

OPEN FORUM

Readers are invited to contribute to this department. Profit may be derived from these letters. Name of writer must accompany all manuscript and brevity is urged.

FROM A WESTERN READER

I have been asked by one of your good patrons to say something. He knows I used to debate things, and that disposition still stays with me, even at 73 years last spring. My ability to get peeved still lives, especially when I hear or read arguments we all know are false and those that utter them know they are false.

I will begin with the bank holiday in 1933. It was imperative that something be done. The good needed weeding out from the bad, and it was time that some power other than the morgan power step in with some better advice than that barbaric old rule. "Every man for himself and the devil take the hindmost." My seeing in the paper a claim that the bank holiday had started the panic, made me think to mention it here.

When the money power threatened Wilson that they would create a panic, he told them to hold their horses; he would fight back to his utmost. They held off. But Hoover favored the high dollar even to the destruction of the farmers. When the wheat growers of Montana were loading their wheat on the cars at eight cents per bushel or twelve and a half bushels for one great big Hoover honest robber dollar, Hoover was yelling at the top of his voice, "Save the honest dollar!" He really meant, "Save the robber Morgan dollar, even if the farmer starves." The poor-house won't hold them, and Hoover's righteous soul was vexed when the farmers did not like being sacrificed on the altar of gold. When Judge Bradley of Iowa, said, "Sell the farmers out," the farmers objected. Another year of Hoover in Iowa would have brought on a revolution in peaceful, honest Iowa. It took too much corn, wheat and hogs to buy that great big Hoover-Morgan dollar.

In 1928 the banks of the country got hold of a lot of securities. In order to sell them they had to make credit easy. They had about ten billions of dollars worth, so they created credit money to that amount. The boast of the west for fifty years had been, "Go west, buy homes and farm on time; grow up with the country." And it has generally worked. But with the sale of so much worthless stocks and bonds, when the order came to draw in all the money, everybody was ruined but the loan sharks. In 1928 I sold my wheat for \$1.25 per bushel, sold land at a good price; but before 1932 wheat was 18 to 22 cents in Idaho and Washington, and less in Montana—five bushels or more for the great big Hoover-Morgan robber dollar. Land went down, homes being lost. The homes are the safety of the nation, but if the money powers can sell out all the homes in a few years, where is safety? Extreme wealth with extreme poverty is the father of revolution.

I will compare wheat and dollars. Coolidge wheat, \$1.25; Hoover wheat, 20 cents; Roosevelt wheat 75 cents. Coolidge oranges, 4 cents per pound; Hoover oranges, 1 cent or less; Roosevelt oranges, 2 cents. The dollar that Al Smith hooted at as a "baloney dollar," you can see, is a husky infant, but nothing to compare with the great Hoover dollar. It's strange for Hoover to think that the descendants of the American farmer who fired the shot heard around the world would sink out of sight peacefully when the loan sharks grabbed up their homes under the robber dollar. The dollar was still climbing, so a change of presidents was voted.

Hoover lost his congress, but he held to his dollar with a death grip. He holds it every time he tells endowed colleges what his dollar would bring. He says "clipped dollars." Better clip a great big dollar than clip the deed from home-owners in the land. Knox and others are yelling the same. When Hoover got such an ovation at the Cleveland convention, I decided the loan sharks

must have had something to do with it—the men who tried to seize the property of the country at one-sixth of the Coolidge price. Some Republicans feel the same way. He made me think of the turtle and the Irishman. Somebody cut the turtle's head off, but he still crawled around. When the Irishman saw him he remarked, "That baste is dead, but don't know it." All the farmers don't lose, forget and like it, but some make me think of Job. They say, "The republican party giveth, the Republican party taketh away, and blessed be the name of Herbert Hoover."

Abe Lincoln said that God must have liked the poor people because He made so many of them. Jefferson was a commoner. When the country came out from under George III, people were so used to kings that some of them still wanted a king, and some wanted the rich and educated to rule. Jefferson saw to it that all the people ruled. Al Smith and his clique claim to be Jeffersonian when they are no more like Jefferson than some of these rich fellows are like Abe Lincoln. One of our worst pests here in California is Bromada grass, commonly called devil grass. When the Republicans in their patriotism went back to get grass roots, I'm afraid they got devil grass roots. Some people are inclined to canonize some old timers when they really don't know what they are doing.

