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THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1945 Vol. VI

# **CAPE HATTERAS LOSES** A FINE OLD CITIZEN

Matthew J. Gray, 82, Died at His Home January 18th; Loran **Barnett Passes** 

Matthew Jordan Gray, a fine, upstanding, and beloved citizen of Buxton, Cape Hatteras, died

suddenly on January 18 at his home following a short illness. He odist Church.

Louisa Gray, and the following data are available already to cushchildren: R. H. Gray of Wanchese, ion the shock for his admiring pub-I. M. Gray of Portsmouth, H. J. lic. Gray, C. C. Gray and L. J. Gray, About ten years ago a foolish no-Mrs. J. B. Gray of Buxton, and tion grew suddenly, almost mysteri-Mrs. Lula Austin of Avon, 17 ously, popular. The idea was that grandchildren and 15 great grand- poor farmers got poor (anyhow children. Following the funeral didn't get rich) because they never services which were conducted had a chance. Big fat capitalists, it by Rev. Andrew Sterling of the seemed, kept the juice squeezed out Holiness Church Saturday morn- of them all the time. So Uncle Sam, ing, January 20, the body was with Rexford Guy Tugwell standing interred in the family plot at on his shoulder and whispering in his ear, dashed to the rescue.

# METHODIST YOUTHS MEET

The Methodist youths of Kitty Hawk, Wanchese, and Manteo featured the Crusade for Christ in their monthly meeting at the Manteo church January 19.

Mrs. D. W. Charlton was in charge of the program. R. D. Sawyer, Jr., led the devotional, and then the five objectives of the Crusade were discussed. Miss Helen Meekins spoke on "Building a New World Order;" Miss Ethelene Morris' subject was 'Rehabilitating Our World;" E. J. Alphasis of the crusade, while Miss gett talked on the Church School and Stewardship, respectively.

The following were elected as officers of the Dare County, Youth Fellowship for the ensuing year: Worth Midgett, president; Miss Mira Best, vice president; Miss Lora Midgett, secre-

Miss Mary Alice Etheridge Refreshments weer served by Miss Jeanine Daniels, Miss Mila Wescott and Miss Etheridge.

The pastors present were Rev. Vance Lewis, Wanchese; Rev. G. W. Crutchfield, Kitty Hawk, Rev. D. W. Charlton, Manteo.



Costly Dreams

Before the middle of 1945, end of was born October 23, 1862, the son worker in Washington will yank a the federal fiscal year, some weary of the late Anderson and Eliza- crank or touch a button and watch beth Gray, and had lived at Avon a calculating machine grind out until about 40 years ago. He was some tell-lale totals about Uncle a lifelong member of the Meth- Sam as a farm executive and plantation operator. The figures will not He is survived by his wife, Mrs. be flattering but enough preliminary

### **Rescue the Farmer!**

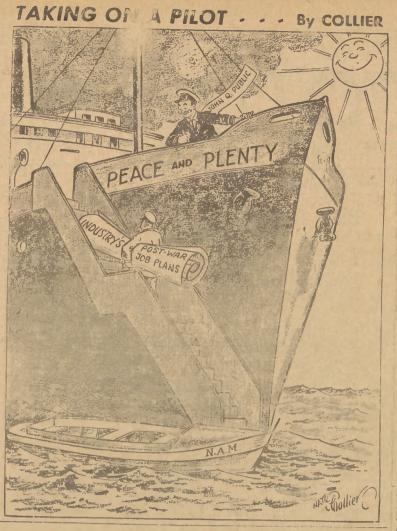
A famous federal project, one of AND ELECT OFFICERS; many to fortify hand-picked relief cases "back on the soil," was the 2271-acre Deshee farm near Vincennes, Ind. It was taken for granted that 42 families could make a living there after the government had paid half a million dollars for the land and one of 20 agricultural lending agencies had helped out with \$100,000 more. It was, however, too much to expect. They couldn't make a living.

clustered in artistic groups like Davis of Manteo, sister of the chairs at a lawn fete, the "farmers" were supposed to do specialty production of top-grade produce and ford gave the evangelistic em- truck to yield fancy prices. Unfortunately, somehow, the plan didn't Miriam Ferebee and Edgar Mid- work. Deshee is being sold, as are many of the government's other pipe-dream farms. Among them is the 3453-acre Lake Dick farm near Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

#### **Psychology of Relief.**

An early discovery at Deshee was Junior College, Flora McDonald that specialty farmers don't often get on government relief rolls. The tary; Miss Lois Tillett, treasurer. relief farmers knew little more than that they needed to plant seed and conducted the recreational hour. scratch the ground. By this method of operation, Deshee had 20 families too many. Finally the community shrank to eight families. Many of them left because they didn't like

# THE HYDE COUNTY HERALD. SWAN QUARTER, N. C.



# SLOTWINSKI-DAVIS

The marriage of Miss Evelyn Estelle Davis, d'aughter of Mr. and Mrs. Isaac P. Davis of Manto Lt. Edwin Slotwinski, tén USNR, son of Anton Slotwinski Mrs. Slotwinski, took place on January1 3 in Breezy Point Chap-Virginia. The ceremony was performed by Chaplain Enwin J. Van Handel.

