

### Fourth District Senatorial Candidates

Daniel L. Bell, of Chatham, has joined the previous trio of contenders for the Democratic nomination for the solicitorship in the Fourth district. The other three are Dunn's two candidates, J. R. Young and James Best, and C. C. Cannady, of Johnston.

We are giving you in this issue pictures of Messrs. Bell, Best and Young, and shall probably present the likeness of Mr. Cannady in the next issue.

The editor of the Voice knows Mr. Bell better than he does the gentlemen of his new home town. We can commend him as a gentleman and a capable lawyer. As judge of the Chatham county recorder's court, he has won many laurels. He is a man in whose integrity we have the greatest confidence.

He served as a soldier in the world war and has been active in the American Legion affairs of his county. He has long been superintendent of the Episcopal Sunday school at Pittsboro and is devoted to his church.

I do not believe that Daniel L. Bell would try to convict a man whom he deemed innocent. But you might look out for a fight to the finish against you if you should go with unclean hands into court.

#### J. R. Young

Major Young, for this Harnett candidate for the solicitorship, is a major in the National Guard is also a capable lawyer. He has served acceptably both as solicitor and recorder of the Dunn Recorder's Court. Twice he has represented Harnett in the Legislature. In 1931, it was he who really introduced the school bill which became the basis of the McLean law and of the present state-supported school system. There is no question as to either Major Young's ability or experience. He is a man, too, of courage of his convictions. You know where he stands.

#### James Best.

Mr. Best also was a soldier, and is now captain of the headquarters Battery of the 113th Field Artillery, designated as the Dunn Battery. He was a soldier in the world war, leaving college to join the forces. Returning to college after the war, he graduated at Duke University in 1919. For seven years he was a member of the Dunn legal firm of Young, Best and

J. R. YOUNG  
Dunn, N. C.



Young. For the last eight years he has practiced alone.

Capt. Best has served three terms as solicitor of the Dunn Recorder's Court, a position he now holds and is filling with credit. He has served also as commandant of the Dunn-Erwin Post of the American Legion. He is prominent in the work of the Methodist church.

#### C. C. CANNADY.

Mr. Cannady is a resident of Benson, Johnston county. As the only candidate for the solicitorship from that large county he should leave Johnston with a strong vote. He is a good lawyer, a clever gentleman, and would make a capable solicitor.

I haven't at hand either data concerning Mr. Cannady's career nor a cut of him. I hope I can supply both in the next issue, when I shall probably present pictures and achievements of the judicial candidates.

Although 19,500 tailors failed in the United States in 1932 thousands of new tailoring places were opened during the past year. That nudity cult business was just a fad.—New York Sun.

### MOTHERS NEED CIGARETTES!

The following article from the pen of Dr. George Paschal, in the Biblical Recorder, gives one reason why the State's Voice has not sought cigarette advertising. It was our old-time policy to refuse tobacco advertising. Later when the advertising became not an advertisement of tobacco but of one brand against another, we did run cigarette advertising. The habit was so general that there seemed no damage in publicity. But since the advertising has undertaken to corral the women of the country in the smokers' brigade, it is a different matter. Of course, the women have as much right to smoke as men, but the Voice does not feel disposed to help induce them to take up a worthless if not vicious habit. Here is the article:

Rev. Geo. D. Heaton, Lexington, Ky., writing in the Western Recorder on "Church Responsibility for Debased Public Standards," begins his short and pointed article with these two paragraphs:

This morning the Camel Cigarette carried as its appeal for business the advertising slogan: "Mothers need Camels, too." Because the nerves of mothers must never be tired or jagged, therefore they should smoke this brand of cigarette that they might give their children the best type of motherhood.

Many reactions are stirred by this insult to both our intelligence and moral sensibility. But one thought centralizes them all: Such advertising is possible because the moral standards of the day permit it.

The chief indictment for this insidious criminal assault upon the health of mothers is not, says Mr. Eaton, against the tobacco company, but against the church and its ministry; it is their fault that public opinion has become calloused to an extent not to be sensitive to a perception of its demoralizing suggestion. What is needed to correct it is not legislation, but a converted people in the churches who will make the printing of such falsehood unprofitable.

Other evil tendencies of today such as the toleration of "the presentation of filthy and rotten pictures" to old and young, and the return of liquor, are to be accounted for in the same way—lowered standards of righteousness in our churches. Mr. Eaton closes with this fine paragraph:

JAMES BEST  
Dunn, N. C.



We shall receive that which our tastes demand. Who is more to blame for the vicious standards of the day than the church which has played with the real problems of the hour, and devoted its energies to wranglings that have driven people from its teachings?

#### "Burning Up Boyhood."

Every teacher and every youth in North Carolina should read the article on "Burning Up Boyhood" in the issue of the Saturday Evening Post of February 24. In fact, everybody should read it. It is written by one of the greatest coaches in the country. If the suggestions of this article were adopted by the high schools, much, if not all, of the criticism current against high school athletics would be eliminated. Coach Robertson's slogan is better men, not better athletes. Yet it seems that his method results in better athletes as well as better men.

