Hyde County Herald

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY AT SWAN QUARTER, NORTH CAROLINA, BY TIMES PRINTING CO., Inc.

THOS. E. SPENCER..Editor

Entered as Second Class Matter at the Postoffice at Swan Quarter, N. C.
Subscription Rates: One Year $2.; Six Months $1; Three Months 60c.

Vol. VI. THURSDAY, DEC. 7, 1944 No. 14.

POST-WAR PLANNING FOR HYDE

Every now and then it is called to our attention that there are a number of businesses and industries that could be located in Hyde County that would boost empolyemnt and keep many dollars in the county that now go elsewhere. Some of the needed businesses cannot be started now because of labor shortages and war restrictions.

It is the opinion of these who are looking into the future, with an eye to helping returning war veterans by assuring post-war employment at home, that a committee representing all of the communities be formed to study the possibilities of post-war plans given it by individuals or groups. Their findings could be passed on to the returning GI's who would be given help in getting started in the work that they chose.

Some businesses and industries that are needed, according to those who are thinking of post-war plans, is a dry plant, a meat curing and packing plant, a winery, a wood cleaning plant and laundry, a feed mill, a fertilizer plant, a meat curing and packing plant, a winery, a wood works factory, making fish boxes, plow beams, plow handles, furniture and other items, and a score of other things including at least two drug stores, better clothing stores and a number of other specialized sales and service agencies.

This newspaper is extremely anxious to see a greater expansion of business, farming and industry in Hyde County after the war. It seems to us that it would be a good ideea to form a post-war planning committee to look into the possibilities of proposed projects. Each township might well have its own committee. These committeees as a whole could serve as the county committee and meet at regular intervals.

Letters on this subject would be welcomed. The columns of this paper are open to any cause that can be counted on to booost the growth of county business and industry that keep and draw money into the county.

MUCH AID YET NEEDED

(From the Dare County Times)

The plight of the people living on the outer banks of Dare county is a long way from being alleviated. The situation since the storm of September 14th is anything but enviable. It is true the Red Cross rendered a splendid service in numerous instances, and spent $40,000 or more in assistance to families represented to them as charity cases. As a general rule this help went to those who applied for it and many were the cases too proud or too embarrassed to ask for help, went unaided. However, the Red Cross has certain limitations restraining the expenditure of its funds and while there were somettimes abuses, it is the intention of this great organization that such should not be the case.

In the storm on September 14th hundreds of people, particular those living in the Rodanthe village and at Avon suffered tragic losses, when their houses were floated from their foundations by the high water and carried some distance from their original location. Not all of the owners of these homes, could qualify for relief from the Red Cross because most of them were people with fairly large incomes from the Coast Guard and other sources, however it is not a question of money but rather of labor because there is such a scarcity of labor and equipment that sufficient men could not be attracted to this area for the prevailing wages being paid in other localities. Bricklayers, carpenters, and other workmen simply would not go to Avon and similar villages at prevailing wages because of high expenses and exposure. As a resule, many people have had to live in homes without means of making fires and where cracks and other damages to their houses have not been remedied so that the expense is great and the situation is a menace to their health as well as comfort of many people.

