

**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.

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North Carolina Press Association

Thursday, May 7, 1942

**ALMANAC**

"The discontented man finds no easy chair"—Franklin

**MAY**

- Hilfer and Mussolini exchange friendship pledge, 1938.
- 1st American Legion convention, St. Louis, 1919.
- Columbus sails on fourth voyage of discovery, 1502.
- Germany invades low countries, 1940.
- American Bible Society organized, 1816.
- First observance National Hospital Day, 1921.
- Colony at Jamestown, Va., settled, 1607.

W. H. Service

**Get Ready Now To Do Your Part**

Americans—Which means every single one of us, too—may as well get ready to loosen up their wallets and prepare to take over their individual and fair share of the burden of financing the war, supporting efforts associated with the prosecution of the war, and maintaining those undertakings advanced in the name of and for the general good of humanity.

Washington County people, starting this week, are being asked or politely instructed to buy more War Bonds and Stamps than they have ever bought before. They will soon be asked to raise their share of the

fund for the United Service Organizations. They are being asked to raise a considerable sum for the promotion of cancer control work.

They will be told to pay higher taxes. Briefly stated, they will be asked, sooner or later, to put the war effort first and self last.

The entire program will cost billions on top of billions of dollars, but even so the price we are being asked to pay is dirt cheap for what is at stake. So loosen up the old pocket-book and make certain that Washington County will do its part in supporting its share of war obligations, as well as every organization associated with the basic advancement of all people.

**Duty Before Pleasure Should Become Our Rule**

Describing a serious weakness in our society and at the same time proving that some few are thinking of national defense first, the following clipping is offered for consumption right here at home by one who would urge a greater cooperation in the great and imperative task of supporting the war effort:

Recently a member of a Woman's Society in a large city church declined an invitation to a tea given by a friend. "I would like very much to come," she said to the hostess. "But my group sews for the Red Cross on Wednesdays. I never let any social engagement interfere with that activity. You see, we are all thinking of national defense right now. My group is sewing on warm, wooly things that will be used both at home and for unfortunate little children over in Britain. I would have a guilty conscience if I came to your party when I felt that I would be helping suffering people in a small way with my needle."

**A Bitter Dose**

Elkin Tribune

Americans had been prepared to expect and accept defeat in the Philippines. Even before Pearl Harbor, those in the know, understood full well the difficulties of defending that American outpost. But the capitulation of General Wainwright's forces on Bataan brought Americans up with a jerk just the same.

For three months, outnumbered probably ten to one, the American-Filipino forces had displayed a courage and endurance that astonished and commanded the respect of the world. It was the Alamo all over again except on a larger scale. That this defense would ultimately fail was generally admitted, but that didn't

soften the pain and humiliation of it.

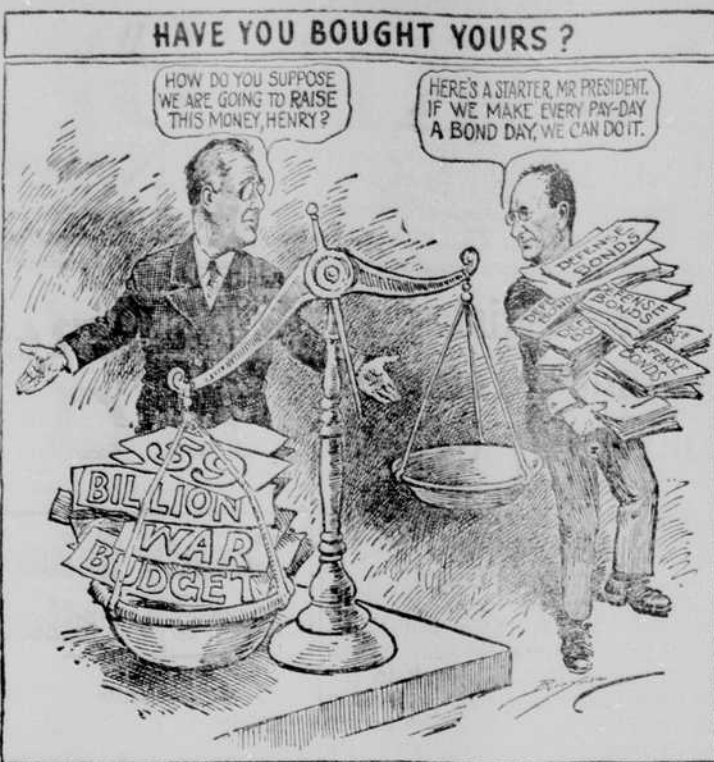
And why this failure? MacArthur and Wainwright and their men have demonstrated that in generalship and fighting spirit, we take a backseat to none. The trouble is that we were there too few and with too little. And why was it that way? The answer is plain. For twenty years Japan had been preparing for this, and for twenty years we have been too blind to see it, or seeing, too incompetent to deal with the situation.

The question could be asked too, why was the greatest nation on earth so incompetent? And that too can be easily answered. Under our form of government and system of misrepresentation, the straight-thinking, forward-looking leader hasn't a chance against mugwump politicians and so-called statesmen—who make the decisions.

