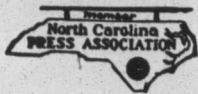


# PERSON COUNTY TIMES



A PAPER FOR ALL THE PEOPLE

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THOMAS J. SHAW, JR., City Editor.

Published Every Thursday and Sunday. Entered As Second Class Matter At The Postoffice At Roxboro, N. C., Under The Act Of March 3rd., 1879.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES

1 year	\$2.00
6 months	\$1.25
3 months	.75
Out of N. C. — 1 year	\$2.50

National Advertising Representative



New York : Chicago : Detroit : Atlanta : Phila.

Advertising Cut Service At Disposal of Advertisers at all times. Rates furnished upon request.

News from our correspondents should reach this office not later than Tuesday to insure publication for Thursday edition and Thursday P. M. for Sunday edition.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1943

## A Young Soldier Speaks.....

I  
Somewhere in the United States of America, in an unnamed Army Camp, is Pfc. Andrew L. McCaskey, who not long ago went to Staunton, Va., and visited the birthplace of Woodrow Wilson. Last week a Boston newspaper, the Christian Science Monitor, under the title, "A Soldier Visits Staunton", published McCaskey's record of the experience.

On the surface, what McCaskey has written is a tribute to Wilson — actually it is a declaration of faith, the kind of faith once believed in by millions of Americans.

### II

Believing that that faith, minus the political bias attached to it during Wilson's lifetime, must again be the dominant influence in any lasting peace to be achieved after World War II, McCaskey says:

"Last night I came back to camp after six days' furlough in the small Virginia city which is justly proud of being, among other things, the birthplace of President Woodrow Wilson. I visited the square, white house in which the wartime President of our nation was born, and I strolled in the garden just as he may have done in the early years of his life. From those gardens on the abrupt hillside you can look down and out across the city of Staunton and see in the mingled trees and church spires the Chapel of Mary Baldwin College where the child of the Rev. Joseph R. and Mrs. Wilson was christened.

"Standing in that garden, with its high red-brick wall shutting out the street, I could not help but feel that it was an odd place for a soldier to be. It seemed almost wrong that I should be there as a uniformed symbol of the failure of mankind to comprehend the principles of peace and world unity which Wilson propounded. Is that a bit of idealistic meandering? Perhaps so, perhaps not, but when you stand in that quiet hedged court and look upward at the white columns of the house, you begin, I feel, to think of a Wilson who doesn't quite come to you from textbooks.

"I recalled, when as a grammar-school student, I was assigned quite frequently first the negative and then the affirmative side of the debate question, "Resolved: That the United States should join the League of Nations." Last week it seemed odd that I should be standing there as a type of living proof in my own mind that I had been right in those childish debates when I felt that I truly believed in the affirmative view. It was President Wilson's hope that we could be the guiding influence in the League, and in a devious way, he won his fight.

### III

"The very fact that a soldier who finds himself in a repeated war against the same enemy as that one which faced Wilson can be a part of that war-making force and still stand thoughtfully in a simple, clean-cut garden and think thoughts of peace and a future as well as the fighting of the war at hand is an indication that Wilson lived not in vain. We, as soldiers, are defending and strengthening the very principles of freedom and human justice which he made accessible to us as a world people of United Nations. Many may have the feeling that he labored and lost. He didn't lose. I knew in my heart, in the pattern of that garden, that the real Wilson won. He won the hearts and minds of millions of young men and women—little, obscure youthful debaters, perhaps, in the world's grammar grades of development—and in such a gain he settled the ultimate fate of his recurrent foes.

"Various plans are being set forth concerning the peace. So many, in fact, that there may be real danger of serious conflict between various factions, despite the fact that, basically, they agree, but differ in the method of accomplishment. In this sense, President Wilson will grow greater and greater in the minds of men in future years. Around that solid, white house in Staunton, Virginia, will center much of the spirit which will guide the world in peace. Today there are soldiers, sailors, and youthful prep-school boys passing along the shadow of that red-brick wall along the steep stones of Frederick Street. And another President has stood on the front court of the house and spoken the very ideals Wilson expounded.

### IV

"Tonight I'm back in my army camp. Just where doesn't matter, but instead of cool quietness and clouds

and colorful sunsets above me, I see planes and hear mixed with their roar the clatter of tanks—even the throat-clogging shudder of machine guns.

