

THE COURIER Telephone 144

Mrs. Wm. C. Hammer, Publisher and Business Manager. Harriette Hammer Walker, Editor. Wm. C. Hammer Estate, Owner.

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THURSDAY, JAN. 31, 1935

ARE MASTERS EVER "UNSANITARY"?

This is a serious question—are masters ever unsanitary? To be explicit, a holder of a master's degree—can a holder of a master's degree be unsanitary? If so,—how?

If there is a person able to answer this question, please give your opinion, as well as the answer, as to whether or not a person who uses the term "unsanitary" should be accorded a master's degree. We vote a hearty negative when it comes to such.

Perhaps this word, which is really not a word at all and not in the dictionary, does not grate on your ears to the point of wanting to get good, thick ear-muffs, but its pretty bad, pretty bad for a master's vocabulary.

CONVENIENCE VS NUISANCE

A taxi in its place is a great convenience and in other places, a grand—yes, grand and glorious nuisance. Asheboro has quite a flock of taxis, driven chiefly by gentlemen of color. As aforementioned, a taxi-cab is a great convenience at times, but when they whirl about the streets on two wheels as is the case in Asheboro, they become a public nuisance. There are few calls so rushing that these colored drivers need to step on their starters and back madly out of the parking place into oncoming cars before whirling around corners on two wheels—ones and a quarter.

If the police force of Asheboro, would like moral support from many citizens in taking a definite stand about this matter, they will have the desired support. There are many citizens, men and women who are sufficiently tired of the deafening, toot-toot-toot-toot of these shrill horns in their ears and in front of their homes, to "back up" any ordinance that might be passed or enforced—that is if they are lucky enough to escape in the role of a dodging pedestrian or in their cars.

ON TAIL WAGGING

In this everyday prose existence, there are some bright spots—beauty spots of flowers, trees, buildings, people, books—but one popular magazine collects in every issue gems of speech that are bright spots. In the most recent issue of this printed visitor the very first descriptive phrase was memory provoking—"Around her eyes were the dry beds of old smiles." This was said by Gertrude Atherton and reminds us, that in this busy world, there are too few people who would answer to that description, alas!

Then, we've all seen, and had to have dealings with, people who had "No more memory than a mirror," as described by Edith Wharton likewise the man, woman and child who "Puts some elastic in his trith-telling," as per Joseph C. Lincoln. "He paid no more attention than if I were a piece of good advice," has happened to all of us but was said by Westbrook Pegler.

"Dawn was beginning to prowl around the sky and put out the stars," and "a room furnished in exact faithfulness to the installment period." But the man "who has ever been the tin can on his own tail" and the people who "steer by the fixed star of self-interest" are not half so interesting as the puppy who "waggged ecstatically everything behind its ears."

TALENT—SUNG AND UNSUNG

Asheboro, unfortunately, is no different from other towns its size and many larger ones, in that there are very few really cultural things offered. There are no lecture courses, musicales or anything of the kind for those who desire something different from the town's one diversion—a moving picture.

There is one organization outside the literary programs at the Woman's club, civic clubs and the social clubs, that is little discussed throughout the town, but whose rather small membership realizes and appreciates the value received. The Woman's Chorus, sponsored by the Music and Art department of the Woman's Club holds an hour's rehearsal every Thursday afternoon. This rehearsal is under the direction of Mrs. E. J. Hillier, who for many years was a teacher of public school, in some of the larger cities of this and other states. In addition, Mrs. Hillier is a voice teacher of unusual talent and proficiency. Into these chorus rehearsals, Mrs. Hillier gives her best services, which include weekly group music lessons.

The members of the chorus pay nothing for this service, the only cost being for the music, which is very little per person.

Adding Mrs. Hillier is Mrs. S. B. Steiman as pianist. Asheboro has long known of Mrs. Steiman's talents both at the piano, organ and on the violin. She is a daughter of Mrs. W. H. Moring, whose very name carries the thought of music with it for she was a music teacher of a generation or so ago. Not only was Mrs. Moring a teacher, but she is a musician of no mean talent. Perhaps her musicianship, worthy as it is, is not uppermost in Mrs. Moring's mind for musicianship without the saving grace of service, is not worth a lot to a community. In the former days, while Asheboro was a smaller town with less musical talent than now, Mrs. Moring's playing and singing was almost a necessary part of Asheboro and Randolph county—giving generously and willingly of her talent. Mrs. Moring not only gave of her talent but gave a generous sacrifice of her health for, it will be recalled by many that, she fell and broke her leg while rendering musical service for a friend, at a little country church.

