

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, FEBRUARY 1, 1945 No. 22

WAR BONDS KEEP FARM DEBTS SAFE

"Encourage farmers to maintain a proper balance between making payments on mortgages and investing in War Bonds," says the American Bankers Association in a bulletin addressed to the rural bankers of America.

Banks are advised to "encourage farmers to maintain a proper balance between making payments on mortgages and investing in War Bonds. If a person pays a mortgage all up now, and then has to get another one after the war he may not be able to get terms as favorable as those he now has."

The bankers also call attention to the fact that "wear and tear on farm machinery and buildings must be paid for eventually, whether or not the mortgage is all paid off. A farmer will probably be in a safer position to end up the war with a moderate sized mortgage at a low interest rate and a good nest egg in War Bonds than no mortgage, no bonds, and badly run-down buildings and equipment."

This is a part of the program of the American Bankers Association aimed at getting farmers to build up large enough War Bond reserves to give them financial protection in the post-war period.

BACK FROM THE DEAD

FROM THE NORFOLK LEDGER-DISPATCH

The 513 thin, ragged, sick and hungry men released by American Rangers and Filipino guerrillas from the Cabanatuan prison camp are the first prisoners to be rescued in mass from the Japanese in this war. Thousands of others are enduring what these men endured at the hands of brutal captors as they waited three years and more for such an hour to strike. This rescue has lighted a bright candle of hope for them and for the thousands at home who endure the waiting with them.

The rescue operation 25 miles behind the enemy lines was an exploit of great daring, apparently executed with the utmost skill. The Japanese garrison at the prison camp was taken by surprise and every one of its members killed or disabled, with the loss of 27 of the rescue force. The operation was of little military value, measured in the cold terms of strategy or tactics. In its spiritual value it was one of the outstanding achievements of this war.

For three years these prisoners had endured indescribable hardships. Some of the 486 Americans in the rescued group had taken part in the infamous "March of Death" from Bataan. In a living death, they would not die. They have lived in all its horror the story of inhuman treatment which has deeply blackened the record of Japan in this war.

The procession of gaunt and haggard men which made its way across the dusty Luzon plains in ambulances, trucks, wagons and on foot, back to life again, makes one of the most moving incidents of this war. It was a splendid thing for these survivors of three years of terror to be able to march back in triumph as if from the dead, to see their flag again on the road to victory, to breathe free air again, to prove that their country still produces men whose spirit can not be conquered.

"I call upon the millions of victory gardeners who have done so much to swell the nation's food supply in these war years to continue their good work," says President Roosevelt.

"Mail is the biggest morale builder of our armed forces, but it can be delivered promptly overseas only if the American public cooperates by using V-mail as much as possible," says Rear Admiral Joseph R. Rodman, USN, Director of Naval Communications.

Beware of complacency. When the war news is good, redouble your efforts on the home front. Set an example your boy can be proud of.

Write your serviceman cheerful, re-assuring and frequent letters. Use V-Mail when you write overseas.

FIRE DEPT. ANSWERS TWO CALLS THIS WEEK

The Manteo Fire Department answered two calls this week, first to a chimney fire at the home of W. P. Basnight early Thursday morning and another Thursday evening at the Pioneer Theatre. Both fires were brought under control before serious damage was done.

SALVO BOY GOES INTO COAST GUARD

Wilton Pugh, 17-year-old Salvo boy, began service in the Coast Guard Tuesday, January 30, after having passed preliminary examinations on January 23. Wilton has been working with the engineering department for the past year.

THOMAS TWIFORD, S-1-C RECEIVES DISCHARGE

Thomas Twiford, S-1-c, arrived at his home in Kitty Hawk on Friday, January 26, having received a medical discharge from the Navy on January 24. Mr. Twiford's wife and daughter, Ophelia, live at Kitty Hawk; also his parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Twiford. He has been in active service for several years.

DON'T SEND POSTAL NOTES OVERSEAS

Persons writing to service men and women overseas are urged not to send Postal Notes—simplified money order forms—to their husbands, sons, and sweethearts in the service overseas.

Although the postal notes go on sale by the Post Office Department on February 1, 1945, Navy post offices afloat and at overseas bases are not authorized to cash the notes.

They may only be cashed within the United States and are good for only two calendar months from the date of issue.

GETS GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL

Cpl. William C. (Billy) Berry, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Berry of Swan Quarter, who is located in Italy, has recently received the Good Conduct Medal. Cpl. Berry entered the Army in April 1943 and was sent overseas in October, 1943. He is located with a division of engineers.

