

The Jackson County Journal

75.00 YEAR IN ADVANCE IN THE COUNTY

SYLVA, NORTH CAROLINA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1933

\$2.00 YEAR IN ADVANCE OUTSIDE THE COUNTY

Sheriff Says Kidnapping To Get Full Investigation

Sheriff John J. Maney said this morning that he and his department propose to sift the matter of the kidnapping of Frank Rhinehart, principal of the Beta school and superintendent of the Baptist Sunday school, at Webster, to the very bottom. "We have been working on the matter steadily ever since it first came up," Sheriff Maney stated, "and we do not propose to hold up on our investigation until the whole thing is air and out."

Ever since Sunday morning, the Rhinehart kidnapping has been the chief topic of conversation in Sylva and Jackson county. Rhinehart is a native of the county, and has taught in the county schools for many years. He is prominent in church work at Webster, his home; and there is a great deal of interest in it among the people. Sheriff Maney stated that the United States Department of Justice officials in Charlotte have telephoned him that it is not a kidnapping of which the federal authorities have any jurisdiction, and that they are taking no part in the investigation.

Rhinehart, who was found at the Peek Hotel in Franklin, Sunday morning, and brought to Sylva by Sheriff Maney and other Jackson county officers, asserts that he was kidnapped, as he was returning to his home near Webster, after attending the Schoolmasters' Club dinner, in Sylva, Friday night, by two masked men, and that he was forced to drive his car to Balsam Gap, back again to Broad town, in Macon county, where he was blindfolded. From Friday night until Sunday morning, when he was released, Rhinehart states that he was mistreated in various ways, cursed, abused, subjected to numerous indignities, placed on a railway truck in front of a train, and jerked away, just before the train struck him; placed on the highway in front of a car, and the brakes put on, just before the car struck, and in divers ways threatened with death and tortured, finally being released between Clayton and Mountain City, with elbow reform poured over him.

Sheriff's Statement

Sheriff Maney stated that Frank Rhinehart came to him Friday night, on the streets of Sylva, and told him that he had had some trouble with two men and wanted protection. "I had just received a call to go to Adie to the Christmas tree," Mr. Maney stated, "and was stopped by someone who told me that there was a long distance telephone call for me. I told Rhinehart to get warrants and I would see that they were served. Mr. Rhinehart told me that he didn't have time to get warrants, that he was on his way to the supper at the school house. I then went to answer the telephone call, and when I returned, Rhinehart was gone. So I went to Adie to answer the call from there, and when I returned to Sylva, about 9:30, I went to the school house to get Rhinehart and take him home, if he wanted me to; but found that he had left. Rhinehart was to have come to Sylva the next morning to get peace warrants, and I waited in the office until noon for him to come. The next I heard of the matter, his brother, Joe Rhinehart came to me, about 7 o'clock, Saturday night, and said that Frank had been missing since the night before. I went with Joe Rhinehart, and we searched for Frank until about 11:30, Saturday night. I came back to Sylva, called every deputy in the county to come in the next morning, and organized a posse to join the officers at daylight the next morning to continue the search, and called officers in nearby towns, including the Rabun county. Georgia officers, giving them descriptions of Rhinehart and his car. I went to bed at 2 o'clock, and at 3:30 Joe Rhinehart called me and said that he was coming to Sylva the next morning at 7 o'clock with papers for the men, not saying who. I called Chief Deputy Sheriff C. C. Mason, at his home. He came to the jail at 6 o'clock and had breakfast with me. We waited until 8:30 for Joe Rhinehart, and he didn't come, so I tried to call his home, but the line was busy. At 8:40 Capt. A. H. Weaver of Dillsboro, called me and said that Frank Rhinehart had been found in Franklin, murdered. Mr. Mason, Deputy Sheriff Homer Turpin, and I went to Webster, to Joe's house. He wasn't at home, but Mrs. Rhinehart informed us that she had been talking to Frank