The bride wore a cadet blue dressmaker suit of wool crepe with black accessories and a cor-With 50 acres per family, homes sage of orchids. Miss Elizabeth bride, was her only attendant. She wore an afternoon dress of dusty pink faille with brown accessories and a corsage of gardenias. Lt. Richard G. Mayer, USNR, was best man.

> friends were present for the ceremony. Mrs. Slotwinski attended Peace

College and the University of Geongia. She is a member of Alpha Gamma Delta National Soc-

ial Sorority. Point, Wisconsin, and the Uni-

High prices on just about every- are making their home for the ing delicious refreshments were stood beside the gate, gazing at us

Effective on January 29, 1945, the OPA and WFA have been directed to establish an "Over-Ridng" ceiling price on cattle and calves of \$18 per hundred weight, of Steven's Point, Wisconsin and Chicago basis, according to in-Philadelphia, Pa., and the late formation received by T. A. Jennette, chairman of the Hyde County AAA committee, who soured me on life. el, Naval Air Station, Norfolk, says this ceiling price will remain in effect until July 2, 1945, at which time the ceiling price

weight, Chicago basis.

Mrs. Louis Hooper at Manns Har-

of Christian Service met at the Farm house, and, as we arrived, home of Mrs. Emeline Austin one of the inmates came shuffling Wednesday, January 17. There out. One hand was drawn up from Lt. Slotwinski attended Central, were quite a number of the mem- some dreadful affliction; this afflic-Teachers College in Steven's the new minister, Rev. Earl Mee- so that it was twisted to one side. bers present and three visitors, tion had also laid hold of his face versity of Wisconsin. He is a Rosamond Wilson, who became a best he could with his one hand, the surroundings. People on relief member of Chi Delta Rho fra-become fastidious. Rosamond Wilson, who became a best he could with his one hand, member. After the business meet-ing delicious refreshments were stood beside the gate, gazing at us served by the hostess



#### CHAPTER XI

"I see you have, Tom," Pa would say gratefully. "Sometimes, if you get horses down, you need to get the hames off in a hurry." "Have you got an indelible pen-

cil? It wouldn't be long till the harness

would be in our wagon and we'd be on the way home. Once in a while Pa would turn around and look proudly at the harness.

When we got home, he would call for my mother to come out and see what he had. He would hold up the harness and she would say it was very fine harness, indeed. Of course she didn't really know. But Pa liked to have her look at it, anyway.

My mother was not only the "quietest" teacher I have ever known, but, as I have said, one of the most effective. About this time there came one of those periods when everything seemed to go wrong. The sows were rooting under the fences CEILING ON CATTLE, CALVES and getting out, and the steers had warbles. There was a sudden squall and the "head" on our windmill was broken. This seemed the last straw. It meant that we would have to make a trip to town; if the machinery-store owner didn't have a head to fit, he would have to write to Chicago and there would be a wait. Meantime, I would have to pump water for the cattle by hand. It

My mother watched us feeling sorry for ourselves, watched us moonbecomes \$17.50 per hundred usually a happy time, but today we hardly talked at all. Another batch of sows was probably out. Tomorrow I would have to hill the sweet potatoes. Then go and pump water for those damned cattle. They'd probably get blackleg and die before we could sell 'em. Ma broke her silence. "It's a nice

day. Let's all go down and visit the Poor Farm

This was better than sitting around own accursed farm where everything was going to hell. We gloomed along the three miles.

There was a wooden gate across The Hatteras Women's Society the lane leading up to the Poor

with a pitiful expression on his m

in dovs. The steers still had war bles, the sows were probably out, the windmill head wouldn't be along for days. But that was all right. It seemed to us we were the luckiest people in the world. Nothing had changed. Only ourselves.

