

The Clinton Chronicle

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The Chronicle seeks the cooperation of its subscribers and readers—the publisher will at all times appreciate wise suggestions and kindly advice. The Chronicle will publish letters of general interest when they are not of a defamatory nature. Anonymous communications will not be noticed. This paper is not responsible for the views or opinions of its correspondents.

CLINTON, S. C., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1932

FOR CLINTON'S NEEDY

The responsibility is now upon Clinton, as it is upon every other community during this trying period, to provide for its needy this winter. Through the local Red Cross organization and activities on the part of interested individuals, funds must be raised, old clothing collected, fuel and medicine provided in order to stay the chill of winter for the destitute and to keep little hungry children, aged and infirm indigents, from starvation. The local Red Cross is making appeals not only for memberships, but for second-hand clothing. Those who have not felt able to join this noble organization, should be able to find old clothing which some one will be able to use. These garments, now laid aside and rarely used in Clinton homes, may be the means of protecting some destitute persons from the ravages of cold weather. It is a practical and inexpensive way of helping those who are less fortunate than ourselves.

Whatever your manner of giving (if you have one) make it a point to keep in touch with the Clinton relief work for the winter, and to have an active part in it. If, as individuals, we do our duty and not shirk, the city will be able to carry on its emergency relief activities in a creditable way. Jesus helped the poor in addition to his teaching. We who do not have great opportunities to teach, may at least emulate the Master in this other way.

As a community we should open our hearts to the call of the needy. Shame on a Christian community to allow little shivering bodies to go cold and to suffer of hunger and want.

LET'S COUNT THE BLESSINGS

The institution of our American Thanksgiving day dates back almost to the beginnings of the settlement of North America by newcomers from Europe. The first Thanksgiving day was celebrated by the Pilgrims of Plymouth in 1623. After a day of prayer and fasting the Pilgrims feasted and gave thanks to Almighty God for the bountiful harvest which enabled them to look forward to a winter of ample food.

All of the New England colonies and some of the others continued this custom of an annual day of thanksgiving, and in his first year as the first president of the United States of America George Washington himself made Thanksgiving day a national feast by proclaiming Thursday, November 26, 1789, as the day for its celebration.

There has never been a year since, in spite of wars, internal stress and calamity in which we, the people of the United States of America, have not had genuine occasion to give thanks for blessings received. For in spite of all that has occurred in our history the American spirit has never been daunted and we have grown steadily in spiritual strength.

In this year of 1932 we see many things to be thankful for. We have come through the three most trying years we have experienced in more than half a century. We have come through them safely, with far less suffering, far less permanent injury to our national institutions and our national welfare than have any of the other peoples of the world. There is evidence that we are coming again into material prosperity with renewed courage and with our national morale still unshaken.

That, it seems to us, is sufficient reason why Thanksgiving day this year should be more than a mere holiday, why it should be a day upon which every American should actually give thanks to the God he worships for having led us safely through the slough of despond to the verge of the promised land again.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING

The first haze of a November morning set a softness upon the hills and mellowed the bright colors of the falling leaves as it called every man and woman and child out into their doorways for the first Thanksgiving celebration more than three hundred years ago.

Most of the colonists, having been farmers in the north of England, now betook themselves to the custom of that section of the country in celebrating the bringing in of the last harvest sheaf. First a wicker basket was carried into the common house, and festooned with many colored ribbons, as gay in its festive array as the people who gathered around it. When the basket was in readiness two maidens lifted it from the ground,

colonists fell in two by two behind holding it between them while the them. For a moment there was silence, then there arose in full song that stirring procession, "The earth is the Lord's and the fullness thereof, the world and they that dwell therein."

As they marched, they sang, filling the clearing with music. From the path the procession turned into the cornfield. Coming to where the corn was on the stalk, the two maidens stopped, setting the basket upon the ground. Again there was silence and all stood forth in singing.

As the notes of the psalm began, the two maidens each plucked a stick, dropping it in the basket, then stood aside that those who followed might pluck and deposit their corn. So they sang, while each one harvested his corn, dropping it in the wicker basket until the last ear had been garnered.

The burden of the full basket being past the strength of the maidens, two men came forth and gravely raised the basket between them. With quickened step the procession marched back, through the field and down the path to the granary, singing a song of thankfulness.

Having finished the marching song, Governor Bradford bade all kneel in a half circle around the front of the granary. The elder sent up a petition of thanksgiving for the riches of the earth, forest, and sea which had been bountifully poured on the people.

When the governor ceased, one of the maidens approached the granary, unfastening and throwing open its door. Governor Bradford promptly came forward and plucking a stick from the basket, threw it into the grain house. So one by one those who gathered the corn took up a stick and threw it into the granary until only two sticks were left. Priscilla, blushing sweetly, gently dropped one of these in the storehouse.

The second maiden now stood forth, holding the last stick of corn. With her head thrown back and singing words of praise, she dropped the last sheaf of harvest into the granary, closed the door, locked it and carried the key to the governor.

