

# Hyde County Herald

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## HYDE DOES IT AGAIN

Hyde County has gone over the top in another bond drive. According to a press announcement by Chairman M. A. Matthews of Engelhard, the county topped its \$62,000 quota by \$44,405.75, with sales totaling \$106,405.75. The Sixth War Loan organization and the people who bought the bonds are to be congratulated on a job well done. Hyde continues to keep up its good record of buying its bond quotas in the Loan drives.

## INTEREST IN AIRCRAFT

Interest has been shown in recent editorials in the Herald regarding an airport for Hyde County. We are glad to note this and hope that some hard knocking will be done toward getting a landing field in the county.

Several citizens have expressed the opinion that future growth of the county's tourist business in the post-war days will hinge on competing with other hunting areas in modern means of transportation. These people feel that every effort should be made to get an airfield in Hyde.

One thing should be kept in mind. This, or no other worthwhile thing, will come of the county without hard work. The burden will have to be carried by a few and as in all such cases, there will be opposition on the part of some and a disinterest on the part of others. And, while State and Federal aid should be sought, the first effort and the greatest effort must be made locally.

## HOME FRONT FIGHT

Mankind from the dawn of time has had to wage a continuous warfare for survival. Throughout the countless years the earth has circled the sun there always has been bound closely to human experience the vital need of alertness to danger . . . whether the threat be occasioned by animal ferocity, human greed or the insensate aggression of a terrible disease.

Infantile paralysis just last summer struck America the hardest blow the nation has sustained in the history of the disease in 28 years. However, through the public's forethought in contributing dimes and dollars to the fight against infantile paralysis, a great program of epidemic aid was put into motion immediately.

North Carolina, New York, Kentucky, Virginia, Pennsylvania—to these and other stricken states The National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis sent doctors, nurses physical therapy technicians, as well as respirators, supplies and financial aid.

Because of the lertness of that organization and its Chapters, the best of medical care was rendered every victim, regardless of age, race, creed or color. Your dimes and dollars helped make that possible. It is a good thought to bear in mind during the 1945 March of Dimes, January 14-31, held in celebration of the President's birthday.

## WILL FREEDOM SURVIVE VICTORY?

Another year of war has drawn to a close. Volumes of rhetoric will be written about the awful destruction of the past twelve months. Puny efforts will be made to describe the suffering of the men of the armed forces, who face death day after day, year after year, far from home and loved ones. Actually, there are no words that can adequately sum up 1944, the most critical year in American history.

The astounding thing about the home front is the fact that except for the families of service men, it lives normally and has no conception of the horrors of war. Communiques from Washington on the price of toilet paper or some other trivial item fill countless columns in the press. Social security planning, "full" employment and dizzy talk of a contented postwar world, with all the worries assumed by a benevolent government, arise from the American scene like a haze from a swamp. Clear, unqualified thought on the subject of personal freedom, is almost totally lacking.

