

CHATHAM RECORD

O. J. PETERSON
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Bible Thought and Prayer

RULES FOR RIGHT LIVING—Let all bitterness and wrath and anger and clamor and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice; and be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.—Eph. 4: 31, 32.

PRAYER—Fill our hearts, O Lord, with Thy love wherewith Thou hast loved us, and then we will think no evil.

SOME REMINISCENCES AND OBSERVATIONS

Thirty-five years ago today, January 16, 1895, we began housekeeping, having been married the day before, and it is interesting to consider the momentous changes in life that have taken place within the intervening period.

Marrying in those days was not so expensive an undertaking, or the groom would not have been married, especially as he married an orphan girl, who was as poor as himself. Nor was living expensive, if a fellow could make any money at all.

We recall that we rented a neat five-room cottage in Burgaw for five dollars a month, but we are ashamed to tell how little it cost to furnish that cottage, with the help of a feather bed from the mother's supply and covering from the same liberal source. But the bride and groom were not too squeamish. We ran upon the chance of buying from a Northerner who was selling out to return to his former home, and as nobody else needed the furniture and few had the money to buy if they had needed it, it is our recollection that we got two sets of bed room furniture, a stove, a dining table, a kitchen safe, dishes, and a few chairs, and possibly other things, for about forty dollars. One of the dressers bought new now would cost nearly that much.

Then, living was a very simple affair. People who had ham, eggs, rice, biscuit, cornbread and potatoes, and other such staples felt that they were really living. A ten-pound ham cost a dollar; eggs were less than ten cents a dozen, flour 40 cents a sack, rice four or five cents a pound, and ten dollars would feed a couple like princes a whole month. But fifty dollars a month was a munificent salary. We were making that much, but for only the months of the school term. Four hundred dollars net a year was a fine income.

At that time there were only three banks in the southeastern part of the State. The Bank of New Hanover had failed, carrying with it the branch banks in Clinton, Wadesboro, and Goldsboro (or was it Fayetteville!). The Atlantic Bank in Wilmington, a bank in Fayetteville, and one in Goldsboro, if we are not mistaken, served as the only banking facilities for New Hanover, Pender, Onslow, Duplin, Bladen, Wayne, Sampson, Brunswick, Columbus, Cumberland, Robeson, and what are now Hoke and Scotland counties, though there may have been a bank at Rockingham. The per capita circulation of currency in the United States was then five or six dollars, if we remember aright, against that of 35 or 40 dollars now. And it is to be remembered that the bank checks of today practically double the potential circulation, or supply of cash, or its equivalent.

Lack of currency was the great evil of that day. However, more skill in farming would have greatly relieved the situation in the South. Little money was needed. Taxes were low. We recall when the richest man in Sampson county was said to pay \$100 taxes. Preachers and teachers got very little. Consequently, the farmer who made an abundance of hog and hominy could live heartily whether he had much cash or not. Fertilizer cost about as much per ton as it does today. Consequently, with cotton at 5 cents a pound and corn at 60 cents a bushel, farmers felt unable to use the amount necessary to make a great yield, even if they had known how to grow great crops on long worn-out lands. But any greater yields would have only embarrassed the situation, since the West was then less densely populated and was able to feed the whole country. However, the diet of the ordinary family was very simple and monotonous. Yet there was far more fruit grown in eastern North Carolina than today, excepting the commercial peach crop now grown.

There was little money spent in imported luxuries in those days. Three pounds of store-bought candy would have covered the year's supply for the average family. A man felt extravagant when he bought a new \$35 buggy. Kerosene oil lamps were "blown out" after supper and the family gathered about the fire in the winter or sat on the piazza in the dark on summer evening. The cost of the gasoline used in starting a car now or used while the engine is left running a few moments would have bought the kerosene supply of an average family for a week. A milk shake or a lemonade was a rare treat to old or young. Five dollars would have bought every thread of clothing and the shoes that the average man or woman wore in the summer time. The silk stocking bill of many a girl today would have supplied the wardrobe of the girl and her mother a whole year.

