

Hyde County Herald

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THE RECORD SPEAKS FOR ITSELF

The record speaks for itself. It is a disgrace to the State of North Carolina. It is a record that has endured for more than 20 years. The reason for this record is in the offices of the State Highway Commission at Tarboro, and maybe Raleigh for that matter. It is due to engineering arrogance, indifference, neglect, inefficiency and of down right cruelty. If any citizen, or county or state official condones or attempts to palliate this record, then he is a traitor to his people, and is only thinking about his own welfare; is willing to see good people continue to suffer in order that he alone may prosper.

We have some traitors professing a great interest in the people, and we have seen in many instances, how when they are given a place of trust by the people prove false to the people and work for their own profit. Hence that may be why the people of the North Carolina coast, have been neglected these 25 years, and no roads given them. What the State Highway Commission has done for the people of Hatteras Island is worse than nothing, for such things as they have done has constituted a waste of money which operates against future improvements.

The law says all principal towns shall be connected by the most direct routes. Mr. J. C. Gardner, Engineer in charge at Tarboro knows this and has known it for 25 years. Yet so far as one may judge from his actions, he is opposed to carrying out the law when it comes to the people of Hatteras Island, as well as many other places of Eastern North Carolina.

Let no one tell you different. He has been there 25 years. He is the high and mighty. If he had wanted to, he could have done much in that time. The fact is, he is always too busy finding an argument why so and so can't be done that he couldn't do anything if he wanted to.

Some 3,000 people live on Hatteras Island. Many of them are outstanding citizens who would be a credit to any community. In 25 years they have been faced with competition from other sections that do have roads. As a consequence they have seen their school advantages decline, communities dwindle commercially, and disappear; their property depreciated in value, in short countless hardships of living increase for them because they do not have the advantages of roads. They do not have adequate roads to the outside world. Many of them are being forced to move away in search of better advantages that should be theirs at home.

No, there is no excuse for it. No matter what anyone may say in defense of the Highwaymen who have kept the peoples funds from being administered where they should be, the record speaks for itself. A record of this kind for 25 years is indefensible. Anyone who attempts to defend it is a traitor to his people. It is time that those who have been entrusted with the leadership and affairs of these long suffering people, rally to their aid, rather than sell out to commercialism and greed. The time is coming when the people in this territory will turn against their betrayers, but in the meantime, many are suffering.

FIRST THREE LESSONS IN DOG TRAINING



Getting down on knee will induce dog to come. Dog is always on left side, leash held in left hand. Dog in down position will tend to get up if perturbed.

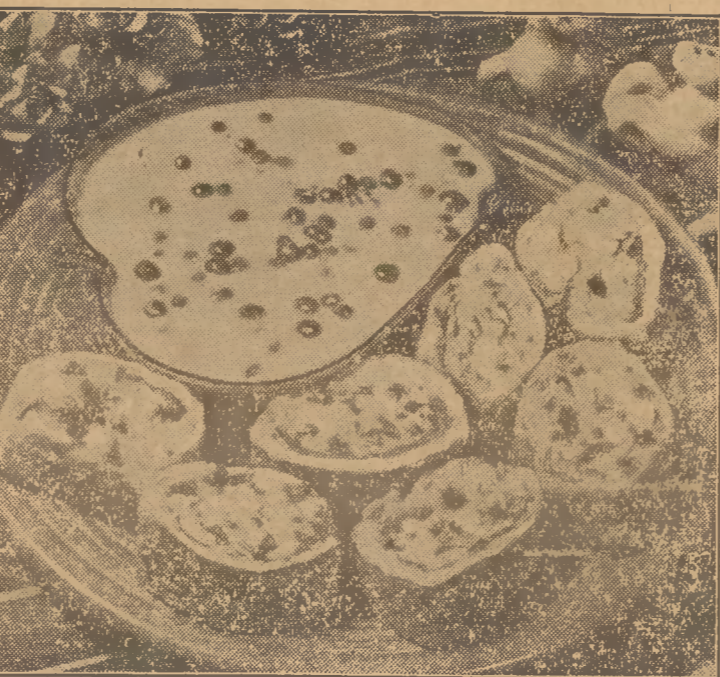
Whether your dog is a joy or a nuisance to you and your friends depends largely on one thing—his training, states the Gaines Dog Research Center, New York City. Actually, a dog is infinitely easier to train than a child. You will succeed best if you keep certain things constantly in mind. A dog is not a human and must never be judged as such. Words to him are not words but simply sounds which, after much repetition, he comes to associate with certain actions desired of him. If the words are astute, all the better. Words spoken to him loudly or in anger only serve to confuse him. A dog should never be punished unless he is made to understand what he is being punished for, and punishment should follow immediately after his misdemeanor. A dog's training should be handled by one person, and if he has been properly trained, he will go through the motions for anyone who gives the commands properly.

