

The Sanford Express.

P. H. St. Clair, D. L. St. Clair, Publishers.

Sanford, N.C., June 26, 1936.

WHAT IS HAPPENING TO COTTON?

It begins to look like the people of this section had as well quit trying to raise a cotton. In fact, some of the farmers have already quit the fleecy staple and turned to tobacco and other things for a money crop.

A special writer in the New York Herald Tribune sizes up the situation this way:

Texas is now the greatest cotton producer of all the Southern States. The rise of cheap cotton fields there is one of the reasons why the day of expansion in the Southeastern cotton mills is nearly over.

The proportion of the world's cotton supply produced in Dixie has been decreasing steadily for several years. The proportion of short staple cotton—the poorer grades—has been increasing steadily in Dixie for several years.

Yet Dixie raises more and more poor cotton.

The farmers of the Southeast, producing a low quality crop, have a rival producer of short-staple cotton nearer at home than the distant Orient.

POLITICAL WORKERS.

Many people in Lee county will doubtless endorse every word of the following article which we find in the last issue of the Lumberton Robesonian:

"We wish our representatives to the Legislature would cause to be passed a law and devise some means of enforcing it that would prohibit candidates for the various political offices of hiring men and women to solicit and oftentimes to buy votes for them.

"There ought to be passed an enforced a law prohibiting any one from fixing or marking anybody's ballot other than their own. If a man or woman is not intelligent enough to vote without the assistance of some paid hireling of some politician, or any one else, for that matter, they are not intelligent enough to decide who has the best qualifications for intelligently filling the public offices of the greatest country in the world.

"We don't think those who are holding public offices and are being paid their salaries from the tax payer's money should be allowed to spend their time canvassing and soliciting votes for the candidates of their choice.

The farmers in this section are now kept so busy fighting the boll weevil and the grass, that they hardly have time to come to town even on Saturday to do their trading and look after other business matters.

THE PRESIDENT SEEMS MORE WET THAN DRY

Mr. Hoover hastens to support Dwight Morrow, Nominated for the Senate on a Wet Platform, White He Has No Word of Encouragement for Candidates Running on a Dry Platform—Republicans Not Bothered With Convictions of It—Is A Question of Staying on Top.

(Editorial Correspondence.)

Washington, June 24.—The country has now been made a witness to another remarkable spectacle of the insincerity and hypocrisy of politics as it is practiced by the Republican party.

Now comes the news that Mr. Morrow will in a few days be given a notable reception at the White House. But in Illinois, Pennsylvania Maine and one or two other states the Republicans have nominated dries for the Senate, and not one of these candidates have been congratulated publicly by Mr. Hoover, or been received at the White House.

"Oh, well! we are told by the supporters of the President, it is because Mr. Morrow is an exceptional man, a great leader, an economic statesman of the first rank. With Mr. Hoover, Mr. Morrow's opposition to prohibition is of no consequence whatever, and the fanatical wets who are now shouting for Mr. Morrow as the Republican candidate on a wet platform, for President in 1932, might as well understand he is no Don Quixote fighting wind mills.

The fact is, no event in many moons has so greatly disturbed Republican leaders as the candidacy of Dwight Morrow on a wet platform for the Republican nomination for United States Senator from the wet State of New Jersey, and his unprecedented majority produced a near panic among these leaders.

But there is a wide difference between the two parties in a division in their ranks over a moral issue like prohibition. No Republican President since prohibition was adopted has been a genuine believer in the reform. Calvin Coolidge has admitted in some of his magazine writings since he left the Presidency that he has no heart for prohibition, and some of Mr. Hoover's closest friends report him as looking upon prohibition as "an impractical experiment."

But whether Mr. Hoover has any real convictions on the subject or not, he has given the public the impression by more than one of his acts, that for the sake of party success he is not going to be found either wet or dry so long as there is doubt as to how the country is. To begin with, he invited the country to continue the controversy over prohibition by saying in his inaugural address that every one who did not like it had a right to agitate for its repeal.

On the other hand, he appointed a commission on law enforcement and that commission, or rather its chairman, has thrown cold water on every drastic effort of the dries to improve the enforcement of prohibition. The wets are claiming that prohibition is the cause of all the lawlessness in the country, and some of the dry leaders like Senators Glass, of Virginia, conceived the idea of creating such a commission to investigate and recommend ways and means to promote the enforcement of prohibition.

Mr. Hoover was quick to espouse Mr. Morrow and his wetness, so as to take the wind out of his sails as a possible competitor two years hence for the job Mr. Hoover now holds. But there are now a great many wets in the Republican party who may not be satisfied two years hence to vote for a man for President who carries hooch on one shoulder and water on the other. That remains to be seen.

