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THE NEWS-RECORD

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FARMERS MEETING GREAT SUCCESS

BIG CROWD, GOOD DINNER,
FINE SPEECHES

The get-together meeting Tuesday at the new Farmers Warehouse was quite a success. While there were not as many people as desired, there were as many as could well be accommodated without crowding. Present were lawyers, doctors, educators, ministers, State workers, as well as farmers. There were enough women present to attend to the tables and feed the men. It was reported beforehand that the dinner would be on fertilizer, meaning that the tables would rest on bags of fertilizer; but the tables were made of nice clean lumber furnished by the Coal Feed and Lumber Co., and both tables and seats were founded on feed. With so much well prepared food resting on feed and the people resting on feed, there was no excuse for anybody to go away hungry.

Sheriff Ramsey was master of ceremonies and did the job well. Speeches were made by Mr. John Bryan, Guy Roberts, Wm. S. Rice, Dr. R. L. Moore, Dr. English, Mrs. Sarah Porter-Ellis, Commissioner C. J. Wild, Mr. C. F. Parrish, Extension Poultry Specialist, and Mrs. Crawford Bryan. All the speeches were good. The crowd was entertained before and after and all in between with music by the String Band, composed of Messrs. Dick Murray, Jake Holcombe, Clyde Holcombe, and Carl Hamlin of California Creek, and by the Upper Laurel quartette composed of R. B. Stockton, Zade Ramsey, Hershell Portia, and Mr. Ponder.

Mr. Ben Frisby gave some of his tricks of Magic and later a performance in ventriloquism. As usual, his performances were especially interesting. The entire meeting was both pleasant and profitable, and as Mrs. Crawford Bryan said in her speech, such meetings tend to create better feelings between the country and the town.

BEECH GLENN HIGH SCHOOL PLAY

"Mammy's Lil' Wild Rose" to be presented at the Beech Glenn High School auditorium Saturday night, December 14, 1929, at 7:30 o'clock by the 9th Grade. The entire action of the play takes place in the Cabin dooryard of Uncle Joe and Mammy Celie in the mountains of Virginia.

TIME—The Present.

Act I. The Cabin dooryard of Uncle Joe and Mammy Celie in the mountains of Virginia. An afternoon in early summer.

Act II. The same scene. The opening day of the fair. An afternoon a month later than Act I.

Act III. The same scene. Fourteen months later than Act II.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Daniel French, from the city Mack Robinson
Lester Van, Daniel's Chum Burgen Deaver
Wade Carver, an unwelcome suitor Hobert Jervis
Orpheus Jackson, a native Romeo Eslie Doane
Old Joe—'Dat's A Blake Brigmon
Fae—'Dat's A Madeline Young
Rose O'May, Mammy's Lil' Wild Rose Madeline Young
Hester O'May, Rose's Maiden Aunt Ethel Robinson
Mammy Celie, A Black Treasure Elizabeth Sawyer
Peggy French, Daniel's sister Pauline Maney
Letty Van, Peggy's Chum Johnie Hensley
Balle Joan, A Mountain Charmer Lula Younge
Mrs. Courtvane, a lonely woman Lessie Ramsey

Everyone is invited to attend this play. We feel sure you will not regret it.

For the benefit of the school.

READERS AND DECLAIMERS CONTEST

AT MARS HILL COLLEGE
DECEMBER 13-14

The fourth annual Western North Carolina Readers and Declaimers contest will be held at Mars Hill College December 13-14. The contest is open to the high schools of twenty western North Carolina counties and is held annually under the auspices of Mars Hill College.

According to Professor R. M. Lee, director of the meet, the entrants registered thus far indicate that the contestants this year will come from a wider territory than usual.

Last year both the readers' and the declaimers' cups were won by Lees-McRae Institute. If either of the cups is won again this year it will become the permanent property of that school. Thus far no school has won either cup twice in succession. In 1927 Asheville High School won the readers' cup and Mars Hill High School won the declaimers'. In 1928 Rutherford-Spindale won the readers' cup and Fruitland Institute won the declaimers'.

