

# Hyde County Herald

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### LOAFERS AND HOARDERS

The Mead Committee has made public glaring examples of loafing on the job and labor hoarding.

Stories of a similar nature from unofficial sources have long been common knowledge. Private citizens can recount from their own experience, disgraceful examples of deliberate loafing on war jobs. Many conscientious workers have quit war jobs because they could not stand the waste of time they were required to endure.

The answer to criticism of labor loafing and labor hoarding is always, "We have produced the goods." That may be true, but at what a price! How much more could have been produced otherwise! We have now reached the point where both money and man-hours are growing scarcer. Let us hope that if the Mead Committee is not able to penalize or punish labor loafers or labor hoarders, that revelations which it can make will arouse the nation and shame the offenders into a correction of their ways.

### WAR TEACHES FIRE PREVENTION

"Fire protection in the war effort has not been restricted to the work at established posts, camps, and stations," says W. E. Mallalieu, of the National Board of Fire Underwriters. "Fire Fighting has, and is continuing to play an important role in the theatre of operations. The urgent need for trained fire fighters overseas was recognized early. In response, for example, the Army engineers established a school in this country to train men in fire fighting and in the use of the latest fire-fighting equipment. Since the invasion of Africa, more than 6,000 men have undergone this specialized training.

"Few persons in our sheltered home life in the United States realize all that has been accomplished in this connection. The record of low fire loss in the theatre of operations is one which has already proved the value of such schooling. This training will have an effect on fire prevention and fire protection in civilian life. The very fact that thousands of men will return to their homes with pictures of the tragedy brought about by fire impressed upon their minds, while other thousands will have basic knowledge of how to combat fire, should reflect favorably on the cause of fire prevention."

We should make "fire prevention" our motto in our daily life. All communities can pull together toward the control of the common enemy, fire—which is never licked. Let us all apply common sense in avoiding unnecessary hazards.

### CIGARETTES COST MORE THAN ELECTRIC SERVICE

The American public spends almost 50 per cent more on cigarettes than on electric service. According to figures published recently by the Securities and Exchange Commission, the gross revenues of the six largest cigarette manufacturers in the United States in 1943 totaled \$1,553,032,000. During the same period the revenues received by all American electric utilities—privately owned and publicly-owned—for residential and farm service totaled \$1,100,000,000, or nearly half a billion dollars less than the receipts of the cigarette manufacturers.

You are urged to use V-mail when writing friends and relatives overseas. V-mail saves cargo space. A single reel containing 1,800 letters fits into a three and one-quarter inch space shipping carton weighing seven ounces. That many letters weigh 45 pounds.

North Carolina women were urged today by Governor R. Gregg Cherry to give fullest support to the current campaign to enlist 105 women for training in the Women's Army Corps to serve as medical and surgical technicians in Army General Hospitals which are now receiving over 30,000 war casualties monthly from the battlefronts.

### FARMER ENCOURAGED TO GROW SOME STRAWBERRIES

Hundreds of communities in North Carolina will specialize in the growing of small fruits this year and the strawberry is the favorite of such fruits in most of the communities.

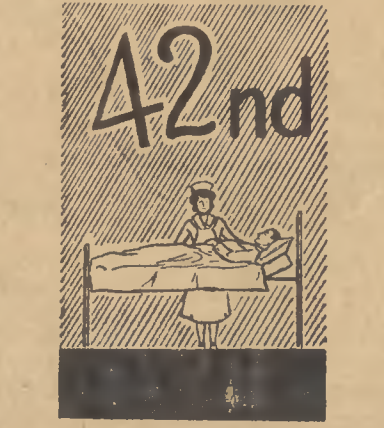
H. R. Niswonger, in charge of Horticultural Extension at State College, is sponsoring this activity. In the counties the farm and home agents are giving direct supervision, and vocational agricultural teachers, rural neighborhood leaders, and representatives of all agricultural agencies are cooperating. Each neighborhood conducts its own project.

The neighborhood leaders, both white and Negro, select some merchant or other centrally located person through whom all the orders are pooled. Every family in the community is encouraged to set from 100 to 200 strawberry plants, where this is the chosen fruit, and the county and home agents supply the necessary information for fertilizing, cultivating, and conserving the crop. Several meetings are held during the first year so that local problems connected with the production and handling of the crop may be worked out.

With the rationing of fruits, Niswonger says that the growing of some such small fruits as strawberries for a specialty, with all the families in a given area cooperating, offers the very best method of meeting the situation and obtaining an adequate diet.

