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PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS AND COMMENTS.

Confined to his home by illness, the editor wondered how he could give this number of *The State's Voice* the personal interest that has formerly come from personal contacts in traveling about the state. But before me is a batch of letters and personal notes and clippings from the news columns of the papers, which seem to afford me a chance to chat about a number of people readers of *The Voice* should know.

A Veteran Teacher—Doesn't He Deserve a Pension?

Thirty years ago H. L. Edens, then, seemingly to the writer, approaching old age, was a good friend of mine down in Robeson. I received a letter from him since my illness was announced, and I am going to let Mr. Edens give you an inkling of a long and ill-paid service to the state. While our legislators and others are worrying over the low salaries of present-day teachers, let me commend to their attention such men as H. L. Edens and two of my old Chatham friends of similar records.—Why should a judge who is paid ten salaries of the average teacher receive a pension after only a few years service while such men as H. L. Edens have to depend upon their children, themselves reared in comparative poverty, for support in their old age? I am quite sure that the average wage of H. L. Edens as teacher for over a half-century did not average \$300.00 a year.

Here is Mr. Edens' review of his career:

Lumberton, April 8.

Dear Friend: The *State's Voice* has just been received and read, and, like its predecessors, is full of interest.

"At the Cross-Roads of Decrepits" is a warning full of pathos to all who have reached or passed the three-score-and-ten mile post. The interpretation is self-evident—Active life is over and one is forced to travel the short western road of twilight till nightfall. I'm in my 79th year, practically all of the years spent in school, in an effort to prepare for life and in the school room as a teacher.

I began teaching in 1876 and quit in 1931, after my hearing and sight were too badly impaired to allow me to continue in the profession. I have been principal of all the schools I have taught in except the first one. When I gave up my last school I had conducted it six years. We had an enrollment of four- to five-hundred pupils and eleven teachers.

As I remember for fifty-five consecutive years I taught boys and girls not only the various text books but also religious and moral truths, and I never left any big, bad boy or girl in doubt that punishment was certain for given offenses. My motto was: "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." Soft, sentimental tommy-rot applied to heedless, self-willed youths is giving them license to scrap all things of good report and hasten to lodgings in penal institutions of the state. Whip?—Yes; it has no competitor as a remedy for an otherwise unruly pupil.

When I began teaching I determined to do my duty as I understood it each day. Many have threatened to do me bodily harm but up to now I have a clean conscience and a body that has never received a blow of violence from pupil or parent.

My children are all married—those still living. I am living with a married son and family. The public has used up my life and left me a helpless charge upon others. But I am not complaining.

Your friend of "Argus" days,

H. L. EDENS.

I am just wondering where Mr. Edens found a school in 1776 with more than one teacher in it. "Argus" days refers to my publication of the *Lumberton Argus* from 1901 to 1906. If the government is ever going to give Mr. Edens a pension, it is high time that it is getting about it. But notice that he didn't even think about the likelihood of his ever getting something except by hard work of his own or of his children.

The Budget Commission's Estimate Sound.

Just arrived the morning I begin these chats is a cheering note from the Governor. True, you know him as well as I do, but I have

been wondering how much trouble the General Assembly could have saved itself and how much cost to the State if it had followed the Governor's budget commission's estimates. As plainly seen the budget commission had estimated what seems, after three months of review by the finance committees and a month of discussion in the two chambers of the General Assembly of the available sources from which revenue can be secured without the possibility of doing more harm than good, just about the true limit.

I criticised the Governor during his campaign for what might fairly be considered a pledge, more than a year before conditions prevailing during the 1933 legislature could be revealed, to oppose the imposition of a sales tax. I have not

LOOK AT YOUR LABEL.

Look at the date on your label. *The State's Voice* labels, unlike those of papers of greater frequency of publication, are typewritten, not printed. Therefore, the dates will be given only occasionally.

criticised him for turning to the sales tax when he became convinced that such a tax was necessary.

Now, while I highly approve the budget commission's estimates of the ability of the State to pay and its moderate increases in proposed appropriations, I am sorry that he and his commission went so far in favor of a sales tax as to propose a levy on the staple foods. If the legislature had only omitted that section of the budget recommendation and found funds to substitute for those proposed from the taxation of bread and meat, it could have been adjourned weeks ago and with a fair measure of justice meted to both taxpayers and recipients. There are two ways to make revenues and appropriations meet—and the safer, always, is to reduce appropriations to the level of reasonable or just levels of tax levies. Governor Ehringhaus's commission had fallen upon a fairly happy, if not golden, mean. Within three months the general assembly has not agreed upon the means of justly levying more than that commission's estimate of available funds.

