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Dr. Hugh Parks

Prophets, they say, are not without honor, save in their own country or community. That may be so, but it does not apply to the medical profession whose members are more beloved at home than abroad—and for abundant reason.

And so when we go to record the death last week of Dr. Hugh Parks, it is right and proper to make appraisal of the man who has been so inextricably woven into the hearts of the people of this community and for such good reason. In another column of this paper will be found in detail the record of his preparation for his chosen work; it tells that after this preparation he came here sixteen years ago to cast his lot among us and to minister to human ills. How painstakingly and efficiently he went about this work needs no re-telling, for in many homes the story of his ministrations is an important page in an open book. And the memory of the man will not fade.

As a private practitioner, Dr. Parks endeared himself to our people by his ability, and efficiency and by the deep personal interest he took in his patrons and in the community. For he was not only a good doctor, he was a good citizen.

Because of his recognized ability he was made physician-in-chief and assistant superintendent of the Hugh Chatham Memorial hospital three years ago, and in that post, since that time, he has justified the confidence of those charged with directing the destiny of that great institution, and his untimely passing (he was only 45 years of age, ripe in judgments and efficiency) robs that institution of one of its most valuable workers.

Dr. Parks was not of that jolly, back-slapping type whose friendliness is such a psychological help in the practice of medicine. But that does not mean that he was not friendly or lacking in sympathy. He very definitely was. But his chief reliance was in his knowledge of medicine and surgery and how it should be applied, and the long list of human lives conserved for future usefulness is a monument to his thoroughness and ability. Dr. Parks was modest and unassuming, but he was also capable and efficient.

For two months Dr. Parks had been ill, and in that time this community had ample evidence of his popularity in the interest his neighbors manifested in his fight for recovery. We are all deeply grieved that he who had healed others, could not himself be healed.

An Outmoded System

Right now some of us are abusing a plan adopted by the founding fathers and made a part of the constitution, and insisting that it be changed, and at the same time condemning a presidential third-term for anybody, although the builders of the constitution refused to go that far.

The plan adopted by the founders, and which we now are complaining about is the fol-de-rol of choosing personal electors—mere figureheads—who in turn are expected to formally name the President of the United States, instead of electing the chief executive by popular vote.

It would seem that measuring the public will at the ballot box and abiding by the verdict would be the most democratic way of going about the choosing. Under the present system there is the possibility that one candidate for this high office may actually be the choice of a majority of the people, while another who gains a majority of the electoral votes goes to the White House. As a matter of fact that has happened more than once.

In the recent election Mr. Roosevelt had a majority of both the popular vote and the electors, yet it is a fact that the shift of less than a million votes could have changed the political color of enough strategic states to bring victory to his opponent. This time Mr. Roosevelt's victory is greatly exaggerated by the electoral vote he received. It cannot properly be called a landslide, although the electoral count points that way. Mr. Roosevelt's majority in the electoral college is 449 to 82, yet he had a majority of only 5,000,000 votes in a total of 48,052,236 as actually cast at the polls. Examining those figures and their conflicting relationships, Mr. Roosevelt and his friends have little reason to make whoopee over his victory.

Several plausible, meritorious and workable plans have been advanced to take the place of this antiquated machinery provided by the constitution. But our representatives in Congress have never come to the point where they were willing to submit one of the plans to the people for approval. So we con-

tinued to adhere to an admitted fault in the constitution, while getting fidgety and red in the face and all het up over the third-term tradition which the framers of the constitution wouldn't write into it.

The Power of the Press

The result of the recent national election proved two things very definitely: We still have a free press, in spite of protestations to the contrary and in spite of the echoes from the wailing wall that the freedom is about to be lost. That is one thing that has been proven. The other is that the old-time ballyhoo about the "power of the press" is the bunk.

Unlike the radio, newspapers are not licensed, except in that the government requires a permit for the use of the mails which is easily secured and under requirements that are not at all exacting. The radio is restricted by rules from expressing any opinions. The newspapers do have opinions and can and do express them.

Secretary Ickes during the campaign went out on a limb when he declared that newspaper opinion especially in the metropolitan areas was controlled by the advertisers. Ickes' offense was that he gave utterance to what he could not prove. But he spoke a half truth just the same. The newspaper that flies in the face of its advertisers is either a courageous crusader or so well heeled with the wherewithal that it just plain doesn't give a hang. Editorial opinion is not actually bought and paid for, but frequently it leans as a tree to the wind.

