em the raise. The damn hotels are rich anyway. Make 'em shell out."

The hotel operators had refused compromise and arbitration. They said it would cost a million dollars. They had goods to sell, too. Ought the Government of us all, that ought not to tell ranchers what they must sell for, tell the hotels what to pay?

My rancher was a good average American, to whom the Government always is a disembodied "they." A bluff, genial citizen whose honest mental process could—and did—produce the answer irrefutable:

"Why, I don't know—the devil with it; I've got mine. I'm going home."

That's Getting Serious

Wilbur J. Brons, writing in a recent edition of the Chicago Journal of Commerce, up and said, "The popularity of many of today's 'isms' can be traced to economic disquiet in the teaching profession."


Despite all its weakness, errors, faults and privileges for the few, the government of these United States, we have maintained all the time, has been in no danger from the isms traceable to the bearded boys from any old spot in the world. But now that Mr. Brons, apparently enjoying the safe keeping of a commerce wing, comes along and charges that teachers of this nation have taken up the isms, joined hands with the Kremlin, so to speak.

While Brons was pointing that out, he brazenly directed a broadside against federal aid for education, aid that would wipe out some of the economic disquiet by raising teacher salaries.

Brons admits that the situation is dangerous, but like so many other of the big commerce boys he hates to see the poor devils of this land get a living wage or a Chinaman's chance to exist outside the bonds of servitude.

"Education makes a people easy to lead, but difficult to drive; easy to govern, but impossible to enslave."—Lord Brougham.

NOTICE
North Carolina, Martin County, In the Superior Court.
COUNTY OF MARTIN AGAINST T. T. ADAMS, ET ALs
The defendants, J. A. Whitehurst and wife, Carrie Whitehurst, and A. M. Whitehurst and wife, Effie Whitehurst, above named, will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Martin County, North Carolina, to foreclose the taxes on land in Martin County in which said defendants have an interest, and the said defendants will further take notice that they are required to appear before L. B. Wynne, Clerk of the Superior Court of Martin County at his office in Williamston, North Carolina, on November 11, 1946, or within 20 days thereafter to answer or demur to the complaint of the plaintiff in this action, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.
This the 10 day of October, 1946
L. B. WYNNE,
Clerk Superior Court of Martin County.
015-22-29 n5

NOTICE OF SALE
North Carolina, Martin County, County of Martin vs. Mrs. Jamie Willie, et als.
Under and by virtue of an order of sale and judgment made by L. B. Wynne, Clerk of Superior Court of Martin County on Monday, the 14th day of October, 1946, the undersigned commissioner will, on Friday, November 15th, 1946, at 12 o'clock noon in front of the courthouse door in the town of Williamston, offer for sale for cash to the highest bidder the following described tract or parcel of land:
"Stuffed-Up" Nose, Headache? due to COLDS 666
Relief of your misery! COLD PREPARATION starts in 6 seconds with TABLETS or LIQUID. Caution: Take only as directed.

104 W. 5th St. at Five Points GREENVILLE, N. C.

IS YOUR LIVER CRYING FOR HELP
because of constipation or faulty digestion? If you feel bilious, sour, bloated with gas, headachy, blue, grouchy, you may be putting too big a burden on your liver. Retained undigested food becomes putrefactive, causes toxins, which overload the liver, keeping it from working properly. This is the time to relieve your tired liver by letting Calotabs help nature sweep the putrefactive and partially digested matter from your stomach and intestines. Nothing acts just like good old Calotabs. Use as directed. 10c and 25c at your druggists.
Take CALOTABS

Lying and being in Bear Grass Township, Martin County, containing 25 acres, more or less, and being the same tract of land listed to John E. Corey for taxes from 1943 through 1938.
This the 14th day of October, 1946.
E. S. PEEL,
Commissioner.
NOTICE
North Carolina, Martin County, In the Superior Court.
COUNTY OF MARTIN AGAINST EUGENE CLARK ET ALs
The defendants, Marcellus Clark, Robert Clark, Gus Clark, Jm. Carr's Hill, Alex Hill and Eugene Clark, above named, will take notice that an action entitled as above has been commenced in the Superior Court of Martin County, North Carolina, to foreclose the taxes on land in Martin County in which said defendants have an interest, and the said defendants will further take notice that they are required to appear before L. B. Wynne, Clerk of the Superior Court of Martin County at his office in Williamston, North Carolina, on November 11th, 1946, or within 20 days thereafter to answer or demur to the complaint of the plaintiff in this action, or the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded in said complaint.
This the 10th day of October, 1946.
015-22-29 n5

I Will Sell At
Public Auction
—On—
THURSDAY, Nov. 7th
At 12 O'Clock Noon
At the Court House Door
in WILLIAMSTON.
4,500 Acres Fine TIMBERLANDS
located 5 miles south of Jamesville with a road front of 2 miles. Sale will be held rain or shine.
For further information call, day 23-J, night 2621, Williamston.
6,500,000 feet pine, 1,000,000 feet of hard wood.
W. D. DANIEL, Owner
Williamston.


L. B. WYNNE,
Clerk Superior Court of Martin County.
This the 10th day of October, 1946.
015-22-29 n5

Farm For Sale
—ON—
Monday, Nov. 4th
At 11 A. M.
I Will Sell At
Public Auction
At the COURTHOUSE DOOR
the
L. L. Taylor Farm
Or LASS WYNN FARM
One and One-Quarter Miles from Everetts. 300 acres, 125 cleared and good allotments.
One 12-room, 2-story dwelling; 4 good tenant houses, one large storage barn, one 2-story pack house, one large corn barn, four tobacco barns, good stables and out buildings.
Terms, Cash. Deed delivered immediately after sale.
Deposit of 20 percent required at sale. For full information, see
B. A. Critcher

Planters Nut and Chocolate Company
Suffolk, Virginia

Attention

Peanut Growers



You are reminded to use care in harvesting your crop in order to assure best quality — do a good job and avoid penalty for low grades or excess dirt and foreign material.

WHEN READY TO SELL SEE OUR REPRESENTATIVE

Bernard Harrison
Office Phone 87 Williamston Home Phone 275-W

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Two Great Motor Oils...
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Cleans as it lubricates
A 100% Distilled Motor Oil
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