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hearts. The hard work of the year is soon forgotten in the frivolity of Fairtime. And all of this is yours for the asking, starting Monday. Enjoy it in your own special way.

**Rebel Revelations**

Never underestimate the power of a woman . . . or anything named after a woman. It is much worse if the gal has been slighted or scorned or dismissed as unimportant.

Girls always seem to resent being called either slow or fast . . . and set out to prove that the word is wrong. Now take that capricious wench, Carol, who left damage in her wake amounting to at least \$500,000,000 . . . yes that is right, five hundred million dollars.

The weather men had been saying that she seemed very slow, dozing, and would probably stay where she was. Girls resent being told to stay where they are, too. So she proceeded to make the guys look stupid by picking up speed.

Then it was reported that she would miss the New England Coast entirely. So she veered at once in that direction, intensifying as she approached.

Well, at least, the forecasts continued she would be of far less importance than the hurricane of 1838 . . . so she decided to show the guys that hell knows no fury like a woman scorned. She did, too.

Cities were isolated, many of the coastal ones were under water. Lights and telephones went rapidly. Tower after radio tower fell, and stations went off the air in a continuing line up the coast coming closer and closer to Maine.

There were many casualties, and the irreparable damage to historic shrines. The wooden belfry of Boston's Old North Church from which shone the signal lanterns famed by the poet Longfellow in "Paul Revere's Ride" was destroyed.

The window where the lanterns were placed as a warning that the British troops were starting out to destroy the military stores of the American patriots at Concord was the one in which there was to be one if by land, two if by sea. It had been part of the church since it was built in 1723. The window was in the square wooden clock tower rising from the brick substructure of the church tower and surmounted in turn by a slender steeple designed by the famous architect Bullfinch. Tower and clock, steeple and weathervane . . . a lovely copper one made by the 18th century coppersmith, Sherm Drowne—fell together and crashed in wreckage to the pavement. Marks made by the craftsmen of the 1700's were still clearly visible on the old timbers lying in the street.

Since the disaster of 1838, New Englanders have been hurricane conscious. That may be why the list of the dead was as small as it was. There were countless injuries as people were hit by falling limbs and shattering glass.

At Greentrees I had battened down everything that I could. It was a question whether the boats would weather the storm. But it seemed silly to risk trying to row them to the beach with the huge waves that were battering the shore.

I was sure the power would go and cooked a few things while I was able to use the stove. Now, and for several days to come, I shall use the fireplace . . . it is slow and not too satisfactory but it serves. There is no running water, of course . . . and drinking water must be fetched from a spring high on the mountain. If bathing becomes necessary, we can use the lake.

When the wind suddenly veered from Northeast to South, things began to happen . . . too fast to cope with all at once. Huge windows on the third floor blew out and were smashed to pieces on the ground . . . and the rain poured into the room in torrents. I nailed plywood against the gaping holes as quickly as I could, no easy job against a wind that blew in gusts of more than 75 MPH. I saw the old horse chestnut sway alarmingly and then suddenly snap in two missing the porch by inches. Then one 100 year-old maple went to be followed quickly by another old sugar maple and several Lombardy poplars that were more than 50 feet tall.

The poplars were north of the house anyway and fell towards the vegetable garden. All the corn flattened . . . but that was no great loss because the raccoons had helped themselves first. Apples flew thru the air like autumn leaves occasionally hitting a window. The damage to the apple crop in Maine will run into millions of dollars.

There are many tremendous old elms down, and many primeval pines. You wonder about trees in such storms . . . why do they suddenly go after centuries of withstanding higher winds? Are they tired or just too old to be any longer resilient and flexible?

High seas tore the coast, flooding most of the coastal towns. There were yachts left stranded several hundred feet up on land. Smaller

**Quality Can Help Acreage Loss**

Despite the loss of 154,000 acres of cotton in North Carolina—and prospects of further reductions in allotments—cotton growers can still increase their incomes.

David S. Weaver, director of the State College Agricultural Extension Service and member of the State Cotton Quality Improvement Committee, suggests that growers and others set their sights on:

Improving the inherent quality of cotton and preserving that quality through production, harvesting, ginning, handling and other processes.

Weaver points out that North Carolina is largely a state of small cotton growers; there are 87,000 farmers producing less than 600,000 acres. This small acreage per farm means that certain practices that have proved profitable elsewhere, such as mechanization, are difficult to carry out in North Carolina. In this state, 96 per cent of the cotton is hand-picked, compared to 38 per cent in California and 19 per cent in Texas.

