

THE CHATHAM RECORD

O. J. PETERSON Editor and Publisher

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The Record does not expect to try the Lawrence case. We have learned enough to leave such matters to the court. However, we shall try to keep our readers informed as to the progress of the case, so far as a weekly paper can do it. Thus far, the solicitor claims to have evidence that will convict, while we are authoritatively informed since the writing of the first-page article that Mr. Lawrence will be able to present a perfect alibi. While somebody is guilty of the crime, it is natural that one should hope that Mr. Lawrence a native of the county and a man who has never before been in the least bit of trouble, will be able to come out with flying colors. On the other hand, the Record commends the diligence and perseverance of Sheriff Blair, and hopes that if he hasn't the right man now he will finally get him.

The week of April 22 to April 29, has been proclaimed by the President and by the Governor as forest week. Chatham people should be interested in forestry if any people should. We have the soil and the climate which multiplies trees if given a half showing and the fire hazard in this county is at the minimum. Suppose during the next week owners of land consider what areas need thinning and what areas should be planted. Open spaces in the woods should have attention.

REMINISCENT

A visit of Judge Lyon to our town always sets our reminiscence machine going. But this time a chat with Will Vass first cranked it up. Will mentioned the late Judge George W. Ward, and Ward's name suggested his first court at Elizabethtown, where Judge Lyon was solicitor, and his second the next week at Lumberton, and here is Judge Lyon on the spot this week, holding a two weeks special term at Pittsboro.

But back to Will Vass. Did you ever hear of him? He was the brightest boy in the largest class of young men to graduate in North Carolina from the palmy days of the University before the war up to the date of his graduation at Wake Forest in 1892. There were 38 in his class, but two, trying to ride the hurdles of the final examinations, played the Prince of Wales trick of being thrown by their ponies and failed to get their diplomas. Of the even three dozen, Will Vass was valedictorian. You haven't heard of him, but it is simply because he hasn't given a cent whether you have or not. The only son of the late Major W. W. Vass and absolutely independent financially, he took charge of the Wake County Savings Bank and has spent his life thus far in the even tenor of his ways. He is a perpetual trustee, and if the writer had all Uncle Jim's millions he would not hesitate to leave them in the conservative hand of Will Vass.

Will says he must have a regular job to enable him to enjoy life. His banking hours systematize his days. He plays tennis for exercise, and the simplicity of the boy, though a Chatham youth employed in the overshadowing Citizens' National by the side of which nestles Will's modest institution, speaks of him as being a mighty fine old man, may be summed up in his own unique expression of the philosophy of his life. "Some people want money and prominence," says the modest banker, "but all I want is sunshine and tobacco." Verily, Will Vass is to be envied, though he is not quite so fortunate as the classic poor fellow who, asked by Croesus what he could do for him, is related to have said "Move out of my sunshine." The towering Citizens' National building has cut off Will's sunshine at the bank and won't move out of it, so that he must wait till the afternoon to get his smaller share of the sunshine upon the tennis court. But the Citizens' cannot prevent his enjoyment of his tobacco all the day long.

George Ward was one of the older boys, graduating with Governor Bickett in 1890. He was the first of the Wake Forest boys of our day to attain the dignity of the bench, with Howard Foushee as a close second. He was appointed to fill a vacancy

in the Elizabeth City district, and his first court was at Elizabethtown, and practically his first case a capital one, in which two negroes met their doom for rape and murder. At that time the writer was editor of the Lumberton Argus and was at Elizabethtown for the trial.

As Ward was going to hold court at Lumberton the next week, we invited our old school fellow to take supper with us. When we got home and told Mrs. Peterson that the judge would take supper with us the next week, we decided that we would make an event of it and have the Lumberton bar with us, including Solicitor Lyon. O, there was a stir in the little cottage. It was the writer's job to get the fire going in all the rooms before the arrival of the guests and he put on his old wood-chopping coat and hustled out. The guests came and the supper hour, and things were going fine, when Mrs. Peterson discovered that her husband still had on his old coat with holes at the elbows. But it hadn't made a bit of difference to him or the guests, and we learned that almost any old coat will serve any occasion if one wears it without embarrassment.