"Yet in my memory of a week's stay in the shadow of a great and winning warrior and lasting peacemaker I see it all differently. It would be trite to say that he lived "fifty years before his time." He didn't in a true sense of the cliché. He lived at just the right moment in history, for, without his ideals in our youth, without his guiding thought, we could not be sure that all these tanks, these planes and the lives which go with them in the sacrificial moments of war are not sent into falsehoods.

"I will long think of peace in terms of the Wilson birthplace, now that I have seen it. It's a plain house with an honest front and stately, pure-white columns standing out over the city. Somehow, to me, that little corner of earth is more than one house in one city . . . it's America's view of peace symbolized by a house and a city. Tomorrow's realization of peace will find the white house on the corner an even more honored spot than it is today. Wilson a more honored leader, peace a much more enduring word in the speech and deeds of a free world."

### V

"Tomorrow's realization of peace", thank you for saying that, Private McCaskey, as none but the brave and the young can say it. Thank you for saying what those of us on the home front must say in this our day — if the job you and others like you are doing is to have validity. Thank you for providing a reconsecration of aims, a consecration rising above battle front barrages and no less insidious home front strikes.

Thank you, for giving voice openly and without fear or favor, for bringing us back for a brief moment to the faith of the man who was born in the white manse on the Staunton hillside.

## WITH OTHER EDITORS

### Civilized.....

(Among Us Tar Heels, by Tom Bost, In Greensboro Daily News)

Saturday's papers informed us that the beautiful cherry blossoms which make one of the show places in our Washington capital, are not Japanese trees at all, and that the Japs themselves have disclaimed them.

That takes a load off many a mind. In movies, song and story the Japanese cherry trees had become famous and once they seemed to symbolize national friendship. The legend was that some ambassador of goodwill had given these trees and that they had helped to make national relations agreeable all those years. Then came Pearl Harbor and one of the first things feared was that some vandals would attack those trees, maybe lay the ax at their roots. Now happily comes the news that these are Korean, not Japanese trees, and that makes a lot of difference.

We have had to make other adjustments. How many of us oldsters can ever forget the back home religious people whose lusty singing of "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" put us all in missionary mood? Miss Grace Eaton, teaching a class of dumbbells in geography, would ask where we get the bulk of our spices? Nobody knew. Good woman that she was and pedagogue of first rank, she would try to make the dumb clucks think. But they couldn't. Then she would sing: "What though the spicy breezes"—and then the well tutored religionists had it: "Blow soft o'er Ceylon's Isle." So, spices came from Ceylon.

That was innocent enough then, and when "Aunt Lou Jacobs" broke out with: "And every prospect pleases and only man is vile. Sal-wation, oh sal-wation" (she was Dutch), our old Franklin Presbyterian church rocked with these salvos of the saints. But the Japs have made us alter that great old shout of the redeemed seeking redemption of the heathen. Bishop Reginald Heber had the best intentions. He could moan poetically that the heathen in his blindness bows down to wood and stone, but at that he probably is no more idolatrous than Jehovah's Witnesses think we are. Anyway, we had to stop calling the Indians heathen and we had to quit chanting that only man is vile down there in Ceylon.

Why? Well the prosody is worse than the theology. Besides, we call Ceylon "See-lon" when we sing, or when we did sing, but the correct pronunciation is "s-lon." There was just one thing to do with Reginald Heber's song and that was to change the word Ceylon. The new books, we are told, will read: "What though the spicy breezes, blow soft o'er Java's isle, and every prospect pleases, where only man is vile." For, isn't Java in the hands of the Japs and aren't the Japs the vilest insects which ever crawled across Jim Reed's page of time?

Rapidly we are becoming civilized, hating beautifully and with holiness.

## First It Was Pins, Now It's Diapers On Shortage List

CHARLOTTE, June 23. — There's a diaper shortage in North Carolina.

The fact came to light when Belmont merchants appealed to the Charlotte district OPA office to replenish their empty shelves.

The OPA made a check. They found one wholesaler with a big backlog of unfilled orders. An-

other firm reported the articles "critically short."

Nobody seemed to know why the shortage, but the supposition was that there are more babies than usual and some of the diaper manufacturers say they are unable to operate at a profit under present price ceilings.