The rules governing the contest are as follows:

1. No contestant may be under thirteen nor over twenty-one years of age.
2. Each speaker shall have at his or her disposal not more than eight minutes.
3. Preliminaries for the contest will be held Friday, December 13, between 2 P. M. and 5 P. M. when the five best declaimers and the five best readers will be selected for the final contest.
4. The final contest will be held in the college auditorium Saturday morning at 9:30 o'clock, December 14. Each high school is entitled to send one boy and one girl to compete in the preliminaries.
5. The name of each contestant, the subject of the declamation and of the reading, and a certificate from the principal of the school, stating the ages and that the representatives are bona fide students, together with a copy of the reading and the declamation, shall be filed with the committee by noon of December 10.
6. Free entertainment will be provided for the two contestants representing each school, and for the principal or chaperone.
7. All contestants will be expected to reach Mars Hill by one o'clock December 13.
8. Awards: To the school winning each contest, a silver loving cup will be given, with the name of the representative engraved thereon. This cup may be held for a period of one year, or until won by some other school. If any school should win the cup two years in succession, it shall become the permanent property of that school.

ANNUAL BAZAAR

The annual Christmas Bazaar of the Methodist church will be held December 13 & 14, Friday and Saturday, in the building owned by Mr. Herschel Sprinkle and next to Blue Lantern Lunch Room.

Fancy work, sandwiches, cake, candy and pie for sale. COME FOR DINNER.

Well---Well---If It Isn't Jolly Ol' Santa Himself!



And what do you suppose he's got on his mind—judging from the way he's shaking that finger of his?

Listen—and we'll tell you. He said to give his best regards to all you boys and girls in Madison County and then—with a shake of his finger—

he told us to be sure and remind you that if you all "stay on your best behavior from now 'till Christmas," he's going to load up your stockings with the most exciting gifts in his pack!

And, believe us, he brought plenty with him. We saw them!

THINGS YOU DON'T LIKE ABOUT PEOPLE YOU LIKE

By CARL GOERCH
In The News and Observer

We were talking about a certain man who lives in Greenville.

"I don't like him," remarked Tom. "I never have had any use for him and I don't care who knows it."

"What's the matter with him?" I asked.

"I just naturally don't like him."

"But what have you got against him?" I insisted.

After a while, Tom gave me his reasons. He didn't like this particular citizen of Greenville because the latter began every sentence with the word: "And-uh—"

I asked a few more questions but Tom couldn't find another specific cause for his dislike.

"He just naturally gets on my nerves," was his explanation.

The man under discussion is a prominent business man of Greenville. I've known him for ten or fifteen years. He is a public spirited citizen and a fine fellow in every sense of the word, but because of one trivial peculiarity on his part, he has incurred the personal prejudice of at least one man, and probably a number of others. Ever since that conversation with Tom, I've been on the look-out for that "and-uh" when talking to the Greenville man, and to be perfectly frank, it's beginning to get on my nerves, too. I keep listening for it, and it makes me nervous.

Funny how little habits like that will influence us in our likes and dislikes.

I know a man who often makes a talk at public gatherings. He is a fairly good speaker, but inclined to be long winded. After he has been talking about five minutes, he invariably says: "And now, just a few words more." Five minutes later, he remarks: "Now in conclusion—"

Then there is another lapse of five or ten minutes, at the end of which he says: "Before I sit down, I just wish to say—" and then he talks for ten or fifteen minutes longer. You expect him to terminate his speech at any minute but he is constantly disappointing you. I know quite a number of folks who dislike him solely on that account.

Then there's a friend of mine over in New Bern who loves to tell a joke, but who gets so much pleasure out of telling it that he has to repeat the point over and over again. For instance:

"Jim asked me, 'Who was that lady I seen you with last night?'"

"That wasn't no lady," I told him, "that was my wife!"

The audience laugh politely and he laughs most heartily of all.

