

"THE AIM IS FRANKNESS AND SINCERITY"

Brevard News

"EXPONENT OF TRANSYLVANIA COUNTY INDEPENDENT"

VOLUME XXIX.

FRIDAY, JULY 25TH, 1924.

NO. 30

SPECIAL SESSION GENERAL ASSEMBLY

Raleigh, N. C., July 21.—In the formal summons to the General Assembly of North Carolina to convene in extraordinary session at 11 o'clock on the morning of Thursday, Aug. 7th, more than one purpose is assigned for the action taken. One of these is "to rectify certain ambiguities in the wording of the proposed sinking fund amendment to the Constitution; another to consider the report and recommendations of the State Ship and Water Transportation Commission." The General Assembly is "a court unto itself" and cannot be restricted to declare purposes of the call.

There has been talk of a special session from the time the Water Transportation Commission started its investigation into the feasibility and practicability of State ownership of commercial boat line. The call became a certainty two months ago when the Commission, in its report, put its stamp of approval to the proposition. It recommended that the State erect docks and terminals on navigable waters and that if necessary, lines of ships be leased or purchased and operated.

It has been generally understood that the Legislature would not be asked to take final action on the proposition, but provide machinery through which it may be passed upon by the voters of the State at the November election. Late developments indicate the abandonment of the referendum idea and a determined fight to have the report adopted without a reference to the people. Acceptance of the report would involve an expenditure of \$3,500,000 and proponents of the measure are doubtful of the outcome of a referendum at the fall election. The General Assembly will, itself, decide whether to "pass the buck" or take the responsibility.

The General Assembly of 1923 intended to submit an amendment of the Constitution providing a sinking fund to retire the road bond issues now aggregating \$65,000,000. The chapter which submitted the amendment, as the legislators believed, provide that the Highway sinking fund be paid out of the revenue from automobile licenses and gasoline taxes. The proposed amendment specified that acts passed heretofore or hereafter creating sinking funds may not be repealed, and added:

"Provided that all sinking funds shall be set up from the general revenue of the State and not from any particular tax which may be levied and such sinking fund, so set up shall be used for the purpose of retiring the bonds for which the sinking fund is set up and for no other purpose."

Under the wording of the act the authorities find no way to legally follow the course intended by the framers of the law and this "hitch" is cited in the call for a special session of the Legislature as an emergency to be dealt with at the approaching meeting.

The automobile license department of the Secretary of State's office has issued plates to 185,000 cars. Its branch offices report the distribution of 50,000 more and the end is not yet. The North Carolina folk appear to be sticklers for "rapid transit."

The State Department of Revenue is making a determined drive for special and privilege taxes. After Aug. 1st, says the Commissioner, all license taxes are subject to a penalty of 20 per cent, which he has no power to remit.

REV. E. R. WELCH BACK FROM JUNALUSKA

Rev. E. R. Welch has returned from his vacation and filled the pulpit at the Methodist church last Sunday morning and evening.

Mr. Welch was one of the speakers at the Junaluska Conference and was well received by the large audience there.

He brought back good news. He secured two treats for Brevard.

Rev. George R. Stuart, noted preacher and lecturer will deliver here his famous lecture "When Woman Becomes Man, Then What?"

The date for the lecture has not been fixed.

The other treat is a training school for the Sunday School teachers to be held early in September by Mr. Woosley.

Jack Zachary was a Brevard visitor this week.

DR. HUNT ENTERS THE PEARLY GATES

Physician, Friend, Man, silenced his "Click of the Gate." Who can take the place of a friend of thirty-five years testing? Who brightened the gray days of old age as he has?

We must not murmur. Such a host of friends heard, and was glad to hear the "click of the Pearly Gate" as Dr. Hunt swept through and laid his palms at Jesus feet.

Blessed be the name of The Lord, With reverent sadness, Ella F. Duckworth.

CHARLES WASHINGTON HUNT A TRIBUTE Across The Great Divide

He now stands with his Maker face to face, Basks in the sunshine of His love. With love-filled heart, accepts His grace.

The coffers of Heaven are opened And angels, bending down, Choose from countless jewels, The brightest and best to make lovely his crown.

The records he knew on earth, and loved, Stand smiling about the throne, Their lips singing soft hallelujahs, At the words of their King to His own:

"I was thirsty, ye gave Me drink: Sick, and ye ministered to Me, Enter, beloved, and be with thy Lord through all eternity!"

Still heart, pale hands, thy tasks are done, Thy cross laid down, the guerdon won.

Mary Hampton Mills.

DR. HUNT—AN APPRECIATION

Dr. Hunt, whom all in this community loved and admired, has gone to his triumph. God laid his gentle hand upon him and took him from us, bringing him to that place where dwell His blessed ones.

