

THE CHATHAM RECORD

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Editorials

Circumstances brought Senator Cam Morrison immediately into the lime light. The question of the confirmation of McNinch of Charlotte as a member of the Power Commission was postponed by the Senate till the arrival of Mr. Morrison, who it was quite generally supposed would oppose his confirmation on the ground of his anti-Smith activities of two years ago and his failure to make report of his expenditures in that campaign and the source of the funds. But the new senator came out promptly for the confirmation of the Charlotte man, and was able to hold his own with credit in the proceedings, senatorial and private, which followed.

While the Record, like Senator Wheeler, was prejudiced against McNinch, again like Senator Wheeler, it was much impressed with the candor of the man on the witness stand. We have become convinced that McNinch can neither be bought nor frightened, and if that is true, we are perfectly willing to overlook minor matters and approve Senator Morrison's vote for his confirmation. McNinch confesses to knowing little as yet about the power business, but he can learn, and it is better to know nothing than to know too much that is wrong. Honesty and fearlessness, with a liberal degree of gumption, are the qualities most needed in the position to which Mr. McNinch has been appointed, and if his testimony did not bear the characteristic of "him who would swear to his own hurt and change not," we misinterpreted his attitude. Again, the power commission is a non-partisan body, and we are not so sure but that a man who has lost in a degree his partisan leashes is better qualified for a position on a non-partisan board than the strictest partisan. We believe Senator Morrison has shown a spirit that will go far toward securing an effectual co-operation of the independent Republican senators with the Democrats in the next session of congress, and that wipes out practically the last of the factionalism aroused in the Democratic party in this state two years ago. Accordingly, the Record here registers its approval of Senator Morrison's vote, and does so partly because Cam Morrison has shown that he has a mind of his own and will use his own judgment even when it may hurt.

It would be exceedingly easy for a hundred subscribers to make us feel mighty good for the new year. It hasn't been so bad a year, considering the plight of many others, but what with finishing paying off a mortgage note on the burned property and other drawbacks, the year is about to see us come out a little behind, but if a hundred subscribers will send in renewals within the next week, we shall be as well off as at the beginning of the year, and one of those old debts wiped off to boot. The snow has prevented our making a collection trip the past week and that has hurt considerably. Please do not wait for us to go for your renewals. Everybody is mighty clever when we do go, but there is not much time for such trips even when the weather is good.

Editor Rowland Beasley said that a certain colored preacher "fetched" him a dollar. Incorrect; "fetch" implies going for a thing and bringing it. At least that is the way it was used in Sampson, where the same stock had dwelt every since it wended its way up the streams from Wilmington and settled in the huckleberry woods of that section of the then broad Duplin county. For instance, if a boy had the axe in his hand, his father would say "Bring me the axe"; but the boy was with the father and the axe over at the woodpile, the father would say "Fetch me the axe."

It is gratifying to note that Mr. Fred P. Strong, for twenty years manager of the Carolina Power & Light Company's business at Sanford, is not to be transferred to Hamlet as announced a week or two ago. Personally the editor of the Record is pleased that Mr. Strong is to continue so close a neighbor.

The Record wishes all its readers the merriest of merry Christmases. Some of you will not get the paper before Christmas, but we are doing the wishing two or three days before.

We wish we could get the people straight on the use of the "double" letters in oral spelling. The modern schools have no "double" letters at all; on the contrary, a certain radio announcer and other folk call some groupings "double" that are two separate sound-signs and belong in different syllables. For instance, it is "double-el" in the word "bell"; there is only one l sound. But in "belligerent" it is not a "double-el", for there are two sounds of l, the word being thus divided into syllables: bel-lig-er-ent. The old-timer, then, who should spell the latter word with "double-el" would be as wrong as the modern school boy who spells bell thus: be-e-el-el. Cook has double-o in it; cooperation hasn't.

Christmas Joys

By William Banks
in Missouri Farmer

THE olden days, the golden days
They all come back to me,
As happily the children crowd
Around the Christmas tree.
I see once more the comrades true
March onward by my side,
I hear the echo of their songs
To greet the Christmascide.

In olden days, in golden days
My thoughts were high and bold,
But oh the glory of this hour
When in my arms I hold
The gifts that love has brought to me,
They fill my heart with pride,
As I join in their happy songs
To greet the Christmascide.

A Christmas Vesper

By Florence Howard

FROM o'er the western hill tops,
The wint'ry sunset glows,
Far off o'er hill and valley the last
Faint gleaming shows.
The wind is softly sighing as it sinks
Down to rest,
The cheery little snowbird hastens
Homeward to its nest.

Deep in the golden sunset, a star
Peeps shyly out,
As a jewel in the gate of heaven,
Shining every doubt;
From behind the eastern hills the moon
In grandeur comes,
In one great burst of radiance this
Quiet beauty sums.

All toil and pain and sorrow seem
Hushed by this deep calm,
A peace direct from heaven is sweeter
Far than psalm;
On this, a Christmas evening,
Is given to mortal men,
To feel, to hear, to utter that glorious,
Grand Amen.

