

Roanoke Beacon

and Washington County News

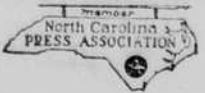
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ALMANAC



"A soft answer turneth away wrath" —Bible

MARCH

26—First street railroad, Boston to Cambridge, opened 1826.

27—Yugoslav Axis pact repudiated, German invasion follows, 1941.

28—Ponce de Leon starts first Florida boom, 1513.

29—Providence, R.I., attacked by Indians, 1676.

30—Alaska purchased from Russia, 1867.

31—Commodore Perry obtains first Japanese commerce treaty, 1854.

APRIL

1—April Fool's Day; Delaware secedes from Pennsylvania, 1781.

ever had, last week expressed himself as highly pleased with the 40-hour week and the production record at his plant; Glenn L. Martin, head of another of the largest airplane plants, stated that the aircraft industry does not want the 40-hour law repealed, that there had been no work stoppages since December 7; and Donald Nelson, responsible for the production of all the war materials in the country, asked Congress not to undertake revision of the work-week laws at this time.

War materials are our greatest need at this time, and the workers in the factories are the only ones who can produce them. At a time when they are getting impressive results, why the sudden hysterical demand—outside the war industry—for upsetting the present trend of steadily increasing production?

Most of the agitation for "monkeying" with labor legislation during an election year is inspired by four groups: labor-baiting Congressmen from non-industrial sections who are either up for reelection or after publicity; selfish industrialists not engaged in war work who see in the war an excuse for invalidating all laws beneficial to labor; subsidized newspaper writers and commentators who are known to "see red" whenever the words "organized labor" are mentioned, as well as a few who are honest but, we think, misguided or intellectually too lazy to inform themselves and do their own thinking; and, last but by no means least, enemy propagandists who are capitalizing on the opportunity to "divide and conquer."

Some of our patriotic parents are writing Congress and the press, citing the fact that they have sons in the service as a reason for advocating this or that restrictive legislation against labor. Apparently they have not considered that 90 per cent of all the men in the armed forces come from the homes of laboring men and farmers; and that practically every workingman has a draft number and is just as liable to wind up in the Army or Navy as anyone else. There has been no blanket deferment of labor, as these letters would indicate, and the number of men temporarily excused from military service due to being engaged in essential work is very, very small—and growing smaller daily. Certainly, the son of the average laborer in the Army is loved by his parents just as much as is the son of the average farmer, doctor, lawyer, merchant, or any other person; and the average of his patriotism is no whit less than that of any other group. Consider the purchase of Defense stamps and bonds through the payroll savings plan, for example.

This is not to say that organized labor is perfect, by any means. The unconscionable rates charged as "initiation fees" by some unions constitute unadulterated racketeering. Legislation is needed to make labor groups civilly liable in order to curb excesses instigated by irresponsible leaders. And there is as much obligation on the part of labor to live up to the terms of a contract as there is on the part of the employer, which fact should not be lost sight of.

We are becoming confused in our thinking as a result of listening to the extremists. There is a reasonable middle ground where these differences can be ironed out, at least until the main battle against the Axis is won. Sacrifices and concessions are demanded no less of the laborer than of the capitalist, farmer, merchant, professional man, and even politicians. We may as well get that idea through our heads, because if we lose this war, then we will have

TOMORROW MAY BE TOO LATE



Form DSS 225 —From the Detroit Free Press.

The Weekly Publishes History That Counts—

Printed below is an editorial we hope every reader of the Roanoke Beacon will read through in its entirety. It sums up the attitude of one weekly newspaper writer toward the printing of war news, and it is an attitude to which we subscribe just 100 per cent. Written by Edmund Arnold in the Frankenthuth (Mich.) News, it might well have been written for us and for Plymouth, as well as for his home community. Substitute Plymouth for Frankenthuth, Beacon for News, and the following is our declaration of principles for the duration of the war:

The headlines of this issue of the News are little different from those of any previous week. Right next to us there is one about the new post office; over a couple of columns is one about the Wheatridge tuberculosis sanatorium; down a little lower is a feature on coffee making.

Contrasted with the streaming black banners on metropolitan dailies, this may seem insipid fare. Where others shriek the dramatic terror of war, we shall tell the simpler tale of homes and everyday life. While they tell in martial accent of swift movements of destruction, we shall tell in calm the slow labors whereby men and women here are moving in a consecration of construction.

This is no ostrich-like dismissal of war by refusing to recognize it. We are in the midst of a terrible struggle to see whether a nation conceived in liberty can long endure. The sacrifices that this country must and is making, will be made and are being made by this community, too. When such a sacrifice means the letting of Frankenthuth blood and the loosing of Frankenthuth for the past 35 years.

