

The Sun

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COMMENTS ON MEN AND THINGS

BY SPECTATOR

...and of no Santa Claus. I probably have told you of the two little Indian children of the Andean town of Cajamarca—Guillermo and Zoraida. They never had heard of old Santa, strange, too, for "Santa" is Spanish, as the Spanish refer to the Pope as El Santa Papa, the Holy Father.

These black-eyed little children were not of the same mind about old Saint Nick. Zoraida, the little girl, was full of faith, and listened enchanted to my stories of Santa and his visits through the chimneys; Guillermo, with the stern practicality of a little boy, heard me with much salt, for the houses had no chimneys.

Zoraida was all eagerness for me to write to Kris Kringle in her behalf. Guillermo held back. "How can Santa come in when all the doors and windows are barred?" he asked. And "Bill," as I called him, had a good point there, for the doors and shutters down there are closed to keep out thieves and robbers, and others who might use force. If no robber could enter, how could the reindeer come in? Bill hadn't learned that we walk by faith and not by sight. Doggedly Bill persisted in his unbelief, even while little Zoraida flitted about telling me what to write the jolly toy man from the deep Northern snows.

Bill was not a doubter, but a rank disbeliever, fortified and buttressed by the plain fact that no man could enter without an entrance. But even

Bill's skepticism fell before the dread of Zoraida's receiving bounty and Bill just looking on, with empty hands and desolate spirit. So, about two days before Christmas Guillermo decided that he was a Truemanite all the time, so as to qualify for a job; Bill begged me to write to Santa for him and to tell old Nick that he lived in the same house where Zoraida lived.

I've thought that Bill's conversation was about as unsure as that of the man I heard of in the mountains. He didn't believe in God, he said, nor in the Church, of course. He raved and ranted against religion. But when he thought he was about to die he begged for some minister of the Church. He pleaded for the Communion, the sacrament of course in token of the Last Supper. Almost miraculously, or perhaps quite so, he recovered. He again condemned the church. Then one of his chums asked "Why did you take Communion, since you despise the church and all its ministry?" "O, por si acaso," he said, meaning "O, just in case."

Just as his profession had no validity, so Bill's letter was "Por si acaso."

About that Christmas pie: The Government had transferred my headquarters from the high city of Andes to the old town of Lambayeque, about six miles from the Pacific by air, but quite a little way by

rail. The weather was warm although in early December, for below the Equator their summer time is our winter. There were no carols, no lights, no Christmas music, no toys, no tinsel, no suggestion of the Day of Bethlehem when Emmanuel should come; and the wondrous story of John 3:16—that simple, sweet account that God so loved the world that He gave His only Son. But I had Christmas in mind, just the same. I was the only American in this town, as I had been in Cajamarca. In Lambayeque were no British either, nor Europeans.

I wanted a mince pie for Christmas; my effort to make a fruit cake had been very sad. The cake was sadder than the effort. I could find very little fairly good cake except rum and all other kinds of liquors. Being a "dry" I had to have a dry cake. I remembered what a delightful friend of Charleston said to me, twitting me about being a long-faced "dry." He said "You drys are hypocrites, at least inconsistent, and I'll prove it by you. Now what do you put on fruit cake to make it just right?" Well, I'm not an innocent; nor was I born yesterday, nor even the week before. I knew, of course what he meant, but to tease him I pretended quite a profound ignorance and answered: "In our home we pour a cola over the cake and that makes it just right." My friend fairly exploded and said "What a heathen you are."

Well, now, as to the pie: Where could I find the mince meat? In the United States, you know we have everything, as some American remarked in the presence of a Scotch lassie. Her retort was full of heavy rebuke: "For conceit give me a Yankee." Well, what about the mince meat? I knew that no such article had ever been heard of in Lambayeque; but what about Chiclayo, the neighboring city, one of the commercial centers of Peru. One day I spied a crock of English mince meat. I did not ask the age of anything else embarrassing. I seized, took and carried it away, as the lawyers say—though for a cash equivalent. Now what to do with it was a question, in a region where no pie had ever been. I tried to explain to Mr. Santolalla. He and I together tried to explain to the Senora Garcia, the baking specialist of Lambayeque. But Santolalla

had never seen a pie. However, he backed me up loyally and bravely as I stumble in by best "kitchen Spanish." But it was "no go," as they say.

How could you explain a pie in a community whose butchers take a noble hind quarter of beef and cut strips up and down? No steaks—no strips.

I was sunk, almost without a trace. My name was mud, or my bread was dough; or whatever you please. Or you might say I was sore and helpless, or so helpless, if you ever feel the urge to express great ideas and find yourself spluttering in a foreign language—well, I had a great idea; I wanted a mince pie. I surrendered in spirit, resolved to make a sandwich of mince meat and dream of a pie! But you never can tell what a day may bring forth. While I was feeling the loneliness of a pie-less Christmas, knowing that all my piety or pioussness would have to be strictly spiritual, the mail boat came to the near by port of Eten and in the bag were American magazines, one with a page advertisement of mince meat, showing a noble pie with a slab cut out. We carried it to the Senora Garcia; and she made a delicious pie, worthy of any artist.

The New York State Chamber of Commerce publishes a monthly bulletin which I enjoy. Not only do I see references to a distinguished scholar, my friend Dr. Wellington Taylor, but I find the speeches and other proceedings stimulating. These little contributions of mine take up some of Dr. Taylor's time, for he tells me that he reads them.

