

THE Roanoke Beacon

and Washington County News

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY in Plymouth, Washington County, North Carolina

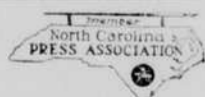
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December 14, 1939

Needy Children Will Not Be Forgotten

It is indeed gratifying to know that the unfortunate children of Washington County are not to be forgotten this Christmas—not that we ever thought they would be. The local fire department and the American Legion post are due the thanks of the community for their unselfish decision to sponsor the work again this year, as they have in the past. The placing of barrels in the schools here by the Beta Club, which is sponsoring the collection of old clothing and canned goods for distribution by the welfare committee of the parent-teacher association, is another commendable step in carrying out the spirit of the Christmas season.

When you come right down to it, these organizations deserve a lot more than the thanks of the community—they are due whole-hearted cooperation and support in the undertaking. Not only in providing second-hand toys and clothing, either, because some money will be required to carry out the distribution of these things in the manner they should be, and certainly all of us should respond liberally in this respect.

If there is a man who can cold-

bloodedly turn down an appeal to help provide a measure of happiness for these unfortunate little children at Christmas time, then that man is to be pitied; there is something lacking in his make-up; and he is totally out of step with the true meaning of the Christmas season.

The Biblical admonition that it is more blessed to give than to receive never has more meaning than at Christmas time, especially where needy poor children are concerned, and we not only believe, we know our kind of people will not be found wanting.

Failures in Schools Are Real Problem

It is indeed a serious problem which engages the consideration of our county school authorities at this time, that of seeking the cause and a remedy for the alarming number of failures recorded by school pupils each year. True, the number of failures in this county is not alarming when compared with the number in other counties, but, even so, it is still too great, far too great, in all of them.

Reports for the past term show there were 283 failures out of a total enrollment of 1,458 children in county schools, or 17 per cent. Aside from the fact that it means the pupils who failed have wasted a whole year's work, because they must repeat the same work again this term, there is a sizeable loss in dollars and cents from an instruction standpoint alone.

In effect, it means that 17 per cent of the tobacco school budget is going to repeat lessons that should have been learned last year. It is naturally impossible to entirely eliminate failures, but it certainly should not be impossible to reduce the percentage—and by a substantial amount—if proper remedial measures can be taken.

This problem is not one which concerns the school authorities alone, because parents have a duty to perform in connection with their children's education as well. The teachers are required to attain and maintain certain professional standards in order to hold their jobs. Parents, on the other hand, have no requirements in this respect to uphold, under the

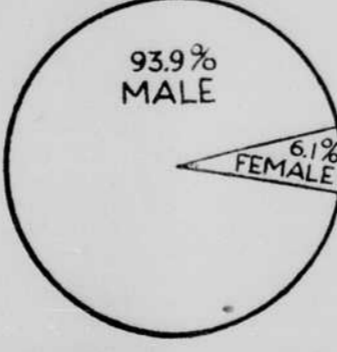
Hubby Crabby When You Drive? Show Him This



Are women worse drivers than men? That question was born with the automobile, and for lack of conclusive data, no answer other than that of opinion has ever been given.

According to the figures in "Lest We Regret," the ninth annual highway safety booklet published by the Travelers Insurance Company, there were 36,950 automobile drivers involved in fatal accidents in 1938. Of that number, 34,700 or 93.9% were men and only 2,250 or 6.1% women.

This seems to indicate that on the highways the female of the species is not more deadly than the male. There are, however, no data on the relative number of



male and female drivers; nor does anyone know how many more miles are driven by men than by women. Without such data no definite conclusions can be drawn.

law; and there is more than a suspicion that a majority of the blame for failures can be laid at their door.

The least school patrons can do is to work with school officials in seeking the cause of these failures and then to lend a very real help in eliminating such causes. Some cooperation here may mean a sizeable saving to the taxpayers' pocketbooks, as well as a more intelligent citizenship in later years.

Increased Demand Expected in 1940

According to the U. S. Bureau of Agricultural Economics, prospects for an increased consumer demand for farm products next year are indicated. However, prospects for foreign demand are uncertain because of the war. In general, agriculture is finishing 1939 in better condition than it began. Prices of many farm products and total cash income are higher than in 1938.

