

THE BREVARD NEWS

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Thursday, March 24, 1932

EASTERTIDE POINTS THE WAY TO THE END OF ALL TROUBLES AND DEPRESSION

At this season of the year, when every bursting bud, every blade of green grass, every sign of a new life that comes forth from winter's bed of death, speak eloquently of that time when the Hope of the World, the Redeemer of All Mankind, came forth from the dark tomb to bring light into the lives of men.

No so with the Christ; He is the one Constant, consistent friend.

We who believe on Him, and have studied His record and accepted His word, know that not a stain rests on His character. His enemies laid plots to catch Him in some evil purpose, they turned on Him the x-rays of hostile investigation, but the stronger the light the more splendid His character.

CAN YOU HANG ON TWO MONTHS LONGER?

Those of us who have been on the ragged edge, so far as business is concerned, ought to put up the battle for our lives for the next two months. Come April and May, and with their passing, then there is promise for all of us. It would be a tragedy to fight the thing these long months and years that have challenged the very last ounce of our endurance, and then be forced to give up in these remaining few weeks of struggle.

coming summer season with summer tourists. We are going to have to make most reasonable rates—rates in keeping with the times, you know, but if that is done, and just a little well directed advertising is sent out, all that you have to do is to get your house in order, and bid them welcome.

THE BANKS MUST LEAD THE PROCESSION.

All thinking Americans were immediately enlisted in support of the anti-hoarding movement, started in Washington some few weeks ago. Any one knows that money in a sock is useless money, and helps to prolong the agony of the nation.

The next step in the program is to educate the banks against hoarding. A hoarded dollar is a hoarded dollar. It matters not where it is hoarded.

This paper advanced the thought in the very beginning of the campaign against hoarding that the banks would have to take the lead in this fight.

The dollar, to do the work that the leaders of the anti-hoarding movement have in mind, must be put into the hand of the man who will pass it on in the channels of industry and commerce.

APPROVES OUR STAND

While reading the March 17th issue of the Brevard News I noticed an editorial headed "Mr. Ewbank's Despicable Charge Unjust." This editorial appealed to me because of the fact that you took up the statement the speaker made and showed to the readers of the Brevard News that the uneducated or the preacher who has never been to college, plays a great part in shaping the destinies of the human family.

I am indeed grateful unto you for naming each minister in Transylvania county showing to the readers why you stand on this all important matter.

Indeed we are no afraid to trust these, our ministers, throughout our land, because they are God called, God impressed and God led men; therefore we should all heed their warnings which they band us each Sunday.

Rev. Henderson's letter was a God-send to the readers of the Brevard News. Some time ago his letter to the speaker Mr. Small was read with much interest and this last letter draws interest as it comes from the Rev. Mr. Henderson.

Keep up your fight Mr. Henderson, you are no doubt right.

Mrs. Frank Jenkins reveals speaking as far back as 1889, and asks for sensible plan before repeal is made.

All these articles are to the point and show how the people of Transylvania county see things.

Bring on the good news, from every where show how you and your readers stand.

God bless your every christian effort. Back up the local ministers, Sincerely yours, NICHOLAS SENTELLE.

Penrose, N. C. March 22, 1932.

EGGS AND ONIONS

I wouldn't mind to give you just a few words again if you have a little space you would like to spare. You know we mountain folks get off from home awhile and get, well not homesick, but really wish we were at home, most especially of Sundays when we have so few places to go to, and hear so little when we get there. We miss the good N. C. singing more than anything else.

to do is to scramble the eggs and we have scrambled eggs and wild onions at once.

Well our carburetor wouldn't carb, our differential was wrong, our spark plugs skipped until we oiled them up good with South Carolina green collards, that put them to going.

Our battery almost ran down, our timer got to running too slow; so we oiled them up with S. C. cow peas with weavils in them to season.

So we put in our throttle with our foot on the starter and can't get them on the stopper; and so we are moving right along. Haven't had any winter to amount to anything.

We like it here on that account. Other things are not so pleasant, but we make the best of it, we can. Times very dull here as well as elsewhere. Glad to have any of our N. C. friends to see us anytime.

J. W. BURNS.

FROM MR. NORWOOD

Editor Brevard News: The writer's present home is at St. Petersburg, Fla., on the West side of the great Tampa Bay, that landlocked harbor connecting with the Gulf of Mexico.

At St. Petersburg we can just see the line of the opposite shore in the distance some twenty-five miles away. That shore is the famous Manatee sea-cow section, named for an animal which looks like a small hippopotamus, that used to feed on the turtle-grass in the rivers in large herds, but alas, only a few specimens now remain.

I always longed to visit the Manatee section famous for its orange groves and truck farms. A few days ago my desire was granted in a peculiar way, which I thought my friends and the readers of the Brevard News might like to hear about.

