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THE NEWS-RECORD

MADISON COUNTY RECORD
Established June 28, 1901.
FRENCH BROAD NEWS
Established May 16, 1907.
Consolidated November 2, 1911

THE ONLY NEWSPAPER PUBLISHED IN MADISON COUNTY

VOL. XXI

MARSHALL, N. C., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1929

8 Pages This Week

1500

FINE FARMING IN IDAHO

MR. GEORGE W. SILVER WRITES OF TRIP FROM MARSHALL

Jerome, Ida., Oct. 8, 1929

Editor News-Record: If you will allow me space in your paper, I will give some of my friends an account of my trip west.

We started from Marshall on September 8th at 12 M., and stopped at Knoxville that night, so starting early next morning and driving slowly, we reached Louisville the next night, and continued to drive slowly until about the third day, when we decided the car was ready to make better time, so we made an average of better than forty miles per hour until we reached Jerome on September 20 at 2 P. M., a distance of 2767 miles. We used one hundred and fifty gallons of gas and four and one-half gallons of oil. The total cost of both was \$44.12. We had nice weather nearly all the way through. There were two showers the second day, and a hard rain the day we reached Idaho.

One fellow in Marshall told me that I would never get through in a Chevrolet car, but he was mistaken, for it was like a young bronc. I just had to hold her down all the way through, and we would have made the trip without any trouble had it not been for one of our automobile friends scattering some roofing nails in the road a few miles east of Cheyenne, and I picked up two of them at the same time in both rear tires, but that only delayed us for a few minutes.

We found splendid roads all the way, mostly hard surface, until we reached Nebraska; then it was gravel all the rest of the way. The Lincoln Highway is sure fine and well marked.

I guess some one will want me to say something about the country here in Idaho. I believe it is the best farming country I have ever seen, especially in the Snake River Valley. I have seen more beans in the past four days than I had ever heard of before and all kinds of crops do well here.

The farmers are averaging above thirty bushels of beans per acre and selling them for seven cents per pound.

Some parts of the State do not look so well, especially the Wood River Valley. Their winters have been light for several years and naturally poor crops for want of water.

Game is plentiful here. We see flocks of Chinese pheasants any time we get out on the farms, and wild chickens and ducks. All this is good but there are other things not so pleasant.

Churches are not so plentiful. Sunday Schools are scarce. Plenty of grown people here, I guess, have never seen the inside of a church house.

I believe that the Mission Board would do well to send some good old time preachers to this country. If the people here were all Christians this would be a real place to live.

There was a birthday party at Mrs. M. Tipton's last Sunday and quite a crowd of people were there. Mrs. Tipton was 85 years old. She left Madison County about 21 years ago, and is still in good health.

I guess I had better close before I write a long letter.

GEO. W. SILVER.

GOLDEN WEDDING ANNIVERSARY

Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Weaver received two hundred guests from eight to ten Wednesday evening. As the guests arrived strains of the fiddle and the "Ole Banjo" in melodies of a by-gone day, could be heard from the side porch of the Weaver's lovely country home while old uncle Gilbert Baird, sole survivor of the Weaver family slaves, helped the guests in parking their cars. Miss S. Pearl Weaver received the guests at the door. Golden and white autumn flowers massed in the large rooms added their touch of beauty and mellowness to this commemoration of their youth in the autumn of the lives of Mr. and Mrs. Weaver. Assisting them in receiving were Mrs. D. F. Herndon of Birmingham, Ala., sister of Mrs. Weaver, Mr. W. H. Weaver, Mrs. J. J. Burnett from Del Rio, Tennessee, sister of Mr. Weaver, Mrs. William Sidney Porter, Mr. Zeb Baird, Mrs. C. A. Nichols, Mrs. Eliza Reagan, Mrs. T. H. Weaver. In the sun parlor were Miss Sue Weaver of Tela, Honduras, Mr. and Mrs. Dan MacLaren of Roland, Miss Louise Weaver of High Point, Miss Clara Caldwell of Fort Worth, Texas, Mr. and Mrs. Joe Weaver of High Point, and Mrs. Noah Walser of High Point guided the guests to the dining room where Mr. Frank Blackstock and Mr. and Mrs. B. J. Fawcett of New York were assisting. Pouring coffee were Mrs. Robert Weaver and Mrs. J. J. Reagan. Serving the guests were Betty Gwynn Weaver, Josephine Eskin, Mary Elizabeth Reover, Rebecca Morris and Margaret Whitten. Directing the Punch Bowl were Mr. and Mrs. Lynn Weaver, Miss Berneice Barry and Miss Ruth Brock, both of Asheville, presided at the Punch Bowl. Assisting them were Margaret Campbell and Miss

AWAKE, GIRLS!

