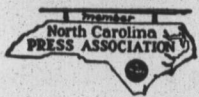


PERSON COUNTY TIMES



A PAPER FOR ALL THE PEOPLE

U. S. MERRITT, EDITOR — M. C. CLAYTON, Manager THOMAS J. SHAW, JR., City Editor

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SUNDAY, MAY 12, 1940

Written In Disorder

As almost all Roxboro now knows, we moved last week, and despite the kind assistance of friends who would help to make the change from Guilford to Person an easy one as far as transference of personal property is concerned, our house is still in that wild state of disorder which can only be induced by moving day, or an earthquake. In comparison, the eternal hurly-burly of a newspaper office seems like one of "Father Divine's "Heavens".

Books are all over the floor, the kitchen sink is piled full of pictures and the furniture is in nightmareish positions. Pervading the whole is the smell of new paint, delightful to sniff for a few moments, but sickening to live with, when windows stick and won't come up to let in the cool fresh air.

It occurs to us, however, that this local and purely personal confusion is in a manner symbolical of what Americans who have survived the past fifteen years have been going through. All of us have in that time been faced with physical or mental "moving days" and most of us, especially in the South, where we are supposed to be addicted to creature comforts and to a placidity often times characterized as laziness, have resented the necessity of re-focusing our points of view or of making changes in established habits of living.

For many, the first shakedown was financial, a catastrophe from which some few have not yet recovered and, perhaps, never will. Others who are more inured to personal difficulties have in recent years spent their energies worrying over the fate of America in a world dominated by dictators, agitators and merchants of "isms", an attitude which recent events in Europe have not dissipated. Within the past few weeks a large proportion of the population has been turning its mind to problems of the electorate: who is to be president, governor, congressman, legislator or sheriff during the coming four years.

But, going back to the story of moving day, it appears to us that periods of unsettlement are good for people. Given as a flat statement this platitude sounds dangerously like those other platitudes quoted by the would-be-goods who view each calamity, whether it be sickness, or pain or death as a blessing in disguise and calculated to improve the soul. We cannot go all the way with such Spartan philosophers as these, but we can say that we are glad to be living in a dynamic age when moving days must come and when events in Norway, in India, in the Balkans or in Holland can change the ruts of living in so distant a town as Roxboro.

It matters not that we as Americans have been exceedingly uncomfortable during the past decade and a half. It does matter as to how we react to the disturbances of living and as to how long it will take us to put our individual and collective houses in order. If the pioneer spirit exhibited in Raymond Massey's interpretation of Robert E. Sherwood's, "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" seems by contrast to be as fantastic and as unreal as the cinema version of life at Scarlett's "Tara", it only shows us that we have entered into a new age in which neither the poor nor the rich pattern will exactly fit.

Bringing this idea down to the practicalities of the moment, it will be possible for American voters this year to elect to office those citizens who show some degree of adaptability to changing conditions. We may say that nothing we can do will stop Hitler's carnage in Europe: we forget that even before an election year is out our leaders in high places may be forced to make decision for us. If they are not forced, others who follow after, may most certainly come to a "moving day" and the least we can do is to elect those officials who will most nearly represent our own attitudes toward steps which will inevitably be taken regardless of whether the outcome be peace or war. This is no time for complacency.

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Color In Roxboro

For some days it has been on our mind to publicly commend City Manager Bloxam and members of the fire department for renovations now in progress in the City Hall and Fire station. The internal improvements in the city office and in the station, embracing as they do the provision of more adequate sanitary facilities, are most satisfactory and should improve appearances and add much to municipal comfort. We will go the whole way and say that the notion of having flaming red doors at the fire station is splendid, if somewhat traditional. because it will cause some citizens to realize for, maybe the first time, that Roxboro does have and will have a yet more efficient fire department.

So much to the good. But the other morning when we came to the heart of the city and discovered that parking zones and restricted areas and intersections had had their pure white lines painted over with a sticky, muddy looking yellow, our pride in the city's bold employment of color began to decline.

We know not whose decision among city officials, favored "yellow" and carried the point. We only know

that the color is downright ugly, albeit it does attract attention. It does not require the services of an "exterior decorator" to let it be known that the streets of Roxboro are far too narrow and unimpressive to have to put up with the added burden of disfiguration with yellow paint. It is no concern of ours that paint of this color has been used to mark the streets of other cities such as Richmond, Va., or Winston-Salem, in this state. Besides, we have a sneaking notion that paint of this color will not wear nearly so well as plain and old reliable white, and for once we are delighted that chemistry joins our fight against yellow.