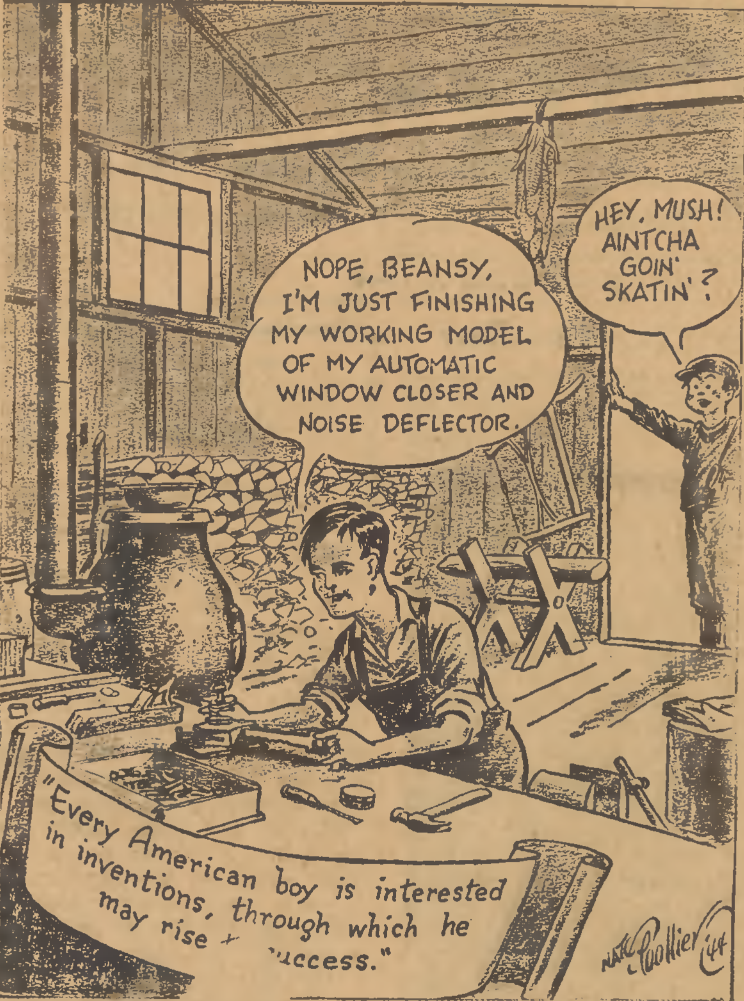
Ordinarily all these families would be able from their own funds to move their houses and restore them, if labor was available at the usual prevailing rates, but the war has drained all of these communities of all their workers, and every person is so completely engaged in doing the best he can with his own premises, he has little time left to aid his neighbors.

Governor Broughton recently heard of the situation and sent June Rose, Assistant Director of Civilian Defense in North Carolina, to make a report on the situation. In the opinion of Mr. Rose, after visiting many residents of the area, some appeal should be made for sufficient funds to supply the means the residents might need, in order that prevailing wages might be paid to attract workmen quickly to the area somewhat after the manner in which labor was attracted to clean up the mess at Pearl Harbor.

So much for the immediate personal problems of the citizens of that area which constitutes an urgent emergency at this time of the year. But there are also necessary and appropriate steps which must be taken before some parts of the outer banks may be safe for human habitation. It is too much that every dozen years or so citizens must lose their savings of a lifetime and undergo great haardships when modern engineering and the great wealth of the Government and the State might combine to create protectivee barriers in this area. Charles T. Williams, who is a well known citizen of Avon, about the middle of November began to take this up with Congressman H. C. Bonner, Harry McMullan, Attorney General of North Carolina and R. Bruce Etheridge Director of the Department of Conservation and Development. All of them agreed that the need for this relief is urgent but point out that it would take years of strenuous work to obtain even an initial appropriation for help of this kind. However this is a problem that challenges the interest of every person who wishes to aid the North Carolina coast and its people. It is well worth while for every citizen to put his s[illegible] it is matter; for this area is a great mine of recreation and sport which will yield great dividends to the State and the business men of the nearby towns. Fortunately for the citizens there is a program which can result in kreat help to the area. hat is the plans of the National Park Service which have progressed so far that through this agency might come relief far earlier than through other means; for tentative plans have been made which involves the expenditure of millions to aid in road building, deepening of harbors and construction of barriers and breakwaters. It seems that funds through these channels might be more quickly obtained than in any other manner while on the other hand to discourage this program would only result in turning aside the great wealth and interest of other agencies which might help later on. It is a well established axiom that those who will not accept and make the most of little things, seldom receive big things.

It is clearly then the duty of every citizen in Eastern North Carolina to join forces with people of the outer banks to bring about such projects as might accomplish the most benefits, and any one who will not assist those people certainly will manifest a spirit of ingratitude that is not ypical of the people of the North Carolina Coastland.

LAND OF OPPORTUNITY . . By COLLIER



HOMEMAKERS OVERLOOK INDUSTRIAL FAT USES

Survey Shows Reasons for Sagging Fat Collections Despite War

That many American women have been saving kitchen fat thinking they were helping to provide munitions for war, but without full knowledge of the importance of fat in the whole industrial picture, is proved conclusively in a survey made recently for the American Fat Salvage Committee.

Nearly a thousand homemakers were interviewed in a mid-western state, with typical rural, industrial and urban sections, and this limited knowledge was apparent in most of their answers, supplying the clue as to why fat collections are sagging at the time when industry needs it most.