As for the "power of the press," one has only to remember that eighty per cent. of larger newspapers of the country opposed Mr. Roosevelt's re-election. Some of them left their editorial pages and crowded the news off the front pages in order to make sure their messages would not be overlooked. They overlooked no argument that gave promise of driving a wedge between the President and his well-wishers, and some of them indulged in unjustified bitterness in trying to nail Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy to the barn door. And yet they failed, utterly failed. Not with all the blocs and strange bedfellowing could they head off Mr. Roosevelt. If ever there was a time when the press really should have gone to town it was at the last election, when the third-term issue itself was supposed to be enough to do the trick, with political hatreds standing by to help. But the press failed.

The power of the press remains about what it always has been—the ability to deliver a message, and the message has to be good if it influences anybody. When eighty per cent. of the papers of this country can't crystallize public sentiment in a given direction then there must have been something wrong with the message, else never again should the press be credited with the prestige and influence that has been claimed for it. Yet if we were a candidate for office, we'd hate like sin for any newspaper to take out after us.

Not Too Late

Reports from those conducting the drive for membership in the American Red Cross, the annual Red Cross Roll Call, show a gratifying response on the part of the local public. Which means that our people sense the importance of this great humanitarian agency and are willing to support it with their interest and dollars. And that is as it should be.

But the job is by no means finished until everyone has contributed—something. For either poor in deed, or negligent, will be the home that does not display the Red Cross window card of membership; unhappy should be the individual who deliberately or negligently fails to heed this humanitarian call.

These canvassers are busy people, just like the rest of us. It is reasonable to suppose that they have missed a few persons on their rounds and it should be the purpose of these to get in touch with Mrs. Bryan, who is in charge of the drive locally, and enlist as a member of this great organization.

Right now we are talking and thinking a great deal about national unity, and where pray, is there a better place to start than in bolstering the Red Cross with our dollars. It is an opportunity for ALL our people to have part in the greatest charity of all. No donation is too small, and none could be big enough to meet the need. For these membership dollars are the main dependence of the Red Cross, and they are needed now more than they have ever been needed before, and the urgency of this need will be augmented as the days go by.

During the past fiscal year the American Red Cross has been called into action in one hundred and two disasters, one of them right here at our door. More than 100,000 of our citizens have been the beneficiaries of its interest, in time of stress, and countless others have been aided in the safety campaigns and rescue work that may have meant the preservation of life for many who otherwise may have been under the sod.

These activities require a lot of money, not a cent of which is wasted, and not a cent of which goes into the pockets of officials. And so if you have been missed during the Roll Call, it is not too late to enlist. By all means see Mrs. Bryan or one of the committee and have the satisfaction that comes from having part in this noble work.

When Jack Garner took to raising chickens it was only natural for him to select bantams, if you get what we mean.

And now the "indispensable man" shifts to the main dependence on your favorite football team.

CLUB OBSERVES LADIES' NIGHT

Preachers Do Swell Job of Entertaining Group at Banquet Thursday

TO ENTERTAIN NURSES

The Elkin Kiwanis club last Thursday night entertained wives and friends at a banquet staged in the Kiwanis room at Hotel Elkin, hearing an entertaining program presented by preachers of the town.

Carl Poindexter acted as master of ceremonies, presenting Rev. Stephen Morrisett, who played a group of piano numbers, and Rev. H. F. Duncan, whose subject was "A Woman in the Case."

In humorous vein, Rev. Mr. Duncan declared that woman has been man's enigma from the time of creation, and went on to point out that even though man cannot get along with woman, he cannot get along without her. He then changed from humorous to serious and paid tribute to women.

C. J. Hyslop was welcomed as a new member of the club during the meeting.

Attendance prizes were won by Mrs. R. B. Harrell and Mrs. R. C. Freeman.

The nurses of Hugh Chatham hospital will be guests of the club at their meeting this evening (Thursday).

ORDER NUMBERS IN THIS ISSUE

(Continued from Page One)

mean anything so far as selective service is concerned. Registered men should not confuse their serial numbers, which were published in The Tribune for this area several weeks ago, with their order numbers.

According to draft officials, numerous registrants of this area and of area No. 1, which includes Mount Airy, have been mailed their questionnaires.

Announcement has also been made of the appointment of the draft advisory board for this area (No. 2), with John W. Comer, of Dobson, as chairman. Other advisors who aid registrants in filling out questionnaires are B. F. Folger and Bausie Marion, of Dobson; J. Mark McAdams and Julius Hall, of Elkin; J. Sam Gentry, of Mountain Park; T. N. Woodruff, of Lowgap; Marvin H. Shore, of Pilot Mountain; L. A. Matthews, of Shoals; Hugh L. Atkinson, of Sliam; Arthur F. Graham, of Copeland; Wendell Wilmoth, of Rusk; and George Fulp, of Ararat.

