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## MARS HILL COLLEGE HAS SPLENDID OPENING

DR. J. B. LAWRENCE DELIVERS  
OPENING ADDRESS

All available space in the college dormitories taken and rooms in private families in much demand was the condition at Mars Hill College the first of this week, when the college opened for the coming session. The first two days were taken up with registering pupils and mapping out their courses of study. While four or more members of the faculty assisted in this work, it could not all be completed in the first two days of the week. As soon as the formal opening was over Wednesday, the college work started off with a vim. For the opening, the entire body of students and quite a number of visitors, distinguished for the most part, assembled in the auditorium. President Moore presided over the meeting, making announcements and introducing those who took part in the exercises. The opening prayer was led by Dr. M. M. McCall, of Cuba. A solo was well rendered by Miss Coon, voice teacher, after which Dr. O'Hara of Asheville was asked to introduce the speaker of the morning—Dr. J. B. Lawrence, the new secretary of the Home Mission Board. Dr. Lawrence is a native of Mississippi, but is now located at Atlanta. No reference was made by Dr. O'Hara or by the speaker to the widely heralded defalcation by Carnes of the funds of the Home Board, but one feels a keener interest in the new secretary because of the great publicity given the Carnes affair. Dr. Lawrence takes up the work under that handicap, and his opportunity to do wonders, as well as his responsibility, is tremendous, as mentioned by Dr. O'Hara.

Dr. Lawrence used as his subject "Room to Live." He used as an illustration of his meaning a story of an ancient mode of execution, where the criminal or victim was placed between revolving walls, which gradually contracted until the victim was crushed by the in-drawing walls. The four walls which he wished his hearers to push out were Vision, Knowledge, Big Ideas, and Appreciation, which would enable the student to have room to live the big life. He spoke of contracting influences and of tuning in to the right not rather than making discord by tuning in to the wrong note. He warned against having little conception of life and the formation of bad habits which dwarf the life and crush it out. His discussion of the four walls was quite illuminating, the speaker being quite happy in the use of illustrations and picturing his thoughts in such fashion as to cause his hearers to see his speech after it was delivered. After announcements by various members of the faculty, Dr. R. J. Bateman, of Asheville, was called to the rostrum to lead the closing prayer. On the outside, quite a number of comments were heard as to the fine address. Quite a number of the visitors enjoyed dinner in the dining hall with the student body.

Four new teachers are in the faculty this session, as follows:  
Miss Coon, of Caney, Kansas, teacher in voice and M. A. graduate at Syracuse, N. Y.  
Miss Juredine, head of the Chemistry Department.  
Miss Rowanetta Allen, M. A., of the University in Washington, D. C., who has charge of the Biology Department, supplying for Prof. Trantham, who is taking postgraduate work at Duke University this session.  
Miss Annie Elkins, a graduate of Meredith College, is also a new member of the faculty.

## The Journey of Life

By WILLIAM WORLEY

I started on the journey  
As soon as night was gone;  
But, owing to a weakness,  
I could not go alone.  
The two friends that were with me,  
They carried me a spell;  
Till I had strength to travel,  
And could get on quite well.  
To them I got indebted  
For their help on the way;  
And I helped with their burdens,  
My only means to pay.  
Ofttimes the load got heavy,  
And we would stop to rest;  
Then onward, on the journey  
Into the unknown West.  
Once I grew warm and faint,  
And should have died there then;  
But my friends quickly bathed me,  
And I was well again.  
It was about the noon hour—  
My friends could not be seen;  
And ever since I miss them,  
So helpful they had been.  
I have passed many milestones,  
And other friends have known;  
But since those two have vanished,  
I seem to walk alone.  
There must be a reunion,  
But when I cannot tell;  
My friends will come back to me,  
And then all will be well.  
(THE END)

## RUNNION QUARTETTE IN MARSHALL

The Runnion quartette, of Woodfin Station, Asheville, sang at the Baptist church in Marshall last Sunday night. The quartette is composed of Mr. John Runnion, bass, Mr. Herbert Hensley, soprano, Miss Argie Hall, alto, and Mr. Wade Redmon, tenor. Quite a number of selections were rendered and much enjoyed by the congregation, one selection being repeated by request. Rev. S. M. Stroupe of Mars Hill was present and preached instead of the pastor. At the morning service, Rev. Mr. Justice, venerable saint of Hendersonville and former pastor at Marshall, preached, to the delight of his many friends here.

