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A Very Live Corpse

For a party that a few months back was considered all but dead, shattered into tatters by the disheartening results of election in which the voters registered their will in no unmistakable fashion, the Republicans are making plenty of noise and whoopee. The party is not dead by any manner of means. It is not even sleeping, not nationally.

It is only natural that G. O. P. leaders should find delight in the attacks on the administration by Huey Long, Preacher Coughlin, Dr. Townsend and others. If these former friends of the administration can drive a wedge deep enough for Republican fingers to get a good stout hold, the splitting of the political log may not be such a hard matter after all.

But while Republican leaders are shelling the Roosevelt woods, the real shock troop battalion is covering the advance with argument about economics that makes an efficient smoke-screen until the reasons for the bombardment are analyzed and assayed for their real worth. The United States Chamber of Commerce, representing as it does the industrial interests of the nation, takes a crack at Roosevelt policies every time the opportunity offers.

The Chamber has never been friendly to a Democratic administration, because it has never been able to team up to a mutual satisfaction. This industrial organization thinks only in terms of dollars and cents and has no yardstick by which to measure human values. What it wants is the old time "rugged individualism" which is a misnomer for its corporations and holding companies. In March, 1933, it was willing to lay its industrial troubles on Mr. Roosevelt's doorstep, but now that he has pulled its chestnuts out of the fire, these high financiers profess to see dire calamity ahead.

This fits in mighty well with the Republican purpose and plans. Indeed, it is reasonable to suppose that there has been ample prompting from behind the scenes.

But amid all the noise and slap-sticking G. O. P. leaders, diligent in their efforts to find a leader, have not been successful in putting him out in front to groom for the presidential race. Undoubtedly Mr. Hoover covets the privilege of again pointing to the grass in the streets of every city in the land; young Teddy Roosevelt would like nothing better than a marathon with Cousin Franklin; Senator Vandenberg is watching his step and marching carefully to the tune of political expediency. And there is a whole covey of candidates who would answer the call of their party, but there is so much chatter that the call can't get through.

When Love Beckons

Uganda, one of Great Britain's most primitive colonies seems to be succeeding in solving an extremely difficult social problem: the value of a wife. After much discussion and numerous test cases, the stable price handed down by the court of chieftains is—five cows. Of course both the girl and the cows are evaluated on the hoof, and the exchange is thus standardized to dispense with unfair competition, haggling by the bridegroom, or extortion by the father of the girl.

It is barely possible that conflict would arise in case of troubled domestic relations in divorce. No provision has been made for the return of the bride to the parental roof, and the father does not understand that in such case he is to return the five cows. Maybe if the Ugandan father is shrewd he will discount something for wear and tear on his daughter and send back only two of the animals. That would be accentuating the question: what is a girl worth before she is married and how much does she depreciate afterward. If this little African province can settle this question satisfactorily, maybe it can also tell us what to do with our Huey Long.

Germany announces that 333,000 women between the ages of 16 and 33 are needed on farms immediately to become mates for farmers, and the government is lending its fullest co-operation to this match-making extraordinary. It has allocated \$100,000,000 for farm homes, and is ordering the girls back to the farm instead of back to the kitchen.

But here in America the front pages of our big dailies carry the pictures of Hollywood's divorces, alongside of the accounts of matrimonial tangles of our idle rich, and our court calendars are cluttered up every term with appeals for release from marriage vows said in response to love that did not last until the next full moon.

Maybe Uganda and Germany hold something that we haven't got; maybe each senses the need of governmental supervision of marriage contracts and obligations. But one thing is certain our own government has not found it necessary to provide "rental payments" for curtailed production in the marriage industry. The wedded ones are plowing up every third row on their own account and without government urge.

Outwardly friendly to Russia as we are it may be significant we keep sending a Bullitt back to Moscow.—Nashville Tennessean.

Right Much Money

Senator Bailey is quoted as saying: "I believe that when it is all added up, North Carolina will get about one hundred million dollars, which is its share on a population basis, of the four-billion-dollar work relief appropriation." Inasmuch as this money is supposed to be spent within fifteen months, surely this state, along with its neighbors, is in for an upward boost from many angles.

The Great Smoky Mountain Parkway project will constitute a big slice of this fund, but North Carolina, along with Virginia, will have to get busy and acquire and present to the federal government the necessary rights of way, if the money allocated to the project is to be spent within the allotted time.

Along with the general projects such as grade crossings, soil erosion, forestry, subsistence homestead, and other ventures, there will be gobs of county and city projects, but in the case of the latter there is likely to be disappointment unless the proposals are presented immediately, because expedition is the heart of the entire program.

Those on relief who are employable will be put to work and the unemployables will be turned back to the state and communities. There's not going to be much more of what amounts to the dole. Men who are able to work will be expected to grab a tool, else they won't find their name on a pay check. That is as it should have been at the start. It was impossible for the federal government to play Santa Claus to all without encouraging indolence. The local communities, which in the final analysis have to foot the bill, know better the actual needs of those who cannot work, and should provide for them.

