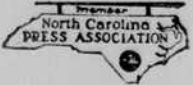


The ROANOKE BEACON AND WASHINGTON COUNTY NEWS

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Thursday, September 13, 1956

The People Have Spoken

By a vote of nearly 5 to 1, North Carolinians last Saturday adopted the Pearsall plan, designed to maintain the present segregated school system in the state. This section voted even more overwhelmingly in favor of the proposition, which was advocated by Governor Hodges and the entire state administration.

As one who opposed changing the state's constitutional provision for a "general and uniform" school system, we nevertheless recognize and accept the right of the people to make that change. The most encouraging factor about the election was the size of the vote, which was considerably larger than expected. This is indicative of interest in the public school system, an interest which we share, although disagreeing with the big majority about the method of preserving and protecting the system.

The result of the election places a tremendous responsibility upon Governor Hodges and others of the state administration who asked for the Pearsall plan's approval and who received it in such great measure last Saturday. However, that responsibility is not so much greater upon the governor and his administration than it is upon all of us—regardless of how we voted last Saturday.

The public schools of North Carolina must be preserved and maintained.

Autumn Sneaks Up

In a few weeks autumn will arrive, officially, by the calendar. In some parts of the country it has already moved in—after hardly any summer at all. This year, it seems, is on the side of the prophets who say our winters will get cold and hot weather will be less frequent.

Whether this turns out to be true or not, autumn always means a change, in living habits, in the outdoors, in sports, in eating, etc.

To take full advantage of the fall, one should plan at least one trip to the mountains, or the country, where nature's spectacular show can be enjoyed for a day or two. In southern climes, outdoor activities in autumn are better than in summer.

As Bryant remarked, the shades of sunlight changed in fall: "On woodlands ruddy with autumn The amber sunshine lies . . ."

The fall months are pleasant because the earth contains much more stored up heat and does not get as cold as later in the year—making the nights more pleasant than in early spring. The earth's heat also is responsible for much ground fog, which is a characteristic of this time of year—especially in some foreign countries like Germany, but also in the United States.

To some there is something ominous about fall, because it brings the first hint of bitter weather, because it is the season when the growing dies, and because it means shorter days and longer nights.

But to others the weather of fall is the year's finest; more clear days, crisp weather, energy-producing weather, is the normal menu for most of the early fall, in most parts of the country.

It is a season which should be enjoyed. We suggest this year you take full advantage of it. Fish, golf, hunt or hike as much as you can. The nation is at peace and most of us are free to live our own life. Next year it could be different. Or you may not be able to enjoy it. If you can, now, get out of your chair and do so.

September Song

The recent cool snap was a reminder. The leaves beginning to collect on the ground, a few cool nights and other things—all add up to approaching autumn, the most nostalgic of the seasons. September just slipped up unobtrusively.

There are those who do not think much about nature; perhaps they think the change of seasons, the miracle of the countryside in fall and other wonders of the landscape are for the poets or the dreamers. But they are wrong.

The seasons should be enjoyed by everyone. The memories each change in season brings back are often surprising. For example the first smell, in fall, or burning leaves, or the first cool day, of the first beef steve, or first days of school, or many other firsts bring back vividly the years gone by, to many.

September—who can remember September 1st, 1939? Hitler was marching into Poland that day, and the world was falling down. Millions of boys and men—and even women and children—passed that day without realizing it spelled death for them.

And the years just before World War II! Those Septembers were always days of crisis, remember? Hitler stirred the pot every spring and every fall. Munich came in the fall of 1938, after a September crisis. Remember how peace hung on a thread that fall?

And September, 1929, the month before the stock market crash. Those days never returned exactly the same. And there was another memorable September, in the stock market, September 24th, 1869—"Black Friday"—Which you don't remember.

There was a day in 1916, the 15th of September, when Winston Churchill's new invention—the tank—was first used. The British gains were so good, and unexpected, they were not properly followed up, and the great victory was mostly missed.

There was a day in 1862, when General Robert E. Lee's army marched toward Pennsylvania, inside Maryland, headed for the major cities of the Union. Union forces, with captured plans of Lee's marching directives, met the Confederates at Antietam, Maryland, and a very bloody battle resulted. Lee's advance was stopped, and it was the next year, 1863, that he made his second and last bid to invade the North, which was checked at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania.

Back in 1935 a fellow waited in a hallway for the Kingfish, on September 8th, and when Huey Long approached, he shot him dead, ending a sensational and dangerous political career.

Ten years later, on September 2nd, General Douglas MacArthur, on board the mighty Missouri, sat silently and watched the Japanese sign surrender papers in the waters of Tokyo Bay. September is, then, a month of memories and famous dates.

It is a moody month, because it ushers in a new season and signifies the end of summer—this year the autumnal equinox occurs on the night of September 22nd, at 8:36. Fall lasts until December 21st.

The Harvest Moon will occur on September 19th, because this is the nearest full moon to the autumn equinox. This full moon will seem to last three days, and will rise very near the same hour for several nights—that is why it is called the Harvest Moon. In old days, harvesting was carried on by its light.

