

# Hyde County Herald

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## MAIL CHRISTMAS GIFTS NOW

There are now less than two weeks left to meet the December 1 deadline set by the government for sending all Christmas holiday gift packages.

That reminder comes from Harvey R. Roseman, district manager of the Raleigh district Office of Defense Transportation.

Cooperation of the public in meeting the December 1 deadline is absolutely essential if overburdened transportation facilities are to be able to handle the tremendous volume of 1944 gift sending, the ODT official declared.

And, the ODT District Manager reminded, you get better selection and better service at local stores when you shop early.

## A FAIR TEST

Rarely does the public have an opportunity to compare the relative merits of government versus private operation of industry, unclouded by prejudiced arguments and accidents of circumstance which make impartial comparison difficult. But it has such an opportunity in the case of the railroad industry. It is worth repeating that in the first world war the railroads were operated by the government. During the current world war, they have continued as a private enterprise. The periods of respective operation have been under similar circumstances. Therefore, the public can base its judgment upon performance alone.

During the first war, operation of the railroads by the government was inefficient and wasteful. A news dispatch of May 25, 1919, says: "To finance the railroads for the balance of the year and to pay the government's operating loss for 16 months up to this month, an appropriation of \$1,200,000,000 was asked of Congress yesterday by the Director General of the United States Railroad Administration. The \$1,200,000,000 is in addition to the \$500,111,111 appropriated \$1,233,444,555 is in addition to the \$500,000,000 appropriated by the last Congress.

During the present war, the railroads have paid billions in taxes to the government, instead of creating Federal deficits—nearly \$2,000,000,000 in the year 1943 alone. Aside from their tax contribution to victory, they have carried the unprecedented transportation load of mechanized warfare without a hitch.

An immediate question after the war will be whether or not socialized industry in the United States shall displace the enterprise of the private citizen. In the railroad industry, public ownership and private ownership have had a fair test. That test should be a determining factor in the final choice of the road America follows.

## CHOPPING WOOD

(Washington Star)

As nights grow crisp and frosty and the stars seem to drop nearer the earth, and the morning air grows sharper and has a bit of a bite, many a man working in a city office thinks of the fall days on the farm when he went into the wood lot to chop wood. A farm lad who sees no glamour in other farm work often enjoys chopping wood; and many a farmer will say that of all the seasonal tasks, wood chopping is his favorite work.

The first thing, of course, is a good ax. Mr. Webster in his usual succinct, direct fashion says: A cutting tool for felling trees, and chopping, splitting, or hewing wood. That is all very well, technically speaking. But a good ax is one of the countryman's dearest possessions. It must be just the right weight; the handle must exactly fit a man's hands; the balance must be perfect. A good ax is one of those things in life which is very difficult to describe, but when a man finds just what fits his needs, it becomes a precious tool.

In the wood lot there is peace and sanctuary. As the sun's rays shine through the bare branches of the maples, oaks, beeches, hickory and ash, it is difficult to believe that in another part of the world a gigantic conflict is in progress. Chickadees sing their throaty, alto songs; blue jays flash through the woods; a rabbit scurries to a brush pile, and a ruffed grouse bursts away with a startling noise. Perhaps in the distance one hears the hounds baying the trail of a fox.

Oh, yes, a man can see and hear and feel as he chops. As the sharp edge sinks into the wood, and the chips fly through the air, there is a tangy, spicy aroma. Fresh-cut wood has one of the best perfumes. Hour by hour the pile of logs and trimmed branches grows in size. And in the afternoon when the sun begins to approach the horizon and the shadows from the trees are long and slender, a man walks across the pasture and mowing field toward the light in the farmhouse kitchen knowing he has had a good day.

## THE NEW ORDER

The present United States Supreme Court dealt a body blow to the foundation of insurance when it classed it as interstate business and subject to the anti-trust laws.