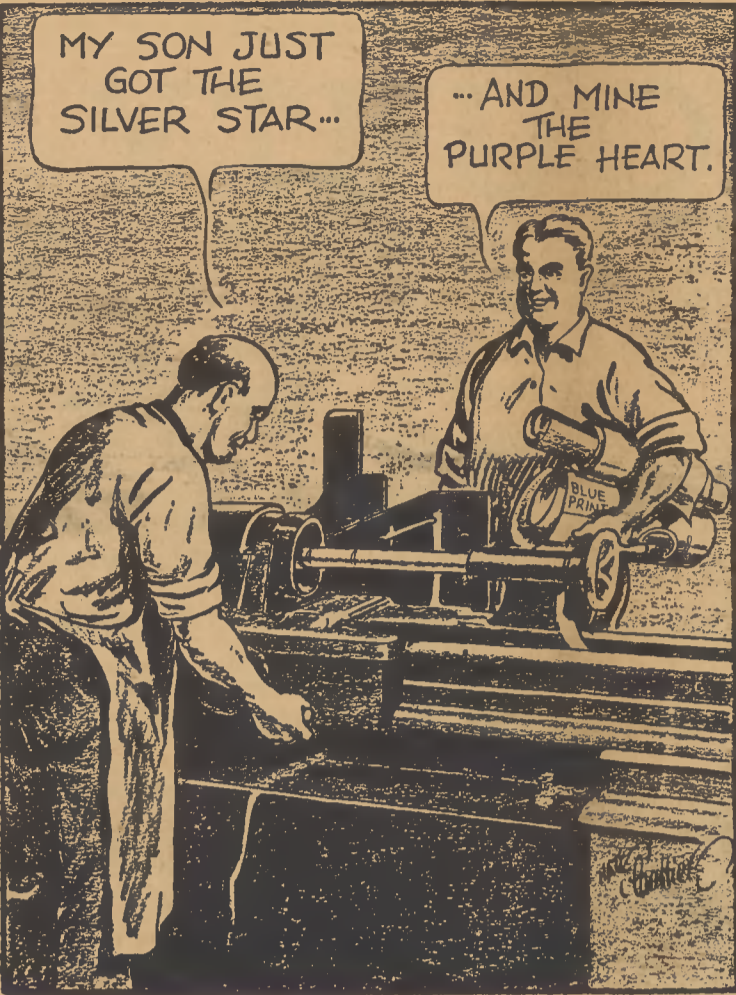
As the war moves on, country after country sees the spectre of oppression and government by small cliques loom larger and darker over the world. The United States is no exception to this trend. Much of our postwar planning is a crazy mixture of individual initiative and bureaucratic paternalism. The conflict between those who believe in state socialism and those who have the government take over basic industries, and those who believe in the superiority of privately owned enterprises, has led to rash promises. Many on both sides apparently believe that the crux of the issue is a full stomach, with the result that a material value has been put on freedom. Each side has striven to outpromise the other until it has become rank heresy to suggest that there may at times be lean going in the future.

Millions expect government to furnish them jobs, to guarantee peacetime prices, to protect them from the insecurity of competition. They should remember that the more they ask of government, the less freedom they will have. If government ends by owning most of industry and employing most of the people as well as regulating the lives of the remainder, freedom will become a mockery. As Robert S. Henry, eminent writer and historian, observes:

"The right of nonconformity is ultimately the most important of human rights, but I doubt if it can long exist independently of the right of private property. After all, the man who owns nothing, and has no hope of owning anything for himself, is under a terrible handicap in expressing unframed individuality. He is without a place for his foot to stand upon, in opposition to the conforming forces of the collectivistic state."

Our people could lose everything of material value as the price of victory in this war and still have a bright future. However, let too much government destroy the freedom and the individual to build again and there is no future.

## IN COMMON CAUSE - - By COLLIER



The right of ownership is more important than ownership itself.

## THE HOMEFOLKS COUNT MOST

We once knew a country merchant who bought an advertisement in a newspaper published 250 miles from his town, because a smart salesman approached him. When twitted about it, the merchant said, it made folks think he was a big merchant and helped his credit.

That merchant knew little about the value of advertising. In the first place advertising is planned to increase business, and this is done by making a firm or a product better known to those who will buy. Clearly, a merchant's customers are those who are near enough to buy from him. These are the ones he must reach.

Truthful and well planned advertising in the home newspaper keeps constantly before the public, the name of the firm. It does not permit them to forget when to find what they need. It reaches the ones it ought to reach, and it is not money wasted. Often we hear a merchant say he has spent so much in advertising, and hasn't seen any benefits. What he should say is he has donated to various schemes from which no advertising results may be expected.

One's best friends, be he individual or merchant are those who live nearby. In time of distress it is they who render aid. Throughout the year, it is the homefolks whose trade keeps things going, and keeps the community alive.

