

Turkey Dinner On Menu For CCC Boys

More than 500,000 pounds of turkey have been purchased to provide Thanksgiving dinners for the 350,000 men of the Civilian Conservation Corps, when they celebrate their fourth Thanksgiving in the woods on November 26, Robert Fechner, Director of Emergency Conservation Work said today.

The Quartermaster General's Office of the War Department, which has charge of the subsistence of the CCC, estimates that more than 40,000 turkeys will be required to provide each CCC man with his Thanksgiving ration allowance of twenty-five ounces of dressed turkey.

In addition to dinner, the holiday will be marked by religious services, entertainment programs, athletic matches, and other special events. Orders have been issued by the War Department to all Corps Area Commanders authorizing them to grant special leave with pay to CCC enrollees on Thanksgiving Day (not to include the day preceding or the day following). Special holiday leave will also be granted at Christmas time, which may be taken either over Christmas or New Year's.

Dates Set For Annual Newspaper Institute

January 13, 14, 15, and 16 have been set as definite dates for the 13th annual Newspaper Institute which is to be held in Chapel Hill and Durham under the auspices of the North Carolina Press Association with the University of North Carolina and Duke University cooperating.

The Institute will open on Thursday evening, instead of Wednesday evening as heretofore, to enable more weekly editors to attend, and will close on Friday at noon.

Carl C. Council, publisher of the Durham Herald Sun, who is president of the State Press Association this year, will preside over the sessions.

A number of prominent speakers have been invited and the program is rapidly taking shape.

Forest Fires Burn Area Greater Than Illinois

Fires last year blackened more than 40,000,000 acres of forest land—an area larger than the State of Illinois. As a part of its fight to check such huge losses the United States Forest Service is collecting and studying "fire weather" information from forest stations.

Latest weather-measuring devices, such as the thermograph, psychrometer, hygrothermograph, anemometer, meteorograph, and duff hygrometer, have been brought into use by the forsters so that they may ascertain the probability of fires and be prepared for emergencies.

This work was started in 1922 and the United States Forest Service credits its storehouse of information with the quick suppression of many forest fires.

Preserve Nut Meats By Hot-Water Process

A new home method for keeping nut meats fresh—using a water bath canner such as many housewives use to process fruits—is announced by the United States Department of Agriculture.

Many farm families who make a winter industry of preparing shelled nuts for sale or home use, often take a loss when warm weather causes the oil in the nuts to become rancid. Commercial concerns avoid this staleness or rancidity, caused by light and heat in combination with air, by vacuum packing the nut meats.

The only equipment needed for vacuum packing nut meats at home, says R. C. Wright, of the Bureau of Plant Industry, who developed the method, is glass fruit jars to hold the nuts and the water bath canner to exhaust the air from the jars. He says:

"Fill glass jars with nut meats and adjust the glass lids and rubbers but do not tighten them. Set the jars in a water bath canner—either a clothes boiler or big kettle with a rack on the bottom. Use enough water to reach almost to the top of the jars. Keep the water boiling for 15 or 20 minutes. Then seal the jars

and leave them in the water until it begins to cool. Store the jars in a dark room or cover to keep them from the light. Thus processed, nut meats will keep fresh even during hot weather."

Larger Peanut Crop Expected Next Year

The possibility of a further increase in peanut acreage next year is seen by the Federal Bureau of Agricultural Economics.

The acreage this year was the largest on record, the bureau stated in a report sent the State College extension service, but dry weather curtailed the crop in certain areas.

In North Carolina, the production this year will probably run close to 417,800 pounds, it was estimated, as compared with 429,775 pounds in 1935.

The slight curtailment in production, together with diversion payments from the AAA, helped hold prices at a favorable level, the report continued, and this is expected to cause an increase in next year's plantings.

This increase may extend through Virginia, North Carolina, the Southeastern States, and the southwestern

States. The average farm price per pound throughout the peanut growing area this year is running close to 3.1 cents, about the same as last year.

There has been an increased demand for peanuts for crushing purposes, and this demand has been given further stimulus by the AAA payments offered on peanuts diverted into oil and meal production.

This demand is expected to be good next year, and plans are now being considered for offering diversion payments to the growers in 1937.

The price of peanuts next year will depend largely upon the demand for crushing purposes, and this in turn will depend to some extent upon the volume of hog marketing and the size of peanut oil imports, it was pointed out.

WHITESTON VISITORS
J. W. Stallings and his son, Paul Watson Stallings, of the Whiteston community, were in town on Saturday.

RETURN TO RICHMOND
Mrs. A. B. Parker and her little son, Tommy, have returned to their home at Drewrys Bluff, Va., after a visit to Mrs. Parker's mother, Mrs. H. V. Lamb.



her because of her humble birth. Peggy now receives a proposal of marriage from John Eaton, Secretary of War.

Chapter Nine

Peggy had promised the last dance before supper to John Randolph, whom she had encountered earlier in the evening; but something happened now to make her forget the passage of time or the lapse of quadrilles. After excusing herself from Eaton, she walked across the ballroom floor. Rowdy Dow, who had been imbibing a bit too freely, was engaged in an altercation with Vice-President Calhoun. No one knew what it was all about, but as Peggy drew near he sprang at Calhoun with upraised fist.

"Rowdy! This is our dance!" cried Peggy, intervening with great presence of mind.

"Our dance? Is it?" asked Rowdy, blinking, as he forgot his argument and turned aside.