One-third of the heifer calves now saved and raised for replacement purposes turn out to be unprofitable cows. A new method is being tested for judging the four-month-old heifer calf.

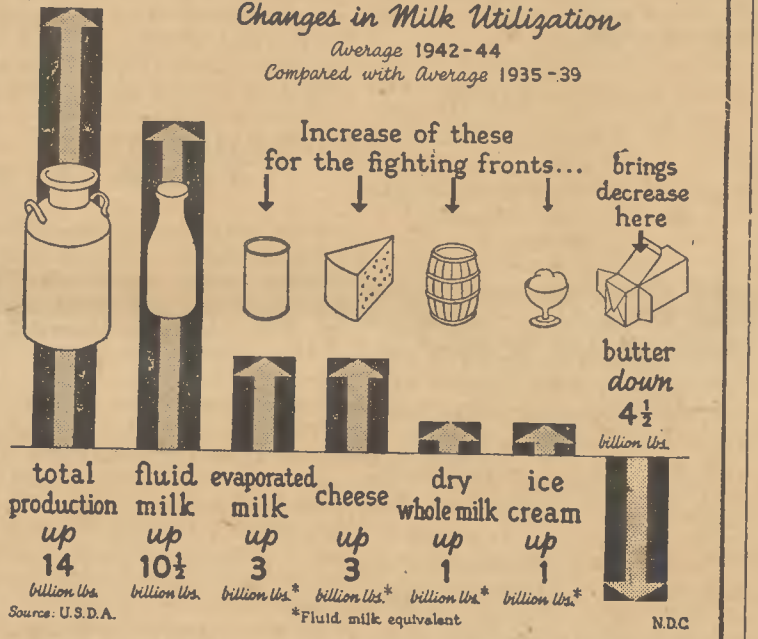
OUR DEMOCRACY — by Mat

"THEY NEVER GAVE UP, NEVER GAVE IN, NEVER STOPPED UNTIL THEY HAD WON." —L.J. MAITLAND —IN "KNIGHTS OF THE AIR"



In 1896 THE WRIGHT BROTHERS DETERMINED TO BUILD AND FLY A HEAVIER-THAN-AIR MACHINE — WORKED, STUDIED, EXPERIMENTED. IN 1903 — AT KITTY HAWK, NORTH CAROLINA — THEY SUCCEEDED. FROM THE TWELVE SECONDS OF THAT FIRST FLIGHT MODERN AVIATION HAS DEVELOPED — A MAJOR RELIANCE OF AMERICA AT WAR — HOLDING INFINITE PROMISE FOR PEACE-TIME AMERICA TOMORROW — IN JOBS, IN THE OPPORTUNITY FOR SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS AND ACHIEVEMENT — IN PROMOTING WORLD UNDERSTANDING THROUGH THAT FREE EXCHANGE OF TRADE AND IDEAS WHICH IS BASIC IN THE PROCESS OF DEMOCRACY.

A GIANT INDUSTRY Gears to War



"Where did the butter go?" is quickly answered by a study of this chart by the National Dairy Council. Eight billion pounds of fluid milk are necessary to make the extra cheese, dry whole milk, evaporated milk, and ice cream for America's fighting forces and for Lend-Lease. An additional 10 1/2 billion pounds of milk are being consumed to maintain the efficiency of war workers and the physical stamina of American civilians. This represents total increased requirements of 18 1/2 billion pounds of milk.

Our Merchant Marine

Advertisement for the Merchant Marine featuring a ship illustration and text: 'SHIPS AND THE FARMER', 'Our record farm crop would be of little value to the war effort without ships to carry it abroad...', and a table showing 'PERCENT OF LEADING U.S. CROPS EXPORTED IN 1938'.



Country Cured HOMER by CROY

CHAPTER XII

He was swinging his trunk, and, in a moment, would be on top of me. I jumped up. But a man next to me put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Sit down. You won't be hurt."

I saw other people were risking their necks, so I did sit down, none too comfortably. The circus procession turned a corner and missed me, seemingly, by inches. As I looked more carefully, I saw the whole thing was a fake. It wasn't a circus procession at all, but only a picture. I had heard vaguely of moving pictures, but they had always seemed off at the other side of the world and had nothing to do with me personally. But here they were and I was seeing them!

In two or three minutes the parade was over, and I was out on the street again. As I was standing in front of the building, trying to decide which way to go, there was a commotion among the people and a great sight-seeing carriage drew up. A few people got out, and, immediately that they did, others scrambled into their seats. A man sitting at the front called out, "Come on and take a ride in a horseless carriage!"