Many communities in all sections of North Carolina already have their plans under way, according to Niswonger. Some individuals have expanded their growing of strawberries from a few rows in the garden to as much as half an acre. Some go so far as to predict that North Carolina may one day be known as the "Strawberry State."

### NORTH CAROLINA MAY BE THE "FIFTH STATE" IN MANY WAYS but it's a poor



in Number of Hospital Beds Per 1,000 People  
Why not ask your Legislator to Support the proposed State-Wide plan for  
**MORE DOCTORS-MORE HOSPITALS  
MORE INSURANCE**

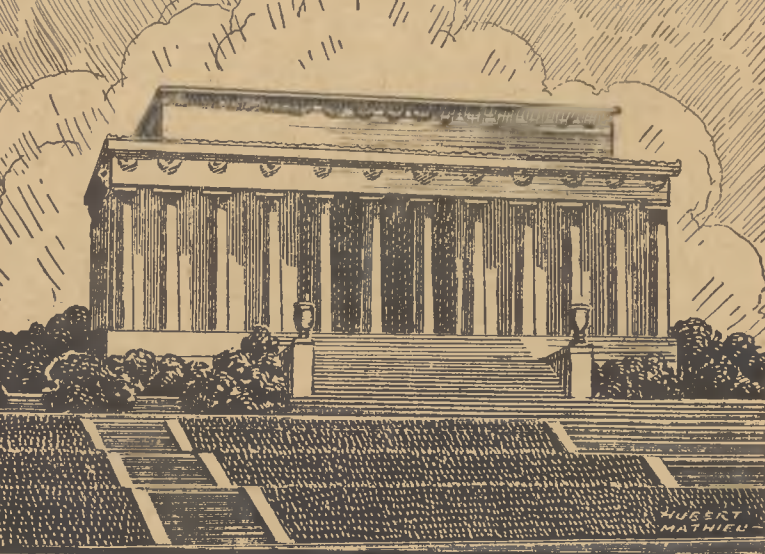
## OUR DEMOCRACY — by Mat

FEBRUARY TWELFTH . . . FEBRUARY TWENTY-SECOND

### MEMORIALS TO GREAT AMERICANS

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN**  
"Let us have faith that right makes might and in that faith let us to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it."

**GEORGE WASHINGTON**  
"Integrity and firmness are all I can promise. These, be the voyage long or short, shall never fail me."



### AND TO THE AMERICAN IDEALS OF FAITH · COURAGE · INTEGRITY · HUMANITY

### COAST FOLK SHOULD PLAN FOR A GARDEN

February Time to Get Seed and Begin Planting; Good Idea to Grow Some Fruit

Coastal North Carolina people will be wise in growing a garden this year, because the food shortage is likely to be graver than since the beginning of the war. February is the month for starting gardens, and now is a good time to buy seeds so they will be on hand as needed.

May peas, spring salad crops, carrots, beets, radishes, onions, and lettuce may be planted this month. Cabbage and strawberry plants should be put out.

If you have been having trouble in getting onions to keep after they are dug, try this plan. Put out sets to use for green onions and plant seed of Riverside Sweet Spanish to use as dry onions. Those grown from seed will keep better than the onions grown from sets.

If you do not have a good supply of home grown fruits, make a start on that this year by putting out strawberries, boysenberries, grapes, pears, plums, apples, and peaches. For the home orchard the following is suggested:

- 100 plants each of Blakemore and Massey strawberries.
  - 12 Boysenberries.
  - 2 Bunch grapes, Concord and Niagara.
  - 1 Scuppernon and 1 James or Thomas grape.
  - 2 plums, 1 Damson, 1 Methley or Abundance.
  - 3 or 4 apple trees.
  - 6 peach trees.
- The above assortment will not take up a great amount of space.

but if properly cared for will furnish a lot of fruit for family use that you would not have if you do not grow it. The county agent's office will be glad to give special assistance to any neighborhood that would like to cooperate in getting each family to grow a small home orchard.

### SLADESVILLE NEWS

Miss Ann Green of Norfolk is spending a short while with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Green.

Frank Fortescue was a Washington visitor recently.

Hugh Fortescue formerly of this place, who now is a Washington resident, is quite ill at his home. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Jim Whitfield is visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Credle at their home in Sladesville.

P. C. Simmons of Fairfield was a visitor here Friday.

F. V. Harris and Miss Eva McMillan of the FSA office of Swan Quarter were business visitors here Friday.

Miss Lantha Sawyer is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Sawyer.