## HERE ARE THE REASONS FOR LIMING FARM SOIL

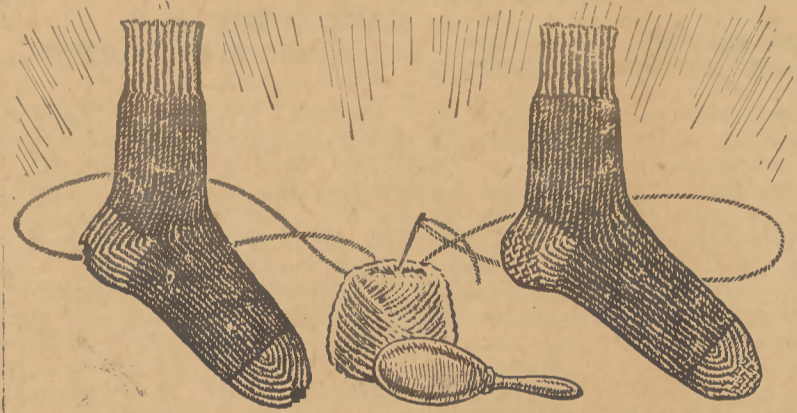
Where soils are acid because of a lack of lime, iron and aluminum go into solution and keep the plant from getting the necessary phosphate. Where lime is added to neutralize some of the soil acids, calcium and magnesium are provided for the plant. Also, the phosphate applied to the soil can be used by the plant. Where too much lime is added, disease may be worse and some plants may die. Also such plant foods as manganese, boron, and iron

cannot be used by the plant. The grower who plans to apply more than one ton of limestone per acre should first obtain a free soil test and learn his lime requirements, say Extension specialists at State College.

A pot of parsley on the window sill is not only useful for seasoning winter dishes but decorative as well because of its bright green curly leaves. Of all the seasoning herbs, parsley is probably the easiest to grow indoors.

## OUR DEMOCRACY - - by Mat

### A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE



EVERY WIFE AND MOTHER KNOWS THAT MENDING A SMALL HOLE NOW INSTEAD OF A LARGE ONE LATER MAY SAVE THE SOCK—CERTAINLY GIVES IT MANY TIMES THE USEFUL WEAR.



WE ALL KNOW THAT IT'S THE SMALL SUMS SAVED TODAY RATHER THAN THE LARGE SUMS WE MEAN TO SAVE TOMORROW THAT ESTABLISH OUR SECURITY FOR THE YEARS AHEAD.



## CHAPTER VIII

The hardest thing of all was to get from the ground into the wagon, for the lines must be held tight and the whole thing managed slowly and artfully, for the mules would stand more or less quietly, not knowing what to make of it all. Some way or other, Newt would get in and when he was in he would ease up on the lines and then suddenly slap them—and out of the gate the wagon would go. My job was to swing on the end of the wagon and get up in it, and there we would be, Newt and the mules and I. The mules didn't like this strange monster rattling and clanking along behind them and their ears would be tossing back and forth, pretty well convinced everything was not right, but wanting to get a little better size-up of it.

Newt had a theory that no mule was any good until he had run away; couldn't trust him, he said. So he believed in taking the twig and bending it early.

Suddenly Newt would give the front of the wagon a kick and let off an ear-splitting yell. The effect this had on the mules was astonishing. Their heads would go forward and their ears would go back and down the road they would start at full speed, with the wagon rattling and swaying and leaping behind. The faster they ran the better he liked it; and so did I, although my heart was in my mouth.

We always dreaded to meet anybody, but, such is human nature, we always hoped we would.

A neighbor, jogging along in his buggy, could see us half a mile away; certainly he could hear us a mile. And when he saw the wagon tearing toward him, he would pull his team on the side of the road, then leap out and take his horses by the bits.

Past him we would go, the wagon bouncing and rattling, and the man's own horses trembling in their traces as if the crack of doom had burst in their ears. Now and then we would meet a man with a load of hogs; the poor soul would have to pull over and be and the hogs would have to take their chances. Sometimes, it seemed to me, the width of a pencil mark lay between us and the other wagon, but in some miraculous way we always got past, and would leave the hog hauler muttering frightful curses.

