

THE SANFORD EXPRESS

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SANFORD KNOWS HOW TO COME BACK.

From the Sanford Express we learn that the business people of that good little city are down but not out. They have organized into a business unit, canvassed the territory and secured subscriptions sufficient to make up the capital stock of a local independent bank.

Recently a big tobacco warehouse burned to the ground. With barely sufficient time for reconstruction, five business men went about the task, and now it is announced that a new warehouse will be ready for the opening of the selling season on September 19.

That's the way Sanford does things. The keynote of its success is Organization. Business people of Sanford get together when they want to put things over. Fact is, we believe, they stay together, for without compact organization of people who stick together for the common good there could not be success for such tremendous undertakings as Sanford has been able to carry through.

Business and industry will stage a come-back from the nerve-racking slump of the past five years. The News believes that much-desired condition will not be long delayed. Already there are sure signs of a return of prosperity of a definite sort—not booms, we hope, but good solid and substantial conditions that will put honest business on a sound basis.

Sanford is helping to bring the country back. It is not calling on "George" to do the work. It is up and doing on its own hook. Sanford knows how to come back—it is coming back.

The above editorial is taken from the Harnett County News. The Express wishes to express its appreciation of the high opinion our esteemed contemporary has of the business people of Sanford and Lee county. The News is right in saying that the people of Sanford will take their great losses, but they will not take the count of down-and-out. You may think it strange for this paper to make the assertion that this depression is having a good effect on Sanford at this time and the effect will be more marked later.

This struggle on the part of the business people of Sanford to raise money to build a warehouse and organize a bank at the same time, is not only going to be successful, but it means that the people of the town have learned their lesson in the school of hard knocks and are ready to join hands and cooperate in the work of building up the town as they have never cooperated before.

A few weeks ago many of our citizens were skeptical as to the outcome of this movement to do the thing that seemed impossible, especially at this time. They have now about reached the conclusion that they can put over anything that they set their heads to do.

The man who thinks that because Sanford has a number of empty store buildings and dwellings that she is down-and-out, will soon have another thought

coming to him. When conditions improve and things become normal, watch Sanford come to the front and grow as she has never grown in past years.

GOOD BUSINESS THIS FALL?—WHY CERTAINLY.

Taking everything into consideration there is no reason why business should not be better in Sanford this fall than it has been in several years. There is a good yield of cotton throughout this trade territory and it was produced at a smaller cost than any crop that has been raised in a number of years.

As has been stated in these columns there has been a big tobacco crop raised in Lee and adjoining counties. There is a considerable increase in acreage over last year and the yield per acre is greater. Planters tell The Express that they have cured some beautiful tobacco and that the season for making and curing it hit just right.

When rural mail routes were established carrying the daily papers to every nook and corner of the country, the publishers of the weekly papers realized that the front page of their papers would have to carry live local news stuff to take the place of miscellaneous matter in the shape of dead press dispatches or they would have to quit business.

Last year the farmers of Lee county made a poor crop of corn. Many farmers did not make a sufficient amount of corn for domestic purposes and had to buy corn before the present crop was made. Their hay and forage crop was also short and many a ton of Western hay was sold in this county since the first of the spring.

MIGHT EXTEND THE LIST.

Dr. Wade Harris handled the defense of the local press in North Carolina—the weeklies and semi-weeklies—most effectively in his reply to Mencken's ill-informed attack. With the list of live local papers there is agreement here, except that some good examples that were overlooked come to mind.

For instance, there are such papers as the Cleveland Star (issued three times a week but still a county paper in essence) Elkin Tribune, Lumberton Robesonian, Moore County News, Asheboro Courier, News-Reporter of Whiteville, Laurinburg Exchange, Sanford Express, Sanford Herald, Hertford County News, Mount Airy Times and others whose titles do not come quickly to mind. Indeed it is a simpler task to list the worthwhile local papers in North Carolina than to try and pick out those not living up to their opportunities.

The above short editorial is credited to the Lexington Dispatch, one of the best semi-weekly newspapers in the State, and one that is highly prized on the exchange table of The Express. There is great improvement in the general make-up of the weekly and semi-weekly newspapers in North Carolina during the past twenty-five years.

One who has engaged in the weekly newspaper business for nearly half century is in a position to appreciate the great improvements that have been made in the local newspapers from year to year. Marked improvements have been made in both mechanical department and subject matter. Back 40 years ago and even up to 25 years ago many of the local newspapers in this State were small patent sheets poorly printed. Upon an average they carried a column to a column and a half of editorial matter and four or five columns of local news.

