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Tuesday, August 29, 1950

Mobs or the Move

There are ominous signs of a wave of hysterical repression of liberty in recent actions of a few self-appointed extirpaters of communism in the United States.

Police chiefs in Birmingham, Ala., and Knoxville, Tenn., took it upon themselves to jail or expel any Communists found within the city limits. This is easily said, but how is a police chief to decide just who is a Communist?

Birmingham made the problem simple by defining as a Communist anyone who "circulates or distributes any printed or written matter purported to have been issued by or over the name of such Communist party or any branch thereof."

Which means anybody, including the United States Post Office Department apparently, who hands a copy of the Daily Worker to somebody else, or who even passes along a document somebody thinks is Communist.

Nor was that all. Birmingham also decided that anybody is a communist who is found "in a nonpublic place in voluntary communication with any person or persons established to be or to have been a member of such Communist party."

Certainly communism needs to be combated, inside as well as outside the United States. But it should not be attacked by using the Communists' own methods of force and violence.

For when that happens, the mob rules. A malicious whisper; and the result can be a murder. And the experience of the past indicates that far more of the innocent than of the guilty are the victims. Any personal enemy can be disposed of simply by labeling him Communist. Any champion of an unpopular cause becomes a "Red."

Getting rid of communism is far too serious a matter to be handled vigilante style. Indeed, communism is not suppressed but breeds in the lawless atmosphere of the lynching party. If violence triumphs over justice, democracy perishes.—St. Louis Post Dispatch.

We All Are To Blame in Korea

Milwaukee Journal We aren't doing well in Korea. Our forces, undermanned and under equipped, are still being pushed back. Our soldiers are dying needlessly in many cases, it seems.

Whose fault is this? A lot of people seem to think they know. They blame the President, the State Department, or the military. They blame our intelligence services. Some blame Congress. Republicans blame Democrats and Democrats blame Republicans. Certain sections of the press are trying to find a scapegoat.

It seems to us there is enough blame to go around, with a share for everybody, including the American citizenry.

The President may not have been outspoken enough in warning of the military menace of communism, or in demanding big enough military expenditures. The military may have failed to prepare for the kind of opposition we are meeting in Korea. The intelligence services may have been misled about the possibility of trouble there. Congress certainly has not been generous in voting funds to strengthen southern Korea.

This is not to say that past mistakes should not be studied or that negligence, if proved, should not be punished. It does mean that recriminations of a superficial and political nature are valueless and that those who insensitively fighting dig in them should be scorned. There is tough fighting to be done in Korea without senselessly fighting among ourselves about errors of the past.

School Days

School days are at hand again and if ever there was a time for the youth of the land to study, that time is now. Even since last fall, problems have become more complicated at home and abroad. Confusion lurks in the land. Doubt and hopelessness is creeping forward.

It is a situation demanding concentrated and serious thought. While statesman and leaders grapple for a solution who knows but what the problems of the land and world will be solved by a youngster entering school for the first time?

Surely, there'll be time for some play, but it is indeed apparent that the prime need today is trained minds.

It is to hoped that Martin County children and those in every school in the land will not take their studies lightly this 1950-51 term, that all members of the school team will work and strive to go forward with determination and weapons of knowledge to meet and solve the ever-lasting problems, that, in the task, they'll receive the support of all the people.

A Pound of Sugar or a Human Life?

Galax (Va.) Gazette Those so-called citizens of our country who would be quick to assert their so-called patriotism but, at the same time, belie such claim by persisting in the thoroughly unpatriotic practice of needlessly hoarding many necessities of life should stop and take stock of themselves. They should take time out to give a few serious thoughts to the matter of supply and demand in the light of the scare-buying wave that is now sweeping over our country. If they will do this they will undoubtedly see the injustices that such hoarding is working upon their fellow Americans at home who are not in position to take advantage of every opportunity to smuggle ten, twenty, twenty-five or maybe a hundred pounds of sugar, or twenty-five or fifty pounds of coffee, into their kitchen pantries.

Of course, all honest Americans who have been tempted to indulge in such unbridled selfishness will mend their ways when they have taken time to imagine themselves in their more unfortunate neighbors' places. And their neighbors may be the folks across the street or on the adjoining farm—or the GI's fighting and dying for Old Glory on the rugged Hill of Korea.

In an editorial that appeared Tuesday in The Roanoke Times, Mrs. Randall C. Roberts, a Sacramento, Calif., housewife, and incidentally the wife of Sgt. Randall C. Roberts, reported missing in action in Korea, was quoted as a "guest editorial writer." In our opinion, this California woman's remarks should put to shame all hoarders who read them and re-ignite in their hearts a zeal for their country and all it stands for that will turn their energies toward helping, instead of hindering their fellow citizens. We are taking the liberty to quote Mrs. Roberts, as follows:

"From time to time since this war broke out, the hoarders have made the headlines.

"I wonder if stuffed stomachs and nylon-clad legs will win this war. Have the people of this nation forgotten World War II so soon? Can you trade a pound of sugar or coffee or a pair of nylons for a life?"