Randolph, who had been waiting patiently in the next room for the promised dance, now stepped into the ballroom. When he saw Peggy dancing with Rowdy, he stared a moment, then turned on his heel and left. It was not until the middle of the orchestra number that Peggy, seeing the curtains pulled back for supper, suddenly became aware of the time. Abruptly excusing herself, she rushed from the floor to the reception room. It was empty. She sped to the entrance hall, where she saw Randolph just going out.

"John!" she cried. She hurried toward him. "John, didn't you see?"

"Yes, Margaret," he replied dully. "I did." Before she could collect her thoughts he was out and had en-

tered his carriage. Once more a perverse fate seemed to have come between the two.
Because of the fact that the streets of Washington were none too safe at night, Peggy had contrived the practice of making an occasional sortie clad in men's attire, with a hat, black cape, and walking stick. In this way she could appease her restless, adventurous spirit and could also get an idea of what sort of anti-Jackson sentiment was being brewed by soap-box orators.
Tonight a number of impromptu harangues were going on. As she passed one street corner a bystander placed a coin in her hand. It was too dark to examine it, and she slipped it in the pocket of her cape.
Guided by involuntary impulses, she found herself on the avenue leading to Randolph's home. She decided she would pass his house and see whether it were lighted. As she drew near she could see the tall figure of the Virginia statesman out- lined in the open front window. He was rehearsing a speech, gesturing and declaiming as fervently as though surrounded by a distinguished Congressional audience.
Peggy slipped behind a giant elm tree that stood in front of the house. She could scarcely restrain an impetuous smile as the intense seriousness with which he presented his speech to his imaginary audience. When he paused for breath she began to whistle a bar of Fanny Doodle.
"Who's there?" cried Randolph. "Do you object to my sentiments or my voice?"
Peggy cleared her throat and maintained his manner of speech as best she could.
"A voice puffed with vanity! A silver bass playing bass notes!" Randolph leaned far out of the window, his face dark with anger. "Come out in the open, you drunken scoundrel!" he said.
His mouth fell agape as Peggy stepped from behind her shelter. Should he could muster any further show of courtesy she had vaulted over the low balcony and landed in the lighted room. He turned to her in amazement.
"What in the world," he said, "are you doing here at this time of night?"
"I wanted to see you as soon as I could," she replied, "to explain about our dance. It was on account of Rowdy."
"There, mind the dance," he interrupted. "Why in heaven's name are you dressed like this?"
"Surely, John," she responded, "a lady, even in trousers, is a better audience for your political tirades than the men in the moon!"



"You're afraid!" Peggy cried out. "Afraid to stand alone!"

"Well, then, I guess it couldn't help happen," said Jackson, an enigmatic expression on his features. "He's a fine man, underneath everythin', an' I wish you all the luck in the world."

Something about Jackson's manner struck Peggy as very strange, and she bent forward to peer into his eyes.

"You talk as if I were going away," she said. "I'll be right here the same as ever."

"There's ways of goin' away without leavin' Washington," replied Jackson. "John Randolph and I are on opposite sides of the fence. Once you marry him you've got to be on his side, not mine."

"I don't see that at all," answered Peggy.

"Well, it's so," said the President. "John Calhoun an' Randolph o' Roanoke are sincere, powerful men. Powerful enough to bust up this country, maybe. Peg, I've leaned on your help a lot. It ain't that I don't want you to marry, but you've picked the wrong time—an' the wrong man. By the Eternal, Peg, can't you see that when you're married to John Randolph the light's as good as over?"

"You're being unfair!" cried Peggy. "You're trying to convince me that a political issue means more to me than a man I've loved all my life!"

"I'm tryin' to tell you your duty, Peg," returned Jackson, with uncharacteristic calm. "I'm askin' you to choose between your country and a man—whether it's John Randolph or any other man. Which are you choosin'?"

Peggy rose, an indignant light in her eyes.

"You're afraid!" she cried out. "Afraid to stand alone! Needing help—even a woman's help!"

"Which are you choosin'?" persisted Jackson.

"I choose John Randolph!" cried Peggy defiantly.

"Then git!" answered Jackson. "I got turnouts enough 'round me without you! Go on! Git!"

Peggy whirled, rushed from the room and slammed the door, as Jackson stood motionless beside his desk.

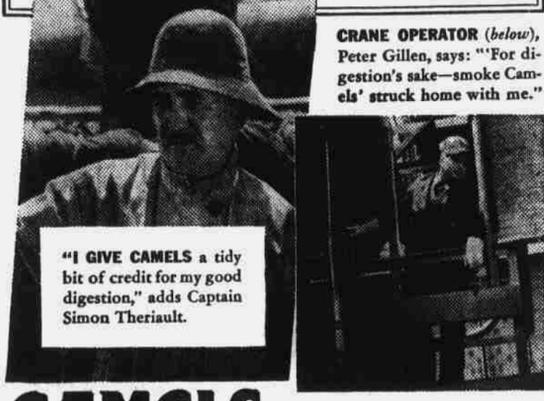
Next Week

Peggy debates with herself what her final decision must be, and then goes to John Randolph to tell him the result of her talk with the President.

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-SIMON THERIAULT



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The builders of Chevrolet are thankful for many things, but most of all for the warm friendship of the American people.

And so again at this Thanksgiving season we say, "Thank you, America," for you have given Chevrolet a measure of good-will without parallel in the annals of modern industry.

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