

THE BREVARD NEWS

Published Every Thursday by
THE TRANSLYVANIA
PUBLISHING CO., Inc.

Entered at the Postoffice in Brevard,
N. C., as Second Class Matter

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES
(Payable in Advance)
One Year \$2.00
Six Months 1.00
Three Months50

Thursday, June 9, 1932.

BOY, WHEN AN OX IS GORED, HE BELLOWS LOUDLY

And now comes John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to testify that the dry law is all wet, and should be repealed!

Right upon the heels of the adoption of the federal tax bill, greatly increasing taxes on the rich, Mr. Rockefeller "jines up" with the repealers.

Boys, when an ox is gored, he bellows loudly!

He and his father, young John says, have been credited with paying some \$15,000,000 to \$20,000,000 into the various funds of the prohibition movement from 1900 up to the time the 18th amendment was adopted. Now young John says the total of all such gifts was less than \$350,000. He makes this explanation to show that he and his father were not such rabid prohibitionists as the people thought. Funny that young John would wait twelve years to make this explanation, isn't it?

Oh, how the rich hate to pay taxes!

Let the common herd pay taxes! Let there be a place where John's miners can buy whiskey, and pay a tax upon each and every drink, there by reducing John's taxes!

Nothing else in the world would have induced John D. Rockefeller, Jr., to make the statement published to the world Tuesday morning, except this passage of the tax bill which hit John so hard.

Young John's daddy took Nature's storehouses many years ago, built a fence around the precious premises, brought oil from these storehouses, and built a fortune that young John is now guarding. He kept wages at low ebb, and dished out doles to charity, thereby purchasing public opinion to uphold his unholy and unfair wage system.

The Rockefeller's have always made goats of their workers.

Every great gift they made to charity, institutes and foundations, came not from Rockefeller funds, but from money that should have been paid to their workers in wages.

Rockefeller's employes footed the bill in these "charity" funds.

Now, young John wants to pass the payment of taxes onto these scapegoats of his.

Young John wants the sale of liquor legalized, so the fellows in his factories and mines can pay, with each drink, these high taxes that have been placed upon the rich.

And the American people will swallow young John's bait hook, line and sinker.

The American people have a way of heeding the words of the rich and ridiculing the words of their own kind.

That is why a few men in America possess all the wealth, while the rest of the nation's 125,000,000 scramble for bread and house rent.

The rich cannot afford to pay taxes; they are NOT going to pay taxes. They would repeal the 18th amendment, the Ten Commandments, the Twenty-third Psalm and the Lord's Prayer before they would pay taxes.

Poor young John! Shrewd young John. The tax bill gored you, and you bellowed, oh, so loudly!

ONE SHOULD BE WILLING TO HELP HIS OWN CAUSE.

The Brevard News is tremendously interested in the welfare of every one who is struggling against the great odds of the day and time. If within our power we would gladly give unto each and every needy person not only the necessities of life, but throw in some of the comforts and luxuries for good measure.

It appears to us, however, in the study of some cases now "on charity" that all has not been done by some of these people that could be done—by themselves. For illustration, a certain man in this county was about to lose his milk cow last December through sale under mortgage. The amount owed was less than \$20. A friend stood for the amount, that the cow might be left to provide milk and butter for the children in that home. Nearly six

months have gone by, and that man has not as yet paid one penny on his debt. He came to the friend who had stood for him one day last week, and stated that the holder of the mortgage was about to sell the cow.

"How much have you paid on the debt?" the man was asked.

"Nothing," was the reply.

"You mean to say that you have not paid even one dollar on that account since last December?" was the insistent demand.

"I ain't made a dollar since last December," the man replied.

Now, the point we make is this: That man could have made one dollar, and several dollars, since last December, if he had tried. He is able bodied; he knows how to chop wood; he knows how to grub, and clear new ground; he knows how to plow; he knows how to dig ditches. Some people in his community would have employed him to do some of this work had the man gone to them and drummed up some work to do. Of course, he couldn't have procured a position that paid a handsome salary; perhaps the wages he would have received would have been low in comparison to what he received a few years ago. But thirty days work at fifty cents a day would have lifted the mortgage on that cow. We maintain that he could have obtained that much work in the six months gone by.