What has angered some Democratic leaders is the fact that they could never teach the rank and file of their party that prohibition was not a political issue and a party question. The Democrats fought and carried themselves to defeat over the issue, while the Republicans went to the polls, straddled the question and won. The attitude of the Republicans has insured party success but has been holding power almost from the day the reform was adopted, has maneuvered to escape the responsibility for

the enforcement of the law, and has got away with it because of the fatal division among the Democrats.

Some of the critics of Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt, of New York, as a Democratic candidate for President in 1932, are charging him with pursuing the policy of the Republicans, in his effort to shelve prohibition as an issue. His answer is that the Democrats have as much right to ignore this issue as their opponents have. And so they have, but the Democrats are what they publicly appear to be while the Republicans are not. The Democrats never had any luck in trying to fool the public, while the Republicans are adept at the game.

Republican leaders in Washington are as confident of winning in 1932 as they were in 1928, on the score that they know the game and the Democrats do not. As they see it they may possibly lose control of the seventy-second Congress on the effect of the new tariff, that is to say, through a coalition of Democrats and insurgent Republicans in the House, as well as in the Senate, but if they can keep their party from going to pieces on prohibition, they will win. They hold that the Democrats cannot possibly consolidate their forces on that question. And furthermore, they profess to feel not the slightest anxiety over the declining popularity of Herbert Hoover. They are ready to repeal prohibition if the country wants it. They are not bothered with convictions if it is a question of staying on top.

HAS BEEN A POWER ON CAPITAL HILL

Two pages in the last issue of the Literary Digest devoted to the political situation in North Carolina and the defeat of Senator Simmons by Josiah William Bailey, make interesting reading. The Digest publishes Senator Simmons' picture on one side and the sub title, "The Little Giant" and Mr. Bailey's on the other with the title "The Giant Killer." Comment on Senator Simmons as follows:

The Tar Heel "Little Giant" will be missed in Washington.

Not because he is physically conspicuous, far from it! Senator Simmons is a short, gray, frail sort of man, seventy-six years old, with a soft voice, who walks down those senate aisles he knows so well, with a short, shuffling step.

Yet this inconspicuous Furnifold McLendon Simmons has been a power on Capital Hill. Now senior United States Senator in point of service, he is ranking Democratic member of the tariff-making and tax-framing Finance Committee, and was its chairman when in the days of Democratic supremacy he helped frame the Underwood-Simmons tariff.

Aid he has been a power in North Carolina, where his five successive terms of Senator have made him North Carolina's most potent champion in Washington since the Civil War, and where for more than thirty years he has been the most undisputed boss of North Carolina Democratic politics.

GOT OUT IN GOOD TIME.

After thirty-seven years of continuous service in Congress, while serving as a Senator, Nathaniel Macon wrote to the Legislature of North Carolina: "Age and infirmity render it proper for me to retire from public service. I therefore resign the appointment of Senator to the Senate of the United States, that of trustee of the University of the State, and that of justice of the peace for the county of Warren." He had long held with Washington and Jefferson and other great men of his time, that a man should retire before the end of his life and spend the remaining years in quiet contemplation and preparation for death. He resigned on the 70th birthday and lived ten years in peace thereafter with his glory undimmed.

JUDGE SINCLAIR WON.

You remember, probably, the incident of the prohibition agent stopping Superior Court Judge Sinclair on the highway and examining his baggage, finding therein a bottle of ardent spirits, much to the judge's astonishment. He said, "The incident was passed legally when the grand jury of the federal court failed to find a bill against Judge Sinclair for transporting. There is comity between courts—between the officials of the same—and it is possible that the Federal jury understood that it was not expected to make diligent search and find a bill against a judge of the Superior Court; that it would be just as well if the bill was undiscovered. We don't say it was that way because we don't know that it was. Just mentioning that such a thing is not impossible.

So the incident passed. Judge Sinclair's term expiring this year he was a candidate in the Democratic primary in his district—the ninth—for renomination. Whether the bottle finding incident that so astonished Judge Sinclair promoted opposition or whether opposition was under way, Judge Sinclair was opposed. Herbert Lutterloh sought to succeed him as judge. But Sinclair won handsomely; and so we take it that the majority of the Democrats of the 9th judicial district either believe that the liquor was slipped to Sinclair, or they don't mind a judge having a little spirits for the stomach's sake. Certainly the majority voting in the primary did not hold it against Judge Sinclair.

From the point of judicial and administrative ability one may forgive Judge Sinclair a lot. As an administrator of the law, he stands in the very first rank for courage do to his duty against fear or favor, a quality that isn't conspicuous in judges generally. But that, desirable as it is, does not, some of us believe, give him license to cultivate acquaintances who slip bottles of liquor into his baggage when his back is turned and subject him to embarrassment if and when the baggage is searched, as it was unexpectedly on the occasion mentioned.—Stateville Landmark.

