

THE BREVARD NEWS

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Thursday, December 8, 1932

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS FACE TREMENDOUS TASK

Commissioners W. E. Henderson, W. L. Aiken and L. V. Sigmon, in assuming the business management of Transylvania county, are facing a tremendous task.

What the future holds for the county is something that no one can even estimate. Whether the officials can finally work out from under the situation existing when the new board took charge is something that only the future can determine.

What we wish to say is this: Transylvania county belongs to the people making up its population. The problem which challenges the board of county commissioners is, therefore, a problem for the entire citizenship.

SPARE THE ROD AND SPOIL THE CHILD

Adults are just grown-up children. Their training and environment have made them what they are. We hear a lot of complaints being made that children are wilful and disobedient.

The time to begin teaching a child to obey is while it is yet in the cradle. If it cries and you pet it and take it up and make a lot of it, it has had its way and each time you do that you have lost.

The child who is ill-mannered, cross and irritable is so because it has been permitted to grow up that way. And it is generally to be found that parents of such children do not spend enough time trying to make them otherwise.

CHRISTMAS IS ALMOST HERE

On the twenty-fifth day of December will be observed one of the oldest holidays and one of the most widely known. Wherever Christianity is known Christmas day will be observed.

We have been taught that this is the Day on which Christ came into the world. There are those who tell us that this is not correct; that He was born in the month of January, but that fact makes no difference that we are able to see. If there is any serious doubt

as to the exact date why change or attempt to change it? There would continue to be the same arguments.

Now that that is settled comes the question of the proper observance of the day. Millions of children are looking forward to it with the hope of being the recipients of gifts and many thousands will be bitterly disappointed.

We can not control this feature. But there is one thing we can do. On that day, instead of telling the children about the Santa Claus who comes from the North Pole with his reindeer and sled and comes down the chimneys and leaves all good little boys and girls all the little things their hearts desire, teach them more about the little Babe who was born in a manger in Bethlehem and who did not have a home; the babe who was God's gift to man; the greatest gift that could ever be bestowed upon mankind.

The day should not be a day for levity and riotous living and giving no thought to the original purpose of the day. Teach them that. Teach them the true spirit of that day and the purpose for which it was given. In this manner they will learn to value the day more than they had ever thought possible.

WHAT IS TO BE THE END? We sit comfortably by and read of the riots and revolts being staged in various foreign nations and thank God that we are safe from such as that.

Perhaps these little marches on our capital—bonus marches, hunger marches, and unemployed marches—do not mean anything. We hope they do not. But stop for a moment and think what they could amount to under proper leadership. With nearly thirteen million unemployed, hundreds of thousands of restless, dissatisfied farmers and ex-soldiers almost anything is possible.

There is only one thing to be done. It may seem that it is a mean way to treat those who are begging for food and for things they consider their rights but if we are to avert such a catastrophe as other nations have witnessed in times past we must quell these disturbances before they become too large to be dealt with easily.

GETTING OUT OF THE RUT

Have you ever driven out on a muddy country road where the ruts were deep and the car just ran along without any effort on your part, the ruts sufficiently deep to keep it on its course? And then, when everything was fine you met another car coming from the opposite direction? You would strain and make every effort to get the car out of the rut and over to your side of the road to avoid a collision.

ment today. It is being driven along in a rut on a muddy, treacherous road. Until three years ago everything was fine. The machinery of government moved along without any great effort. Then came the depression. Some little efforts were made to avert a collision and the effort has been found of little avail for the ruts are deep and the road is muddy.

The drivers of the governmental machine are doing something but it is the wrong thing. They are operating at full speed and trying to force the machine out of the rut instead of slackening its speed and applying the brakes. In other words they are trying to find new taxes to levy on a people already overburdened with taxes instead of cutting down expenses.

This can not go on. There is such a thing as having too elaborate a system—one which the people can not afford. And this system can only be maintained for so long and then something must crash.

WELL, THE COMMISSION HAS ORDERED NEW GEOGRAPHIES

The people of North Carolina are the most patient, patriotic and pleasantly turned people in the world, we believe. With newspapers yelling in big type throughout the past eight months that there was another change in school books, and the people were urged to get busy and write letters protesting against the proposed change, our folks sat by, and now the thing is done.