who was in Franklin, and wanted the officers to come and bring him home, as he was afraid to come alone. We went by Frank Rhinehart's home and apprised his people of the fact that he had been located in Franklin. We then went to Franklin where we found him at the Peek Hotel, and we brought him to Sylva, and we turned him over to Dr. Candler at the hospital for examination. He had no visible bruises or other evidences of mistreatment upon him, and his clothes looked clean and neat. Rhinehart told us that he had been kidnapped and mistreated. We asked him if he recognized any of the men. He said that they were masked; but later stated that he thought he at one time recognized one of the voices, and later that he recognized two of the voices. We asked him for the names of the men whose voices he recognized, but he did not tell us. No warrants have been sworn out or turned over to us, in connection with the case, and Rhinehart has given us no names of the men, but we are working on it without let up, and propose to shift it to the bottom.

"We went to Mountain City, near where Rhinehart stated he was released, and where he said he had talked with a man named Cox. We found Mr. Cox, who is a fine, intelligent gentleman, and he told us that he saw a man answering Rhinehart's description, at about daylight Sunday morning. When he first saw him, Mr. Cox told us, he was seated humped up in his car, at a filling station a short distance away from where I was, I tried to rouse somebody at the station but failed, and the man, whose car was headed toward Clayton, turned it and came up to me, and asked if there was a telephone near. I told him that I could arouse the people at a nearby house, but he said not to do so. He then asked me to examine his gas which I did, and informed him that he had about 4 inches in his tank, a sufficient amount to get him to the State line, where there is a filling station that was open. He then asked me to examine his water, which I did and he drove away toward North Carolina." Mr. Cox told us, the sheriff stated, that if the man, supposed to have been Rhinehart, had apprised him of the kidnapping and that he had been released a short time before that he could have called the officers in Clayton, to be on the lookout for the men, and that, having his own car at hand, he could probably have pursued and apprehended them."

Rhinehart's Statement

Mr. Rhinehart told of the difficulty with two men in Sylva, and that he went in search of officers, after the trouble. "I found Sheriff Maney with Chief of Police James A. Turpin. I called Mr. Maney aside and told him about the trouble. I told him I was unarmed and wanted protection. Mr. Maney said, 'I've got to go to supper but will furnish you a deputy later.'"

"I then called a taxi to carry me to the Sylva high school building, where the Schoolmasters' club was holding a banquet. There I called Mr. M. B. Madison, superintendent of schools, and Mr. Coot Turpin, member of the Board of Education and told them of the trouble I had had."

Mr. Rhinehart said, of his attempted trip home that, "I drove my car to Dillsboro, where I had some gas put in at Capt. A. H. Weaver's filling station, and Captain Weaver insisted that I take something along to protect myself, but I thought things had blown over, so I started on home armed. "Rounding the curve below Brown's dairy, a car passed me, slowing down even with me and a man said, 'Rhinehart, we want to talk to you.' They drove on, blocking the road with their car, which I thought was the sheriff's, as it resembled it. Two men got out, rusted over to my car, jerked open the doors and covered me with their pistols. They were masked and one got in front with me and the other got in the back seat. One of the men said: 'Now drive where we tell you.' Reaching the Barker curve, several hundred yards further on the road, to Franklin, one of the men commanded me to turn around. I drove through the back street of Sylva and on to Balsam Gap, where I was told to stop. One of the men there said: 'We'll have to put the bridle on you, you'll see too much I guess.' I was then blindfolded and the same car which had stopped me approached. Three or four men got



FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

President Will Deliver Message To Congress On Next Wednesday

Washington, Dec. 26—The political forecasters are busy guessing what President Roosevelt will say in his annual message to Congress, when that body convenes on the Wednesday following New Year's day. There are some things about which it is not necessary to guess very much.

The President will report that the business of the Nation is much better than it was when he took office. That is now generally understood to be true, in every important line. A hopeful business sentiment is reflected in the letters which come to Washington every day, and in the first hand reports from men in the field. That was not true a few months ago. The President believes, and will tell the Congress, that his program has changed the national psychology from despair to hope.

