

CHATHAM RECORD

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Editor and Publisher

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Hoover is no Santa Claus for North Carolina. He wouldn't even put that I. C. C. appointment for the South in Allen Maxwell's stocking, but in that of Jones of Tennessee.

The deputies on trial at Marion seem to be making out a pretty good case of self-defense and conviction is unlikely.

Rev. R. P. Eubanks writes The Record, recalling the fact that he was its first "devil." He afterward graduated from college, became an Episcopal minister, and graduated from the seminary. Upon his graduation from the seminary, Major London, the founder and long-time editor of The Chatham Record, wrote an appreciative article under the caption: "The Devil Reformed." That time is getting to be like Tipperary—a long, long way. Mr. Eubanks is in Los Angeles for his health and finds himself improving.

The editor of the Record is 60 years old today, and this evening, December 19, all the editors of the state and the members of the council of state are invited to attend a dinner at the Governor's Mansion in Raleigh. If two and two make four, what do those two facts make? Well, whatever the answer, the boys are warned not to wear their evening suits. The dinner is to inaugurate Governor Gardner's "live-at-home" program for the state, and evening suits are not grown in Chatham, nor in Sampson, where the writer first saw daylight sixty years ago. We wrote Governor Gardner in response to his invitation, expressing our appreciation of the fine recognition of our sixtieth birthday, and, in order to give him a hint as to what it takes to provide for us, stated that we recalled that our dad on one of those earlier birthdays, about 45 years ago, butchered two or three thousand pounds of pork. A year ago, we incidentally mentioned that we had passed into our sixtieth year and some of the boys thought we were then sixty, but this is the day, and we are off to the Governor's feast—unless something has happened between the writing and the going time. Incidentally, we know what living at home means—till we were seventeen the huckberries of Sampson were not shipped. Poor Sampson boys now cannot afford to eat berries that sell at twenty to fifty cents a quart.

The state democratic executive committee of Alabama has debarred Senator Thomas Heflin from being a candidate in the Democratic primary next year. Heflin says he will run any way. The Alabama senator opposed Smith, but finally voted for him. Senator Simmons not only opposed Smith before and after nomination, but refused to vote for him. Yet there is no disposition in this State to debar Senator Simmons from the primary. Indeed, there would be no just way of debarring Judge Meekin, for instance, from becoming a candidate in the Democratic primary if he should now declare himself a Democrat. But the democracy of the State would have, and should have, the right to express its preference in the primary. If the majority should express itself in favor of the hypothetical new convert or the former backslider, the majority should submit. But not to allow those opposing the retention of the senatorship by the man who did as much as he possibly could to beat the Democratic nominee last year to express by ballot their opposition would be unjust. Then, let's have that forthcoming announcement of a candidate.

"THREE FOURTHS" UNION COUNTY PEOPLE IDLERS!

That is a shabby picture that the Monroe Enquirer paints of conditions in Union county. It is true anywhere in the country that the average family is spending more than it actually makes. It cannot hardly be otherwise when the few fortunates are so rapidly hogging the actual wealth-producing properties of the country, but in Chatham the people as a rule are trying to make a living. Says the Enquirer:

"I see by the papers that Governor O. Max Gardner has issued a proclamation setting aside a 'Live-at-Home Week.' The Governor sees no reason in the world that North Carolina should be buying millions of dollars worth of foods and feeds from afar when these could be raised right here at home, and that our state should be exporting instead of importing foods for man and beast.

The Governor is right and no doubt a campaign for living at home and boarding at the same place will result in great good and profit to all in the years to come.

I am surprised, however, that some one has not long ere this told the truth about the whole matter. For every dollar's worth of food brought into North Carolina ten dollars goes out for gasoline.

Our people have mortgaged their homes and their farms and are riding on the good roads for which millions of dollars have been spent that they may ride. Union is a typical North Carolina county—not quite so good as some and better than others. For the past five years we've borrowed and spent more than we've produced.

Still, there is plenty time to redeem a bad situation. Our folks should go to work.

Three-fourth of our people are idlers—consumers rather than producers—and I can prove this if necessary. Also, every Union county man who owns an automobile should know how much it is costing him to operate.

I shall welcome the Governor's "Live-at-Home Week." It should prove enlightening as to what we should do and also leave undone many things we are doing."