For forty years or more, Dr. Hunt has lived and labored among us. During all of that long period, no night was too black or too stormy, no day too hot or too cold, no road too wearisome or too difficult for him to answer calls for his healing help.

Many of us literally owe health or life itself to his professional skill, to an even larger number, his kindness, unselfishness and unflinching good cheer have made this world a sunnier, happier abiding place.

He loved us all rich or poor, weak or strong, faulty or faultless. His charity was as boundless as the sky, his generosity as broad as the sea, his humor free from malice, and as bright and bubbling as the waters of our mountain springs.

Town and county sorrow deeply and sincerely in his death, H. V. S.

BLANTYRE BREEZES

Miss Annie Brown spent last week with her aunt Mrs. Charlene Sims of Blantyre.

There were a number of people from Enon and Glade Creek attending singing at Blantyre Sunday night. Miss Ruphella Scott and Mr. Homer Ledbetter went to see the air plane fly Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Sims of this place visited his sister Saturday.

Mr. Spurgeon Hamilton has bought the saw mill owned by Mr. J. T. Justus of this place.

Miss Sadie and Mary Ellen Reed visited relatives on Glade Creek and Boilston Saturday and Sunday. "Pansy."

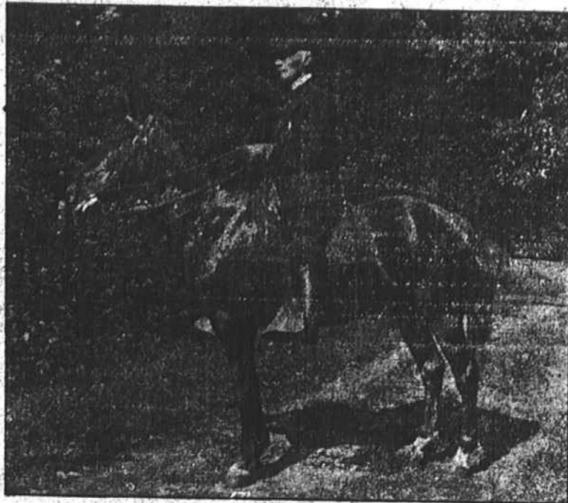
FINE BERRY FOUND WILD IN TRANSYLVANIA

John S. Boggs of Turkey Creek has brought to the news office a specimen of wild berry which he is cultivating on his place. Mr. Boggs secured his plants growing wild in the mountains. They seem to thrive best in upland regions, in the soil pockets between rocks.

These berries, growing wild in this section, are identical with the wineberry which was introduced into America a number of years ago from Japan.

This is another instance of the similarity of plant life in Japan, China, and Western North Carolina. The berries have a distinct flavor of their own quite unlike any other berry of our acquaintance.

The stems of the plant are hairy from the ground up. The berries are enclosed in husks which open like the chestnut burr as the berry ripens. The color of the berry is a little darker than the Cutbert raspberry.



The late Dr. Charles W. Hunt who entered into rest July 20—He was a great lover of dumb beasts and of all Nature.

The Sudden Death Of Dr. Charles W. Hunt

Beloved Doctor and Gentleman of The Old School Peacefully Goes To Sleep At His Brevard Home

Dr. Charles W. Hunt suddenly passed away on Sunday night, July 20, 1924, at 10 o'clock, at his home in Brevard. Dr. Hunt complained of not feeling well on Sunday morning and did not eat any dinner; but drove his car to town for the noon mail and to those who met him, was apparently as cheerful and well as usual. He joked and talked to Mrs. Hunt and Charles for quite a while in the evening and then fell to sleep. About ten o'clock while still asleep he had a stroke of paralysis and with out waking up peacefully passed away to meet his great Redeemer.

Dr. Charles W. Hunt was born at Chapel Hill, N. C., and was nearly seventy-one years of age.

He passed his childhood and youth in Raleigh and Fayetteville, N. C. He lived in that part of North Carolina during the time of the Civil War. About 1881, he came to this section and with the exception of a short time spent in practice of his profession in Asheville, N. C., and Greenville, S. C., has always done a general practice in Brevard and Transylvania County, his adopted home.

Dr. Hunt graduated at the college of Physicians and Surgeons, Baltimore, Md., class of 1880.

Dr. Hunt was probably known by every man, woman and child in Transylvania County, he has ridden horseback for all these years over every road and mountain trail in the County. No matter how foul the weather, day or night. He was always a continuous student of medicine, reading the best medical books and journals and keeping up with the latest progress of the practice of medicine.

During his long and successful practice he always gave his very best service to his patients and ever strove to uphold the high ideals of his great profession.

Dr. Hunt had a severe stroke of partial paralysis about two years ago, and due to his wonderful will-power and determination won his way back to apparent health although one of his legs was left lame and it was necessary to carry a cane since that time.