But our good-natured citizens seem content to "let John" do the kicking. The letters were not written, and now the change has been ordered and all that you good-natured folks will have to do now is to fork up the dough, and pay for the new books.

Don't cuss high taxes and high this and high that so long as you sit idly by and let the officials get away with murder. There is no higher, meaner, more hateful and unnecessary tax in the world than that which has been paid by the citizens of North Carolina through constant changing of the school books. It has cost plenty, and will continue to cost that much until the citizens wake and demand that a stop be put to the thing.

All that remains to be done is for the poor devils throughout the state to find the money with which to buy the new geographies, while the old ones are being hidden away.

"WHAT A WORLD!"

Life can be interesting, thrilling and worthwhile in every respect depending on the individual. It is largely a state of mind.

We have the poor with us since the beginning of time. Adam and Eve were cast out of the Garden of Eden to make their own "way by the sweat of their brow." We will always have them so we might as well learn to care for them. We have them when times are good and when they are bad, though of course they are more numerous when times are hard.

We levy new taxes to make up a deficit in our budget and then establish a new tax to handle the increased revenue. We later levy a new tax to support the new bureaus.

We make a law against the liquor traffic and when times get hard and the bootleggers are getting all the money we abolish the law to get increased revenue and make more criminals to prove to us we must have a law against liquor and the liquor traffic. Another endless chain.

We establish a board of censorship and a board of review to see to it that only decent magazines and moving pictures are given to the public and the censors get so engrossed with their work that they forget where the line is to be drawn and the magazines and books that are given us are worse than if the board of review and the various censorships did not exist.

We make plenty of money when times are good and we are an extent that we are thrown into Americanism.

SEEKING TO MODERNIZE STATE CONSTITUTION

It is planned to "modernize" the North Carolina constitution. It is our contention that this is a good step and brings to mind a statement made by a prominent Georgia attorney:

"This patching up of state and national constitutions is like trying to keep an old fivver running that should have been junked a long time ago. You can always make it run but it costs like the devil." Enlarging on this statement he said that our legislative bodies are continually adding new laws and new bureaus and are never "cutting" anything. There are laws on our books which were made for a time when the automobile, telephone and radio were unknown. They are obsolete but they are still on the books.

Wonder what the result would be if the people should forget they have a constitution and should gather together a group of men from every walk of life—lawyers, doctors, educators, business men and legislators—and have them work together on a constitution to suit our present needs. Make laws that are designed to apply to 1932 and not 1832. While they were doing this it is possible since only a few of these men would be professional politicians and would have no interest in the work other than to create a usable constitution, that many useless bureaus and numerous offices which mean nothing more than a pay check for their holders, would be eliminated. Other offices would be consolidated and forces would be reduced and salaries would be revised.

The reason we can't get this done now is that no man is going to permit his job to be taken from under him if he can help it and he isn't going to do a lot to help somebody else off the payroll. How can we eliminate these offices when it is those in them who have the power to do it or some of their colleagues?

Here's the way it works: Mr. Blank told us that when John Doe was elected to office, he would go to Washington. We wanted to know what he would do and he told us. That seemed all right. Then he went on to say, "Well, there is not much to it. Won't have much to do but hang around and draw my pay check. When John Doe was in the Senate before I had the job and it was a cinch." An exaggerated statement, you say. But not so much after all. We all know it costs too much to carry on this business of government and that it must be cut down. When people do not have the money to pay the taxes they can't pay; then the government comes up with a deficit and a commission begins to look around for something new to tax, and they usually find it.

While the lawyer's suggestion may not be workable we know that something must be done and done soon.

WHEN THE CHRISTIAN WOMEN PRAY, RESULTS ARE OBTAINED

When the leaders of the repeal movement began making serious efforts to repeal the 18th amendment, the Christian women of America called for meetings of prayer, to be held at the churches in many cities, towns and communities throughout the United States. The Congress, it had been announced by Speaker Garner, would vote on the repeal question Monday afternoon.

