

THE Roanoke Beacon
and
Washington County News

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY
in Plymouth, Washington County,
North Carolina

The Roanoke Beacon is Washington County's only newspaper. It was established in 1889, consolidated with the Washington County News in 1929 and with The Sun in 1937.

Subscription Rates
Payable in Advance

One year..... \$1.50
Six months..... .75

Advertising Rates Furnished
Upon Request

Entered as second-class matter at the post office in Plymouth, N. C., under the act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

North Carolina Press Association

May 22, 1941

ALMANAC

"Loud clamor is always more or less insane"—Carlyle

MAY

- 21—DeSoto died, buried in Mississippi, 1542.
- 22—First theater showing of television, 1930.
- 23—William Kidd, pirate, hanged in England, 1701.
- 24—Dutch bought Manhattan from Indians, 1624.
- 25—Spain closed Mississippi to commerce, 1765.
- 26—"Vanderberg for President" boom launched, 1939.
- 27—Drake attacked St. Augustine, Fla., 1586.

Real Progress Made During Past Year

Almost exactly a year ago—May 16 to be exact—President Roosevelt told Congress how the turn of world affairs had made speedy armament of the nation a prime necessity for its continued existence in a chaotic world. Obviously, it is not in the nation's interest, in many cases, to detail actual results of this year of defense driving; and no one denies that inefficiencies, disputes, strikes, and even obstinacies, have kept that 12 months from being 100 per cent as productive as it might have been. Yet, all in all, the record indicates that no other nation has ever done so much in so short a time. Furthermore, most of the year has been devoted to getting ready to produce, and the actual production pace will be stepping up vastly faster from here on, as more and more assembly lines swing into action.

Even so, the high spots show: A year ago, military aircraft production was 450 planes a month; last month the industry set a new record of 1,427; and by October the output is expected to be around 2,600 monthly. This year 115 merchant ships will be delivered, against 53 in 1940. More significant is growth of facilities: A year ago there were only 83 privately owned shipways in the country and 37 others which could be readily rehabilitated; now there are 234 available or well under construction, and 50 more planned, and Navy yards and shipbuilding companies are at work on a total of \$5,000,000,000 worth of fighting ships, cargo vessels, tankers and other merchantmen. Tank builders are keeping abreast of a tough schedule, with 12-tonners already at assembly-line stage and three companies having finished their "pilot" versions of the 28-ton job. And the general report on guns and ammunition of all types is "ahead of schedule."

There is no occasion for overconfidence yet, but with all of our hindrances during the past year it is somewhat comforting to reflect on the fact that real progress has been made.

Good Luck, Reynolds—Because You'll Need It

Not that it makes a great deal of difference, but here's expressing the fervent hope that Dick Reynolds comes out on top in his campaign for membership on the Democratic National Committee, former Governor Clyde R. Hoey and present Governor J. M. Broughton notwithstanding. The manner in which the old-liners have conducted their fight on young Reynolds is the main reason for this fervent hope, rather than any particular qualifications Reynolds himself may possess.

Protagonists of Governor Hoey,

OUR DEMOCRACY — by Mat

1941 — AND U.S. YOUTH

FREE SCHOOLING FOR CHILDREN MOST WIDESPREAD IN THE WORLD.

HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATES IN THE POPULATION UP 53% IN 7 YEARS.

DURING SAME PERIOD COLLEGE GRADUATES IN POPULATION UP 40.5%

PLAYGROUNDS, PARKS AND RECREATION CENTERS INCREASING.

AND, MOST IMPORTANT FOR PARENTS OF BABIES BORN IN THE NEW YEAR OF 1941 — OUR DOCTORS HAVE, SINCE 1915, CUT INFANT MORTALITY IN HALF.

both numerous and potent, are taking the attitude that the candidacy of young Reynolds—who, and let's get this straight right now, is no kith or kin of Bob Reynolds—is "offensive," to quote the august Dr. Julian Miller, of the Charlotte Observer. This is a peculiar attitude for the wheelhorses of an alleged democratic organization to take, to say the very least, since Dick Reynolds has demonstrated that he is a "comer" on the political scene by getting himself elected mayor of his home city, Winston-Salem, and appointed treasurer of the Democratic National Committee, although he is not a voting member of the latter.

