

The Daily Courier

Established 1876
Phone 144

1891
William C. Hammer
1930

Published Daily, except
Monday and Saturday

Harriette Hammer Walker
Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
By Carrier, One Year—\$5
By Mail, One Year—\$4
By Carrier a Week—10c

Entered as second class matter
at the postoffice at Asheboro, N. C.,
under the Act of March 3,
1879.

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SUNDAY, AUGUST 15, 1937

LADIES OF THE JURY

HOUSES on the campus of Vas-
sar college were taxed to ca-
pacity during this week with wo-
men, eager to learn the gentle art
of becoming members of juries.
Women from all walks of life were
there, from Mrs. Roosevelt, the na-
tion's first lady, to women who
came from more lowly surround-
ings. There were many from the
business and professional women's
clubs and colleges, as well as private
citizens who intend to exercise
their new right of jury service in
the state of New York.

The article describing the scene
at Vassar said "unofficially and in-
formally, but with unmistakable
zeal, organized women of New
York state set about plotting a
maximum of coverage for instruc-
tion in the process of jury service
under the permissive law enacted
last spring."

A discussion of the necessity of
a jury being locked up over-night
caused several timid souls to de-
mur. Nor so, Mrs. Roosevelt, who
cited the fact that in this day of
air travel, people are often locked
up over night in the plane and that
a jury room is just another place.
Mrs. Roosevelt continued her dis-
course with a frank expression of
her views.

"I have always regretted that
people do not take the jury system
more seriously in relation to the
courts and I expect, hope and be-
lieve that women will be better
than some of the men who are serv-
ing on juries today."

As the first speaker at the con-
ference, Mrs. Roosevelt urged the
importance of a concerted appeal
to women generally to register for
jury service, deprecating the diffi-
culties involved for some women as
no more strenuous than those en-
dured by men who serve.

"It seems to me that as long as
they are citizens, women should be
ready to accept this one of the
chores that go with citizenship,"
she argued. "My experience with
women is that they can use their
heads as well as men. It is easy to
accept the privileges of citizenship
without feeling that you have obli-
gations also."

"As long as my husband remains
in the White House, it would not
be possible for me to serve on a
jury, but I hope to attend the jury
school that will be held here in
Dutchess county in September to
learn what is required so that I
could qualify and serve under
other circumstances."

ANOTHER ROSE

WHEN Edith Wharton died in her
villa in France, a voluminous
writer was lost to the reading pub-
lic. Not only did Edith Wharton
write much, but exceedingly well—
sufficiently well to capture the Pu-
litzer prize in 1920. Long after she
is half-forgotten, her Ethan Frome
and The Age of Innocence will live
as memorials. This writer was
known as a "chronicler of inner cir-
cle of New York society in which
she had been reared."

This woman, who was living in
her villa with a friend, quietly, was
in fairly good health until she suf-
fered an apoplectic stroke and
never recovered consciousness, dy-
ing the same day. Her death was
unknown in Paris that night but
next day, as the body lay in state,
the writer would have been pleas-
ed and proud of the homage from
her wide circle of friends.

While she was a writer herself,
she never wrote more beautifully
than some of the sincere tributes
that have appeared of her life and
work, since death. It is always a
source of wonder—did she know of
this while living, or was her life
not all roses, as is true of so many
of us on this earth? If she had
known, she said nothing of the
award, but wrote of life, love, suf-

fering, joy and sorrow of others
until the figures sprang from the
printed page into living being. Af-
ter all, when a real writer dies, the
public mind wonders if writing
should not be lifted to a little high-
er plane, from a vocation—avoca-
tion, or what you will, to a real
art.

Anyway, here is one more flower
to place with the many that sur-
round her casket and will be heap-
ed upon the mound of clay.

With Other Editors

BOY SCOUTS ABROAD

Thirty thousand boys in their
teens from 37 countries, speaking
30 different languages, foregathered
in Holland the first week in Au-
gust for a grand international boy
scout "jamboree." It was probably
the largest crowd of youngsters
ever assembled anywhere since the
Childrens Crusade, when the zealous
youth of all Europe set forth on
foot for Jerusalem to recapture
the Holy Sepulcher from the Mos-
lems. Certainly it was the most
representative international gather-
ing of youth ever held.

Though they could not, most of
them, understand the words of each
other's conversation, no one who
understands the camaraderie of
boyhood can doubt that every boy
knew what the other boys who
spoke in strange tongues were say-
ing. They all had a common bond
of interest, for though the details
of their scout-craft differ as be-
tween nation and nation, the boy
scouts of all the world have the
same underlying principles and
purposes. Honor and loyalty bro-
therhood, goodwill and helpfulness
speak the same language under all
skies.