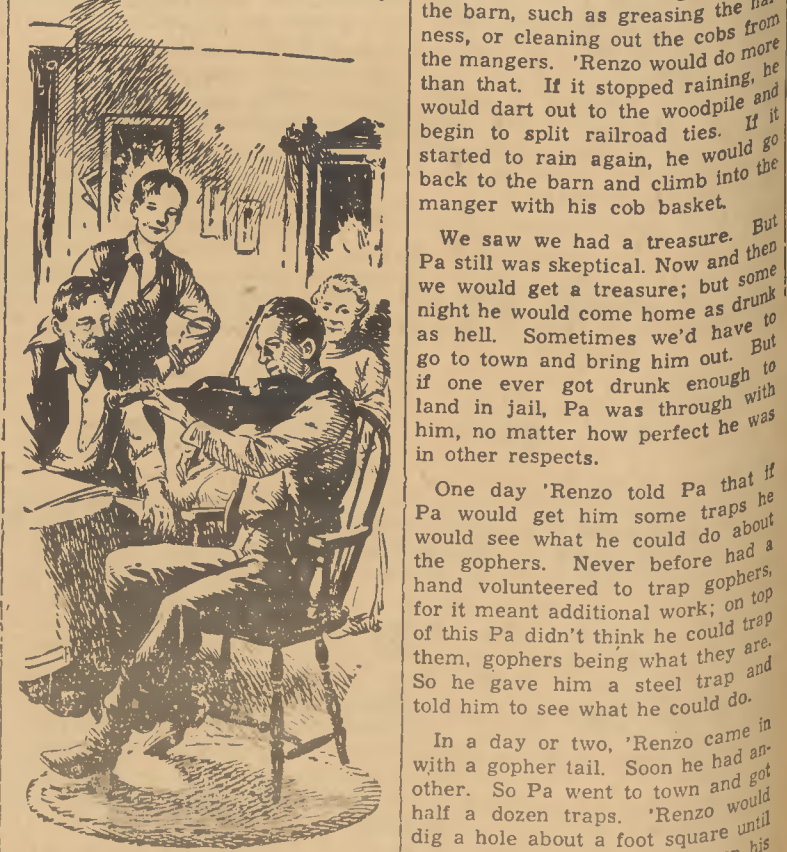
I studied the situation and saw it was free. By this time there was no place left except in the front row beside a man wearing a pair of gauntlet gloves and sitting beside a wheel as big as one on a corn sheller, except this wheel was parallel with the ground, and was fastened on an up-and-down rod. I squeezed in, and in a moment the man shoved some things down and pulled other things up, and the great open-topped carriage began to move.

People turned, terrified to see our giant conveyance bearing down on them, and darted out of the way, as we chugged and jolted past. But I had to pay for every chug and jolt, because I was wedged in so close to the driver that every time he hauled at the wheel, he dug an elbow into my ribs. But that was all right. Everything in the world was all right.

At last we came to a kind of starting station where we had to get out, and where new people got in. I felt tremendously triumphant, for I knew very well I had had a horseless carriage ride and that it would indeed be something to talk about. But moving pictures—well, no one had ever heard of them, or cared about them. Thus, by an unusual combination of circumstances, I saw my first motion picture and had my first automobile ride within an hour.

While we were there, my mother said she wished she could see a kindergarten, so Mrs. Day found where there was one, and took my mother. The next morning at breakfast, my mother was still talking about it.

At last our stay was over, and Mrs. Day came to the depot with us and we got on the train. When we got off, the neighbor was there to meet us and when we got home Phebe had supper ready. She sat, with her gold-rimmed glasses and little turned-up nose, listening while we recounted the wonderful things we'd seen and done. Ma said the most interesting thing she had seen was the kindergarten. I was glad, after I had gone 99 miles, I'd seen something more exciting than a kindergarten. Pa said the most interesting thing he had seen was the stockyards. I felt sorry for him.



Exciting sounds rang through the room. for a "place." But he didn't go to the pool hall; anybody who hung around a pool hall wouldn't be any good. When he came home he said he'd heard of a man who seemed promising. His name was Renzo Davis, he said, a man from the east side of the county. A day or so later a spring-wagon with two men in it turned into our drive lot, but we did not connect this with our new hand, for usually a new hired man came on horseback with a couple of suitcases tied to the saddle. If he came walking across the field carrying just one suitcase, we regarded him with suspicion. A man with one suitcase wasn't going to stay long. Especially if he wanted to see his room first. Or if he asked how many cows.