CHRISTMAS

BY SUSAN MAITLAND
in New York Evening Post

THE snow drifts deeply down the wind-
ing field
And winds ski shrewdly on the crusted slope;
The river's breadth is pallidly congealed,
And, through the spectral trees, black
shadows grope

For a familiar landmark—quite the same
As on a score of other winter nights;
Yet, in the house beyond, the holly's flame
Crackles in fragrant wreaths, and mellow
lights
Halo the vividly transparent glass;
A tree, serenely tapered with a star,
Basks on the hearth; excited shadows pass
Before the ruddy fire and sweetly scar
The silence with seductive whispering,
The smothered slur of paper and the taut
Knot of a ribbon or a tinsel string,
A footstep hesitant at a new thought.

Through fainting distance, voices, bright
and clear
Carol a beauty that is ever young—
A peace that is invulnerably deep—
A joy that is old-fashioned warmth among
The ages that have waned since Bethlehem—
And then they dim to echoes of their mirth—
To worship tenderly becoming them—
As a King's glory shines once more on earth.

THE CHRISTMAS KING

by ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN
in Missouri Farmer

UPON the hills of Bethlehem
The dew hung on the
holly stem;
One by one the shepherds came
To the manger lit with flame;
The oxen and the shepherds all
And all the beasts of barn
and stall
Bent the knee to Him who lay
Like a diamond in the hay,
Over the bleating of the sheep,
Across the midnight's starry
deep,
The Angel wings were
winnowing
Lullabies for the Christmas King.

A Beautiful Christmas

BY
Florence Harris Wells

IT WAS Christmas morning. Two elderly persons stood at the front window of their big farm house and gazed at the snow blanketed world about them.

"Not a chance for Sam and his family to get through these drifts, Mother, not a ghost of a chance. No car on earth could make it."

"I guess you're right, Pa," Mrs. Clark answered, solemnly shaking her head with its beautiful wavy white hair. "And our dinner's well on the way. I'll have to tell Annie not to cook so many potatoes and perhaps we can manage to keep most of the turkey a day or so until the children can come. I suppose there's no chance for the snow plows to get through today either, William?"

"No. They'll clear the main highways first. But it's beautiful, isn't it, mother? with the ice and sleet on the trees and now the snow for trimming. It's as beautiful a Christmas morning as I have ever seen. And we're both well and strong and able to enjoy it together. It's great, isn't it?" Grandfather Clark slipped his arm about his wife's waist and drew her close beside him.

Meanwhile Sam and his family, seated about their breakfast table, were much more concerned about missing Christmas at Grandmother's and the good dinner than they were at the beauty of the world about them.

"Oh, grandfather and grandmother will understand," Marion, the daughter, was speaking. "We're the goats in this case. Ham and eggs for Christmas!"

"Gee! Can't we do anything 'cept sit here and talk about it?" Sam, Jr., aged fourteen, puckered his brows in evident great concentration. Suddenly he threw down his napkin and dashed for his sweater and cap.

"Where're you going?" Marion shouted. The banging of the front door was the only reply.

In less than a half hour Sam, Jr. came bursting back again, all excited:

"Get ready! We're going! We're going!"

"Going—fiddle sticks!" Marion scoffed.

"Please explain, young man," Sam, Sr., quizzically demanded, a gleam of understanding coming into his eyes as he caught sight of tall, handsome Dick Roberts who had entered quietly after Sam, Jr., and stood just outside the door. Now he stepped forward.

"Merry Christmas, everybody!" Marion's face was as rosy as Dick's as she grasped his extended hand. "I thought you were going to your sister's in the East," she stammered.

"I was," Dick laughed, "but business wouldn't let me. I don't mind now that I can be of service to you. Young Sam knew I hadn't gone, and he swooped down upon me and explained your predicament. And my plane is at your service."

"Your plane?" Marion gasped. "A plane in this snow?"

"Yes. My plane has skis, you know. I can take you one at a time and land you safely at your grandfather's."

Grandfather and Grandmother Clark were more excited than the others, if that could be possible, when Mrs. Sam arrived first and explained what was happening. Sam, Jr., came next; then Father Sam, and last of all Marion, all rosy and excited.

"Beautiful sight, wasn't it, gliding over the country?" Sam asked as he helped Dick off with his togs.

"Marvelous!" Then Dick added quickly, "But everything's wonderful to me today because it took a ride way up in the clouds to convince Marion that I could be her pilot for life. Congratulations."

Sam, Jr., grinned at them all: "Some Christmas!"

County Notes

Edited by N. C. SHIVER
County Agent

News of the Week on Chatham County Farms

WORN OUT SOIL RESPONDS TO GOOD TREATMENT
That the soil was so poor that it Some years ago, when Mr. W. E. Griffin of Moncure, Rt. 2, moved to his present farm, he was told that the soil was so poor that it would not make "nubbins". On this same land, Mr. Griffin averaged 29.5 bushels of corn per acre on 29 acres in corn, or a total yield of 590 bushels of corn this year. Mr. Griffin farmed an eight-acre field of corn on the farm of Mr. A. G. Thomas this year. This field had a two-year-old sod of lespezoeda turned under before being planted in corn this spring. Mr. Griffin stated that his field average 30 bushels of corn per acre this year, compared with an average of 15 bushels of corn per acre this year, compared with an average of 15 bushels per acre when last in corn without lespezoeda.