And that reminds us of our mother's embarrassment when on an occasion when there were important guests in the home and she had insisted upon her husband putting on a starched shirt, one of those having a boardlike bosom. His everyday shirt opened in front, and not behind like starched-bosom shirts. So he unwittingly put the thing on backwards and, as he wore an alpaca coat, the stiff bosom in the back wrought havoc with the fit of the garment. She discovered the accident at the dinner table, and could hardly decide whether to be more amused or chagrined. Amusement prevailed. As for father, that staunch old farmer didn't care a cent.

And this and the announcement in the Duplin Record of the death of Duplin's veteran sheriff and old-time gentleman, Bland Wallace, at the age of 93, reminds us of our childhood days and of our first visit to Duplin. We were over at Uncle Stephen Boone's near Magnolia, and he had one of the prettiest, proudest and crowingest little domineered roosters you ever saw. He named him "Bland Wallace" because of his proud strut and small stature. The two little boys carried that rooster back to Sampson with them as a gift from their uncle, and he was "Bland Wallace" and a regular pet with them till he died. Verily, we were surprised when we read that Sheriff Bland Wallace has just died. We imagined that he was an old man nearly fifty years ago, when his namesake was our pet. Peace to his ashes. The town of Wallace, we presume, is a memorial to the doughty little sheriff of long ago, and when we assume Commissioner Grist's job of "moving the strawberry crop," our visits to this headquarters of the delicious berry will always remind us of the former sheriff and his namesake. But let us parenthesize here by saying that when we supersede Mr. Grist Sampson's huckleberry crop and Chatham's rabbit crop shall not be neglected. (And I just dare the printer to spell supersede with a "c.")

But back to Judge Lyon. The first political convention we ever attended was presided over by that then handsome young man and now handsome and benign old one. It was the famous contest between Col. Wharton J. Green of Cumberland and Col. W. T. Dortch of Wayne. Green had been Congressman for two or three terms and Col. Dortch was contesting the nomination. Aycock was a mere youth and championed Dortch's cause, making one of the best speeches, we believe, that the later eloquent governor ever made. The battle waged from morning until evening. The two boys had to leave. On the way home we made our first successful political prediction. Asked by our brother who would win, we said neither, but that McClammy would come in as a "dark horse." That was a new word to the younger brother, but we had guessed right. McClammy was nominated. He was at home, away down on Topsail Sound pulling fodder when the news came to him that he had been nominated for Congress. That was close to forty-five years ago, and the young presiding officer is holding court this week. And, fellows, let us tell you candidly, we have one of the state's choicest men with us this week. He is a stalwart character, an upright judge, and a man this writer just naturally loves. May he live as long as did old Sheriff Bland Wallace, and rest as peacefully as his own countyman of the long ago, the honored farmer of Bladen who was

governor of his state and might have been president of the United States and whose dust lies just yonder in St. Bartholomew's church yard.

The logic of circumstances is as inexorable and as invincible as that of the syllogism. Max Gardner has been marked as it. The same kind of marking has been developing in a broader arena. It is inescapable.

Reference is made in the Editor's announcement to his activities in the enforcement of the liquor during his career, but Chatham is one county in which we have not had to lift our hand. Sheriff Blair and his active deputies have been Johnnie on the spot, and when the men whose real business it is to attend to a thing actually attend to it we do not busy ourselves about it. But it was quite a different thing when we had been in Sampson a year after our return from Louisiana and it was estimated that there were two hundred distilleries in the county and yet not one had been reported as captured by the county officers in the year. As editor of the Democrat, we announced that something would be a-doing. Judge Grady, then mayor of Clinton, read the statement and came in and assured us that he would co-operate, and something, sure enough, was done.

Anybody that wants to see beautiful woods need not leave Chatham. Just drive down the Moncure road and see the Judas trees and dogwood in their glory and rejoice in the beauty of spring.

Mr. Shipman practically declares Mr. Grist inefficient. Granting this, the point, then, is: Is Mr. Shipman, a man who has held the job 16 years the only man who is capable of filling the position acceptable? We believe not.