R. W. Green, Lee A. Sawyer and Stutz Cullifer were Behaven visitors Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter McHarny of Norfolk visited relatives here this weekend.

Mrs. Julia Williams returned to her home Friday after spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. R. W. Green.

Miss Lois Ange spent the weekend with Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Green.

### FULL SPEED AHEAD



### CHAPTER XIV

With the secrecy of youth, I said nothing to anyone. Even when Ma asked me how I liked the city boys and girls I said, All right. I had no friends, yet I liked people and yearned desperately to make friends.

I wore shoes, except in stormy weather when I wore boots, as I did on the farm. One morning, as I was saddling Dave, he bumped my foot. That day at school my foot was sore and I quietly slipped off my boot. "Colonel" Cox, who sat behind me, saw that I had it off and got it away from me. In a few minutes the teacher told me to come to the board and explain something. I said I didn't know how, but she told me to come and try. I limped up, one boot on, one boot off . . . a humiliating moment.

People were fascinating to me. But I had seen very few, only our relatives and neighbors; now suddenly there was a whole new world. I listened to the students recite, intrigued far more by them than by what they were saying. I would discover some item of interest about one of the students; the next day I would discover something else. Every day I added to my collection of facts about each student. No longer were they a formless horde, all lined up against me, each was an individual; each had traits and characteristics a good deal like my Knabb neighbors. The discovery just about floored me.

I began to feel a bit more at home and made a few shy advances, so stimulating were people to me. Little by little I accumulated a few friends, like a tree making rings I pulled up out of the area way and began taking my lunch to the schoolyard and eating it on a bench. Sometimes some of the very boys I had slid down the areaway to avoid would rush through their lunch at home to come and sit on the bench with me.

A change had taken place. But I did not know why.

I became acquainted with a farm girl from another part of the county. It seemed to me she was wonderful and I began to "go" with her. I knew her father owned more land than mine, but I didn't realize how important this was going to be.

One day, when I happened to mention that my father owned a quarter section, she said, "I know that."

I was surprised, as I knew I hadn't mentioned it before. So I asked her how she knew it.

"I looked it up in the plat book." My ardor fell off, and a young man whose father owned far more land than mine succeeded, later, in winning her. Another example of the aristocracy of land.

As I plowed and harrowed and hayed, I thought how wonderful it would be to go to St. Joseph and get a job as a reporter. The same feeling of doubt and lack of self-confidence laid hold of me that I had had when I had first decided to go to high school. What if I should fail! Yet I did want desperately to work on a "city" paper.

I had graduated from high school, but the world I knew was the Croft farm and our town. But how thoroughly I knew then, our neighbors and the people I came in contact with! I had been out of the county but once and that was when I had gone to the Omaha Exposition. But I thought nothing of that. None of the other boys or girls had been any farther. One day one of the boys told me he was going to Oregon on a visit.

I thought of it all the way back on Dave. When I told Ma about it in an awed tone, she laughed and said, "He means Oregon, Missouri." And that was what he had meant, a distance of about thirty miles.

It hurt my father when I told him I wanted to go to St. Joseph and try to get a job. Why did I want to go off and leave our good farm?

It pained me to insist, but there was that inner urge to do the kind of work I wanted to do. And Pa was pained, too. Never had a Croft, or a Sewell for that matter, wanted to leave the land. But finally he said he would not "hold out."

When we went to get the family telescope, there was a hole in the corner. A telescope, I must explain, was made of two pieces. The top of one fitted over the other, like a pillbox lid. Around the middle was a single leather strap, and there was a handle. Some way or other a mouse had been trapped and had gnawed its way to freedom. "I wish you didn't have to go off to the city with a hole in your telescope," Ma said.

But I was not thinking of the hole. I would make good. I would get that job!

Pa and Ma and I got in the hack and started to town along the road I had traveled four years on old Dave. As we drove along, Pa told me how I must get myself in the city. St. Joe was a place where you would steal

every penny they could see. Everybody would try to take advantage of me. But he never mentioned women. And Ma did only once, and that was when we were alone for a moment on the depot platform. "Homer, I am going to pray you won't have anything to do with bad girls."

Pa stood holding the telescope and Ma stood with her arm around me. The train thundered in.

Ma kissed me and whispered, "Don't forget what I said."

Pa handed up the telescope. "Write whenever you can, Homer."

