

THE ROXBORO COURIER

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It isn't true because THE COURIER says it, but THE COURIER says it because it is true.

MEMORIAL DAY ALMOST A FORGOTTEN CUSTOM

MAY 10th has long been dedicated to the memory of the soldiers of the Confederacy, but it has become almost a memory, for today very few gather on that occasion in honor of the heroes of that bloody struggle. In this good County, where only two of these noble Veterans remain, very few give it hardly a passing thought, as noted at the gathering Friday; when less than fifty attended. Those who remember the days of 1861-65 are not so numerous, and if living are too old to take part in such services, and the younger generation do not realize what it was all about, hence there is not that sentimental appeal. While there is no part of these United States more loyal than the South and we do not advocate anything which will keep alive sectionalism, still, we regret to see this seeming like of interest in honoring these noble men, though they be few who are with us today.

In speaking of this matter recently one of the Daughters expressed our sentiment exactly when she said, "as long as there is one living Confederate Veteran in this County, so long would the Daughters continue to remember them and give them a welcome, with a big feed, on May 10th." And may the younger folks read more about the strife between the States and see what hardships their forefathers endured, all because of their love for home and liberty.

THE CITY OF THE DEAD

IT HAS been said, and truly, that you can judge the people of any city or town by the manner in which they look after the cemetery. Burchwood cemetery, was named in honor of Miss Hattie Burch, who for several years was chairman of the cemetery committee for Roxboro. We say it without fear of contradiction, that under her management there was not a more beautiful, or better kept cemetery anywhere than was Burchwood, and she did it with an appropriation which was not at all in keeping with the work done. We regret that Burchwood is not today what we would like to see it, not only is it not up to the standard set by Miss Burch, but there are other evidences of short comings, for often when those who have loved ones buried there want to do a little to help improve the appearance of the graves they do not find the conveniences with which to do it that they would like to have.

Now, what we are driving at is this: We beg to recommend to the City Dads who have just taken charge of the town affairs that they elect Miss Burch as chairman of the cemetery committee, with full power to act and to spend any and all funds she thinks necessary to bring our City of the Dead back to its former beauty. We fully realize the task we are asking Miss Burch to perform, but we believe with pressure from all who agree with us—and candidly we believe that is every man or woman in Roxboro, that she will not turn us down, but will again take up the work.

STEADILY GOING FORWARD

WE WERE asked the other day to guess how much had been expended in Roxboro during the past two years for new buildings and, while of course, it was a guess pure and simple, we said about fifty thousand dollars. We knew there had not been any business houses built during this depression, but we had no idea there had been so much paid out for residences. The records of the building inspector shows the amount to be more than one hundred and eleven thousand dollars, not a mean record by any means. How

many of you thought it was so much? It is gratifying the way the town is building up, for while there has been no business blocks, and likewise there are few vacant stores, which can be said of very few cities and towns the size of Roxboro, the town is growing at a lively pace, no boom but just a solid growth.

As an evidence of the growth of the town Postmaster Tucker tells us the receipts for the last quarter were by far the biggest the office has ever had. From present indications the population of the town will ere long pass that ten thousand mark, and you know we have promised you a daily when Roxboro has a population of ten thousand.

NOW that the Legislature has adjourned we can breathe a sigh of relief, for, while the last few days of every session is always filled with fear and trembling, this was especially noticeable this year. And, not without cause, for several bills were passed which would never have been enacted, save in the rush of the last few days, when every one is anxious to get home, and tired and worried to death with things in general as far as legislative matters are concerned.

ON WEEK-END before last Senator Harris Newman invited a goodly number of Senators and members of the House to spend the week-end as his guest at his home in Wilmington. Well, we do not know on what viands the Senator fed them but on the first of the week when they met in Raleigh the Senate proceeded to pass a liquor bill according to the desires of the Senator.

IT HAS been said that the way to a man's pocketbook is through his stomach; perhaps Senator Newman will tell you that the way to get a man's vote is along the same route.

FOR THE first time in the history of the State an announcement as a candidate for the nomination of Governor was made from the President's chair of the Senate, when Hon. A. H. (Sandy) Graham announced his candidacy Friday night.