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WHEN WILL ILLITERACY BE ENTIRELY WIPED OUT?

When will illiteracy be wiped out in North Carolina? This is a question that should be of vital concern to every man, woman and child in the State to-day. State School Facts in its current issue, calls this a rural problem and says the small decrease in number of illiterates in the State during the past ten years indicates that something more definite should be done about this problem during the present decade.

Analyzing the above figures showing the alarming amount of illiteracy in the State one is convinced of the fact that the late General Assembly made a serious mistake in shortening the school term and reducing the salaries of teachers to almost starvation figures. Unless something is done to advance the salaries of qualified teachers there is a possibility of the schools falling into the hands of poorly prepared teachers who will prove poor agencies in wiping out illiteracy in the State.

The mill operatives probably earn every cent they get, but how much money did they spend on their education? The teachers not only spent money for their education, but it was years of toil with them in preparing and equipping themselves for their work.

The Express is glad to know that the Commissioners of this county have made an appropriation to the library that was established in Sanford some 25 years ago. The town has also given assistance to the struggling library.

THIS LAND HAT BY O. T.

Within the next two or three weeks the public schools of Lee county will open to begin the work of another year. Then, to paraphrase a phrase found in one of Shakespeare's plays where he speaks of the seven ages of man, the small boys with their patches and shining morning faces will be creeping like snails, unwillingly to school. Creeping like snails? These words are not applicable today for boys ride to school at the expense of their fathers who are unable to pay their taxes. Unwillingly to school? That will do, for boys are just as reluctant to attend school today as they were when Shakespeare was a boy and skipped school to lead the gang to the old swimming hole on the Avon or write funny rhymes about his neighbors and post them up in the village for every one who read them to laugh at. Truth is, boys never have liked the confinement of the school room and that is why so few men are trained and educated today.

Teachers in our consolidated schools with their modern equipment and well appointed recitation rooms are in a position to give their pupils a better start than were the teachers who started the fathers and mothers of these pupils thirty or thirty-five years ago in the one-teacher schools and yet the teachers in these small schools were able to lay the foundation for the thorough education which their pupils in some instances acquired later at higher institutions of learning. The state which is today trying to educate all of its children finds it more economical to train them in larger groups in consolidated schools. Hence, the abolition of the small schools.

Men and women who attended the small schools in days gone by remember quite well the programs which were put on once a month on Friday afternoon when books were laid aside. These programs consisted of declamations, recitations and compositions. Sometimes a debate or a play was put on by the students. The compositions were supposed to be original but sometimes they were written in such good English that they were known to be appropriated. The declamations were usually extracts from speeches of American statesmen and orators such as Patrick Henry, Henry Clay, Daniel Webster, Robert Tompkins, Jefferson Davis, Abraham Lincoln, Zachary Taylor, George Washington, John B. Vance, Henry Grady and others. The recitations usually included among others one or two such poems as "Paul Revere's Ride," "Marion's Men," "Charge of the Light Brigade," "The Sword of Lee," "The Men of Alamance," "The Conquered Banner," and the "Star Spangled Banner." "In Flanders Field" and "The Spire of Oxford" were not then in existence or these would have been included.

On one occasion when one of these programs was being rendered a boy who was called on for a speech advanced to the front and recited this amusing bit of doggerel:

"I had a little dog, his name was fox, I sent him over the river after my box, He got my box, he spilt my snuff, I think my speech is long enough."

As I recall, my first recitation or speech in the little school house consisted of the following lines:

"I am going to my own hearthstone, Embosomed in yon green hills alone, A secret nook in a pleasant land Whose groves the frolic fairies planned,

Where arches green the live long day, Echo the black bird's roundelay. And when I'm safe in my sylvan home I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome, And when I stretch beneath the pines Where the evening star so holy shines, I laugh at the lore and pride of man, At the sophist school and the learned clan,

For what are they in their high conceit When man in the bush with God may meet?"

Now, how came I to get these high sounding lines by heart? Well, as they were read aloud by some one I thought they sounded pretty and then they were easy to memorize because of the way they rhymed. Today as I recall these lines I would substitute in the word beautiful for pretty in describing them. Of course I didn't know what they meant any more than I knew what the Shorter Catechism meant, and I can't say now that I know exactly what Emerson was driving at when he wrote the poem of which these lines are a part, but what matters it? Although the sage of Concord must have been in one of his myanthropic moods when he wrote this poem the reading of the poem lifts you for the moment into a higher atmosphere than that in which you are accustomed to live and the poet beautifies and spiritualizes your environment. Is not that what poets are for?