Several, including Mrs. Peterson, have asked what a commissioner of labor and printing has to do. Drat if I know. I don't get over fences till I get to them, but I know that I can climb as high a one as either Frank Grist or Milt Shipman. Bob Gray says it is a gentleman's job, that there is not much at all to do. And that may account for the fact that a fellow who has had it 16 years is seeking it after being thrown out once. But Brother Shipman will find that getting back is a different thing from staying in.

It looked once as if the race for lieutenant governor would hold the lime-light this time, but it is shifting fast to the race for commissioner of labor and printing. Poor Grist is already beaten, it seems though he will probably be hard to convince of the fact. He is reported indirectly to have said that it took two years' salary to pay up the campaign expenses of four years ago. But, surely, he will have sense enough not to risk the last two on a money campaign this time. In fact, our candidacy for the job appears to be a test of the possibility of a poor man's getting a state office without mortgaging his future. A victory for Peterson will mean more than a mere personal victory. It will mean that a poor man may enter the contest for a state office without facing ruin.

It would seem that the Republicans picked this editor's friends for their candidates. For governor they have chosen our old school mate, H. F. Seawell; for lieutenant governor Harrison Fisher of Clinton was chosen. Dr. J. D. Gregg, of Randolph and Chatham, is slated for corporation commissioner. George Butler is one of the two candidates for commissioner of Labor and Printing, and L. L. Wrenn, of Siler City, for congress. I know and like the last one of the bunch named. They are good men, and likable ones, and would do their best to serve their state with honor and credit. If Doctor Gregg should be elected, which he candidly confesses that he has no hopes of being, he would put up a fight for better service from the old Yadkin Valley R. R. The honors our friends have received are clearly rather empty ones, but if honors were to be passed around, we congratulate the Republicans upon the fine taste displayed in the choice of recipients. Chatham and Sampson were very liberally treated by the conventions.

Editor Steele of the Harnett News certainly mistook our point. In an editorial about county hospitals we were making the point that what we wish to see is a hospital that is open for everybody, just as the public schools are now, where the service will be free to any citizen in the county, rich or poor, when just as now with regard to the public schools any man who is not satisfied with

what he gets at the free institutions may choose another and pay for what he wants. That puts all on a level, just as in the public schools, and gives those who pay the taxes the advantage of getting free service if they desire it, and also saves the self-respect of the poor man who might otherwise feel that he is upon a pauper basis. We can hardly see how Editor Steele so badly misinterpreted the intent of our editorial. We believe in county hospitals, if that unit is large enough, but we want to see them free to everybody. Otherwise, the men who pay the taxes for the support of the hospital would get no benefit from it. Today the well-to-do who have to go to hospitals must pay an excessive charge to enable the institutions to meet the expenses of the poor patients—a most unjust arrangement. The same thing would be true, but not in so great a degree, if the rich sick supported the hospital with their taxes and had to pay their own bills for treatment. We want free treatment for the body as well as for the mind, and for all. Surely, that is plain.

The significance of the gathering of 3000 people at Raleigh last Thursday evening to hear George Gordon Battle bear testimony to the high personal and official character of Al Smith is of more importance than what Mr. Battle said or how he said it. That was a militant bunch to whom Mr. Battle spoke, and a small group of that kind of folk can put up a surprisingly strong fight against an opposition that is without a goal, and would be nowhere if it should beat Smith.

Such a week as this, when big news is developing, is the time that the weekly newspaper man feels his handicap most. But there is nothing to do but grin and bear it. We went to press Tuesday night just the same as if nothing were happening, for there was no telling how long the present case would last and what would develop in the Lawrence case.

Dr. W. R. Cullom, professor of the Bible at Wake Forest, has sent us an announcement of the ten-day school for Baptist preachers to be held at Meredith college in early June. The very reading of the announcement itself should make many a preacher realize that he is living at a time when he must do much reading and thinking, especially the latter, if he is to be worth a flip to his community constantly raising the level of its intelligence. Prof. Cullom says that the school will attempt to do for preachers what six months of unaided reading would do for them. Let them go by all means.

We are due many thanks to our newspaper friends for courtesies shown in our campaign. They are making it possible this time for a new man to get his name before the people of the state, which is nothing but fair to the readers of the papers. Here we wish to tell our folk again, that the three candidates for lieutenant governor are Major John D. Langston, of Goldsboro, who as a youth taught at Goldston, and for which reason we mention him first, as one of the Chatham folk know; W. H. S. Burgwyn, one of the ablest and most courageous legislators the state has had in many years, and R. T. Fountain, who served exceptionally well as speaker of the last House, and is one of the stronger young men of the state. All three of them are fine fellows, honest, honorable, capable, likable. Pay your money and take your choice. You cannot go far wrong in any case.

