

THE Roanoke Beacon
and
Washington County News

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in Plymouth, Washington County,
North Carolina

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Thursday, August 17, 1939

Another Marketing Season Approaching

Another tobacco marketing season will get underway for the farmers of this section next Tuesday, August 22, and while Washington County producers are not entirely dependent on the success or failure of this one crop, it is becoming increasingly important in the economic life of our people. This year its importance is heightened by the fact that county farmers undoubtedly have the best crop of tobacco as a whole they ever raised, and it is with intense eagerness that everyone, regardless of his business or calling, awaits the verdict as to prices which will be sounded by the auctioneers.

Naturally, farmers and business men are hopeful of fair prices, and there is a marked degree of soundness in their expectations. Tobacco of generally lower quality is selling well on the border markets, and there is little reason to suppose it will not do as well here. However, few will make any predictions, farmers usually striking a conservative note by simply

saying, "We are hopeful we will get a fair price," and let it go at that.

With an almost total failure of the crop last year, due to weather conditions, our farmers are due a "break." Nature has done her part well, but it remains for the buyers to say next Tuesday whether or not the year's work has been in vain. If the price average falls much below the 20-cent mark, the farmer will be little better off than he was last year, because this has been an expensive crop to house and cure.

But no dark year is anticipated, so let's hope for a successful marketing season.

Farmers Have Not Been Unduly Favored

Agriculture was the only industry to get its head into the feed trough at Washington during the last session of Congress, so say some wise guys who refer to the few millions of dollars appropriated for agriculture as a juicy "hand-out" to the farmers of this country and who take pains not to mention the small percentage of income agriculture receives for its labor and investment.

A farm leader, informed of the true facts, points out that the combined annual income of all agriculture in the entire nation is less than that received by the people of New York City alone. While agriculture may be feeding at the public trough in Washington, it is being starved to death at the trough where it has a perfect and just right to feed.

When one stops and considers that the income of a single city is more than that received by all agriculture combined, he can't help but believe that the farmer is entitled to "hand-outs" from Washington. And further, he has every reason in the world to believe that those "handouts" should be increased and materially so.

Just as soon as the farmer's income reaches a fair level, then it will be time to deny him foraging rights in the federal treasury building, but a

Rambling R...About

By THE RAMBLER

Making the Rounds—

Ho, hum. Nobody's interested in the Rambler, or anything else this week, except tobacco. What with the government that will stand by and see him starve to death in the market places and then deny him the right of food even at the expense of other industry, then that government is little better than no government at all.

It is a bit disheartening to hear some people talk about the comparatively few dollars the farmers are receiving when they know very well that agriculture has been the red-headed stepchild of the politicians all these years, and has been robbed and brow-beaten without mercy.

Farm Prosperity Necessary

Chowan Herald

The largest market for the products of American industry is to be found on the farms of the United States.

Despite everything that has been done the farmers of the United States have had little of prosperity since the boom days of the war. Since that time they have been busy with droughts, surpluses and deflations. In fact, most of them did not even get in on the so-called Coolidge boom.

It may be considered absurd by some of the economic experts, who tell us what is wrong with everything, but just the same, our idea is that when prosperity hits the farms of the United States it will hit industry. Every farmer is a potential buyer of the products of industry. There are a lot of them in this country and if they get a little surplus money they will start a buying wave that will make the government's spending program look silly.

markets opening next Tuesday, and all, we couldn't get a rise out of a soul on any other topic in making the rounds this week. Did run into Tom Freeman again. Poor old Tom. Seems like every time he gets into print, he gets in dutch with somebody, or else he gets the reporter in well off and wouldn't need any extensions of time but would make payment in full in due course, and all that sort of stuff. He hasn't even got an excuse, left so we hope he gets that 25-cent average he's wanting.

Bullish Outlook on Bears—

Tom didn't seem to hold no grudge, though. At least we don't think he did. Anyway, he dropped in Monday to invite us on a bear hunt out to his farm some time in the very near future. Before the game warden gets too inquisitive, however, we'd better do a bit of explaining. Seems as though the bears are just naturally tearing one of Tom's cornfields all to heck out at the Hilliard farm near here, and something's got to be done about it immediately, or there won't be enough corn left to argue about. Tom said the bears come out in droves, or herds, or mobs, or whatever it is they come out in, 10 to 20 at a time, every night to raid his corn patch. Last week using his figures, they ate up \$15 worth of green corn, figured at 30 cents a bushel; and that's a lot of corn, even if you figure it by the gallon at ABC store prices. We thanked him for the hunting invitation, but decided to stick to something our own size, although he declared he was not being troubled any with field mice at this time, which let us out altogether. In the language of the "Street," Tom is a "bull" on the "bear" market, and although he's "long" on the game he's shorts "short" on the hunters if he counts on us. We might open "firm" but by the time a bear got into the field with us—and we found it out—the only thing "steady" would be our "demand" to "cover" and if the ticker tried to keep up with us it'd be further behind than it ever was on a five-million-share day in the palmy days of 1929.

