

TOWN and FARM in WARTIME

Prepared by OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION

NEED FOR MANPOWER CONTINUES

Although the United States Army has reached its planned peak strength of 7,700,000 personnel, it will need 75,000 to 100,000 men monthly to maintain that strength, according to the War Department, and the Navy Department said it would need 400,000 additional personnel by September 1 to get the Navy's Marine Corps and Coast Guard up to peak strength of 1,500,000. Meanwhile the National Selective Service System has abandoned the war unit plan for de-

termining agricultural deferments. Provisions concerning a registrant's agricultural occupation or endeavor that will govern are whether he is necessary, whether he is regularly engaged in it, whether that occupation is necessary to the war effort and whether a replacement can be obtained.

JOBS RFD DISCHARGED VETERANS

For men discharged from any of the United States armed services, a summary of job opportunities in 114 major industrial centers will be placed in nearly every local U. S. Employment Service office the War Manpower Commission announces. These job summaries give information on types of jobs, scheduled hours of work, hourly wage rates, a schedule of housing, cost of living and the adequacy of community facilities such as schools, hospitals, and transportation. The summaries will be issued bi-monthly and will indicate the expected labor demand six months in advance.

SPECIAL GASOLINE RATIONS

Full-time employees of farm operations operating to increase food production are eligible for preferred mileage under gasoline rationing, the CPA announced. Their organizations must be "authorized" by the United States, or by a state and have a membership of at least 100 persons, the majority of whom are farmers. Also, qualified Victory gardeners a gain will be granted special gasoline rations for up to 300 miles of travel to and from their plots this summer.

TEST MOTOR FUEL "DOWN"
Shortage of gasoline, says the Department of Commerce, has led motorists to use fuel "down," reported to increase mileage and otherwise improve the automobile operation. The Bureau of Standards has tested hundreds of them without finding beneficial results in any case.

MERCHANT MARINE CALLS RADSONEN

At least 500 first and second class commercial radio telegraphers, licensed by the Federal Communications Commission, are needed for merchant marine service within the next three months, the War Shipping Administration announced. Qualified men should telegraph, collect, or see to U. S. Merchant Marine, Washington, D. C. Registrants will be placed on active pay status as soon as accepted

and must attend a Navy school on wartime procedure for one to three weeks.

MARITIME COMMISSION REPORTS

Maritime Commission shipyards delivered 410 ships of 4,115,051 dead weight tons during the first quarter of 1944, the commission announced. Liberty ships continued to dominate production but there was a growing tonnage of military and other fast type vessels, including the new Victory ship. In March 152 merchant ships were built.

The tomato is regarded as one of the most rewarding crops for the Victory garden. A small space yields from half a peck to a peck per plant without difficulty. It grows well almost any place in North Carolina and affords high nutritional values whether used fresh or canned.

There is an acute shortage of seed of the important legume and grass seeds. Any farmer who can produce these seeds is sure to be able to make a profit from their sale. The seeds are great for hay and pasture for the increased livestock population and many farmers are harvesting crops that should be left to produce seeds.

A Father's Farewell To His Son

(Bill is William H. Purcell, Jr., son of W. Herman Purcell, managing editor of The Daily American, West Frankfort, Ill. This article is reprinted from the Daily American of March 9, 1942.)

Well, Bill, your number is up. You are going to the army. There is a job of serious, manly, unexcused business to be taken care of and you have been assigned a part in it.

The task is unpleasant, repulsive. The assignment is different to anything that you had planned. Yet it is a privilege as well as a responsibility. For only Americans—the finest of the nation's manhood—are eligible to march with Uncle Sam's armed citizenry and to participate in this grim game of war.

There is, now, but one thing to do. Make the most of it. Be a soldier in every sense of the word.

I told you, as a little child, that I wanted you to be a doctor or lawyer. I had no idea that you would achieve that distinction. I had not been that student before you. But that kind of ambition never has a bad effect on the score.

Then when you grew up and was thinking of your first job, I told you that, even though you were employed at nothing more important than ditch-digging, I wanted you to try to be the best ditch-digger on the job. I had no idea that you would achieve such top-rank standing in your chosen vocation. I had not. But ambition and the will to get ahead never kept anybody down.