We see lots of objecting to the reciprocity treaties with other countries. We remember that President Taft tried to make a reciprocity treaty with Canada; we might examine that treaty to determine if it was any more favorable to the United States than the present one.

Here is a story a Washington newspaper man tells about Hoover. Vice President Curtis had an old friend in Kansas that had a government loan, and they were about to close him out. Curtis went to Hoover and asked him to stop the sale. Hoover wouldn't do it. At last he went back to Hoover and told him he was going to buy it himself and make public his reason for doing it—that Hoover had refused to act. Then Hoover stopped the sale when he feared that he would be exposed.

There was another bit of money that we never heard the fate of. It was about 90 millions, and it was to have been turned over to the care of Charlie Dawes. Some people say Hoover tried to stop the depression with government money, too. Well, this loan of 90 millions to Dawes' Chicago bank is a typical instance. The bank got the money and nobody else got a look at it. The unpaid Chicago teachers continued to lose their homes by foreclosure, and the Chicago industrial machinery continued to rust. And that's the way it was all over the country in those days.

We all know that the farmers and all productive industries were in awful shape, the farmers just about to be sold for nearly nothing, the land sharks thinking of getting land for one-sixth of the 1928 price. I said to a man, "It's hard for a lifetime's savings to go for so little." His answer, "I have to look after my children." But Roosevelt stepped in and he got only his money. No wonder men like that yelled, "We want Hoover." And Knox is just as bad. Landon remembers Roosevelt's help to Kansas, and speaks more quietly. But Knox was for years general manager of Hearst's newspapers, and Landon is a product of a Hearst build-up. Both would be willing tools of the Hearst plutocracy.

I will note in passing the great spell-binder of Oregon, Stewar. To

be admitted to the platform, he had to repudiate the best things, the humane things, which Roosevelt had helped to do for his people. To repudiate thus his good deeds, and eat humble pie, must indeed have been hard. But he seems to gulp it down with a relish. He ought to get his reward.

When the farmer got a living for his work, he passed it on. When the laborer got his share all the manufacturers, including the automobile makers, got their share. Everything is moving again. All labor can cut down in production, it is called good business. But the farmer is a criminal if he tried to regulate supply and demand. The farmer would be tickled if he could get a fair price for his abundance. Six bushels of wheat and 200 pounds of oranges for a dollar only take him to the poor house.

I will illustrate. Say in 1928 a man had a grove that he has been offered \$100,000 for. That grove pays him twelve per cent on that money. A fine home situated just right. He does not want to sell, has enough coming from the outside to pay all his debts. But before 1932, he tries to sell for \$30,000 and can-

not do it. It seems that the grove must go for \$16,500. Then the New Deal steps in and says, "We will give you a loan with a low rate of interest and long time to repay." They declare that the government meddles in private business, but private capital would not touch it. Private capital did help a little, but felt cheated at 125 per cent for two and a half years' interest. That shows what Roosevelt did for the poor farmer. Hoover with his "honest" dollar dug up the roots of prosperity and threw them in the fire.

They accuse the Democrats of promoting class war, but look at what the Republicans did in the Maine election. The very rich flooded the state with campaign money. Then they said, "As Maine goes, so goes the nation." How much is it worth? In 1932 Hoover carried Maine, but not the nation.

It seems that people are always in a fight. The nobles and great barons fought against King John at Runnymede and got the Great Charter. A long time after that Charles I tried to establish unlimited power. Cromwell, Hampden, and others stopped him. It was their heads or his, so

it was his. Charles II learned nothing and James II learned less. And now we have the money powers and Landon yelling, "Waste and inefficiency!" Where did Grant come in? He almost let Jay Gould and Jim Fisk get a corner on gold, and Harding was no model. Witness the Teapot Dome and the other scandals of his administration. It looks like money bags to see Landon's supporters. I am not like Vice President Marshall; I do not need a five-cent cigar. But I want a dollar that buys one bushel of wheat from the producer; the price should not fall below 60 cents per bushel at any time. Oranges should be four cents per pound at the highest and two cents at the lowest, to the producer.