Within the last few years an automobile ferry has been running from Pinellas Point on the West to Piney Point on the West of Tampa Bay, thus saving drivers going to points in South and East Florida almost fifty miles of travel, an hour or more's time and much good gasoline.

Quite recently the Tampa Bay Ferry and Transport company, in order to accommodate the increased travel, built another ferry boat capable of carrying twenty-two automobiles without undue crowding and in order to advertise the new addition to the ferry fleet, offered prizes, one for each state in the Union, for the best letter telling what the Tampa Bay Ferry and Transport company's motto, S. D. & S. stood for.

Of course hundreds sent in letters; my solution was Safety, Delight and Speed, but no one gave the correct answer which was: "Service, Dividends and Safety". However, the ferry company were so pleased with the letters that they decided to give the writer of the best letter in each state one share of stock in the company and a trip to Ringling's Museum and Menagerie at Sarasota with all expenses paid.

Mrs. Norwood won the prize for North Carolina, but did not feel strong enough for an all day trip, so the company kindly consented for your humble scribe to go in her place.

In due time we received a letter setting the date and schedule for the trip. As I left home that morning I said to my wife, "Well, since you won't come with me I'll have to pick up another girl on the trip." You shall hear how I got the girl and had a splendid time.

Promptly at 8:30 o'clock on a bright March morning we assembled at the Ferry office in the Florida Arcade and entered the waiting cars for the trip to Pinellas Point. I was fortunate in getting a luxurious private car owned by a Mr. M., who invited me to take passage with himself, his wife and a young lady and we stayed together during the entire trip.

The smart looking ferry-boat "Pinellas" was waiting for us at the dock, and our car was driven to its allotted place, the wheels blocked by courteous attendants; brakes set and stout chains rigged at bow and stern, the bell is rung, the whistle blows, and we are soon skimming lightly over the sparkling waters of Tampa Bay.

There is absolutely no motion as we glide along under a sky of deepest blue, with water of emerald green in which we see countless fish of all sorts and sizes swimming, gulls and pelicans are flying overhead and the warm tropical sun is shining brightly as we watch the western shore fade away and the eastern one come rapidly into view.

The trip actually took forty-five minutes but the time seemed much shorter, as we heard the whistle announcing our arrival at the Piney Point dock.

The ferry is finally secured and one by one the cars drive on shore and our motored is formed for the drive to Sarasota, where the Ringling Museum and Menagerie is located.

All along the splendid highway we noticed the growing vegetables and orange groves with the golden fruit hanging on trees of glossy green. These truck farms and orange groves extended for miles and miles and the soil was a rich black loam.

We pass through Manatee, Bradenton and Palmetto and arrive at the John and Mabel Ringling Museum at 11:00 A. M. This is a fine looking building built in the form of a quadrangle and enclosing a patio or Italian garden at the rear.

Here we are led by guides in yachting uniform through the various rooms and picture galleries and the beauties of the principal paintings are pointed out and described.

Many parts of the museum have been brought from European places and mansions and built into the structure; even tiles on the roof are imported. Many of the picture lined rooms have as a background the very paintings, carvings, floors and doors that have been transported bodily and reset in rooms and galler-

ies built to receive them.

For thirty years, Mr. John Ringling collected the paintings and works of art which are housed in this museum and the architect, Mr. Phillips of Chicago, had no easy job to plan a building to fit them.

We spent two hours gazing in rapture at these masterpieces secured at a cost of forty million dollars and housed in a three million dollar building.

The pictures are admirably grouped and arranged according to artist and date.

One could spend months and months and then fail to absorb the wealth of beauty which lines the walls of each room and gallery.

All the famous artists are represented from almost every country of Europe.

There were exquisite mantelpieces of marble and carved wood each leaf and tendril unbelievably perfect in detail. The floors were inlaid and one we particularly noticed was of teak wood, dark red in color, almost black with age.

We visit the Italian garden and admire the fountains, flowers and statuary. This garden was designed by Mr. Ringling. A colonnade porch is built around three sides and a platform and railing of stone connect the two wings of the building together.

An immense bronze statue of David rises sixteen feet in the center of this patio and the loggia is crowned with dozens of beautiful marble statues.

It was indeed a restful spot with its green lawns, bright flowers and falling water.

But it is now dinner time and we are driven away to Central Park Manor Hotel where a bountiful meal is heartily enjoyed.

After a brief rest we are driven to the winter quarters of the combined menageries of the Ringling Bros., Barnum & Bailey, and Sparks Circuses.

Here we see a herd of forty elephants, lions and tigers, and every animal you have ever heard of. Two mother camels with their babies are loose in the field and let us stroke them. The zebras don't kick as the boys crowd around.

We see six of these striped ponies being trained for a chariot race. The chimpanzees in the monkey-house have great fun with a ladder and ropes. The giraffes gaze at us with their heads sticking over a fourteen foot fence and porcupines are at our feet. The lions don't ever roar at us and the mother tiger has four kittens. A cat is asleep in the den of one of the lions. We see snakes, seals and hippopotami and come away feeling we have had a very enjoyable day.