"Yeah," I told him, "that was my wife."

His listeners laugh again, but less heartily.

"Yeah. That was no lady," I sez to him. "That was my wife."

A polite murmur of laughter.

"No lady at all," I tells him. "Not a lady—my wife."

A chuckle or two, followed by the hurried dispersal of the audience. It's bad enough to have to laugh once at some jokes, but when you're supposed to laugh half a dozen times, that's carrying a good thing too far.

There's a certain lady who aggravates me every time I see her smoking a cigarette. Personally I'm not especially prejudiced against cigarette smoking among ladies, providing that they smoke because they enjoy smoking. I happen to know that this particular lady cares nothing about cigarettes. When she is with a crowd of intimate friends, she passes up the smokes with a wave of her hand. But let two or three strangers be present, and she immediately calls for a cigarette. She puffs away at it, flecks the ashes expertly on the rug and otherwise endeavors to give the impression that she is a very sophisticated, world-wise, devil-may-care sort of a person. Oh, yes, indeed! I believe it is that attitude which causes most of the prejudice against women smoking. It is so manifestly a case of show-off.

There's a certain man in Washington who is as fine a fellow as you want to meet but who irritates his friends every time he comes in contact with them. He can't keep his hands to himself. Whenever he meets you on the street, or in the drug store, or at some other place, he always has to be paying all over you. He grabs you by the arm, or he pats you on the back, or he holds you by the lapels of your coat, or manhandles you in some other sort of manner. When he approaches, you invariably crawl back and raise your hands as though you expected him to strike you. I've known some of his friends to cross over to the other side of the street in order to avoid meeting him. He just naturally can't keep his hands to himself. One of these days somebody is going to haul off and slap him into the middle of next week, and a whole lot of folks are going to give three cheers.

Talking about telling jokes; I know another most estimable gentleman with a keen sense of humor who enjoys narrating an anecdote to his friends. The trouble is that he has a short memory and can never recall to whom he has told his favorite stories. There is one particularly funny yarn about two Irishmen who were shipwrecked with a Jew. The first time he told it to me, I thought I'd split my sides laughing. A week or two later, he happened to see me on the street and drew me to one side, saying that he had an awfully funny story he wanted to tell me. It was that same joke about the Irishmen and the Jew. Since then, I've had to listen on five or six different occasions to the same story. Whenever I see him coming, I hold my breath, waiting for him to get started on his favorite joke, and it is seldom that I'm disappointed. I'll be glad when he forgets it.

Mrs. Wifnitz—that's not her real name—is a most charming and friendly sort of lady. She calls at

the home of her friends on frequent occasions; never with the intention of spending any time, but always in the biggest kind of a hurry.

"I just stopped to see how you were getting along," she'll tell you as you open the front door.

"Won't you step inside?"

"No, indeed," she protests. "I really can't, because I'm in the biggest kind of a hurry. I'll just stand here in the hall for a second or two. How is Mrs. Oopla, is she still sick in bed? . . . I believe I will sit down for a minute, but I won't bother to take off my coat, because I really must hurry home. . . . Is it true that the Walkers are going to leave here and move to Kingston? . . . Well, if you insist, I reckon I might just as well remove my coat, but don't bother to take it: I'll keep it right here in my lap. I can't stay but a minute, you know. . . . Wasn't it too bad about poor Mr. Oppentater? I declare, I feel so sorry for his wife . . ."

And so it goes on. She never goes anywhere with the intention of staying more than a second or two, but usually she stays an hour or two. She is one of those excitable, breathless sort of individuals and after she leaves, you always feel as though you've been through a cyclone or something.

Slang is a great thing and most of us use a number of slang expressions during the course of the day. But there is such a thing as overdoing it. Every few months some new catchphrase makes its appearance—who usually latches onto these expressions. Last year, when the ejaculation, "Well, for crying out loud!" came into vogue, she just literally wore it to a frazzle. You couldn't say anything to her that she wouldn't come back with, "Well, for crying out loud!"