"Do you know what it is to have a loved one lost? Do you know what it is not to be able to sleep for gnawing anxiety as to whether he is even alive? If he has food?"

"I know what it is. I am the wife of the boy who was listed as the first Sacramento missing in action in Korea."

For all hoarders everywhere, more words of condemnation and righteous indignation for their conduct in this time of national crisis and danger should not be necessary.

Strike In High Places

The public has a knack for condemning the common worker's strike, and accepting strikes the high places.

Mining and petroleum companies recently went before the House Ways and Means Committee, seeking exemption from a renegotiation bill that would provide for the recapture of excessive profits on war contracts. R. G. Dunlop, president of Sun Oil Company, reminded the committee that the World War II renegotiation law exempted the industry.

And then to put forward a clinching argument, the companies claimed that to subject them to such a tax would discourage production.

The worker, possibly ill advised in his action, calls for more pay or no work; the oil companies call for tax concessions or no oil. But it is queer that the strike in the high places is accepted without question.

It matters not how long we live but how. —Bailey.

Lack of discipline has filled our jails, crowded our poorhouses, and littered the lowlands of life with many men that might have made good.—Hubbard.

Randolph Scott's 'Nevadan' Raw

Randolph Scott is really on a rampage as he crashes through lawless Nevada in a searing Western that pulls out all the action stops. His new movie, titled "The Nevadan" and photographed in Cinecolor, is undoubtedly the greatest adventure drama of this great action star's career. Scott's enactment of a Western hero is along classical lines. Nobody can stare down an opponent the way Scott can or look down the cold steel of an enemy's gun barrel with such icy disdain. Or ride or fight like Scott.

If the patrons of the Watts Theatre come to see their hero put on as how in his Columbia outdoor epic, Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, they will get what they pay for—and more. For in this raw rugged story of a tough U. S. Marshall on the trail of a ruthless desperado who has cashed some \$200,000 in golden loot, Scott has satisfied their most voracious appetites for unstinting action. At first Scott engages in some preliminary sparring with his tough customer, Forrest Tucker, but then finds George Macready, a ruthless rancher, is also out to possess Tucker's ill-gotten gains.

All the parties converge out in the hills where Scott teams up with Tucker against Macready and his war party actuated solely by feeling for self-preservation. In the ensuing gun fight, Tucker and Scott come out on top, aided by an assist from Dorothy Malone, Macready's beautiful daughter who has finally seen her father in his true and evil light. The struggle to gain gold is reduced to the common denomination of a ferocious fight between Tucker and Scott, whose fury causes a mine to collapse on the combatants in the devastating climax!

Earlier in this review, Scott was paid what we believe to be ample tribute, and he deserves every word of it. Miss Malone who seems born to the saddle and handles a gun as if it weren't a strange object, is the girl whose beauty spurs Scott on to greater deeds. Tucker who astonishes by the amount of punishment he can take, continues to take a drubbing at the hands of Scott, but is a mighty tough hombre, nevertheless. Frank Faylen plays an ill-fated henchman of Macready's; Macready makes an elderly, but deadly, villain, and Charles Kemper, Jeff Corey, Tom Powers and Jock O'Mahoney are Western characters who contribute to the colorful proceedings.

Gordon Douglas directed with a sure eye for whip-lash action and an awareness of the ruggedly beautiful country in eye-filling Cinecolor. George W. George and George F. Slavin penned story and screen play of this Scott-Brown Production. Harry Joe Brown was the producer.

The Hen And Egg Deserve Respect

Look at the egg on your plate with respect. It was a whole day's work for a hen.

Nature and the hen were not thinking of us when the egg was designed. The idea was to assemble enough of the essential foods for growth and development to supply a chicken with everything it needed until it was old enough to pick for itself. Nature being one to do things right, the job was finished off neatly with a wrapping which for germ-resistant qualities has waxed paper and cellophane backed right off the map.

For many centuries human beings have been thwarting nature by reaching into the nests of millions of hens and getting those eggs as soon after they were laid as they could. Nasty of us perhaps, but then we try to compensate by supplying the hens with food, keeping off hawks and animals, and providing incubators which save the hens the boring job of sitting around for weeks at a time. So maybe we earn those eggs.

But why should we thwart nature by getting hold of these eggs? Why not get something else? Well, to get right down to it, we grab the eggs because nature has done an extra special job of nutrition in designing the eggs. It happens that no matter how different the members of the animal kingdom look (and we admit a hen, a man, and a tiger are not much alike), there are some things they all need and the egg is an unusually efficient arrangement of them. All members of the animal kingdom, (including us), need a great deal of protein to build tissue and to restore it when it breaks down, as it does constantly. They all need

carbohydrates to supply heat and energy, calcium to make bones, iron for their blood, a smattering of other minerals which, though small in quantity, have some indispensable work to do in body chemistry, and they all require vitamins for proper growth, and for the health of nerves, teeth, skin, and eyes.

Nature, having been an accomplished chemist centuries before test tubes were invented, has managed to combine in a handy package—about a tenth of the day's supply of protein, a little more than a tenth of a day's iron, some fat, some calcium, a pretty good dose of vitamins, and a dash of phosphorus, one of the minerals which is more important than quantity would indicate.