HIGHER

Farmers cash income from marketing and Government payments in October 1939 totaled \$894,000,000, larger by \$20,000,000 than the income received in the same month a year ago.

Rambling R...About

By THE RAMBLER

From our Old Friend, D. O. Patrick, Roper, comes this communication that was handed to us after last week's column had been written:

I have been bailed out, bailed up, held up, held down, hung up, bulldozed, black balled, walked on, cheated, squeezed, mocked, hit for tax and red cross, green cross and double-cross, asked to help the society, the women's relief, the men's relief, the stomach relief.

I have worked like hell, and because I won't spend, and lend, all the little I can earn, and go beg, borrow or steal, I have been cussed, discussed, boycotted, talked to, talked about, lied to and lied about, held up, hung up, robbed and damn near ruined, and the only reason I am sticking around now is to see what is going to happen next.

Death—when I die, don't change my clothes, or my looks, just bury me deep, put to my head a little light-wood knot for a stone, and upon my grave, just a wreath of thorns, with a little message—"dead and forgotten, gone and don't know where."

For the younger people to see what

they may have to contend with before they part from this old world. Sample, D. O. Patrick, Roper.

From An Old Roper Friend

The jitterbug falls for fashion's whims. She'll bare her arms, she'll bare her limbs, She'll bare her shoulders and alack, The poor dear girl will bare her back.

Thermometer means naught to her. On red-hot days, she'll wear her fur; When wintry's icy blast's are blowing, You'll find a sheer silk stocking showing, She curls her hair and bares her head— I wonder all our girls aren't dead.

From a Clerk

So she squeezed on her shoe With an old shoe horn, Then on each little toe Grew one little corn.

From a Creswell Girl

In 1885: Sitting in the firelight, While everything was hush; My eyes upon my lady, You ought to see her blush!

In 1939: Sitting upon the sofa, My feet upon the rug; My arms around my darling, You ought to see me hug!

With the approach of the Christmas holidays the mails will be heavy but then a person should write a letter or send a Christmas card to friends and Postmaster George W. Hardison handed to the Rambler a treatise on letters written by David Manly as follows:

I am the letter you MEANT to write. But you were too busy, or you kept putting it off, or you excused yourself by claiming you "didn't know what to say."

So I never was written. And because I never was written there is a question in the mind of one of your friends; or a pleasant bond with some one has been broken; or there is loneliness in the heart of one who thinks of you.

It was such an easy thing to have done—that letter which should have been written. But you let the time pass, and somewhere a friend, or a family, or even an acquaintance, is the poorer.

The world that would have brought cheer to the sick one was not written; the gracious thank you for a favor done or a gift exchanged was never mailed; the happiness; and the unhappy ones who so craved a word of sympathy are wondering at your silence.

I am just a phantom letter. I am the letter you DID write. Joyfully, cheerily, I sped on my way, expectant for the warm welcome

I knew awaited me wherever my destination.

I went into the eager hands of a mother or a father, and I watched old eyes grow bright as my message of love and remembrance was read and re-read.

I went to the absent friend of yours and brought to him or her the news of early intimates; I renewed to them the picture of their home circle, and with them I relieved hours of friendly and warm-hearted activities.

I went to the newlyweds and in your name rejoiced in their delight; I went to the bereaved and your sincere words brought them a comforting ease.

To a birthday I added the joy of your good wishes; I refreshed a shut-in with your newsy chat; to a young person on the threshold of a career I brought your words of courage.

Everywhere I went I spread the warmth of your personality, and I brought back to you an overflowing wealth of friendship and affection; your name was loved and remembered.

It's so easy to write a letter, because a letter is just yourself. Fancy phrases aren't necessary. The best letter is the one that makes the read-

er say happily, "It just sounds like—." Take your pen now. Write across the surface of that blank sheet merely what you would say in person. The simple words of Lincoln's letters are great literature because the words were just his own voice speaking. Write your thoughts just as they come to you. Then your letter will be a part of you and doubly precious to those you have remembered.

But above all, don't let your letters be phantoms. Bring them to life by writing them.

