

FOREST CITY COURIER

Published Every Thursday in the interest of Forest City and Rutherford County.

Entered Aug. 22, 1918, at the post-office at Forest City, N. C., as second class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

C. E. ALCOCK... Editor and Owner
CLARENCE GRIFFIN... News Editor
MRS. C. E. ALCOCK... Society Editor
ARVAL ALCOCK... Asst. Manager

ADVERTISING RATES
Display, per column inch.....30c
Classified Column.....1c per word
Reading Notices, per line.....10c

SUBSCRIPTION RATES
One year.....\$1.00
Six Months......50
\$1.50 per year outside of Rutherford County.

THURSDAY, APRIL 30, 1931.

CITY ELECTION NEXT TUESDAY.

Every citizen of Forest City who is qualified to do so owes it to the city and owes it to himself to vote in the municipal primary to be held here Tuesday, May 5. We have a number of good men offering for places on the board and for mayor, and we have confidence that the selections will be good if only the voters will go to the polls and cast their ballots. The importance of providing Forest City with a mayor and board of councilmen who have the best interests of the city at heart can not be exaggerated. These men will lay down the policies under which our city will be governed for the next two years—critical years, if you wish to call them that. We need good men who can and will use the pruning knife without fear or favor, men who want to save and rebuild sanely and safely. It is now up to the voters to say what kind of government Forest City is to have during the next two years.

IDLE SILENCE.

Somewhere, at some time, some one coined the phrase, "Idle Silence." It impresses us by virtue of its newness. Of "Idle Words" we have often heard, so indeed that they scarcely make an impression on us. Sermons have been preached on them. Books have been built out of the thoughts they suggest. Both their uselessness and their harmfulness have been impressed upon us. We are told that for every idle word we shall be brought into judgment. And how many of them have come back to torment us! But "Idle Silence," what does it mean? It means we are silent when we should speak. We hear some good cause assailed, and we never open our lips. We hear some good name evil spoken of, and we are too cowardly to say a word in its behalf. The person who keeps silent when he should speak is hardly less to blame than he who speaks when he should be silent. There are crucial moments when a word in season will encourage and strengthen the timid and the ignorant. Perhaps we are disposed to silence because if we speak we may expose ourselves to censure. To all of us there come times when to say nothing is to act the part of a coward. He is wise who knows when to speak and when to be silent. It is a rare day when our testimony would not advance the cause of truth.—Selected.

WHAT KIND OF A CITIZEN AM I?

Visit a strange town, meet up with certain citizens of the town and before you have talked to them ten minutes they will tell you how high taxes are. They will tell you that it is cheaper to rent a house in that town than it is to own one. They will tell you that the town has gone improvement wild. There has been too much money spent for pavement and sewer and schools and improvement. They will tell you that they have been trying to sell their place for a long time and have not been able to do it. They want to move some place where the taxes do not take everything. Before you have been in the town an hour you are looking up train schedules to see when you can get out, or inquiring about the highway out of town. You have made up your mind you do not want to live there. On the other hand, go to the same town and meet up with the other type of citizen, the fellow who is proud of the improvement, who brags on the fine water system, the modern sewer system, the light plant,

the fine pavement and the up-to-date schools.

He makes a different looking town out of it. He is glad he lives there. His enthusiasm is contagious. He creates in you a desire to live there and makes you feel that it is just the kind of a town you would like to move to and make your home and educate your children.

Every town has both classes of citizens. No matter how reasonable the taxes, there will be some who will complain about them. No matter how excellent the improvements and the facilities are for the comforts that make life worth while, there will always be those who will overlook them and find something to complain about.

The question each man of this town must answer is: To what class do I belong?

Am I a knocker for the town or a booster? Do I cause people to like my town or do I send them away by my pessimistic attitude and disparaging remarks.

A town can use a hundred or a thousand of the first kind of citizens but one of the latter type is one too many.—Canton Enterprise.

Pastures And Legumes Cheap Dairy Feeds

Good pasture and a plentiful supply of legume hay are the two cheapest sources of dairy feeds, especially when these are economically produced.

"Records kept on four herds of 123 cows in Guilford and Forsyth counties show the average monthly feed cost a cow during the six non-pasture months to be \$12.21," says John A. Arey, dairy extension specialist at State college. "During the six pasture months, this average feed cost each cow was only \$5.02. The difference of \$7.19 was a saving due to pasture."

Btu, Mr. Arey also says more milk was produced during the pasture season than during the non-pasture season. The value of the extra milk was \$1.11 a cow per month. The total increase in the income from the 123 cows during the pasture season was \$6,724. This money, says the dairyman, represents the savings in the feed bill made possible by the use of pasture together with the small increase in income from the extra milk produced.

The area grazed by each cow according to the records was approximately one and one-fourth acres. The seasonal return per acre, therefore, was \$44 reckoning the milk sold at 30 cents a gallon.