"Hello, Mary, where have you been?"

"Well, for crying out loud! I've been right here."

"I thought perhaps you had gone out of town."

"For crying out loud! Where in the world did you think I'd gone?"

"Somebody said you were planning to visit your sister in Charlotte."

"Well, for crying out loud! Who ever told you that certainly didn't know what they were talking about."

There have been two or three similarly foolish and similarly popular expressions since that one and she grabs them just as soon as they come out.

It's little things like the ones I've just mentioned that have a whole lot to do with a person's likes and dislikes. I know of a certain man who enjoys judging debates, recitation contests and things of that nature. When called upon to present the prize, he enjoys getting almost to the point of reaching the winner's name and then branches off to some other subject. He does that four or five times. Then there's the chap who has to get right up against you and poke his face into yours when talking to you. Also the gentlemen—or, rather, the individual—who walks out of a restaurant with a toothpick stuck between his lips. But the greatest kabitzer of them all is the chap who turns on the radio when you call at his home to spend a pleasant evening. He deserves to be shot at sunrise.

Come to think of it, there's no need of waiting for the sunrise. He ought to be shot on the spot. Any spot that's vital. I can put up with all the other habits I've mentioned, including a few special ones of my own which might be added to the list, but if there is one thing that arouses homicidal tendencies in my breast it is to go visiting for the purpose of enjoying a pleasant chat for half an hour or so—and then have to sit there and listen to the blaring, growling, static-infested, boisterous, buzzing, roaring, thundering, bellowing, clamorous, resounding, uproarious, strident-toned, tumultuous, disorderly and turbulent vociferations of a radio.

HEARING FOR MRS. FRISBY FRIDAY IN MURDER CASE

Habeas corpus proceedings in an effort to obtain release on bond of Mrs. Erna Frisby, of Marshall, who is being held in the Madison county jail on a charge of murder, will be instituted by counsel for the defense before Judge T. B. Finley in Asheville Friday morning. The date for the hearing was decided upon after Solicitor R. M. Wells, of Asheville, had consulted with attorneys and Madison officers Wednesday.

Mrs. Frisby was arrested Tuesday by Charles H. Ramsey, Marshall township constable, on a charge of murder in connection with the death of her husband, Erna Frisby, who was killed at his home Saturday night, August 5, 1928, near Marshall. The charge was specified in a warrant sworn out by John R. Frisby, aged father of the slain man, who was tried on a charge of shooting his son to death and acquitted last February. Guy V. Roberts and J. Coleman Ramsey, both of Marshall, are attorneys for Mrs. Frisby.

GREENEVILLE, TENNESSEE

DECEMBER 11, 1929

The Greenville, Tennessee, Burley Tobacco market closed the first week's sales with more than one million, six hundred thousand pounds sold, with the low and medium grades much higher than last year, and the better grades started a little lower in price. But the second week finds all tobacco a little higher in price, and especially the better grades stronger, selling at \$2.00 a hundred higher than the opening week.

Many tobacco experts claim that, acre for acre, tobacco is bringing as much money, or more, than last year on account of the increased weight in pounds per acre. It is expected that the Greenville market will continue strong until it closes for the Holidays.

With nine big warehouses and increased floor space added, and two sets of buyers, the market will handle all the tobacco that is brought from all over the Burley Belt, and give quick sales. Should the end of the week find a heavy market, three sets of buyers will be used on Friday in order to clear the floors for the following Monday sales. This news has brought favorable comment from the many growers in the different Burley sections.

Much Madison County tobacco is on the Greenville warehouse floors. Below we give a few sales of prominent Madison County farmers.

D. E. BRIGGS	
210	30c
132	30c
170	25c
310	32c

F. A. RAMSEY	
300 lbs.	27c
314 lbs.	32c
280 lbs.	35c
300 lbs.	34c
246 lbs.	30c

J. D. BRIGGS	
132 lbs.	33c
110 lbs.	32c
60 lbs.	26c
46 lbs.	30c

It is said by many warehouse men and tobacco experts that have seen the Madison County, North Carolina tobacco, state that it is an unusually good crop, and that it will be a large increase over last year's crop.