Below are the first three lessons in obedience every dog must learn if he is to live in civilized society. He must come to you whenever you call him, no matter what else he may want to do at that particular time. He must learn to "heel", that is, walk or trot quietly at your side whenever you are out with him—not run ahead or behind you, trip you up, or get into a fight with another dog. And he must learn to sit or lie down when you stop in the street to greet a friend or pay a visit to a neighbor. The principles in these lessons are applicable to almost anything else you might like to teach your dog. For a list of recommended literature on dog training write to the Gaines Dog Research Center, 250 Park Avenue, New York.

SPRING HOUSECLEANING (by the B-29's!)



Tender Egg Rolls Are Timely New Dish



GOLDEN egg rolls, hot and tender, served with bright green peas in cream, make this appetizing luncheon entrée. Though new to your menu planning book, flaky egg rolls are easy to make—simply spread a rectangle of biscuit dough with flavorful egg filling, roll up like a jelly roll and bake. Slice to serve.

Egg Roll Serves 5
Biscuit Dough:
1/4 cup blended shortening
2 cups sifted flour
3/4 teaspoon baking powder
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/2 cup milk
Sift together the flour, baking powder and salt. Cut in the blended shortening until the mixture is the consistency of cornmeal. Add milk, stirring until a soft dough is formed. Turn on a lightly floured board and knead a few times. Roll out into an 8 x 12-inch rectangle.
Filling:
5 hard-cooked eggs
1/2 cup minced celery
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1/4 cup salad dressing
1/2 teaspoon salt
1 teaspoon prepared mustard
2 teaspoons horseradish
Chop eggs, add celery, parsley, salad dressing and seasonings. Blend

together. Spread filling over dough evenly to within one inch of the edges. Roll up like a jelly roll. Press ends together to prevent filling from cooking out. Place on a baking sheet. Bake in a hot oven (450°F.) about 25 minutes or until well browned.

Conserving our sugar ration calls for dessert recipes that use little or no sugar, like these crunchy little pecan balls that require only 1/4 cup honey for sweetening. So delicious they really do "melt in your mouth" these are ideal for party refreshments.

Pecan Balls Yield: About 4 dozen
1 cup blended shortening
1/4 cup honey
2 teaspoons vanilla
2 cups sifted flour
1 teaspoon salt
2 cups finely chopped pecans
Cream blended shortening, honey and vanilla until fluffy. Sift flour with salt and add to creamed mixture, blending thoroughly. Add chopped pecans, mix well. Shape into balls the size of walnuts and place on a greased baking sheet. Bake in a slow oven (325°F.) about 20 minutes. Cool, then roll in powdered sugar.

FAMOUS CLOSE SHAVES By Barber Sol

A NAZI TANK ONSLAUGHT DOOMED OUR FORCES ON A SICILIAN BEACHHEAD, RECOGNIZING THE DESPERATE PLIGHT, IT DAVID WYBUR RUSHED AN ONCOMING TANK WITH A TOMMY GUN. WYBUR'S EXPERT FIRING KNOCKED OUT THE TANK AND ENABLED HIS MEN TO CAPTURE THREE OTHERS.



BARBER SOL SAYS: IT'S NOT OVER YET—SAVE WASTE PAPER!!