W. H. Barton, county agent of Edgefield county, S. C., reports the highest yield of sweet potatoes secured by any member of the boys' club as 590 bushels, which were valued at \$448. The Monroe Enquirer, commenting upon this, says an acre of potatoes may be produced as cheaply as a bale of cotton. However, there is not always a cash market for sweet potatoes as there is for cotton, but a 300-bushel yield of potatoes will be exceedingly profitable for hog feed. The editor of the Record knows what potatoes will do for the piney-woods rooters. The shoats used to have a piece of the potato field fenced off for them early in the fall and they did their own gathering, digging up the potatoes and letting them sweeten in the sun. Shortly they looked like different hogs. Two or three weeks of corn feeding serves to harden up the pork. Of course, when cold weather approaches it is necessary to dig the potatoes, but they can be covered with straw handy to the feeding place and kept safe till really cold weather comes. The writer's father used to fatten thirty to forty hogs each fall largely on potatoes and chufas. There is a ready market for pork or bacon, and, accordingly, for sweet potatoes fed to fattening hogs. The very potato vines help feed the shoats. Try feeding hogs on sweet potatoes as a part of the "live-at-home" program.

The county court has proved its efficiency. Judge Bell presides with real dignity and has manifested a judicial mind. Solicitor Barber has sought justice, with due regard to the State and to the defendant, we believe, and that is saying much. We believe he is glad to see a man able to clear himself of an accusation, but he has to do it, or the State fails to make good its charge. However, few have escaped, and several road hands are secured for some county.

SIXTY!

Sixty today! Excuse us. That has never happened to us before. Guess we shall have to count ourself among the elderly, but we have been replanted so many times, what with living in several places in this State and in three others, that we haven't had time to grow old, or at least to realize age. And this has been, we believe, one of the best years of our life, if not absolutely the best. It has been a pleasure to live and work. We believe we have learned more than in any other year of our life. The year has been largely devoted to history, and we are wondering whether the rather organized system of readings would have been more valuable earlier in life, that we might have had in the course of sporadic readings the outlines to fill in, or now, when the studies have had the effect of enabling us to form, in large measure, our own organization of the materials of many years of unorganized reading. We believe the former would have been better, providing the youngster could have had sense enough to read discriminating and with understanding. The former course would have served to direct life, while the latter brings to bear on history an experience and understanding of life that illuminate the history as nothing could for a youth. Altogether we are happy as it. And, talking about the governor's live-at-home policy, we enjoyed making a garden. Not a plow went into it after the breaking of the land. For weeks during the summer, with a family of five and frequent company, the grocery bill scarcely passed four dollars a week. And with chickens and eggs from the yard, fruit from the orchard, and an abundance and variety of vegetables, it was no poor living. Roast'n ears and tomatoes and beans till frost, and canned vegetables and fruits right on! But, boys, if you are going to live to sixty and then some, get you a wife who knows how to make a home!

Referring a second time to the statement of the Monroe Enquirer that Union county for the last five years has spent more than it has made, and acknowledging that the same is true of Chatham, and of the larger part of the country, we cannot see any remedy for the situation so long as the few favored industries have it within their power to harvest all the capital of the country as profits. The automobile has become a necessity; so has electricity and many other things. Yet we have previously shown that a few concerns have become so strong that they hold virtual monopolies and can charge what profits they please. This enables them to rake in not only the spare income of the country but also the capital through the mortgage route. The timber resources are gone. The lands are following in their wake, and the farm loan banks have greased the skids for their passage. It is not the cost of any of the monopolists' articles that hurt, but the profit. If the thousand dollars paid for an automobile, for instance, represented cost of material, labor, freight, etc., it would be all right. There would be no monopolization of wealth. But when each car, let us say, affords the builders a hundred dollars of profits, it is clear that it is only a matter of time when the automobile industry alone might amass profits equal to the value of all the lands and capital of the country. For mind you, profits are above interests and all labor charges. That is, everybody concerned in the making of the cars have received pay for their labor and capital, and the profits may be invested entirely and begin to pile up another investment capital. And the automobile manufacturers are only one group of those who have it within their power to absorb, without let or hindrance, the wealth of the country.

Dr. W. R. Cullom, professor of the Bible at Wake Forest, has proposed the preparation of a series of articles on the Sunday school lessons for the next six months, which furnish a study of the Kingdom of Heaven. He hopes to be able

to furnish enough of the State papers with these lessons to pay for the trouble of preparation and distribution at a nominal charge, and we hope he will do so, for the sample lesson that he has sent us, which we hope to print next week, is different. Cullom is a scholar, and has common sense to boot. Of all the men the editor of The Record was in college with, he deems Cullom among the half-dozen most scholarly, and they included a governor, judges, magnificent preachers, and scholarly teachers. We studied mathematics in the same class with Cullom, and he could learn it, even Woods' mathematical mechanics, and unless a fellow could learn mathematics we have never had much confidence in his reasoning ability. Dr. Cullom is not only a reasoner, but admits the right of others to satisfy their reason. The greatest question in the world, and one that right now is agitating the thoughts of christendom as it hasn't in 1500 years, is that of the deity of Jesus. Dr. Cullom believes in that deity, but he has satisfied his reason, and in the article we shall print next week he writes in view of the new conditions. Blazoning to the world on a legend on an automobile that "Jesus is God" is not convincing, though it may lead to a study of the question. If a million people who study the lessons of the next six months should be convinced that Jesus is God, a new era would be inaugurated. Cullom is proceeding in a way to appeal to the thoughtful.