My mother, sitting at the end of the table by the kitchen, looked at us chatting and laughing, but said nothing. That was her way. On the railroad right of way that

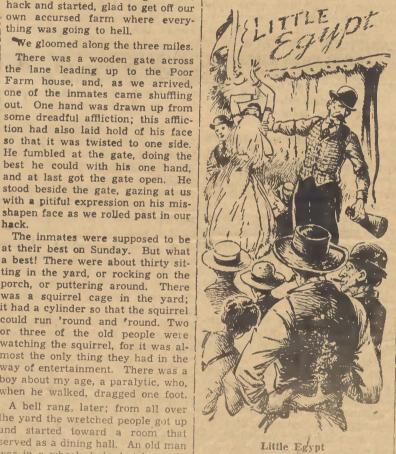
ran past our 'farm was a marker which said: "Omaha 99 miles." How many times I had looked at that and wondered what Omaha was like. In fore the day is over," he said. 1898. Omaha announced it was goin

to have an "Exposition," and, son the papers were filled with stori about the Exposition. By the tim summer arrived, everybody in our neighborhood was talking about the Exposition. Some had already gone and had brought back breathless

tales of what they'd seen. Enoch Day, a neighbor who lived half a mile from us, had sold hi farm and gone to Omaha. Pa said anybody who sold his farm and moved to a city had seen his best ays. Ma had always corresponded with Mrs. Day, so now Mrs. Day wrote and said that if we would come to the Exposition we could stay with them. To my great deight, Pa said that as soon as we'd

At last the great day came. It was arranged that Phebe was to stay at home "to take care of to come in and chore. So we got in the hack and the neighbor who was to do the chores drove us to Wilcox. and we got on the train. As many times as I'd watched trains roar past our farm, I'd never been on one. But now I was on one and it was racing along at an incredible speed. Cinders beat through the windows on the red plush seats and smoke filled our eyes. But that was all right. We were going to the

Exposition! Every now and then



## I'a cautiously asked Mr. Day h e was doing. Mr. Day worked at the stockyards and it developed that he was doing better than he had on the farm. Pa was shocked through

THURSDAY, JAN, 25, 1915

The next day we started to the Exposition grounds. Flags were fly ing, bands were playing, and grea stages filled with gay people dashe by us, the drivers shouting at t horses and warning people out the way. Pa shook his head glool "Somebody will be killed b We found it was almost imp

ble to keep together, so we arrant for a place to meet at noon eat the things Mrs. Day had put up "Here, Homer," Pa said, "is bai a dollar

I dashed away like a colt out of <sup>8</sup> stable. It wasn't long before I saw a supreme sight—General Nelson A. Miles, the Indian fighter, dressed i a blue uniform covered with braid Hanging at his side was a gold swor that had been given him for captur ing the ferocious Geronimo. I was awed by the great man until he started to make a speech. Then

saw, his line was Indian fighting. The crowds, the excitement, the sense of freedom filled me with an intoxicating pleasure. There were many exhibits which said that if the visitor was interested and would leave his name and address, the

company would, after he got home, mail him "full information." I registered everywhere, delighted at the chance to get big mail.

Suddenly I heard the most weird, titillating noise I had ever encount tered in my life and saw something that made my eyes pop-a proces sion of camels with Arabs perched on them, each Arab wearing a red fez. On the swaying and lurching camels were the musicians who were producing the exciting, unbelievable sounds. I fell in behind, along with many others. The procession turned into a section of the Midway called "The Streets of Cairo." Both sides were lined with bazaars selling or ental goods, and with fortune tellers and there were signs over doors advertising shows put on by whirling dervishes. I stood entranced, bu afraid that, some way or other, this was going to cost me money. For I kept asking, "How can they let a person see such wonderful sights free?'

Then something even more titillating took place before my astonished eyes. On a platform in front of one of the buildings there was burst of oriental music, and, as up. I saw two dark-ski

VISIT AT MANNS HARBOR

Ensign Donald Williams, USCG, and Mrs. Williams, who have shore, N. Y., have been visiting been making their home in Bay-Mrs. Williams' parents, Mr. and

Only members of the immediate for a few weeks after Ensign hack and started, glad to get off our families and a few intimate Williams returns to duty.

HATTERAS WSCS

narvested, we'd go. Omaha, I'd actually see it with my own eyes!

ing over trivials. Sunday dinner was things"; one of the neighbors was

HATTERAS NEWS

spent several days here this week is in the Navy and has been ov- may be small because of well-timed erseas for the last year.

is spending his furlough here with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Foster. He has been overseas for the past year.

H. T. Gaskins, Jr., USCG, has of the government's resettlement returned to his ship after spend- projects. The total number disposed ing the past week here with his of before the end of 1944 cost the parents, Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Gaskins.