In eastern North Carolina it was the transition period between the turpentine and the farming regimes. Many sections, like that in both Harnett and Sampson within ten miles of Dunn, now one of the finest farming communities in the State, were utterly undeveloped as farming communities. Such sections particularly suffered in those days. But strange to say, though white meat and cornbread was the staple diet of half the people of eastern North Carolina, there was no pellagra. But the hookworm played havoc with that class of folk. A person well fed could support the hookworm and maintain a fair state of health and energy for himself. But the underfed when supporting a host of hookworms was in a deplorable condition.

Compared with the present, it is evident that everybody has a much better chance to make money today than then, and only two things have brought about the hard times seen in eastern North Carolina today. First, people have learned to consider as necessities many things which would have been considered absolute luxuries 35 years ago. But the most immediate cause of the present hard times in Chatham is the succession of poor crops with a continued demand for tax and other moneys on a flush-time basis.

Yet the automobile, for instance, has become a necessity; likewise, apparently, the telephone, and several other modern devices. It is right that the people have them, and they can have them, barring such a series of crop failures as Chatham has had, if there is a fair deal for everybody.

The world's resources, or this country's, may be likened unto an irrigation stream with plenty of water available for the irrigation of every farm in the valley. The world can easily produce enough now for all. But, if in the case of the irrigation stream, the individuals residing on the upper courses divert more water than their share and create lakes for yachting, each year adding to the volume withdrawn while those a little lower down the stream also begin the same practice, it is clear that immediately the farmers on the lower reaches of the stream will find themselves impoverished of a water supply and their farms barren. Similarly, if those who can be allowed to continue to absorb all the wealth they desire, without regard to the equitable share of those below them, if millionaires increase in number and

millionaires become, billionnaires, it is as certain that the citizens who do not have it within their power to divert wealth at their pleasure will be suffering, and that thing is happening today. No use in saying that they should not buy the modern necessities. They should, and if they do not, then industry is crippled and another group becomes poverty-stricken. There can be enough for all, and the trouble is those up the stream have hogged from twice to a thousand times their share.

In the case of the irrigation water, the remedy is simple. Let the upper-stream folk quit robbing the stream and the lower-stream folk will have their sufficient supply for irrigation purposes. What folly it would be to hold meetings and undertake by some hocus-pocus to supply the lower-stream folk and not disturb the robbery of the upper-stream people! Yet men who today are hogging your and my share are hoping in some way to discover a way to leave themselves with the lion's share and yet feed us a plenty! The very president of the United States is producing enough onions to deprive many families of the opportunity of making a living by growing onions. Monopolies produced by the protective tariff and by good fortune are withdrawing the economic current from its legitimate field and producing poverty that is unavoidable so long as the robbery continues. Given a supply of corn sufficient for the whole herd of hogs and give half of it to one-tenth of the herd to be rooted under, and the other nine-tenths are bound to go on short rations.

Today the curse of the world is hoggishness. The few who can be taking entirely more than they should, and necessarily the rest are taking only what is left, and it is not enough. But the demands of the times seem to necessitate the expenditures, and the capital of the poor goes. Farms are mortgaged and lost, and the hogs get more and more. And still those hogs pretend to seek a way for all to be rich—as much an impossibility as for every one to have a servant, and a rich person surely would have servants.

Moreover, the State and the counties have conceived the idea that their employees must live like the robber gang, and salaries have been boosted. Governor Vance got \$3,000 a year. Today almost any little school superintendent must that, or a register of deeds or a sheriff.

This is a great period, if only a just division of the produce of the world can be secured. But it is inevitable that some must suffer so long as others play the hog.

One can catch considerable in a court trial. It had never occurred to The Record to ask why Deputy Fred Straughan was superseded as deputy for Bear Creek township, but in the Barber trial Thursday questions of counsel for the defense drew an interesting answer from Mr. Straughan. Attorney Horton asked him if he were not turned off for holding captured liquor too long before bringing it to Pittsboro and turning it over to the Sheriff. He replied no, that he resigned because he would not vote as the Sheriff wanted him to vote—for Al Smith. That was an eye-opener, for this writer had no idea that Sheriff Blair became so enthusiastic for Al that he made it too warm for a bolting deputy to keep his job. Evidently, the Sheriff believes in a Democratic officeholder being a Democrat, and that is the way about 200,000 North Carolina Democrats look at the senatorship.

