

The Chatham Blanketeer

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A MEMORIAL OF CLEON GABLE MASENCUP

O cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee.
I lay in dust lifes glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms
Red, life that shall endless be.

Cleon Gable Masencup was born January 11, 1906 in Winston-Salem, Forsyth county. His was a short, but useful life, and came to a close August 27th, 1933. He was an obedient child in the home and tried to scatter sunshine in the pathway of Father and Mother. When he grew older his usefulness did not stop in the home, but in influence was felt in the church where he was a regular attendant at Sunday school. His was a sunny disposition that won the friendship of those about him. He could see the bright side of life, was devoted to his brothers and sisters. He was a student at Mineral Springs school and also Old Town High School. At the age of 18 as a young man he started to work for Reynolds Company and when twenty he went to Chatham Manufacturing Company in Winston-Salem, where he made good as an employee and also found new friends. His church activities were further evidence in his serving as secretary and treasurer of the young peoples class at Sunday school.

O Master when Thou callest
No voice may say Thee nay
For blest are they that follow
Where Thou dost lead the way.
In freshest prime of morning
Or fullest glow of noon,
The note of Heavenly warning
can
Never come too soon.

His interest did not stop in the Sunday School. He heeded the call of the Master, and at the age of sixteen upon profession of faith he became a member of Beck's Baptist church and served as usher for eight years. In his

going, the home loses a loving son and brother, the church a useful member and the community one of its best boys and will be greatly missed.

He is survived by his father and mother, three sisters, Gertrude, Grace and Lula, and one brother, Ralph.

It is not death to die
To leave this weary road,
And mid the brotherhood on high
To be at home with God.

Jesus Thou Prince of life,
Thy chosen cannot die,
Like Thee conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

His family wishes to express their appreciation to all of their friends for the many floral designs, kindness and love they have shown during these hours of sadness.

MILL LIFE HERE AND IN ENGLAND

(Continued From Page One)

anything else but a mill hand. But do not let me give the impression that he is not as bright or not as hard working as an American, for if he has a steady job, which is not very often nowadays, he is hard working and conscientious, while the skilled worker in England is inferior to none, his father, grandfather and great-grandfather probably did the same job as he is doing and the knowledge of how to do that job has been passed down from generation to generation till he knows how to do it perfectly.

For recreation and amusement they take their fun where they find it. The men congregate on the street corners or in the local saloons, or hubs as they are called and discuss politics and horse racing, and there are very few of them that cannot name the winners of the Derby and Grand National for the past ten years. Everyone of them is ready and willing to put up his fifty cents on his fancy in the next day's races, and, if he should lose, he will go right back and do the same thing next day, as betting on the horses is one sport that is indulged in by both the lowly and great in England. Many of the men own a whippet dog in which they take great pride, and many is the day they will go hungry in order that the dog may have a good piece of meat to eat. On Saturday afternoons they will congregate in some open space where they will race their dogs over hurdles or in flat races, betting profusely on their own dogs. The women sometimes join in these amusements, but usually they are too busy with their house work to care for such frivolities.

So it would seem that the mill people lead a somewhat dull life

during most of the year. Perhaps they do, but wait til vacation time comes, then they sure turn on and have them a time. It is customary up in the northern part of England where all the cotton and woolen mills are situated, that each town at a different time of the summer will declare a week's "wake", which means holiday, then all the mills shut down, the people pack a few clothes, gather their somewhat numerous family together and set out for the beach. I am willing to bet you that if you were to go down to the beach during a wake you would not be able to see any promenade or sand for people, scraps of paper and empty beer bottles, for when they start drinking beer over there they can drink their weight in it.

Seeing that the Englishman of this type is not of a very saving nature, you would wonder where they get the money from. Well, I can explain that by a conversation I overheard once: Min and Lija were coming back from the beach and Min was complaining that they had only been able to stay a week, so Lija says: "If we had sold the bath tub and the kitchen stove as well as the piano we could have stayed another week." So they probably spent the next year buying back the piano and sold it again next wake time.

The one thing that the Englishman is serious about is the well-fare of his own country and his own "rights" as he calls them, that is to say that he shall be allowed to express himself freely on any subject, that the law will give him justice and that he shall not starve, even if he cannot get a job; he says he is ready to fight and die for his country, so if he is unable to get employment, then the country should feed him. Now this last matter has been a difficult proposition since the war as England during the last twenty years has lost its strangle-hold on the world's textile trade completely, and the demand for English goods has decreased so jobs are hard to get; much harder than in America. There are many reasons why England lost out so badly, but the more important are these: that during the war she was so busy fighting that she was unable to put out the quality and quantity of goods her customers wanted so they went elsewhere and bought them, and when the war was over she had gotten so far behind in styles, price and salesmanship, that it will take her some time yet and a lot of hard work and new ideas to catch up. Another reason is this: that the Englishman hates drastic changes and while before the war she could sell her customers just whatever she wanted to make, now she finds she has to manufacture at a cheap price what her cus-

tomers wants to buy, and it is only in the last year or so that she has made up her mind that what is good enough in England is not necessarily good enough somewhere else.

But personally there never has been and never will be a doubt in my mind that England like America will weather this crisis like it has before and come out with colors flying. One of the main hopes in my opinion lies in the education of future textile workers for their work. Right now, both in England and America, there are many fine textile schools seeking to educate the textile workers, young and old, so that we may be better fitted to turn out good work, and not be content to be mentally at a standstill all our lives.

And I think that the salvation of the two great English speaking nations will be in a better understanding, and an effort to solve mutual problems with the help of each other.

The cost of living is much lower than over here, but nevertheless such articles of luxury as the automobile and refrigerator are absolutely beyond the reach of anyone paid less than a department foreman; for over there an automobile costs about twice as much, gasoline costs twice as much and the government tax, which runs according to the horsepower, is prohibitive. So instead of, as over here, hearing the chug-chug-chug of automobiles driving up to work in the early morning, you would hear the clatter-clatter of "clogs" of wooden shoes, which all the mill hands wear except on Sundays and holidays when they wear regular shoes; and believe me, if you were to hear a thousand of so people all clattering to work in their wooden shoes, you would think a regular army had come to town.

Another thing that is worthy of note is that although the great war demoralized England considerably, there is still a great deal more class distinction there than in the United States.

Raymond Pardue Fatally Scalded

Funeral services for Raymond Pardue, age 19, who was fatally scalded, were held August 31st from the Little Elkin Baptist church, with the pastor in charge. The burial followed in the church cemetery.

Surviving are the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Grover Pardue, two sisters and one brother.

The deceased is a relative of Mr. Free Pardue, of the Weaving department of the Elkin mill.

John: "Sam, I just thought of something."

Sam: "John, you can't do that, you always make a mistake."