

PERSON COUNTY TIMES



A PAPER FOR ALL THE PEOPLE

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 5, 1943

The Rising Sun Begins To Sag

Thanks to Lieut. Bill Davenport, of Roxboro and Kinston and Guadalcanal, the City Editor of the Times now has a treasured memento of a Guadalcanal battle—a much torn and tattered and scarred Japanese battle-flag.

It must have been, at least to Japanese eyes, a beautiful banner once, with its big red center circle, a symbol of the rising sun of Japan's glory, and its plain white field, ornamented with bold blue Japanese characters expressing personal exhortations calculated to excite the bearer and to spur him onward to brave deeds for the sake of his Emperor-God.

As Lieut. Davenport says, this particular flag from the Kingdom of the Rising Sun is pretty well shot to pieces. There are holes in it where bullets whined their way and larger rents made, perhaps, by flying fragments from heavier shells. And the lower corner of the big red sun is in a particularly appropriate condition: it has a definite and an unmistakable sag, so that what should be a part of a perfect circle trails downward like the tail of a comet or, more plebeianly, like the ruffled paper feathers of a kite.

And written into the story of that sagging sun-tail is a part of the history of this our time, an explanation of why young men like Bill Davenport went willingly when duty called, and deliberately and from choice gave up the pleasant ways of peace. The flag of the foe speaks for Lieutenant Bill, and for others like him, who are going to see the fight to a finish, who can have no other purpose—until the job is done.

It is not too much to hope that the tattered red sun is symbolic of the gradual but none the less final decline of Japanese military strength, but until that decline is an actuality, the job is not done. That, more than anything else, is the message of this particular flag, which has in it the courage and the fear and the determination and the loneliness and the pure grit and hardheadedness of men who need no personification of the sun to lead them onward.

To think of them and what they are doing, and to look at the carnage-stained banner of the "Sons of Heaven", a stark illustration of the fury of the fray, brings a sense of shame to safe-at-home American civilians, the majority of whom have no greater sacrifice to make than can be encompassed in ration stamps and war bonds.

Boys like Bill believe in the rightness of a cause and only when the battle is over will we at home ever know the full measure of the price-tag shown on this flag. Each hole in it stands for an un-named sacrifice.

The Council of State's approval of Gov. Broughton's new "Work or Fight" proclamation apparently means there will have to be more working and less talking on the part of officials and committeemen who are to be charged with duties of making the proclamation effective.

Saga Of A Minor Day

Miss Claire Harris, chairman of the Woman's Division for the sale of war bonds and stamps, together with her co-workers, is planning for the observance here Saturday of "Molly Pitcher" day. The program, to be conducted in tag-day fashion, will be on a modest scale. Miss Harris, we take it, is not expecting the women to set the world on fire, but it is worth remembering that the women-folks make a solid contribution whenever they decide to do a job.

Molly Hays, who was in her day a forerunner of the WAC organization, carried water to the soldiers at the Battle of Monmouth, June 26, 1778. It was a little job, but it gave her the name of "Molly Pitcher". There were doubtlessly other women who carried water to the soldiers, too, on that hot June day 165 years ago. The difference is, they carried water and let it go at that, whereas Molly dropped her pitcher and manned her wounded husband's gun when the fighting really got going.

She had the good sense to know that water could wait: cold cannon could not, and so, this week, the women of another generation of fighting Americans pause to honor her and to appeal to the patriotism of thousands of citizens. The little tags on Saturday will tell the story here of the modern way that battle are fought behind the lines, and the Times joins Miss Harris in hoping that Roxboro will respond, generously and in full remembrance that the tally of victory is made up of small gifts and large ones. The total effort, as Molly of Monmouth so graphically demonstrated, is what counts in war work.

Headache For Late Summer

To be published soon, probably in today's issue of the Times, is what used to be a routine, resume story from R. B. Griffin, Person Superintendent of schools, who every year about this time is in the habit of making a last-minute check up on faculty appointments for the coming school season.

