

THE CAMDEN CHRONICLE

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Friday, July 8, 1938

TEAR DOWN ADVERTISING

A declaration destined to bring results in terms of farm home beautification is suggested in this significant message from Miss Lillian Keller, home improvement specialist of the University of Tennessee Extension Service.

"During 1938 one of the major objectives of the better homes movement is to carry on an intensive campaign to remove signs from farm fences and barns. No city home owner thinks of allowing anyone to tack an advertisement on his garage or fence, yet farm people have their premises covered with tin, paper, and cardboard signs.

BEGGING FOR VOTES

To hear a bona fide President of these United States actually begging for votes in the coming primaries this fall is something foreign and distinctly distasteful to the American system of suffrage.

To be brutally frank this matter of calling for support of his liberals in the coming primaries has never been done before in the history of this great Nation—at least until Franklin D. Roosevelt and his "New Dealers" took over the reins of government. No other President has stooped to the point where he actually begged for votes for his henchmen.

No, we Americans don't have to be led to the ballot box and told to take a ballot already prepared for us. We don't want any President, regardless of his alleged party connections to tell us we should vote for Governor Olin Johnston in this state in preference to United States Senator Ed Smith, who, my friends, happens not to be a rubber stamp, but rather a man of some thought and with sense enough to decide for himself how he shall vote to keep faith with the constituents who sent him to congress.

Monday is the Fourth of July—sometimes it is called Independence Day, but is it actually a day for rejoicing in our independence?

In many ways we are independent and it happens that in many ways we are not, but when it comes to casting our ballot at the polls and expressing our preference, then every election day is Independence Day for the people of South Carolina and of these United States who have no debt to pay to any party leader or group of politicians.

We are not on WPA rolls—neither are we dependent on the government for a living, and we vote like we do... please.

Many new things the New Dealers have tried to play on the taxpayers, but don't let them ever make the sad mistake of having the President telling voters which way they ought to be casting his or her ballots.

That might be the proper thing for the 19,999,999 persons on government relief rolls, but for the other 51 per cent its rather risky business.—Sun-ter Herald.

Admiral Harry E. Yarnell, commander-in-chief of the United States Asiatic fleet, is contemplating an inspection trip up China's great Yangtze river, which was closed to foreign shipping by the Japanese six months ago. Admiral Yarnell plans tentatively to leave June 23.

A Scot applied for a position as patrolman on the London police force. Here is a question they put to him in Scotland Yard and his answer: "Suppose, MacFarland, you saw a crowd congregating at a certain point on your beat, how would you disperse it quickly, with the least trouble?" "I would pass the hat."

News Of Interest In And Near Bethune

Bethune, July 6.—Miss Margaret Hearon, of Durham, N. C., spent the week end with her parents, the T. E. Hearons. She had as guests, Miss Mandolin Davis and Carl Harrison, also, of Durham.

Mr. and Mrs. Mayo Davis and little daughter, Billie, of Perry, Ga., are visiting relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. George Sedley King and small daughter, of Charleston, were week end guests of the D. M. Mays family.

Mr. and Mrs. Crowell Bethune, of York, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Bethune. Their daughter, Betsy Ann, was the guest of Rita Davis for the day.

Emery Parker, who has been at CCC camps in California, and other western states, has returned home.

The Rev. F. M. Lindler, P. W. Best and M. C. Mason attended the funeral of J. C. Foster's brother at White Stone last Friday.

Recent house guests of the W. A. Outlaws were: Mrs. Lester Stevenson, High Point, N. C.; Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Lawhorn and children and Mr. and Mrs. Clyde McPherson, all of Charlotte, and Miss Myrtle Harvell, of Rock Hill.

Mrs. B. W. Brannon spent several days last week in Columbia visiting her daughters, Mrs. Wade Atkinson and Miss Mary Brannon. Mr. Brannon and B. W., Jr., joined them for the week end.

The Rev. F. M. Lindler and family spent Monday in Hamburg, where they went to attend a family reunion at the home of Mrs. Sandifer, Mrs. Lindler's grandmother.

J. M. Clyburn, Jr., who has been with the state highway department in Georgia for some time, is spending the week at home.

Mrs. C. C. Gardner, Mrs. Eva Morgan and Mrs. Frank Lee visited Mrs. Maggie Lee at Monroe recently.

Miss Frances Smith is spending some time in Columbia with her sister, Mrs. L. W. Higbe.