A man thinks but little of his own children who will not make any kind of sacrifice necessary to save the cow upon which his own little children depend for milk.

There may be many instances of like nature. We are inclined to believe that many fellows could be working some place, if they would go out and hunt work with the same degree of dogged determination that they hunt some one to sign a note or end or give them money.

There are numerous cases where women and children have no opportunity whatever for helping themselves, and these must be aided. There are some instances where able bodied men are at the end of the row, and are worthy of aid and assistance. There are also a great number of men who are not making any effort whatever to find work to do, taking advantage of the depression to live upon the charity inclined people of the community.

THE PRAYER CORNER

(From the Files of Long Ago)

"THE GEORGY SHOES"

"A few years ago," said S. D. Gordon, "I read a simple story in 'The Sunday School Times' that brought a lump in my throat. The writer told of a South-bound train stopping at a station near Washington City. At the last moment, an old negro with white hair came hurriedly forward, and lumbered on the last coach as the train pulled out. He was very black, and very dusty, and single occupants of seats looked apprehensive as he hurried along looking for a seat. But he did not offer to intrude, but stood at the end of the car, looking with big wondering eyes down the car. He was evidently very tired. Then a young man offered him space in his seat, for which he seemed very grateful, and with childlike simplicity began talking.

"He was going home 'to Georgy; had been up in Virginia for years, with the rare old slave loyalty serving his old master between times while earning his own way. Now his master was dead, and he was going back down to the old home state, 'back to Georgy,' and the words came softly while his hand tenderly patted the seat cushion. Clearly Georgy was the acme of happiness and content for him. As the train boy came through, the young man bought some sandwiches for the old negro. He was very grateful. 'Yes,' he was hungry, and had walked several miles to get to the train. He couldn't spend money for victuals; 'Money's too skase fur buyin' things on the road,' he said. I was lovin' to fill up arter I done reach Georgy."

"Then the conductor came in for the tickets. The black man anxiously fumbled through one pocket after another and finally remembered that his ticket was pinned to the lining of his hat. 'Dun tuk ebry cent I could scrape up to get dat ticket,' he said, 'but dat's all right. I kin wuk, an' folks don't need money when day's home.' The conductor had passed on to the next seat behind. There sat a shabbily dressed woman, with anxious frightened face, the seat full of bundles, and a pale faced baby in her arms.

"Tickets, please."

"The woman's face flushed, and then grew white and set, as she said I haven't any."

"Have to get off then; save me the trouble of putting you off."

"The woman sprang up with terror in her big eyes. 'Don't put me off. My husband is dying; the doctor said he must go South; we've sold everything left to send him. Now, he's dying, must go to him. But I have no money, don't put me off, God—my God—if you—' Her face poured out in excited jerky sentences. But the conductor could do nothing. He must obey his instructions or be discharged. The woman sank back sobbing in the seat. The conductor turned back to get the old

THE HELL-BOUND TRAIN

Selected

Tom Gray lay down on a barroom floor, Having drunk so much he could drink no more, And fell asleep, with a troubled brain, To dream that he rode on the hell-bound train.

The engine with blood, was red and damp, And dimly lit with a brimstone lamp. An imp, for fuel, was shoveling bones, As the furnace roared with a thousand groans.

The boiler was filled with lager beer, And the devil himself was the engineer; The passengers made such a motely crew, Church member, Atheist, Gentile, and Jew.

Rich men in broadcloth, beggars in rags, Handsome young ladies and withered hags, Yellow and black men, red and white, Chained together, a horrible sight.

Faster and faster the engine flew; Wilder and wilder the country grew; Louder and louder the thunder crashed; Brighter and brighter the lighting flashed;

Hotter and hotter the air became, Till the clothes were burned from each quivering frame, And in the distance they heard a yell, "Ha ha!" cracked the devil, "we're nearing hell."