HOGS FED CAFETERIA STYLE
Mr. R. B. Farrar, Apex Rt. 3, has recently completed a self-feeder with a capacity of feeding thirty hogs. This feeder has double feed compartments for minerals, fish meal, shorts and shelled corn. Mr. Farrar is cooperating with the county agent and the office of swine extension of State College in feeding out 28 head of hogs according to the "Shay Method."

PORKERS MAKING GOOD GAINS
On August 11, Mr. J. E. Clark started eight pigs on feed. These pigs weighed at that time an average of 24 pounds each. When weighed last week, they averaged 220.5 pounds each, a total gain of 196.5 pounds each during the feeding period. Mr. Clark has fed his hogs according to the Shay method, using a balanced mixture of shelled corn, fish meal, corn meal, shorts and mineral. These hogs have averaged a gain of better than one and one-half pounds per day.

SEVEN NEW MEN NOW FEEDING HOGS IN THE COUNTY
Mr. M. W. Duncan of Siler City, RFD, recently started seven fine pigs on a self-feeder. These pigs are making good gains and Mr. Duncan hopes to have them on the market in March. With Mr. Duncan, seven farmers are now feeding out hogs by the Shay method for the first time. These men are feeding a total of seventy-six head of hogs.

WINNERS OF BEST RECORDS IN CORN CONTEST ANNOUNCED
Prizes for the best records kept by the farmers in the corn contest last summer were won by J. M. Hackney, first; Raymond Clapp, second, and J. F. Duncan, third. As announced last week, the Bank of Pittsboro, Bank of Moncure, Page Trust Co., and Chatham Bank very generously cooperated in donating prizes to men keeping the best records of their projects and making the highest yields.

EXTENSION FORESTER TO VISIT THE COUNTY
Mr. R. W. Graeber, extension forester of State College, will be in the county Tuesday and Wednesday, January 13 and 14. During these days, it is planned to hold farmers' meetings for the purpose of studying best methods of conserving and marketing the farm timber. Dates and place of meetings will be announced later.

TERRACING DEMONSTRATION
Mr. A. T. Holman, extension farm engineer, will be in the county Friday, January 2, to assist at a terracing demonstration at the farm of Mr. W. H. White, Siler City, RFD. Mr. White has a terracing machine and tractor and expects to construct terraces as they are located. All farmers are invited to attend.

BONLEE MAN INTERESTED IN LESPEDEZA
"My lespezoeda was so short last year due to dry weather, I did not have an opportunity to save seed," stated Mr. I. H. Dunlap recently. He has just given an order to the county agent for ten bushels of seed, making the initial order received this season. From present indications, Chatham will seed a larger lespezoeda acreage than ever before.

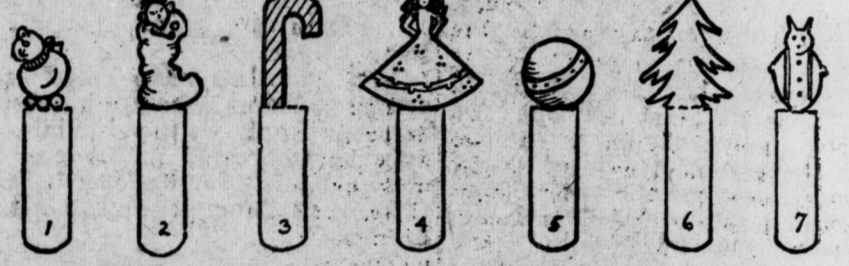
SILER CITY MAN WILL FEED OUT BEEF CATTLE
Mr. Joe Sam Dorsett is in the market for 12 Hertford heifers. Mr. Dorsett would like to winter that many head at least. He expects to make a trip to western Carolina to secure these cattle.

The county agent expects to spend Christmas week at his old home, and will be absent from the county from December 21st through December 28th.

Here's Jolly Old Santa Needing Help



To make Santa full of joys
Fill up his bag with toys



COLOR him first; then cut out his toys and cut slits where dotted lines appear in his bag—and then, after pasting on thin cardboard, put each toy in its allotted place. The numbers will tell you where each belongs. Jolly Old Santa, when he is entirely cut from the page, would make a really splendid calendar, for see! there is room on the left of his cap for you to paste a small one. He would be stronger if pasted finally on cardboard.

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"You're a welcome new member of the family," Sam answered quietly and dropped his hand on Marion's shining hair.

"Mother and I thought this was the most beautiful Christmas we'd ever seen when we looked out of the window this morning," grandfather's eyes danced, "and we hadn't been riding in any airplane. When one feels right with the world it's easier to see the beauty of things we sometimes miss."

Sam, Jr., grinned at them all: "Some Christmas!"

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BILL THE BARBER

AN UP-TO-DATE MARRIAGE IS ONE IN WHICH THE GROOM IS PAYING ALMOST ALL HIS LAST INSTALLMENT ON HIS ENGAGEMENT RING.