He never considered for a moment giving up his practice and was just as energetic and hard at work at his profession at the day of his death as he was forty-five years ago. He died as he wished to do, "In Harness."

Dr. Hunt was a most patriotic citizen. He was the greatest booster and believer in "The Land of Waterfalls" that Transylvania County ever had. He was absolutely unselfish in his devotion to the Land of his adoption. He spent the whole of his life (practically), in working for his people and his home land—no matter who the patient was, rich or poor, white or black, when he was called—HE WENT anywhere at any time. It mattered not to this wonderful and grand doctor of the old school how tired he was, or whether there was any financial compensation or not he went to relieve the suffering of the people whom he loved with all his heart and soul. No man appreciated appreciation more than Dr. Hunt.

He was the most optimistic and pleasant looking man I ever knew.

It was possible for mere man to become. He was a philosopher and very witty. He went through life with a cheerful smile and many hundreds of his patients owe their very life not only to his medical skill, but to his wonderful personality and ready laugh in the face of actual death.

Dr. Hunt has many monuments left in this county. He was instrumental in the promotion of the Transylvania Railway; the good roads, especially the New Jones Gap road to Greenville. His greatest promotion was the memorial monument to the Transylvania Soldiers of the World War; which stands at the Eastern entrance to Pisgah National Forest. This magnificent arch, built of native cobbles stones was made possible through the untiring efforts of this wonderful man. No matter how dark and gloomy the way appeared, no matter how little interest or lack of interest was shown by the citizens, Dr. Hunt had an optimistic and humorous view to take and some new scheme to build the monument.

He was an author and writer of great merit. The Brevard News owes a great deal to Dr. Hunt as he was ever its unflinching booster and helper—very few days passed that our doctor did not visit the News office with cheerful advice and much help and many a time when the way was unusually hard, it was his kindly and loving personal kindness that made everything much more cheerful and hopeful.

His last writing which is true philosophy, was: "A citizen should so live that his death will be a loss not a benefit to his town." And his life certainly exemplified this paragraph. Dr. Hunt married Henrietta P. Anderson, of Washington, D. C., on November 24, 1886; and she was an ardent lover and courted his beloved wife until the time of his death.

He leaves to mourn their great loss: his widow; two sons, David L. Hunt, of Hendersonville, N. C., and Charles W., of Brevard—Three daughters: Mrs. M. M. Chapman of Anderson, S. C., Mrs. W. R. Robertson of Charlotte, N. C.; Mrs. E. A. Fonda of Bradenton, Fla., and one sister Miss Mary Hunt of Asheville, N. C.; three sons-in-law and seven grandchildren.

The funeral was held from the Episcopal Church on Tuesday, July 22, 1924; Rev. John C. Seagle and Rev. C. D. Chapman, officiating.

The body was laid to rest in the Gillespie cemetery, witnessed by a host of sorrowing friends and covered with a mound of flowers. He was buried with masonic honors. The stores closed during the funeral.

Dr. Hunt was a Bible student and his quotations from the great Book were always accurate. He was a true follower of the teachings of Christ and a life long member of the Episcopal Church.

THE MAN WHO LOVED HIS FELLOW—MEN

(By Leigh Hunt.)
ABOUT BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,

"DR. CHARLES W. HUNT"

In Loving Memory
In the quiet and hush of last Sunday night my beloved friend and physician, Dr. Charles W. Hunt passed from this land of sickness and sorrow and death to the land that is mantled with the flush of the morning. There is no night there, for sickness and sighing have fled forever away. God rest him after his long life of service to the suffering ones in this mountain land of ours.

From the time I came here, now twenty-eight years ago, he has been a friend and physician to me and mine, and none could have been more devoted, or given more of their time and talent, than he did.

Grant him, O Lord, Eternal rest, And let light perpetual shine upon him.

It was such a beautiful sunset on Sunday evening, I could not keep from thinking of those lines of Eben Rexford, that I am so fond of, but I did not know then that my friend would pass through "The Sunset Gateway" to dwell in the hills of Heaven so soon.

To-night, as I sat at my window While the West was all agleam, With that strange and wonderful splendor,

That is fleeting as a dream, I thought that the hands of angels Had flung Heavens gateway wide, And I caught some of the glory, From the hills on the other side.

Is not a comforting fancy This sunset thought of mine, That always the Gates of Heaven, swing open at days decline, That those whose work is all ended From their earthly woes and ills, May pass to the peace and gladness That crown the beautiful hills.

Perhaps while I sat there dreaming Of the Gateway in the West, Some weary ones went homeward To a long and endless rest, Went in through the "Sunset Gateway,"

To the City paved with gold, To dwell in the "Hills of Heaven" And be no longer old.

A Prayer
Almighty Father, the God, not of the dead, but of the living, we have joy together in all who have faithfully lived and peacefully died.

