

### TAR HEEL SCRAP BOOK

BY  
By Lura Thomas McNeil.

Having a photographic mind may be irksome and annoying at times. Surely many things are best seen through darkened lenses and immediately forgotten. But the photographic mind snaps a scene in all its details—gets a clear view and keeps it. All through the years that imprint may turn up again. Revivified by a sound, a voice, a bit of color or a word or even an odor.

There is this to say for the possessor of a photographic type of mind—one is never addicted to loneliness. If the setting and the events of one's life were at all varied, such as one may be constantly entertained with memory pictures of tragedy, pathos, humor, beauty—and, well, of life itself. There is no loneliness for such a one.

Odd to realize the immensity of our world-wide news service.

At any time, anywhere one may pick up a paper and suddenly receive tidings of some long forgotten friend or acquaintance in some far distant part of the world.

In a Miami paper, on the back page recently there appeared a four inch story concerning a convention held in another city by a civic club. The list of delegates mentioned a name of an acquaintance we knew on the West Coast years ago.

Immediately a series of mental snapshots were released, and a life as we saw it, was revealed. Somewhat like the old silent movies it is, to look within recalling these scenes and incidents.

He had courage. We know that because he was a member of the A. E. F. More. He had enlisted in a dangerous branch of the service.

Recalling him, we realized he was the sort of man who would like to live dangerously. None of the molly-coddle in him. And yet—why does he not return to his home on the Texas Range?

That is easy. Why so few of the A. E. F. boys return home—and they for the most part only to regret it.

Yet there he was, this western range had smothered himself in the softness of a city like L. A.

In fact he was patronizing a manicure shop and other beauty emporiums. A large part of his small salary was said to be spent each week on his hair and nails. Would Los Angeles make a fop of him. Perhaps he had his eyes peeled for a movie opening.

His girls were, a movie extra, another girl doing important bits in the movies, and a cashier in a restaurant popular with the movie colony.

One day he tossed a letter down with some show of petulance. "Got so I dread seeing a letter from home.—My Mother's letters! Please read that one and tell me what I can possibly say in answer."

I read it—and it was a heart winger. It was so simply and so sincerely stated. It was such a hungry plea of a lonely, unlettered mother for her son.

I remained silent. "You could not answer it either could you? What can I say in reply to that letter? I've written her all about my work—and given her descriptions of Los Angeles—even told her about my girls and have sent her a lot of nice presents—but every time her letter is the same. Come home."

"What she wants is you. How can you refuse to go! Think how she worried over you while you were enlisted in the service—and how she yearned for your return. Why don't you go back there. What is there here—the bright lights and the movies—a little more to spend perhaps?"

He made a gesture of revolt—and a grimace. "You don't know those little Texas cow towns—or you could never say go back."

"I've passed thru Texas you know—and I've seen those towns in the movies. They seem interesting."

"Everything appears interesting to you," he said—"perhaps because you have a journalistic outlook on life, but if you had seen what I have—oh well, maybe you could describe it but I can't. I saw great gobs of life and what you would call "color." Big exciting, dramatic things—and I had just got into it. Just as I was all keyed up for a life of intense action—and with what we thought was a noble purpose—oh well, it all fell thru. It just suddenly stopped and we didn't get the Kaiser or make the world safe for democracy—or anything—it just all fell flat—and—well I can't imagine just going back on the range to round up steers—remembering all that."

"But your mother is there and she is getting old. What is there here?"

And then it developed that seeing Paris and London and the cosmopolitan people, he had begun to realize how little he knew. He wanted to learn. Above all he wished to drop his dialect and his colloquialisms.

"Come out here with a chiropractor," he said, "my overseas buddy. I

was to learn to be one myself. But I soon saw that my education was not sufficient. You see every time I open my mouth I give the show away."