Time was when Griffin could take a neatly typed list out of an immaculate folio, give the list a quick going over and hand it straightway to a reporter. But not this year. We don't know how much of the story behind the story is coming out in a front page news column, but we do know that Griffin's list this time looks like the much-thumbed tabulations of a hostess who has been confronted with last minute declines for a fourth at bridge. We have seen the list.

The trouble is that teachers are being lured away by promises of higher pay in defense industries. The fat checks and the patriotic appeal of actually doing war work, either for the Government or for private industry, are all but irresistible. Some of the older standbys in faculties are gone. Some of the younger ones, just out of college, never will come at all. They signed on the dotted line, but they'll never see the piece of paper again. They will never know the supreme pleasure of teaching in Person County. They will never know the delight of living in Roxboro and they have slight chance of running into a Mr. Dingle in Washington. But they don't know that.

And here at home, it's almost time for schools to open. Somehow, somewhere, by the grace of God, teachers will be found. But Griffin won't rest easy until he sees his faculties assembled together in the flesh. Each morning he gives thanks for those who are still here. Each morning he utters a little prayer as he opens his morning's mail. It's really not quite as bad as that, but he does hope his patrons will treat his teachers with care and respect this year. They are valuable and they can't be replaced on a moment's notice.

A Dependable Way To Get Information

The Person Selective Service Board the other day gave to the Times the name of a young man alleged to be deficient in a form of compliance with certain regulations of the Board. It was reported by the Board that he had failed to keep an appointment.

The story was published in Sunday's Times. Monday morning, bright and early, the young man in question was in the Times office, protesting that he was not guilty of the offense in question. He neglected to say that he had been to the Selective Service Board, but the Board was satisfied with the story: it was able to obtain the man's correct address and neither the Times nor the Board ever said the man in question was guilty. There was only the suggestion that so and so would be done if he continued to be absent.

Sometimes, people jump at conclusions as this young man did.

Getting Tiresome

The constant ding-dong appeals over the radio by well-paid announcers for every person to buy more bonds is getting tiresome. Every person ought to support the government to the extent of his ability but the constant demand that wage-earners do more than buy 10 per cent in bonds in addition to the withholding tax shows a lack of knowledge of the conditions of life in this era.

PM offers a prize for the letter to a Congressman giving a typical list of necessary expenditures out of earnings. Here is a sample:

Mortgage payment .....	\$9.92
Philadelphia wage tax .....	.55
Social Security .....	.55
Transportation to work .....	2.20
Lunches (six days) .....	3.00
Withholding tax .....	6.20
Insurance .....	3.00
War bond purchase .....	6.50
Utilities .....	1.50
Medical expense .....	1.50
Clothing and laundry .....	3.00
25 per cent of income for food...	13.65

P. S.—I clip no coupons, nor do I have any supplementary income.

The Great Neverfail

Christian Science Monitor  
We are glad to see that the Associated Press, so busy with the peregrinations of

armies and dictators these stuffy days, yet has time to report from North Africa on a curious engine of war. Maj. Orville Chatt's "Neverfail Lizard Trap" (pat. pend.) It is about ready to go into mass production by the Great American Snipe Corp., manufacturers, among other things, of left-handed monkey wrenches and type-lice eradicators. It appears that Captain Karas of Framingham Massachusetts, reported one day that he had seen a lizard in his Algerian tent. Major Chatt, formerly a judge in his native Tekamah, Nebraska, and hence commanding the ability to look somber at will, remarked that the Captain had better borrow a lizard trap and eliminate the little menace forthwith.

Having directed the Captain on a 25-mile tour in fruitless quest of such a trap, Major Chatt and his cronies felt they had to make good. The "Neverfail" was the result. At first glance, it was just a small, oblong box, with a small hole in one end. But what really distinguished the device as the product of a master hand were the signs: "Enter," "Welcome" "Bait Within."

Included with the implement was a circular of directions, including a short history of the development of the Neverfail, crediting its immense success to the signs.

Next thing, we suppose, the boys will be carrying a large model Neverfail to Europe, orating on its charms as a refuge for such of the reptilis axilla who are uninitiated in the old American custom of bagging snipe at midnight fetching rubber chases for the printer or double files for the top sergeant.