M. C. Mason is attending a district conference for agricultural teachers, which is being held in Columbia Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. Speight Bird have returned from their honeymoon and are at home with the former's parents, the J. L. Birds.

Mr. and Mrs. B. W. Best have been visiting in McCormick. They were accompanied home by Mrs. Best's mother, Mrs. Emma Smith, who will be here for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Estridge and daughter, Carolyn, of Rock Hill; Mr. and Mrs. Grier Gordon and children, of Charlotte; and Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Gardner, of Sallee, were week end guests of the Z. P. Gordons family.

Mr. and Mrs. Haskell Parker, of North Carolina, have been visiting the former's mother, Mrs. Lizzie Parker.

Miss Athalee Mungo spent Monday in Columbia with her sister, Miss Myrtle Mungo, who is a patient at the Columbia hospital, and Miss Sue Hillon spent Wednesday with her. Friends will be glad to learn that Myrtle, who underwent a foot operation Thursday of last week, is getting on nicely.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Easterling, of McColl, spent the week end with relatives here.

Mrs. Claude Laney, of Camden, is visiting the R. L. Waters family and other relatives here during the week.

Story Hour club met Thursday afternoon at the regular time at the library. In the absence of the president, Lore Munn, vice president, presided. Eighteen members were present. The contribution is being saved to purchase a book for the library. Prizes for the best stories of the hour were won by Eva Josie Hattcliff and Francis Lindler. Eliza Jackson, librarian, read a chapter from "Eight Cousins," by Louisa M. Alcott. She will continue this at each meeting until the book is completed. Fancy wrapped candy was served the children.

Charles and Chester Gordon, of Charlotte, are spending the week with their grand parents, the Z. P. Gordons.

"STOP SQUAWKING!"

A large Chicago department store advertising a plea to the public to end the economic slump by intelligent, optimistic action and urges people to "stop squawking like an infant."

It may be a little free advertising for Henry C. Lytton & Sons, but it is worth the space if some of our readers can catch the optimism and the faith that these words express:

"Congress has adjourned. We all know that every member has tried to do his best according to his own beliefs. While some of us might not be satisfied with the legislation that has been enacted, let us remember that nothing is perfect. Let us remember, too, that most of our business and government leadership is right—in its ideals.

"Let us stop 'squawking' about the small part which is wrong—in the faith that we will eventually arrive at the happy state of a social system that will bring about the greatest good for all."

The idea is not bad and the appeal is timely. Americans should be optimistic and expect the ultimate triumph of truth and righteousness. To bring it to pass, they should be willing always to adjust their social, economic and political affairs in the interest of justice. To protect and defend the existing order, when convinced that evil exists, is to perpetuate wrong and invite disaster.—Orangeburg Times-Democrat.

A rainfall of one inch brings down 113 tons of water on each acre of surface.

The ring-tailed cat of the Southern United States is not a cat, but a relative of the raccoon.

WHY

Early Morning Is the Best Time for a Walk.

Walking in cool air hastens the interchange of oxygen and carbon dioxide, the most necessary of all the bodily functions.

In this action it resembles the ingestion of protein foods, which immediately increases this interchange, and keeps it at an increased pace for several hours. This is one of the little-known facts of food chemistry, and one of the real reasons why the eating of protein foods causes such an increase of the feeling of comfort. It is not entirely stomach, by any means, although it begins there, according to an authority in the Washington Star.

Walking in cool air is much better from all standpoints than the same exercise in air which comes within 20 to 30 degrees of approximating that of the human body, kept constantly at 98 degrees and a fraction.

Probably the best temperature for an average walk of two to four miles is 45 to 55 degrees.

This means that at first one will have to step out, in order to warm up.

It also means that early morning is the best walking time.

Why Columbia District Residents Do Not Vote

The Constitution provides that the presidential electors and members of Congress shall be elected to represent states. The District of Columbia is not a state, nor a part of any state, and its citizens do not have the right to vote in the presidential and congressional elections any more than do those other citizens of the United States who live in the territories.

That there would be no conflict of authority, it was provided that the government of the District of Columbia should rest in Congress. In former times Washington and Georgetown were provided with municipal governments, with elective officers, similar to those of other cities. After a period of extravagance and civic neglect, congress established, in 1874, the present commission form of government, administered by appointive, rather than elective officials. Since then the citizens of the district have been without a vote in local as well as national affairs.

