

THE Roanoke Beacon

and Washington County News

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Attend the Road Celebration Monday

Completion of hard-surfacing on what has heretofore been known as Highway No. 97 is another step in this section's march of progress; and it is an important step, because it shortens the distance considerably between the capitals of Washington and Beaufort Counties and links the towns of Plymouth and Washington much closer together than they have been in the past.

Eventually, this link will doubtless become a part of the great Coastal Highway running north and south, U. S. No. 17, and when this occurs, it will put a main tourist route right through the heart of Washington County, which has much of historical, scenic and other advantages to offer these travelers. It also provides a

greatly improved farm-to-market road through a prosperous agricultural section, the value of which naturally increases as its accessibility is made more available. Many farmers along this road will find outlets for their produce which have not existed before or which were so inconvenient as to be practically valueless.

Better roads bring a new freedom of movement for both individuals and goods, contributing to changes which make living conditions better today for the people served by good highways, despite the serious problems which still beset them. While good roads are not a cure-all for all our ills, they do help in many ways if we will just take advantage of the opportunities they present.

It is fitting, therefore, that we take a few minutes off next Monday to celebrate the completion of this new road. We should give a hearty welcome to the visitors who will come here from Washington and Beaufort County and return the call by taking part in that portion of the program which will be held in Washington later the same day. They are our neighbors, we have many problems in common, and certain more progress is to be in working out these problems when we approach them in a spirit of friendly cooperation.

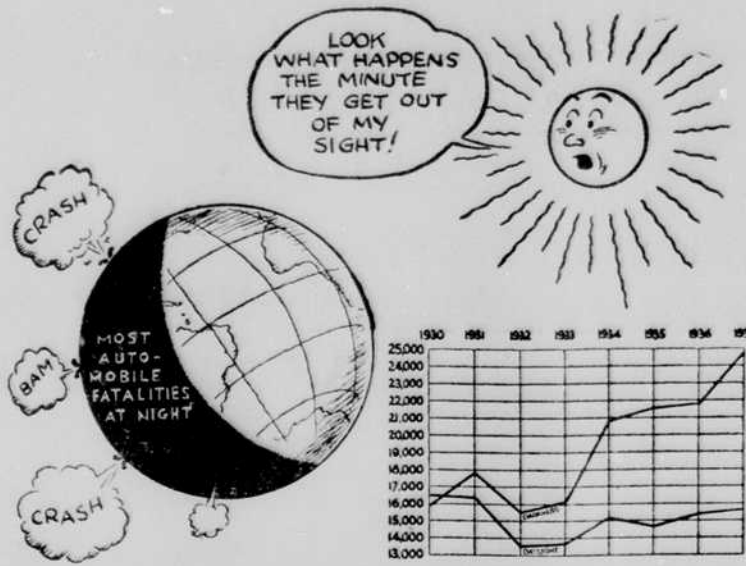
Hometown and Bigtown

Mass-distribution—a classification which includes thousands of organized independent stores, as well as chains—has been of particular fine service to the smaller communities of this country.

No longer do farmers and other local people drive forty or fifty miles to sizable centers of population in order to make their purchases. For Hometown is as good a shopping center of Bigtown. The buyer is offered the same wide selection of goods, at the same reasonable prices. He can save gasoline and spend his money locally. The beneficial effects of this on any town is apparent. Property owners find ready tenants, at good rentals. Local people find jobs at home and spend their money at home. All business enterprises in the community benefit as trade increases. New businesses are started and old ones grow. New sources of taxation appear, and local purchasing power expands.

You see this in thousands of smaller towns and cities scattered throughout the 48 states. You see it in the

Drivers! When the Sun Goes Down, Slow Down



During what part of the 24-hour day are most persons being killed on our highways? Statistics show that although most of the automobile traffic is in the daytime, most of the fatalities occur at night. Six out of every ten deaths occur while three out of every four cars are safely garaged for the night. These highly pertinent facts are revealed in "Last We Regret," the ninth in an annual series of booklets published by The Travelers Insurance Company in the interests of highway safety. During the period from 1930 through 1937, deaths due to automobile accidents during the hours of darkness increased 54.5%; while fatalities during daylight actually decreased 5.4%.

steadily, sound growth that is taking place in rural America. And big-scale distribution must be given much of the credit for what might be termed "the decentralization of trade centers."

