

THE BREVARD NEWS

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1930

SAYS NORTH CAROLINA IS GREATEST STATE IN ALL THE SOUTHLAND.

Dr. Marion Inge, connected with the Alabama Power company, with headquarters in Mobile, is spending several weeks at the Franklin Hotel. Mrs. Inge is with him while their son is at Camp Carolina. Dr. and Mrs. Inge came here the first of July, accompanying their son to the camp. After a few days, Dr. and Mrs. Inge went to Atlantic City, where the heat was intense, and from there they started to Canada. Dr. Inge stated that the further they traveled the hotter it got, until one day they decided to turn around right in the middle of the highway and come back to Brevard, where they could have real rest and enjoy life.

Dr. Inge asserts that North Carolina will soon be the richest state in the nation. It now has the most progressive spirit of any state in the nation, he says, and predicts that another fifteen years will place the Old North State at the head of the column in wealth. He attributes this rapid progress to the sensible treatment accorded capital. He is struck with the fact that there are no "corporation baiters" in North Carolina. Dr. Inge deprecates the fact that in his native state of Alabama there are men and influences fanning the flame of suspicion and hate for all corporations, and pays North Carolina great tribute for its welcome and sympathetic assistance rendered all capital wanting to come into this state. Because of these things, the Alabamian says, capital will just naturally come here in ever increasing amounts, until North Carolina will be the very center of wealth, insofar as invested capital is concerned.

It is hoped to have Dr. Inge address the Kiwanis club while he is here, when the business men of the town can hear the big power official tell of the high regard which other sections and states have for North Carolina.

WHEN RAPE CROSSES THE MASON AND DIXON LINE, LYNGHING FOLLOWS.

Our neighbors on the upper side of the Mason and Dixon line have said some rather harsh things about the folks "down South" who persist in lynching negroes when negroes commit rape upon white women. Many missionaries and many millions of dollars have been used by our earnest friends of the North to convince us that we should not, under any circumstances, take the law into our own hands, and lynch a human being. We have known all along that lynching is not the right thing to do, but somehow, when a white woman was brutally attacked by a negro, and her frail form became as clay in a negro's raving, ravishing, passion-fired moment, our people simply forgot what ought to be done and what ought not to be done, and went out and hung the brute.

Well, let's see how it works up there above the Mason and Dixon line. Last week some negroes shot a 23-year-old white man, took his 17-year-old sweetheart from him, committed an outrage upon her. The negroes were placed in the Marquette, Indiana, jail. That night several thousand white men, constituted exactly the same kind of a mob that quickly gathers on like occasions in the South, and this mob stormed the jail, overpowered the warden, took two of the negroes out of the court house lawn, and lynched them, in much the same manner that things have been done in the South for a long time. Nor is this only lynching in recent past in a great section above the dividing line.

We're not gloating over these things. We are simply calling attention to the fact that wherever there are white women by negro men there is a lynching, be it in the North, East or West. And we expect that white men will stop lynching negroes when negro men raping white women—and not sooner.

SPLENDID STORY OF THE SUCCESS OF L. L. JENKINS.

Gastonia and Asheville newspapers gave accounts last week of the growth of banks in Gastonia and Asheville under the able management of L. L. Jenkins, for the past several years a resident of Asheville. Mr. Jenkins started in the banking business nearly forty years ago, and has been connected in an official capacity with many banks in the western part of the state. His long career in this business has carried him through many periods of business and financial depression, and it is a boast of his friends that no institution with which he has been connected has ever experienced any difficulty in meeting obligations. It was an interesting article which appeared in the newspapers.

But we know a much more interesting story about the life of Mr. Jenkins than that dealing with his great ability as a banker and financier. We have been with him when his great ability was devoted to causes other than that of making money, and witnessed his appearance on scenes where his financial and banking companions resented his presence and condemned most bitterly his activities. We have seen him take a stand with the working men and women against their employers, and use all of his great influence in behalf of those who most need it, and the jeers of his fellows in the field of finance made no dent upon his determination to see justice done.

We have seen L. L. Jenkins reach for his check book even before the trembling lips of the troubled man could frame the words of an appeal for help, and fill out an hand to that helpless soul a substantial check that meant bread and meat and milk and butter for the hungry children in that man's cheerless home.

We have been with him when the bent form of a once beautiful woman stood before him whose very appearance told the story of how youth and beauty had been sacrificed upon the altar of mother-love as she slaved over wash tub and scrubbing brush to eke out a living for the little brood which had been left fatherless, their sole dependence being the small earnings of that frail form. We watched him write a check, tear it out and tear it up, and write another check—two, three, four times the amount of the first one.