Such a comment as this cannot go without mentioning the name of Miss Nannie Bulla, who came along later—it is true, but not much later that many of the Asheboro musicians now the active business group of the town, did not receive their musical impetus from her class. It was "Miss Nannie" who taught and inspired Grady Miller, our townsman who has made a name and fame for himself in Greensboro, Raleigh, Chapel Hill and other places in the state, recently winning honors and a musical degree from Columbia.

IT'S THE LAW—

The British Parliament 234 years ago came to the defense of bachelors and widowers—poor defenseless sons of a gun—with the following legislation: "That all women of whatever age, rank, profession or degree, whether virgin maid or widow, that shall from and after such Act impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony any of His Majesty's subjects by means of scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish curl, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanors, and that the marriage upon conviction shall stand null and void."

—Contributed by a friend.

GREENWOOD WORKER WRITES ON UNION

Greenwood, S. C. — Miss Carrie Nash, former financial secretary of Textile Union No. 2171, here, recently wrote the following to the Greenwood Index Journal: "When the union was first organized I was under the impression that such an organization had the financial backing of the U. T. W. A. in close cooperation with the A. F. of L., which I understood had a large treasury.

"At the time the union was organized I was making a good living wage, and was aware of it, but at the same time I felt that if my joining the union and helping to support the organization it would at some future time be the means of increasing my own or other people's salaries, I was willing to do so.

"After joining I was elected to fill the office of financial secretary, therefore, I feel that I am in a position to know a few things that might be enlightening to others.

"Before the strike was called I had sent to James Starr, secretary to Francis J. Gorman, approximately \$1,100. During the strike we received weekly bulletins from headquarters, issued by Gorman, telling us to hold fast, stick together, etc., that they were behind us and wide awake, which led us to believe that when we reached a crisis we would receive help from headquarters.

"After our local treasury was depleted our secretary was authorized by the president to send Mr. Gorman a special delivery, stating our circumstances. This being done, we waited a week and, receiving no reply, a telegram was then sent to Mr. Gorman telling him it would be impossible to carry on any longer without help. We received no reply from this.

"At the convention in Gaffney a resolution was drawn up and telegraphed to Mr. Gorman asking that a commissary be set up in Greenwood for the relief of the two locals, and to my knowledge Gorman hasn't been heard from yet.

"When Peele, Brookhite and Rogers come down and cry, 'Stick together, you've got the backing'—well, that's a huge joke. They want the locals to stick together, sure, for that's where their salary comes from. The only help we ever got was from other locals, and if one local in Carolina has to help another, why is it necessary to send Gorman the money?

"Each month that I mailed Gorman's secretary a money order, usually around \$150, there wasn't a minute lost in the time it took for it to get there and a receipt to get back here, thanking us and wishing us all kinds of success and hoping

"Weather" or Not



(Copyright, W. N. U.)

we would continue to grow. "Before the union was organized I don't know of a single needy family in our community, and now I could name a dozen needy families. What has the union profited any of us? It has bred enmity among a few and brought hardships to many, and now Mr. Gorman doesn't even recall that there was ever a local No. 2171 in Greenwood, S. C., or, if he does, there is no evidence of the fact.

"I sincerely hope that if anyone reading this happens to be a 100 per cent union member, or is still inclined to belong to a union, he or she will not be offended, for I have merely stated the true facts. "I do not care for any more union experience and prefer to be dictated to, from now on, by someone I know personally and not Gorman.

"CARRIE NASH. "329 Grove street, "Greenwood, S. C." —Daily News Record, Jan. 8, 1935.

Quo Vadis?

Plain Talk On The Issues Of The Times. By BRUCE CRAVEN

This is just some plain talk for the hill billies of Randolph including myself. No one outside of the county is permitted even to read it, because it is not written for them and they wouldn't have enough sense to understand it anyhow.

Please note the title of these remarks, "QUO VADIS?" That is Latin and sounds smart, and I picked it out just to show that we can show off too if we want to. It is the title of a famous novel of the times of Nero who was Governor in the time of a depression a long time ago, and it is supposed to mean "Whither goest thou?" Some years ago a prominent statesman was asked what it meant and he didn't know much Latin and said it means "What in the ar you headed into?" So it is appropriate all around for these remarks and these times, Mr. Nero and all.

Well, let's get the worst over with first, the Legislature! There are 171 of them down in Raleigh including the Lieutenant Governor. Right quick, see if you can name the Lt. Governor? He is all right and good enough for the job, and the Lt. Governor always expects to be Governor and never does. Max Gardner was the only exception and he had to wait eight years and other valuable considerations before he got it.

Besides the 171 legislators there are 171 lobbyists and 172 plain grafters. In the whole crowd may be a few who are working for you, but God only knows who they are, and He is not publishing anything about the Legislature.