As it directly affects Frankenthuth shall we record the war. Other, abler journalist shall chronicle the swift march of the juggernauts of slaughter; other, keener pens shall describe the history our nation must write. Ours is the task—the ONLY one we can do; the one WE can do—

nothing left over which to have differences of opinion.

Put first things first: the war we are engaged in is against Germany, Japan and Italy; not against each other.

of recording the history of one small village. That we shall do.

And when this struggle is over, that history that we've written will not be one to be lightly dismissed as trivial.

For war will be fought; treaty will be signed and war fought again. Tojo, Konoye, Hirohito will rise and die and other aggressors will usurp their place in history. Roosevelt, Hull and Marshall will resist, but the torch will be handed down to other heroes as yet nameless.

But babies will be born; homes will be built; marriages will be made. Infants will be baptized; children will go to school; youth will grow into man's estate. Rains will fall; crops will grow; men will harvest them. These things will go on and on. The simple tale of these doings will never be broken.

This, then, is the history that will spell the greatness of a nation; these are the tales that spring from the soil of America and make it hallowed ground.

Statesmen and generals, warlords and politicians, battles and strategems—these never make history; they merely mar it.

The real history of a nation, of a people, of an ideal, is written in a loving home, an upright commerce and an uncompromising church.

This is the history we propose to write during the black months that lie ahead.

Things To Watch For In The Future

Dog-food in dehydrated form, although many thought it couldn't be done; ducking the tin-can ban, one brand is out with a non-metallic container for the dry variety that looks just like the cans formerly used. . . . A new ice tray for refrigerators, with individual, removable, plastic compartments for each single cube of ice. . . . Plastic bugles, trumpets and trombones are reported having been perfected in the musical instrument industry, but production is deferred for lack of plastics—no savophones, though. . . . Blackout innovations invade the nursery, via a wartime diaper equipped with phosphorescent strings, which eliminates pins and also helps do the job in the dark (no more need, as that old song-title gag went, to "Feed the Baby Garlic So We Can Find Him in the Dark"). . . . Yeast in powdered form, so it can be packed in sacks, saving the tin-foil traditionally used.

Rambling About

By THE RAMBLER

The Road To Success—

The road to success is, for the most part, the same road that it always has been. There are the same penalties for the inefficient, the same rewards for the competent. There are the same obstacles and the same opportunities, the chief difference being that there are today more opportunities. As the evolution of society proceeds, more events of service open up, more needs must be filled, more people must be supplied with new and better things.

The old adage "prepare for opportunity, it will knock at your door only once" has probably never been strictly true. I come knocking to most people again and again. But the things may not be right, and it slides away, unrecognized or ungrasped. It seems to be the "knack" and not the "knock" that is too often lacking.

Did you ever hear of the success family? The father of success is work. The mother of success is ambition. The oldest son is common sense. Some of the other boys are perseverance, honesty, thoroughness, foresight, enthusiasm and cooperation.

Get acquainted with the "old man" and you will be able to get along pretty well with all the rest of the family.

The man who wants success and who grasps principles can successfully select his own methods. The man who tries methods, ignoring principles, is sure to have trouble.

Columnizing—

Here is what a columnist wrote in his January 1 issue:

In 1492 Columbus crossed The ocean blue, Which is more than You can do In 1942.

Shell 'em—

Soldier: "Sir, the enemy are in front of us as thick as peas."
Officer: "All right; shell 'em."

Victory Ahead—

The Rambler holds that world freedom is the key to all future human progress; that no people can be free while another is in bondage; that the war aim of World War II is the freedom of all the people.

The Rambler proposes that all private interests be immediately subordinated; that all prices be rigidly controlled; that all profits be rigorously limited; that all industry be promptly drafted for the war; and that all man and woman power be mobilized for victory.

The Rambler stands ready with the people to face the moral guilt caused by appeasement; to share responsibility for complaisance; to banish complaisance and keep up with the news; to subject conduct to searching self-criticism; to help the victory

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offensive that starts soon because in modern war the only successful defense is offense. The Rambler realizes that America has never lost a war—but neither have the Japs. And the Rambler realizes that America can lose this war—but it must not.

No Weather Reports—

When the government issued orders to eliminate the daily weather reports in newspapers to prevent information reaching the enemy, editors were caught in a jam and they didn't know what to do.

The weather editor of the New York Evening Post wrote: "Weather Will Continue."

The Carson City (Nevada) Chronicle carried the following weather report recently: "(For Allied readers only) Because of war conditions the government has forbidden the

publication of weather reports, but just between the two of us itay wedsnay ikelay ethay eryvay evilday astlay lightning."

Sabotage—

Defense counsel to arresting officer who was testifying at a trial in court: "But if a man is on his hands and knees in the middle of the road, does that prove he is drunk?"

Witnessing officer: "No, sir; it does not; but this defendant was trying to roll up the white line."

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