## AN ANSWER TO RANGER

Publisher of News-Record.

Dear Sir:  
I have been noticing several articles in the News-Record lately signed by Mr. S. T. Ranger. Now, first of all, I'd like to know just who this Mr. Ranger is. As you stated in the article which appeared in your last issue, that party evidently enjoys seeing himself in print. I am rather inclined to believe this, too. But, whatever his object may be, I'd like to tell him what I know concerning the matter which seemed to perplex him last week, as stated in that issue of the paper.

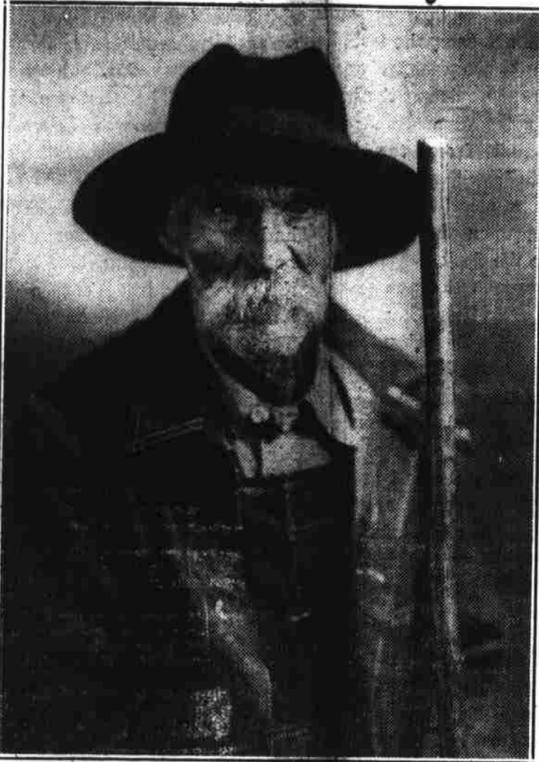
Concerning the young man of whom he spoke so feelingly in his article, I have gone to considerable trouble to find out the identity of this young man, and I am positive that I know exactly of whom he was writing. I even found out what the temporary job was that Mr. Ranger mentioned, but it is not necessary to state just what the job was, as that might let too many other people learn the identity of the "young feller." It is easy for me to imagine that young man sitting down and blurring out a sob story to Mr. Ranger, as I knew the young man personally, and found out some of his traits and characteristics. Was it the young man's fault that the girls of Marshall and vicinity would not go out with him on account of his lack of a car? I am rather inclined to believe that it was, for I know quite a few young men who do not possess a car, but who "step out" with the members of the opposite sex; then, too, I know it from personal experience. I drive a car around now quite a bit, but there was a time when yours truly did not do this so much, but I never had the experience of a girl "throwing me down" because I did not happen to own a car. No, Mr. Ranger, it is not that bad, whatever the young man may have told you. Now it may seem a bit egotistic for me to say this after the foregoing statement, although I don't mean it that way at all, but here is what I am driving at, and what I must say in fairness to the fairer sex—The first and major requirement or qualification of a young man is the young man himself, and not the car. Of course, it is much better for him to drive a car, and take the other party to ride occasionally, but who doesn't feel that way about it? All young people like to ride in a car, but as to a young man being socially ostracized on account of the lack of a car, I think that statement is much too broad. Of course, you will find a girl occasionally who will not go with a young man WITHOUT a car, but this is a rather rare occurrence (speaking from personal experience) and I have my opinion of that kind of a girl, and so have you, Mr. Ranger.

Now I have taken up too much valuable space in your paper already, Mr. Publisher, and I must finish this article very shortly, but I just wished to tell Mr. Ranger that if he paid very much attention to this one young man's "sob story," I think he made a mistake. From all that I have learned about the young gentleman in question, you could give him the best car that was ever stuck on four wheels, and even then he would cause no great panic with the ladies. Personally, I have nothing against the young man, and rather like him, but from all the information that I have gathered, the "femmes" are not so wild about him.