OPPORTUNITY MAY PASS WHILE YOU SLUMBER

A woman intimately known to us, outstanding in intellectual and spiritual attainments, is giving the best of her life to welfare work among the less fortunate of a great city in eastern America.

This lady sees and feels the humorous, no less than the pathetic and tragic. She writes us and makes us acquainted with one Emilio Planamento, Italian widower, father of five children. Emilio announces to the good ladies who guard his kiddies while he is bearing a hod or shoveling stone that he is leaving soon for Italy to find "a new mamma for his children."

But, mark you, this man of simple faith in God and womankind has no one woman in view. He does have his "chillen" in mind and on his heart and he does believe that in Sunny Italy some woman will be found who will return with him to America to be a new mamma to his five.

Such beautiful trust inspires us, yet makes us somewhat ashamed that we have less than five chillen!

And there is still another thought here: Is it not really too sad that Emilio must recross the ocean to find a new mamma for his kiddies, when here in good America—yes, right here at home in good old Madison County, there must be women who could love and serve him equally well, if only they knew Emilio and his five?

If any of our girls would care to correspond with Emilio we would be happy to arrange an introduction.

But hurry! For Emilio needs you now!

STR

WICKED LITTLE DEVILS

Listening in to the heartbeats, sighs and groans of the community, we discover disquietude in certain social circles. The reason is not far to seek; there is an unusual infestation of fleas, and we mean the kind that prefer a human host.

It is proper that such a problematical situation should be referred to the press for research and solution. The progressive publisher gladly serves where all other agencies fail to function. As in mysterious murder cases, so is the question "Why is the flea, whence is he, and where is he at?" accepted by the modern journalist as a challenge to his knowledge of science and to his powers of deduction.

Our first conclusion was that these wingless, blood-loving insects, with their extraordinary powers of leaping, come to us from Detroit, via Charlotte. We mean we suspected that they artfully concealed themselves in the dog-hair upholstery of Ford cars, at Henry's factory, and hitch-hiked their way to Marshall, designing to live upon this community in true parasitic habit.

We have discarded this theory in favor of a more plausible solution. It is a notorious fact that Roy Plenum of Hot Springs and Morris Buquo of Black Mountain are fox chasers and dog lovers; it may not be so well known generally, as it is to the writer, that these young gentlemen sleep night after night with their dogs, when the chasing season is in full swing. This can not be done, even by men of respectable social standing, without effecting a transfer of fleas from dog to master. In other words, the dog is a carrier of common fleas; the master becomes a common carrier of fleas. The comings and goings of men of the Plenum-Buquo stripe are not as well regulated by law as might be necessary to protect the innocent element of society. They mingle freely with our people—what can you expect if you come into contact with them? Fleas, of course, and more fleas, in due course.

We suggest that our authorities establish a quarantine, on the west, say at Walnut, to cut off the invasion from Hot Springs and on the east at Ivy Bridge, to control the flea traffic from Buncombe County. The writer of this story may not be able to take a leading part in the measures proposed here for curbing the activity of fleas and carriers. He may be called away from town about the time the paper goes to press and would probably remain away until this flea excitement has subsided! Personally, we hold no grudge against the men whose names we print in this fearless style; but we do like to see our Pet Theories Thoroughly Tested!

STR

HOWDY, M. C. C.

Mars Hill College now has its Madison County Club. This is fine, for it is only through organization and united effort that the best service can be rendered. The News-Record has requested S. T. Ranger of our editorial staff to visit Mars Hill, meet the official members of Madison County Club and give an account of their proposed activities to our readers. This story will appear in our next issue. Meantime if any member of the Club, or any one interested in the Club or its members would like to join our Subscription Family we will be happy to enter your name, and if you have no objection, to mention you by way of Welcome to the News-Record Sub. List.