Today some of our best speakers and debaters in Congress and elsewhere will tell you that they first learned to speak and debate thirty-five or forty years ago in the little

school house back home. Benjamin Ryan Tillman who in his day was one of the best speakers in the United States Senate said in a speech which he made in Sanford some years ago on the race question that he probably never would have become governor and senator had he not learned how to talk when a boy in a little school house in the back woods of South Carolina. Today public speaking is being reduced to a fine art. Everywhere—through the radio, on the screen, at the bar, in the pulpit, in legislative halls and on the hustings—public speakers must be brief and to the point, and the man who cannot think quick and talk fast on his feet has to take a back seat and listen to some one who can talk. The public has no time to listen to a man who stumbles and fumbles for words and ideas and who sounds like a dog scrambling through a shuck pile. No doubt every school boy and girl in Lee county would like to be able to get up before the public and talk, and the place to learn how is the restroom of the public school.

The six large consolidated schools which will open in Lee county next month have absorbed thirty small one and two teacher schools which children of school age attended a few years ago. These schools are graded and have high school departments in which boys and girls are prepared for college. Lee county's first graded school was opened in Sanford thirty-two years ago in a brick building located at the corner of Carriage and Steele streets. This building was torn down several years ago and a larger building constructed on the corner of Steele and Weatherspoon streets. The east building was constructed about the same time. Professor D. L. Ellis was the first principal of these schools, and the first board of trustees was as follows: D. E. McIver, chairman; Dr. W. A. Monroe, W. S. Weatherspoon, T. L. Chisholm, G. W. Temple, J. B. King, J. K. Perry, E. G. Moffitt and B. Cole. Mr. Cole is the only one of these men now alive.

In recent years as people have moved from the rural districts of North Carolina to the cities and towns to live an important man has disappeared from the country-side along with the little schools, country post offices, country stores, and in many instances country churches with its pastor. This individual is the old time country doctor. People in the country continue to get sick as do people in town but when the farmer needs a physician for himself or some member of his family he finds when he sends to town for a physician that about all of the doctors have become specialists. There is the surgeon, who confines his work mostly to cases where the knife has to be brought into use. Then there is the nerve specialist, the specialist for nose, ears and throat, the eye specialist and last but not least the dentist.

If there is a general practitioner in town and he goes out to see the patient he often finds, after diagnosing the case that he needs to be sent to a hospital and put under the care of a specialist. This is done and the patient, after recovering from his illness, finds a number of bills against himself. There is the doctor bill, the drug bill, hospital bill, and in case of a special nurse the nurse's bill. Not one of these bills may be too high but all of them taken together often amount to a sum that the patient is unable to pay and he leaves the hospital worried that he is unable to pay the people who have taken care of him in his illness. In the past twenty-five years medical science has made wonderful progress in the treatment of disease but the treatment is costing patients too much and all the parties concerned need to get together and work out some plan of relief for themselves.

Referring again to the old time country doctor, he was an institution within himself. This paragrapher knows of ten country doctors who once lived in this section and travelled over a wide range of territory in the practice of their profession. They were: Dr. J. L. Sheppard, Dr. Philip Budd, Dr. John McIver, Dr. George C. Newby, Dr. William Arnold, Dr. Hector Turner, Dr. Alex McDonald, Dr. Richard Street, and the elder Dr. Palmer. Dr. W. A. Monroe, who lived in Sanford and who practiced as a later period may be classed with these men. Dr. Monroe had a practice that extended to Buckhorn on the east and Governor's Creek on the west and he was often on the road day and night and getting little sleep for weeks at a time. Not a bigger hearted or more unselfish physician has ever practiced medicine. These doctors had their own drug stores on their premises and in their saddle pockets they carried medicines which they compounded and rolled at the bed side of their patients. In the summer they had to wrestle with typhoid fever which sometimes mounted to an epidemic and in winter they contended with pneumonia and many other diseases. In their day the public roads were little better than mud holes and gullies and in their travels they underwent all sorts of hardships and privations. There were no hospitals to which they could send their patients and no trained nurses with whom they could leave medicines and give instructions for the care of patients. These were big men, big of body and big of heart and they were made of iron. They had to be else they never could have undergone the physical and mental strain to which they were subjected in the war they

made on disease. Today the span of human life is being slowly but surely lengthened by medical science. The doctors are attacking disease at every angle of approach. Hence, the specialist. We honor the trained, capable specialist who is conscientious in the performance of his work as a physician, and we honor and revere the memory of the old-time country doctor who was faithful to the utmost in the performance of his duty to his patients.

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