The world needs more of such
international contacts of youth.
There would be greater hope for
peace if the youngsters of all na-
tions had more chances to get ac-
quainted with each other. The im-
pression and friendship formed in
boyhood are the lasting ones. It
will be hard for fire-eaters and
demagogues to persuade these boy
scouts who foregathered in Hol-
land and that all the people of any
nation that their own are scound-
rels and should be hated as ene-
mies. They know better. They have
lived with them, played with them,
swapped keepsakes with them and
sung with them around the camp-
fires. They know that the boys of
other countries are just like them-
selves.—Chatam Record.

Washington
Day Book
By PRESTON GROVER

Washington—Back in the elegant
eighties the Congressional Record
was just about compulsory reading
for advanced students in elocution.

Today one time readers of the re-
cord from Bangor to Bisbee lament
the languishing of an oratorical
art which formerly flourished in
the halls of congress. The national
legislature still boasts punch-pack-
ing and stylish phrase-making but
almost vanished is the grandilo-
quence that went with frock-coat-
ed m. c.'s.

Those who like their rhetoric
resonant and rhythmic fear Ariz-
ona's Senator Henry Fountain
Ashurst may be the last of the ora-
torical Mohicans. Fortunately the
former cowpuncher, who won his
spurs years ago as one of the great-
est word-wranglers of all time,
shows no sign at 62 of doing a
philological fade-out.

Outshines Conkling
New York's Senator Roscoe Con-
kling was a forensic flash of the
19th century but some of the Ash-
urst enthusiasts will tell you that
much of Conkling's stuff was lum-
py compared with the sparkling
syntax of the courtly 6-foot Ariz-
onian.

As an Ashurst classic they cite
his defense of the donkey as the
emblem of the Democratic party—a
serio-comic discourse delivered by
the senator in 1930 when the
Republican elephant was a robust
symbol of G. O. P. supremacy. An
excerpt:

"He is a sure-footed, trustworthy
creature of epicurean taste and
gargantuan appetite; but his ap-
petite, happily enough, may be sat-
isfied by a nibble at a desert cactus
and he is then ready for another
long and lonely journey....
"He is the personification of the
sublime virtues of moderation,
forbearance and rigid economy. From
the vibrant chords of his throat
come zigzag bars of music as
thrilling as the midnight min-
strel of the nightingale....
"The donkey must not be aban-
doned for upon his back the Dem-
ocratic hosts ascend the steep ac-
clivity to power, or to change the
figure of speech, he is the pons
asinator over which they march
to victory."

Conkling's speciality was the
production of a medley of meta-
phors in an organ-toned voice. In
summing up a slander case for an
orphan girl client, he emitted:
"I have sisters, and I would
rather have clods should fall upon
their coffins than that one of them
should be robbed of that priceless
reputation without which a wo-
man is a casket without a jewel, a
ship without a rudder and a help-
less wreck on fortune's lonely
shore."

Grandiose grammar by Con-
kling on the laying of the Atlantic
cable: "That is a great wedding

BEHIND THE SCENES
IN WASHINGTON

BY RODNEY DUTCHER
NEA Service Staff Correspondent

WASHINGTON—In the year of
1932, when the Roosevelt-Gar-
ner Democratic ticket was running
rather well against the Hoover-
Curtis Republican ticket, there
came forth a solemn cry from the
Republicans and the forces of Wall
Street:

"Heaven help us!" These con-
servatives cried. "Only one frail
life will stand between the nation
and that wild man Garner, who
was Hearst's candidate for the
presidency and years to wreak
his dire will on the bankers and
other big people of New York!"
Mr. Roosevelt, at that time,
was generally attacked as a weak,
pusillanimous, wishy-washy fel-
low who didn't know his own
mind.

The first four years went rather
well with the Roosevelt-Garner
team.

Garner, a small-town banker
and southern legislator, was de-
lighted when "my boss" went
after the securities market, the
utility holding companies and
other powerful northern combines.
He gave much valiant help, al-
though he frequently yelled and
pounded the cabinet table. Roose-
velt often telephoned him at
Uvalde, Tex., to get his slant on
a tough problem.

BUT things happened in 1937.

There was the court plan.
Garner was acquiescent on that
one because he felt a liberalized
court would slam down on the
financial oligarchies of New York.
But the sitdown strikes and the
rise of the C. I. O. appalled him.
He instigated and supported the
efforts of senators to smoke out
Roosevelt on the labor issue and

and dashed out their brains against
the sides of the buildings.
Eventually the law—the fore-
runner to Mayor LaGuardia's Anti-
Noise League—clamped down on
the shops, and for a pleasant in-
terlude place was no noisier than
other neighborhoods of the city.

But Nut Village is creeping
back. The shop keepers hang out
of their front doors, and turn their
loud speakers a little louder when-
ever a patron shuffles into view.