Certainly, more men are back at work. Entirely outside the several millions who are employed in projects of the Public Works Administration and the Civil Works Administration, other millions are back at jobs in private industry and business. Instead of being a harder winter than last, as looked possible even a few weeks ago, it now looks as if there might be less strain on charity for the support of the unemployed.

The President will report that business and industry are organizing themselves, under the National Recovery Act; that they are pretty well organized now, and are beginning to see the benefits of organization and to like it. And that will be truer than seemed possible in September.

There will be a Government financial statement which will amaze many. The budget, which Lew Douglas will submit to the President and the President to Congress, will be balanced, or practically so. Understand, the budget relates only to the current annual expenses and income of the Government. It has nothing to do with the borrowings of the Government, except that it must provide means of paying interest on loans. Including that, the item of interest on the huge sums which have been borrowed to pay for Public Works, to lend through R. F. C. to industry and financial institutions, to finance unemployment relief in various ways, and so on, the Administration expects to be able to show Congress that if it does not make wasteful expenditures out of current funds it can reduce taxes, instead of increasing them, and still pay all of Uncle Sam's current bills.

The big controversy on financial matters is likely to be over the increase in the National Debt. It ought to be remembered that under Secretary Mellon, which means through the administrations of Harding, Coolidge and Hoover, the United States paid off seven thousand millions of its public debt. The total borrowings under the present Administration have not reached that yet, so far it is a fair statement that we are not as deeply in the hole as we were in 1920. Offsetting that, of course, is the failure of European nations to keep up

Crowds Throng Streets For Christmas Shopping

TODAY and TOMORROW

SQUIBBELS . . . headed west

Some time ago I noted in this column that gray squirrels were migrating by thousands from Connecticut into Massachusetts. Now this trek of the squirrel tribe in search of fresh food supplies is headed west. Numbers of them have been observed crossing the Hudson River, some using the several bridges which span the stream between New York and Albany, some stealing rides on boats, many swimming—and many of them drowning in the effort to get across, I haven't had any report of them crossing on the ice, but in mid December the Hudson was frozen over solidly from Poughkeepsie to Albany, 75 miles, and that should make it easier for the little furried migrants.

Nobody yet knows what particular sort of food has run short in the New England haunts of these squirrels, but it is generally assumed that hunger is driving them westward. An other possible explanation, it seems to me, is the invasion of so many forest areas in the East by the Civilian Conservation Camps has frightened them into moving away from the vicinity of so many humans.

RECLAMATION . . . Jersey flats

I motored out into New Jersey on a recent Sunday and, crossing the broad stretch of flat swamp known as the "Hackensack Meadows" or "Jersey Flats," I wondered why none of the projects of public works undertaken by the Government included doing something to make this immense area of waste land valuable.

Here are more than 75,000 acres, a strip probably 30 miles long and averaging four miles or so wide, lying within two miles of the nation's largest city and separating it from the most populous district of North Jersey, which could be made the greatest recreation center in the world, by the expenditure of a few millions of dollars. Put a few hundred dredges at work, digging canals and channels and piling up the recovered mud and sand to lift the rest of the area permanently above high water, and the most wonderful park in America could be developed here.

It would have to be a National park, for New York won't touch it since it lies in New Jersey, and New Jersey won't do it because New York would be the chief beneficiary. And I suppose commercial interests would try to block it, anyway. Nevertheless, I still think it is a good idea.

ART . . . by unemployed

Instead of bare, plain walls, the insides of America's schoolhouses, hospitals, post offices, jails, police stations and other public buildings may soon be as decorative as those of Europe. The Civil Works Administration proposes to put thousands of unemployed artists at work, painting pictures and modeling statues for the beautification of structures which are for public use.

If the work is carried out under intelligent supervision, it ought to be of enormous educational value, and who knows but what some young artist, now unemployed, may find in this work a chance to show his genius so that a hundred years from now art lovers will make pilgrimages to some obscure country school to see the masterpiece of the famous John Smith?

That is what happens in Europe, where the great artists painted on the walls of churches and palaces.