AMERICAN HEROES



When our mortars were pounding Maknassy Hill near Sidi Bu-Sid in Africa, Private James Rugolo of Brooklyn, New York, was one of the men bringing up the ammunition. Struck by shrapnel, he kept going until he dropped, was awarded the Purple Heart. On every battlefield men like Rugolo press the attack relentlessly, regardless of personal cost. Are you doing enough to keep our attack rolling through Payroll Savings?

U. S. Treasury Department

LIBRARY CORNER

Library Hours: 12:00-5:00

Such statements as our Secretary Frank Knox made over the radio concerning the length of the war as a probable five or six year longer period leaves the average civilian with no understanding and a vague sense of helplessness. The Person County Public Library, Chub Lake Street suggests that you turn from your papers and radio as your only source of War Information and read some of the following accepted authoritative books:

- De Seversky: Victory Through Air Power.
- Lawson: Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo.
- Hayes and Moon: Modern History.
- Sheean: Not Peace But A Sword.
- Johnston: Queen of The Flat-Tops.
- Scott: Duel For Europe: Stalin Versus Hitler.
- Tregaskis: Guadalcanal Diary.
- Chambrun: I Saw France Fail.
- Davis: Mission To Moscow.
- Paul: Life and Death of A Spanish Town.

Boys do you know that the lives of the Indians in each tribe were different or did you think all Indians lived the same. Read

Pay Your Telephone Bill By The 10th

the following books at the Person County Public Library, Chub Lake street for a beginning:  
Marsh: Three Little Ojibwas; Harrington: Dickson Among The Lenape Indians; Weekes: Painted Arrows; Hatkins: Little Wolf's Brother; Anaderson: I n d i a n Sleep Man Tales; Eastman: Wigwam Evenings; Taylor: Two Indian Children Of Long Ago; Encyclopedia Britannica: Indians.

Funds Withdrawn From Service Club At Henderson

HENDERSON, Aug. 5. — Because of a ruling by the State attorney general against appropriating tax money for other than essential public service, the city council Monday night refused to allot funds for support of the service men's center. For the same reason the Vance board of county commissioners Monday morning discontinued its \$100 per month contribution to the service men's center. The county had been contributing \$100 since the first of the year, and had given \$600 in all when the appropriation was cut off under terms of the attorney general's ruling.

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

That Old Fox Hole Of Mine

Back home a little cottage All painted nice and white Would be a proud procession That would give much delight But here in the Tropics when The Shapnel begin to whine A house of solid comfort is That Old Fox hole of mine.

Why yes, I'd like a Duplex on Some shady lane or quiet street With rooms big and airy And a garden trim and neat. But out here in the jungle how sweet To recline in this sumptuous castle— That Old Fox hole of mine.

Or just a bungalow, with roses round the door, With lights and running water And a carpet on the floor. But out here on the coral beach. I have another kind, a house of twenty gables is That old Fox hole of mine.

Yes indeed, home is wonderful With pipe and lazy chair With the merry voices of children As they patter here and there; But here Oh how I do love it And I would not trade it For a castle on the Rhine, that Old Fox hole of mine.

Sent by Pvt. Arthur R. Davis, Jr. from Guadalcanal. The authorship is not known but the poem was first published in a service paper in the region where Davis is in service.

FOOD ALMANACK HELPFUL AID TO HOUSEWIVES  
New, tested recipes for food-saving dishes, helpful hints that save ration points and other valuable information for the homemaker will be found in the Food Almanack, the bright feature in The American Weekly The Big Magazine Distributed With The BALTIMORE SUNDAY AMERICAN Order From Your Newsleader

FOR SALE—Old Newspapers. 5c bundle. Times office.

TONES HAVE SON  
HOLLYWOOD, August 5. — A son was born Thursday to Mrs. Franchot Tones, the former Jean Wallace of the films. She and the actor were married in Yuma,

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The Devil chuckles when he sees a home left unprotected by fire insurance. See us and forget him! THOMPSON INSURANCE AGENCY Roxboro, N. C.

RAGS WANTED Must be clean and soft. No overalls or pants and such like. Times Office

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