David's criterion of character still stands. Having asked who should stand in the hill of the Lord, he answered the question himself—"He that hath clean hands and swears to his own hurt and changeth not." If character witnesses when they know a man to be of that type would emphasize the fact, it would be possible in court to determine, with a greater degree of assurance, who is doing the lying. The most of the character proofs one hears is worthless because of the fact that the witnesses do not seem to realize that the

whole value of "character" in a trial lies in probity.

The Farm Board insists that there shall be reduction of cotton production if the board's efforts to secure profitable prices are to be effectual. But if the production were sufficiently reduced there would be no need of a farm board to boost prices.

LETTER FROM GOV. GARDNER

My Dear Mr. Peterson: The interest already manifested by the people of the State in a better balanced program of agriculture has far exceeded my immediate expectations. I am convinced that substantial progress has been made and for this the thoroughly sympathetic and highly intelligent co-operation of the press is, of course, to a large degree responsible. I indeed strongly feel that the press of North Carolina has rendered the State no finer service within my memory than this.

The condition is one, however, which we can not expect to yield to immediate treatment. The deeply ingrained habits of generations of unsound practices must be overcome and in their place a more prudent and far-sighted approach to our present agricultural and economic problems substituted. I therefore, while congratulating The Record and the press of the State generally upon the encouraging result of our "Live at Home" program already in evidence, wish to request a sustained and continued campaign of editorial and news publicity centering about this problem and its solution. It is my firm belief that we can not hope for anything approaching a normal condition of prosperity in North Carolina until the farmers are at least producing what they require for actual home consumption.

Needless to state, in making this request I am actuated solely by concern for the general welfare of our people, a concern which I am confident is shared fully by yourself as well as by every public-spirited citizen.

Faithfully yours,
O. MAX GARDNER.

Jan. 11, 1930.

HE IS FOR BAILEY

Editor Record: Stacy and Brogden have stepped down and left the field for Bailey. If all three had run, Simmons would have won. Now I think Simmons will run independent.

The Scriptures say the lion and the lamb shall lie down together. I think Simmons and Jonas have lain down together. Simmons has been fed at the Democratic crib forty years. I think Bailey deserves the senatorship more than any other man in North Carolina, and I hope every Democrat man in Chatham county will go to the June primary and carry all the women voters and help give Bailey the largest kind of majority in this county.

S. P. TEAGUE

MRS. ISAAC L. LONDON

The following beautiful tribute was written by Prof. Bell of Rockingham a few minutes after he learned of the death of Mrs. Isaac S. London:

A few minutes ago came the dreaded news that Lena Everett London is dead, carrying pain and sadness to the heart of all who heard it. It is difficult to realize that one who only a few days ago possessed such abounding youth, strength and beauty has passed on to the Spirit World beyond.

"Like the dew on the mountain,
Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
Thou art gone, and forever."

Her whole life was spent in this community among the many relatives and friends who knew her and loved her from infancy. It was like an open book.

And how lovable she was with her sweetness, her charming personality, her gracious manner, her kindness and her thoughtfulness of others.

As a young girl, high spirits, energy and happiness of life at its fullest and best were characteristic of her. As a young wife and a young mother she was unusually devoted to her home and the young family growing up around her. Time dealt gently with her here, and only added seemingly to her youth and charm. Calls upon her care and patience and love came increasingly. They were not denied. She gave and gave, and with the giving, always had more to give.

There is the courage of the forum. There is the courage of the battlefield. And there is the courage and the sacrifice of the prospective mother, who in the hour when the darkness of night has settled thick and fast and there is the stillness of death all about, takes her life in her hand and steps forth smiling and unafraid that another soul may live. There is no comparison. It is beyond all comprehension.

And now she is gone—slipped quietly out of life almost before one was aware of it, with all her youth and charm untouched. But she had lived. There is no one who lives so fast, so fully, so completely as the young mother.

Our heartfelt sympathy goes out to those who are left behind. The entire community sorrows with them. We have left us the memory of a beautiful life that will abide for

"In the desert a fountain is springing,
In the wide world there still is a tree,
And a bird in the solitude singing,
Which speaks to the spirit of thee."
L. J. B.

Just because a girl doesn't love a man is no sign she doesn't want him to make love to her.

Reminiscences

By C. H. POE

'Twas a beautiful sunny day in fall. The leaves turning a chestnut brown, The squirrel on the rail sent a call— Look at the hickory nuts all over the ground.