HERE'S HOW N. C. FOLK GOT NAME OF "TAR HEELS"

WASHINGTON, Oct. 8.—Senator Overman was just learned that the word "Tar Heel" had its origin during the Civil War.

He is informed by the Library of Congress that it was a name given in derision by Mississippians to a brigade of North Carolinians, who, in one of the great battles of the Civil War, failed to hold their position on a certain hill.

The Mississippians taunted the North Carolinians with having forgotten to tar their heels that morning; hence the term. Like tar, it stuck. —Associated Press.

WELCOME, T. C. S.

MR. JAKE BUCKNER AND SONS TURN OVER IN WRECK

Mr. Thos. C. Stevenson of Valdese, N. C., was a Sunday visitor in Marshall, Tom arrived after business hours Saturday evening, from which we deduce that his visit was of a social nature. Moreover, we infer from cursory observation that his social interest in some way touches deeper interest—education, schools and personnel. Tom's is a winning personality. You seem to have known him in college days, although you may have only just met him today. Mr. Stevenson is a man of rank in the textile industry. He is manager of Waldensian Weavers, at Valdese, manufacturers of draperies, tapestries and rayon fabrics. It seems to us appropriate that a man of his refined sentiments and tastes should be identified with a business producing things of romantic association.

Tom offered little resistance to our suggestion that he should buy the space we now devote to him by joining our subscription family, at the regular rate.

We welcome you, Tom, and we commend your literary taste in adding the News-Record to your list of selected journals.

Hurry back! This is a competitive world and while we will do what we can to protect your interests between visits, you may find that it will be safer for you to look out for Number One!

(News-Herald, Morganton, kindly copy)

TWO HOME SPECIALISTS JOIN COLLEGE STAFF

Miss Myra Woodruff and Miss Elizabeth Cornelius have been added to the staff of the home demonstration department at State College to do special work in research and girls' clubs.

Miss Woodruff will not be available for field work as are the other specialists in the home demonstration department since her activity will be confined entirely to research matters under the direction of the North Carolina Experiment Station. She is a graduate of Oberlin College with a Master's degree from Columbia University. She has also completed most of her studies leading to a Doctor's degree. Miss Woodruff has specialized in child development and parental education and one of her first projects will be a study of the standards of living data which have been accumulated by the Department of Rural Sociology.

Miss Cornelius has been home a few years and during the time has shown marked ability in club work. Her promotion was made for the purpose of using her talents in the larger field. Miss Cornelius will work with home demonstration agents and club leaders in developing better 4-H club work throughout the State. In this she will be associated with L. R. Harrill, state club leader.

These two appointments will aid the home demonstration department to serve the farm homes of North Carolina much more efficiently than in the past, says Mrs. Jane S. McKimmon. The College has never had adequate research on which to develop its home demonstration activities nor has it had a specialist who could give her whole time to work with the rural girls. The enlarged program made possible by these two appointments will be of tremendous value, she says.

TAKES CHILD BACK

Mr. M. M. Runion, formerly of Madison County, recently of Detroit, Michigan, was in Marshall Monday. Mr. Runion has recently married a wealthy widow of St. Thomas, Ontario, Can. He was driving a beautiful car. His first wife, who was sister to Mr. J. L. Howell of near Fayetteville, died about two years ago, leaving a child about two years old. For the last ten and one-half months the child has been with Mr. and Mrs. Howell.

THIS NEGRO SOME EATER

Arkansas City, Ark., Sept. 15.—John Horton, an extraordinary negro, of this place, is dead from natural causes, according to physicians. He was a monstrosity in so far as his stomach was concerned.

Horton traveled a great deal and often appeared in Arkansas towns and wanted to bet he could eat anything, and the crazier the bet the better he liked it.

The only sick spell he ever had was from eating a lot of cement and then drinking several gallons of water, which caused it to solidify. He delighted in bananas and could make short work of a whole stalk of the fruit. He could eat the peeling, the stalk and all and walk around rattling the money he had won.