Linwood Ballance of the U.S. ship after spending a month here at less than 40 cents on the dollar. with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Ballance.

Steve Styron. USCG, spent a few days here with his father and brother the first part of

Mrs. Sam Neece has returned home after spending a few days away on pusiness.

Mrs. Litchfield Peele of Manspending a few days here with our private enterprise system. her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Irvin Stowe

Mrs Nye Rallinson and son, Gerald, are spending some time in Elizabeth City.

Cyde Austin has returned home a ter spending some time in Elizabeth City

Mrs. Earl Meekins has returned to Norfolk after spending a few days here last week with her tousband, the Reverend Earl Meelins.



country from charging off these the Naval Air Station. highfalutin agricultural experiwith Mrs. Foster's parents, Mr. | ments, almost completely. Losses and Mrs. Charlie Foster. William on Deshee, and others to sell soon,

sales, but this fails to prove that the Gaston Foster of the U.S. Navy government can farm, least of all with human misfits on the land.

No Future in This

Up to now, the Federal Security ditional pigs are needed. Administration has sold quite a few

taxpayers of America some 71 million dollars. All the government realized from the sales was 27 million Navy who has been overseas for dollars. It means that the FSA is, so the past year has returned to his far, liquidating these costly dreams

In farming, government manage ment is showing a loss of 60%. We have no right to expect that losses from government manageme be less in manufacturing. If the ran only 50%, it would mean produc tion cut in haif, wages lowered ac cordingly and prices advanced; perhaps doubled. Undertakan on a big scale, it would mean living standards, for all of us, half as high as we teo has returned home after are used to. I'm in favor of keeping

ARVIN O. BASNIGHT

and Mrs. T. A. Basnight of Manteo, was promoted on December 3 from the rank of first lieutenant to the rank of captain, Army Air Corps. Captain Basnight, who is stationed somewhere in England, joined the Army Air Corps two years ago, and was sent overseas last May, since which time he has had two promotions.

Capt. Basnight Brother, Thomas A. Basnight, Jr., is with the Navy, and is stationed in Italy.

When a horse recovers from an attack of infectious anemia, or swamp fever, the infection may remain for years after all symptons of the disease have disappeared.

Where farmers organize themselves into groups for the purpose of exchanging work and whipping thel abor shortage, church attendance is improved, says Cophy Acont T. J. W. Brown

spect of war- present in Norfolk, Virginia. born inflation, is what saves our where the former is attached to

"Performance reports" must be

OUR DEMOCRACY-

JOHN FITCH

JANUARY 21, 1745-JULY 2, 1798

PATRIOT AND INVENTOR, JOHN FITCH SERVED AS

BUILT HIS LARGEST VESSEL WHICH WAS RUN

TODAY HE SHARES HONORS WITH ROBERT FULTON

DEMOCRACY STIMULATES INVENTIVE GENIUS

PHILADELPHIA AND WILMINGTON, IN 1790.

FOR THE INVENTION OF THE STEAMPOAT.

AS A PASSENGER BONT BETWEEN

GUNSMITH FOR AMERICAN TROOPS AT VALLEY FORGE -

COMPLETED HIS FIRST STEAMBOAT MODEL IN 1785,

the AAA. urges farmers to keep more sows relatives.

for spring farrowing because ad-

HIS STEAMBOAT OF 1788-

WITH OARS OPERATED BY

SEPARATE CRANKS - AND

SUSPENDED AS IN ROWING

TRANSFERRED

hack.

by Mat

Pvt. Milton Midgett, U. S. Ar- a best! There were about thirty sitfiled by February 15, if growers my, has recently been transferred ting in the yard, or rocking on the are to receive 1944 payments, says from Fort Benning, Ga., to Fort porch, or puttering around. There

Buy More Bonds and Stamps.

HIS 1786 STEAMBOAT-

EACH BANK OF OARS

BY A SINGLE CRANK

RAISED AND LOWERED

HIS SMALL STEAMBOAT-

AND SCREW PROPELLER

1797- DRIVEN BY

PADDLE-WHEELS

Meade. Md. Pvt. Midgett spent a was a squirrel cage in the yard; The War Food Administration 10-day furlough in Manteo with it had a cylinder so that the squirrel could run 'round and 'round. Two or three of the old people were watching the squirrel, for it was almost the only thing they had in the way of entertainment. There was a boy about my age, a paralytic, who,

when he walked, dragged one foot. A bell rang, later; from all over the yard the wretched people got up and started toward a room that served as a dining hall. An old man was in a wheel chair, but he could not propel it himself and had to depend on others. So I laid hold of the chair and pushed him over the grassless, hard-packed yard and up a kind of ramp into the dining hall. Then into a corner of the room where a lapboard was leaning against the Picking it up, he placed it before him and waited for the other bring him something to eat.