Newt knew mules and when they had run far enough and were tired enough, he would reach over and pull on the brake. The mules would have to go into their collars, then; but Newt was only beginning, for he would set off another kick and whoop. The mules would dart forward, but with far less enthusiasm than the first dart. Afterwhile he would get out his whip and lay it on their backs and away they would go; shorter this time. Just as they would want to fall into a walk, he would flourish his whip again and again they would trot off. And each time they slacked in their running, just that much closer was Newt to mastery.

At last, we would come home, the brake off and the mules tired, their ears pitching hardly at all. There would be a little flurry when we tried to unhitch them, but not much. Then to the watering trough and a good feed of corn in the stable. And there Newt would stand, giving them love pats as they combed, and talking to them as if they were children.

This wild ride was not only once, but many times each fall, for Newt bought mule colts and broke them; or he brought range mules and broke them. This was smarter than it might possibly seem, for "broke" mules brought from \$10 to \$20 a pair more than ungentled mules. Not only did he get the money, but he also got the fun. And the very people who had denounced him when they had seen him coming down the road, would wish they could get the fun out of things that Newt could.

I liked Newt because he liked fun and because he wrote the One-Horse Farmer. Sometimes I would think, if I were writing the One-Horse Farmer, the kind of items I would send in.

In November Phebe would say, "Aunt, don't you think it is about time to have the quilting party?" She would never say a because we had one each year.

My mother would say, "Yes, I think it is. Go ahead and get things ready."

My mother always had charge of the Sunday dinners, swimming parties, sausage making, and so on, but Phebe was the quilter in our family and Quilting Day belonged to her. She was the best quilter in the neighborhood and was immensely proud of her ability.

A thousand things had to be done. Cloth and thread and cotton had to be bought. "Homer, will you bring home some chalk?" she would say. Word would be sent to the neighbors we were to have our quilting on a certain day and as the time approached...

er and busier. There would be rolls of batten and piles of cloth, and out would come the rag bag we had been keeping all year, and Phebe would hunt through it and lay out in little piles the odds and ends for the crazy quilt.

She would come to a piece and show it to my mother and their voices would fall. My mother would sit a moment, thinking, then go to the bureau in the spare room and get the wooden box that held Pa's wedding gloves and take out a piece of dress goods.

"I believe I'll put it in," she would say, her voice very low now, because the piece was part of a dress that had belonged to my sister who had died before I was born.

"Do you want to embroider her name?" Phebe would ask, and my mother would nod.

"I'll chalk it for you," Phebe would say and would go and get her style book and take the piece of chalk I had brought home from school and make a fancy capital A, and the rest of the name Alice in small letters. Ma would take her silk thread and begin to stitch along the chalk marks.

After a while Pa would come in and Ma would hold it up and he would say, "I'm glad it's going in."

In going through the rag bag, Phebe would bring out a piece, "It's part of Homer's dress. Do you want it to go in, Aunt?"

I could hardly believe I had ever been so little I had to wear a dress. But there it was.

"I want it to go in," my mother would say and in it would go, because our crazy quilt was an album of the Croy family.

The rag bag was a turning point. All year things had been going into it; if they went into it there was never any doubt about them. They were headed straight for the crazy quilt. But some things hung in the balance, still good enough to wear, but just on the verge of going into the crazy quilt.

Phebe would go to the closet in her room and bring back a dress and



"It's the one I wore to sister Mary's wedding."

hold it up and say, "Aunt, do you think it ought to go in?" Ma would examine it and say, "I expect it better. Styles change so fast these days you probably can't ever use it again."

"It's the one I wore to Sister Mary's wedding," Phebe would say a little choked, because Mary had married and Phebe hadn't.

She would spread the dress on the table and cut out a piece under a pocket where it hadn't faded. "Do you want to put in anything of Blanche's?" she would say as the scissors made grating noises on the table.

"Yes," Mother would say.

"I've got something," Ma said and went to her own private box and came back with a campaign ribbon with Pierce and Breckenridge printed on it, and smoothed it with her fingers.

"Do you think it's strong enough?" "I'll stitch a back on it," Phebe said.