He wished to associate with persons of some culture and educational attainments, to read and to patronize the beauty parlors—to get a polished look. Then he would study to be a chiropractor or he would get a part in the movies, or as a last resort he would buy a restaurant and settle down in the stereotyped American way. He would "keep up with the Jones" by gun, and drive a good car hither and yon neither knowing nor caring where he was going. He and his family would buy what the magazine ads say buy and he would see all the best movies when they were new. He would show them!

And it developed that the thing most repulsive to him now in that clean, open life on the range, was the constant and eternal bleating of the calves.

"There is nothing any one can do about it. And there is no getting away from the sound of them. I used not to notice. But now—I wonder if you understand what it is like—after Paris and the sea, and the trenches—the night raids. Say I believe you can realize what it would do to a fellow's nerves to just go back there—four miles from even a cow town, and ride the range remembering these things and all the while night and day never to be able to get out of the sound of those hundreds of bleating calves!"

Yes, I did understand, and I realize why he married the cashier of the movie restaurant, bought a restaurant of his own, and dallied along the rest of his days just "keeping up with the Jones."

New model cars. Scented toilet soaps. Movies. Any new fangled fad one might see advertised. It was pleasant to have money to buy them. Pleasant, too, to keep expensively manicured hands—but I say he was a sort of a war-time casualty after all and that he would have been much more an individual and a happier lad back there on the Texas range with his mother and dad and with his old pre-war girl—riding a mustang, hearing the calves bleat—and paring his own nails!

Henrik Ibsen submits that a man should so far be independent—and above the service of his fellows as to even sew on his own buttons!

### OBSERVERS SEE GREAT CHANGES IN PARTY SET-UP

If one is to judge by recent reports sent from Washington by newspaper men, the impression prevails there that the country is on the threshold of changes that will eventuate in a complete reorganization of the old line political organizations. The possibility is considered that the Democratic party, as such, no less than the Republican party, is doomed, as will be seen in the following article reproduced from the Greensboro News under a Washington date line of June 30th:

Democratic chieftains, apprehensive over the present trend in the domain of politics, reflect upon what happened to the Democratic party in New York, after the failure of party leaders there to show their support to Mr. Roosevelt at Chicago, and subsequently manifested small sympathy for new deal policies. There was adopted a policy of prescription, under the supervision of National Chairman Farley, which led to the election of a progressive Republican as mayor. They even changed the name on the party door plate, the group operating under the Roosevelt aegis having been designated the recovery party, or something. If they have not already perished from undernourishment the Democratic regulars of the greater city are probably on the federal emergency relief rolls, along with the one-sixth of New York's population.

Predicted New Deal Party. After this bureau had ventured the belief that a brand new Roosevelt, or new deal party would presently emerge, and that this party would occupy the field, whatever form and direction the opposition party, if any, might take, Arthur Krock wrote in the New York Times:

"There is no doubt, for example, that Mr. Roosevelt hopes to see Senator La Follette, of Wisconsin, re-elected, although the resurgent Democratic party in that state is eager to send a second Democrat to the United States Senate. "The latest presidential dictum is fairly certain to arouse new speculation whether Mr. Roosevelt intends to cast off the party label in 1936 and affix a new one upon himself and those of all political allegiances who support his policies."

Sees Strange Campaign. A day or so later Frederick William Wile made a contribution to the Washington Star. Bewildered by current events he wrote: "Never in a generation of American politics have party lines been in such baffling array as they promise to be in the impending congressional campaign. A messenger from Mars, descending upon the crazy-quilt scene, could hardly be blamed for his inability to tell who's who and what's what. With

President Roosevelt insisting that his own speeches are not to be regarded as "political" in any sense, and with the understanding that other members of the administration are to shun "partisanship" in public utterances, the Democratic campaign, if conducted generally on those lines, will be the strangest on record."

And then came the American five side chat of the President, who gave praise to Congress for non-partisanship, followed by the declaration that the days of the seeking of "mere party advantage through the misuse of public power are rapidly drawing to a close." Coincident with this came the disclosure of the fact that the President and his political advisers were strongly inclined to throw their support to western radicals, still wearing the Republican label, even in states where the Democrats, like those in Wisconsin, were demanding a free hand in an attempt to elect avowed members of that party to the house and senate.