Fifteen per cent of the women interviewed admitted they were not saving fat now, though they were a year ago, because they believed the war in Europe was nearly over. Others said they were still saving but less conscientiously because they were sure the army had large reserves of all types of materials for which fat is collected.

"Practically none of these women realized their own and their family's comfort and well being was just as dependent on the products and by-products of used fat as the armed forces are," said a spokesman for the American Fat Salvage Committee.

"Industry cannot keep on producing the goods civilians need if they do not get enough fat to keep their machines going. Practically every item produced in any factory uses fat in its manufacture or its operation.

"Women must realize too, that during the coming period of reconversion, when the country changes from a war to a peace economy, kitchen fat must help do the job."

Questioned as to where industrial fats came from before the war, and now, 58 per cent of the women had no idea or no interest. Twenty per cent thought industrial fats had always come from bitcher shops, three per cent thought they came from China, and the same number thought they came from Europe. Only 12 pe rcent realized industrial fat had always been imported from the islands of the Far East, even in pre-war days.

Only 38 per cent of the women interviewed believed the need for used fat was greater now than at any time since Pearl Harbor, and [illegible] 30 per cent, only three per cent realized our shortage of industrial fats had anything to do with the Japanese war, or that a deficit could be ended only by Japan's defeat.

The survey revealed in almost uniform misapprehension that the defeat of Germany and victory in Europe would end the need for saving fat. The Japanese angle was neglected in the majority of the women's thinking.

Another interesting revelation in the report was that it is the small family, with the limited number of red ration points each month, that saves the most fat. The two member family leads all the rest. Large families with more points do not show up as good savers. The young housewife, under twenty-five, is found to be just about half as good a saver as her senior of fifty years of age.

FARMERS SHOULD BUY FERTILIZERS EARLY

A shortage of trucks and box cars for transportation, a shortage of labor in manufacturing plants, and shortages in certain materials all point to a bottleneck in fertilizer deliveries in the spring.

"Last year some farmers waited until the last minute to buy their fertilizer and then had it delivered on time without the inconvenience of storing it during the winter," says Dr. Emerson Collins, in charge of Extension agronomy at State College. "Records show that growers are not buying nearly so much fertilizer early as last year and the situation is becoming more alarming every day.

"The latest information shows that quantities of chemical nitrogen may be about 100,000 tons of nitrogen short of the July 1 estimate. Production of superphosphat for July, August, and September was disappointing because military requirements were taking a good portion of the sulphuric acid supplies. Potash production appears adequate but there is a shortage of box cars for moving it to fertlizer plants.

"These factors indicate that unless farmers accept delivery of their fertilizer early, it will be impossible for the industry to supply the fertilizer on time for next year's crops. This does not mean that everyone should rush in and buy their fertilizer at once.

"However, if growers are to be assured of having their fertilizer on time, they should discuss their requirements with their established dealer and accept delivery as early as he recommends."

Buy More Bonds and Stamps.

SYNOPSIS

CHAPTER I: Sergt. Amos Croy was a covered-wagon pioneer from Ohio, and took up a homestead at Marysville, Missouri, soon after the Civil War. He married Susan Sewell and started the development of one of the first farms in that region.

CHAPTER II: Homer was born to the Croys, the year the Brooklyn Bridge was built. He was named after the township in Ohio. His earliest recollection was of a cyclone which blew the barn down and wrecked half the orchard.

CHAPTER III: Sunday weighing was an institution. All the neighbors would gather at the Croy farm after dinner and guess the weights of the steers. Amos usually won.

CHAPTER IV: Dehorning of the calves was always a big day. Jim, one of the neighbors, did the dehorning while Homer held the calves by the nose. All the blood and horns had to be buried so as not to encourage the cows in holding up their milk.

CHAPTER V

"Ready to hang," he would say and carry the ham in. Pa would get up on a box and I would heave the ham up to him. He would put the hook end over a rafter, then stand for a moment with his hands outstretched, to see that the wire didn't straighten and dump the ham on the floor.

At last there would be a festoon of hams on every rafter. Then Pa would stand in the door and proudly survey his work. If one of the hams had given a little, he would get up on the bench and curve the wire some more, because, now and then, during the smoking season, a ham would hit the floor kerplunk. Sometimes this would be in the middle of the night. Pa would always hear it; the smokehouse could have fallen and I wouldn't have heard. The first thing, the next morning, he would take the hand whisk broom out to the smokehouse and brush off the ham and hang it up again.