A Lesson In Citizenship

The Boy Scouts of America, now numbering 4,175,000 boy members and adult leaders, will have a realistic experience in citizenship this year.

Together with the Freedoms Foundation, Inc., of Valley Forge, they will conduct a Get-Out-the-Vote campaign, strictly nonpartisan in its concept and execution.

First they will promote the registration of all persons eligible to vote. A principal reason for not voting is failure to register. It has been aptly said that bad candidates are elected by good people who do not vote.

Throughout the nation before registration days, Scouts will put in public places one and a quarter million posters bearing the slogan, "Vote as you think—but vote November 6."

The Scouts will encourage registered persons to vote on Election Day. On Saturday, November 3, Scouts will call at 35,000,000 homes across the nation. They will hang on doorknobs a Liberty Bell placard bearing the message, "Heed youth's call. Vote as you think, but vote November 6, 1956. Use your freedom to vote."

Scouting has long had participating citizenship based on good character as one of its principal goals. We are certain that this organized and patriotic group, qualified to render effective service, will roll up another mighty Good Turn to the nation.

The job needs to be done. Should the time ever come when Americans lose their interest in the right to vote, and neglect to make the small effort voting requires, the right to vote would gradually disappear. Self-government endures only when the people support it vigorously. The act of voting is in itself an expression of good citizenship and appreciation of democratic privilege. Who can remain sensibly indifferent to an election that is choosing the men and women whose acts and decisions effect the lives of all of us?



- 1. What was the approximate strength of the U. S. Army in December, 1941? 2. What are the three largest cities in Continental Europe? 3. What is the meaning of the Coast Guard motto: "Semper Paratus?" 4. What is the distance from the American Continent to the Philippines? 5. Can a President be elected without receiving a majority of the popular vote? 6. When was the U. S. Marine Corps created? 7. What is a minaret? 8. Where is the Cotentin Peninsula? 9. Which is the nearest stellar object? 10. In what book would you find the characters: Athos, Porthos and Aramis?

(See "Answers" at Bottom of Column)

A Few SMILES

Was Realistic Mother: "Well, did you and Joe go to the Ritz and have pheasant under glass as you planned?" Daughter: "No, we went to Louie's Beanery and had hamburger under suspicion."

Perhaps A woman had recently returned from a tour of Europe with her husband. Eager to hear all about her experiences a friend asked: "Did you include Rome in your itinerary?" "I really don't know," she explained. "You see my husband always bought the tickets."

Progress Report The shy mountain youth had finally worked up enough courage to propose. "Ellie Mae," he began, as they sat in the moonlight outside her cabin, "I got a clearin' over thar, an' a team an' wagon an' some haws an' cows, an' I'm gonna build me a house this fall an' . . ."

Knew From Experience A minister's son, applying for a job as a policeman, passed the written tests and started his oral quiz. To the question, "How would you disperse a mob?" he promptly replied, "I'd take off my hat and start taking a collection."

Legalized Revenge Two screen writers who were a team rented a house in the Hollywood Hills and got a promise from the land lord to redecorate the place for them. When it had become evident that the land lord would not keep his promise, the writers had their attorney draw up a paper giving them permission to do their own redecorating at their own expense and, of course, the landlord was only too happy to sign it.

A Family Affair A big-hearted distiller in the South who believed in spreading sunshine wherever he went sent a barrel of his best whiskey up to a poor acquaintance who lived in the nearby hills. A couple of weeks later he dropped in on the man and the woman, in the course of the conversation, dropped the hint that he could use a little more liquor.

Pat was in the British army in France during World War I, but his anti-British sentiments were well known, so the censor and headquarters kept a wary eye on him. Pat received a letter from his wife, Bridget, stating that it was nearly time to plant potatoes, but there was not an able-bodied man available for hire and she did not feel able to spade the potato patch herself.

Soon he received this news from his wife: "A lot of soldier came and dug up teh patch from end to end. What am I to do?" Pat answered: "Plant the potatoes."

The prison chaplain found that a hardened convict had made a pet of a rat and noticed how the convict's scowling face softened into a smile when he fed it.

Going up to them the chaplain put his hand on the shoulder and said, "How did you come to take such a fancy to this rat?" The convict hesitated; then said, "He bit the jailer, sir."