The ferry boat is waiting for the return and in less than schedule time we are back home again.

We are sure we voice the sentiments of the entire party in thanking the Tampa Bay Ferry and Transport company for their kindness in transporting us, and Mr. John Ringling for permitting us to see the Museum and Menagerie.

ERNEST H. NORWOOD.

WE SHOULD BE PROUD OF HAYWOOD COUNTY

(Waynesville Mountaineer)

James F. Barrett, editor and publisher of The Brevard News and Western Carolina Tribune, two of the best weeklies in the mountain region, recently carried an editorial that throws a compliment to Haywood County that many of our own citizens hesitate to admit. He terms Haywood County as one of the very best counties in all Western North Carolina.

What more could a non-resident of the county say?

We are reprinting this editorial and would give almost anything we own if every knocker of this county would read it.

The newspapers and public spirited citizens of this county have tried every way possible to convince some "doubting citizens" that, without a doubt, Haywood County is now enjoying better business than almost any other section of the state. Regardless of all this persuading some still fail to grasp the full meaning of it. The best method would perhaps be to have these "doubters" visit another section of the state and be convinced first hand that "there's no place like Haywood County."

Every day we hear residents of this county express themselves as being dissatisfied with the conditions here. A similar remark was made recently in the company of a county official who immediately took up the remark and said, "there's dozens of roads leading out of this county if you don't like it, and if you are too lazy to walk and can't afford to ride, I'll buy you a ticket or carry you out myself." To this "perfect suggestion" we said with a loud voice, Amen.

We honestly believe that this method would be a "sure cure" for the detrimental chronic knockers.

In behalf of the loyal citizens of Haywood County, the Mountaineer thanks Editor Barrett for his word of cheer.

GLADE CREEK NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Orr and son Ralph, visited Mr. and Mrs. Hermon Brown Sunday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brown and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Owenby had as their dinner guests Sunday their grandfather, J. W. Alexander, and daughter, Miss Nora Alexander.

Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Orr entertained with a community singing at their home Sunday night.

Mrs. I. N. Kuykendall is on the sick list.

Miss Kathleen Poor spent the weekend with Miss Oriana Capps.

Miss Nettie Orr spent Sunday with Rev. and Mrs. I. N. Kuykendall.

Arnold Brown was the dinner guest of Miss Connie Brown Sunday.

Ralph Reed passed through this section Sunday afternoon.

Mrs. Azalea Slatton, who has been employed at Hendersonville is at home now.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Owenby and

WHO PLACED POPE ABOVE OUR LAWS?

(The Biblical Recorder)

The Pope is getting more imperious; he is declaring that the children of all Roman Catholics who marry non-Catholics must be brought up in "the Church" or the marriage will be annulled. We had supposed that our marriage laws were made by our various states and that the right to annul them was reserved by the states that make the laws.

Who has given the Pope or any outside Potentate the right to prescribe the conditions on which a marriage will be legal among us? If this is not mixing church and state with a vengeance we do not know what to call it. And yet at the mere suggestion that being a Roman Catholic in this country involves a double allegiance in civil matters our Romanist friends are up in arms. They tell us "what good citizens they are; how Catholics have served in our wars; what good Americans they are. Now here is a case in point. Let them tell us in this instance whether the Pope has a right to prescribe conditions under which our marriage laws will apply. Is the Pope to be obeyed and will they at his behest disobey our marriage laws, or will they disobey the Pope and stand by the civil laws? Let them be explicit about this so that we dull non-Romanists may understand. This double allegiance is one of the dangers confronting our country—a menace to the future of America.

Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brown called at the home of Mr. and Mrs. S. V. Brown Sunday night.

WHEN YOU FEEL BAD, AND CAN'T EAT, TRY A MEAL WITH US.

We are specialists in the art of fixing the things to eat that will be most appetizing to you.

Drop by any day for a tip-top meal—Breakfast, Dinner or Supper—or in between times. You can always get

Good Food Cooked Right

The Canteen

Doc Galloway, Prop.

Proof Of The Pudding

We will reproduce each week in this newspaper a letter from a satisfied Chevrolet owner. Original of these letters may be seen at our office where they will be kept on file.

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES CO. Brevard, N. C.

March 23, 1932

The Auto Sales Company, Brevard, N. C.

Gentlemen:-

Since July, 1929, I have driven a Chevrolet coach of the model of that year, and my Chevrolet has proven entirely satisfactory to me.

My car has been driven 39,000 miles in that length of time, and, with the exception of minor repairs, I have had no trouble with the machine.

From the experience I have had with this Chevrolet car I can certainly recommend Chevrolet to the automobile using public.

Cordially yours, RALPH LYDAY.

THE AUTO SALES CO.

"YOUR CHEVROLET DEALER"

West Main St.

Brevard, N. C.