Country Cured by HOMER CROY

CHAPTER XX
The old settlers were going. He and Phebe would get in the buggy and join the procession. When there was a G. A. R. funeral, he would put on his old blue uniform and stand by the grave; then he would come home and hang the uniform in the closet till next time.
He wrote no more at all. Phebe's letters always ended, "Your father says to come home whenever you can."
The inevitable happened. One day I got a telegram. "Your father is failing, Phebe."
No one came to meet me at the depot; there was no one to swing my grip. But when I got out of the jitney, Phebe was at the door to meet me, looking old and worn, her eyes still framed in the gold glasses. "He's been asking all morning when you'd get here."
The old gentleman was in the north room, in the house south of the water tower, in the walnut bed he had brought in from the farm. His knotted, misshapen hands were on the outside of the covers. He held his hand out to me and said in a faint voice, "I'm glad to see you, son. I guess you got in on the 8:10."
At the foot of the bed, next to the south wall, was the old tin, camel-back trunk I had taken to the university. It was now covered with a horse blanket, and I sat down on it.
His face was drawn, but his eyes were as blue as ever. The same spirit of mutual understanding we had always when we got together, after being separated, leaped up.
All the questions were about me. "How is your wife, Homer?" "What kind of weather have you been having back East?"
It was not long before he began to talk about the farm. "Homer, you've got a good farm there." The poignancy touched me. He was releasing his hold on the farm. "Some of them laughed at me when I got it because there wasn't any timber on it, but it worked out pretty well!"
A gleam in his eyes there, for now he had the best farm in the neighborhood. "Your mother was always awful fond of you." He was not one to pay compliments himself, and I realized that he was also saying this for himself.
He spoke of events of years ago as if they had just happened. Once a dashy-dressed drummer for a nursery had come to our house, driving a high-stepping livery team, and asked me to drive around with him and introduce him to the farmers. For which he would pay my father five dollars a day—a fortune. And now my father spoke of it.
"I'm glad I didn't take it."
He had to rest and I crept out of the room for a while. When I looked in again his blue eyes were still open.
"I wish you'd pare my fingernails."
And now I realized something that touched me. He had never been a man to show open marks of affection, such as putting his arm around me, as I have seen so many fathers do to their children. But now... in these last hours... he wanted the feel of his son. I had sense enough to make the paring of the nails last as long as I could.
"I've got my G. A. R. suit hangin' in the closet. I've always been proud of it."
His eyes closed; after a while they opened. "Do you remember the time I bought the buffalo robe for Christmas for your mother?"
I nodded, choked with feeling.
He wanted to do something for me, as if it was some final fatherly touch.
"Phebe and I have a good feather bed upstairs we're not usin'. How would you like to have it?"
I explained as gently as I could that people in New York did not use feather beds.
"I suppose not," he said with a sigh.
It was not long before he was back to the farm. "It's all free and clear. It's been my ambition to leave it to you that way and that's what I'm doing. Don't ever put a mortgage on it. They eat like a cancer."
The time came when I must go back, and I went in and sat on the camel-backed trunk for the last time. Finally when the moment came, I shook his gnarled hand. "Take care of yourself, Homer." It was the last thing he ever said to me.
After I had been back about a week, I got word that the end had come. I could not go to the funeral... only in my thoughts.
I built a home in Forest Hills, Long Island, New York ("The Little House with the Big Mortgage" I called it) and wrote two more ping books. I wrote all sorts of stuff, and that's just about what it was. There was my old trouble of never being able to tell whether what I was writing was good, or not. It seemed good when the words were flowing; pretty bad when the words were stiff and cold. But I kept grinding away and managed to make a living.
I have learned not to expect much happiness, I hear people say, "I am perfectly happy." But if I tell the truth to myself and examine my inner life, I must say that I have never been perfectly happy except for the briefest moments. Sometimes I find myself fairly content, but contentment is only a mark down from happiness. I don't believe anyone—outside of the world of childhood—can have more than two or three flashes of happiness in a day. But how lovely they are!
When I become restless and wish I had more real happiness in my life, I have found two ways that help me. One is to do something before somebody; something that means giving up, something that takes time or brings inconvenience. Then I feel as Santa Claus must feel. And I get that flash of happiness.
Another way is to visit somebody who is in real trouble, or who has a reason to be unhappy. Maybe it is someone who is paralyzed, or blind, or who has palsy. Yes, my mother's afternoon at the poorhouse. I hate to think that the troubles of others make us more content with our lot, but it's a truth they do. However, as long as we can do something for the other person, maybe the exchange will help us both.
We paid off the mortgage on the house we had worked so hard to build. Sometimes I would look at a doorknob and think, "I wonder how many words that took." But that was all over. Paid for now. My career was beginning.
We had more ambitious plans than burning a mortgage, and soon we were about them. Yes, actually on the way to Europe. One of the persons on the ship was Walter Lippmann. I wrote him a note I would like to meet him, and soon I was buying him a drink. How sweet it was to consort with the famous, el-