The women called for their prayer meetings to be held on Monday morning. The prayer meetings were held. The women prayed that the movement would fail. It failed, when called for vote Monday afternoon.

Now, there are many, many people who will claim that the prayers of the women had nothing to do with the result of the vote in Congress. We wonder. We wonder if any man who has witnessed the birth of a son or the death of an old saint, can really doubt the part the prayers of the women had in defeating the repeal movement?

What do YOU think about it? Do you believe the prayers of the Christian women, assembled in the house of God near them, praying that there should be no repeal, do you believe these prayers were answered? Or do you think, as many will think, that God had nothing to do with the memorable vote in Congress last Monday?

Every one is entitled to his own opinion about the matter, and for our part we believe that these prayers had much to do with the result of that vote. We believe further that so long as the Christian women pray, just that long will the 18th amendment remain in our constitution. Of course, the law-makers in Washington might refuse to make appropriation for carrying out the mandates of the amendment, thereby nullifying it, but if they do then let them face the music.

WHY DO YOU ATTEND CHURCH SERVICES?

When they come home from Church some women can tell you what kind of dress was worn by every other woman who attended but cannot remember a word the minister said.

Some men will return from the church services and say that for the life of them they can't see why Blank attends church services on Sunday and spends the rest of the week in cursing, drinking, and doing a lot of other things that he oughtn't to do.

Some boys and girls will attend church services and complain of the length of the sermon and the way some other boy or girl "cut up" while the minister was praying.

It is to those people that the sermons are addressed. They need them, yet they do not hear them. The man who remains at home has been benefited just as much as they have. And the women who go to see the display of dresses worn by the other women might as well be home preparing a nice luncheon for the family and saving the money she is paying the cook. The children who know so much about what other children do while the minister is praying should have received a few heart-to-heart talks before they attended—or perhaps they are the sons and daughters of the fathers and mothers who learn so much about other people's clothes and manners, learned while they should have been listening to what the minister had to say.

Think this over and then ask yourself the question, "Why do you attend the Church services?"

LIVING FOR TODAY; FORGETTING THE FUTURE

It may be a bit difficult to plan for the future when you have no idea of what is in store for you. But when you think of it in the proper light you will readily agree that there is more to be gained from living in hope of a bright future and planning for it than fearing for a dark one and making no plans for any at all.

Perhaps you are working on a job that does not seem to promise anything definite for the future. You may be on that job for a week, a month or several years. You don't know how long. What are you going to do about it? Just drift along doing what is required of you; give no thought for the years to come and make the best of an uncertainty?

The answer is simple. If you live in that manner there is no bright future for you. You will live in a small rented home and the grounds around it will always remain bare and ugly. You will not plant flowers and trees and shrubbery for you may not be there any length of time, so why go to the trouble of improving it? But, suppose you are there for several years, even though it may always be in uncertainty. If you are willing to spend some time in beautifying the place, think what it will look like after a few years. Think of the pleasure it will afford to spend some time in beautifying and caring for the place and if you should be there to see the work of your hands develop into something beautiful and worthwhile, don't you think it is worth the effort?

You can never be certain of the future. The rich of today are poor tomorrow and the poor of today are the rich of tomorrow. You may feel secure; feel that you have enough laid away for a rainy day and that you have a wonderful future. Tomorrow you may be penniless. It is this uncertainty that makes life thrilling and worthwhile.

With this in mind the only logical thing to do is to live as though you had only the brightest of prospects. Devote your time and talent to work that is constructive. It is bound to pay big dividends in the end.

Zeb Cochran, of the Roberts section of Cabarrus County, produced 24 bales of cotton on 28 acres this year.

One hundred cash and merchandise prizes were donated to Catawba county 4-H club members for successful achievement this season. The prizes were secured by the Newton Kiwanis Club.

Using a home-mixed fertilizer according to a formula developed by E. Y. Floyd, tobacco specialist at State College, J. E. Rice of Madison County, produced 1,660 pounds an acre of good hurley tobacco.

Planting of small grain has proceeded slowly over most sections of Piedmont Carolina due to wet weather. From many counties, growers report little grain sowed to date.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank everyone who so kindly helped us in any way during the sickness and death of our dear mother, Mrs. C. C. Case. Also for the beautiful floral offering.