When this simple ceremony had been completed, all stood with bowed heads as again they sang, "The Lord shall preserve they going out, and they coming in from this time forth and forevermore."

So was garnered the first harvest from the field of the great clearing, and safely housed amid the songs of praise and thanksgiving of the people.

13 Years Ago

Items of Interest From The Chronicle of 1919

P. W. Wilson has been selected as the college's representative to the annual state oratorical contest to be held in Greenwood.

The men of the Methodist church will hold a get-together meeting-supper tonight. Dr. Henry N. Snyder of Wofford college, will be the speaker.

William G. Neville has returned from Texas where he has been stationed in the government air service at Kelly field, in San Antonio.

The many friends of Mrs. Tom Robertson will regret to learn that she leaves Friday to make her home in New York where Mr. Robertson is now located.

William King, who for some time has been in France, landed at Hoboken, N. J., yesterday.

Rev. Edward Long, Mrs. John T. Robertson, A. C. Daniel and Dr. T. L. W. Bailey, attended the Baptist convention in Greenwood this week.

Mrs. E. B. Garvin died at her home last Thursday after a critical illness. The funeral service was held at the residence Friday morning, conducted by her pastor, Dr. Dudley Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. John B. Ferguson delightfully entertained a number of friends at a lovely course dinner on Friday evening.

That the 118th Infantry, Thirtieth division, in which is the old Traynham Guards of Laurens, is now on the way home is indicated in dispatches received yesterday from Laurens, the troops to be demobilized at Camp Jackson.

Announcements have been received

in the city of the marriage on March 5th, of Miss Ruby Rembert of New York, and Daniel Johnson Brimm, Jr., of this city, now in government service at East Greenwich, Rhode Island. Mr. Brimm is the eldest son of Dr. and Mrs. D. J. Brimm of this city.

Another announcement of interest to local friends is the engagement of Miss Lena Belle Adair to Dr. James B. Kay of Anderson, the wedding to take place on the second of April. Miss Adair is the daughter of Mrs. Minnie Adair and recently finished her course in nursing in Grady hospital at Atlanta.

(From files of The Chronicle for March 20, 1919).

Nobody's Business

By Gee McGee

News and Views From Flat Rock miss Jennie veeve smith, our scholl principle, went to the county seat last week-end and had a gold tooth installed where she fell out of the back door and broke it off. It is a pretty tooth and shows up splendid when she smiles and now she smiles more than ever onner count of it.

our pasture at reboher church, rev. green, announced last sabbath that he would preach 2 sermons next sunday, the first one in the a. m., and the second one in the p. m., on "jezzie belle and the tent stob," or "how to get along with yore nighbors." come one, come all, and fetch yore offerings which is already 6 months past due for the furrin missions board.

the drug stoar has put in a coffee pot and will serve sandwiches with same. the greek restertant is kicking about the city counsel letting drug stoars come in contact with his eating place and he threatens to move out of town and leave us without a place to get food on short notis and befoar daylight. he will see that they put a big licents on the drug stoar, no dout.

the big possum supper which was planned by the w. o. w. lodge in honor of the cheef chopper who made a big speech to our members was turned into a chicken supper, the possums which was to be cooked for this occasion was never ketched. he was enjoyed and spoke of better times to come when members could keep their dewes paid up, he explained "no dewes paid, no toombstone put up," so all of us will do better.

the egg-laying contest came to a close last friday night with mrs. elkins leading. she laid an egg ever day except october the 4 and that gave her first prize. she used buff-orphan with white leggins and got \$1 per setting for her eggs. a good many enemies were made at this contest, and some whispering is going around that she slipped some eggs in her nestes at night.

the stove in the mayor's offis fell down one evening not long ago and hit 10 or 15 men who were playing checkers—and otherwise loafing as usual around the place. our wives always foam straight to the city hall when they want us husbands to come home for dinner ansforth. a new one will be bought if the taxpayers will pay in anny money.

yores trulle,
mike Clark, rfd,
corry spondent.

After Thoughts

Hon. Willie D. Upshaw, the Georgia prohibitionist, lacked only 46,745,324 votes of being elected president of these United States on November 8th. He rolled up a total vote in his native state of nearly 450. He was as strong as a 275 beer.

There's one good thing about this Democratic victory. We can do away with our pastures and let our cows and pigs on the grass that's beginning to grow on our principal streets. I have already bought me a nice cow, fresh in.

The republicans have been busy for the past few months explaining what they are doing to overcome the depression. They remind me of the truck driver who has carelessly run into a small automobile and practically ruin it—busing himself telling the man how to have his pile of junk repaired. He should have driven more carefully.

Now, friends, the democrats can lead us out of these hardtimes if the good Lord will send no rain or sunshine, but plenty bean, pea, corn, boll and wheat weevils to see that we produce no crops till we eat up the various surpluses we have accumulated. We have too much of everything—including taxes, licenses, government employees and public charity.