However, young Reynolds was an advocate of a third term for President Roosevelt, which constitutes a cardinal sin in the view of North Carolina democratic master minds. And Clyde Hoey has never yet passed up an opportunity to take an underhanded swipe at anybody who ever had a good word for the President, although he proved lacking in intestinal fortitude by his failure to publicly tell the last state Democratic convention how he really felt when that overwhelmingly pro-Roosevelt gathering elected him a national-convention delegate and instructed him to cast his vote for the President's re-nomination.

Dick Reynolds has cut out a real job for himself in bucking Hoey and the State machine. As a matter of cold hard fact, although we are hoping he will win, we wouldn't put a plugged nickel on his chances. If the North Carolina democratic machine could be equipped with caterpillar treads and armed with 22 rifles, the whole national defense problem would be solved, because it would make those 80-ton German tanks look like one of baby's tin wind-up toys, and those who get in its path hardly ever look the same again—Dr. Ralph W. McDonald coming out of it with nearer a whole skin than anyone else we can think of just at present.

The only thing that is bothering us right now is the thought of having to choose between Hoey and Bob Reynolds for the United States Senate about a year hence. The really consoling thought to many voters in this connection is that they have found out in these latter years that all Republicans do not necessarily have cloven hoofs and that their recruiting offices are nearly always open.

No Offense
News and Observer

There must be very few Democrats in North Carolina who are not interested in the present increasingly lively fight between former Governor Clyde R. Hoey and Richard J. Reynolds for the position of Democratic committeeman from North Carolina. And every Democrat has a right to support either one of these gentlemen, including the Charlotte Observer, which is all-out for Hoey. The News and Observer, which regards both gentlemen as qualified for the post,

is not planning to get in any row with The Observer about its preference. Governor Hoey is undoubtedly an experienced politician who could give seasoned counsel on the committee. Mr. Reynolds, as treasurer of the National Committee now and as a consistent supporter of the President, may match that experience with superior qualifications to cooperate on the committee for the benefit of North Carolina Democracy. These facts lead this paper to dissent from the statement of The Observer that Mr. Reynolds' candidacy is "almost offensively unfortunate."

Any Democrat in North Carolina has a right to seek selection for this post without doing anything "offensive" to anybody and the suggestion that is offensive for Mr. Reynolds to run against a candidate who is a former Governor, supported by the present Governor, is absurd. Dick Reynolds has as much right to run as Clyde Hoey and Clyde Hoey has no more right to run than Dick Reynolds.

Rambling R...About
By THE RAMBLER

Testament of a Reporter—

I saw Jack Dempsey knocked out of the ring in Atlantic City and come back to win.

I saw Ben Jety knocked down three times, climb back on his feet and land a haymaker.

I saw Pepe Ortiz tossed on the horns of a bull, land on his feet and, running blood, wave his toreros aside to make the kill himself.

I saw the coal miners of Herrin, Ill., walk unarmed into the barking guns of the militia, fall in heaps of dead, and win their strike.

I saw Blackie Weed stand on the gallows and spit in the sheriff's face, laugh when they tightened the rope around his neck and go through the trap still guffawing.

I saw Joe Gans riding in an ambulance to his death bed with his fists still clenched and his chin still tucked down against Bat Nelson.

I saw Chris Haggerty of the AP climb an icy telegraph pole in the Dayton flood, tap out his last message: "Dayton, Ohio—AP everywhere"—and slide unconscious to the earth.

I heard Hugo Hasse stand up in the first National German assembly at Weimer and proclaim: "I am a German who believes the might of guns will only win for us an ignoble place in the human family. If this is treason, kill me." They killed him on the Reichstag steps in Berlin.

I saw Lou Gehrig bat out his last homer with his spine tied in a knot.

