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Our Divided Court

When the supreme court was packed several years ago by politicians rather than by the appointment of able judicial minds, the American people lost much of their respect for that high tribunal. That feeling still exists generally.

The court is badly divided, as its split opinions reflect, and there is often dissension and reported bitterness among the group. They never render an unanimous opinion, as the records show. They can't agree on anything. To the contrary, there is always disagreement, usually with five on one side and four on the other. What the final opinion is depends on which side gets the majority, an arbitrary condition we would say. President Roosevelt's theory was that such politicians would make good judges, and President Truman has the same idea. But they don't. That's why the group is so divided and much of their prestige as a great judicial court has gone.

A Popular Pastime

"What do you do?" a federal efficiency expert asked a Washington clerk.

"I loaf," snapped the irritated clerk.

The efficiency man moved to another desk and repeated his question.

"Loaf," said the second clerk, getting out the spirit of it.

The efficiency expert opened his notebook. "Definition of job," he wrote solemnly.

"A waste of time," we asked a government employee in Washington at the same time. "What do you fellows do?" His reply was, "Mostly try to get out of the way of each other."

Their is what multiplied jobs, many of them useless, and bureaucracy makes a chaos of waste, confusion and inefficiency in the federal government for which taxpayers must pay.

Loyalty Rewarded

Following an established custom, the Hanna Cotton Mills company presented 124 employees with gold pins and pins at a public ceremony Saturday evening. The awards were made by the corporation to men and women who have completed twenty-five, twenty, fifteen and ten years service. According to the management, of their 1,450 employees, 466 have now received awards according to their years of service. The group qualifying this year is in the two previous years.

The employees are to be congratulated on their splendid records. It indicates a permanent residence that helps build a better community.

The employees are to be congratulated. The presentation of the awards to them by the Joanna organization is an expression of their appreciation. It all spells one word—loyalty. An important requisite in the conduct and success of any business, large or small, both by employer and employees. Without loyalty and confidence and appreciation by both groups, there could be no such interesting program as was enjoyed in the thriving Joanna Mills Saturday evening.

Wrong Forecasts

Last year when President Truman was re-elected for a four-year term he surprised almost everybody—including himself. His victory was due to several factors, one of the principal ones being his promising of everything to everybody. Too many people like something for nothing.

Not only did the President win a sweeping victory at the polls, but he carried into office with him a majority house and senate. The forecasters after that election began to say that Mr. Truman would have his way from there on out, and not for a minute was it dreamed that he would have his legislative program knocked on the head in most particulars, as it should have been. And that seems to be what has happened as we look at the crystal ball.

Why, many ask, has congress refused to go along with the President? There are a number of reasons. One of first importance is that many congressmen and senators know that the people back home are not in favor of many of the radical and socialistic recommendations he and his inner circle of officeholders have made. Many conservative members, especially in the senate, are afraid of the Tru-Deal—they fear it would result in a further enlarged state socialism from which we are now suffering. Also, by his dictatorial attitude, the

President has antagonized some of the more influential lawmakers, and his leadership in both houses is weak. The people back home don't know what is to happen in the adjustment period we have entered and in which the economic picture is tightening, they are taking a watchful waiting attitude, and are determined that taxes and spending must come down. The President likes a fight—he has one on his hands now and if sound business judgment prevails in congress—free from politics—he will lose.

Father's Day

Dad can't compete with mother, but next Sunday has been designated as "His Day," when small homage at least, will be paid the guy who foots the bills and struggles along from year to year to keep the wolf from the door.

Thirty-two years ago the observance of Father's Day started, but attracted little attention. Most folks said it was just another day with a commercial appeal. But that was not true for it has grown in sentiment and interest, though Dad can't yet rival Mother in the honors of the day.

Father has had lots of days in his life, some that have brought sorrow and headaches, some that have filled his heart with overflowing joy. The days his youngsters were born were happy days for him, their first day in school, their graduation from high school or college—these events thrilled him. And then when Mary married and left him he felt lonely, and down and out. It was hard to see her go. And then later on when his first grandchild "came back home" for a visit—that was the most memorable day of all. His joy and pride overflowed. And as his children grew up and went out into the world to fill places of usefulness and responsibility, he watched their careers with the keenest interest, with confidence that they would make good. Yes, Dad has had a lot of "red letter" days, and he loves them all.