If you will allow me to make this personal reference, please, I shall tell you that I know several girls of Marshall who have WALKED with me, and of course they have walked with others. So maybe this situation is not quite so bad as it may have seemed at first to Mr. Ranger. And there is one thing more that I'd like for him to remember, and that is—Girls will still walk, even if they have to walk home from a RIDE.

Wishing you and your paper much success, I am  
Sincerely yours,  
Y. WURRY.

## KENTUCKIAN QUIT DRINKING AT 80



(Asheville Citizen Staff Photo)

James Byrd Smith, age 105, who has left the North Carolina mountains after an "enforced" absence of 29 years from his native Blue Grass state. Fear of "torment" caused him to quit drinking at the mature age of 80 years.

## AGED DEAN OF BLOCKADERS LEAVES MOUNTAIN REFUGE

Jim Smith, 105, Fled To Old North State Twenty-Nine Years Ago

Written For The News-Record By  
GLENN W. NAVES.

Asheville, N. C., Sept. 12.—The "torments" of many years of lonely isolation from his native Kentucky mountains, the activities of "Kaintucky revenooers," legion domestic difficulties, and old age have broken the spirit of James Byrd Smith, age 105, and so in the desolation of his declining years, Jim has departed from the North Carolina hills, and gone back to Kentucky "seeking a liddle peace afore I die."

For close to 50 years the centenarian operator of "mountain dew" outfits plied his trade in one or two Kentucky coves, matching wits day and night with revenue officers working out of Louisville and other places, without knowing fear of the law. But fear of something stronger than the law "got" Jim, and at the mature age of 80, he gave up drinking. This memorable incident in his life occurred four years after the veteran foe of Volstead fled to "Nawth Carolina" with them their revenooers hot on my trail.

### FEARED TORMENT

"I got afeared it would take me to torment," Jim told Asheville newspapermen by way of explanation before leaving for Kentucky a few days ago, "an' so I give 'er up. I ain't teched a drop in 25 years now, and I'm quit to stay. I jest aint got a hankerin' fer it any more."

During the eventful and adventurous years of Jim's life which transpired before the diligent interest of prohibition officers necessitated his abrupt departure from the Blue Grass state, the dean of Southern blockaders manufactured thousands of gallons of "white and yaller corn," peach and apple brandy, and "pale rye," and led his fraternity in mass production, but he is through now and says so.

"About 29 years ago, I slipped out and came up here to these parts, and now that all the trouble has died down back thar in Kaintucky, I'm going back to live out my declining years," was the farewell speech of the picturesque patriarch of the wilds as he said "so long" to his friends here.

### CLOSEST CALL

The closest call in Jim's career came when he was "employed by a female party," he says.

"About six months after I came up to Nawth Carolina, I got a hankerin' to slip back home fer a liddle visit. I

didn't resist, and came near to being caught. You see, a lady near where I come from, had a whole run of beer ready to bile down, and she asked me to do it fer her. I jest pitched right in, and in about a half day, we had six gallons of plum good whiskey juggled. I wuz tired and all in, so I went to bed. A leetle later the officers got wind of my presence thar, and called for a 'look see.' They searched the house, an' I covered up in bed and lay still. The lady told them I had been gone fer six months, so they went away looking fer another fellow, and that night I slipped out and left fer Nawth Carolina. Them thar officers shore terminated my visit."

Life has dealt severely with Jim Smith. The veteran readily admits that, yet he is unmovable in his convictions that he was entirely within his rights when stilling whiskey was his trade. Jim used his own corn, rye, fruits and cold, sparkling mountain water, and made his own stills. He could make better "licker" than anything else, and says that he was prompted only by a desire to earn a living, and not to violate the law, yet if his profession was a law violation, his rights merited first consideration.

A hunted man, living with his kind, and suspicious and afraid of "furriners," he sought refuge in the mountains of the Old North State, and during his residence in this section, rarely came to town. The noise and traffic with the crowds on the streets, irritated and puzzled the old man, whose ears for all his years have been trained to listen to the voices of Nature and the wilds.

Domestic troubles worried him more than the officers, traffic and everything else, Jim told friends here. He has been married three times, and has 13 children living, and 11 dead. He doesn't know where they all are. One of his daughters in Richmond, Ky., sent him a railroad ticket which augmented his interest and longing in a trip back home, so he came to town, bade friends good-bye, and left.

