

The Sun

Newberry, S. C.

O. F. ARMFIELD Editor and Publisher

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Communications of Interest are invited. The Open Forum is open to all.

OLD JOE PROPHECIES

Old Tieless Joe Talbert says the Republicans will come back into power in 1940 with Vandenberg on the snout of the elephant.

It is true that the Democrats became pretty well split over the supreme court issue but that will heal of itself long before another convention and the Democrats will present the same solid front as heretofore.

The threat of the Democrat party lies in another direction, and it is a real threat. If leaders of the two great labor parties ever bury the hatchet and become pals who can agree on a political set-up and program, that will be a headache for Republicans and Democrats alike because such a party could come nearer bringing the farmer into their ranks than any other.

Joe had just as well forget the postoffice business and run his farm.

SAME OLD PLEA

The mayor of a Georgia town resigned his post recently when he found himself out of harmony with the town's councilmen over the operation of a lewd show with a carnival.

We've heard that, in almost exactly the same words before. To keep a carnival from going broke a community must be exposed to indecent shows. That certainly is philanthropy of a noble sort.

PROSPERITY SCHOOLS

Honor roll for first period ending Oct. 15, 1937.

GRADE II

- Joel Cook Martha Counts Mildred Dominick Nell Harmon James Mills Christine Minick Wilbur Nichols Forrest Shealy Maxine Shealy Bonnie Ray Stockman

GRADE III

- Jeannine Ballentine Bennie Bedenbaugh Billy Bowers David Bowers Roy Cook Billy Dawkins Millard Haltiwanger John Taylor

GRADE IV

- Patricia Luther Billy Leaphart GRADE V Miriam Ballentine Mildred Bedenbaugh Carolyn Cook Esther Counts Betty Counts Quoy Fellers Rhita Thomas

GRADE VI

- Edna Mills Earlene Stockman Voris Wright GRADE VII Alice Bryson Dorothy Watson

FRESHMAN CLASS

Clarence Cook

SOPHOMORE CLASS

- Joe Bedenbaugh Dorothy Merchant Elizabeth Shealy Mary Wessinger

SENIOR CLASS

- Ernestine Barnes Lealie Mills David Minick Janie Belle Wilson

No report for grade one.

A. J. COLEMAN DIES

AT CHAPPELLS HOME

A. Jack Coleman, 37, died at his home near Chappells last Tuesday night after a lingering illness. He was a life-long resident of the Chappells community, living in Saluda county, and was a member of Chestnut Baptist church.

Funeral services were held Wednesday afternoon at the Chestnut Baptist church. He is survived by his wife and two children. Also a number of brothers and sisters survive, among whom is Mrs. J. H. Halfacre of this county.

The Spectator

The Irish! Well all my life I've thought of the Irish as romantic people, kissing and drinking—and all that. But I have just read a story in The State (United Press, Oct. 23) telling that a girl had been banished from Ireland "for kissing her boy friend in public."

If this had happened in Scotland I should have thought the whole stir was motivated by a desire to put the town budget "in balance"; but in Ireland!

We hear much about "balancing the budget" of our national government. Many men say that because the "budget is out of balance" all sorts of things may happen. Well, what's wrong? A budget is out of balance when the Government spends more than it receives in taxes. It means, then, that it is living beyond its means. What does the Government do in such circumstances? It raises more money "on the side." How? It sells bonds and notes. What are they? They are promises to pay at a future time and the payment must be made out of money received from taxes, or from the sale of more bonds and notes. It is bad business, as a rule.

What is the old-time, common-sense attitude about this? Here we have our Government expecting a deficit of \$695,245,000—which is \$277,000,000 more than was expected—and it talks about "balancing the budget." If the Government should reduce its expenditures by \$695,245,000 the budget would "balance." So why not do this? Why continue the W. P. A. with a billion and a half dollars? If the W. P. A. must be continued at all reduce it by \$685,245,000. Looks simple, eh?

Last week Captain William E. Gonzales was interred near his brothers Ambrose E. and Narciso G. Gonzales—three brothers who loved South Carolina and devoted the full measure of their surpassing ability to her service in constructive endeavor.

I did not know the first two gentlemen, personally, but I knew intimately some men who knew and loved them. I know all about their record of public service, however, and I have read The State during thirty-six years. I did know Captain William E. Gonzales pleasantly, though somewhat casually. So I can think of him as a public figure without bias of intimate friendship.

Mr. Gonzales was the American Ambassador to Peru when I landed there and he continued in that high position eighteen months longer. To be an Ambassador is to stand on the summit of human deference. He was the personal representative of the President of the United States; he was the only member of the diplomatic corps with the exalted rank of Ambassador. And Mr. Gonzales was Ambassador at a time when the prestige of our country in South America was at its zenith. So highly were we regarded that President Leguia contracted with twenty three of us to direct several of the departments of the Government.

