

CHATHAM RECORD

O. J. PETERSON
Editor and Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

One Year \$1.50
Six Months75

THURSDAY, APRIL 10, 1930.

WE MEET AN OLD FRIEND

The editor of The Record was delighted to meet his old friend Mrs. James Hickerson here at the U. D. C. convention. When the writer taught at the village of Ronda, on the Yadkin, 35 years ago, three of the Hickerson boys were pupils of his. The youngest, Felix, has long been a professor of engineering at the University, and it was he who did that fine engineering job on the highway from Chapel Hill toward Pittsboro. Mrs. Hickerson's husband, much older than she, struck us as an image of Oliver Cromwell, and when we think of that great soldier and statesman, the figure of Dr. Hickerson arises.

By the way, the old Hickerson home on the Yadkin was the homestead of Col. Cleveland when he fought at King's Mountain. Later he moved over into Pickens county, S. C., where he grew to giant proportions, weighing several hundred pounds. Mrs. Hickerson now lives with Felix at Chapel Hill.

One of the penalties of growing older is the news of frequent deaths of friends. Scarcely a Clinton paper arrives without telling of the death of some one whom we have known many years. All the grown folk we knew when a child are gone almost to a man and woman. But we had in mind to mention the recently reported death of our good friend Council Wooten, of Mt. Olive, formerly of Lenoir county. He has passed at the age of ninety, yet was sprightly and cheerful the last time we saw him. He was a scholar and a gentleman of the old school. He was at the time of his death the oldest surviving student of Wake Forest College. He was an uncle of Dr. J. Y. Joyner, and he has told this writer how Dr. Joyner's mother was seeking refuge from the Yankees in eastern North Carolina upon the Yadkin river when Dr. Joyner was born, and that accounts for the Y in Dr. Joyner's name—named for Yadkin river or Yadkin county. Recently it was our old friend Rev. Frank Wooten, of the same fine old eastern stock, that passed.

It is a little difficult to sympathize thoroughly with a boy who is so smart that he heeds no warnings. The Bible says that he who is often warned but hardens his heart shall suddenly be destroyed. One can blame men who sell or give boys liquor, but the boys themselves are fools to be led into temptation. A boy at 14 years of age should have sense if he ever is to have any. The next time a Pittsboro boy goes to Sanford or any other town and gets arrested for having whiskey, we hope his parents and friends will let him soak in jail for a few days before they bond him out. If a chap knows so much that he will not take advice, let him be thoroughly convinced that he is not as smart and as big as he thinks he is. The sooner he is convinced that his parents and friends know more than he, the better it will be for him. The warnings certainly had been sufficient for even the smartest of alics the ten days previous to the escapade of the youngster in mind, and though we are refraining from mentioning his name here, he may be sure that thousands of folk in Chatham county already know that he is a little fool and needs to be frailed till he can not sit down, and the same is true of the chap that had to be hauled from the school house dead-drunk. The bootleggers can not sell or give liquor to a boy that has the right kind of sense.

CONTROL OF WHISKEY EACH COMMUNITY'S CONCERN

This writer is confident that he has lived under as many kinds of attempted control of the liquor business as any one in North Carolina, and he has come to the conclusion that the soberness of a community absolutely depends upon the sentiment prevailing in that community and upon the active participation of the parents and citizens in general in instilling fear of the drink habit into the minds of the children, and in unhesitating participation in bringing law violators into the courts.

You may have national, state, county, and local prohibition laws, but unless the community itself compels observance of these laws and fosters a healthy temperance sentiment, the community will be cursed by drink. There is no use worrying about the enforcement or the non-enforcement of the national prohibition law. If the sentiment and the courage of the community are right, the boys and girls of the community will likely be saved; if they are not, no number of laws, apparently, can save them.

Forty-five years ago the people of Sampson county were rapidly becoming sober. Of the boys of our own age we knew scarcely one that would even go on "grog row." With a dozen saloons in Clinton, we never knew a school boy to need discipline for drinking. It had been different. Three half-brothers of the writer had grown up earlier and had no scruples against drinking. The next two and this writer and his full-brother had grown up under the growing sentiment against drink and avoided the barrooms. There was no blockade distillery in the whole section.

From 1898 to 1901, the writer was principal of North Greenville Academy, a Baptist school located half way between Hendersonville, N. C., and Greenville, S. C., but in South Carolina. The dispensary law was in force in that State. In addition, the school area had been previously incorporated against whiskey. Yet the principal of the school had to take a personal hand in keeping the community from being overflowed with liquor. He found a distillery between the school building and the old community church, just a mile apart. Yet the pupils of the school, many of them grown boys, were sober, despite the fact that some of them came right out of the "dark corner," the most noted blockade district in South Carolina. The community was becoming sober, despite the continuance of the old blockading set of their manufacture, the product of which was largely carted off to Greenville. Not one case of discipline for drink did we have in three years. Those boys simply did not drink. They had been taught that it was hazardous, and the liquor man was looked upon as an outlaw.