About the Townsend plan pension. It seems that no man would be idiot enough to want to pay more than actual needs for anyone. I would like to see how much work they all do, whether their laying off would make much difference in unemployment or not. I believe we would see a lot of lazy old boys in the lot. I bet a rotten apple that Landon doesn't give them very much. I want not Hoover but Franklin D. Roosevelt for presi-

dent, and my old friend Farmer Bob Doughton for congress. Hurrah for the Democratic ticket! Sincerely, L. C. MILLER, Route 1, Box 309, Redlands, Calif. October, 1936. FROM A WESTERN—GAL TWO

FAVORS DOUGHTON

Mr. Editor: It appeals to my mind that time will be too short for our beloved "Old North State" ever again to be the mother of a grand or noble congressman, as the Hon. R. L. Doughton, has made; so let's rally to the front and give him the grandest majority that he has ever had and not forget the entire Democratic ticket. A SINCERE LIFE-LONG DEMOCRAT

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PAID POLITICAL ADVERTISEMENT

LEST WE FORGET

Do you remember February, 1933?

All over North Carolina, all through the Nation, there was fear. Hunger was almost as widespread.

"The banks are going to close," men whispered to each other.

"No help wanted," was the answer to men whose children were crying for food.

"No more credit, I'm broke myself," said the merchant to the farmer in his "Hoovercart."

Terror gripped the entire Nation. In cities mounted policemen rode down men, women and even children who were rioting for food. National Guard units were ordered to stand by for trouble. The Federal Government was paralyzed. America looked frantically for a leader.

Do you remember the first of March, 1933?

Housekeepers were hoarding food.

Men worked feverishly in the darkness to bury what money they had.

Banks crashed, checks bounced.

Credit was wiped away. Neither a man's word nor his bond was worth anything.

Movie theatres were vacant. The streets were filled with vacant stores. Towering stacks stood grim and gaunt against a smokeless sky. Machinery stood idle and rusting. An ominous silence spread over a nation of 120,000,000 frightened people.

From the depths of their dire agony Americans cried: "Save us!"

VOICE OF THE NIGHT

Then, from the City of Washington, came the voice that spoke in the night. It sped through the air lanes to the firesides of a million homes. Its vibrant ring permeated every section of a broken nation.

Calm, confident, courageous, Franklin Delano Roosevelt spoke to the people of the United States!

Here, at last, was the leader who could lead. Here, at last, was the man America had been waiting for.

No president, or king, or emperor, or czar, ever faced a more fateful challenge. Here was chaos in its most dreadful form. Here was blinding and paralyz-

ing fear. Here was a place where one false move would be fatal. And yet the desperateness of the situation cried for action— instant, clean-cut action.

Franklin Roosevelt gave America action in its greatest hour of need. With incredible swiftness, and inspired wisdom, he hushed the hysteria of a panicky people. Within one week after his memorable inauguration hope returned to the United States!

The "hard beginning" was hard, indeed. * * *

THREE YEARS LATER

Now look at America as we find it in the fall of 1936:

The great American industrial machine is humming an old-time tune. Farmers not only are safe for the present but have a future brighter than at any time in our history. These United States have come back. Confidence and optimism are paving the way for a new and greater happiness.

A large number of unemployed remain to keep alive a bitter memory and to remind this country that the job is not completed yet. Franklin Roosevelt has brought us far along the way—and victory is in sight.

There are no food riots and bank crashes and money hoarding and paralyzing fear now.

This is America of the New Deal and the New Day. This is an America punished for its sins and fearless for the future. This is an America moving rapidly toward a higher conception of human rights and social responsibility. This is an America buying priceless progress for a nominal fee.

DEBTS VS. HUNGER

Better a debt and a people restored to pay it than no debt and hunger—no debt and revolution.

How have the New Deal millions been spent? They have been invested in the safest stock on earth—the rugged stock of American manhood. To call this a waste of money is to call the American people a failure and to hold the future as hopeless.

A desperate and beaten people in 1933, a confident and conquering people in 1936.

What driving force brought all this?

The answer—FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT.

For Continued Prosperity In The Nation, State and County VOTE THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET

For State Senate ROBY T. GREER

For Coroner RICHARD KELLEY

For House of Representatives W. F. MILLER

For Surveyor W. R. VINES

For Sheriff ABE EDMINSTEN

For Commissioners ELLER McNEIL COY I. BILLINGS IRA EDMINSTEN

For Register of Deeds HELEN UNDERDOWN

For Congress, Ninth District ROBERT L. DOUGHTON



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