In 1921 Peru celebrated the centenary of her independence. The capital city—Lima—was resplendent. Most of the nations of the world sent special embassies to join in the festivities. Soldiers, sailors, guns, flags, receptions, balls, medals—all the pomp and embellishment which the artistic Latin could devise under the spur of a liberal policy were the program day by day for a week. Mr. Gonzales was in the very center of all this, a celebration perhaps unsurpassed anywhere for elaborate and profuse display of uniforms, lights, celebrations and diversions.

When I came home I found Mr. Gonzales hard at work at the everyday tasks of an editor, attending diligently to the commonplace duties dedicating his energies to his business and contributing generously of himself and his means to every phase of life's betterment. I may be the only Carolinian who knew the Ambassador as such at close range. President Leguia had a great appreciation of him and a warm personal regard.

Mr. Gonzales measured up to every call. In the blaze of a great occasion, but not less in the hum-drum calls of un spectacular labor, he did his best and his best was worthy the ideal which motivated his life.

Farmers, here's how its done: The railroad employees are already receiving as much wages as they received in the boom times of 1929. Certainly the purchasing power of their wages makes them in better condition today than in 1929 and far better than in 1926, which the Government has set up as a sort of normal year. If the farmers were receiving pay on the basis of 1926 cotton would be seventeen cents a pound. But it isn't bringing seventeen cents, is it? More nearly seven than seventeen. However, the rail road unions—called brotherhoods—decided that they should have more pay. The railroads said they were not earning enough to pay more. Then came the reply "we don't care what you earn; we want more money." All right, brave boys;

that's the milk in the coconut; they don't care. I think the Rail Roads should have refused the raise. Strike? Certainly; but can the Rail Roads be forced to pay more than they earn? But the Companies acceded to the demand and so five hundred million dollars was added to the expenses of the "Roads." Now the Interstate Commerce Commission has allowed certain increased rates which will yield forty seven million dollars. So it is five hundred million against forty seven million. Now if the railroads are allowed additional increases in rates to make up the difference between forty seven million and five hundred million who will pay? All of us who buy goods. Once again labor becomes the over-privileged and we the consumers the under-privileged underdogs.

And, mark you, while the Rail Roads are trying to make economies so as to earn expenses we have a bill in Congress—already passed one house—to limit the length of a train. We may not be as thoroughly socialized as Russia, but if the Government regulates rate, length of trains, number of men—and all that—why not take over the Roads by law before the brotherhoods confiscate them by wages beyond their earnings? Rail Roads cannot continue indefinitely to operate at a loss. So far as the Government has power to fix rates, why not fix wages, guaranteeing a fair rate on the investment.

The Manufacturers Record tells us that in 1936 "New plants were established in the South for the production of thirty-eight different products." The big question for us is this. How many of these new plants came to South Carolina?

Last week a friend sent me a clipping from a paper showing that a big industry had decided to build new branch factories in Va. and Fla. Jumped right over us, didn't it? Why? We men of South Carolina must ask ourselves the question and then find the answer. Once we have the answer we shall have to find a remedy.

Let's go out and get the business; we need it.

The highly esteemed Anderson Independent comments editorially on the sale by the county of nine cows and one mule for \$233. If the mule is able to move under his own power he should be worth at least \$40, leaving the average value per cow of about twenty-one dollars. But the mule seems to have appealed to Anderson farmers only to the amount of \$26. But editor Hull must consider the possible mule power which said mule can generate. If able to walk unaided he is certainly worth \$26. Now what the mule may be worth if made into coats and cloaks for the ladies my ignorance surpasses all bounds.

I have attended a meeting of farmers recently and have found the greatest lack of agreement among them on the subject of farm-relief. And there is a reason; there are powerful reasons. Unless one should have a clear understanding of world conditions he cannot really think intelligently on the subject. Our leaders in Washington—I mean the officials of the Department of Agriculture—are in position to have the facts. Let us get the facts and then discuss plans. This is no time for small politics.

CHAPPELLS NEWS

There was a Hollowe'en Carnival at the Chappells High School building on Thursday evening, a nice sum of money was made.

Dr. and Mrs. W. O. Holloway accompanied by Mrs. J. L. Holloway visited Dr. Jordan Holloway at Ware Shoals, Thursday to see Dr. Jordan's new son.

Mrs. Harry Strother, Mrs. L. E. Werts, Miss Lillie Mae Workman and Miss Mary Lou Werts were Newberry visitors on Friday.