Why do red lights seem less bright when traffic is noisy than they do when it is quiet? The answer to this question has been found by Prof. S. V. Kravkov, head of the Central Institute of Ophthalmology, Moscow. He has proved conclusively that sound affects the eye's sensitivity to colors, the effects varying in character for different colors. He has shown that on receiving auditory stimulation a normal eye becomes more sensitive to green and blue and less sensitive to red.

Why It Is "Corney" Beef

Corney beef is so called because it is beef that has been cured for several weeks in a salt brine that may contain several other ingredients—such as sweetening and preservatives. The name apparently has nothing to do with the cereal corn, but comes from the former way of dry-preserving with salt grains or corns, to use the Anglo-Saxon word.

Why Volley Is Fired

The custom of firing three volleys over the grave of a soldier is derived from the Roman one of casting earth over the coffin, calling the dead by name three times and then saying "vale" three times. The word "vale" is the Latin word for farewell. The firing of three volleys is saying farewell to the deceased.

Why Fire Was a Mystery

Men were puzzled by fire for ages. It seemed to be something apart from earth, air and water. One reason why fire remained a mystery so long is that people thought it was a substance. They believed that it was a hot material that poured out of things as they burned.

Why Coffee Grows Stale

Coffee grows stale because of the action of oxygen on the aromatic fatty substance in the coffee beans, which is responsible for their delicate flavor. The process is somewhat analogous to the spoiling of butter. Tests on coffee marketed in vacuum cans showed that this method of packing affords only partial protection. Even with the best of such packages there appears to be enough air left in the can to start oxidation.

Why Spurs Are Used in Coronation

The gold spurs with which the king is presented during the coronation are laid on the altar of Westminster abbey by his majesty to show that, as head of the armed force of the realm, he places that force at the service of God.

Why Dust Takes Fertile Soil

Dust storms take the most fertile soil because it is lighter. The coarser grains pile up in sand dunes or move from place to place along the ground.

Why Stars Twinkle

Stars appear to twinkle because of disturbances in the earth's atmosphere.

Why Colon Is So Called

Colon is the Italian form of Columbus.

ABOUT THE GOPHER STATE



Minnesota Mail Boxes Ride High Because of Snows.

Minnesotans Boast of Twin Cities and Mesabi Iron Mines

Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.—WNU Service.

MINNEAPOLIS and St. Paul, grown virtually into one city, provide the chief mart of Minnesota, St. Paul for animal products, Minneapolis for grain. St. Paul also is a major railway terminus. Dominated by descendants of the early German and Irish settlers, it is famed today for such various things as its meat packing and beer, its state fair and its printing business (especially legal books).

Minneapolis is dominated by its Scandinavians—the jokes do not err. It is said that if the cry comes "Paging Mr. Johnson!" in a Minneapolis theater, half the audience will rise. The city has become one of the world's important grain markets; it is also famed for its lakes—several large ones within the city limits—its picturesque mills which make the artist reach for his brushes in a happy daze, its knit underwear, its university, and its renowned orchestra.

Linseed oil, base of paints and inks, is a very important Minneapolis product; the oil is pressed from the flaxseed of the Red River valley, and by-products are returned to the farmer as valuable feed.

Thus these twin municipalities have a wide variety of things to boast of, including a population of almost a million people.

The rivalry of the two members of this one body is proverbial. St. Paul taunts Minneapolis with being a "nine o'clock town," for it is true that that city's Lutheran views dictate a stricter decorum than the more worldly-wise city bothers to maintain. Minneapolis retaliates thus: "Yes, we're thinking of incorporating both cities in one, to be called 'Minnehaha,' 'Minnie' for Minneapolis and 'ha ha' for St. Paul."

The good-humored sparring involved keeps moss from growing between the toes of either.

Iron Deposits of the Mesabi.

Toward the end of the Nineteenth century the Mesabi iron deposits, of which Daniel Webster and Lord Ashburton had been ignorant when fixing the boundary, at last were discovered.

The discoverers were a family of seven brothers named Merritt. Timber cruisers and woodsmen of the most expert sort, they were also amateur prospectors. With a faith almost unreasoning they explored the mosquito-infested swamps and forests of the hill country behind Duluth. This wild-goose chase was rewarded with a goose capable of laying truly golden eggs: their dip-compass charts located the first of those vast pools of soft ore which, soon exploited, built the ships, bridges, railroads, machinery, and skyscrapers that a lustily expanding nation hungered for.

