

Processing Wastes Useful Nicotine

Chapel Hill—A large percentage of the nicotine that is wasted annually in the manufacture of tobacco could be utilized as a raw material for the synthesis of many new and interesting chemical compounds.

This is the opinion of Dr. A. L. Alexander, research chemist for the Naval Research Laboratory, and Dr. E. W. Bost, head of the University of North Carolina chemistry department, who have described their experiments with four new derivatives of nicotine in a chapter in a volume, "Studies in Science," just published by the University Press.

It is edited by Dr. W. C. Coker, Kenan research professor and former head of the University botany department.

In Dr. Alexander's and Dr. Bost's chapter on "Some New Derivatives of Nicotine," they point out that in one season just before the war, North Carolina produced 517,210,000 pounds of tobacco which resulted in a loss of 108,442 pounds (it is estimated at least 20 per cent of the tobacco is wasted in manufacture).

Nicotine is Wasted. Estimating that 1 per cent of that waste material is nicotine, the authors figure that the nicotine obtainable from that one crop amounted to 1,034,422 pounds.

"This does not take into consideration the waste represented by the stalks left in the field after harvesting," they pointed out. "The chief uses of nicotine at present are as an insecticide and in the manufacture of nicotinic acid and nicotinamide."

In a summary they pointed out that tobacco affords an abundant supply of waste material in the form of stems and stalks worthy of chemical study and that the amount of nicotine derivable from waste tobacco is enormous. "At the present time nicotine is the chief chemical compound obtained from tobacco," they said.

The master index file of the Veterans Administration comprises 20 million cards.

The best varieties of alfalfa to plant in North Carolina are Kansas, Oklahoma, and Utah common.

Town And Country

(By James B. Hockaday)

From my present home (Lillington) to Farmville is a distance of 84 miles. Since early in July, I have been making one round trip a week, leaving Farmville early Saturday afternoon and returning late Sunday or early Monday morning. Far from monotonous, these trips have been quite interesting as I've studied, at a 40-mile-an-hour clip, life in what I consider one of the finest sections of the State.

The Saturday afternoon trips have been much alike, highlighted by the scores of farm folks lining the highways waiting for buses or already on the way to town in private cars for their weekly shopping tour. These people are spick and span, look as if they had stepped straight from a hand-box and were on their way to a fashion parade. And there isn't a shabbily dressed one in the lot. Time has been when the lads and lassies from the country stood out, when contrasted with their city cousins, for their "countrified" dress and mannerisms. The day of the country bumpkin, as a class, is gone. Rural people today are just as well clothed and educated as their urban neighbors and, in most cases, better fed. I think it speaks well for our economic system. Certainly, no nation can be strong, and stay strong, when one strata of its society is underfed, badly-clothed and uneducated.

Fortunate, indeed, is that pastor who doesn't have to worry about his flock attending church. In one small town I know, each of the churches has a full-time pastor but attendance at evening services dropped off so much that the ministers agreed to have a union service each Sunday night. Finally, the evening worship was dispensed with during the summer months. I'm not a pessimist; nor do I think the world is headed for the proverbial bow-wows but I do wish that members would take more interest in religious activities. I firmly believe that if congregations would concentrate on strengthening their churches the community's problems would soon disappear. On the way back to Farmville

several Sunday nights ago, I was gratified to see how many rural churches were having services and the large number of cars parked outside. One of the finest preachers I know once told me that the strength and quality of his sermons were determined by the size of his congregation. When attendance was small, he said his sermon lacked force and power but that a packed house stimulated him as nothing else seemed to do. If this be true throughout the profession, non-church-goers are not only cheating themselves but their neighbors by failing to attend Sabbath services.

While on the subject of church attendance, I am reminded of the story about the pastor who, one Easter morning, beamed with pleasure at the large number present, and said, "I am happy to see all of you this morning. Since some of you won't be back until next Easter, I am taking this opportunity now to wish you a Merry Christmas."

A chauffeur in livery was sitting on the well-kept, rolling lawn of a huge home in one of the towns through which I passed early one Monday morning. The house was of mansion dimensions, and must have had at least 15 rooms. On the porch was a lone quart of milk. I thought what a pity it was that here, in a section experiencing an unprecedented housing shortage, is a "one-quart" home that should be at least a "six-quart."

Last Wednesday marked the first anniversary of the Japanese surrender and the end of World War II. I am not advocating that the day be made a holiday but I do think that everyone on that day ought to pause prayerfully and resolve to do everything humanly possible to prevent the outbreak of another war. Nervous and tense, the world is sitting on a powder keg. Straight thinking and positive action are necessary. Last Wednesday was an appropriate time to set our sights on peace as the goal.

No man in uniform will ever forget his reaction to the announcement that the war was ended. Our ship was at Pearl Harbor. We had just completed some shuttle runs assigned as temporary duty to keep us busy until rehearsals began for the invasion of the Japanese Empire. Requisitions for supplies needed in the task had been placed; within the next few days we expected to begin practicing and working with other units. News that the Japs were accepting terms came while we were having movies. Simultaneously, scores of vessels of all kinds began firing pyrotechnics, blowing whistles and sirens. Powerful 24-inch searchlights probed the skies, dancing about as if they had found what they had been searching for many months. Many of the fellows were shouting and cheering; others were quiet and solemn. I stood on deck with the ship's doctor, a Chicagoan with three youngsters and a wife at home. Never will I forget him. Tears rolled down his cheeks as he fervently repeated, more to himself than me, "Thank God, it's over."

More than 500,000 women wore the uniform of the United States armed forces in World War II. This was 10 times the number who served in the first World War. They have the same rights and benefits under law as male veterans.

OUR COMMUNITY

(By H. B. Sage)

We all should be inspired by the fine compliments that we often hear paid to our community, particularly with reference to its public-spirited and fair-minded citizenship and its fine racial relationship.

The question, how did this happen, sometimes arises. The answer is, maybe it didn't just happen. The better things of life don't just happen. We have to work, sometimes hard and long, to obtain them. If our community, or any community, merits such compliments, it is because its members desired it to be and gave their time and talent toward making it so.

A capable and dynamic leadership is a prime necessity for the growth of any community. This goes without question. But every member, of whatever social or economic status, should realize that he, too, has responsibilities in direct proportion to his possibilities and should resolve to do his part in making his community what it should be. He owes it to himself, his fellowman and to God.

Unfortunately, too many of us want to enjoy the better things of life but we do not want to work for them. We would like to have them just handed to us on a silver tray. This doesn't usually happen. Whoever lives under such an illusion will probably die in disappointment.

We are inclined to think of a community of much material gain, as a good community. As important as this is, it is not the sole criterion for a good community. We should take care that our spiritual life is developed along with our material growth. If not we gradually move out of balance.

The final and clarion call is to every member of our community of whatever color or creed, to live up to his responsibilities and let us make and keep our community what we all would like to have it.

Community canneries are now operating at most of the high schools in North Carolina for the benefit of rural families who wish to can their food in an economical, labor-saving way.

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