Not A Bad Bet

The Wisconsin legislature has passed a bill to require the serving of one-third of an ounce of cheese and two-thirds of an ounce of butter with every restaurant meal costing twenty-five cents or more, until March 1, 1937. That seems to fit in with the fool things that legislatures do, oftener than semi-occasionally—but is it?

There is method in Wisconsin's madness. The sponsor of the bill boldly stated its object—to make visitors conscious of that state's dairy prominence and to help the farmers by just that much. Wisconsin produces great gobs of cheese of the better kind, and is also proud of the butter the farmers produce. The state is taking a long shot in making the consumption of both compulsory, but visitors will not raise a howl about it if the cheese and butter is of quality, and maybe they will remain to praise.

But if Wisconsin can do that with her butter and cheese, why not North Carolina make it obligatory that visitors be introduced to our liquid corn in the same manner, and require that a "chaw" of tobacco top off the desert for each lunch served those who are merely passing through. If the objective be extended to promotional effort among our own people, this compulsion applied to the bridge clubs and after-dinner speakings at our civic organization meetings, the thing would go over with whoopee.

Wisconsin hasn't placed a bad bet! One-third of an ounce of cheese and an ounce of butter served with every restaurant meal, will put how-many cows back into production, and many a dairyman will be able to take that coveted trip into Canada to have a look at the Dionne quintuplets.

War's Cost

The cost of war is appalling, yet the total is by no means immediate for all of it. The cost of enlisting men and equipping them for service is tremendous, and in the last big conflict this nation loaned money that it will never get back. This of course is reckoning the cost of war from a material standpoint—in dollars and cents—and aside from the cost in human lives which cannot be estimated.

Paying for war must go on and on from one generation to another. Pensions alone amount to an almost unbelievable sum, and they extend farther than one thinks. It was in 1906, a century and a quarter after the revolutionary war that the last pension check occasioned by that war was issued—paid to the last widow of a veteran of the Revolution. The total amount of pensions for that war was \$71,000,000.

The total cost of pensions resulting from the War of 1812 was \$46,000,000; the War with Mexico, more than \$60,000,000; the various Indian Wars, more than \$53,000,000 and the Civil War, more than \$7,500,000,000; nearly a million persons are now receiving pensions on war compensation, besides the 3,725,000 World War veterans who have bonus certificates.

And as certain as night is dark, we are headed into the greatest pension budget of all time. The demand for immediate payment of the bonus certificates is predicated upon the urge to clear the decks for pension demands that will make all other pension lists look like thirty cents. Yet those pension costs when they come will be only a part of the total cost of the World War.

Just pause and think what educational advancement could be achieved with the tax money that goes to pay for war. In our patriotic fervor we do not hesitate to mortgage the future to bear the cost of killing and being killed, but we raise a mighty howl when a mere mite, in comparison, is added to the tax load to provide education for our children—education that should have as one of its objectives the intelligent effort to consider the causes and find a cure for war.

Surely America has had her fill of armed conflict! If the white crosses above our boys in Flanders Field and their maimed and battered buddies nursing their ills in our hospitals and whiling out a miserable existence, do not impress, then our dollars spent in this senseless way should bring us up with a jerk, and those who have been profiting by making war continuously imminent should be torn from their barricade of wealth and thrown into the gutter.

PRIZES OFFERED FOR FARM RECORDS

4-H Club Members May Compete For More Than \$1,000 List

Prizes valued at more than \$1,000 are offered North Carolina 4-H club members who keep accurate farm records this year in the national farm account contest.

The contest, sponsored by the International Harvester Company, is designed to stimulate a greater interest in the keeping of accurate farm records, according to L. R. Harrill, 4-H club leader at State College.

To county winners will go prizes worth \$10, and the State winner will receive \$100. The latter will compete in the sectional contest, for which a \$250 prize is offered. The national winner will receive an award valued at \$500.

The records may be kept in any suitable farm record book which shows a complete inventory of all farm possessions at the beginning and the end of the 12-month period, a record of money received and paid out during the year and what the receipts and expenditures were for, and a balance sheet showing how much money the farm made or lost.

The records will be judged on the following points: completeness, accuracy, and neatness, 50 points;

analysis and suggestions for changes in the farm plant to increase earnings, 50 points.

Any bona fide 4-H club member who is taking an active part in club work this year is eligible to enter the contest, Harrill said.

Those wishing to secure more details about the contest may obtain them from county farm or home demonstration agents.

LIVESTOCK GROWING IS SAFE FARMING

Livestock Has Pulled Many Farmers Thru the Depression

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 I. 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 market-

ing 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 pounds 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 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 saying 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.

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