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Pride In Numbers

Roxboro, according to an announcement made Thursday by James Carver, local representative of the United States Census bureau, now has a population of 4,599, while figures for the previous decade reached approximately 3,600. Tabulations thus show an increase of around 1,000.

Mr. Carver has said that figures are complete, unless citizens who may have been missed in the enumeration come forward and add their names to the city's rolls. It will be a disappointment to some that Roxboro's population could not officially reach at least 5,000. Actually, counting Ca-Vel and Longhurst, there are more than 5,000 persons resident in the Roxboro area.

All over the country cities and towns will be reading the news of their growing pains with pleasure or disgust, according to their tabulations. The race for numbers seems slightly silly, a place can be just as good to live in whether it has 4,599 souls, or 5,000, but that's the way we are. The numbers god, in more ways than one, has been supreme in America for lo these many years.



Curiosity and Candor

The News And Observer

"Although the United States Army and Navy are in their healthiest condition in history," says Maj. Thornton Chase, professor of military science and tactics at State College, "the country is still not yet adequately prepared."

Prepared for what?

The people of the United States are, in a troubled world, in a mood to give the Army and Navy adequate support. There is no inclination to stint on American forces of defense. Preparations, however, and the requests for big appropriations for preparations seems to be going forward in a combination of fright and vagueness. Some Army officers have talked ominously of invasion; one admiral not only warned of war with Japan but so acted in incitement on the witness stand that his superiors had to rebuke him.

Major Chase is a good deal more definite than many other Army speakers, and wiser. He regards it as a healthy sign that today "our people are showing a curiosity in national affairs and in our defense." He himself is a very much more moderate in his statement of our military needs than some of the generals. Few Americans are today so opposed to arms in a world using arms that they would wish to deny to the Army "a well-trained nucleus and field army," though many might question the suggestion of such actual military invasion of this country as he expressed in the purpose of that army to "hold off potential enemies while we are mobilizing." England's difficulty, despite all its sea-power, in landing troops in nearby Norway, is the latest evidence that such "holding off" in the United States is scarcely in the realm of possibility.

Today most Americans want adequate defense but they are developing a curiosity about it and they would be happier while they pay their greater taxes for a greater Army and Navy if the generals and the admirals and the majors also would talk to them in candor about this preparedness and less in fantasy about the monumental improbability of a foreign military and naval invasion of the United States.

The Atlantic ocean is still there and it is still wider than the North Sea.

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Muddling Through

Greensboro Daily News

The rockfish festival which, the news columns inform us, is to be made an annual affair down at Weldon, appeals to our sense of gastronomic fitness; but we have been wondering why it was decided to follow the model of other festivals and crown a king and queen.

For though the rockfish muddle—and we reckon that is to be festival's piece de resistance—is a dish fit for kings, we do not ever recall a queen who should be asked to take it.

Too, the warming-up exercises for a muddle are not such as could be termed equable to a fayre ladye. No dilly-dallying with a lightweight cocktail or two ever sufficed to prepare one for the assimilation of a properly cooked and served muddle. Nor does a good muddle chef trim his dishes with parsley or other such do-dads. A couple of fist-size sliced unenervated onions to the quart of muddle is about right, and the diner who doesn't do at least a couple of quarts hasn't set about meeting the requirements of a real Roanoke river trencherman.

And there are the poker and craps with a bit more of wassail to wet the muddle down with—to rivet its savor for a period of some seven suns, and enhancing an aroma which resembles nothing els so much as the breath of a seasoned scion of western Carolina's old ramp-eating aristocracy.

To be sure Weldon can have a king and queen for its rockfish festival and a whole cowpenny of court attendants if it so desires; but it should either suggest that its fairer crowned heads stick to baked rockfish, or provide each and every one of them with a brand-new hotwater bottle and pound of bicarbonate of soda.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

From The Adult Student

Faith and Light

Habakkuk was a prophet sorely puzzled by a question which still disturbs most people. He found it hard to understand how an all-powerful Jehovah could allow so much evil to continue among his people. Looking at the Jewish race around him and at other nations nearby, he was amazed that such dishonest, covetousness, debauchery, killing, killing, and idolatry were not wiped out by one grand exhibition of divine wrath. The first part of the prophet's message has almost a reproving tone as he asks the Lord why he doesn't do something about conditions.