Mr. Arey says the United States Bureau of Dairying has conducted certain tests showing that milk may be produced economically on pasture and good roughage alone. The roughage used in the tests, however, was good alfalfa hay and corn silage. An average production of 13,056.8 pounds of milk and 461.8 pounds of butterfat was secured from the cows used. Many North Carolina dairymen will be skeptical of these results, he says, because grain is fed liberally in this State and hay very sparingly because so little is grown. The absence of pasture and home-grown legume hay is a handicap to successful dairy farming in North Carolina Mr. Arey believes.

Protect Winter Woolens From Moth Damage

If winter clothing is to be protected from damage by moths, precautions must be taken in early spring. Dry cleaning offers the safest method of protection.

"Our experience indicates that dry cleaning is the safest method of taking care of woolen garments," says Mrs. Cornelia C. Morris, district home agent of the State college extension service. "For a small sum extra, the cleaner will moth-proof the woolen fabrics and thus insure them against damage during the summer. Tar paper bags and cedar chests are safe only when clean garments are placed in them. If the moths have already laid their eggs, the larvae will hatch out and destroy the fabric no matter how carefully the garments are packed away. Before storing clothing, each garment should be thoroughly beaten, cleaned and aired."

The storage closets should also be cleaned and the walls and shelves wiped off with gasoline or turpentine. The moths dislike these odors, says Mrs. Morris. Gasoline is also excellent for washing sweaters, woolen hose, and all the other accumulations of woolens which every household possesses.

Down To The Sea—In Cottons!



WHEN fashion took to the sea, every port of the world was explored for new costumes to serve her whims. But with every fair sailor going in for fishing, surf-board riding, moonlight sailing, and beach picnics, it became at once obvious that nautical fashions must be comfortable and practical. The trouser mode then triumphed with cottons to the fore! None other than the sailor suit of France was the inspiration of the model above, in blue poplin combined with white duck. Wide-legged trousers and a straight little jacket are guarantors of comfort;

the tuck-in shirt with its sailor collar, and the beret topped by the regulation pom-pom, are guarantors of chic.

Bright red and white terrycloth are combined in the beach lounging pajamas shown at the right, in which a striking effect is achieved by the diagonal treatment of the two colors. The tuck-in is of white pique and, when the pajamas are removed, milady wears a brief little exercise suit with a red pique skirt. The turban of cotton mesh, and beach sandals of striped awning duck are appropriate complements to this costume.

LETTER FROM CORN CRACKER

Shelby, R-5, April 13.—All familiar with the history of World War will recognize Alvin York of Fentress county, Tennessee, as the acknowledged hero of this titanic struggle. While the claims for his prodigies of valor may be somewhat exaggerated, he evidently was a gallant figure.

Examination of a correct map will show that Fentress county, Tennessee and Adair county, Kentucky, are not more than 45 miles apart. The Volunteer state is the Gretna Green of Kentucky young people who awaken to love's young dream, but are antagonized by parents of prospective bride. Hence they mount their chargers even as the brave Lochinvar and beautiful highland Ellen and journey to this land of promise for devoted lovers whose parents are incorrigible. As their swift couriers carry them to this land of promise they sing, "This is the way I long have sought, and mourned because I found it not."

It will be remembered that the National spirit enunciated by Old Henry Clay during his career long prior to the actual struggle of the Civil War kept Kentucky in the Union, yet there was much Southern sentiment and many of her best citizens enlisted in Confederacy.

While Tennessee was an adept at "swarming out" of the maternal hive, through the influence of such gallant spirits as the gallant Sevier and the intrepid Robertson, yet it had a large percent of sterling citizens who were loyal to the Union. I was but three years of age when this fraternal strife culminated in bitter warfare, and remember the sentiment of our citizenship. It will be remembered that Kentucky was a slave state, but many large slave holders were for the Union. We had four brothers named Garnett, who were our most pronounced local aristocrats. Judge James William and Robert were steadfast defenders of the Southern cause, while Judge Richard Garnett was a pronounced partisan of the Union. Sheriff Young E. Hurt freed 40 slaves when the war closed, and Judge Richard Garnett about as many.

As the citizenship of Clay Jackson, Fentress and Overton counties were permeated with a devotion to the Union, many of them went to Kentucky during the period of hostilities and were called refugees by people of Kentucky who favored the cause represented by the Stars and Bars. Many of them were recipients of my father's hospitality, and as he was a pretty extensive farmer, secured employment as farm laborers. It was soon ascertained that these "refugees" despite their droll ungrammatical language and their

quaint homemade jeans dyed with walnut bark, and their horned horses hitched to tar axle wagons were not timid nor cowardly. Nearly all of them shot an old set-triggered rifle with a skill that suggested Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton and Nolichucky Jack. Most of them were very diligent and we were surprised at their skill in farming. Incidentally let me here observe that the people of North Carolina, Kentucky and Tennessee are about the same type in the main of the sturdy Scotch-Irish. This type has conquered the wilderness and advanced civilization. Of course in all these states are French, Dutch and German, but this means frugal, industrious, liberty-loving strains of citizenship.