With incredible energy these same brothers surveyed the railroad to carry the ore to port, and then, brushing aside the mining engineers who were thumping their whisks and trying to think how to sink the customary shafts, they turned a primitive form of steam shovel loose in that flaky red earth.

The Mesabi mines saw the development of this new contraption, the steam shovel. In the process a series of "the biggest holes on earth" were dug, all the way from Coleraine to Biwabik, with the biggest of all at Hibbing.

Duluth, Minnesota's third city, was not slow to respond to the stimulus the ore traffic provided; she grew rich and great. Squeezed between a perfect harbor and a barrier of hill that hangs a natural rock garden above the very chimneys of the skyscrapers, Duluth is one of the most oddly placed of cities. But the placing was inevitable. Here is the natural terminus of Great Lakes traffic, the key point in its connection with the huge area of the plains beyond.

Duluth's Big Steel Mills.

Since it is as easy to bring coal to Duluth as to take ore to Pennsylvania for smelting, steel mills have sprung up near the city, supplying the needs of a western market. These form a picturesque sight of

the St. Louis river estuary, that maze of islands, some green as salads, others black with industry, that wind inland from the harbor.

Spidery coal hoists and drawbridges, grain elevators as massive and stately as Old World cathedrals, the vast hulks of ore docks make a picture of unrestrained enterprise along those calm waters.

The harbor itself is all that a harbor should be, ample, safe, protected from the lake by a bar so narrow that a small boy with a sling-shot could put a pebble across it.

Labor for the mines was recruited from south Europe. The range towns are peopled by Italians, and by Yugoslavs and other Balkan folk. They form a kind of racial island in Minnesota's Teutonic sea, an incongruity in a land so uncompromisingly northern. But with them came a people who are eminently at home, the Finns.

Nowhere have Finns settled in such numbers as in Minnesota's Arrowhead country. It is like their own Finland, rocky, wintry, laced with countless lakes; they know without any textbook guidance how to be happy and prosperous in it.

They dry their hay on racks of poles, and saw the poplar, birch, and pinewood that their Finn stoves devour—metal cylinders reaching to the ceiling—with Finn saws, sinuous blades of steel strung across rigid metal bows. At log-cabin building they are the master craftsmen. And as athletes they are famous; such names as Reino Kylmala or Arvo Wopjo on a hockey team are just so many danger signals.

Finns Have Their Baths.

Their skins they carve from birchwood painstakingly seasoned over the cookstove are a treat to the eye—exquisitely long, narrow, and arched, like the eyebrows of some distractingly pretty Hollywood star.

In the same classic tradition are their Finnish baths, when first the men, then the women, gather in log bathhouses and swap the week's news in high good humor. A torrential sweat, a luxurious soaping and rinsing down, a breath-taking cooling process outdoors in the snow or the frigid water of lake or river—this is the ritual of the famed Finnish bath. It limbers up the joints wonderfully, and sends a man home whistling tunes as loudly as a locomotive, for he feels good.

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There are also important non-metallic minerals, for instance, the pottery clays and filter sands of Red Wing.

Plenty of Building Stone.

The building stones of Minnesota serve as a basis for an important industry. They are widely distributed in location and character: the Jasper of the Coteau des Prairies, Kettle River's sandstone, the widely used pink-dappled Kasota and Manakato stone, the richly patterned gneiss of Morton used from coast to coast in cemetery memorials, and the granites of St. Cloud, which rivals Granite, Vt., as a producer of granite.

The mechanical advance in these stone-working industries has been revolutionary in the last fifteen years. A visitor at some such vanguard establishment as the plant at Cold Spring, in the St. Cloud district, will see Minnesota's stubborn, water-resistant granite sawed into slabs perhaps a mere inch-and-a-half in thickness, these slabs brilliantly polished, then recut by carborundum blades whirling at such speed that they move in a path of fire despite the water jets that play upon them.

The pipestone quarry, famed in legend, near Pipestone, is unique. It can be worked only by the Indians. In one of the legends the soft red stone of that quarry is the flesh of the whole Indian people anciently drowned in the flood. They had fled to the Coteau des Prairies as the waters rose, but were there drowned, all except one girl. Carried off by the soaring War Eagle, she became his bride in the skies, and so bore children who repopulated the world.