Don't forget that Jespedeza. No use in buying nitrates when you can manufacture them right in the fields.

What with a dry summer and an unusually cold winter, the boll weevil should be about out of business for the next two years.

Ninety-eight percent of the burley tobacco growers of Haywood County have signed the adjustment contract.

### THE WINGATE BUILDING.

(Continued From Page Three)

gate Building.

That chapel served for morning assemblies, at which the roll was called, and that followed by reading of Scripture and prayer. That year we had the little chapel pretty well crowded. The enrollment ran up to 225, a dozen or two ahead of the University enrollment, I believe. Occasionally a visitor would conduct the morning services. In the same little chapel, the Wednesday evening prayer meetings were held, and fairly well attended.

Occupying all of the second story was the memorial hall. At that time the most valuable of the portraits lost in the recent fire graced the walls. This hall had been built large enough to provide space for great crowds on commencement and anniversary occasions. It was used for services of the Wake Forest Baptist church on Sundays. Dr. R. T. Vann was pastor. He seemed to us youngsters advanced in age, but more than forty-five years have passed since we first met him, and he is still in the running. Dr. Vann took a real interest in the students and knew the most of us, if not all, by name. Rev. W. R. Grattney succeeded him. My impression of both these gentlemen is that they were better pastors than preachers.

I had moved my membership to this church and usually tried to make a small contribution monthly, when envelopes were passed around in the collection plates for the convenience of contributors. One Sunday I had forgotten that it was the collection day. When I saw the envelopes coming, I realized that I had only fifty cents and didn't know whence nor when any more was to come. I hurriedly sought to get it changed into quarters, but failed. I hadn't missed contributing before. It occurred to me to slip the envelope and dropped it in. I survived—and am still surviving, but don't love to see my pile get below five dollars.

#### Commencements and Anniversaries.

On the second Friday in February, the anniversary of the organization of the literary societies was

celebrated. This was a real event. The societies were the big thing at Wake Forest in those days. They are responsible for the training of many an eloquent speaker. The exercises consisted of a debate between two representatives of each society and an oration by a representative of each. The other honors going to students for the occasion were the presidency of the debate, the secretaryship, and the marshalships. And how those marshals did strut. Governor Ehringhaus does not glory more in the governorship than did one of the honorees of that anniversary occasion. Howard Foushee, a senior, afterward a superior court judge, and one of the finest fellows in the world, was president. I believe, of that first anniversary meeting in 1889. That evening, when the orators held sway, a special train had come in from Raleigh, bearing among other distinguished visitors Governor Fowle and his daughter, Miss Helen. That young lady wore the first real train I had ever seen. She swept down the aisle with two yards of fabric following her. Fowle had been governor scarcely a month.

On another similar occasion, on a Sunday service, came marching down the aisle the Rev. E. M. Poteat and bride. Young Poteat was pastor in New Haven and had married the cultured daughter of Dr. Gordon, pastor of a Boston church and one of America's most notable ministers. That could I have forgotten what it was all about.

Lectures were rare. That which impressed me most, judging from present recollections, was despite became the parents of Dr. E. McNeill Poteat, Jr., Raleigh's notable young pastor. The young man's calibre and character should not surprise us. No man in North Carolina has a finer heredity. I had the privilege of attending only two commencements. In 1891, Dr. Broadus preached the commencement sermon. I recall his text and the substance of his remarks till this day. He talked as simply and calmly as if he had been sitting among friends, conversing. Yet that conversational tone carried to the remotest points of the large hall. Our class, the next year, picked out an "elo-

quent" younger minister. He elocuted muchly, but lived in the "little chapel" by the Rev. Baylus Cade. There was a real man, I recall Major Bingham's delivering a lecture in the same little chapel. It must have been of a geological nature. I recall his telling about the bodies of mammoths preserved in Siberia to such perfection that when recovered from the ice dogs would gnaw their carcasses. And, by the way, no longer than a day or two before this was written I noted that the perfectly preserved body of a monster of the kind had just been discovered in Siberia.

#### My Last Attendance at Chapel Services.

When I last attended a chapel service at Wake Forest, the memorial hall was used. The school body had outgrown the little chapel. But the religious service was a force. The time was largely to me that if the Lord didn't let me get any more money I was in a bad fix and that the fifty cents would do very little good. I soused the whole for. Somebody hopped up and read the 23rd Psalm in about the style the ordinary clerk of court uses in swearing witnesses. A word of prayer—I doubt if it ever got higher than the ceiling. That was the third morning, I was told, unless it was a recent former occasion, the same psalm had been read three mornings in succession, by three professors neither of whom had been present to hear the former read it.

In the old days, Dr. Taylor, the Royalls, and occasionally one of the younger professors had put real heart into those morning services. Times are not what they used to be. Even anniversary and commencement occasions have lost largely of their glamor. I suspect the old Memorial Hall, no longer the home of the Wake Forest church, went without regret. Also, I suspect, if the spirits of the saints whose portraits adorned the walls, hovered about their oily shadows, they have been grieved often at the apparent change of emphasis in the college life.