Something Is Out of Balance

We have heard much from various political leaders about North Carolina being "the Balanced State." It sounds good, that expression, conjuring to the mind's eye the spectacle of a happy contented people, with neither too much nor too little of the material things which go far toward the make-up of an ideal existence. But—

Just a couple of weeks ago, in the center of this "balanced" State, within a dozen miles of its Capital, in fact, a woman starved to death. You can possibly reconcile our boasting with this occurrence. We can't.

Rambling R...About

By THE RAMBLER

In the Uncle Walt Mason Manner

Old Plymouth has no magic to hold ambitious lads; and so with language tragic, they leave for other grads. The distant cities beckon, they note, and disappear, and there they find, I reckon, no joy that isn't here. In Plymouth man may chortle and have his joy-ous fling, if he's the sort of mortal who's built to dance and sing. But if his soul is grouchy, if he's a dismal skate, he'll say the town is slouchy, dead and out of date. It doesn't real-

The Talking Driver

South Bend (Ind.) Tribune. The safety engineer of the Philadelphia Automobile Club suggests that the talkative driver who feels that it is necessary to look at the person addressed is a major traffic menace. "His number," the engineer says, "is legion; and no one knows how many accidents have been caused by his foolhardy yet common practice." That type of talkative driver may blame others if he becomes involved in an accident. Perhaps he does not realize his own delinquency. It is brought forcibly to his attention by these facts:

"The driver who takes his eyes off the road to gaze at companions for just a second is actually driving blind over 58 feet of road at 40 miles an hour; 66 feet at 45, and 73 feet at 50."

Simple Sense

Goldsboro News-Argus. When people think somebody else is trying to "slip something over" or when they think somebody else is trying to "buck" them, they get mad or stubborn and simple sense is forgotten.

The Thanksgiving Day mess looks to us like an example.

Thursday of this week, post offices and various other federal agencies of importance to the people of North Carolina will take a holiday. Thursday of next week, when most North Carolinians will take a holiday and won't be trying to make use of the federal agencies, those agencies will be on the job, or so to the extent of announcement.

President Roosevelt's attempt to change the length of time between Thanksgiving and Christmas seems to us, as we've previously remarked, sensible. He did act thoughtlessly in announcing a change for this year without pausing to visualize how many things based on the date of the holiday are planned long ahead of time and cannot be changed.

After this had been discovered, after governors of the states had either confirmed the previously fixed date or the change, simple sense on Mr. Roosevelt's part would have been to order federal employees to observe the day being observed by the people in the state where they live and are supposed to serve the public.

Simple sense by other people, we think, would lead them to agree to a change in future years. In fact, we

matter just where one may abide, if he's inclined to spatter, his tears on every side. He'd shed his tears in Boston, he'd weep in Buffalo; all things will have a frost on, wherever he may go. His grief would be terrific upon the eastern shore, and by the blue Pacific he'd wring his hands and roar. But if a human being is built the other way, in Plymouth he'll be seeing much reason to be gay. No matter where he's dwelling he'd wear a cheerful face, and men will hear him telling the beauties of the place. It isn't where we're living that makes our lives worth while; old Plymouth town is giving all men a chance to smile. The man who doesn't want to put up a smile at all, will be in fair Toronto, and mock in blithe St. Paul. You hear the bitter railings of knuckers as they go, they talk of Plymouth's failings, she's shabby, gray and slow; they'll seek a town more snappy, where pep and racket blend; but they will not be happy, wherever they may wend.

To the Rambler:

From a young Roper man: Here's to the girl with eyes of black, You ask for a kiss, and she turns her back,

Here's to the girl with eyes of brown, You ask her for a kiss and she starts to frown,

Here's to the girl with eyes of grey, You ask her for a kiss and she says, "nay, nay,"

Here's to the girl with eyes of blue, You ask for a kiss, and she says, "take two."