For 75 years insurance has been subject to state regulation. At present the insurance industry and insurance commissioners of the various states, which regulate the industry, are hanging in the air waiting for the Federal bureaucracy to figure out how to displace state supervision with Federal supervision.

To remedy the situation, the House of Representatives voted 283 to 54 to amend the Sherman and Clayton anti-trust acts so they shall not be construed to "apply to the business of insurance." Now the matter will come before the Senate.

There is no longer any definition for interstate commerce. Certainly a trunk manufacturer whose agent sells his product to travelers who cross many state lines, is as much interstate commerce as an insurance company whose agent sells an insurance policy.

In the face of such confusion, industry is expected to absorb the postwar unemployment load, pay taxes and maintain prosperity. Or do the directors of our growing central government want that to occur? Is their real objective a program to make it difficult for private enterprise to carry on, thereby forcing government deeper into business?

Aunt Hattie read in the papers that astronomy is very popular in Hollywood. It didn't surprise her, for, she says, nearly everybody there who looks in mirror thinks he is stargazing.—Christian Science Monitor.

We're winning the war. That is sure. But it isn't over by a long shot. Let's keep working til every Jap has his hands reached high.

Somehow, we like the idea of post-war planning even though a lot of what will be said will be bunk.

## DEATH KNELL.



## BLOOD MONEY

An Editorial in the Elizabeth City Independent

So you have a good job, and you have plenty of money—more money than you ever had in your life before.

We are glad you are doing so well, but we would like to call your attention to some things. Things that have afforded you the opportunity to make so much money.

You remember when you were glad to get \$25 a week. You thought you had a good job then, and you did. You could buy a lot of things then with \$25. You knew how to appreciate the money you made, and you spent it carefully and wisely.

And then the war came. . . and the defense industries. You were hesitant at first. You didn't know whether or not to leave your old employer and go to the new defense job. But your friends kept telling you of the big money they were making, and the little amount of work they had to do. They got overtime pay for all over 40 hours. And it added up to a lot of money on pay day.

Then you went into defense work, too. You could hardly believe your eyes when you got your first pay check. You counted it again and again. It was real. Then you went out and celebrated. Maybe you took your wife along and some friends.

And then it was every pay day. You began to figure what you could buy. Things you had wanted all your life but hadn't been able to afford them. Life had taken on a new meaning. Money wasn't as valuable to you as it was before. You bought a lot of things and paid more for them than they were worth. . . just because you wanted them, and could afford them.

Yes, we are glad you can have a lot of money. But you should make good use of it. Buy what you and your family need, certainly. But don't throw it away. The war will be over some day and you may be out of a job until you can get re-adjusted. You will need something to fall back on.

Remember the reason you are making so much money, and treat it according to the issues involved. It took a war to make it possible. And wars are horrible things. More horrible than you or we can visualize so far away from the battlefields.

Have a little fun, of course. You need it. But when you are on the job work every minute. Earn your money, or as much of it as you can. Some boy's life may be depending on what you do. And when you get ready to spend a dollar foolishly, remember it took a war to make it possible. For every dollar you have some fine service boy has paid for it with a quart of his blood. All of that extra money you have is blood money, and you should attach to it the significance it deserves. Be careful with all the money you have; and invest some of it in war bonds to help that boy who made it possible for you to have it. It's a serious proposition, Mister.

W. P. Hodges of Hyde County grew a good crop of wheatland maize after Irish potatoes, while Tokio soybeans in the same field were almost a complete failure.

Don't sell timber by guess. Select, mark and scale each tree. Call on your county agent and the extension farm forester for assist-

## KNOW AND AVOID HUNTING HAZARDS

"A hunting you will go" — but will you return?

The National Safety Council asked this question today as it requested special care during the hunting season.

"One hunting accident to you or another hunter can ruin happy hunting for the rest of your life," Maynard H. Coe, director of the Farm Division of the Council, said. "About 900 persons are killed and thousands are injured annually during the hunting season. Even veteran hunters get careless and frequently are the victims of some sort of accidents," he said.