I leaned over and looked back and there they stood as far as I could see. . . . My problem began as soon as I arrived. What was I going to do with my telescope while I went to look for a job? There must have been a checkroom, but I did not know what it was for. I solved this problem which had suddenly jumped up before me, by looking around for a grocery store, for a grocery store was a sort of club for farmers; where they met and visited and left their packages and parcels and children. I found one and asked a man, who seemed to be the owner, if I could leave my telescope. He studied me a moment, then said I could if I wanted to. I marched to the rear, as we always did in our own grocery store, and left it among the boxes and barrels. Then I started up the street to get my job.

I had never read a Horatio Alger Jr. story and, so far as I know, I had never heard the name, so I had no false ideas of what a young man must face. All I knew was that I was going to get a job and nothing was going to keep me from it.

I asked the direction of the newspaper offices, and started north up the street. I saw a streetcar, but I

shook I wasn't licked. Not only that, but I would scoop his paper. A man was sorting letters and showing them into boxes. My first glimpse of want-ad answers.

"Where will I find the city editor?" I asked professionally.

"The city editor?" he repeated. "The city editor," I said firmly. "His office is upstairs."

I stared in astonishment, when I got there, for there were only two persons in the office. No green eyeshade. But I didn't know whether I wanted to work on such a small paper, or not, for the other office had been humming with activity.

"I want to speak to the city editor."

A man stopped running his typewriter and looked at me curiously. "Do you want a job?"

"Yes, sir."

"Come back at one-thirty."

I crept down the stairs, beginning to get the hang of the thing. I had known there were evening papers and morning papers, but only vaguely.

I wandered around the streets, feeling lonely but confident. No one spoke to anyone else. Hardly any horses on the street.

At one-thirty I climbed the stairs again. The place seemed alive with people. The man who had been running the typewriter silently pointed a finger at a man sitting at a desk and I marched over and told him I wanted to go to work for him. Thank God he could hear!

Finally, when I was through, he said, "How much money do you want?"

I said, "I'll leave that to you." In Maryville that would have been a challenge for the man to be generous. But I was to find city ways were different.

"I can pay you \$9 a week." I told him I would take it. "When can you go to work?"

"As soon as I can get a place to live."

I found a rooming house and got on a streetcar and started for my grocery store. The telescope was there. I hadn't been in the city long enough to realize Pa knew what he was talking about.

I took my telescope to my room. I was shocked, after I had made all arrangements, to find there was a toilet inside the house instead of being in the place I was accustomed to. What a terrible roaring it made. It seemed vulgar and I felt ashamed every time I sunk into it.

Well, I'd have to make up my mind to get used to city ways.

I was given a "run" of the undertakers and the YMCA which was the first I knew about that organization. A place for young men. But they were playing pool. I was beginning to see Pa was right.

As exciting and thrilling as it was, it seemed to me that first night's work would never end. City hours. All my life I had got up early and gone to bed early. Now I must not only stay up, but work.

The first chance I had I went to see the house where Jesse James was shot and stared, strangely affected, at the hole in the wall, and looked at the spot on the floor where his lifeblood had drained away. Then to the red stables where the Pony Express had started. I thought to myself, "Now I am really seeing things." But also I had seen things at Omaha when I had seen General Nelson A. Miles with his gold sword.

Once you have your foot planted firmly on the soil, a little of that soil sticks. I missed the old farm; I missed the people I knew. I liked Pa and Ma more now than I ever had; I thought of many things I had done that I wished I hadn't. I made resolves I'd do better when I saw them again. Show them more appreciation. Tell them I liked them which had never been easy for me to do. No one in our neighborhood ever said he "loved" anybody. That was mushy. You "liked" people and you had "regard" for them. If you said you had "high regard" for a girl that was just about the same as an engagement.

Ma wrote twice a week. Was I sleeping well? Was I getting plenty of good wholesome food? What kind of bed did I have? Was I being a good boy? Then she would tell the family news. The price of eggs, who was sick, Uncle Will Sewell had come up in the cart because the roads were muddy. The Kennedys had hog cholera. Ma hoped it wouldn't get down our way. They—Ma's letters—always ended the same way: "Your father sends regards."

One day, after I had been working about a month, I came to my desk and there, on my Oliver typewriter, was an envelope with my name written in heavy pencil. Inside was a sheet of copy paper typewritten with this sentence on it: "As of Thursday, the Gazette will have to dispense with your services."

(Please turn to Page 4)