His hardest stunt was eating one dozen lemons, peeling and all, and such a thing as eating fourteen two-pound chickens only increased his appetite. It was simply nothing for him to eat a couple of bushels of apples at a time, or a forty pound watermelon, rind and all. He had offered to bet he could eat the heart out of a wagon load of watermelons, but found no takers. He could eat ten or twelve dozen eggs at a time and twenty or thirty pies at one sitting. Ten pounds of beef meant nothing to him.

He is the negro about whom the story originated concerning the eating of a dozen ears of corn. A man here offered to bet him that he could not eat a dozen of them at once, cob and all. The negro said he had to leave for a few minutes, but would be right back and take the bet. He went out and brought a dozen on the cob, ate them, and came back and accepted the bet. He won it, naturally, but had to eat a dozen extra previously just to be sure he could do it.

Horton could drink two cases or 48 bottles of soda pop at a sitting and often bet he could drink a case in less than a minute. Tests demonstrated that the liquid wouldn't flow out of the bottles in less than twice the time Horton said it required. In this feat, as in all others, the loser always had to pay for what Horton drank.

No scientific explanation has ever been offered of what kind of a stomach Horton possessed.

WHO IS HE?

HELP US TO FIND HIM

The News-Record has information of some value to the Tallest Man in Madison County. What is his name and where does he live? We wish to locate him at once and we ask your help in finding him.

If your Tall Man is not over six feet six inches in height, he is not the man we are looking for. If he is closer to seven feet tall, he may be the man we seek.

Drop us a card or call in to see us and let us know the name and height of your Tall Man. In due course we will let you know through the paper who is the Tallest Man in Madison County. He may be your Tall Man. Help us to find the Tallest Man in Madison County.

WAIT FOR THIS

Last Saturday there was a football game at Mars Hill between the College team and some unknown nine or eleven from somewhere East of Craggy. The writer expected to attend this game and report it for the News-Record, but could not quite make it.

However, it is not too late to write up this game in the way we would have told the story had we been there.

This story will keep for another week and be just as fresh then as today. Look for it in next issue.

The score was
Invaders—20
Defenders—000

The Color Scheme and all that will be described next week. STR

HOME DEMONSTRATOR'S COLUMN

SINGER SEWING MACHINE DEMONSTRATION—There will be a demonstration of Singer Sewing Machine attachments at the Court House in Marshall, October 23rd at 10:15 o'clock. This is a public demonstration. The representative of the Singer Company will give the demonstration. The different uses of the attachments, which are very varied, will be shown and the many attractive things that may be with the knowledge of the use of these attachments. Tell your friends. Come.

The 4-H club at Beech Glen served burgoe at noon to the students.

SCHEDULE

Monday—1:00—Sandy Mush girls.
Tuesday—8:45—Center girls.
10:30—Walnut girls.
2:30—Pioneer women.
Wednesday—10:15—Singer Demonstration.
Thursday—10:30—Hot Springs girls.
Friday—10:30—White Rock girls.
1:00—Alleghany women.

Teacher Training Class Attends Indian Fair

The drive to the Indian Fair was a most delightful motor trip. The class left Marshall about seven o'clock, October the eleventh. As we traveled along the scenic French Broad River, the sun with all its splendor shone through a veil of fog. The mountains were riotous with color.

Interesting towns we passed through were Asheville, Canton, Waynesville, Sylva and Bryson City. The most important features of interest were the Enka Rayon Plant, Champion Fibre Company, Trout Hatchery and Pulp Mill at Sylva.

The class enjoyed the display of Indian art and craft and the Agricultural exhibits. Perfect handicraft was shown in the bead, basket and pottery work. Some were for sale, while others were only for exhibition. Among the Indian activities observed were Green Corn Dance, Rifle Contest, Archery Contest, and La Crosse (Indian Ball). No one can realize the peculiarities of the Indian games unless present.

The high mountains which rise up on every side, with the large open space between, and the clear Oconalufy River running through the midst, make the Cherokee Reservation a place of unusual beauty. The Indians pride themselves in the care they take of their Reservation. Having been born here, they love their home and have no desire to roam.