"The children of my second wife didn't like my last wife, and so it goes—trouble after trouble," Jim said. "Me and my last wife has dissolved partnership anyway. I married her when she was just a slip of a girl, only 18 years old. I don't know much about my children except that most of them are married, have big families and are hard up."

Jim once owned six farms in Kentucky, but close living has reduced his holdings to an "estate" of 40 forest-clad acres. Since his forced departure from the state, he has only gone back twice, each time secretly.

## L. D. EDWARDS AND WIFE SERIOUSLY INJURED IN AUTOMOBILE WRECK

FUNERAL SUNDAY  
OF MR. J. H. BAKER

Funeral service for J. H. Baker, 25, well known farmer of Big Pine creek, Madison County, who died at the Mission Hospital in Asheville Friday afternoon at 1:30 o'clock from injuries received when thrown by a horse, was held Sunday morning at 10 o'clock at the North Fork Baptist church, Big Pine. Burial was in the church cemetery.

The body was removed from the Hare funeral home, Haywood road, West Asheville, Friday night at 6:30 o'clock, and taken to the Baker home by relatives.

Mr. Baker suffered a fractured skull and other injuries when thrown by the horse near his home Thursday afternoon. He was taken to the hospital by relatives, and remained in a semi-conscious and partly paralyzed condition until death.

Surviving are his widow and six children: Albert Baker, of Detroit, Mich.; Raymond, Grover, Thelma, June and Herbert Baker, all of Big Pine.

BOTH IN ASHEVILLE HOSPITAL  
STRUGGLING FOR LIFE

All Mars Hill and vicinity was greatly shocked Tuesday, when the news reached there that two of their most prominent citizens, Mr. and Mrs. Luther D. Edwards, had been found on the road near Weaverville in a dying condition, their car a total wreck, and rushed to a hospital in Asheville. They were found by Mr. Ashe Carter and Mr. Keith Bruce, who were on their way to Asheville. When within about one and a half miles of Weaverville, they found the wreck, the victims so bloody as to be almost beyond recognition. At the hospital it was found that both were seriously injured. Mr. Edwards' skull was fractured at the base and up to the time we go to press, his life was hanging in the balances, he having been unconscious practically all the time since the accident. Mrs. Edwards, though conscious, is also in a serious condition, two ribs broken, her hip perhaps fractured, and her collar bone possibly broken. Both were terribly bruised. Little hope was held for the recovery of Mr. Edwards, though his condition Thursday morning was reported slightly more hopeful.

The two left Mars Hill about ten o'clock Tuesday morning and perhaps made some stops en route to Asheville, as the wreck occurred about noon. There were no eye witnesses to the wreck, but the best information that could be obtained from Mrs. Edwards and by observing the wreck, they were doubtless driving at a rapid rate of speed and ran into a rain, which had caused the pavement to become slippery, causing the car to skid and turn round and round until it went off the side of the bank, crushing against an electric line pole. The impact was with such force that the entire frame of the car was curved and the dent of the pole against the car quite pronounced. It was a Chevrolet coupe, and the steel body was bent and torn to pieces beyond repair.

All near relatives were notified. Miss Ruby Edwards, a teacher at Marshall, has been by their side since the wreck occurred. Dr. Sprinkle, of Weaverville, who, with Mr. West Adams, was called, accompanied them to the hospital, where Dr. Adams, of Asheville, and Dr. Robinson of Mars Hill, a brother-in-law, are in constant attendance. Drs. Anderson, Edwards and Pender also called up to offer assistance and sympathy. Mr. Tom Hollowell and son of Gates County, a brother-in-law of Mr. Edwards, were already here and his wife and the remainder of the family were on their way. Mr. and Mrs. Sam Lippard, of Newton, reached the hospital Tuesday night, Mrs. Lippard being a sister of Mr. Edwards. Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Jones, of Angers, N. C. were also there, Mrs. Jones being a niece. Mr. Melvin Terrell, of Ronesville, West Virginia, has also been called. His brothers at Mars Hill, Mr. G. D. Edwards, and Mr. Marion Edwards, travelling salesman for C. M. McClung & Co., of Knoxville, Tenn., have both been close attendants at the bedside at the hospital.