May we be assured that our friend who is absent from us has found a more perfect rest in Thee and of the crown of an unending life.

By pastures green and by quiet waters, Thou wilt lead him. O Thou eternal lover of souls we pray Thee, and give unto us great peace and great hope as we think about him in this still hour. Take the veil from our hearts and join us in one communion with all Thy loved ones on earth and in Heaven, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Savior, Amen, Chalmers D. Chapman.

MISS DOLLY CARR MARRIES MR. HENDRICKS

The following notice which appeared in the Asheville Citizen last Thursday will be of interest to Mrs. Hendricks many friends in Brevard:

Mr. Louis Carr, of Pisgah Forest, announces the marriage of his daughter, Dolly, to Mr. P. B. Hendricks, of Easley, S. C., Wednesday, July 16, 1924, at Asheville, N. C.

The ceremony was performed at St. Lawrence's Catholic Church at 1 o'clock, Rev. Father Bour officiating. Only the family and a few close friends of the young couple witnessed the nuptial service.

Mr. and Mrs. Hendricks left immediately for a fortnight honeymoon at "Sunnylea."

An angel writing in a book of gold: Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,

And to the presence in the room he said, "What writest thou?"

The vision raised its head, And with a look made of all sweet accord,

Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord,"

"And is mine one," said Abou, "Nay, not so,"

Replied the angel, Abou spoke more low,

But cheerily still; and said, "I pray thee, then, Write me as one who loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night It came again with a great wakening light,

And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,— And, lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!

THE PRAYER CORNER

The Mid-Summer Season
July is the mid-summer season, the noon tide of the year. A beautiful time is it to refresh ourselves from, "The Fountain of God's Love" and to drink a deep cool draught which, if we drink, we shall never thirst again.

Our early forbears, the Anglo-Saxon, called July hay month, the hay month, or meadow month, because therein they usually mowed and made their hay harvest and because the meadows have their special flowery July charm.

The hay month, the meadow month. Life isn't all school days. There is the fun side too. The frolic and laze in the hay field, the song of the reapers, as they carry home their corn, the holiday which means so much in anticipation and retrospection, July tells us of all this and more.

In nature all work is quiet work. The most beautiful flower that ever bloomed, unfolded every petal in silence, and yet how many hearts it cheered? The largest grain field that ever ripened in the sunshine and rain, reached perfection without making a sound, and yet how many hungry it fed! God bless the silent workers and make you one of them.

A Mid-Summer Prayer.
Dear Heavenly Father, we devoutly thank Thee for the beautiful open face of nature shining upon us, for the splendor of the fields where the birds wing their merry flight, for the breath of the flowers, and the grass beneath the scythe, like the odor of incense, and most of all for the merry shouts of women and children and men in the meadow in the hey day of happiness as they fill their souls with the freedom of the children of God, and live in the open where no evil breath can come.

Grant that we may live spiritually forever in the fragrant hay fields of life, where the birds sing and the children shout and where no covering can ever shut out the sunshine of life's eternal bliss.

Our Father, as we thank Thee for the friendly service and sympathy that bless and strengthen our daily lives, we pray that our gratitude may move us to give a like service and sympathy as freely as we receive.

Let our hearts and hands be ready to meet the needs of those with whom we come in touch, to influence our wayward will that we shall not walk in selfish ways, nor forget the ties that bind us to one another, and to Thee. Keep us conscious of our birth right as Thy children, that our acts and aims may be filial and fraternal and loyal to Jesus Christ our Lord, Amen.

C. D. C.

PISGAH FOREST TOPICS

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hurst and small daughter who have been visiting friends and relatives in this section have returned to their home in Portsmouth, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. Depew Orr have received word from their sister Mrs. Louis Orr that a son, Earnest Clyde Orr, came to bless their home on July 1st.

Miss Fanny Boggs, who recently passed an examination for nurses, is pending a vacation with her sister, Mrs. W. A. Lyday.

Mrs. Sarah Orr and grandchildren visited her son, Depew Orr on July 19th.

Miss Ora Whitaker of Mills River is visiting her sister, Mrs. James Hedden.

Rev. Truitt preached at the Pisgah Forest Baptist Church last Sunday night.

Mrs. Muller Albert is visiting her mother-in-law, Mrs. S. A. Albert.

Miss Jewel McCall is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Lyday.

The small son of Mr. and Mrs. Grover Sentell, who has been quite ill is much better.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Sentell spent the week end at Little River.

Miss Lelle Reed of Blantyre is visiting Mrs. Depew Orr.

A CARD OF THANKS

The family of the late Dr. C. W. Hunt wish to publicly express their thanks and appreciation for the wide manifestations of sympathy for the beautiful flowers, for the many kindnesses, for the masonic rites, so important to the death and funeral of Dr. Hunt.