Mr. Coe suggested the following as good precautions for happy return from hunting:

- 1. Wear something bright—preferably red. Never wear white for hunting. Don't overcrowd your car. Observe the wartime speed limit and stay on your side of the road. Don't stand up in a boat, and let only one hunter shoot from the boat at a time.
- 2. Acquire the habit of practicing the following "Ten Commandments of Gun Safety":
  1. Handle every gun as if it were loaded.
  2. Be sure of your target before you pull the trigger.
  3. Never leave your gun unattended unless you first unload it.
  4. Carry your gun so that you can control the direction of the muzzle if you slip.
  5. Always make certain that the barrel and action are clear of obstruction—but be sure to look into the breach of the gun, not the muzzle.
  6. Never point your gun at anything you do not want to shoot.
  7. Avoid horseplay while holding a gun.
  8. Never shoot at a flat, hard surface—such as rocks or the surface of water.
  9. Never climb a tree or a fence with a loaded gun.
  10. Do not mix gun powder and alcohol.

## 34 CHAPLAINS KILLED AND MANY DECORATED

ATLANTA, Ga. — Army chaplains are soldiers like the slogging infantrymen, the artilleryman or the "Geronimo" — yelling paratrooper — except that they don't carry weapons—according to Chaplain (Colonel) Ralph W. Rogers, chaplain, Fourth Service Command, who point to the latest chaplains' casualty report showing that 34 have been killed in action.

The report, covering activities in all theaters of war through September 30, adds that 67 chaplains have been wounded in action, 43 have died of disease or accidents, two are reported missing in action and 34 have been captured and are enemy prisoners of war, one having died in a prison camp.

That they are recognized by the Army as soldiers is further borne out, says Chaplain Rogers, by the fact that 230 chaplains have been awarded 238 decorations in World War II for acts of heroism or for service beyond the call of duty, eight have received the Distinguished Service Cross.

Other decorations received to date by chaplains are: Legion of Merit, 31; Silver Star, 51; Oak Leaf Cluster to Silver Star, 2; Soldiers' Medal, 8; Bronze Star, 60; Oak Leaf Cluster to Bronze Star, 2; Purple Heart, 101; Oak Leaf Cluster to the Purple Heart, 1; Croix de Guerre, 3; the Sultan of Morocco Medal, 1.



## CHAPTER III

In the center of the table would be a high dish with a single stem, and on this dish would be a cake covered with white icing. On a low flat dish, close beside the tall one-legged dish, would be a black chocolate cake. This cake always showed the marks made by my mother's knife when she spread the chocolate over the cake. But the knife marks didn't show on the white cake. I always looked at the cakes first, even if they were the last things to be eaten.

Fried chicken! No Sunday dinner in the summertime would make sense without fried chicken and gravy, with the gizzards on a little dish by themselves so no one by mistake would get a gizzard. But the necks stayed on the big plate. Why this was, I don't know; but they were always with the good pieces, just as if the scrawny things belonged there.

Scattered up and down the table would be my mother's jells and jams and preserves and a round dish of piccalilli, with a spoon that had been sent us from the Chicago World's Fair. The handle was twisted and the end came down into a boat on a lagoon. Toward the end of the table would be a long boat-shaped dish of watermelon preserves and lying on the side of the dish was a long slender spike to spear them with. You had to give a good gouge, or the preserve would slip off and land on the floor. When this happened Ma would tell me in a low voice, which no one was supposed to hear, to pick up the preserve and take it out to the kitchen. I would do this, also taking pains to put it to one side so that when dinner was over I could creep out, wash it off, and eat it.

Toward the foot of the table, where my mother sat, would be two kinds of pies. If anybody asked company to Sunday dinner and didn't have two kinds of pies it was pretty close to an insult. In this little cluster of pies and jams would be the fine, creamy-white "coffee sugar," as we called it. Weekdays we used brown sugar, or coarse granulated white sugar, but not on Sunday!