When I had reached the age of sixteen, we had an immigrant from warlike Fentress county that exemplified their peculiar and warlike traits of character. The head of the family was Dr. William Voile, who decorated himself with the title of "botanical doctor." He attended no medical colleges nor clinics, but went to the forest with his grubbing hoe to secure his remedies. He scorned the college-made healer, but proclaimed his creed in the language "The leaves of the tree are for the healing of the Nations." His pronunciations and definitions of these remedies would not have applied to a college product of the healing art. He called an astringent medicine "a stringigan," a tonic was rendered a "tonigan," while his grand specific, hellebore was rendered "hellbuck." By this remedy he reverently swore, and talked like he could invariably save life if he could get there on time. But with all his drollery and fantastic dress and language, he had sense enough not to use nor prescribe whiskey nor tobacco except as a poultice. As I claim that abstinence from whiskey and tobacco conduce to longevity, candor compels the admission that he went to what the Indians call the land of the pomona at the untimely age of 106. Had he poisoned his breath and shattered his nerves with whiskey and tobacco he might have reached a green, respectable old age, and died in the odor of sanctity, pungent fumes of tobacco means sanctity. I don't mean to be irreverent, but the devotees of whiskey and tobacco seem to think that the celestial city will be redolent of the fumes of these poisons, and that Heaven will be a repository of bootleg whiskey and one vast tobacco plantation. The only scripture encouraging the use of these poison atrocities reads: "He that is filthy let him be filthy still."

Getting back to Dr. Voile he was a man of war from his youth. He was no disciple of the stalwart Col. John L. Sullivan the towering Jack Dempsey nor the pugilistic thunderbolt Gene Tunny, but "fought" with fists, feet and teeth. He was about 70 when I first knew him, but was very strong, active and gifted with endurance. He rented a farm from Mrs. Richard Garnett, relict of Judge Garnett, and certainly caused

it to respond to intensive cultivation. His wife, daughter, and daughter-in-law were all industrious field hands.

The Doctor was about 70 when he emigrated to Kentucky. He drove the regulation horned "hawses" hitched to the uncouth, squealing tar-axle wagon. His team was useful for draft transportation and plowing, and when age disqualified them for these pursuits they furnished a fine article of either roast, steak, or stew beef. The Doctor had probably taken several teams through the various stages of utility. He probably carried as many scars as "wild Bill," but rumor said he administered more than he received. His style of fighting didn't comport with that of Col. John L. Sullivan, the mighty Jack Dempsey, nor the whirlwind in the squared circle known as Gene Tunny. No, Dr. Voile used fists, feet and teeth and I think he had his full equipment of grinders, molars and incisors when he received the final summons. When speaking of his martial exploits, he acted one side of the passage-at-arms. He dodged, side-

stepped, feinted and "bored in." He was as quick motioned as a cat and could deliver a terrific haymaker. In recounting some of his Fentress county battle-royals, his language invariably gave this expression, "When I fout it was with men." The fist-fighters in Kentucky declared him invincible when he gave a one-man exhibit of his pugilistic prowess. But at the tender age of 106 he was called to his celestial reward because he abstained from both whiskey and tobacco. At least I am so informed by the devotees of the poisons of alcohol and nicotine. Run a straw through the stem of a pipe and draw it through the mouth of a cat, you destroy all of its nine lives.

—CORN CRACKER.

Miss Katherine McBrayer, of Mars Hill, spent the week-end here with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Reuben McBrayer.

SEE H. L. Kanipe for your automobile work, welding, brazing, rebuilding and charging batteries.

Just Arrived

—AT THE—

Davis Shoppe

"The Lil' Shoppe Around The Corner" FOREST CITY, N. C.

Cotton Wash Dresses — All Sizes — Everyone Guaranteed Fast Colors—

Only 98c, — \$1.95, — \$2.75

They are made up in the most flattering styles — Tuckins — with linen skirts and dainty blouses, in yellow, blue, orchid and green.

"The Pajama Dress" or rather the divided skirt dress, all colors and sizes "very new."

Come In And See Them

New Dresses — Flat Creps in the newest styles, tulle prints — New Navy Georgettes in the most attractive styles — very flattering with large sashes in contrasting colors. Only \$16.50 — \$14.95. All our Spring Coats reduced — Wonderful values!

"VISIT OUR SHOPPE" (Davis Sisters)

TO THE DEPOSITORS

Of The Former

FIRST NATIONAL BANK FOREST CITY

Having assumed responsibility for the deposits of The First National Bank of Forest City, we the officers of The Union Trust Co., both in the home office in Shelby and local office in Forest City, wish to extend to you a cordial welcome as patrons of the Union Trust Co., and assure you that you will receive from us courteous, reliable and helpful banking service. We sincerely trust that you will continue as depositors of The Union Trust Co. and if there is at any time any improvements that you can suggest to us in our banking service to you, we will appreciate your suggestions. We wish to serve you, and please you in our service.

Cordially yours,

CHAS. C. BLANTON, President.
FORREST ESKRIDGE, Cashier.

R. E. BIGGERSTAFF,
J. WORTH MORGAN,
Managers of Forest City Office