

# The Farmers National Bank

## The Warehouse Situation

The large sale of tobacco on the opening day, August 28th as we have several times predicted, showed that two warehouses cannot handle the tobacco that would ordinarily be sold on this market. At time not only the warehouse was overrun, but the nearby streets were crowded, and many farmers were forced to sell their tobacco where they did not elect to sell. There was overcrowding, over-packing, and general confusion, resulting in damage to some tobacco, loss of considerable time to the planters themselves, and much complaint. In fact it was necessary to carry over until the next day a considerable part of the tobacco, whereas, had there been sufficient warehouse accommodation, the sale could have probably been handled easily in one day, and in a way more satisfactory to the producer.

## The Trouble

The whole trouble resulted from one or two men undertaking to drive the farmers to sell when and where one or two people wish them to sell, and it is time, high time, for the farmers to rise up and overthrow the miserable system forced on them for several years. A tobacco crop comes only after toil and hardship, and its full value should go to the producer. The farmer cannot grow and progress in life, which is one of the greatest sources of human enjoyment, as long as he is handicapped, dwarfed, and stunted in his efforts by a few people who would like to anoint themselves. But there is a way, and, although somewhat inconvenient, very inconvenient in some cases, we should lead in that direction until the condition is remedied. Our forefathers suffered for years in their struggle for liberty, which we now enjoy; certainly we can do something to retain our liberty.

## The Remedy

Unless the warehouses at Louisburg meet your needs and demands, even though it is necessary to ride and drive at night to accomplish that for which you are fighting, carry your tobacco to Henderson, Rocky Mount, Wilson, Zebulon, Wendell or Youngsville, for two or three weeks; longer, if necessary. You will see the warehouses, now closed, open their doors, and over the doors you will see the word WELCOME, written in such large letters that you may observe and read as you run, and the people who are now trying to drive you or to take your tobacco away from you, for less than its value, will be glad to see you. Don't let any man drive you; don't let any man think he can carry you around in his "vest pocket". Stand up and demand for yourself the JOY OF GROWTH, for as the Psalmist says, "The righteous shall flourish like the palm tree; and shall grow like a cedar in Lebanon." If we would succeed in our undertaking, no tasks are to be slighted. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might." There is a ringing call. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do" is an all-embracing sentence, it comprehends all tasks, all human effort, and it esteems no undertaking lightly. And "Do it with thy might" admits of no middle course; it contemplates no shirking, no glossing over, no hurrying through at the expense of quality or efficiency; it stands for thoroughness, from top to bottom, inside and out. You well know how your interests have fared at the hands of the warehouse trust. Do you want the local banking dominated by the same people who are dominating the warehouse situation? Do you want the banks, the big time stores, and the warehouses dominated by the same people, to whom you sold your tobacco in 1911 and 1912? If your answer is no, if you believe in the open door policy, in a square deal for the farmer, and other conditions that will enable him to grow with the times, cooperate with your own bank and assist it with the weapon that will work for your interest.

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