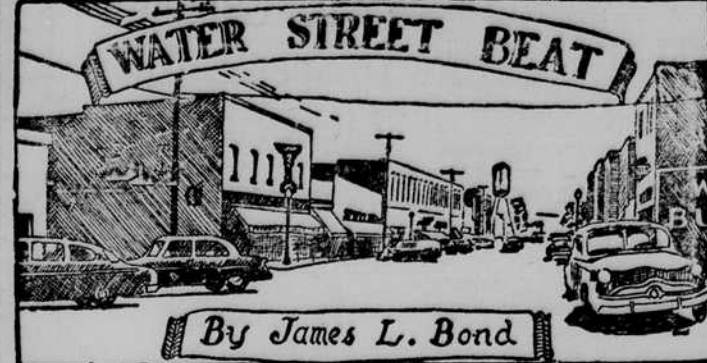
A salesman whose car broke down in a remote mountain section, had to spend the night in a rather primitive cabin. The next morning as he tried to freshen up with a bucket, he had as an interested audience the many children of the family which had given him shelter. He shaved, patted lotion on his face, dusted on a little powder. He brushed his teeth, cleaned his nails, shined his shoes as best he could, and whisked the dust off his clothes. The children watched wide-eyed. Finally one boy, letting out a tremendous sigh, exclaimed: "Gosh, Mister, ain't you an awful lot of trouble to yourself?"

Not Worth It A salesman whose car broke down in a remote mountain section, had to spend the night in a rather primitive cabin. The next morning as he tried to freshen up with a bucket, he had as an interested audience the many children of the family which had given him shelter. He shaved, patted lotion on his face, dusted on a little powder. He brushed his teeth, cleaned his nails, shined his shoes as best he could, and whisked the dust off his clothes. The children watched wide-eyed. Finally one boy, letting out a tremendous sigh, exclaimed: "Gosh, Mister, ain't you an awful lot of trouble to yourself?"

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The ANSWERS

- 1. 1,600,000. 2. Paris, Berlin and Moscow. 3. "Always ready." 4. 7,000 miles. 5. Yes. 6. By the Continental Congress, 181 years ago. 7. A tower of a mosque. 8. In France—the peninsula on which the Allied invasion took place. 9. The Star Centauri. 10. "The Three Musketeers."



OPENING THOUGHT—It takes less time to do a thing right than it does to explain why you did it wrong.—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

TODAY'S CHUCKLE — It was the first day of school and the little boy was telling his teacher about his new dog. "What kind of dog is he?" the teacher asked. To which the boy replied, "Well, he's a mixed-up kind, sort of a cocker scandal."

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY—Tommy, just returned from a neighborhood party, was telling his mother all about it. "When refreshments were served," his mother cut in, "I hope you didn't ask for a second piece of cake." To which her young son replied, "Oh, that wasn't necessary, mom. I just asked Mrs. Jones for the recipe so you could make some like it and, you know, she gave me two more pieces."

AT LEISURE — It is really a busy world but people who stand and criticize those who are trying to do something have very little to do themselves.

ART LOVERS SCARCE? — The art show at the Winslow gallery last Saturday was rather sparsely attended, it is reported. Perhaps there was not sufficient advance publicity, or the day of the week might have had something to do with the fact that the public stayed away in droves. At any rate, it would be safe to say that some of the best paintings ever shown in this county or immediate area were here to be seen during the two hours the show was open to the public. I was at the gallery from noon Saturday until almost one o'clock and had the pleasure of meeting Francis Speight, a fellow native of Bertie County who has made a name for himself throughout the art world as painter and teacher. His boyhood days were spent in the Republican section of Bertie where his father was a Baptist preacher. When my brother and I were quite young, my mother and dad used to take us to Republican Baptist Church to hear T. T. Speight preach. That I remember only in hearing my mother tell it. Francis Speight, of course, has made many visits to his home county since he has been teaching at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and on one occasion a few years ago had—together with his wife, Sarah Blakeslee Speight—an exhibition in Windsor. I was in Windsor briefly to see the paintings then, but missed seeing the artist. So, although I was brought up less than 10 miles from the old Speight home, I never had the pleasure of making Francis Speight's acquaintance until last Saturday. When I first heard that Speight would be at Plymouth for the annual meeting of the Roanoke-Chowan Group and would be among the artists to exhibit at the local gallery I honestly thought that quite a number of persons would come to see his work and that of some of the others. Such did not prove to be the case. Despite the current fad for dabbling in oils, apparently few people are genuinely interested in art. What other conclusion could one possibly draw?

REMEDY—Then there was the doctor who advised his patient who suffered from insomnia to lie on the edge of the bed—possibly in the hope that the latter would drop off.

PARTING SHOT — The best laid plans of mice and men, when

ist preacher. When my brother and I were quite young, my mother and dad used to take us to Republican Baptist Church to hear T. T. Speight preach. That I remember only in hearing my mother tell it. Francis Speight, of course, has made many visits to his home county since he has been teaching at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts and on one occasion a few years ago had—together with his wife, Sarah Blakeslee Speight—an exhibition in Windsor. I was in Windsor briefly to see the paintings then, but missed seeing the artist. So, although I was brought up less than 10 miles from the old Speight home, I never had the pleasure of making Francis Speight's acquaintance until last Saturday. When I first heard that Speight would be at Plymouth for the annual meeting of the Roanoke-Chowan Group and would be among the artists to exhibit at the local gallery I honestly thought that quite a number of persons would come to see his work and that of some of the others. Such did not prove to be the case. Despite the current fad for dabbling in oils, apparently few people are genuinely interested in art. What other conclusion could one possibly draw?

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