Later, the writer taught, and conducted a paper at Lumberton, under the jug law. Hamlet at that time filled the jugs. We helped kill the distillery business at Hamlet, but ultimately the writer had to take a personal hand in drying Lumberton (for the time, by getting proof of sale against a soft-drink place.)

In Louisiana, just 17 years ago, we taught in Louisiana

MORE ABOUT MEDICINAL LIQUOR

Without a legal means of securing medicinal liquor many doctors become dispensers, and necessarily buyers, of blockade liquor, and there is danger that every jail where confiscated liquor is kept will become a liquor dispensary for medicinal purposes, and then easily for other purposes. The illegal handling of liquor by physicians would not be so bad if all physicians were non-drinkers themselves, and if they observed the decencies in getting the liquor they dispense. When the State tries to

College, the infant Baptist College of that State. It is in Pineville, just across the Red River from Alexandria. Pineville had three saloons, one of them in sight of our own door; the city of Alexandria had, maybe, thirty or forty, only a mile from the college. Yet there was not one of the college boys known to be drunk during the period we remained there, and Pineville was a sober community.

In 1917, the writer returned to Clinton and was soon convinced that the whole county was being demoralized by whiskey from blockade distilleries, though for that first year the officers had not captured a single one. The Sampson Democrat started a fight against the evil. Mayor Grady, now Judge Grady, cooperated. Things got hot; the county officers got busy. They had to. But it is hard to stop a runaway horse.

Now we are here at Pittsboro, in a county where the officers have been exceeding alert. Yet the worse conditions have prevailed recently that we have ever known. Never before have we known the boys of fourteen to eighteen years of age to be so generally debasing themselves with drink. Never before have we known a sixteen-year-old boy to have to be hauled away from school dead-drunk, nor a sixteen-year-old boy of a good home arrested in a nearby town for driving a car drunk and for possession of liquor. Yet we have more law than ever before—so much, indeed, that half the mature people of the county have probably violated it by making medicinal wine or buying or transporting whiskey for medicinal purposes, and have thus become largely indifferent to the enforcement of it in its important particulars.

We are back to our first proposition. If the people of Pittsboro or of any other Chatham county community wish to save their boys and girls, it is up to their own personal behavior and efforts. A boy in whom has been instilled a dread of the ruinous stuff is safe anywhere, in 99 out of a hundred cases. Also, despite all the laws and the best efforts of the officers in a county this size, whiskey will be available to those who seek it unless the citizens determine in their hearts that no favor shall be shown to dealers and that such shall be ostracised from decent society. When barrooms existed, there could be a check on the youth. Minors could be kept out of the barrooms. But now a parent does not know where his child will run up with the stuff. Hence, the necessity for eternal vigilance, for a general cleaning-up, for a more earnest teaching of the danger of drink. With 564 out of 900 University students who voted in a recent questionnaire professing to drink to some extent, it is clear that the average boy is not safe under prevailing conditions. The writer has raised only one boy, now a full-grown man. He has probably had hundreds of chances to drink, but his early training and common sense have saved him from the curse. Finally, check smart alecism in your boy at its earliest appearance. A smart alec is in imminent danger. Hickory oil is good for that dangerous disease.

stand so straight that it girls drinking. It is not conceivable. Shall North Carolina have legal or illegal dispensaries for medicinal liquor? Positively it now has the latter. It was not a mere hypothetical we asked two weeks ago about getting liquor for a hospital patient. A half dozen people violated the law in that case, but for one we see no escape from that means or one worse.

If a 19-inch snow is a record breaker for Chicago, one can more readily conceive the unusualness of that 24- to 30-inch snow we had here three years ago, March 2.

SOME NEWS AND COMMENT

It is gratifying to see the banks of Chatham county pulling through safely while many banks of other sections of the State are suffering from frozen assets, frauds, robberies, etc. It is true we have had one small bank failure, but even the Bank of Bonlee has been reorganized and is doing business at the old stand. Chatham has been hit oftener by bad crops in recent years than possibly any county in the State; yet we have seen comparatively few business failures, and there is not the howl from the county that comes from some which have had several fair crops during the period of Chatham's stress. The condition speaks volumes for the economy and industry of our people and for the managements of the banks.

Carl Goerch reports a shower of mud from Washington, this state, Monday afternoon. The air was full of dust and a shower came up, bringing the dust down as mud and making cars and suits look as if they had been spattered from a mud hole.

Now it is stated that a kind of bacteria has been discovered that will make oil from coconuts, cotton seed, etc., without all the trouble of present methods. The process is comparable to the making of alcohol in fermentation.