In this group would be the spiced peaches which my mother had put up. But spiced peaches presented a problem. The best kind was the yellow clingstones, but the meat was hard to get off; so we had to decide whether to try to cut it off, or to put the whole thing in our mouths. You had to know people pretty well before you could do that.

Ma would make a trip or two back and forth to the kitchen, then say, "Everything's on, Amos," and Ma would say, "Well, folks, since you're here you might just as well stay and eat with us."

In a moment we'd all be standing around the table, me pretty close, and the sight of the food just about driving me crazy.

Newt would look at the table and say, "I guess you haven't sold anything lately, Amos," and everybody'd laugh.

When we were seated, there'd be a different air; a little awkwardness now.

"Will you ask the blessing, Newt?" Pa would say, because it was manners to let the company do that. Then Newt would lean forward and clear his throat.

There would be a silence when he finished, then everybody would begin to laugh and talk. The sound would rise and fall then there would be a serious note. Somebody had died, or mastitis was in the next county. A long pause, here. Then—as if to make up for the serious note—the talk pendulum would swing up again and pretty soon everybody would be laughing.

Ma would pick up the peacock fan and swish it with its lovely rustling.

"Let me do that, Susan," Mrs. Kennedy would say when it was again time and Ma would say, "Thank you, Minnie, but I can do it." But Mrs. Kennedy would pick up the fan and swish the flies away. You had to be pretty well acquainted for that.

The "filling food" as we called it, would disappear, and chicken bones would pile up. Suddenly Ma would jump up and dash out to the kitchen; then, in a few moments, come hopping back. "Gracious, I almost forgot the roasting ears!"

There they'd be, the long Grimes' Golden we had got out of our own field. We'd butter and salt 'em and fly into 'em, because there isn't anything better than yellow field corn roasting ears.

We'd work our way down to the "fancy vittles,"—the pies and cakes and preserves. By this time everybody would be eating more slowly than at first, and talking a great deal, now. Mrs. Kennedy would say, "Susan, how long do you cook your watermelon preserves?" and Ma would tell her and I'd get hungry all over again.

Newt'd push back in his chair and sigh and say, "For a while I didn't think the food was going to hold out, but thank goodness! It

Pa, who always joked at the table with Newt to make the womenfolk laugh, would say, "That's because my family held back."

After we'd eaten everything we could, Phebe would get up in her quiet way and go to the pantry and bring back a Mason jar with a screw top, and say, "Maybe somebody'd like to have a molasses cookie."

Nobody would, except me. Some way or other I could always manage a few.

After dinner we'd go out and sit under the water maple and Newt would open his vest and say it wasn't manners, but it was comfort, and Pa'd say, "That's what counts." It wouldn't be long till the men were sleepy, hardly talking at all, their heads now and then jerking forward. The women never seemed to get sleepy.

A team would top the hill and we would all try to be first to tell who it was. The company would say, "It looks like So-and-So."

Pa would say, "It's not his team. It must be a stranger."

Then Newt would say, "A mover passed my house yesterday," and Pa would say, "There's a lot of changes taking place."

The men would continue to come closer; by this time the women would be in the door.

Then Pa would say, "That's Jim Vert! He's breaking in a new horse. That's the reason we didn't know him." Pa was good at spotting people.

Then Pa'd go out to the road and call, "Do you want to come in, Jim?"

"I can't, Amos. I'm breaking a filly."

"You'd better stop, Jim. We're going to weigh."

Jim would be tempted. "I'd sure like to, but I better not. You know how a filly is the first time you drive her."

Pa understood.

After Jim'd gone, Ma would say, "I don't think he ought to break on the Sabbath."

A bit later Pa would say, "Do you want to guess on the stock, Newt?"

Of course the company did, and so the men and me would start to the pasture.