Eloquent Lewis

Illinois' Chesterfieldian Sena-
tor J. Ham Lewis ranks with the
great speech stylists of congression-
al history. A poetic passage from
a plea for U. S. entry into the
League of Nations delivered when
Lewis was in his oratorical prime
at the end of the world war.

"We can salute the regenerate
earth in the new spirit which our
children reincarnate it with their
sacred bodies still sanctifying the
soil that is their distant grave."

Indians austere Benjamin Har-
rison, 23rd President of the United
States and a prominent member
of the senate, was famed for felicity
of expression. Upon the death
of a fellow Hoosier, he said:
"He had ample time to arrange
the draperies of his spirit before
entering the presence of the Great
King."

MANHATTAN
By GEORGE TUCKER

New York—As addenda to the
already incredible fund of Holly-
wood legends which throw some
light on why studio attaches go
insane early in life, Fibber McGee
offers this recital of a film auto-
crat whose tantrums were the dis-
pair of everybody who worked for
him.

Finally one scenario writer ral-
lied. Hurrying to the producer
while his movie was still up, he
banged his fist on the desk and
shouted "I'm quitting! I'm sick of
you going into nervous tailspins
everytime something rubs you
the wrong way!"

"Quitting!" cried the mogul. All
right, go ahead and quit! But re-
member, when somebody else wants
to hire you—nuts to them, that's
what you are, and I'm the guy
that can do it!"

Then there was the actor, a very
bad actor, who wasn't going so well
in a melodrama which took place
aboard a Trans-Atlantic liner. Re-
moving his greasepaint one night
he was startled to receive a note
after a horrendous performance
from the producer with a check
and this statement: "Here's \$100
on account."

"What do you mean, on ac-
count?" inquired the ham, hur-
rying to the producer.
"On account of there's a new
actor who'll take your part after
next Friday," the producer told
him.

Nut village no longer exists
—at least, the avalanche of noises
which drove people crazy has long
since been curbed by the police—
but it may stage a comeback of a
few loud speakers continue to get
away with esubrosa announce-
ments.

Nut Village used to be that clus-
ter of side streets on the west side
of Manhattan below Chambers
street, where every stall was a
radio shop.... What made it nerve-
racking and a source of brisak tread
for the psychopathic ward at Bell-
evue hospital was the loudspeakers
in every door.

The noise became a vast bed-
lam of confused howlings.....
Natives living in the district com-
plained bitterly.... The horses of
the police department became jit-
ter and upset, and the sparrows
and pigeons infesting the region
went mad.... They flew in circles

Literary
Guidepost

By JOHN SELBY

"1851 AND THE CRYSTAL PA-
LACE," by Christopher Hobhouse;
(Dutton: \$2.50).

"1851 And The Crystal Palace"
probably is one of the least invit-
ing book titles of the summer, but
the volume is one of the summer's
most amusing books and make no
mistake about it. Christopher Hob-
house and his gentle, occasionally
malicious, sense of humor have
captured and confined in the book
the essence of Victorian England,
and what certainly is one of the
sanest pictures of Prince Albert
ever written. This last as sort of
an extra measure.

Albert was not liked, and Albert
knew it. He simply could not un-
derstand the reticence, attraction to
sport and other facts of the Eng-
lish character. He liked being seri-
ously useful, and talking about it,
and his English friends seldom
talked shop. He liked particularly
being president of the Society of
Arts, and patrons of their exhibi-
tions of "art manufactures."

So that when Henry Cole strange
product of a British record office,
stirred up the idea of a great in-
ternational exhibition the Prince
was delighted. It might help break
the ice for him, and of course it
might also do good for Victoria's
Dear People. Plans went forward,
a building committee created a
dreadful design for the structure
which would house the great show,
and then a man named Joseph
Paxton got wind of things.

Paxton was the Duke of Devon-
shire's head gardener, man of af-
fairs, director in various railways,
building genius. In a week he
thought up the Crystal Palace and
drew working plans. Almost as
quickly he reopened the building
question and got his idea of a house
of glass approved. And out of a
storm of more than teapot propor-
tions rose the vast Crystal Palace,
and from all over the world came
things to fill it. The exhibition was
enormously successful, al-
though Mr. Hobhouse's pictures of
the exhibits themselves are fright-
ening.

So to the fire last year. One of
history's most fabulous periods is
seen from an entirely new angle,
and described with humor and yet
not unsympathetically.

Rev. J. Clyde Auman and son of
Thomasville, returned to their
home Tuesday after the week-end
spent with his mother, Mrs. J. A.
Auman.

Rev. and Mrs. Auman and chil-
dren have recently returned from
a tour of the southern states.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Zow and
baby daughter, Elizabeth, are
spending this week with J. C. Zow.

Workmen are engaged in the
building of residence for L. C. Cole
near Green's Service station and
for G. W. Hunt on the same site
of his house that was burned a few
weeks ago.