Recently that great organization of the New York leaders of American industry, commerce and finance had General Dwight Eisenhower as the guest of honor. In introducing General Eisenhower, Winthrop W. Aldrich, Chairman of the great Chase National Bank, was trying to determine the General's place in history. Mr. Aldrich quoted from two illustrious sons of America, both great Virginians also, George Washington and Robert E. Lee. Mr. Aldrich quoted from the Farewell address of Washington in 1796, which I here repeat:

"Friends and Fellow-Citizens: The period for a new election of a citizen to administer the executive government of the United States being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distant expression of the public voice, that I should apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom the choice is to be made. Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

Mr. Aldrich next quoted from General Lee's remarks upon accepting the presidency of Washington College, now Washington and Lee University:

"I think it is the duty of every citizen in the present condition of the country, to do all in his power to aid in the restoration of peace and harmony."

Mr. Aldrich in a speech of real eloquence and discernment said in closing:

"I am convinced that to associate President Eisenhower with those great leaders—Washington and Lee—is no degree of exaggeration of his services and character, and that when the final record in war and peace has been written, his place in the history of our country will be found to be no less high than theirs."

It will be seen that this gentleman of the North, a son of Rhode Island, I think, a man of great affairs, found in Washington and Lee, the two figures of character and renown with whom he would compare General Eisenhower in order to set the General on the highest pinnacle of military service of those later devoted to the pursuits of peace.

Mr. Aldrich must be a man deeply read in our history to think of those three, Washington, Lee and Eisenhower. That is certainly high praise for General "Ike." Like Washington, General Eisenhower excels as an administrator and a great apostle of common sense; he does not rise to the splendor of Lee's military genius, but impresses us as a man of sound character. The world has forgotten the incidents of our great wars, but it enshrines in loving memory the grandeur of character of George Washington and Robert E. Lee. So is Mr. Aldrich thinking of General Eisenhower, when the tumult and the shouting dies, when the Captains and the Kings depart. When the mists melt before the sun the towering figures of Washington and Lee stand in heroic stature. Truly great company for Gen-

eral Eisenhower. If not a commanding strategist and tactician, he emerges as a man whom the pomp of power did not beguile; who kept his head and lost not the common touch nor the stern sense of reality, in a world of illusion and blind groping.

President Truman shows a remarkable lack of concern for the truth when he renews the recommendation that the Congressional Committee leave the Communist probe to the Department of Justice. Of course the Department of Justice should have acted long ago; these matters have been crying for attention since 1938—ten years and more. In all the time of Congressman Dies the Roosevelt used every effort to belittle the investigations into the Red spies holding office under the Roosevelt. Late it is to tell us that secret Government documents were stolen and sold or given to Russia, Germany and Japan. It is the solemn truth that we do not trust the Administration. No one would believe that the President would fail to do his duty, but in Washington, X must protect Y because Y is the son or the son-in-law of Q; or because Y is the right-hand man of Senator S, or the son of the friend of Congressman B. So great is the tangle, the intermingling of influences the political tie-up that no one seems to be able to act. We who hold no jobs and seek no political pap think the time is ripe for a drastic lot of house-cleaning in Washington.

HENRY O. WOOTEN

Henry Oscar Wooten, 68, died Sunday morning at the home of his daughter Mrs. Francis Stafford, in Long Lane section of the county. He was the son of the late Pink and Cornelia Brice Wooten.

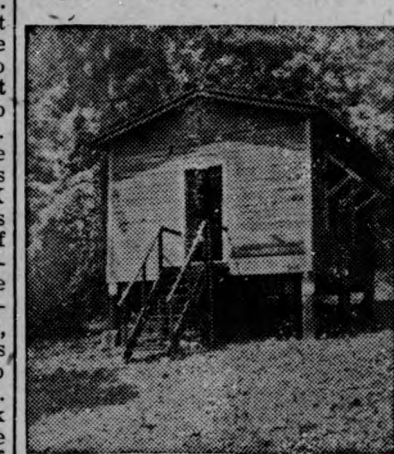
Funeral services were held Tuesday morning at 11 o'clock from the residence of T. M. Brooks in the Long Lane section with the Rev. Paul Sherrill conducting. Interment followed in the Mount Lebanon church cemetery near Greer. He is survived by the following children, Herbert Wooten of Spartanburg, Mrs. Lillian Kunkle of Washington, D. C., Mrs. Ben Fisher of Morganton, N. C., Lester Wooten of Chester, David Wooten of Inman, Ernest and Troy Wooten, both of Maryland, Mrs. Francis Stafford of Newberry, Mrs. R. P. McGill of Gray Court, Mrs. Troy Suddeth of Inman; three brothers, Preston and Frank Wooten of Greer and Arthur Wooten of Jackson; 39 grandchildren and six great-grandchildren.



Proper Treatment Will Halt Termites

Tests Show Need for Protecting All Lumber

A visit to tropical Barro Colorado island in the Panama canal zone 21 years after a termite test building was erected to test effectiveness of coal-tar creosote and zinc chloride in protection of wood against ter-



Panama test house. This photo shows that treated wood had not been attacked by termites.

mites has shown that despite this "termite heaven," inhabited by some 45 different kinds, termites can be defeated by proper wood treatment.

This will be good news to farmers and home owners who see their wood foundations, walls and floors fall away before the onslaughts of the wood destroying "disease."

After 21 years the impregnated wood was sound, but a cot of untreated wood left in the house was riddled by termites.

This would seem to indicate that in building a house or farm building, all lumber, including the shingles, should be treated as well as the fence posts. It was found that when the termites found no edible wood, that is untreated wood, that they soon moved to new territory.

Tests have shown that soil-poisoning, although beneficial, is less permanent and should be resorted to only where structural control methods are impractical, or in addition to them.

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- SEE—Airplane pick up man from automobile with rope ladder
- SEE—Special built stunt plane in action with nationally known stunt pilots
- SEE—12 Thrilling Acts
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