Senator Simmons is hopping all over Raskob for contributing to the association against the eighteenth amendment. But so long as Senator Simmons is bold enough to speak for the amendment, it is clearly safe for the time being, since that gentleman is sure to be no pioneer in any kind of reform. Prohibition was largely established in North Carolina before he was known to lift his voice in its behalf, and if the law should prove a failure, it is quite certain that he would never dare say so till the majority of the people had been convinced of the same. It will take as much courage for the North Carolina politicians to suggest a change in the prohibition laws as it did for them to approve such laws in the first place. At present the prohibition law is a fetish among the politicians of North Carolina, and if changes should be found to be needed, the propaganda for such changes would have to come from such bold spirits as moved for prohibition. The real friend of temperance wants the thing that is best for the people, and if one thing is found not to be best, he will seek something else. Of course, judgments may be mistaken. But you may count upon Simmons to be firm for the status quo so long as that itself is not wobbling. Therefore, the eighteenth amendment may be considered firmly tied down.

The philosopher and statesman Ghandi of India has led a number of volunteers to the sea to violate deliberately Great Britain's law against making salt. His purpose is to induce the people of India to disobey the laws of the Empire, and as there are three hundred millions of inhabitants in that vast empire, it is evident that Great Britain could not cope with them. It would seem at a glance that the salt laws of India are more cruel than the tea laws preceding our Revolution.

Before you kick anybody for wanting to see changes in the prohibition laws, do your own part to make prohibition of some value. The prohibition law was conceived as a means of saving the young people from the temptation of drink, but we are almost sure that this is the first time in the 150-year history of this old town when a school boy had to be hauled off from school dead-drunk, while several others can be proved to have been drunk outside of school, not to mention the formerly unheard-of thing of girls drinking. It is not conceivable that any decent man wants to see the nation besotted. Therefore, it would

seem an injustice to charge a New Yorker, for instance, with disregard of decency in advocating a change in the laws. For if things have come to the pass they have here in Chatham county, where, by general consent, we have the best enforcement officers to be found almost anywhere, what do you suppose are the conditions in New York? So soon as liquor drinking becomes more dangerous under prohibition than under the old regime, there will be no reason why the laws should not be changed. On the contrary, there would be a good reason to change them if the evils of drink were only on a balance with those of old times, for it is easy to understand that a Raskob might conceive of the hundreds of other crimes growing out of bootlegging as worse than all the evils ever laid to liquor per se. It is a good time to be careful in imputing wrong motives to the other fellow. We are beginning to see what some communities have been up against for these past ten years. Indeed, there is no telling what would be conditions here if prosperous times had prevailed. Hence, it is up to the people as a whole to make prohibition a success, if they would not see it become an absolute failure, or worse. The Record is ready to help clean up Chatham county. Hitherto, we have felt that our excellent officers were holding the evil under fair check, but it is now evident that they need more help than they have had. Seven hundred square miles of territory is too

large an area to be thoroughly policed by any dozen of officers.

CUT SALARIES

Wonder why Brother Teague continues to insist upon a ten-dollar cut in all teachers' salaries? A percentage cut is the fair thing. A ten-dollar cut wouldn't hurt those \$300 a month sons of his, but would dig like forty into the salary of an eighty- or ninety dollar teacher. Make it ten per cent, and then the big-salaried folk will feel the cut, and the total will be larger. We old-time teachers had our income in conformity with the times. But teachers are not the only ones whose salaries should be made to conform to the times. The state's statistics, published by the Conservation Commission last week, show that Chatham county farmers lacked 13 cents per capita of farm population of making anything above board in 1928. It was fully as bad last year, and not much better for the several bad crop years that Chatham has had. As one farmer says, let the salaries be lowered now and when the people get rich they can be raised again. Some of us who might guarantee to teach for years a class composed of members of the great majority of the teaching profession in the State have worked and felt well paid for fifty dollars a month and supported a family, and did about as much work as the average two teachers have to do now.

Truth lies in a hog head, not in a well—French proverb.

BRINGING THINGS HOME

"That lecture tonight was wonderful. It brought things home to me that I had never seen before," said Mrs. Highbrow. Her hubby replied: "That's nothing. We've got a pup that does the same thing!"

These horrid men just won't be serious. Yet with all their faults, most of them have a real aim in life. They "josh" a good deal, but they love their home folks, work hard, save carefully, in order to maintain that home comfortably. They are doing their best, if in addition they keep their surplus funds at a reliable bank like ours.

THE BANK OF GOLDSTON

HUGH WOMBLE, Pres. T. W. GOLDSTON, Cashier
GOLDSTON, N. C.

Lee Hardware Co.

Headquarters for Farming Tools, Implements, Mill Supplies, Builders' Supplies, Kitchen and Household Hardware

See Us for Roofing and Paints

Chatham Folk are invited to make our store headquarters when in Sanford

THE LEE HARDWARE CO.

Sanford, N. C.

CUT COFFEE COST IN HALF

You get as many cups from one pound of "Gold Ribbon" Brand Coffee and Chicory as you do from two pounds of ordinary coffee, because it is Double Strength. Cut your coffee bill in half by using "Gold Ribbon" Blend—one pound lasts as long as two pounds of ordinary coffee—and you pay no more!