KIMBALTON NEWS

Oscar Dorsett and family, of Charlotte, N. C., were visitors of W. B. Dorsett. Mrs. Ernest Harris spent the week with her parents last week. Ernest Harris was there for the week-end. Barney Burk, went home with Jim Brown, of Bun Level for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence McManess, of Bear Creek, were here one day last week. Mrs. W. B. Dorsett had a real serious nose-bleed last Monday. Then the doctor plugged her nose and her eyes were bloody for a while. She is doing nicely now. Claude Pickard's children have had the measles for the past week but are improving rapidly. Gordon McMath and family of Greensboro spent the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Brooks McMath. A grafter by any other name would still be a thief. Sometimes a wife can read her husband like a blank book. Lots of men secretly envy the tramp's don't care disposition. The man who is always hunting trouble never has need to borrow any.

MAN LIVES 34 YEARS FEARING MURDER CHARGE

Doubting He Could Prove Innocence, Returns Home to Find Charge Dropped.

Omaha, Neb.—After living for thirty-four years in fear, knowing that he was wanted for a murder in which he had no hand but of which he could not prove his innocence, John K. Van Ness, sixty, has just found himself a free man.

He can go about and do as he pleases. And all because he had decided to risk prison for a glimpse of the faces of members of his family.

Ran Away From Home.

Thirty-four years ago Van Ness and two companions ran away from their homes, in Omaha, Neb. They became separated on the way to Chicago. The companions of Van Ness and another man who had joined them engaged in a battle in which two railroad policemen were killed. The two Omaha men were sent to prison, but the third suspect disappeared.

Police at once began searching for Van Ness, for he was the third member of the party when the youths left Omaha. Van Ness, fearing that he could not prove his innocence, changed his name and fled to Florida. There twenty years ago he pretended to his family that he had been drowned.

Worked and Lived in Swamps.

Van Ness worked and lived in seclusion in the swamps. Always he feared that he would be arrested.

A few months ago, however, he decided to see the faces of his loved ones. He went to Omaha and was reunited with members of his family.

Some one in Omaha recognized the man, however, and he was arrested.

Omaha police got in touch with railroad police, only to learn that the fugitive slayer had been captured and



Worked and Lived in Seclusion in the Swamps.

that he had confessed many years ago. So Van Ness, a free man, had been making a fugitive of himself for a long time uselessly. "It's great to be free again!" exclaims Van Ness as he goes about Omaha renewing old acquaintances.

Self-Accused Leprosy Plotter Held Insane

Portland, Ore.—Fears of a hideous plot, nationwide in scope and sponsored by America's enemies, to spread leprosy germs throughout the United States were dissipated when an examination of William Nash, self-accused plotter, in Judge Tazwell's court, showed the man to be mentally unsound. Dr. William House, alienist, who conducted the examination under orders from Judge Tazwell found that Nash is suffering from tabo paresis, a form of softening of the brain, in addition to being physically unsound. He was committed to the state hospital in Salem for treatment and observation.

Delusions and fancies had caused him to write letters about his germ-spreading activities, he admitted under examination.

At the hearing Nash said he was born in Michigan in 1878. He said he had been married, but failed to account for the whereabouts of his wife, and that he was the father of two children.

Man in Jail Six Years by Error Is Liberated

Pittsburgh.—After serving more than six years in the penitentiary here by mistake, Joe Sarappa was given his freedom.

In September, 1919, Sarappa was convicted as an accessory after the fact in the murder of Tony Cardello, in Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania. He was accused of assisting the killer to escape and was sentenced to serve from ten to twelve years in the Western penitentiary here.

Habeas corpus proceedings were instituted in an effort to gain Sarappa's release, his attorneys contending the sentence was illegal. In ordering the release Judge A. B. Reid held the sentence was excessive and void, since the law provided only a two-year penitentiary sentence in such cases.