I saw Jesus Maria Lopez, before the firing squad in Chihuahua, smoke his last cigarette, grin at the leveled rifles, and say: "Your bullets, my friends, will have no effect on the thoughts in my humble head. They will continue in other humble heads."

I saw Teddy Roosevelt, shot by an assassin, stand up that night in a Milwaukee auditorium and with a bullet still in his midriff, deliver the finest oration of his career. If anything happened to him as a result!

The Small Town Exchange.

The small town is a place where there is not much to see, but the things you hear make up for that.

The small town is where everybody isn't three months behind with his installment payments and where the wild life that stays up all night belongs to the cat family.

The small town is where you get the social status of the new family next door when you see the family wash on the line.

The small town is where the editor of the weekly paper gets results when he announces through his columns that he is out of potatoes.

RULES OF THE ROAD

By KEITH SAUNDERS
of the North Carolina Highway Safety Division

DUTY TO STOP

Section 128, Motor Vehicle Laws of North Carolina: "(a) The driver of any vehicle involved in an accident resulting in injury or death to any person shall immediately stop such vehicle at the scene of such accident

"(b) The driver of any vehicle involved in an accident resulting in damage to property shall immediately stop such vehicle at the scene of such accident.

"(c) The driver of any vehicle involved in an accident resulting in injury or death to any person or damage to property shall also give his name, address, operator's or chauffeur's license number and the registration number of his vehicle to the person struck or the driver or occupant of any vehicle collided with and shall render to any person injured in such accident reasonable assistance, including the carrying of such person to a physician or surgeon for medical or surgical treatment if it is apparent that such treatment is necessary or is requested by the injured person"

Hit-and-run driving is illegal, inexcusable, and indefensible. Every driver involved in a motor-vehicle traffic accident is required by law to stop, identify himself and render what aid he can to any injured person.

of the morning's accident, he cried to the throng, he hoped their mourning would be tempered by the memory of what a hell of a good time he had had out of life.

I saw Ben Welch, blind as a bat, come prancing out on the Palace theatre stage and crack jokes that convulsed his audience.

I saw Eugene Debs, the Socialist leader, come out of the Atlanta jail and say: "America is the greatest country in the world with the brightest future. I only hope nothing happens to dim that future."

I saw George Gershwin writing his last tunes for the Goldwyn Follies with a brain tumor driving an ice pick through his skull.

I saw Billy Petrolle, twice beaten, come back in his old Indian blanket in Madison Square Garden and whale the daylight out of Jimmy McLarnin

I saw garment workers in Chicago march singing into a double wall of mounted police, get trampled to death and win their strike.

I saw a survivor of the Titanic, a servant girl from Galway, who told me how her friends in the steerage had died. Unable to find places in the lifeboats, they had crowded into the forbidden but now deserted precincts of the first-cabin saloon, taken possession of the elegant piano and played and sung Irish tunes as the ship went down, themselves with it.

I saw Bill Heywood on the night he skipped bail and fled from his native U. S. A. to die in Russia. He was under sentence as a radical. I met him in the gallery of a burlesque theater. He had been touring the city having a last look at the country he loved. "They put on a great show here," he said, chewing on a bag of peanuts. "I always like to come to places like this just to watch those

where it never belonged. I've seen it come out of the many big and little hells in the hearts of people and straighten up in victory. And I'll see it again. I'll see England win.—Ben Hecht in PM.

In a Henery—
As told by W. V. Hays to the Lions Club

The other night, it seems, Archie Riddle, our local iceman, was getting ready for bed when he thought he heard a noise in the chicken house. He had disrobed clear down to his long underwear, but didn't want to take time to put his clothes on again, so he just slipped on his shoes, grabbed his trusty shotgun and the flashlight, and went out to investigate.

Reaching the hen house, he threw open the door and sorta squatted down, pointing the gun and flashlight toward the roosts and peering into the void Well, you know the seat construction of long drawers About that time, old Joe, his bird dog, came to see what was going on, touched the rear of the chicken-raising iceman with his cold nose, and he unintentionally killed fourteen of his best pullets.

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