What Others Are Saying

HOW BAD ARE OUR SCHOOLS?

EDUCATION, to hear some folk talk about it, is in a bad way in America. Miss Virginia Gildersleeve, head of Barnard College, said the other day that superficiality and slovenliness prevail in most colleges, a lack of thoroughness and of clear thinking. Right on top of that the Professor of Education in the University of North Dakota, Frederick Weltzinn, came out with a survey of rural education in which he said that, on the whole it was about as bad as it could be.

Americans have taken a good deal of pride, generally, in our system of wide-spread free educational facilities. We are inclined to boast about the school privileges which every American child and youth enjoys. It is rather a slap in the face, therefore, to be told that the whole system is inefficient and low-grade, from the one-room rural schools to the great universities.

Maybe it would be a good idea to look into the matter. Most folks take it for granted that any school is a good school. But as Professor Weltzinn points out, thousands of rural communities treat the schoolteacher as something less than human. There is an inclination to hire not the best teachers but the cheapest, and to look with contempt upon the man or woman who makes teaching a life-work, because, as everybody knows, there isn't any money in it.

We don't think that is true generally, but it is nearly enough true in many places to make the accusation hurt. Somehow, with all our pride in our schools, most of it seems to be for the buildings rather than for the teaching that goes on inside of them. We have not yet reached the stage of civilization of the European countries, where the school-teacher is the most honored and respected citizen of the community.—Auto-caster.