From a Creswell Girl: She took out the bottle And shook her head, "I hate to open it," she said "It came all the way from France It's labeled and sealed— Good stuff at a glance Oh, what will I do, It'll go so soon?" So she put it away— That rare perfume.

From a Plymouth Spinster: If you love a man, they say, he isn't believe the future change would be even better as a holiday for most people if the day of Thanksgiving was made a Saturday or a Monday.

Many people whose holiday or business plans have been messed up this year must sympathize with the Oklahoma official who wrote:

Thirty days hath September, April, June and November, All the rest have thirty-one Until we hear from Washington.

worth it. If you don't love him, you don't know what you want.

If you lead him on you are a flirt. If you ignore him, you are heartless. If he has money, you're mercenary. If he hasn't any money, you're foolish. If he's old, you're robbing the grave. If he's young you're robbing the cradle. If you stay at home, you're an old maid. If you don't you're a rounder. For the love of Mike, what's a poor girl to do.

From an Optimist:

He smiled— And his home was a place of happiness And the children ran out of the way to meet and greet him.

His business clients spoke well of him and his business increased. All who entered his office door were pleased to be greeted as a friend and equal.

Those who were discouraged and downcast went out and took a new grip on life. And while the years rolled by, he

grew younger, because he smiled.

A poem of Two Jitterbugs:

Down by the riverside they met— Did Romeo and Juliet, Her hand in his he placed, and said, "Fair Juliet, I would thee wed." "Indeed," she queried, "come lets go. Get in the boat and Rom-e-o." And as the hours quickly sped, A lunch before his love he spread; Says he, "Come let us eat, my pet," And Romeo-ed while Juli-et.

Some writer has said that there are six mistakes that are usual in most lives:

The delusion that individual advancement is made by crushing others.

The tendency to worry about things that can not be changed or corrected. Insisting that a thing is impossible because we can not accomplish it.

Refusing to set aside trivial preferences. Neglecting development and refinement of the mind, not studying. Attempting to compel others to believe and live as we do.

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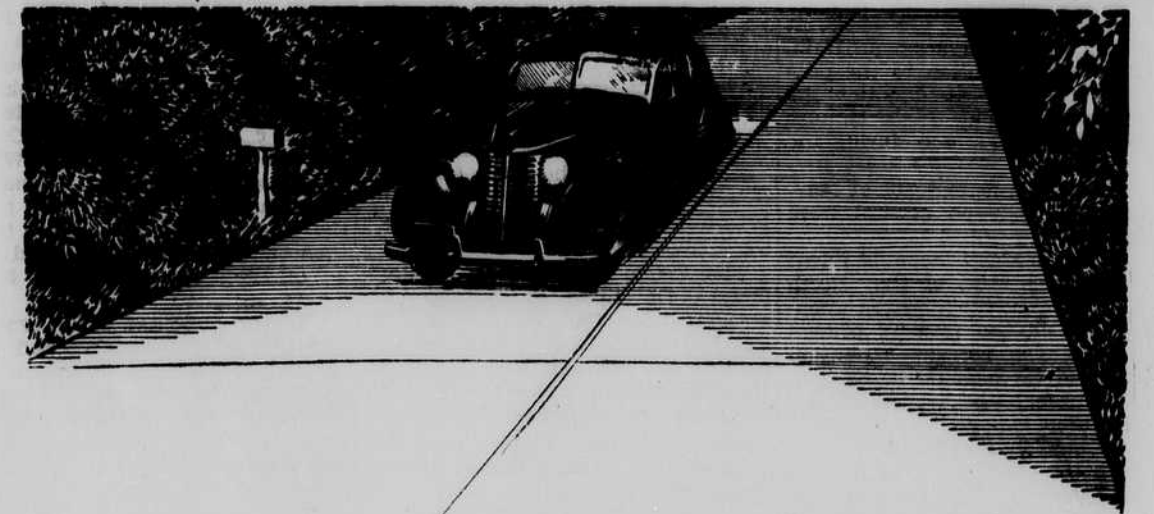
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