### Lewis Is Puzzled.

But the acid test is support of the new deal policies, rather than party loyalty, and this development has so alarmed Democratic leaders that Senator Lewis, of the Democratic senatorial campaign committee, visited the President in an effort to get his bearings. In some sections Democratic spellbinders are not certain that it will be considered in order to make a Democratic speech, or venture beyond praise of the new deal activities. Senator Lewis informed the President that members of his party who are responsible for the policies and strategy of the campaign, in so far as these are not formulated at the White House, are beginning to view the present drift with alarm. The Illinois senator left with the understanding that these party matters would receive the serious consideration of the President and his advisers, upon Mr. Roosevelt's return to Washington, and in the meanwhile Senator Lewis, who insists, as did the lamented David B. Hill, that he is a Democrat still, will consult the members of his campaign committee, including Senator Bailey.

The North Carolina member has consistently opposed the appointment of Frank R. McNinch, as chairman of the federal power commission, for reasons primarily related to party regularity, and he is doubtless experiencing some uneasy moments over the prospect of having to make a choice between throwing the support of the senatorial campaign committee to a number of western Republicans, who call themselves progressives, or of appearing cool toward the new deal. Events are thus almost certain to place a number of the party regulars in an anomalous position.

### Its Effect on South.

And as the modern drift in the social, industrial and political life of the nation carries the new deal further and further from the Democratic party of our daddies, men wonder how all this is going to affect the south. There is a catholicity about the new deal which enables it to comprehend, or call into the fold the people of all parties, whose sympathies happen to run in that direction, and all creeds and races, without reference to color or previous condition of servitude. Southern senators have been approached to ascertain how they would feel about the appointment of certain negroes to office.

The south is right frequently alluded to as traditionally conservative, and of late there has been raised the question of how the people of that section would respond if a new party is to be brought into being that would in some degree ignore racial lines, or minimize that issue and that would provide a congenial party abode for the radical senate bloc that has been recruited from the west. This would only prove a temporary home, of course, for the progressive group, but the coalition if effected would hold for the purposes of the approaching campaign and would be of sufficient duration to leave the Democratic regulars in a state of utter demoralization. Sooner or later the lone wolves from the great open spaces would charge that, restrained by Wall street influences, Mr. Roosevelt had not moved far enough toward the left, and they would abandon him at the first critical juncture, just as the Republicans have never been able to count on their support.

### SOUTHERN TAKES OFF OLD CRESCENT LIMITED

New Orleans, June 27.—The Crescent Limited, crack green-coached passenger train that for years has raced through the south on its flight from Broadway to Noo A'leens, makes its last run Wednesday—choosing retirement rather than the commonness of carrying day coaches as just another transport.

Never has this last of the extra-fine trains of Dixie linked a day-coach to its string of all-Pullman cars. For years reservations on this de luxe liner of the rails were almost at a premium. Patronage has fallen off in recent years and this has forced the removal of the extra fare and the addition of the day coaches.

Within every railroader there is sentiment and romance attached to trains. With the Crescent's proud history, it would have been less majestic to ask her to take to the road beds as just another train—and not the accepted queen of the line. So the fast limited with its famed identity green-

## ..Progressive Stores..

INCORPORATED  
SANFORD, APEX, RALEIGH, SMITHFIELD, FOUR OAKS, DUNN, LILLINGTON, FUQUAY SPRINGS, VA., RINA, PITTSBORO, HILLSBORO, LIBERTY, DURHAM, RANDLEMAN, ABERDEEN, TROY, MT. GILEAD and HENDERSON