Americans we met said it was delightful. To me it was just plain cockeyed. The crooked narrow streets, the yard-wide sidewalks, the nonsensical two-wheeled carts, the mailman carrying his letters in a tin box suspended from his shoulders. The people eternally sitting in cafes swigging beer or tiny drinks. Such a place was interesting to see, like a pumpkin show, but certainly not the place where I wanted to live. Or the kind of life I wanted to live.
Dale Carnegie, who was born on a farm a few miles from where I was, came to see me. He had seen much more of Europe than I had; in fact, had lived there. But when we got down to cases, he felt about it much as I did. I suppose you can't ever get a farm out of a person. For that matter, I don't know that I want to.
The part I liked best was to see how the French farmed. Of course I couldn't talk to them, but I walked across their land and watched them working. I must have watched sympathetically, for none chased me off. I was fascinated by their market days and, no matter how hard I was supposed to be working, I managed to be there. Taking pigs to market in baskets! Carrying sheep with their feet lashed over a pole! It was play farming. Having a manure pile just outside the house. It was disgusting. But when I looked a little deeper and saw the handicaps the farmers had to overcome, and their poor soil and primitive machinery, my respect went up. It was toy farming, but everything considered, they turned in a good job.
Often I thought how I would like to take one of them to my farm and show him the long straight stoneless rows, three horses abreast swinging down a black loam field, a whole hill covered with steers, a feed lot alive with shoats. How he would blink. Yet these French farmers knew tricks I didn't. If our Missouri farmers had to clod around in wooden shoes and plow with a four-inch moldboard... would we have done any better?
In the spring we went back to Paris. The day after we arrived, as Homer, Junior, was riding his tricycle around the hotel grounds he put his hand on his back and said in his childish voice that his back hurt. By morning he was worse. We got the doctors at the American Hospital, and they also brought in the best professors in Paris to help our little boy. How far from home we seemed! But it wasn't really so far, after all, for five Americans came to our hotel to ask if there was anything they could do. But sometimes no one can help.
He died in that lonely Paris hotel. But in the next room were three Americans we had never seen before who had come, as they said, "in case we needed them."
When our little boy was buried from the American Church, there must have been a dozen Americans there who had never seen before and who came up and offered their sympathy. A kind-faced man I had never seen before and have never seen since, put his arm around my shoulder and said: "The rest of them asked me to say they know how you must feel when this happens so far from home."
It made America seem very close.
When the coffin, covered with an American flag, was taken through the streets, the Frenchmen lifted their hats. That helped, too. It all helped and yet, at such a time, nothing helps, for when the big crises come we enter them alone. But some way or other we do stand them, we do go on living, we laugh again.
After twenty-two months in Europe we returned to 10 Standish Road. (Item: fourteen windowpanes in our little house were broken.) It had been a lovely fling, but all of our money was gone.
One day a real estate neighbor "dropped" in to see me. (On what small incidents does the door of life swing.) I had known him for some time, and had seen his cars grow bigger and rakier. Now what was I going to do? he asked. Well, I was going to plug along as best I could. Then he asked me about how much I expected to make without quite asking it. And when I told him without quite telling him, he looked distressed. It was a shame to see a person work so hard and get so little. He began to tell about "deals" he had pulled off. He wasn't the only one doing that; everybody was making money in real estate. All a person had to do was to get "control" of a piece of property, hang on a while, then sell at a whacking price. My tongue was soon hanging out. He mentioned two or three men who, as he said, were playing the game. I began to think of myself as playing the game.
There was a piece of property coming onto the market by forced sale; it was an easy way for somebody to pick up some easy money.