Check-Up First—

That bear business brings up a true happening on a hunt in this county ditch, or vice versa—and sometimes both. Take that little piece we ran about his fine tobacco crop a couple of weeks ago. Innocent enough, and all that. Yet Tom said Saturday that the Beacon was hardly in the mails before he got two telegrams and later a half dozen letters—all from his creditors, congratulating him on his excellent tobacco and stating that they were mighty glad he was so last season. Two hunters, who were not quite sure that bears know they aren't supposed to attack human beings, were on separate stands with thick underbrush all around them. Two shots rang out, then one of the hunters cautiously called out: "Bill?" "What is it," called back the other. "Are you all right?" "Yeah." "Hurray, then; I've killed a bear!"

Who's Who—
There was a time when we rather

fancied ourselves as a Linotype operator; that is, we thought we could run a machine. Later on, after we had signed up to buy one of the dog-gasted things, a little doubt began to creep up in our minds. Around the first of the month, when the notes came due, we began to give a little serious thought to the question of whether we ran the machine or the machine ran us. We have long since ceased to ponder this problem; we still do the running, but that dang Linotype furnishes the motive—not the power—and it never gets as hot and bothered as we do, because an automatic thermostat control cuts it off when its temperature reaches 555 degrees F. Other folks have the same thing to contend with, however, because in an exchange recently we read with a good deal of commiseration the little soliloquy of a farmer addressing his mule, substantially as follows:

Over the hill trailed a man behind a mule, drawing a plow. Said the man to the mule: "Bill, you are a mule, the son of a jackass and I am a man made in the image of God. Yet, here we work, hitched up together, year in and year out. I often wonder if you work for me or I work for you. Verily, I think it is a partnership between a mule and a fool, for surely I work hard as you do, if not harder. Plowing or cultivating, we cover the same distance, but you do it on four legs and I on two. I, therefore, do twice as much work per leg as you do.

"Soon we'll be preparing for a corn crop. When the crop is harvested, I give one-third to the landlord, one-third goes to you and the balance is mine. You consume all of your portion with the exception of the cobs, while I divide mine among seven

children, six hens, two ducks and a banker. If we both need shoes, you get 'em.

"Bill, you are getting the best of me and I ask, is it fair?"

"Why, you only help to plow and cultivate the ground, and I alone must cut, shock, and husk the corn, while you look over the pasture fence and hee-haw at me.

"All fall and most of the winter, the whole family, from Granny to the baby, picks cotton to raise money to pay taxes, buy a new harness and pay the interest on the mortgage on you, and what do you care about the mortgage? I even have to go the worrying about the mortgage on your touchy ungrateful hide.

"About the only time I am your better is on election day, for I vote and you can't. And after election day I realize that I was as great a jackass as your pa.

"And that ain't all. When you are dead, that's supposed to be the end of you, Bill. But me? I've still gotta go to hell."

NOTICE

North Carolina, Washington County; In the Superior Court, Before the Clerk.

W. A. Blount vs. Richard Sutton, Administrator of the Estate of Augustus Mann, et al.

The defendants, George Mann and wife, Roberta Mann; Dora Mizell and husband, Clarence Mizell; Lillian M. Mann; Partha Lewis and husband, Aaron Lewis; Clara Moore and husband, Charlie Moore; and all other persons having or claiming an interest in the lands described in the petition on file in the office of the Clerk of Superior Court of Washington County to make assets to pay the

debts against the estate of Augustus Mann, deceased; and said defendants will further take notice that they are required to appear at the office of the clerk of superior court of Washington County in the courthouse in the town of Plymouth, N. C., within ten days from the publication of the fourth insertion of this notice, and answer or demur to the petition in this proceeding, or the plaintiff will demand relief prayed for in the petition.

This the 14th day of August, 1939.
C. V. W. AUSBON,
Clerk of Superior Court.

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NOTICE

Under and by virtue of authority contained in a certain Mortgage Deed executed by S. A. Hassell, to J. O. Highsmith, on the 31st day May 1938, and recorded in the Register of Deeds office of Washington County, in Book 121, page 589, and default having been made in the payment of the notes therein set out, the undersigned will sell at public sale, for cash, to the highest bidder, at the Court House door in Washington County, N. C. at 12 o'clock M., on the 28th day of August, 1939, the following described real estate.

Lying and being in Lees Mill Township, Washington County, known and designated as the Will Anisey house and lot, in Roper, N. C. adjoining the lands of The Roper, Co. Beginning at a point on the North side of Main Street, in the town of Roper, N. C. 365 feet Eastwardly from N. & S. R. Co. Railroad right-of-way. Bounded on Southeast by Main Street or No. 64 highway, on Southwest by Roper, Lumber Co. on Northwest by Roper Lumber Co. on Northeast by Jobie Clayton heirs, lot being 50 feet by 116 feet more or less.

This July 29th 1939.
J. O. HIGHSMITH,
Mortgagee.

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We operate two large well-lighted houses with all modern conveniences, and have especially cared for the comfort of the ladies who visit Rocky Mount; we would like to issue here an invitation to all you ladies of Martin and the surrounding counties to make our house your headquarters when you visit ROCKY MOUNT.

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Now to our good Martin County friends we wish to extend a special invitation to you to visit our market and make the PLANTERS WAREHOUSE your headquarters, and we assure you that it will be our pleasure to serve you in any way possible. Get that first load ready and sell with THE PLANTERS and we feel you will be happy to join our long list of satisfied customers.

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