TWIN HEIFER HAS TWINS

Mr. G. G. Ward, of Baldwin township, is about to produce a very prolific strain of cattle. He has two twin heifers, which are so much alike that he had to clip one's tail to enable him to tell which is which. On one of them, whether the clip-tailed one or the other we are not informed, has herself given birth to twins, but the latter progeny are entirely different in color, size and features. He has named the two "Good Friday" and "Easter," from the season of their birth.

Few men will admit being wrong as long as there is a change to make others believe they are right.

Though the world may owe every man a living, only the persistent collector gets it.

NOTICE OF CHANGE OF VOTING PLACE IN BALDWIN TOWNSHIP North Carolina: Chatham County:

Pursuant to the powers conferred upon us in Section 5926 of the Consolidated Statutes of North Carolina, and by order duly made by the undersigned members of the County Board of Elections for said Chatham county, on the 14th day of April, 1928, notice is hereby given that the polling place in and for Baldwin township, Chatham county, North Carolina, be, and the same is hereby changed from Tom Hobby's store, in said township, to the old J. T. Henderson store place now occupied by Billy Hamlet, in said township, and that all future precinct meetings for the purpose of organization, together with holding primaries and elections, shall be, and the same, is hereby ordered to be held at said place. F. C. MANN, Chm. WADE SILER, Sec. DEWITT SMITH, Members of County Board of Elections for Chatham County, N. C. May 3-3t.

NOTICE OF RE-SALE OF REAL ESTATE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain decree entered in that special proceeding entitled "C. C. Brewer, Administrator, vs. Essie Smith Tally et als" now pending in the Superior court of Chatham county, North Carolina, the undersigned commissioner will, on Saturday the 28th day of April, 1928, at 12 o'clock noon, in front of the courthouse door in Pittsboro, Chatham county, North Carolina, offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash, those two certain tracts or parcels of land lying and being in Chatham county, North Carolina, and being more fully described and defined as follows, viz:

First Tract: Lying and being in Bear Creek township, adjoining the lands of John Cheek, J. H. Gilbert, J. D. Stone, et als, and Beginning on John Cheek's line in the center of the Bonlee & Western Railroad, and running with Cheek's line north 4 degrees east 99 1-2 poles to J. D. Stone's line; thence S 4 1-2 degrees west 34 2-3 poles to the old Sandy Creek road; thence with said road southeasterly to the center of the said Bonlee & Western railroad at Blue Rock flag station; thence with said railroad N 72 1-2 degrees E (from end of curve) to the beginning containing 106 acres, more or less, same being designated by the map and survey as No. 72.

Second Tract: Adjoining the lands of J. D. Stems, W. M. Brewer, I. H. Dunlap, J. W. Cheek et als, and Beginning at a knot in J. H. Cheek's line, I. H. Dunlap's corner; thence N with Dunlap line 79 poles to a knot and pointers, W. M. Brewer's line; thence west with Brewer's line 292 poles to a knot W. M. Brewer's west corner in J. D. Stems line; then S with Stems line 79 poles to knot C. V. Tally home tract of land; thence E with Tally line, 202 poles to the beginning, containing 100 acres, more or less, this being a part of the tract of land that was conveyed by J. R. Gilbert to W. N. Brewer and C. V. Tally, and known as the Harper land.

This the 12th day of April, 1928. WADE BARBER, Commissioner. Siler & Barber, Attys.

NOTICE OF ORDER TO ADVERTISE FOR UNPAID TAXES

In compliance with an act of the legislature of 1927, The County Board of Commissioners at their regular meeting on the first Monday of April, 1928, ordered that the Sheriff of Chatham county advertise the 1st of May, 1928 the lands of those who have not paid their taxes before the 1st of May, 1928.

I am duty bound to comply with this order, regardless of my personal wishes; therefore, I hope that you will come forward and settle your taxes before May 1, 1928.

Thanking you in advance to cooperate with me in this matter, I am, Yours very truly, G. W. BLAIR, Sheriff Chatham County.

Say men we have a few more dozen good blue overalls for only—

\$1.00 a pair STROUD & HUBBARD Sanford, N. C.

Advertisement for Vicks VapoRub, featuring an illustration of a person and text describing its benefits for cuts and burns.