A Complete Answer

In the middle part of his prophecy, Habakkuk tells how Jehovah made answer to his complaining and to his questioning. The answer that satisfied Habakkuk is one that men and women still need to ponder with care. Translating the ancient figures into modern form, God told the prophet something like the following:

Here is the answer Habakkuk Write it down so plainly that the simplest mind can understand, so that it will not require careful research, so that he who is running can read it as he passes.

An understanding of the full scheme of things, a grasp of all the world meanings, waits for an appointed time in the future, a time when men will have trained themselves to the point of readiness.

A soul which is too lifted up which demands too much understanding all at one time, which questions too confidently the way things are moving, is not thoroughly an upright soul. This is a conceited soul.

The just man lives by his faith. He has learned enough to realize that few things are thoroughly understandable. He knows that the scientists are never able to follow through to exact knowledge of any of the projects which they study. They learn certain useful facts, build up a theory, and then stop on the fringes of mystery. The just man feels that, behind the strange happenings and elements of this mysterious universe, a mind and a plan are in operation. He knows that faith must bridge many chasms created by human ignorance.

Don't worry too much, Habakkuk, because the Lord does not wipe out the sinners. You are right in thinking that it is a crime when a man "giveth his neighbors drink." The wars of conquest that go on are also a hideous sin. It is foolish beyond thinking that men should create idols of wood and stone and metal and try to worship these empty images in which "there is no breath at all." All these sins, Habakkuk, are foolish and terrible, it is true; but they are man's sins created by him. The Maker gave man a divine power which will not be interrupted. Man can create sin or good on earth. These sins, moreover, will bring their own punishment. Men will learn, for instance, the Chaldeans will soon teach Israel the outcomes of their bloody wars of conquest.

Don't be impatient, Habakkuk. Live, like a just man, by your faith. "The Lord is in his holy temple." Keep silence.

.... Why, O Lord, O Lord! Thoughtful people in all generations have been puzzled when they attempt to make sense out of all the happenings around them. Why would a merciful God allow a little child to be stricken by infantile paralysis and to die or to go through life crippled, through no fault of its own, Why allow the slaughter of the innocents to continue on highways as speeding autos crash? Why let strong nations invade the weak and ravage the property of helpless noncombatants? Why allow flood, fire, earthquake, tornado, or epidemic to sweep thousands of persons out of life? Why are the wicked permitted to prosper? Why do

good people not control affairs at all times?

Only the foolhardy will give direct answers to these questions. The correct reply is what God said to Habakkuk, which was in substance: "Be patient, little man. If you will think, you can see a part of the truth. In due time, the whole plan will be clear. In the meantime, faith is the keynote for you.

What part of the truth can we see in our own day? It appears to the writer that we can agree on certain fundamentals as we look at the mystery of human society. If we can so agree, it will help us to justify and strengthen our faith.

CATTLE

Production of cattle in California declined about 3 per cent in 1939 because of poor range and feed conditions, says the U. S. Department of Agriculture.

CROTALARIA

W. R. Nowell of Wendell is planting 100 pounds of crotalaria to smother out Bermuda grass, says J. C. Keith, assistant Wake county farm agent.

MORE DURING DAY

More accidents occur on the highways in daytime than at night, but more fatalities occur at night.



Burning grass is dangerous!

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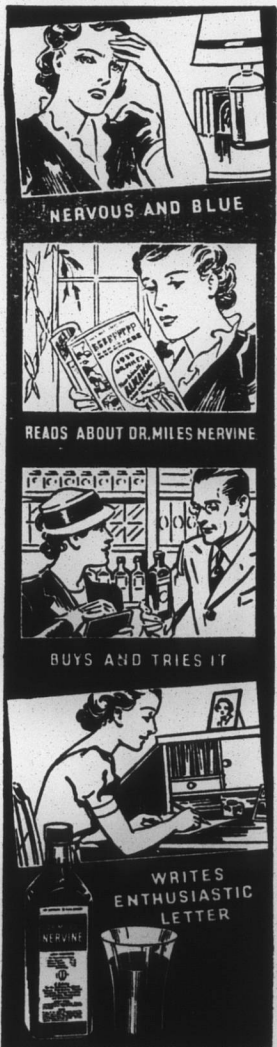
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