I would like to wander o'er hills and meadows, of boyhood days—once again—the call was so strong; I loaded the "better half" and youngsters in the Chevrolet, and set sails for Chatham county.

One hour later found us standing on a hill overlooking Deep river.

Looking out over vale and small hills that I had not seen for twenty two years, while pointing out this and that, and relating boyhood experiences around this hill, to my boys and girls, I breathed a silent prayer in gratitude for the many, many blessings I had been the gracious recipient of since last I crossed this hill. Various changes had taken place, some changes in nature, and lots wrought by man; turning to my right I viewed a field of corn stalks—timber had gone into some home, barn or fence.

In this corn field twenty-six years ago, I killed my first turkey—among state, original pines and white oaks—but all gone now—and man tilling the soil, where just a few years ago wild turkeys roamed, and squirrels, nested in the oaks; what change in my life has been wrought in the period of years, since I roamed here!

Leaving this spot of memory, we went one mile down the river to Lockville where many a mile had been run over those rocky hills, more than one toe nail lost over those rocks.

Memories refreshed of many friends, some dead, and practically all living elsewhere who were there twenty-five years ago—sweet and sad are the memories of this village—and quite a bit of history is reviewed at this place.

Alone, I went through the barnyard of the late James A. Parham, going east; one brink of the steep hill, I paused, looked out across the bottom—over to edge of next hill, some quarter mile stands a planked up-and-down house; beneath a giant white oak.

Our father and our mother, Each shared their blessings and every care

Just out across the field yonder— In that little humble home so dear.

As the evening sun cast its rays across the field, I lived those days over again; I could see the white African guineas, Indian runner ducks; the old grey Jersey cow, "Bees," standing down on the branch 'neath the willow boughs.

On down the hill I went, pausing a moment beneath a leaning mock orange tree, where the branch runs under the fence. There I spent many happy moments, catching "horney heads" and sun perch. On across the field to the house, around the corner, on to spring about fifty feet north of the house, and I found myself gazing into the clear, sparkling water, a spring from which I had carried many buckets, and it always seemed to me, that the water buckets, and wood boxes at our house were forever empty.

In early fall of 1905, Jake and Will Utley, Max Jourdan (drowned at Virginia Beach, 1915), Iven Thomas (killed by Pittsboro train at Mill Cross, Moncure, 1919) and yours truly, had been over on Deep River scouting around; I had broken a limb from an elm tree, near old lock using it for a walking stick. On arrival home, as usual the water buckets were empty, I went for more water and stuck the elm twig deep in mud, in the edge of the spring branch, about fifteen feet from the spring; without any thoughts of the future.

In spring time, the twig shot out green shoots, I staked and tied it up, guarded it. We moved in 1914 and this elm was around three inches through, and about 15 feet high.

In 1929 when I visited it again I was greatly surprised to find my twig had grown to a tree 28 inches through and around 40 feet high. I stood viewing it, looking up to its towering head, my eyes went on skyward, and thoughts on to Him who cares, for even a tree. From a small twig, God furnishing fertile earth for it, to grow in, rain and sunshine, has caressed it out and up in life to a stately tree—shelter for birds of the air, shade for beast, and some weary soul to rest beneath while he quenches his thirst at the spring, while in association with this elm, I was thankful I had been instrumental in planting, and God had nourished it to this good day and there arose a question—have I planted any deeds or words in some one's life, that has grown in comparison with the tree?

If I could be used and see the results as I do today, then, I could be used in much greater ways. I turned and left my friend tree with a pledge upon my lips to be careful of the kind of seed planted, or twigs set out in the soil of humans in the future that on the final day I might view something that had grown as large as the tree, but of more importance.

Friends: When you think of your boyhood days—what have you planted?

God forbid that our evil trees out-grow our good ones. He will nourish our kind words and deeds even more richly than He did the little elm twig stuck in spring branch mud.

Just a Chathamite,
C. HORTON POE.
Durham, Dec. 28, 1929.

EFFICIENCY

A negro was inspecting a friend's horse.

"You say dat hawse is lazy?"
"Lazy? Man—looka dat fly on his nose. Pestehs him consid'able, but he's waiting till dey's two or three befo' he bothers 'bout sneezin' 'em off."
—Stanford Chaparral.