In fact, "an egg a day keeps the doctor away" would be a lot nearer the truth than that little saw about the apple. If you're lucky enough to be able to get four a week, be sure to eat them. It's tricky, trying to build up good nutrition without them. If you can

New Type of Clover Makes Good Pasture

Dixie Crimson Clover is a new type of crimson clover that re-seeds itself. Some farmers refer to it as "winter lespedeza." North Carolina Experiment Station scientists say the Dixie clover, like lespedeza, furnishes grazing, hay, or a seed crop, depending on how the farmer wants to use it. It volunteers very rapidly after have them often—just go right ahead, for though Humpty Dumpty may not be much good at looking after himself in a fall, he is a little power house as a body builder. Anyway, the place for him isn't on the wall but down the hatch.—Can. Tb. Assn. San Mag Service.

Men's Dress and Work Shoes For Less. WILLARD'S SHOE SHOP

being allowed to set seed the first year. Dixie crimson clover comes up the winter months, and may be grazed through March. A combination of Dixie crimson and Coastal Bermuda grass has worked very well on State College farms near Raleigh. Nursing cows and calves were grazed on the Bermuda from late June until mid-September. Dry cows then grazed the volunteer crimson from mid-December to April. The animals were in better condition on April 1 than similar cows barn-fed.

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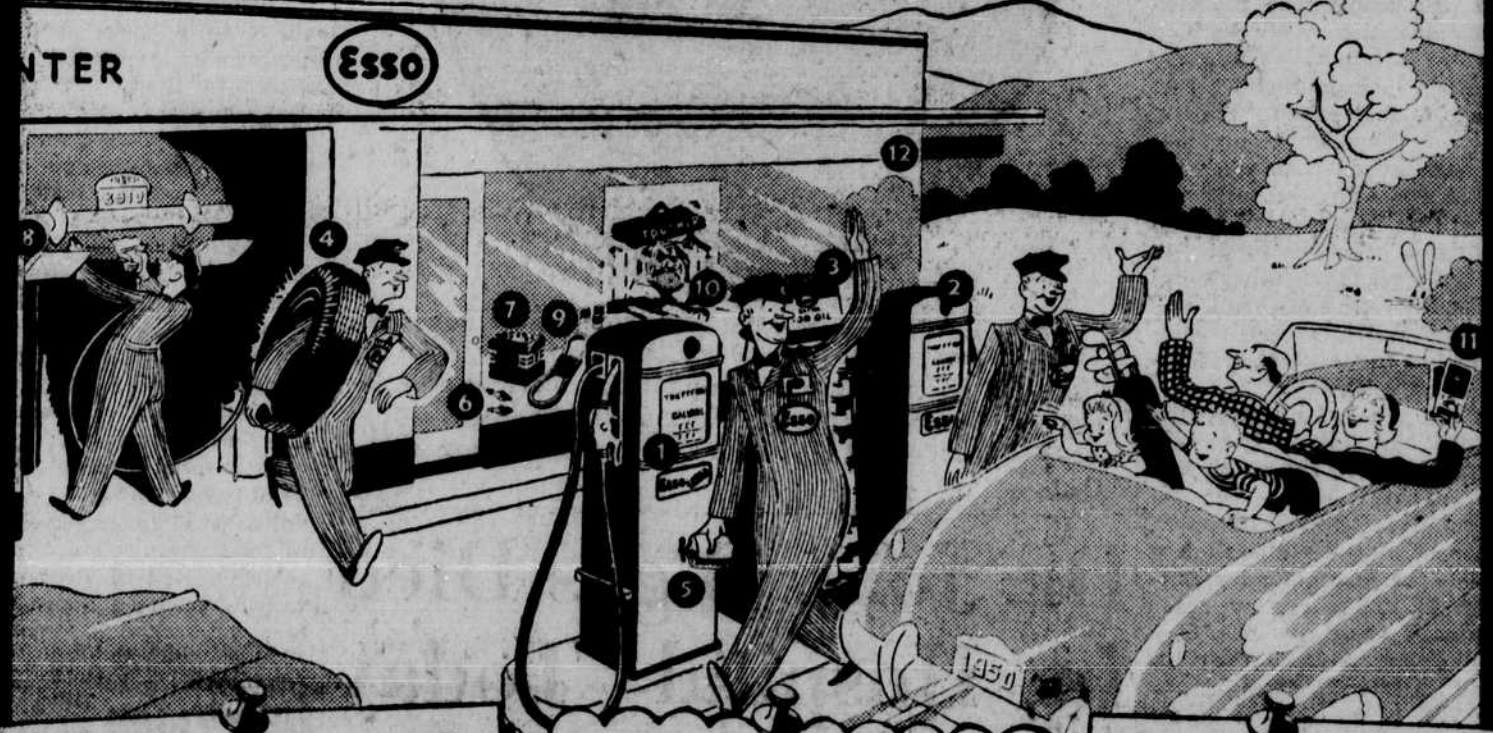
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