HASH

MAX ROYAL M. Y. QUILL

We make our bow eagerly; our title, we believe, may cover all our sins. It will prove typical and appropriate, for here you will find what-nots, scraps, some solid meats, shreds of everything, all sprinkled over with a tasty and slightly tart sauce. Our intentions, Mr. Ripley, are good; everything is to be construed constructively.

To get down to business, the just-ex-president of a well known North Carolina University, who has recently become a hired man for the U. of Illinois, stopped for a hokum-water trip to Joe Lazarus's milk shake shoppe Tuesday. With him was the distinguished author of "Rainbow Round My Shoulder." Joe, amid a flurry of bows, smiles and polishes, beckoned to Clerk No. 1, Fred Ray, Jr. The beaming Fred swaggered over to the table, brushing aside the ordinary customers in his path, and took an order for a brace of vanilla wafles.

With spectators ogling from the corners, Jim Holland devilishly chanting "There's a Railroad Round My Shoulder," Joe shining his few remaining vest buttons, the noted visitors took their final gulp and strode as wits becoming dignity. Joe's appreciative grin, Fred's proud smile, faded; the spectators eyed each other, crestfallen; the cash register groaned, for the distinguished visitors had not paid.

Did you ever hear the one about the absent-minded professor?

Ah! Those were surgeons in those days! Back in the stone age when a headache was eased by drilling a hole in your dome with a stone drill to let out the evil spirits.

The miniature golf racket is becoming so competitive that we are going to bid our time until they offer us 15c to play a round. We are also anxiously awaiting the day when filling station hustlers will be giving five gallons of gas to each free-air-and-water-customer.

Said a lamp-post philosopher friend of ours to her day: "They're people playing on these vest pocket golf courses what ain't got the cash to buy an honest pint of licker."

"Amos and Andy Great Benefit to Nation-Relaxation Period."—Headline.

Yeah, during a sun-shiny afternoon they draw only two million listeners, who spend about twenty minutes at the radio. This, children, means a loss to our nation of 27,777 business days, or over 76 business years per afternoon of Amos and Andy. At this rate

the end of the world will be here by Christmas. During the time we spend listening to them each afternoon, Byrd could lead 33 Polar expeditions; 19 students could obtain college degrees; the Senate could pass 162 tariff bills; 15 World Wars could be fought; and Bishop Cannon could investigate the Senate a certain amount. Q. E. D.

"Ralph Capone Jailed for Three Years."—Headline.

At last some master genius has evolved a method of ridding Chicago of its gangsters.

TOPICS OF THE TOWN

The City Fathers announce with pardonable pride that Sanford's hosiery industry has shown a sizable increase during the first quarter of the month. This is fine—and the outlook is just as bright for the next three months, most of our colleges opening in September.

THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK

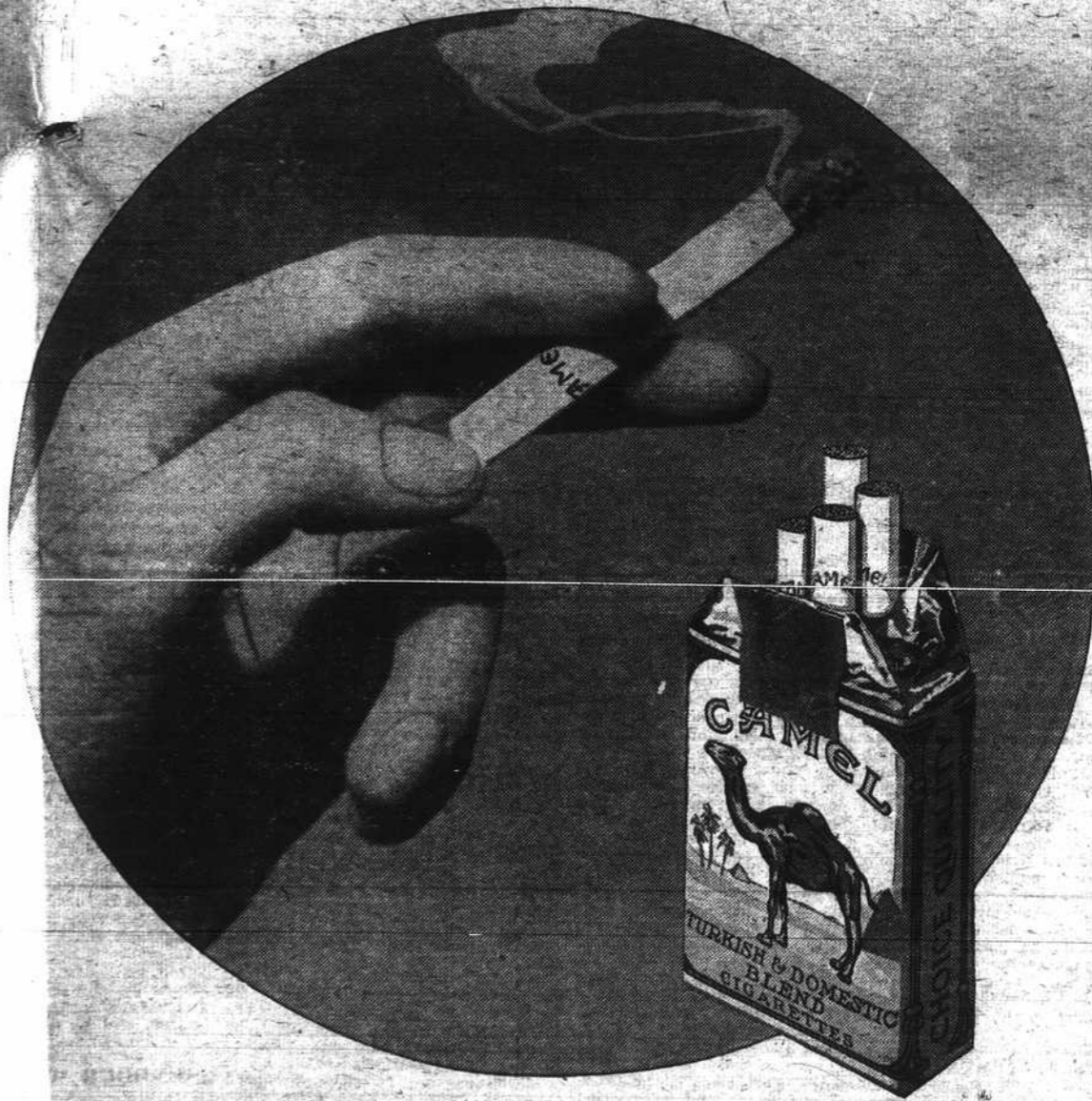
"There was a faction against me!" was the startling election analysis of one of the less successful candidates after the recent primary.

THE GRAHAM KIND IS THE GENUINE ARTICLE.

Those who think higher salaries would attract greater talent to the teaching profession should consider the attitude of Frank Graham. Though his salary as President of the University will be double that as professor, he seemed not to think of that for a minute, but was perfectly satisfied to remain as teacher at the smallest salary. And we guarantee that a higher salary in another State would not have attracted him from his beloved alma mater. The born teacher is scarcely a money-seeker. Frank's father taught many a year for a tenth of what Frank will get, and it would be hard to find a better teacher at any salary than Alex Graham was in his prime, and only old age (he is now 85 we believe), drove him from the school work. On the other hand, we know a principal of a school in a North Carolina village who has been drawing a fine salary as teacher, his wife also drawing a salary, yet the man is not satisfied, though his living expenses are necessarily at the minimum, and is running a garage and filling station and has a contract to furnish pulp wood for a paper mill. What you bet he doesn't long survive as a teacher? Business will get him. And, for one, we can not cry when any University professor, getting a comfortable salary, is drawn away by the offer of a higher salary. The Graham kind is the genuine article.—Chatham Record.

Special Prices on Asphalt Strip Shingles KING MANUFACTURING COMPANY, ROOFING AND SHEET METAL CONTRACTORS, SANFORD, N. C.

Last Call For Tobacco Flues! AFTER JULY 10th FLUES WILL BE ONE CENT PER POUND HIGHER. AS ONLY FIFTY SETS LEFT AT 7 CENTS PER POUND. Lee Hardware Co, "THE WINCHESTER STORE." SANFORD, N. C. "TO SAVE YOUR COTTON—Poison the Boll Weevil NOW!"



CAMEL—made to smoke

ALL THE PLEASURE that tobacco can give is found in Camels! Mild! Fragrant! Soothing! Refreshing as the dawn of a holiday!

Camels are made for this one reason: To give you the utmost smoking pleasure. And this can be assured only by the use of the choicest cigarette tobaccos blended to an inimitable smoothness, and prepared by the most modern and scientific methods of manufacture.

When you light a Camel you have the happy knowledge that money can't buy a better cigarette.

Don't deny yourself the luxury of Camels

ON THE RADIO Camel Pleasure Hour—Wednesday evenings on N. B. C. network, WJZ and associated stations. Consult your local radio time table.

© 1936, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.