"Then I'd like it to go in." The day before the quilting, Phebe would say, "Homer, I want you to wash off the frames." More work for me. Always more work for me. That's the way it seemed.

I would go to the smokehouse and get out the wooden frames. Two X's made the end pieces; when set up they were held together by two poles which were two or three feet longer than the average quilt. I would get a bucket of soap and water and begin to scrub the frames, but no sooner would I start than Phebe would come trotting out...

The "edging" was a piece of ducking about twice as wide as my hand which ran the length of each pole; to this the quilt was sewed while it was in process of construction. I would have to scrub the poles carefully so as not to get the edging wet. More work. I didn't have to be so careful with the X's. I could give them a sash of water and a few quick rubs and be through. "Now you can lean them against the fence and let 'em dry." I would lean them promptly.

We'd be up early on the day of the quilting, and a kind of excitement would vibrate over the house. I liked it, even if it meant extra work.

"Homer, I want you to get the stove going," Phebe would say. More work.

Sometimes the parlor wouldn't be used all winter. But it was on Quilting Day. If a woman had her quilting in her everyday living room, she'd have to have a pretty good excuse or be talked about.

By nine o'clock the first buggy would show up, then a surrey would appear, because it wouldn't do to go in a wagon on a stylish day like a

quilting; pretty soon, Mrs. Gertrude Knabb would come over the brow of the hill in her sidesaddle, and I would have to dash out and hold her horse close to a surrey step so she could get down.

Haying and threshing and clover-seed hulling and road-work day belonged to the men. But Quilting Day belonged to the women. It was all right for a man to deliver his wife at a quilting, but he had to get away as fast as he could. If he went to the house and sat down with the womenfolk and tried to be sociable, they'd have run him out with brooms. No man in his right mind would go near the house.

It wasn't proper for the women to sit around and visit; get right down to work, because work was more important than manners. It was a tremendous honor to be the first woman at the frames.

There, in the middle of the floor, would be the frames with the quilt-to-be strung between them, and with cotton batten between the two lengths of cloth. The cloth would be stitched to the edging, but the quilt hadn't been tightened. When all was ready, one woman would take hold of one ratchet wheel and another woman would take hold of the other ratchet wheel and Phebe would dash up and down the frames, giving the cotton the last smoothing out, then she would say, "Tighten!" and the women would begin twisting the ratchet wheels. A wooden tongue, fitted into the teeth of a wheel and each time the tongue fell it gave a click. It was a hard job to get the quilt started just right, because if it was slanted, the whole thing would be collywobbled and no amount of work would ever get it straight. So Phebe would dash up and down the frames, tightening pins and loosening threads, and having one woman tighten and another loosen on exactly right. "Fasten!" she would order, and the women would push the wooden tongues down so they wouldn't fly loose and cause no end of trouble.

Phebe would take the advertising yardstick from Eversole's and get ready to "lay off" the quilt in diagonals. Two women would take hold of the yardstick to steady it and everybody would grow hushed, for a ticklish moment had come. Taking the chalk, Phebe would draw it along the yardstick, making a straight white line on the cloth. This was for the women to sew along and so that the quilt, when finished, would have fine, even diamonds.

As soon as enough white lines were down, the women would take up their needles, put on their thimbles, and begin to quilt, four women on one side, the same number on the other. Up and down would go the needles, snip-snip would go the scissors. Then the women would visit, the neighborhood news now.

Phebe was the leader. They all asked her how she wanted this done, or how she wanted that. She would tell them, now and then stopping to show how she turned a corner, or put in a rabbit ear. Ma wasn't important today.

When the row of white lines was finished, Phebe would say, "I guess we can turn now." The women would go to the ratchet wheels and Phebe would say, "Roll," and the ratchet wheels would move and the little wooden tongues click; then the women would go back and take up their needles.

The other women would be in the sitting room visiting, or helping Ma in the kitchen. But that was only until the quilting got tired. Now and then one of the women from the sitting room would get up and go to the frames and say, "I expect you're tired, Mrs. Kennedy. I'll take your place for a while."