On the other hand, North Carolina enjoys some advantages over these states. North Carolina cotton is close to the markets, and local mills favor high-grade North Carolina cotton. Weaver declares that Tar Heel farmers can produce a cotton of a very high quality if they will observe every practice essential to maintaining that quality.

An ounce of brake is worth a pound of horn.

Finda self-made man—and you will find he worships his Creator.

boats were hurled through the air. In places every boat at harbor in a yacht club would be demolished. Fishing vessels were lost unless they went far out to sea.

The damage made many a person sick at heart, but most of them were thankful to be alive, that their loved ones rode out the storm. There were captious tourists who complained of the lack of heat, water, lights. Many of them had no idea how to live under primitive conditions . . . and blamed the state of Maine which was less badly off than her sisters to the south.

Somehow you have much less respect for people who complain in a real disaster. Certainly things may be inconvenient, but what of that? The veneer of the shallow is stripped away in an emergency . . . and the coarse wood underneath is exposed. Weaknesses and strengths are magnified at such times. You learn to admire those who remain calm and cool, who keep their heads. You learn to respect those who are not crushed by the loss of possessions . . . who are cheerful and grateful to be unhurt.

Their sense of values seems better balanced than those petty souls who weep because they are uncomfortable, and fuss because their routine is interrupted. You are aghast at the way trivialities are magnified, and become important. You deplore the revealed selfishness of people of whom you had a higher opinion.

You are pleasantly surprised at how kind and friendly your neighbors can be. They come to see if you are hurt, what they can do. They bring you something cooked on their trusty wood stoves, offer you kerosene lamps to light the darkness if you haven't any. And they even come over with a chain saw and are cutting my trees for me . . . trees which would have lain across the lawn for days until we could get them cut.

Emergencies bring out the best and the worst in people . . . and somehow the best always outweighs the worst and you are glad to be in such a warm and friendly community. You have a renewed faith in the inner decency and thoughtfulness of your neighbor. You find virtues that lessen your pain at losing your prize trees. So it is not really such an ill wind after all.

You have a warmth inside that keeps you from shivering from the lack of heat . . . a glow that will last a long time.

When the storm is over and the gale has subsided, the air is clear and clean. The quiet sky is deep Heaven blue. And no matter how great has been the damage, the relief at the passing of the tempest brings peace.

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**BIG BUSINESS**

The opening of the new school year next week is a big operation. It is bigger by far than most citizens realize.

The county school system employs more people than any other one business in the county. Its investment in buildings, school equipment and buses runs into millions.

Its finished products are boys and girls, hundreds of them annually, who become our citizens of tomorrow.

As our schools open for the new term and our children begin or renew their studies, it is our duty to become more conscious of our school problems; to take a greater interest and work with the officials and teachers in the interest of the highest possible education standards.

**A FAIR MEANS MANY THINGS**

Monday will bring the start of the sixth annual Wayne County Agricultural Fair. According to Oland Peele, this year's six-day and six-night extravaganza will top even last year's tremendous event. And that will be something.

A County Fair means a lot to many. It means something entirely different to others. Take the average Tar Heel citizen, for example. What does the fair mean to him?

This citizen and his many counterparts looks to the fair as pure enjoyment. No sweat off his brow nor dirt on his hands has gone into, or will ever go into, a fair in this county. And thus it should be. His trip, or trips, to the fair will be to see, spend and enjoy. Perhaps even to admire.

But then there is the farmer. Fairtime to him means a chance to show off his bounty, the realization of his year-long efforts in caring for crops and livestock. A fair is a sort of "annual recognition" for those who toil the fields and tend the animals from early mornning to nightfall. It gives the farmer and his family their big chance to mingle with other farmers, their families and perhaps, some "kinfolks." Any rewards or blue ribbons that Mr. and Mrs. Farmer might take home are purely incidental. That is, unless the Mrs. has walked off with the prize for the best pint of watermelon preserves. THAT is something.

Then there is the 4-H, FFA, FHA members. A fair to these boys and girls is the realization of a 350-day dream—counting off the days looking forward to Christmas. Their one or two head of livestock or other farm animal are their prize possessions and nothing a judge will say to the contrary will ever sway their opinions. Just the chance to show off HER calf or HIS pig is the biggest thing in life.

Finally, there are the other children. Heck, they just go to the fair to see the horse show to ride the ferriswheels, eat cotton candy and pester the life out of their parents. They enjoy fairs too. But their enjoyment is purely objective and yet you can bet fond memories of last year's fair are still locked away somewhere in their minds, only to be reopened one day, or night, next week.

In all, the fair opens its gates into many person's

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