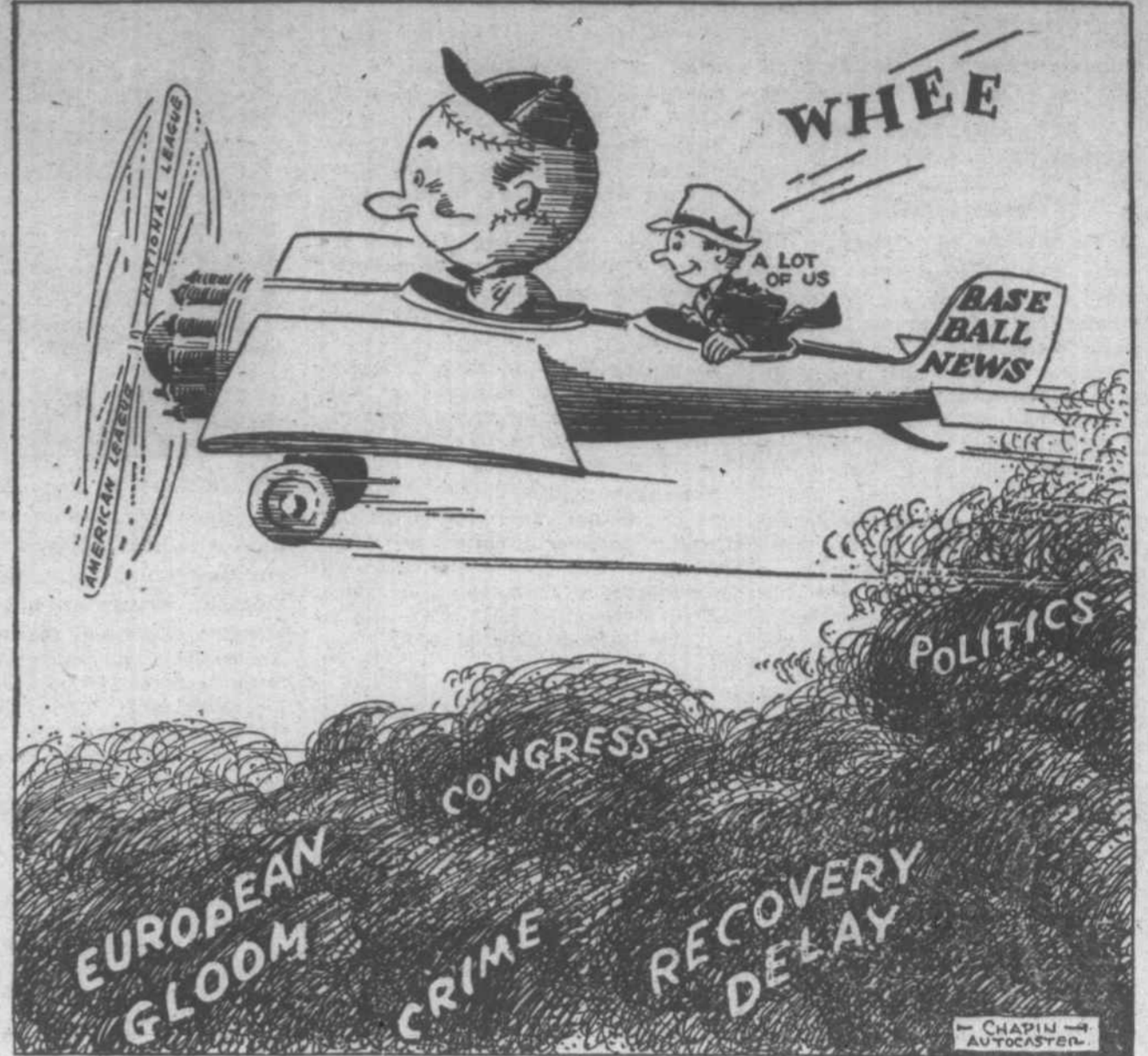
TRADING AT HOME

THERE are any number of people living in this town who laugh at the idea that it is best to buy at home. They take the position that it does not matter where they spend their money if they get their money's worth. They subscribe to the doctrine that the only obligation they owe the home town is to get what they can out of it.

Our idea of trading at home does not include buying goods from merchants who attempt exorbitant profits. It does not necessitate the acceptance of worn, dirty or bedraggled goods from old time merchants who think that it is up to the community to keep them in business. It only means giving the local merchant a chance and then, to buy if he can reasonably meet other competition.—H. S.

EVERY politician knows that it is impossible to please everybody; what they seek is the favor of a majority.

Escape From The Dust Storms by A. B. Chapin



NOTES AND COMMENTS

Inflation may be ahead. If it is, we hope to ride the crest and then leave the raft.

Our own idea is that the country can afford some inflation but we are against running wild.

Advertisers who buy advertising wisely are to be found in the columns of this newspaper.

Men begin conversations with "did you hear, etc?" and ladies begin, "she's a nice girl, but—"

Fact of the matter is that the young ladies of Roxboro are getting prettier every spring.

Let's not get the idea that the era is approaching when we can get something for nothing.

Driving automobiles and drinking liquor are dangerous to others as well as the man in the car.

Going to church may not be necessary but it at least puts a man in company that is better than the average.

Correct this sentence: "I don't want you to do that for me because you have already done too much."

We understand that the creative urge explains poets and inventors. The puzzle is what keeps newspaper men going.

Consolation: In a world as big as this, with as many people, there ought to be somebody, somewhere, to suit everybody.

Children should be encouraged to participate in all athletic undertakings. It is rightfully a part of their proper development.

Small grain and hay crops in Lincoln County gives promise of bumper yields, reports the farm agent.

More than 250 projects have been selected by 4-H club members of Polk County in their club work this year.

The acreage to wheat planted in Union County last fall is the largest of recent years and the crop looks promising at this time.

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Looks Back Ten Years

The Following Items Were Picked At Random From The COURIER This Week Ten Years Ago

Celebrates 25th Anniversary: On May 1st, 1900, Mr. S. P. Satterfield opened an insurance office in Roxboro, the first office of the kind established here. Prior to that time all insurance for this section was done by Durham, Danville, and Milton companies, but, be it remembered at that date the town of Roxboro was not of such importance as today. Mr. Satterfield, "Sam", as his friends all call him, is one of the most affable gentlemen to be found, always in a good humor with a pleasant cherry greeting for every one. He is an optimist of the first water, all weather is good weather to him, and it is not surprising to learn that his business has shown an increase every year, until today he does an annual business equal to any in this section of the state.

Rev. R. E. White Resigned Sunday: At the close of the morning service last Sunday Rev. R. E. White, who has been the pastor of the Baptist Church for the past three years, tendered his resignation to take effect the last of

July. At a called conference the church accepted the resignation.