Chief Chaplain Yates Sends Cheering Word—Angina Pectoris Curable—Cols. Yates and Dockery as Wake Foresters.

Maybe you don't know that the chief chaplain of Uncle Sam's armies is a Wake County boy, Rev. J. E. Yates, ranking as colonel, I believe. Well, he is, and my old friend took not only enough interest in the announcement of my recent attack of angina pectoris and the limitation of my activities to writing, to renew his subscription but to clip from Dr. Copeland's health discussions in the papers the symptoms of the disease and the cheering statement of the Senator-Doctor's that one should "not be misled by the belief that angina pectoris is a fatal affliction." "In many cases," says Dr. Copeland, "complete freedom from attacks is obtained by change in occupation, habits and mode of living. With proper care the number and severity of the attacks can be lessened."

Cheering are those words, but there is one thing about it, if the severity and frequency of attacks could not be lessened, the victim would care mighty little if the disease should be fatal.

I note such a frequency of deaths from angina pectoris—several about the time of my attack, that I am quoting here Doctor Copeland's cited symptoms so that readers of *The Voice* may have an idea of what has them if it should grab them. Says Dr. Copeland:

"I venture to say that usually the fatal effect of heart disease can be traced to negligence. I am sure that if more persons were taught to recognize early symptoms of heart disturbance and carefully followed instructions given by their doctors, the prevalence of this disease would be greatly decreased.

"Angina pectoris is due to a change in the "coronary arteries" of the heart. These blood

vessels furnish the muscle of the heart with the necessary nutrition. They may become brittle or obstructed by a small blood clot. When this occurs the sufferer complains of severe, agonizing pain in the region of the heart.

"The attacks come on suddenly and usually follow some physical or mental exertion. But one may become seized with an attack while at rest, or even during sleep. Worry, mental distress, anger, anxiety, excitement and physical fatigue are factors that lead to attacks of 'angina.'

"The skin of the sufferer becomes grayish pale, and a cold sweat appears upon the forehead. As a rule the victim does not complain greatly.

"The attack may last for a few minutes or may persist for hours. At times the pain travels down to the left arm, or it may pass to the right shoulder and down the right arm. Occasionally the attacks are preceded by nausea and vomiting.

"The pain is not always as typical as I have described it. I have seen cases of angina pectoris with pain in the pit of the stomach and where the condition was confused with indigestion.

"Relief is obtained by the application of heat and the administration of nitroglycerin, morphine or other strong opiate."

The pain in the chest, in the arms, and the cold sweat should be just about enough to identify the monster that has you, but in my case these were only a few of the variety of pains that attended the attacks. A grappling of the windpipe about the adam's apple is one of the most unique of pains. It is simply indescribable. And contrary to Dr. Copeland's statement about vomiting preceding an attack, eating preceded in my case and vomiting brought relief. The little nitroglycerine tablets brought relief more quickly than did morphine.

But back to Colonel Yates himself. It was about 1889 he and his brother enrolled as students at Wake Forest. He was reared over in the fine old Olive Chapel community, on the very verge of Chatham county. I hadn't seen him in over forty years till last year at the Centennial banquet at Wake Forest. The most of those forty years had been spent in that fine spiritual service to the boys in uniform that finally brought him to the chief chaplaincy.

He and Col. Oliver H. Dockery, Jr., are the only Wake Forest men I know who have spent their lives so largely in the army service. I have seen Dockery only once or twice in the same period of more than forty years. Colonel O. H. Dockery is the baby brother of the aged Victor Dockery who passed away in Raleigh only recently. The Colonel is one of the survivors of my own class of 1892.

Every time I think of that first fall at Wake Forest in 1888, when Col. O. H. Dockery, Sr., was a candidate for governor on the Republican ticket, and how young Oliver was almost ostracized by the students of the college that owed its existence so largely to his grandfather, Col. Alfred Dockery, and of how the backwoods Sampson county lad, who by good fortune had learned that Republicans were not poisonous, almost became a chum of the scion of the aristocratic Dockery family till the campaign was over and the students lost their political bitterness, I am glad that North Carolina has passed the days of such partisan folly, even if the majority party is not yet honest enough to redistrict the state so as to give the Republicans their deserved quota of representatives in Congress and still so determined to win by any means that the abominable absentee ballot law still menaces the rights of the voters of many counties.—But wouldn't it be fine if, when this goes to print more than two weeks from its writing, Senator Weathers' bill calling for the repeal of the abomination had become law!

She Used to Be Little Edith Taylor.

From an appreciated note from Mrs. Edith Taylor Crittenden, librarian at Wake Forest College, I quote this word of cheer: "I trust that you will soon be up and about again, for indeed

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