Now, as you march with millions of other sons from millions of other American homes, I want you to put all that you have into this business of soldiering. It matters not whether you ever wear bars or stars if you are man enough to be a good soldier. And being a good soldier means more than drilling and marching and fighting—and dying.

It means living—in a man's world—as a man should live.

There is no inclination on the part of too many men, once they are in the army—away from the influences of home and family and reputation—to cut loose, go the gait. There is in the army, as in civilian life, every type of manhood and of every social strata. Every man is on his own. The choice is yours.

Men, like water, ultimately seek their own level—in the army as elsewhere. Don't lower your standards, Bill.

Then, there is the matter of soldiering. The fellows who have difficulty with army life are those who refuse to adjust themselves to the rigid discipline that, although quite stern and harsh, is as necessary as are guns and tanks and planes. The "yes, sir," men are those who get along in the army.

To attempt to buck the game is folly. The army is bigger than any man is it. Failure to become a working part of it is the worst mistake any soldier can make. Army life is not easy. To cultivate a mental feeling of resentment and half pity can only make it more difficult. That is true of any vocation in life.

So, I hope, Bill, that you will be able to accept your lot in this grim business as just another chapter in life's amazing school of experience and endeavor to get out of it something worth while; something that will help in the years ahead.

You can always find that something if you search diligently for it. Never come empty.

I am saying these things to you—not because you are different to the millions of other young men who have gone and are going out to do safe home-coming.

—but because you are of my own flesh and blood.

Remember, man though you are, you will owe to that little boy of mine.

The uniform that will shortly be issued to you stands for the high and noble principles upon which this nation was founded and has since existed—principles that, to much of the rest of the world, are unknown. It stands for freedom among men and nations; the right to live and the will to let live. It stands for humanity, civilization, Christianity.

It has never gone to war except in defense of the principles for which it stands. It has never gone on a campaign of conquest or oppression. That uniform, Bill, is the hope of 300 million and 150 million Americans. It is the hope of civilization. Wear it proudly.

I remember well that day, almost 24 years ago, when, while sitting in a lecture period at Camp Gordon, I was handed a telegram that announced that you had made me a father. I was the soldier, then. You were the war baby.

I remember the day, four months later, when I gazed for the first time upon your face. I remember every day of your life since that time. I shall watch—and pray—every anxious day for your safe return.

When you have a son of your own some day, as I hope you shall, you will know what I mean. I hope your going to the army will be more successful in freeing your sons from the scourge of war than was mine for you.

There are two things that I want to give you, Bill, as you go to join other fathers' sons in this business of killing, from which God alone knows whether you will return.

Both went with me into the army twenty-four years ago.

One is a khaki-covered text-book on military methods and soldierly. Peruse its pages and endeavor to master the art of being a good soldier. It may not bring you promotions and high honors for there are in the army, after all, more mere men than anything else. But it will bring to you the satisfaction of doing well whatever you do. It will help you to learn more quickly what is expected of a good soldier.

The other, also khaki-covered, is a little. Don't feel that to take it is being easy. There will no doubt be times when just to hold it in your hand will bring a mysterious comfort. I confess that I read it but little while I was in uniform. Yet there were times when its serene—the knowledge that it had stood the test of all time and countless other wars—seemed to sort of satisfy my longing for you and Mom—fill my homesickness for all the peaceful ways of life that had been disrupted by war.

Take Care, Bill, and use them. Make the most of the army and come back a better man than when you left. There is, you know, a personal as well as a national victory to be won.

It seems a bit silly, doesn't it, to send you away with a gun in one hand and a Bible in the other? The gun to kill. The Bible, "Thou Shalt Not." There is no explanation except that the gun appears for the present to be necessary to our national security. The Bible has ever been our hope of eternal security.

Learn to use the gun, Bill, but rely, finally, upon the Bible. And let the Good Lord—although I confess it is a big assignment—watch over and keep you, and those who go with you as the guardians of American freedom, until the day—and may He speed the day—when we shall thank God for peace and a safe home-coming.

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