EDUCATION . . . outside of books

I have just come across a definition which seems worth passing along. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, the Prime Minister of Great Britain, who got his own schooling in a little rural school in Scotland, but who is easily one of the world's most educated men, said: "The educated man is a man with certain subtle spiritual qualities which make him calm in adversity, happy when alone, and just in his dealings, rational and sane in the fullest meaning of that word, in all affairs of life."

"Such men may be found everywhere. They may never have seen inside of a college; they may know little of the inside of books. But they have come to acquire what is, after all, the main end of all education, which is an understanding of one's individual relation to the rest of the world. No college can teach anybody more than that."

As a harbinger of what we may hope for 1934, and as a foundation upon which to base that hope, the Christmas trade in Sylva was the best in the entire history of the town.

Last Saturday, literally thousands of people thronged the streets of Sylva all day, and bought, and bought, and bought, until nearly everything in the stores was gone, and shelves, show cases, and racks were much in the same condition as the cupboard, when Old Mother Hubbard got there.

It was great to see the happy throngs of people, smiling, laughing, light hearted, buying for the festive board and for presents for those they love.

Not only was Saturday the biggest business day in the entire history of Sylva, one of Western North Carolina's foremost shopping centers, but the trade was good throughout the entire Christmas buying season, far better than for several previous years and admittedly the best for five years.

The story is the same from all parts of the country. Probably the increase was not as great in most places as it was in Sylva. Possibly other towns cannot successfully assert that the last buying day before Christmas was the biggest day's business in the entire history; but the increase and volume were so great as to be remarked from one end of the country to the other.

Observers assign two major reasons for the great Christmas business in Sylva. One is the general betterment of the country generally, due to the policies of President Roosevelt, which have put more money into the pockets of the people than they have had for many years. The other is the fact that the merchants themselves had a better and more optimistic feeling than in recent years, and they invested more money in newspaper advertising than usual, far more than last year, thus stimulating an interest among the people, in Sylva as a shopping center.

The two stimulants, Roosevelt's policies and newspaper advertising, operating together, brought the results—results far in excess of what the most optimistic had anticipated.

QUALIA

At the cemetery at Qulla on December 21, by Rev. J. L. Hyatt, the following obituary was read:

Mrs. Sarah Brooms was born in 1861 and died December 19, 1933 at the age of 73 years.

Before her marriage she was Miss Sarah Shelton, daughter of Jack and Abby Shelton, of Canada township. She was married to Andy Brooms, and to them were born 10 children, 6 boys and 4 girls, eight of whom are still living. Those surviving are: Dave Brooms, San Pedro, Calif.; William Brooms, Roxbury, Va.; Penn Brooms, Hiawassee, Ga.; Jeff Brooms, Cruso, N. C.; Cauty Brooms, Clover, S. C.; Hutt Brooms, Knoxville, Tenn.; Mrs. Sophia Collier, Cruso, N. C.; and Mrs. Charlie Styles, Whittier, N. C. Those deceased are Mrs. R. W. Matahews, Whittier, and Mrs. Oscar Callahan, of Cruso.

Mrs. Brooms was a member of the Missionary Baptist church for over 40 years.

On Sunday morning at the Baptist church, Rev. J. L. Rogers delivered a Christmas message from the text: "Art thou he that should come, or do we look for another?" His subject was, "The misunderstood Christ". The text for the evening service was, "What is thy name?" And he said, "Jacob!" Both sermons were interesting and the services well attended.

Mr. Jack Battle, of Charlotte, is spending the holidays at home.

Mr. J. O. Terrell, of Baltimore, is spending the holidays with home folks.

Miss Lucille Scroggs and Mr. Worth Green, of Brasstown, are visiting at Mrs. A. C. Hoyle's.

Mr. Elbert Keener and Mr. and Mrs. Mack Dixon, of Bryson City, spent Sunday at Mr. Jim Keener's.

Mr. and Mrs. Kerm Noland, of Canton, are visiting at Mr. D. L. Oxner's.

Misses Mozelle and Phyllis Moody returned to Enka after a visit with home folks.

Mr. Golman Kinsland, of Cherokee called at Mr. J. K. Terrell's, Sunday afternoon.

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