Miss Mary Ellen Workman spent the weekend in Clinton with home folks.

Mrs. Kate Coleman and Miss Josephine Strother were shopping in Greenwood Wednesday morning.

The Community was saddened by the death of Jack Coleman on Tuesday evening at 8:45 o'clock. The bereaved family has the sympathy of the whole community.

Mrs. W. A. Webb and Mrs. L. E. Werts attended the leaders club meeting at Newberry Court House on last Saturday.

Miss Josephine Strother is visiting in Johnston over the week-end.

Mrs. J. B. Scurry went shopping in Newberry Friday.

Mrs. H. C. Strother assisted by Mrs. L. E. Werts entertained the Merry Makers club on Tuesday, Games were played one of which was dressing the witch. Mrs. J. J. Bozeman won the prize for the best dressed witch & Mrs. W. O. Holloway the spookiest one. A delicious fruit salad course was served with Russian tea.

Misses Elizabeth and Irene Keith of Lander College spent the week-end at home.

Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Cook called in the community one day recently.

Mr. E. C. Harmon took dinner in the home of Mrs. Harry Strother Thursday.

Misses Lucy Vivian and Grace Arant visited home folks Sunday.

JESSE C. TURNER

Jesse C. Turner, 71, died at his home here Friday morning at 6:45 o'clock after an illness of several months.

Funeral services were held Saturday afternoon of last week at 4 o'clock at Harmony church near Johnston, conducted by the Rev. J. B. Harmon, the Rev. W. H. Lewis, and the Rev. C. M. Johnson. Burial was in the church cemetery.

He is survived by his wife, the former Miss Dorothy Palmer, and the following children: A. C. E. D. and L. A. Turner, all of Ward; Mrs. Irwin Gilliam, Pelzer; Mrs. D. J. Rowe, Johnston; Mrs. Tommie Bryant, Trenton. Two brothers, Henry J. Turner of the city and Sammy Turner of Saluda, also survive.

McSwain in charge.

MEAT CURING

Pork prices are now at an eleven-year high. And as nearly half of all meat eaten in the United States is pork, the wisest way is the safest—kill the big hogs now and cure the hams, shoulders and middlings at the—

NEWBERRY ICE & FUEL CO.

NOTICE

We the undersigned Jury Commissioners of Newberry County, shall on the 11th and on the 18th of November 1937, at 9 o'clock A. M. openly and publicly in the Clerk of Courts Office, draw thirty six names to serve respectively as Petit Jurors for the Court of Common Pleas, which will convene, (first week), November 22nd (second week), November 29th, 1937, at Newberry County Court House 10 o'clock A. M.

H. K. Boyd, Clerk of Court J. C. Brooks, Treasurer P. N. Abrams, Auditor November 30, 1937

TAX NOTICE

The tax books will be opened for the collection of 1937 taxes on and after October 4, 1937.

The following is the general levy for all except special purposes:

Table with columns for State, Ordinary County, Bonds and Notes, Interest on Bonds and Notes, Roads and Bridges, Hospital, Con. School, County School, County Board Education, Mills.

The following are the authorized special levies for the various school districts of the county:

Table with columns for No., District, Mills. Lists districts like Newberry, Mt. Bethel-Garmany, Maybinton, etc.

The following discount will be allowed on payment of taxes: Thru Oct. 20, one and one-half per cent; thru November, one per cent.

On and after January 1, 1938, the penalties prescribed by law will be imposed on unpaid taxes.

Those who had their dogs vaccinated for rabies during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1937, by one authorized by law, and expect to be exempted from dog tax will please bring their certificates of vaccination when appearing to pay taxes.

You are requested to call for your taxes by school districts in which property is located. The Treasurer is not responsible for unpaid taxes not called for by districts.

J. C. BROOKS, Treasurer Newberry County.

20 YEARS AGO

At a meeting of the commission on Thursday the contract for the building of the new jail was let to W. G. Summerland and company at the price of \$63,250. They are the same gentlemen who are in charge of the building of the new Exchange Bank building.

Miss Mattie Adams returned Tuesday from Columbia, where she spent the previous week with Mrs. Lizzie Clark.

Mr. G. Leland Summer has returned from Washington after having successfully passed two government examinations, for excise tax inspector and first grade departmental accountant. He received an immediate appointment in the ordnance department of the army located in Washington. On account of the high cost of living, however, Mr. Summer did not accept that appointment, not feeling justified in moving his family there.

Sunday will be "Go-to-Sunday-school" day. No doubt the occasion will call out a greatly increased attendance at the various Sunday schools. It ought to.

The Indians are now looking forward and preparing for the big Thanksgiving game to be played in Clinton with Presbyterian college. This is the last and most important game of the season.