Gored By Angry Bull: Mr. S. J. Dickens came near meeting with a fatal accident Sunday evening. He was out in the pasture when an angry bull attacked him, making some painful wounds on his leg and probably would have been fatal but for the fact that the bull threw him over the fence. Steve, one of the jolliest, best men ever, is courageous but we venture the assertion that never more will he enter a pasture where a bull is at large.

Plenty Of Plants In The East: Messrs. E. E. Bradsher, Landon Bradsher, John Richmond and Connor Merritt left early Monday morning and spent a few days in the eastern part of the state getting a supply of tobacco plants. Earl Bradsher reports that they saw as many Person County folks down there after plants as you would meet in Roxboro most any day. Plants are very plentiful down there, and the farmers were exceedingly generous and clever, being glad to divide their surplus with their less fortunate Person County brethren, without any charge.

Mrs. Hunter's Brother Died Suddenly: Last week Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Hunter left for a pleasure trip, Mrs. Hunter to visit her only brother, and Mr. Hunter for the purpose of enjoying a fishing trip. The evening they arrived at the home of Mr. D. W. Dudley, he walked in from his work and suddenly dropped dead. After attending the burial Mr. and Mrs. Hunter returned home.

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Growing Livestock Is Safe Farming

The depression affected the price of livestock as it did other farm crops yet those who had animals to balance their crop production did not suffer so keenly.

This is the lesson, N. C. Ferebee of Camden County says he has learned. "The livestock on my farm pulled me through the depression," he told L. I. Case, animal husbandman at State College.

"Mr. Ferebee has a well-rounded livestock farm and in addition to the actual sales of livestock and its products, he gives much credit to the manure produced in maintaining the fertility of his land," says Mr. Case. "He also was able to sell his crops to the livestock at a fair price and to keep nearly all of the fertility at home instead of marketing it along with the low-priced crops."

Livestock on the Ferebee farm consists of 22 grade Aberdeen Angus breeding cows and their offspring by a pure bred bull of the same breed. In addition to these animals, Mr. Ferebee usually buys some steers to fatten for market. Recently, he sent a truck load of fat steers to the Baltimore market where they averaged 1060 lbs. each in weight and brought \$9.65 a hundred. There is another truck load yet to be sold.

But Mr. Ferebee does not keep beef cattle alone, Case says. He has ten Duroc-Jersey brood sows, a flock of 20 mutton-type ewes, five brood mares, five horses and one stallion.

Mr. Ferebee has been breeding and raising his own work stock for 20 years, Case says. "It has been nearly that long since he has bought any work stock of any kind and he believes that this in itself has been a great saving to him, especially during recent years since the price of work animals has more than doubled. Like other successful livestock growers, Mr. Ferebee has found that the man who jumps in and out of livestock according to the price of crops does not do so well but the man who sticks to it, year after year, fares very well.



THE FAMILY DOCTOR

By JOHN JOSEPH GAINES, M.D.

"WILD GREENS"
Spring of the year. Such a relief to get away from the routine drugs and chemicals; the smelly box of pills; the musty powders; the terrible throat gargles; let's go to the country for the afternoon.

When we reach the creek valley we dismount to gather a basket of wild greens; no better food obtainable nor more refreshing or healthgiving. Growing in abundance, the wild greens invite us to come and gather as we choose what we want.

Perhaps the first friend we run across is the dandelion; his little crispy circlets invites us everywhere. One of my patrons, an old lady, made a most charming relish from crispy young dandelions; she never cooked them at all. She gathered them, cut them with a mincing knife, and put young radishes with them, seasoning the whole with salt and pepper; I know no better or more healthful relish with meats or more substantial articles which grace our tables.

And, oh, the ladies slipper and lamb's tongue, and tender nettle! And the "dock" and wild lettuce. Then there is a variety of wild mustard. Most wild greens may be had fresher than commercial varieties, and then we have the pleasure and out of door exercise of gathering them.

The wild plants cook well with cured bacon—and is not bacon a staff of life? Few dinners of greens will escape the quota of bacon and the family vinegar bottle with the beautiful brown squares of home baked corn bread.

I know of no healthier dish than that of boiled wild greens, they are healthgiving to the highest degree and put drug store "vitamines" outside and over the fence!

Three cheers for the country outing to gather wild greens.