DRAFT MEDICAL GROUPS NAMED

(Continued from Page One)

members, one each of the following: Internist, surgeon, radiographer, psychiatrist, pathologist, orthopedist, eye, ear, nose and throat specialist and dentist.

"It has been thought best to select these as nearly as possible in the cities where the boards will meet, for the reason that they will have hospital facilities, and it will be more convenient for the members to meet when necessary without the inconvenience of travel and loss of time. The members also serve without pay."

The counties in district 4, which includes Surry, Yadkin, Alleghany and Wilkes, and the personnel recommended for the board, follows:

District 4: Alexander, Alleghany, Ashe, Caldwell, Davidson, Davie, Forsyth, Guilford, Iredell, Randolph, Rockingham, Rowan, Stokes, Surry, Watauga, Wilkes and Yadkin counties.

Drs. S. D. Craig, J. P. Rousseau, B. N. Jones, R. A. Moore, Elbert A. MacMillan, W. L. Grimes, T. T. Frost and Harry Keel, all of Winston-Salem.

DR. J. R. JOHNSON TO PRACTICE HERE

Dr. J. R. Johnson, formerly of Ramseur, but more recently of Richmond, West Va., arrived here the early part of the week to engage in the practice of medicine. Dr. Johnson graduated in 1927 from the Medical College of Virginia, and interned at the Association of Hospitals at the Medical College of Virginia at Richmond, and since his graduation has been a member of the hospital staff. He is a native of Randolph county, North Carolina.

Dr. Johnson is living temporarily at Hotel Elkin, and his family will join him here as soon as he can secure living quarters.

LOSS

The loss of European markets as a result of the war cut exports of American food products to \$15,279,000 in September as compared with \$28,693,000 in the same month a year ago.

Memories



Dale Carnegie

Author of "How to Win Friends and Influence People."

BEATING FATE

It's not so much what Destiny does to us, as what we do to Destiny. That's the force that counts; that inner determination. And when you have that, Destiny may be baffled and beaten.

Fate may take a man and tear off his leg, but it doesn't defeat him. It did that very thing to a young man, and made him a great aviation figure. That man? Alexander de Seversky.

Sometimes Fate puts a person in bed and tells him he is defeated. That very thing happened to Florence Nightingale. She suffered an invalid's life for fifty years—and established public nursing systems which led to the Red Cross.

Fate took a young Australian boy and blinded him at birth. That young man has never seen a human being. But Fate didn't conquer the sturdy soul of Alec Templeton, the blind musician, singer, and entertainer.

Fate took Immanuel Kant and struck him with its black rod and made him a hunchback and a dwarf; it gave him a body so ill-shaped that he never traveled more than 40 miles from home in all his life, so sensitive was he to his outward appearance. But it didn't conquer that noble spirit, for he became a great philosopher and wrote a book that shook the philosophical world to its foundations. The name of his immortal book: "The Critique of Pure Reason."

Fate tried its hand again. It took a lad and racked him with dyspepsia and chronic insomnia. So bad were the combined attacks of dyspepsia and sleeplessness that he gave up all thought of trying to stay in bed, so he rose in the middle of the night and worked on his beloved mathematics. Page after page he filled while others slept; and in these quiet hours he worked out "descriptive geometry." Still Fate thought it had the better of him, for it took him from the world at the age of 39; but it didn't succeed even then, for his theorems live on, and every ship that sails the sea pays a silent tribute to his genius as does every man or maid who clicks off the keys on a comptometer, for he invented the first adding machine in history: Blaise Pascal.

Sometimes Fate says, "Ah! I'll strike him through his eyes. I'll make him shortsighted; I'll trouble and plague him all his life." And Fate does trouble and plague him; but also it makes him a Toscanini.

This same monster, Fate, scourged a widow with ill health and poverty. So terrible was this wolf of poverty that howled outside her door that she had to burn her furniture to keep warm; she could eat only one meal a day. But Fate didn't quite have his way, for that woman was Carrie Jacobs Bond, and she wrote a song that sold more copies than any other song ever

composed in the Western world: "The End of a Perfect Day."

If Fate seems to have marked you for its toy, think of others who have had the same mark and thrown it off.