When he looks at the calendar he knows that Sunday is "his" day, but he won't make any fuss about it. He is probably getting along in years by now, even if he won't admit it. He has been through some tough, uncertain times, he has experienced a lot of heartaches, and most of them have been about his family, but somehow he has weathered through them and has held up his chin. The truth is, unless he is unfaithful to the vows he took back yonder, or is a sort of mediocre or irresponsible sort of father, he has fought for mother and the children through thick and thin. Many a day he has taken a licking with some problem, he has gone to bed discouraged and unable to sleep—but he has awakened smiling in the morning and started back at his job like a man. Certainly that kind of a dad and fighter is entitled to some honor and recognition.

Dad won't say much about "his day." But he will think a lot down in his soul, and the evidences that come to him from his children that he is loved, appreciated and respected will make him a lot happier than the family will ever know. The unsolicited homage he receives and deserves will spur him on with new courage, new hope, and will warm his heart.

Sgt. Rhodes' Body To Arrive Today, Funeral Friday

The body of S-Sgt. William M. Rhodes, 21, who was killed in action August 26, 1944, on a mission over Yugoslavia, will arrive here this afternoon from Jersey City, N. J., and will be carried to the Gray Funeral Home where it will remain for funeral services which will be Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The Rev. J. H. Darr will be in charge of the services. Interment will be in Friendship Baptist church cemetery near Gray Court, with the Rev. Norwood Davis in charge of the services at the grave.

Pallbearers will be members of the local National Guard unit. Sgt. Rhodes was born at Gray Court, July 23, 1923. He was a son of Charles F. and Laura Pauline Henderson Rhodes. He attended Gray Court high school and enlisted in the air corps in February, 1943. He received his basic training at Scott Field, Ill. He was then stationed at Laredo, Texas, and in California. He is survived by his father and

mother, Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. Rhodes of Clinton; four sisters, Mrs. Earl Hipps of Fountain Inn, Mrs. Roy Smith, Misses Doris and Myrtle Rhodes; and one brother, James C. Rhodes, all of this city.

SEEN ALONG THE ROADSIDE

By J. M. ELEAZER, Clemson Extension Information Specialist

Boys Will Be Boys
It was Sunday afternoon. Although we had our usual crowd of kids, the afternoon had so far proved rather dull. We just couldn't seem to get going. It was dizzling rain. That kept us under cover. What we liked was to roam and romp the hills and vales. Then the stone hills of the Dutch Fork never failed to fascinate us. But to confine us to the barn bored us.

Soon we had an idea. One of the boys had a spool of thread in his pocket. We cut a notch in a grain of corn, tied the thread to it, and threw it to some chickens that were seeking refuge from the rain under the shed too. Just as one swallowed it, we gave the string a quick jerk, and out came the grain of corn. Then another one ran and got it, and so on.

There was an old rooster in there that always beat us to the plump mulberries when they fell from our tree by the lot gate. We got him off by himself and really fed that grain of corn to him. That tickled us no end. The colored boy we raised simply got down and rolled, he was so tickled at that old rooster thinking he was getting corn.

Eventually the old rooster sensed that something was wrong, started to cackling loudly, flew up on the fence, and then on over in the garden in the rain. We laughed about that until the shower ceased. Then we went down in the pasture and played in the flood-water from the ditch, as it came across the grass a foot deep. At a slick place we started skating where silt had settled. Soon one of the boys slipped down, with his Sunday clothes on, and had to go home. We had a big laugh from that.

The sun came out, and it didn't take the bushes long to dry off. Then we made the roads to the wild plum bushes and ate our fill. On the way home we ran across the old turkey hen with about a dozen little half-drowned poult. We picked them up, took them home and warmed them by the kitchen stove where supper was being prepared and they were soon all right.

So it eventually turned out to be a pretty good Sunday afternoon for us, even though it did start off a little slow. But just give country boys a chance and they can find their fun.

Lawson Relected Soil Supervisor

Ryan F. Lawson, of the Hopewell community, and Sam B. Fleming, of the Ora community, were relected as supervisors of the Laurens County Soil Conservation district at an election held on May 31. James D. Wasson, of the Hickory Tavern section, was named as a supervisor to succeed H. O. Abercrombie, whose term had expired. J. W. Tinsley, of the Trinity Ridge community, and W. P. Dickson, of the Hopewell community, are the other supervisor members.

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