I hated those hams. From time to time during the day, and the last thing at night, I would have to wade through the smoke and put on wood. If the fire was going too strong, I'd have to dash water on it; if it was out, I'd have to get the soapstone from its coal-oil bath and start the fire going again.

Toward the end of the five days, Pa would bring a ham to the door, while I stood beside him waiting hopefully. He would gouge it with his knife and sniff it, then say, "It needs another day, Homer," then go and hang up again the cursed ham.

At last—Oh wonderful at last!—he would be satisfied by the inspection and say, "I guess you can let the fire go out, Homer." I would let it die out promptly.

The hams would be wrapped in brown paper and packed in an empty cracker barrel and put in our cold company bedroom. Now and then, when I'd go in, the room would be filled with a delicious odor. I wouldn't hate the hams quite so much, now.

At last would come the time when we were to have our first smoked ham. My mother would get out our biggest pot, put in water and cider and a handful of raisins, and boil the ham. More tantalizing odors. Now and then she would take off the lid and gouge the ham with our long two-tined fork. When the ham was tender, she would take it out, skin it, rub the outside with brown sugar and mustard and spices, then bake it. Now and then she would open the oven door to see how the ham was getting along—more delicious odors.

When it was done she would put the ham on a big plate on the table, and there it'd be right in front of me, while Pa was saying grace, throwing off these captivating odors!

When the moment came, Pa would take a knife and cut through the crunching crust and put a slice of the rosy, redolent meat on my plate. By this time I would be so watery-mouthed I could hardly wait till I had whacked off a piece. I was even glad I had smoked it.

We'd have it a few days for dinner, then there'd be a hiatus. Then, some morning, Ma would cut off a few slices, freshen them in cold water, then wipe off the water until the pieces were dry, and fry. When they were done she would take them out and put them on a plate that had been heating on the back of the stove. There would be fat left in the skillet, and into this she would sift flour and add milk. Little white bubbles would rise up and burst. She would stir the brown, seething mess, letting the little stream of flour run out of her hand until the ham gravy took on the color and consistency of heavy cream. She would pour this into a long gravy dish, which was fastened to a plate so the two were one, then take up the plate of ham slices and carry both to the table. Phebe would turn up the wick, Pa would bend his head forward and start to say grace. I could hardly wait.

A few days later my mother would soak some beans overnight, and put them in our big iron pot. In would go the ham bone, and, soon, bean soup would be on the table. Its odor wasn't as captivating as the others had been, but still it was good.

"Homer, here's a bone for your dog," she would say if there was all over.

Off and on all day Kaiser would wrestle with that bone; sometimes it'd seem to get the best of him and he'd just lie down and look at it as if he didn't know whether it was worth any more effort, or not. Sometimes he'd give up and walk away; then he'd seem to feel ashamed of himself for having given up and would come back for another go at it. After while he'd walk away for good. But not quite, for the chickens would come clucking up, bobbing their heads from side to side. Then with a great growl he'd rush back at them as if that ham bone was the finest eating in the world. After a while it would lick him; then the chickens could have it undisturbed.

Finally my mother would say, "Homer, take that bone and bury it." That would be the last of the ham.

In April Pa'd say, "The ground's getting soft. I guess we'd better ring the hogs." More work. "Remind me to get the rings Saturday." I'd always forget, but Pa never did. He never forgot anything to do with farming.

Saturday he would go to the hardware store and get the rings; they'd be bigger than finger rings, and they'd be open and not yet brought together in a circle.

As we came in sight of our farm, on the way home, Pa would say, "Look yonder at the hogs in the pasture." We'd look and there would be our old sows rooting in the grass just turning green. "We didn't get the rings any too soon."

Monday morning, instead of letting the hogs out, we'd keep them in the dry lot. There'd be all kinds of work to do before the neighbors arrived: the chute would have to be brought and placed by the gate, the poles and herding boards would have to be made ready, and then at last, when everything was done, Pa would go to the toolbox in the granary and get the paper box of rings and the hog ringers and take them to the chute. Then he would turn a half-bushel measure upside down and put the rings and ringers on top of it and say, "Now watch yourself and don't bump into them."

I'd keep looking down the road, excited to have someone come; pretty soon I'd see them—Newt Kennedy and John Murphy—walking down the road together, and I'd go to meet them just to hear them talk.