LEAGUE WOMEN VOTERS ANALYZE LIVING COSTS

The North Carolina League of Women Voters will analyze the cost of what they eat and of cooking it and of heating and lighting their houses when they meet in Convention February 11th, and 12th., at Goldsboro. Mrs. Chase Going Woodhouse, one of the most distinguished authorities on Home Economics in the United States, formerly in charge of the Research Bureau of the United States Department of Home Economics, now located at North Carolina College for Women at the head of the Institute of Women's Professional Relations, is Chairman of the Committee on Living Costs of the League, and during the past year has been making a study of the cost of gas and electricity in the different parts of North Carolina. Housewives have filled out table of costs month by month and Mrs. Woodhouse will report results at a luncheon of the League February 11th. Preceding her talk, a skit will be presented to bring out in dramatic and amusing form the relative cost of food raised in this state with that to which transportation charges have been added and then with that to which an additional tariff charge has been given. Each article eaten at the luncheon will receive consideration in this way, and Governor Gardner's admonition to "live at home" will be emphasized.

Mrs. Harris T. Balden, of Washington, D. C., Chairman of Living Costs of the National League, will speak Wednesday morning, the 12th, on "Tariff and the Housewife." Mrs. Baldwin for the past four years has been the "ultimate consumer" listening in on the tariff hearings at Washington. She brings out an angle of tariff making that is seldom considered; "What is this going to do to Mrs. Smith's budget?" she asks. Mrs. Baldwin is well known in North Carolina from her previous visits to the state. She spoke in Asheville, Charlotte and Chapel Hill at schools of Citizenship held by the League. Her husband is in the Department of Agriculture of the United States, in which Mrs. Baldwin also held a position before her marriage. In the past few years her chief interests have been a study of the disposal of Muscle Shoals and other public utility questions and of the tariff on living costs.

PARENT-TEACHER ASSN. HAS JANUARY MEETING

Decides to Serve Soup at School There was a good attendance at the January meeting of the Parent-Teacher Association. In the absence of the president, Mr. Bell presided. After routine business had been disposed of, Mrs. Shannonhouse explained the plan mapped out by the grade mothers and executive board, whereby soup would be served at the lunch hour to each child for three cents a plate. The association IS NOT doing this as a money making scheme, but solely to promote the health of the children by serving this hot food during the winter months. A prize will be given to those who bring milk to school daily. Mrs. Horton announced an art exhibit for the school and community of copies of some of the most famous masterpieces. This exhibit is sponsored by her training class. An offering will be taken to defray expenses.

Mr. Waters spoke of the needs of the library and asked that the members constitute good books from time to time.

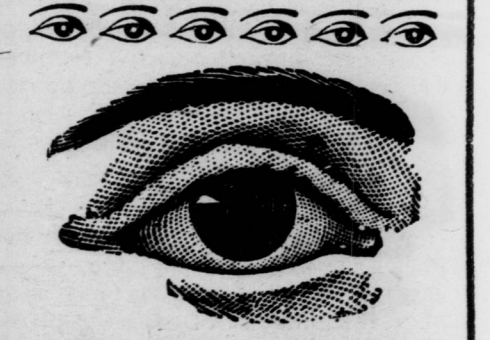
In the grade count the first grade won, having sixteen parents present.

The following from the first grade gave an interesting exhibition of the work they have covered during the past four months under their excellent teacher, Miss Margaret Siler: Callie Farrell, Eleanor Johnson, Georgia Brewer, Allie Bell, Mary L. Gilmore, Emma Dark, Fannie Eubanks, and Ernest Jordan.

MRS. VICTOR R. JOHNSON, Sec.

TO OBSERVE MONDAY AS LEE-JACKSON DAY

Sunday, January 19, is the anniversary of the birthday of Robert E. Lee, and Tuesday, January 21, is the anniversary of Stonewall Jackson's birthday. The custom throughout the south for many years has been to honor the memory of both leaders in appropriate observance of Lee's birthday. Since that date this year falls on Sunday, Monday will be observed. It is a state legal holiday, and it is presumed that banks and state offices will be closed.



DR. J. C. MANN
the well-known
EYESIGHT SPECIALIST
will be at
Dr. Farrell's Office
PITTSBORO,
TUESDAY, Jan. 28
at **Dr. Thomas' Office**
SILER CITY,
THURSDAY, Jan. 23