At noon a picnic dinner was spread on the ground. We had as our guests Miss Juanita McDougald, State Supervisor of Teacher Training, and Mrs. H. L. Story.

The afternoon was spent enjoying general features of the Fair and the Carnival. After a most delightful day on the Reservation we returned home very grateful to those who arranged this outing in our behalf.

HOT DOGS

The Senior Class of Marshall H. and others, went to Laurel River last Thursday night on a winter treat. About 25 were present and a good time was had by all.

JOIN OUR BIRTHDAY CLUB

MR. JAKE BUCKNER AND SONS TURN OVER IN WRECK

The News-Record proposes to work up a Birthday Club or Society, of county-wide scope. The scheme, of course, aims to make the N-R more popular by the simple means of contributing to the pleasure and happiness of our subscribers and readers.

How can this be done by a newspaper? We will endeavor to show you, if you will cooperate with us in our plan; this will require practically no effort on your part, and positively no money from you to become a member of the Birthday Club.

We will establish, on or before Saturday morning of this week, Birthday Registers at the following places in Marshall:

Marshall Pharmacy
Moore's Pharmacy
Office of Mr. Hubert Davis, Clerk of Superior Court.

These gentlemen have kindly consented to cooperate with us in listing names and other information required. Everyone who desires to join the News-Record Birthday Club may do so by entering name and address on the register, and by showing month and day of birth. Those who wish may also give the year of birth but this is not required; we would much prefer to know the year, month and day of birth of children and of younger folks, let us say below eighteen years old. In every case please give your first name in full, thus: Stephen B. Roberts, Jr.

Join our Birthday Club! It costs you nothing and for all you know, it may Bring You Something!

RANGER RECIPES

FRIED APPLES
If there are no fresh apples in the market, you will have to use canned apples.

First, locate the can opener or cleaver; nothing can be done without such a tool. Having found it, then send to some near-by groceryman for a can of apples. Open the can, using care that you do not snag your fingers. Pour contents of can into a round glass bowl and carefully drain off any excess juice. Take a three-tined fork and test the apples for firmness. If they are over-soft, do not attempt to fry, but make a stew. You will know best whether your husband likes his stewed apples enriched with butter or more naturelle. Do not over-cook the stew. This robs the fruit of flavor. Serve hot, with plenty of butter in reach and keep the biscuits coming until He pulls back his chair and makes some appreciative remark like "My mother knew a trick in cooking apples worth two of anything I have ever seen except at her table."

Next week we will instruct the Young Married Set in a delicate matter which we prefer not to discuss in advance.

When it comes to reducing, some women are poor losers.—The Pathfinder.

AMERICA

Following is a poem written by an eight grade girl of Beech Glenn High School, who is studying Community and Vocational Civics.

America is my native land,
And for America I will always stand.
America is where I will always dwell,
I love her more than tongue can tell.
I'll always love America's rules,
And all her counties' free schools.
America is where my teachers dwell,
And all of them I love so well.
America is the home of the brave and free,
Where a limited number of foreigners must be.
America, our country, is more than a land—
It gives opportunities for all at hand.
America is a land of ease,
Where we all worship God as we please.
America is a land of peace,
Where joy and happiness shall always increase.
OLLIE ENGLISH, 8th Grade Civics.

Prices on the tobacco markets of Columbus County averaged about four cents a pound above the price received last season and farmers expressed satisfaction at the outcome.

THE COUNTY PAPER

Judge L. W. Rigby in opening the city court of Cairo here two weeks ago recommended to the large number of citizens assembled that they subscribe for their county paper—those who were not subscribers—and that they not only glance over it but read it religiously. He pointed out how regular reading of the county paper is necessary, if a person is to keep informed as to what is happening about him.

We are not backing up Judge Rigby's admonition solely because we happen to publish a county paper. The county paper is an institution, and we feel that the people should realize more that it is an agency—almost the only agency—through which the people of a county can keep well informed on their county's doings.

Not the possibility of a monetary savings, but the great advantage of keeping well informed on everything that happens, should cause every citizen to read his county paper regularly and carefully.—Cairo (Ga.) Messenger.

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