The money that Uncle Sam loan to our furrin relations is the money that poor folks and rich folks paid for Liberty bonds. The poor folks sold their holdings when bonds broke to 85. I am willing to cancel these war debts if the holders of these Liberty bonds will mark 'em "paid in full" and send them back to the treasurer to be destroyed. If we cancel all, we should cancel at both ends.

The farm board has been a wonderful agency for benevolence. They should have credit for buying wheat at \$1.00 per bushel and not losing a cent on it; they gave it to the Red

Cross and charged it off their books at cost. They are selling cotton on the same plan. They will have to surrender their charter pretty soon, I think, as they had only \$500,000,000 to start with and it's about all gone now.

The department of agriculture is a big cheese. What we need is an organization to teach us how to make only 2 blades of grass grow where 8 formerly grew. The majority of the fellows up there in Washington who are trying to tell us dirt farmers how to farm don't know the difference between an English pea and an irish potato, or a boll of cotton and a bowl of okra soup. They couldn't make enough on a hundred acre farm to pay the state and county taxes on a sulky plow, yet they spend \$143,000,000 per year . . . telling us how.

LAND SALE

The State of South Carolina,
County of Laurens.

In Court of Common Pleas.
The First Carolinas Joint
Stock Land Bank of Columbia, Plaintiff,

vs.
James B. Williams and
B. H. Boyd, Defendants.

Pursuant to Decree of the Court in the above stated case, I will sell at public outcry to the highest bidder, at Laurens C. H., S. C., on salesday in December next, being Monday, the 5th day of the month, during the legal hours for such sales, the following described property, to wit:

All that tract or parcel of land, with the improvements thereon, lying, being and situate in Hunter Township, in the County of Laurens, in the State of South Carolina, known as a part of the Rachel Young land, containing one hundred and twenty-eight (128) acres, more or less, and bounded on the north by lands of Mrs. Carrie Y. Vance, on the east by lands of Mrs. Sallie Hairston, on the south by lands of John L. Young, and lands of the estate of Mrs. Joe Phinney, and on the west by lands now belonging to W. M. McMillan, and being more particularly shown on a plat thereof made by J. R. Crawford, December 24th, 1925, and being the same land conveyed to J. B. Williams by C. A. Power, Clerk of Court, dated 2nd day of January, 1926, recorded in book of deed 55, page 34.

Terms of Sale: Cash. The said Clerk of Court shall require of the successful bidder a deposit of \$125.00 (being less than three per cent of the judgment herein) immediately upon the conclusion of the bidding as a guaranty of good faith, and upon such bidder's failure to make said deposit the Clerk of Court shall immediately resell said property on the terms above provided. In case of any subsequent raised bid, as provided by law, each such bidder shall make a like deposit. The amount of such final deposit shall be forfeited and applied to the judgment and costs in the event of non-compliance by such last bidder within forty (40) days from the date of public sale as herein provided. Purchaser to pay for papers, stamps and recording. If the terms of sale are not complied with, the land to be resold on same or some subsequent salesday, on same terms, at risk of former purchaser.

THOS. W. BENNETT,
C. C. C. P. and G. S., Laurens, S. C.
Dated November 15, 1932.—12-1-3tc.

Lowell Resigns As Harvard President

Cambridge Mass., Nov. 21.—Abbott Lawrence Lowell, one of the world's foremost educators and for the past 23 years president of Harvard university, resigned today.

Lowell found Harvard a comparatively small institution of 3,882 students and an endowment of only \$22,000,000 when he took office on May 19, 1909 as 27th in the line of presidents of this country's oldest college. He will leave it with more than 8,000 students and the largest endowment of any institution of higher learning in America, \$123,000,000.

No reason was given for Dr. Lowell's resignation in a tersely worded announcement. Attention was called, however, to the fact that he will be 76 years old within a month and that it has long been known he desired to continue to hold office only until the recently created house plan was in smooth operation.

The fellows of the college and the members of the board of overseers to whom Dr. Lowell submitted his resignation accepted it with regret. They took no action with regard to appointment of a successor.

Lowell had served longer than any other president in the history of Harvard with two exceptions, one of them his immediate predecessor, Dr. Charles William Elliott, who headed Harvard for 40 years.

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Mr. Merchant..

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If you have not awakened to this time-tested fact, we urge you to test it without further delay.

The Chronicle is making the task of selling easy for progressive merchants. An advertisement in The Chronicle is certain to be read by every class of people. No matter what you have to sell, if advertised in The Chronicle, your message will reach those for whom it is intended.

Now is the time to snap out of the dog days of summer and get after business which we all know is not dead, but has merely been asleep during the last few months.

The Chronicle is prepared to help merchants prepare their advertisements by furnishing free of charge cuts and copy covering every conceivable line.

THE CHRONICLE

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The Clinton Chronicle—\$1.50 a Year