SUPPORT YOUR LOCAL PAPER

The local newspaper is the object of much just in almost every community throughout the nation. It is severely criticized if it misses a story, makes an error or prints a story that trends on some prominent resident's toes. Yet, whenever an individual, organization or any group has a project in which it is particularly interested and wants considerable "free publicity," that individual or group always goes to the local newspaper first to enlist its co-operation. At other times, individuals or groups desire to have something in the community remedied, but do not want to take the initiative themselves to start the "ball rolling." Straight to the local newspaper they hustle with the suggestion that here is a fine subject for an editorial. They want the newspaper to bear the brunt of their campaign. And many times, these individuals or groups who do the most running to the local newspaper are "dead beats" as far as support for the local paper is concerned. In many instances they are not even paid subscribers, on which the paper must depend to get its advertising revenue. And when they have a desire to do some advertising, these same persons usually get out circulars with their advertising appropriation. Just the other day, a local business man urged this newspaper to wage a campaign, but did not want his name mentioned. Returning to the office, we found that he was not a regular subscriber, and that his name has not appeared in our advertising columns for many months. This newspaper has been disseminating local news and waging editorial campaigns for projects it believed to be for the best interests of the towns people for forty years. It is deserving, we believe, of the support of all local residents and business firms in order that it may continue its efforts. A local newspaper is not a philanthropic enterprise. It is a business proposition from beginning to end. It lends its support to an enterprise, it is only fair that the individual or group in back of the movement reciprocate by supporting the newspaper.—Camford (N. J.) Citizen-Chronicle.

The roars of howler monkeys can be heard at a distance of two miles under favorable conditions.

"Catgut" really comes from the intestines of sheep.

Wants—For Sale

FOR RENT—Three furnished rooms with connecting bath. Private entrance to apartment. Address Mrs. M. H. Deal, 1601 Broad street, Camden, S. C. 17b

WANTED—Girl for office work. Must have some knowledge of bookkeeping. Small salary to start with. Address "X" care of the Camden Chronicle, Camden, S. C. 16b

FOR RENT—One large furnished single room. Reasonable rates. Apply to C. O. Stogner, 1215 Broad Street, Camden, S. C. 17d.

FOR SALE—One brand new Seven Tube Auto Radio. Original price \$49.95. Will sell for \$25.00. See it at the Wizard Filling Station, DeKalb Street, Camden, S. C. 17 pd.

FOR SALE—Two story frame house, thirteen rooms, two baths. Can be bought for \$600 cash. Purchaser to remove same from property. House in first-class condition. Apply Miss Olive Whittredge, Real Estate Agent, Camden, S. C. 15-17ab

FOR RENT—One seven room house at corner of Lytleton and DeKalb Street, now occupied by Konegay Funeral Home. Possession given August 1, 1938. Phone J. C. Gillis at 70, Camden, S. C. 15-17ab

HOMES FOR RENT

At 712 Lafayette Avenue, five rooms and bath. Close in on paved street. Very reasonable rent.

The Wallace property, Broad street, one block north of postoffice. Three floors, freshly renovated inside and out. An opportunity for some one. Also

A very desirable seven-room home, 1505 Lytleton street. Interior entirely re-decorated. Best residential section. Also

A five-room cottage, 114 Union street. Very desirable in all respects. Available soon. See

SHANNON REALTY COMPANY  
Phone 7—Crocker Building

BUILDING LOTS FOR SALE—Some very choice lots for sale in excellent neighborhoods and very reasonably priced. See Shannon Realty Company, Camden, S. C. 16ab

APARTMENTS FOR RENT—We have several apartments of various sizes. See us. Shannon Realty Company, Phone 7, Camden, S. C. 16ab

HAVE YOU A HOUSE TO RENT?—More houses needed for rent. We have many desirable tenants applying for houses. List yours with Shannon Realty Company, Phone 7, Crocker Building, Camden, S. C. 13 ft.

SHOES—For shoe rebuilding and repairing call at the Red Boot Shop, next door Express Office, 619 Rutledge street, Abram M. Jones, Proprietor, Camden, S. C. 9b

HOMES FOR SALE—Many desirable homes in all sections of town. Get our prices and terms. Be wise and buy now while prices are low. See Shannon Realty Company, Phone 7, Camden, S. C. 49b

FARMS FOR SALE—We have valuable farm lands in all sections of the county at most reasonable prices. Some real bargains among them. See Shannon Realty Company, Phone 7, Camden, S. C. 49b