As they walked along, Pa would say, "Are you having any trouble

Pa would run the marker up and down till the beam was steady, then put on his glasses and announce the weight. What a shout would go up! More coddling than ever. What a disgrace to be low man. He'd have to make all sorts of excuses like he could of guessed closer, only he wanted to give somebody else a chance.

Then they'd read the women's guesses. More laughing now.

Guesses would be placed on another steer and he'd make a dash, thinking too, that he was free.

Finally all the steers would be through and Ma would announce who was winner. Usually it was Pa. He had to appear modest, so he'd say, "I got them up and weighed them yesterday." Then a moment of seriousness.

"They've got some blackleg in Hughes Township," one of the men would say. A silence.

When everybody was feeling it, Pa would say, at just the right moment, "I'll go out to the patch and see if I can't locate a melon." This would make them laugh and the silence that had vibrated for a moment would be gone.

They'd all walk to the house, the men in one bunch and the women in another, and Pa and I would go to the cave and bring up the melons. Ma would put on her apron and pass around plates and knives, and forks and saltcellars. Pa would take the butcher knife and stand its point on a melon, with everybody watching and knowing a big moment had come. Down would go the knife; crack!

"Why, it's full of seeds!" Pa would say with pretended disgust.

It wouldn't be long till everybody'd be eating the melon sitting on chairs and the men planted along the porch edge. I'd have to collect the rinds and carry them to the chicken yard and put them down, good side up. Then I would skip back, so as not to miss any of the talk. The porch and yard became a sort of Grange, as we exchanged ideas and caught up on the news. Mr. Trullinger was going to have a public sale the fourteen, Lawson Scott was going to witch for a stock well, and So-and-So had applied for job as Knab teacher.

As about choring time, they'd leave and, as they drove away, lonesomeness hung in the air. Then we would change our clothes, feed the stock, get the milk buckets and start down across the corncobs.

After the chores were finished, Ma would get supper and we'd draw up our chairs to the kitchen table. But no blessing, because it was only cold mush and milk and oilcloth.

We would go into the sitting room and Ma would take the paper bag off the chimney and light the lamp, and we would talk over everything that had happened, and exchange

Pa would answer.

Stock weighing was a neighborhood party; everybody knew we'd have a stock weighing and they knew they'd be welcome, too, and so they'd drive over about the right time. When we got the steers up there'd be an extra wagon in the drive lot and a buggy, or two; maybe some of the neighbors would have come across the fields on foot. They'd be coming toward the scale lot, laughing and talking, the women a little behind.

Everybody would crowd up to the fence and look at the steers with the white clover saliva falling out of their mouths. A steer would toss his head to get a fly off, or stomp a foot. Suddenly one of the steers would make a dash and bump up against another, the way penned cattle do. Then he'd stand still again, the saliva running a little faster.

"What do you say, Newt?" Pa would ask. "You saw their pasture, you ought to come pretty close."

That was a sly dig, because Newt was not much of a steer guesser. But he was a natural-born mule man. No one could beat him when it came to mules.

Even if he couldn't guess good, Newt always made a ceremony of it. He would turn his head from side to side and pull his chin and squint; sometimes he'd get over the fence and try to run his fingers along the backbone to see how firm the fat was.

"Write that whiteface down for 650."

Ma would put it down.

One by one the men would guess, Pa last. There'd be a little silence, because he was the best guesser and knew the cattle. "I can see 720 pounds."

Then the women would guess. Lots of laughing, because nobody expected much from them.

One of the men would open the scale gate and the steer would make a dash, thinking he was getting away, then see the other gate and have to pull up short. More white clover drippings.

Pa would run the marker up and down till the beam was steady, then put on his glasses and announce the weight. What a shout would go up! More coddling than ever. What a disgrace to be low man. He'd have to make all sorts of excuses like he could of guessed closer, only he wanted to give somebody else a chance.

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