### DEHYDRATION

The WFA has removed sweet potatoes and carrots from the list of dehydrated vegetables reserved for war needs because prospective supplies appear sufficient to meet all requirements.

## LIBRARY CORNER

Library Hours: 12:00-5:00.

When Thomas Wolfe died at the age of 37, America lost one of its greatest modern writers. His tremendous novels, with their pulsating power and drive, have become a permanent part of the literature of our country. Now, in the letters written to his mother over a long period of years, we are at last afforded an even clearer view of Thomas Wolfe, the man, and of the creative artist at work.

We see Wolfe, a young man, at the University of North Carolina, full of the faith and ardor of youth as he tells his mother about his collegiate adventures. We follow him through the journeys abroad and on the final trip through the western part of this country, which culminated in his untimely death. Even in the last, short cards written just before his fatal illness, one finds the same terrific zest for all living and for the country through which he was passing. Everyone who appreciates the genius of Thomas Wolfe as an artist and the wonderful vitality of the man will want to read these charming and intimate, "Letters to His Mother."

The Person County Public Library, Chub Lake street has this new volume as well as Wolfe's novels.

The novels are in the two series. The first includes: Look Homeward Angel, and Of Time And The River; while the second series includes, The Web And The Rock and You Can't Go Home Again.

The library also has, "Hills Beyond", a collection of short stories published following Wolfe's death.

### AT CRAIG'S SPRINGS

Mrs. Karl Burger, of Hotel Roxboro, has gone to Craig's Healing Springs, Va., to spend several weeks in the interest of her health.

**\$25 REWARD**  
For any watch or clock that we fail to repair.  
**GREEN'S**  
"The Square Deal Jeweler"

## Person Rationing Board Bulletin

By Person County Rationing Board

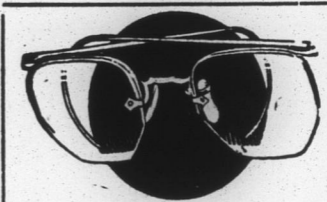
RALEIGH, June 23. — Are you a good wartime shopper? Do you watch both price and points?

That's the way to pamper the food budget, to make wartime shopping easier and more economical.

And now—with the establishment of "community market basket" prices—the whole business of price-checking is made easy, so simple that even teenage daughter can keep track of food money, right down to the last penny.

Here's how it works. "Market basket" prices are being set town by town for all communities. They have already been established in Roxboro and Person County. They are set by brand, size of container and by class of store. In other words, when you go to buy a can of tomatoes, there is a legal top ceiling price for that can of tomatoes, depending on the brand and size you buy. Your corner grocer, who gives you delivery and credit services, can charge so much, the supermarket down the street can charge so much. You'll find the same price differences that you have always found from store to store.

But you need never be in doubt about the highest price you should pay. All stores are required to post their community ceiling prices and the class of store to which they belong. One



We sell Eye Glasses to Satisfy the eyes — \$2.00 to \$8.00  
**THE NEWELLS**  
Jewelers  
Roxboro, N. C.

glance at your grocer's list of community prices is enough to tell you how much he can legally charge you for most of the foods you buy. He can charge you less, of course, but never more.

And you can go one step farther — wise shoppers will. Price lists, duplicates of those grocers must post, are available to you, to carry right in your purse when you go shopping. If you haven't already clipped this list from the newspaper, ask the price panel of your local war price and rationing board for the prices.

Buy Stamps and Bonds today

## Legal Notice

### ADMINISTRATRIX'S NOTICE

Having qualified as Administratrix of the estate of Percy Bloxam, deceased, late of Person County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the undersigned at Roxboro, N. C., on or before the 2nd day of June, 1944, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery.

All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment.

This 2nd day of June, 1943.  
Mrs. Olive Bloxam,  
Admrx. of Percy Bloxam.  
June 3-10-17-24 July 1-8

## WELLS BIBLE WANTED

Would like to correspond with any descendants of Miles Wells, Sr., who died in Caswell County, 1829, and had sons, Samuel, Willis, Miles, Jr.; daughters Elizabeth Bowles, Sarah Wilson, and Mason. Also would pay reward for location of Bible of Miles Wells' father, John Wells.

Guy H. Wells  
Milledgeville, Georgia

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