People I Meet ...

(By Harold Branson)

We used to watch Prof. Johnson take some offender "to the woods" and we wondered what happened to him there. It was possible he got a good thrashing but one thing was certain—we could never get one of them to tell us just what happened. But we knew that if it were a thrashing administered by the professor it was well done for he could certainly do it, if size and strength counted for anything.

It wasn't long before I found out what it was all about. I broke some rule and it was of a nature that caused me to have to "take a stroll" with Prof. Johnson. I was fairly trembling; in fact if I had not thought myself such a man (I was thirteen) I would have cried and begged him to let me off, though I guess that would have been of no avail.

As we walked along he commented on the beauty of the woods in the springtime, and for the life of me I couldn't see anything beautiful at all. I was watching him carefully to see what size stick he might select and in trying to figure some way out of a bad situation. Nature had no appeal for me. I thought of the various lads who had taken this stroll with him and while, as nearly as I could remember, all of them had returned with him, they had been better boys afterward. Something must have been done that left an indelible impression on their minds.

I had never known the Professor to lose his temper. He had always been pleasant and agreeable and I wondered if he could possibly administer any sort of thrashing with that pleasant smile on his face. How confusing to my thirteen year old mind!

Soon we arrived at a place where it seemed we were destined to stop for a while. He sat down and asked me to sit down with him. I did, but at a discreet distance. I was none too confident, despite the fact that he had not selected any "weapon" as yet. Trying to appear at ease I was, nevertheless, prepared for the worst.

"Well," he began, "I guess you know what has brought us here, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," I replied. "I don't want to be hard on you. I want to do the thing that is right, so I am going to let you tell me just why you willingly did the thing you did, knowing that you would be punished."

I had always been a pretty clever little fabricator and as a rule could wiggle out of almost any situation. If a lie were the only way out, then would grit my teeth, clench my fists, and rise to the occasion and I was said to pretty good at it. But now, when I must do my best I could think of nothing to say. I couldn't even lie. I looked into those deep violet eyes of his, which seemed to be piercing to the very depths of my being and then decided to make a clean breast of it.

"I have no excuse, Professor Johnson. I just didn't think about it as I should have, I guess."

"Are you sorry for having done it?"

"Yes, sir," I replied. "Sorry for what you did or sorry you were caught and must be punished?"

"Honestly, sir, I am sorry for what I did. I was sorry for being caught but now I am really sorry for what I did."

"You are in a Christian Institution and you are responsible to God and to your fellow men for the wrongs you do them and for the sins you commit. I punish only because I believe it necessary to do so when a child can not be made to obey. I believe in you. I think you are open and above-board and that when you do a little wrong like this it is because you have been a little lax—have temporarily let the bars down, not because of any evil in your heart. You see and know what is right and I seldom have to reprimand you and I appreciated it. If all the young people were that way we would have a much better school, but unfortunately they are not."

"Now what you have done is an infraction on the laws of our school and you are accountable to me for that. Because I believe you are sorry for what you have done I forgive you. I know you will not do it again, not because you fear a whipping but because you, knowing the great responsibility resting on you and on me will not want to do it. Now suppose we ask God, who is directing us here in this work to forgive you and to help that we may both work together to accomplish the things we have set out to do. Have you the confidence in me and in yourself to believe that we can fight it out together?"

I did and I told him as much. His words had touched me more than any other method would have done.

So we knelt down to pray and he prayed a beautiful prayer and one that was full of meaning. I knew that he meant every word of it, too, and that touched me. When I prayed, I was just as earnest as he was and right there on that spot decided to make a record that pleased him and that would please the God I had prayed to for forgiveness and direction.

On the way back I talked about the beauties of nature, the flowers and all the things that I had failed to notice as I went that same route a short time ago.

I never told the boys what happened to me. Let them fear as I did and maybe it would help keep them straight.

I have reason to believe that he did not treat all alike on these trips. There were certain boys there who would not accept that form of repentance and would mind only when a hickory was employed by brawny hands such as his. But he knew boys and he knew how to keep them on their best. He liked them and they loved and respected him.