In a few minutes we'd all be leaning on the fence looking at the hogs which'd be grunting and now and then charging each other. "I see you didn't let them get into the wallow," Newt would say. Everybody knew what that meant. If the hogs were covered with mud they'd be twice as hard to hold.

Now and then she would take off the lid.

"Why don't you try Jersey Reds?" Newt would ask.

Pa was a Poland China farmer and didn't believe in red stock.

"You can't get the weight out of a red," Pa would say.

"They're healthier," Newt would say. Then John Murphy would say "Hog Baker says he's going over to Chester Whites."

Pa and Newt would study that, because they respected Hog Baker.

A great monster hog, humped in the middle of his back, would come up, flapping his ears out of his eyes. "That's the boar," Pa would [illegible]'ve got to take care of him [illegible]ou got any axle grease?" John Murphy would say. "I like to have axle grease in case anything goes wrong."

"Homer, you run and get a new can of axle grease."

When everything was ready, we would feel keyed up, the way you do when you're going into something hard. Newt'd be giving hitches at his trousers, John Murphy would say, "I guess I'd better load up first," and would sink his teeth into some Star, and Pa would say, "Homer, put on your gloves." But Pa would never wear gloves, no matter how much danger there was.

"I'll throw 'em some corn," Pa would say, and would get the basket and drop some shelled corn on the ground to keep their minds off what was going to happen.

We'd all take our places, the gate would be opened, and we'd maneuver an old sow toward the ringing chute. She'd go along calmly, now and then giving a grunt as if saying, "I wonder what all this is about." John Murphy and I would come up behind with the herding boards. Then, before she knew it, the old sow would be in the chute and the poles slammed behind her. Then she would begin to squeal. The other hogs would lift their heads wondering whether they'd better come to help, or not. But hogs are hogs and they'd start to eat again.

Pa would never let anybody except himself do the ringing; he was an expert at it and hurt the hogs less than most people. Newt would pole her head down and now the old sow would roar at the top of her voice. At the fearful noise, the other hogs would come charging toward us, fighting for their kind. But John and I would be over the fence and out of their way.

Pa would fit a half-open brass ring into the jaw of the ringers, and start toward the old sow who, by this time, would be so mad that white foam would be running out of her mouth. Slowly he would move the pincers forward and edge them over her nose and move them along till he got to the right place. Then suddenly he would squeeze the handles of the ringers and through the sow's nose would go one end of the brass ring. The squealing that had gone before wouldn't be anything to what she would do now.

The poles would be raised and the sow would go charging out, swinging her head from side to side as she tried to get shed of the ring. Then she would run her head along the ground, trying to get the ring out, then try to root it off. As she did this, and as the ring hurt her nose, she would give little short cries very different from the roars she'd given in the chute.

"Better bring us some water, Homer," Pa would say after a while, and I would go to the house and fill the jug at the iron pump. The men would rest while they drank and talked. Then Pa'd say, "I guess we'd better bring another'n in."

At last all the sows would be through the ringing chute. But that only meant the worst was yet to come. For, standing in the dry lot all by himself, would be the boar, his head down, the way hogs do when they know something is wrong. John Murphy and I would have to step carefully, for one slash of those tusks would open a person.

Slowly he would move toward the chute, while Newt and Pa waited; now and then he would toss his ears and give a suspicious grunt. Suddenly we would clap him on the end, and he'd dash into the chute. As he found himself caged, his roars would seem deafening, and the chute would tremble and shake. The sows would come charging toward us, their heads up; in each nose would be a brass ring.

We would beat off the sows, then Pa would pick up an instrument very different from the one he had used for the brass rings. These had sharp steel jaws meant for cutting and crushing.

"Feed him a stick," Pa would shout and Newt would run one through the chute. The boar would seize it in his jaws. But that was just what Pa wanted, for suddenly he would grip a tusk with his clippers and throw all his force on the handles. There would be a crunching sound and the boar would roar and struggle in a frenzy of fury.

"Now I'll go on the other side," Pa would say and move around the chute, and again the terrible clippers would descend upon the tusks.

Mingled with the white foam would be blood.

At last the tusks would be out, and we would open the chute. But instead of trotting away, as the sows had done, he would turn and charge. "Climb the fence!" Pa would shout. The boar would dash from one of us to the other, throwing his head and making terrible fighting sounds. Finally he would seem to realize what had happened to him, and would turn and walk slowly away.

"I guess I need some of your

(Please turn to Page 4)