NORTH CAROLINA STORES FOR NORTH CAROLINA PEOPLE

### SPECIALS FOR FRIDAY SATURDAY, JULY 6th AND 7th

**We have it!**  
**RADIATED CARNATION MILK**  
Contains "Sunshine" Vitamin D. Ideal for babies. More nourishing for all the family.  
3 Tall Cans 19c  
6 Small Cans 19c

**Miracle Whip Salad Dressing, qt jar 23c**

SALMON (pink) can 11c POSTUM Cereal, pkg. 21c  
WESSON OIL, pint 19c Par TEA, 1-4 lb. pkg. 12 1-2c

**GRAPE JUICE, 4 oz. Bottle, 5c  
10 oz. Bottle, 10c**

Musselman's APPLE SAUCE, No. 2 cans, 2 for 15c

**PICKLES, Dill or Sour, qt. jars 2 for 25c**

Kraft's MAYONNAISE, pint jar 19c SNOWDRIFT Shortening, 6 lb. can 63c

**FAT BACKS, 3 POUNDS, 25c**

JELLO ICE CREAM POWDERS, 3 packages 25c

LUZIANNE COFFEE POUND PACKAGE 27c

**Pimientos 23c**  
7 oz. Cans, 2 for 23c

Shinola SHOE POLISH, can 9c  
Scott County LIMA BEANS No. 1 Can 5c  
Stringless BEANS, 2 for 15c  
Phillips 5 One lb. Cans PORK & BEANS 23c

**POST TOASTIES 20c**  
3 Packages

MUSSELMAN'S APPLE JELLY, 6 oz. jar 5c

## Fresh Fruits and Vegetables

**No. White Potatoes, 10 Pounds, 19c**

Fancy California doz. ORANGES, 33c  
BANANAS, 2 Pounds, 11c  
Large Head Iceberg LETTUCE, 10c

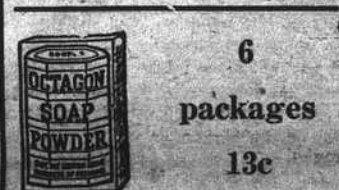


WE DO OUR PART

### Clean Up!



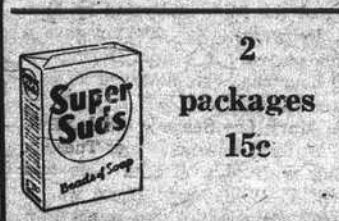
4 Cakes 18c



6 packages 13c



6 Cakes 13c



2 packages 15c

colored cars, is being honorably withdrawn from service.

Just before 10 o'clock Tuesday night as it has done for twelve years, the Crescent slid out of its shed under the station bordering on the broad Mississippi, and the pistons of its powerful engine pumped faster as it rained along the fringe of the French Quarter and past the old market, where thousands of cups of black, black coffee are served in the wee hours of the morning to society folk on their way home from mid-night celebrations.

Its funnel belching smoke and red glare from its boiler illuminating the engine cab, the Limited tore along as it passed over the boyous, slipping out from Lake Pontchartrain. Through the night it hugged the gulf coast, passed Biloxi and Mobile, then struck north for Montgomery, sliding across the plains of Alabama to greet the rising sun.

The schedule calls for it to roar into Atlanta near noon time, then strike out for the Carolinas, Washington and New York. It pulls into the metropolis early Thursday morning.

Beginning Thursday the New York-New Orleans trains of the Southern Railway will be known simply as No. 37 and No. 38. They make the same stops and the same fast schedule as the Crescent, but the green cars are gone. It won't seem quite so luxurious with the day coaches tagged on, and some of the sentiment and tradition surrounding the old Crescent will be missing. Perhaps a dusky porter will not spread a green carpet in front of the steps for you to move along as they did on the Crescent.

Planters, farmers and business men along its route set their watches by the Crescent. It was a punctual train. The mellow whistle awoke sleeping farm hands and told them a new day was there. It served as the dinner bell further along its way, and to still others it was the signal to lay down the plow.

A ride on the whizzing green streak was a fine birthday or Christmas present to the youngsters along its tracks who stopped their chores to see the big iron horse gallop by.