Choose Timber for Pulpwood Carefully

In cutting timber for pulpwood say State College experts, remember that you can get from two to four times more money for saw timber than for pulpwood. So select for pulp the crooked or poorly formed trees, the weaker-crowned trees in dense stands, heavy-crowned "wolf" trees overtopping young growth, and overmatured, diseased, and fire-scared trees. It is unwise to clear-cut stands when they are growing at their fastest rate.

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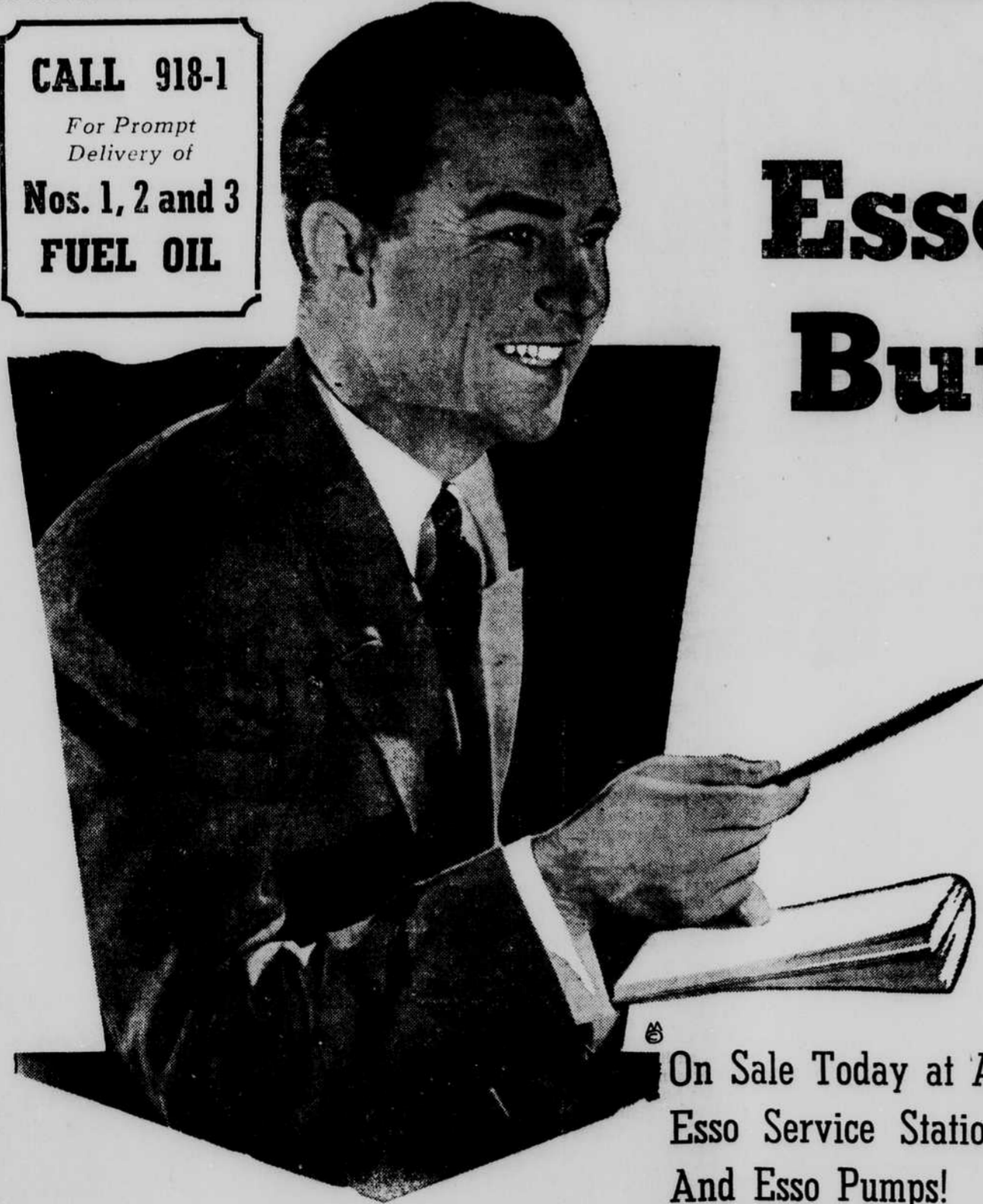
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