After supper the poor old wrecks went back to their places on the didn't go had to stay and help wash | window. At the end of the car was a the dishes.

As Pa and Ma and Phebe and I the miserable old people washing dishes and hear them banging the pans. One by one, as they finished their jobs, they came limping back to the porch and to the benches. Someone had got into another's seat and a quarrel arose. First one person spoke, taking sides; then someone answered; pretty soon they were all quarreling.

One old man had an evil-looking pipe. He had whittled a piece of wood into a sort of tamper which was tied with a string and dangled from a button on his coat. He fished some crumbs of tobacco out of his pocket and tamped them down they would carry them for with his little wooden stick.

At last we started home, depressed by the sights we had seen. Little by little, as we got away from the Mr. Day was a small man with a place, we began to talk. More cheerfully than we had talked in days.

Sunday supper, our low spirits had we were on a streetcar, the first I mysteriously disappeared. We ever saw, racing through acres and laughed and joked as we hadn't done acres of houses.

Pa'd say: "They've got good con through here," or "They run white-faced cattle through here. he'd shake his head and say, goin' through a strip of hard You can't raise anything on has

Ma visited up and down the aisle because she always got acquainte inmates, who acted as waiters, to easier'n Pa did. When she cam back she'd tell Pa where the people were from and how long they were going to stay at the Exposition porch, or on the benches in the When eleven-thirty came. Ma opened yard, with nothing to look forward our shoe box and we had dinner to till the next meal. Those who tossing the chicken bones out the round water cooler, painted red. There was a knob so that when I walked about the yard, we could see pressed down a trickle of water spattered out. I would fill the tin

cup and take it to Ma and she would drink; then I would fill it again and take it to Pa and he would drink and throw what he didn't want out the window. Then I would stand in the aisle by the water cooler, to show that the train couldn't toss me around, and drink long and elaborately.

We arrived at the depot, where there was a fearful ringing of bells and blowing of whistles and people hurrying in all directions. "Runners" for rooming houses pounced out and seized our grips, saying us. 'Don't let 'em," shouted Pa. "Don't take any chances."

Then we saw Mr. and Mrs. Day, large mustache, and Mrs. Day was When we sat down to our own they looked to us! In a few minut a very large woman, but how goo

men sitting on their haunches, their knees as high as their shoulders, playing strange musical instruments Over the building was a banner with a most voluptuous dancing girl painted on it, and the words "Litpainted on it, and the words, tle Egypt." In a moment the cur, tains parted and a girl in a veil swayed out, and my eyes jumped again. Then she began to undulate in time to the music, her hips movng rhythmically from side to side and ending in a little jerk. As if that wasn't enough, she suddenly began to shake and quiver all over, a thousand muscles twitching and oulsating and her hips going faster and faster. My lips grew dry; it seemed to me I could hardly breathe A man shouted through a megaphone, "You see on the platform be fore you the famous 'Little Egypt' who danced for millions at the World's Fair in Chicago." As he talked he drew us in closer, me very willing to be drawn. Then he repred his voice and it. a confidential tone began telling about the in triguing wonders to be seen within "Behind those curtains is a stage and when Little Egypt comes out of that stage to entertain you with her captivating dances, all the clothes the little lady will have on. can be sent anywhere in the United States for a two-cent postage stamp." Little Egypt then gave a few more wiggles and went inside, whereupon the ticket seller began to shout at the top of his voice. stood hesitating. torn between right and wrong, trying to gaze past the curtains into the alluring, seductive beyond. But it would cost a quarter. Could I afford it? I decided I could. I entered, my heart already thumping. Men were seated on folding chairs, but on the sides some men were standing, all looking at the bizarre curtains. After a few minutes the curtains were drawn revealing what it seemed to me a trueto-life oriental harem. The music began again, and two or three girls came out, swaying from side to side and making their hands go like snakes. Never had I dreamed such a thing existed in the world. I felt guilty and a little ashamed, but also tremendously stimulated and aroused.

At last the curtain fell and the show was over. But not quite, for a man stepped out and told us we hadn't seen anything yet, and that there was going to be another show which would make the one we had

**RECEIVES PROMOTION** Arvin O, Basnight, son of Mr.