AT BENNETT

It had been two years since the editor was over at Bennett. It is not because he does not like to visit that good little town, but simply because it did not happen to be convenient. He was over there Saturday evening and found everybody well and apparently doing well, considering the hard times. Bennett suffered from the bank failure as well as from the succession of bad crops. However, the only man we found really blue was Dr. Denson, who says that collections are almost impossible. But The Record man made a remarkable record. Every subscriber he met paid up at least to date. However, there were several we could not see. But we have the pick of the folk, while Dr. Denson has the general run, and if the health of the better class of people has been good and his practice confined to the weaker groups, there is no doubt that he is finding collections almost impossible.

Bennett is in a new country. The section was woods when the little railroad came from Bonlee. But it is one of the prettiest town sites in the whole section, and the surrounding lands are good, and when they are brought into cultivation and prosperity returns to agriculture, one may expect to see the little town develop. Possibly, the larger part of its trade comes from Randolph county, the line being only a mile or two away. That makes it hard to do much subscription work among the people on the streets, as our paper is strictly a Chatham county paper.

Ed Phillips will probably be sending in the Bennett news from now on. He has been careless for a year or two.

As we wrote last week that it is as easy to collect two years of subscription as one and that a trip when the subscribers are behind results in real money, so we found it. For instance, together we met those two stalwart farmers Messrs. R. L. Welch and E. R. Lambe and got \$5.00 from the two. Two years were collected from others, including our good friend Mrs. W. W. Brown, a year and a half from that happy customer Mr. J. W. Yow. We believe we are right in saying that the only possible way for a county paper in a county like Chatham to make anything clear out of subscriptions is to get the good citizens who really want the paper on the list and keep them there. If you see them, you get your money if they have it, and when it does come it is with practically little cost. But the foreign advertisers judge the weeklies now as they do the dailies, by the number of paid-

up subscriptions, and that makes the difficulty.

So far as we could learn we had only one sorry shout on our Bennett list, and with him off, we feel safe if it should be two years again before we visit the town.

A call at Harper's Cross Roads found Mr. D. H. Ellis in a nice new store with filling station attached. Mr. F. Y. Moon, the other merchant of that fine community is still at his old stand. Both of these gentlemen helped us out. Just beyond is the good farm home of Mr. B. F. Cox and a brief call served to put him on the list. Mr. C. L. Powers could not be found at home. He is teaching over in Randolph this year, but lives at home with his parents? He has attended the summer school at Wake Forest the past two sessions.

At Bennett Mr. G. H. Andrews and T. C. Harper were added to the list, matching two or three discontinuances.

It seems now that the only way to get rich quick is slowly.—American Lumberman.

LET HIM RETIRE

Pittsboro has the distinction of being the birthplace of the only remaining soldier of the War of the Sixties in Congress. Major Stedman has served his own generation well and a succeeding generation or two. But his real usefulness in Congress has ended and he expresses the purpose to retire. It is 25 years since this writer waged a campaign for him in his candidacy against Glenn for the governorship, chiefly on the ground that he would be the last Confederate thus honored. The State then wanted a younger man for governor, and has chosen young men ever since. If the State was right then, when Major Stedman was really in his prime, the fifth district would be silly, on the basis of sentiment, to undertake to retain in Congress a man who has reached his ninetieth year and is physically and mentally unable to serve his people. Pittsboro thanks the Fifth for its long support of her distinguished son, but would now see the old war horse allowed to retire upon his own initiative.

WHAT'S AN ESOPHAGUS?

It's the thing that takes the bread right out of your mouth and goes south with it. Treat it right. If it ever goes back on you, they'll be giving you nourishment through a glass tube between your vest buttons!

Hence a word on behalf of the esophagus and the little esophaguses at home, for they all like to keep busy. Even the bee lays up something for a rainy day. Let the bank be YOUR beehive, where you store a part of your earnings. It takes about three square meals a day to keep the esophagus in working order.

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