Up to date the biggest thing that the Legislature has accomplished is a resolution congratulating one of the members on having a new son, but it looks like it would have been better to have extended sympathy to his wife. It is very doubtful if it is anything to brag about being born in North Carolina right now. Just think of a man having to live down a record of having been born "during the Legislature of 1935."

All this tragedy on public highways in North Carolina, (3 or 4 a day, they have cut counting anything but the prominent citizens) is to be stopped by passing a law requiring every driver to get a license and pay \$2 for it. Of course anyone will sober up long enough to get the license, then get him a drink and start out to see if he can find a highway patrolman. The law, when it gets into effect, will have one effect and one only—it is just another tax.

Got a letter from the State Dry organization which I sorter fell out with because it wouldn't do anything about the Legislature until after it was elected, asking me to write to our representative and tell him what's what about voting for liquor. "I done told him." More than that I will tell him some more if he does

vote for liquor which he will not do. By voting for liquor what I mean is voting to get less liquor in a State by having more liquor and making it easier to get. The wet gang argue that liquor is open now and anyone can get it who wants it, and so if you just make it so he can get it even if he doesn't want it, then we will have temperance. And also cats will have horns, and the camel will walk through the eye of a needle with his head in the air.

One thing that puzzles me is that most people have good old horse sense (which is the kind a jackass hasn't got), and yet the politicians peddle out such boloney as that liquor argument as though they think the people are just a bunch of boobs who would rather have fine words than something to eat. I wish everyone could get as fed up on bunk and propaganda as I am, and then maybe we could start something. Good friends of mine in High Point the other day asked me if I didn't think it would be better to have legalized sale (saloons) of liquor in North Carolina to regulate it and get some taxes out of it. I asked him if he wanted the saloons in High Point, and he said "NO," and I told him he was darn sorry North Carolinian to want to put in other places what he didn't want in his own town. How about you, Randolph hill billies? Want a bar room right next to your church or school? If it is good anywhere, that is the best place I know of for something

money is" is to bleed the poor man for his last few pennies. Quo Vadis, gentlemen, Quo Vadis?

In the meantime they are going to raise the salaries of all those State employees in Raleigh who are so unselfish in being willing to serve the State, and they have increased the clerks and assistants for the Legislature until the other day an official had to beg the members to give them something to do. They have more water toters than they have workers.

Talking about the auto license tax to stop highway tragedies, they can pass laws and levy taxes until Gabriel blows his horn, and we will never stop the tragedies or get law enforced until we have men in office who want to do it and who never forget that they have taken a solemn oath to support the laws and enforce them.

One of the provisions in the bill about auto driver's license is that none can be issued to feeble minded, but probably it will be provided that the law does not go into effect until the people who passed it get back home.

Lawyer J. V. Wilson stands up and says some remarks about the big trucks busting up the highways, and there is one thing you can hand Brother Wilson, and that is when he says something you can always understand what he is talking about. But you just try to do something about it, and that is something else again. Go down to Raleigh and try to get through a bill to keep the big freight cars from running over the highways and endangering life and property, and in a few minutes

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you will feel like a truck has run over you. I wrote the State Highway Chairman recently that the big trucks had busted up 61 so that they were going to get mad at him soon if he didn't do something about it. But one of you little fellows get out on the highway a few minutes without a \$12 tag on your \$10 car, and they will get you all right. And that just reminds me that if they don't cut the license tag price to \$5, let's do something about it! I know what to do if you will help me.

never do any good and for such things as elections there ought to be State laws and nothing but State laws, and they ought to be enforced.

Roger Babson, who lives near a place called Boston, writes pieces for the papers and for pay, about the economic conditions in the country, and he has said about forty times that prosperity has at last arrived. In his piece last Sunday he said that the most remarkable happening of the year 1934 was the return of the farmer to prosperity. I read it carefully and wonder if he had ever seen a farmer. I wish he could have been with me a few months ago when I visited a farm where the aged couple were being turned out of their life long home, and I found the 74 year old woman down on her knees in the kitchen scrubbing the floor because she loved the old place so much she didn't have the heart to leave it unclean.

E. C. Abraham, tried in a Brooklyn court for forging two checks, proved that he could neither read nor write.

There are more than 90 fresh water lakes within a radius of 50 miles of Spokane, Wash.

get a Lift with a Camel! CANTONIST. (Below) Chon Day says: "I often work 10-11-12 hours at a stretch—and am smoking Camels all the time. They help to increase my pep when I feel tired or glum." ARCHITECT. (Below) "When I feel listless, a Camel restores my energy," says W. R. Ballard. "I can smoke all the Camels I want, without having the slightest suggestion of a ruffled nerve." THE SQUARE GUINNESS. (Above) John L. Summers, Squares Racquet Champion of the U. S., says: "I often fight my way through a tournament—come out exhausted. Then—a Camel. My energy is brimming again."

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