Remember back yonder when Congress refused to fortify Guam because certain members of Congress didn't want to offend Japan. They told us boldly and finally that we had nothing to fear from the Japanese; that they wouldn't be so foolish as to raise a hand against such a great power as we. Gaum, of course, didn't matter a great deal, but our attitude there was representative of our policy for the entire Pacific. We were relinquishing control of the Philippines, so why try to defend?

What our pseudo-statesmen failed to see, what they refused to see, was a Japan able to run the white man out of Asia and grab everything in sight, including the tin and rubber and other things upon which we depend.

But that's water over the dam.



—Courtesy Washington, D. C., Star

**Rambing R...About**

By THE RAMBLER

**My Mother—**

A deaf mute came by the office the other day and after receiving alms, he left on the Rambler's desk a card giving his reasons for loving his mother, and this card is a fitting tribute to mothers—the mothers that will be honored over the nation on Sunday.

I love my mother because:  
She carried me under her heart;  
Loved me before I was born;  
Took God's hand in hers and walked through the Valley and  
Shadows that I might live;  
Bathed me when I was helpless;  
Clothed me when I was naked;  
Gave me warm milk from her own body when I was hungry;  
Rocked me to sleep when I was weary;  
Pillowd me on pillows softer than down and sang to me in the voice of an angel;  
Held my hand when I learned to walk;  
Nursed me when I was sick;  
Suffered when I sorrowed;

Now we must face the situation with the scales torn from our eyes. If Pearl Harbor stirred our patriotism to white heat, Bataan should steel our determination to avenge that victory. Nothing less can save our face and our self-respect.

Laughed with my joy;  
Glowed with my triumph;  
Taught my lips to pray;  
Gave me strength for my weakness;

Courage for my despairs;  
Hope to fill a hopeless heart;  
Was loyal when others failed;  
Was true when tried by fire;  
Was my friend when other friends were gone;  
Prayed for me;  
Loved me when I was unlovely;  
Led me into man's estate;  
Placed my feet on the King's highway;

And though we lay down our lives for her we can never repay the debt that we owe our mother.

**Roses—Red and White—**

My rose is white, your rose is red;  
Your mother lives but mine is dead,  
And looking on your red, red rose,  
Which you wear, ah, so jauntily  
I wish that some lucky wind that blows  
Would blow my mother back to me;

That I might take her hand again  
And press it, oh, so tenderly.  
And dry the tears and ease the pain  
That in her life she bore for me;  
That chance is yours, not mine tonight.  
Your rose is red but mine is white.

Your rose is red and mine is white,  
And yet, when I kneel down tonight  
To say my prayers, as shadows creep,  
"Now I lay me down to sleep"  
(The same sweet prayer I used to know

And loved in days of long ago)  
My mother will come back to me,  
My head will rest upon her knee,  
Her hand will smooth my furrowed brow,  
And I will know, somehow, somehow,  
My mother lives, she is not dead—  
Anyway my white rose will turn to red.

—George M. Maxwell

**With Mother—**

My mother used to take me by the hand and we would walk all over our little home town, and she would tell me all about the time that she was a little girl, and the things she did, and the things she thought about.

I felt very close to her.  
As I grew older and learned to do things about the house and yard, I took new interest in all that she did, for it seemed that she never rested a minute or ever complained about being tired.

Her spirit followed me to school the first day, and then continued until the school days were over—until the larger school room was reached and she had kissed me goodbye and went away forever leaving me quite alone in a misunderstanding world.

How well I remember her. You could feel the reflection of the gold in her heart when she smiled. If she knew others were hungry, she could not eat. She was a poet, a humorist,

and artist, a lover of books. Her delicate hands were the hands of a worker.  
I will write her, telephone her, send her a telegram or I will visit her on Mother's Day. Neglect by her children is the worse pain that can hurt her. And I won't forget.

**Farewell—**

For many years I have lived in this county. I have worked with this paper so long, until I feel that it is a part of me. I have seen it grow from an unimpressive weekly to one of the state's leading country publications. And I am glad.

I like the people of Washington County. Maybe some of them like me. And I hate to leave a town where I have enjoyed life so much. It saddens me to find that I must go elsewhere among strangers to find a niche in the world where I can make a living for me and my family.

I have no ill-feeling. And I hope that others bear me none. And I hope that Plymouth and Washington County continues along the path of

progress until it reaches new peaks of greatness and riches.

And with a heavy heart, I bow out of this column. Others more efficient will take up the work. Another personality will live in it. Another's ideas will fill it. But no personality will miss this weekly get-together with the readers more than I.

May good luck, good fortune and good health attend the readers of this column and may you all think of him who wrote but writes no more.

—W. H. P.

**CUT**

A reduction in clothes ration of about one-fourth starting June 1— from 66 coupons a year to a rate slightly over 51—has been announced by the British Board of Trade.

**COTTON**

Cotton is of such great importance in meeting military and civilian demands that the United States is now consuming more than 45,000 bales each day.

**Special Notice**

To All Car Owners, Regardless of Make of Car:

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**Every Gun** Artillery used by the U. S. Army which requires light oil to cushion the shock of discharge, has Paratone-treated oil in the recoil cylinders to safeguard costly gun parts. Paratone in the oil keeps the gun fully effective at all operating temperatures.

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