Kidder—I think we should hasten to sign this girl motorist for our freak circus.

Knapper—Why so?

Kidder—Well, she testified she extended her arm for half a block.

From MARION

Everybody seems to be getting along nicely with their work, since the awful strike.

Miss Maud McGalliard called at the home of Miss Artha Plemmons Sunday.

Mr. Dewey Moore of Spring Creek is spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Plemmons.

Mr. Byron Leonard, who has been boarding with Mr. and Mrs. Howard Plemmons, was very ill Sunday, but is reported some better at this writing.

Mrs. Howard Plemmons is planning to go back to her same old job in the mill, after an absence of about two months.

We are sure having a good revival meeting at the Presbyterian church now.

Come on, Hot Springs and Mill Ridge, with the news of good old Madison County.

And so it goes on. She never goes anywhere with the intention of staying more than a second or two, but usually she stays an hour or two. She is one of those excitable, breathless sort of individuals and after she leaves, you always feel as though you've been through a cyclone or something.

It's little things like the ones I've just mentioned that have a whole lot to do with a person's likes and dislikes. I know of a certain man who enjoys judging debates, recitation contests and things of that nature.

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HOME DEMONSTRATOR'S COLUMN

- SCHEDULE FOR NEXT WEEK
- Bull Creek, Monday, 10:30—Girls.
 - Sandy Mush, Monday, 1:30—Girls.
 - Spring Creek, Tuesday, 10:30—Girls.
 - Beech Glenn, Wednesday, 10:30—Girls.
 - Bull Creek, Wednesday, 1:30—Women.
 - California Creek, Thursday, 10:30—Girls.
 - Cal. Creek, Thurs., 2:00—Women.
 - Little Pine, Friday, 10:30—Girls.
 - Little Pine, Fri., 1:30—Women.

Rufus Reaves, who has been sick, is back on the job at Bernard's No. 1, and wants to see all his Madison County friends.

ELECTION AT HOT SPRINGS CALLED OFF

NORTH CAROLINA, MADISON COUNTY, TO THE VOTERS OF HOT SPRINGS:

For reasons deemed by the Board of Aldermen of the Town of Hot Springs, N. C. to be sufficient for this order, the election heretofore called to ascertain the will of the voters as to the issuing of bonds for the purchase of a public park and civic center, will not be held and is called off and cancelled. This is notice to all voters that said election will not be held as advertised.

This December 11th, 1929.
Board of Aldermen of Hot Springs,
By DENNIS C. CHURCH, Mayor.

QUARTERLY CONFERENCE IN MARSHALL

The first Quarterly Conference of the Methodist church will be held Tuesday, Dec. 17, at 7:30 P. M., at the Marshall Methodist church. There will be preaching by the presiding Elder, Dr. D. M. Litaker, of Asheville. The public is cordially invited.

WOMAN'S CLUB DECEMBER 16

DATE CHANGED FOR MEETING WITH MRS. J. N. WEST

The Womens' Club, at first scheduled to meet next with Mrs. J. N. West Tuesday, Dec. 17, has been changed to meet Monday, Dec. 16, at 7:00 o'clock P. M. All Marshall women, especially should take notice of this change and prepare to attend this meeting. At this time Mrs. G. W. Corbett of Hot Springs is expected to speak.

RED HILL FIFTH SUNDAY MEETING

Dear Editor:

Our next fifth Sunday Union Meeting will be held with the Red Hill church, beginning Saturday before the 5th Sunday in December at 10:00 A. M. in the morning. We hope all the churches will represent, if possible, and we urge our preachers to be there.

REV. BOB FREEMAN, Mod.
MALLEY RICE, Clerk.

Tobacco Growers

If you want to ship your tobacco to us see Garfield Davis at Marshall for boxes and tierces.

Carter, Fagg & Co.
Morristown, Tenn.