When the war tax gets on good and proper we will all then begin to realize that we are in war. And then when all the food dealers have to be licensed and you are not permitted to have more than a 60 day's supply of food on hand will be another time when you will find out that you are in the war. That will not touch many of us town people because most of us are fortunate if we have a week's supply on hand at any one time.

The new postage law is in force. That is another reminder that there is a state of war. Some of us old people can remember when letter postage was three cents and so it will not be such a terrible blow to us, and then some of us do not write so many letters anyway.

Mrs. Robert D. Wright will leave next week for Chattanooga, Tenn., to attend the U. D. C. convention.

Little Miss Minnie Morris celebrated her tenth birthday with a delightful party Tuesday afternoon. Many outdoor games, directed by sev-

eral young ladies of the neighborhood were enjoyed by the little guests, followed by delicious refreshments.

Robert E. Mayson of Charlotte, N. C., in a letter to The State Saturday suggested Dr. George B. Cromer for United States senator, whom he considers in every way capable of filling the position, knowing full well that if Dr. Cromer should be elected, the state would have nothing to regret. Truer words were never written.

The students of Newberry college subscribed \$600 for YMCA work in the army camps when Dr. McNair of the army YMCA at Camp Jackson presented the cause at a recent chapel service at the college.

Congressman Frank Lever, of the seventh district, is mentioned as a possibility in the next senatorial race on the anti-reform ticket, but he has so far made no political announcement, nor given any intimation along that line.

A Soggy Spectacle By The Office Cat

(This is a story I have long hesitated to tell for there be many who will doubt its truthfulness. Albeit, many of our good people are of late much given to this sport little realizing its dangers.)

I was fishing in deep water way out in the lake when I got a bite. I knew right off that it was a big one and the reason I knew was that it began to pull the boat 'round and 'round in a half mile circle. He pulled the boat so fast I got dizzy and fell out and believe it or not I fell right on the fish and knocked him out. Me and that fish went to the bottom like a rock and I tried my best to pick him up but could not budge him. I pulled and tugged and grunted for two hours but couldn't budge him. Finally as I was about to give up I looked close and much to my amazement found it wasn't a fish at all but only a big log I had been pulling at.

When I finally came to the surface my boat was nowhere in sight. Peering in every direction I spied a small dark object on the water moving rapidly at a distance I judged to be about 14 miles. I knew this must be the boat so I struck out after it. I swam a while and then dropped to the bottom and ran awhile to rest myself. In exactly four minutes I caught up with the swiftly moving object which turned out as I thought, to be my boat. I made a grab for it but it dodged and went off with a

roar. I grabbed a rock off the bottom (the water was only 40 feet at this point) and threw it with great violence. It hit the handle of the motor causing it to head back toward me, roaring like an enraged bull. I ducked quickly as it sped over my head.

Gaining the surface I found the boat standing quietly near where I emerged. I was considerably peeved by this time for I had lost the good catch from the boat. I started the motor and threw it wide open. Up and down I went, the backwash flooding the lowlands and driving the people to the hills. Old men and women running for their lives and little babies gingerly hopping over cotton rows to escape the mountainous waves. It was indeed heartless but by now my disappointment knew no bounds.

Finally becoming somewhat appeased I shut the motor off and went into the fields and gathered up all the water and put it back in the lake. I filled my boat with the finest fish and headed for the boat house.

You may well imagine my feelings when the boat house was nowhere to be seen. As far as eye could reach was only barren waste, not a house in sight. I was greatly dejected; all the country 'round about seemed desolate and still; even the sun was gray and overcast. I sat down to weep but found I had put my tears in the lake along with the water.

There was nothing I could do so my thought: turned toward home. I put out thru the endless miles of waste lands caused by my rash act. After I had gone what seemed to me hundreds of miles I saw off to my left the boat house turned upside down and all the people in it standing on their heads. Those who were in the house fixing lines on poles at the time of the great catastrophe were seen holding on to their poles with lines sticking straight up in the air. You see I had also upset the law of gravity.

After restoring the laws of gravity by means of tossing an apple into the air I put the boat house on top of my car and brought it back to where it originally stood, but those in the house don't know 'til this day what really happened.

As I staggered into the little nest we call home with my load of fish, I was suddenly brought to realize I was still living in the same old world.

"Drunk again, you brute. I told you the very next time—etc, etc, etc. And so, far, far into the night.

FOR SALE

Genuine Japanese Giant timber Rambo. Seven inches in circumference and forty feet high. Stays green all winter. Shoots easy to grow. Mrs. Jas. M. Smith 1308 Harper street

There's a Big Difference In a paper you Take and a paper you READ People Read The SUN