And, oh how the passengers shrieked with pain, And they begged the devil to stop the train.

But he capered about and danced with glee, And laughed and joked at their agony.

"My faithful friends you have done my work, And the devil can never a pay-day shirk. You have bullied the weak and robbed the poor,

And the hungry brother have turned from your door; You have gathered up gold where the canker rusts,

And given full vent to your hellish lusts; You've drank and rioted and murdered and lied,

And mocked at God in your hellish pride; You've paid full fare, so I carry you through,

For it is only right that you get your due, For every laborer is worth his hire, So I find you safe in my lake of fire, Where my fiery imps will torment you forever,

And all in vain you will sigh for a Savior." Then Tom awoke with an awful cry; His clothes soaked wet and his hair standing high,

And he prayed as he never prayed before To be saved from hell and the devil's power,

And his crying and praying was not in vain, For he surrendered to Christ

And never more rode on the hell-bound train.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to take this means of expressing our sincere thanks for every kindness shown us at the time of the death of our wife and mother and also for the lovely floral offerings.

These kindnesses have tended to soften our sorrow.

T. B. REID and family.

Farmer is Killed by Truck

An attempt to change seats with his dairy helper while his milk truck was in motion, proved fatal Saturday to E. D. Dodson, of near Mcbane. The truck hit a bridge head and Dodson was killed by severe shock.

negro's ticket.

"Ise feared you'll have to put me off, boss," he said humbly, "don't expect a poor nigger like me to raise enuff fur a ticket." The conductor harshly ordered him off the train at the next station, saying there was some excuse for the poor woman, but none for him. The train began to slow up for the station. The old negro quietly dropped his ticket into the lap of the woman saying, "Here's yo' ticket Missus. I do hopes yo' find dat husband o' yourn ain' so bad as yo'se afeared." And before her dazed eyes could take in what he was doing, the old man had shuffled out of the car, and as the train pulled on (he was seen quietly plodding along, still "bound for Georgy.")

And there was no mention of Christ in the story, but one who knows the old typical slave class, to which he belongs, needs not to be told of the motive down in his heart. That's what obedience, unanalyzed undeliberated about, meant to him.

Have you ever worn the "Georgy Shoes"? Have you ever tramped to Georgy? If some of us might find out the old man's cobbler, and get some "Georgy" tramping shoes. The way of obedience is a way of sacrifice.

A Prayer For Georgy Shoes
O Thou Merciful and Loving God in this time of untold suffering and privations to one of our beloved neighbors, we beseech Thee, that our feet may be shod with preparation of the Gospel of Love and Obedience for the way of love and obedience is the way of sacrifice.

Give us all Georgy shoes—tramping Shoes, bound for West Palm Beach to keep the Golden Rule in deed and in truth. In Christ's name we ask it, Amen.

—C. D. C.

See Matthew 7:12.

Blantyre Breezes

Little Miss Genette Huffman of Hendersonville spent Monday night with little Miss Edna Rickman.

Mr. Bill Reed of Asheville visited relatives here one night last week.

Mrs. A. C. Rickman was an Asheville visitor recently.

Mrs. Lee Moody is seriously ill at present.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hollingsworth and family visited the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Talley Sunday.

Little J. P. Oliver was taken seriously ill Monday night.

Mr. and Mrs. Lee Baynard and family visited Mr. and Mrs. Baynard's son, Clyde Baynard and family Sunday.

Miss Fred Maxwell left Sunday to spend some time with her sister Mrs. J. E. Talley.

Mrs. A. C. Rickman visited Mrs. Lewis Simpson Saturday.

Mrs. Fred Owenby gave a musical Saturday night in honor of her cousins, Miss Bernice Blythe of Greenville, S. C. and Miss Edna Blythe of Enon. Everyone present reported an enjoyable time.

Mrs. Charlie Nesbit visited her daughter, Mrs. Lyday Baynard recently.