Young married couples began their honeymoon on the Crescent, riding

to New Orleans for a carnival tour or a boat trip across the gulf or heading for New York and perhaps a trip to Bermuda or abroad. Famous people, presidents, movie stars, champion prize fighters and two presidents of Mexico have ridden the Crescent. It has been Huey Long's mode of transportation on his hurried trips from Washington to the Louisiana capital at Baton Rouge. President Roosevelt has ridden it on his way to Warm Springs.

The Crescent has gone the way the Illinois Central's Panama Limited went two years ago. The Panama was just as much of a tradition along the road from New Orleans to Chicago as was the Crescent to the south of cotton, tobacco and pine forests.

Miss Bernice Hunt has returned from Albemarle after visiting friends. Miss Etta Frances Wilkie has as her guest Misses Cora and Nina Boyd Redditt, of Greenville.

Miss Dee West, of Chickasaw, Okla., is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. R. Riley.

Miss Billie James has returned from Pinehurst after a visit with her aunt, Miss Lucy Monroe.

Miss Edna Stewart, of Charlotte, is visiting her people.

Mrs. E. M. Patterson has as her guests Mrs. E. Roberson and three sons, Laurie, Bruce and Maurice. Bennett Bryant, of El Centro, Cal., visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Bryant, last week.

## LEE COUNTY IS OFFERING PROTECTION AGAINST Typhoid Fever and Diphtheria

### TREATMENT FREE AMONG WHITE AND COLORED

**VACCINATION WILL BE GIVEN AT THE FOLLOWING PLACES:**

**FRIDAYS, JUNE 22, 29, JULY 6, 13:**  
Cummock, 3 to 4:30 p. m.  
Cool Springs, 4:30 to 5:50 p. m.

**MONDAYS, JUNE 25, JULY 2, 9, 16:**  
Clint Poe's 1 to 1:30 p. m.  
Harris Place, 1:30 to 2 p. m.  
Paschalls, 2:10 to 3 p. m.  
Carbonton, 2:30 to 3 p. m.  
New Hope, 3 to 3:30 p. m.  
Underwoods, 3:40 to 4:15 p. m.  
Dewey Oldham's, 4:20 to 4:40 p. m.  
Big Springs, 4:30 to 5:45 p. m.

**TUESDAYS, JUNE 26, JULY 3, 10, 17:**  
Colon, 1 to 1:45 p. m.  
Osgood, 1:50 to 2:20 p. m.  
Deep River School, 2:30 to 3:30 p. m.  
Seawells Siding, 3:40 to 4:20 p. m.  
Rossers Siding, 4:30 to 5:30 p. m.

**WEDNESDAYS, JUNE 27, JULY 4, 11, 18:**  
Poplar Springs, 1 to 1:30 p. m.

Memphis, 1:40 to 2:10 p. m.  
Salem, 2:15 to 3:15 p. m.  
Nath Smith, 2:30 to 3:10 p. m.  
Broadway, 3:20 to 5:30 p. m.  
Bob Howard, 4 to 5 p. m.

**THURSDAYS, JUNE 28, JULY 5, 12, 19:**  
Geo. Batchelor, 1 to 1:30 p. m.  
Swann Station, 1:40 to 2:20 p. m.  
Lemon Springs, 2:30 to 4:30 p. m.  
Harnett Hill School, 3:30 to 4:15 p. m.  
Palmer Filling Station, 4:20 to 4:50 p. m.  
White Hill, 4:30 to 5 p. m.  
Tramway, 5 to 6 p. m.

**FRIDAYS, JUNE 29, JULY 6, 13, 20:**  
Jonesboro, 1:30 to 5:30 p. m.  
Dunk Bakers, 3:30 to 4 p. m.  
Winstead Place, 4:30 to 5 p. m.

**SATURDAYS, JUNE 30, JULY 7, 14, 21:**  
Sanford, 1:30 to 6 p. m.