WITH THE SICK

The following patients have been admitted to the local hospital during the past week: Mrs. Fern Combs, Galax, Va.; Minnie Lou Laster, Ronda; Webster Darnell, Elkin; Eugene Colbert, Benham; Florence Greer, Warrenville; Mrs. L. B. Abernethy, Elkin; Arvil Brendle; Mrs. Cora Mason, Black Mountain; Mrs. Ruth Brown, Mountain Park; Mrs. Ida Jane Groce, Cana; Mrs. Colena West, State Road; Mrs. Mary Warren, Thurmond; Lee Lawrence, Jr., Elkin; Mrs. Mamie Apperson, Jonesville; Odell Hutchins, Rockford; Claude Bryant, Yadkinville; Raymer Sprinkle, Yadkinville.

Patients dismissed during the week were: Mrs. Mary Ruth Middleton, Jonesville; Mrs. Lizzie Swaim, Cycle; Mrs. Robbie Wall, Mt. Park; Shirley Ann Vestal, Jonesville; Mrs. Violet Mackie, Jonesville; Mrs. Josephine Dudley, Booneville; Henry Layell, Elkin; Mrs. Lillie Jenkins, Dobson; Mrs. Tilda Barber, Rusk; Orville Newman, Elkin; Mrs. Florence Greer; James Reynolds, Yadkinville; Mrs. Florence Cheek, Jonesville; Mrs. Ruby Hamby, Elkin; Mrs. Angie Newman, State Road; Mrs. Flora Turner, Jonesville; Mrs. L. B. Abernethy, Elkin; Odell Hutchins, Rockford.

MERCHANTS HERE TO SECURE FLAGS

Sponsored by the local post of the American Legion, a drive is underway here to have all merchants and business firms to buy and display the American Flag on all occasions calling for such showing of the flag.

According to legion officials, about 40 firms have signified their willingness to purchase flags, and although the drive is not yet over, it is already considered a great success.

YADKIN YOUTH SHOOTS OFF ONE OF HIS TOES

Raymer Sprinkle, 18, of Yadkinville, shot off a toe on his left foot Wednesday when a gun which he was cleaning accidentally discharged, sending the load into his foot. He was brought to the local hospital for treatment, where he is resting as well as could be expected.

A Thought

The real cost of anything is the amount of work required to earn the money with which to purchase it.

THE DOCTOR

PUBLICITY MAN

One of my former class mates at high school drifted to New York and became a publicity agent. If ever a man was gifted with a vivid imagination and the ability to impress people with the value of the odd things which he proposed to do to stimulate business, it was Becker.

For some reason which he alone knew, he favored bears in helping him put across his numerous publicity stunts. His first appearance with one of these trained animals startled the whole town and brought the article he was advertising great publicity.

In the days of which I speak, all the street cars of New York were operated by cables—a cable-car, containing the mechanism adapted to grip the cable running in the slot, being ahead of the passenger car. Followed by his enormous bear which he rented from an Italian bearing an announcement on either of its sides, Becker would enter the car, the bear trudging behind him, with the result that the passengers immediately left and a mild panic ensued. He kept at this until the police stopped him, but he accomplished his purpose and the entire town knew about the product he was publicizing.

He told me that his ingenious efforts were not appreciated in the small town in which we resided so he came to New York, and purchased a tame black bear from a Maine trapper. Securing the advertising account of an unknown brand of champagne he guaranteed to increase its sale through the medium of this more or less mild bruin. A leather collar was placed about its neck, adapted to hold four champagne bottles of the brand to be featured, and one morning at about two o'clock, when the streets were deserted in lower New York, the animal was taken down town and released at the head of Wall Street—a real bear in Wall Street.

Of course Becker expected the papers to be filled with the story of a bear walking about Wall Street, but for three days there was no mention of the animal or the champagne. The fourth morning, a tipsy individual, about eight a.m., saw a bear, with four bottles of champagne about its neck, crawling out of a brick tomb in Trinity Church Yard. He emitted a yell and began to run, followed by the animal.

One of the bottles about its neck hit an iron fence post in the cemetery and exploded, upsetting the bear, and as the poor thing rolled over and over the other bottles exploded, and there was a live, mad bear in Wall Street, sure enough. It howled, bit at people, raced down the street, turned around, bit itself and started in to fight the world.

Pandemonium reigned. Hysterical crowds ran for shelter. Women fainted. Horses ran away. The police came and finally shot the bear, and the champagne attained much publicity, only to lose all possibilities of gaining a market, owing to the dawn of prohibition.

Pretty Crooked

"Can I trust him?" "Never! He's so crooked that the wool he pulls over your eyes is half cotton."