Mrs. J. E. Powell, Mrs. Fred Owenby, and Miss Agnes Maxwell visited Mrs. Lee Moody Monday.

Mr. E. R. Reed and children Monroe and Mary Ellen of Golden Glow farm were visitors of Mr. Reed's brother Mr. John Reed Sunday.

Mr. Lawrence Nesbit was a Fairview visitor recently.

Mrs. Coy Blythe of Pleasant Grove visited Mrs. Avery Justus Sunday.

Mr. C. B. Hollingsworth and Mr. Claude Davis made an enjoyable trip to Chimney Rock and Lake Lure recently.

Mr. Leroy Davis was a visitor at Enon Monday night.

Mr. W. L. Frady has returned to his home here after being employed at Toxaway for some time.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Powell were Asheville visitors recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Coy Blythe and family have moved from South Carolina to the farm of Rev. Carl Blythe near here.

Mrs. Shope, Mrs. Surcy and Miss Irene Bishop of Boylston visited Misses Fred and Agnes Maxwell Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Moody and family visited Mr. Moody's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Moody Sunday.

Little Miss Jewell Reed who has been ill is out again.

Rev. F. H. Holden and John Reed visited Mr. and Mrs. Lee Moody Sunday.

Mrs. E. H. Jones visited Mrs. J. T. Justus Wednesday evening.

Miss Velma Allison visited her sister, Mrs. Bob McCall recently.

Mrs. Reginald Orr of Boylston called on Mrs. John Reed Friday.

Connie Owens of Asheville was in this section last week.

Little Helen Rickman was the guest of Miss Fred Maxwell Tuesday.

Miss Belle Reed visited Mrs. Ed Owenby of Enon Thursday.

Otho Scott of Turkey Creek called on Clannie Justus Friday.

Mrs. Jerry Orr is spending some time with her mother, Mrs. Lee Moody who is very ill.

Miss Bernice Blythe and Miss Edna Blythe spent the week-end with their

cousin Mrs. Fred Owenby. Messrs. Grady Justus, Loyd and Clyde Galloway visited Fred Owenby Sunday.

Little Dick Frady visited Jessie Lee Simpson Sunday.

Misses Anna and Susie Reed of East Flat Rock visited Mr. and Mrs. John Reed Sunday.

Miss Beulah Allison visited Misses Mary Jo and Geneva Drake Wednesday.

Mrs. J. E. Powell visited Mrs. Lee Moody Sunday.

Mr. Arthur Hamilton visited Mrs. Flora Pickelsimer and Miss Julia Hamilton Sunday.

Little Clarence Brewer visited little Clyde Davis Monday.

Little Miss Genette Huffman of Hendersonville is spending some time with her grandmother, Mrs. J. E. Powell now.

Justin Brewer has returned to his home here after spending some time in Robinsonville, S. C.

Little Letty Nesbit is spending some time with her sister, Mrs. Lyday Baynard.

Mr. and Mrs. Terley Justus and

family visited Mr. and Mrs. Bob Orr Sunday.

Miss Nora Alexander visited her sister, Mrs. A. W. Davis recently.

N. C. Henry visited A. C. Rickman Sunday.

Mrs. J. S. Maxwell visited Mrs. Virgil Galloway Tuesday.

Little Dan Blythe visited little Sidney Rickman Monday.

Messrs. Claude and Clyde Davis visited Mr. Clyde Owens Sunday.

The B. Y. P. U. contest, in which we were all very much interested,

ended and it was announced that group number one won. The social committee suggested a picnic given by group number two in honor of group number one. The time being decided upon as June 7 at the pasture of Mr. Terley Justus.


Mr. and Mrs. Howard Wright visited Mr. and Mrs. Fred Owenby Sunday.

J. Melton Pace visited Sidney Rickman recently.

Mrs. Fred Owenby visited Miss Agnes Maxwell Monday.

Mr. Caran Ward of Hendersonville was a called in this section Sunday.

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