Fair Grove Sunday school at
Why Not had an old time chicken
stew supper Wednesday at 6:30 p.
m. on the church ground.

For dessert watermelons were
served. The melons were given by
Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Alexander. Be-
sides the members of the Sunday
school visitors present were Mrs.
E. B. Slack and two sons of Dur-
ham; Miss Stout of Star; Mr Paul
Auman of Asheboro, and Mr. and
Mrs. Fred Marshall and Freddy of

Mrs. G. C. Crisp and daughter,
Miss Lucile, and sons, W. T. and
David Crisp, of Candler arrived
Thursday for a few days visit with
Mrs. Crisp's father J. B. Black and
Mrs. Slack and with her sister, Mrs.
L. E. Cagle.

Master Fred Marshall, Jr., of
Greensboro, spent part of this week
with his grandparents, Mr. and
Mrs. J. D. Lilly. His parents, Mr.
and Mrs. Fred Marshall were vacat-
ioning in the mountains of Vir-
ginia.

Mrs. R. K. Torbert of Lawell, Del.,



is expected Saturday for a visit to
her parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. E.
Stuart Mrs. Torbert expects to
return to her home in Delaware
next Saturday.

Mrs. R. J. Lawrence and Mrs.
Clyde Russell attended the farm
women's meeting in Raleigh last
week.

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ioning in the mountains of Vir-
ginia.

Mrs. R. K. Torbert of Lawell, Del.,

Greensboro. Some one suggested
a chicken pie supper be made a reg-
ular Wednesday evening affair.

Four generations attended Sun-
day school here and were present
for the supper. Mrs. J. A. Au-
man, the oldest member, her daugh-
ter, Mrs. J. D. Lilly, Mrs. Lil-

ly's daughter, Mrs. Fred Marshall
and son, Fred, Jr., Fred, Jr., is
the youngest one that attends Sun-
day school. He is 20 months old.

A victory abroad against Rome's
enemies entitled the winning gen-
eral to enter Rome in triumph.

TO YOUR
CUSTOM TAILORED MEASURE
Need individually tailored clothes give greater satisfaction in fit, comfort and service. You, too, can enjoy this guaranteed satisfaction at no premium in cost over what you are paying at the present time. I will gladly call and show you the NEW Fall styles and the NEW Fall fabrics without obligation.

JOHN D. WARD
Over Hedrick Motor Co. Asheboro

City of Asheboro

Statement of Finances

June 30, 1937

Bonded Purpose of Issue	Amount	Total Outstanding
Water Works and Sewer Bonds 1910.....	\$ 39,000.00	
Water Extension Bonds 1914.....	20,000.00	
Sewer Bonds 1920.....	4,000.00	
Water and Sewer Bonds 1924.....	83,000.00	
Sewer Bonds 1926.....	88,000.00	
Total.....		\$229,000.00
Hospital Bonds 1930.....	\$ 19,000.00	
Total.....		\$ 19,000.00
Street Improvement Refunding Bonds 1934.....	64,000.00	
Street and Sidewalk Refunding Bonds 1934.....	101,000.00	
Total.....		\$165,000.00
Water Bond Anticipation Notes.....	30,000.00	
Revenue Anticipation Notes (Judgment).....	7,500.00	
Total.....		\$ 37,500.00
Total Indebtedness.....		\$450,500.00

Statement of Tax Collection

Year Levy	Tax Rate	Total Levy Includ. School	Amount Collected at 6-30-37	Uncollected at 6-30-37
1933.....	\$1.53	\$ 59,350.75	\$ 58,084.74	\$ 1,266.01
1934.....	1.48	59,705.70	59,849.99	1,855.91
1935.....	1.48	61,285.57	59,980.05	1,305.52
1936.....	1.48	65,567.16	55,774.59	9,792.57
Uncollected Taxes for All Previous Years.....				12,286.50
Total.....		\$245,909.18	\$232,189.37	\$26,006.51
Assessed Valuation 1933.....				\$3,879,134.00
Assessed Valuation 1934.....				4,034,169.00
Assessed Valuation 1935.....				4,140,918.00
Assessed Valuation 1936.....				4,430,214.00
Revenue other than from Property Taxes: Collections from July 1, 1936 to June 30, '37:				
Water Rents.....				\$ 46,146.51
Street Assessment and Interest.....				10,704.92
Water and Sewer Collections and Supplies.....				2,337.31
All others.....				3,388.33
Total Receipts other than from Tax Levy.....				\$ 62,566.97

W. E. YOW, Accountant.

Kivett Electric Company

Exclusive Dealers
in
General
Electric Appliances

Washing Machines
Irons
Refrigerators
Ranges
Water Heaters

TERMS MAY BE ARRANGED

Kivett Electric Company
West Kivett Street Phone 325 Asheboro