Mr. L. D. Edwards, the injured man, is agent for the Prudential Life Insurance Company, and is well known throughout this section, and Mrs. Edwards is sister of Mrs. R. L. Moore, wife of Dr. R. L. Moore, President of Mars Hill College. Another sister is Mrs. Wall of Mars Hill, wife of Mr. Roy Wall, who is a brother of Dr. Zeno Wall of Shelby.

atmosphere to these dances. Only recent years have the Big Cove Indians been persuaded to perform some of their dances in public and the 1929 Fair will provide much that is of interest to the ethnologist and to the public at large.

Indian products of pipes, bows and arrows, bead work, baskets and other interesting handiwork will be on display during the four days of the celebration. Live stock and other agricultural products of the Reservation will also make up an imposing display, illustrating the progress in the civilized activities which these Indians have made in recent years.

## CLOSE SUCCESSFUL REVIVAL CANTON; START ONE ON SPRING CREEK.

Rev. D. K. Corn, pastor of the East 25th Street Baptist Church at Winston-Salem, and a former resident of Madison County with his brother Mr. J. W. Corn of this county have closed a great revival at Canton, and have come to Bald City on Spring Creek where they will hold a revival. When Rev. D. K. Corn closes the meeting on Spring Creek he will return to Winston-Salem to resume his pastorate. Madison county friends will be glad to know of the good work these two brothers are doing in the Masters cause, here and elsewhere.

## COUNTY REPORTS NEXT WEEK

We are compelled to hold the financial reports of the Madison County officers until our next issue.

## LET'S DO IT!

"This is the prettiest town of its size I have ever visited," said a tourist of a North Carolina small city. This observant visitor may come to Marshall at some time and we ought to be ready to make a good impression with him, and other visitors. We believe it is true that the majority of so-called tourists are people who are interested in a change of home and location; certainly many of them are prospectors. In this sense, as you will discover if you make their acquaintance, Marshall speaks for Madison County; if the town makes a poor impression with visitors, the entire community may be set down as backward in the estimation of visitors.

Our Main Street is a section of one of the most important highways in the entire state system. It is in a deplorable condition through our town. We hope that this condition will be improved in the near future, as it is causing much unfavorable comment. "The roughest going between Detroit and Asheville," said one tourist of our Main Street. We appoint Mayor Stuart to head a committee to see what can be done, not next season, but right now.

On this same Main Street, at a point where the visitor gets his first view of Marshall's business section, some vacant lots are littered with junked automobiles, an ugly sight. It would be good business to have this junk moved out of sight and then harvest the weeds on these and other vacant lots, and dump the crop overboard into the river. Few towns have such a convenient means of disposing of trash. Once over the river wall it is out of sight and will be carried away on the next rise.

The News-Record is among those who have neglected to chop down the weed growth, but we will have our place cleaned up before this plea reaches our readers and we hope all will follow suit.

Let's put on a cleaner, better face!

## CHEROKEE INDIANS PLAN FETE

CHOOSE BEAUTIFUL INDIAN SUMMER SEASON AS TIME FOR ANNUAL FESTIVE NEAR CITY OF ASHEVILLE.

Asheville, N. C., Sept. 12.—Choosing the early part of the beautiful mountain Indian Summer Season as the time for their annual fete, the nearly 3,500 members of the Eastern Band of Cherokee Indians will stage their ceremonial dances and ancient lacrosse games as features of the Cherokee Fair, the dates of the event having been set for October 8, 9, 10, 11. An even larger throng of tourist visitors is expected to be on hand to witness the various activities of the fair program this year.

Indian ball games, the ancient form of lacrosse will be featured on each day of the fair. Stripped to the waist and decorated with tribal colors and totems, the braves will provide in these ball games many thrilling sights for the throng of spectators who attend the contests each year. The game as played by the Cherokees has been preserved in its original form, the rules being similar to those in vogue before the discovery of the American Continent.

The Green Corn Dance and other tribal ceremonial dances in honor of the harvest will be staged as a part of the Fair program by the Indians of the Big Cove region. Gourd rattles and drums are the accompaniment for the weird chants which add savage