We have heard him tell charity workers to see to it that no one suffered because of lack of fuel when the wintry winds were blowing and the streets were all covered with ice. "Send the coal to them, and send the bills to me"—was his way of doing his bit.

We have been in meetings when "drives" for patriotic or charity purposes were being planned, and always it was the name of L. L. Jenkins that headed the list of "prospects," because he never failed to respond.

L. L. Jenkins has but few real friends in the circle of society in which his position as a financier places him. The per centage of Pharisees in that circle is so great that there is little room for friendships. The holier-than-thou spirit is so rampant there that one fault in a man blinds these Pharisees to every great virtue that he might possess.

But go with us out among the poor of the state, the needy, the unfortunates, and we can take you to many thousands of friends whose prayers every day contain a petition to God to bless L. L. Jenkins for his timely aid to them when there seemed to be no aid from any other source on earth.

Of course, L. L. Jenkins is a great banker—but he is much greater as a benefactor.

CHAMBER OF COMMERCE PLAN GROWING OBSELETE?

Brother Lyles Harris, of The Franklin Press, and Brother Seawell, of The Waynesville Mountaineer, and other editors around and about, are making pleas to their respective communities for support of the Chamber of Commerce. Warnings are issued in these papers that there is but little real support for their community organizations. Brevard can join these brethren in tuneful accord in the song of inactivity in Chamber of Commerce work.

We're just wondering if the old Chamber of Commerce plan of community activities is not passing into the discard. If so, what will take the place of a central body, or organization, for carrying on community work? It would seem that some kind of concerted community effort is necessary, if communities are to make any advancement at all. But this fact remains no small group in a town can force the Chamber of

Commerce work upon the men of a community. If this volunteer work for community advancement is to prove worth while, it must be voluntarily done.

Just what the small town can do to attract industry, new citizens, new capital, without some kind of a central body through which to work, is the problem facing Western North Carolina today. If people will not work together in a Chamber of Commerce, or in some kind of concerted activity, they must suffer the consequences. This is not a one man day. No one man in a community can prosper, while the rest of the fellows suffer. The only chance any one man has in any one community to make progress, is to have a progressive community.

If we have reached the stage where we just be daddened if we are going to have a Chamber of Commerce, then let some one with some vision make suggestion as to the next best thing to do. It is a fact that if a community is to make progress, the men of that community must work together.

FELIX ALLEY, ORATOR, POET, PHILOSOPHER, ON HIS BELOVED MOUNTAINS.

The Hon. Felix Alley, born and reared in the shadow of Whiteside Mountain, from foot of which he has risen to a place high in the esteem of his friends and in the councils of leadership, went "back home" the other day, and after a visit to the scenes of his childhood Mr. Alley wrote the following beautiful story:

A few days ago, in company with my youngest son and Reverend W. L. Hutchins, Pastor of the Methodist Church at Waynesville, I went back to the old home and scenes of my childhood at the base of Whiteside Mountain, in the Southern part of Jackson County, where my parents lived together for fifty-nine years, and where their ten children were born and reared.

We went to the top of Whiteside, which rises 5,000 feet above the level of the sea, and stood upon the rugged cliffs and crags forming that towering mountain, subdued and toned in their gigantic grandeur by the blue haze that is ever present in the Blue Ridge Range.

In the days gone, I have often times stood upon those majestic heights at day-break, and looking toward the East, have watched the sombre drapery of the clouds roll up like a scroll from the rim of the horizon, as the red torch of the Morning enkindled upon the stainless crests of a thousand hills a line of crimson fires, and sent forth ten thousand shafts of light to herald the coming of God of the Day.

I have stood there when the shadows of the coming darkness were falling around me, and I have seen the Evening hang her silver crescent on the brow of Night, and emulate and equal the awakening glory of the Dawn with the beauty of the sleepy Twilight.

I have stood there in the Winter time at Midnight, and listened sorrowfully to the ice-laden winds as they sighed through the dismantled forests, and watched the snow-fields glistening in the Moonlight like foam-flecked billows in a stormy sea, while a million Stars of Hope flashed back the promise that the soft balmy air and the gentle rains of spring-time would come again, and renew the splendors of our beautiful mountain world.

I have stood there in the summer time at noon-day, a thousand feet above the clouds, and watched the thunder-storm beat mercilessly upon the primeval trees in the rich valley below, as these giant monarchs of the forest, whitened with the snows of a hundred winters, stretched forth their mighty arms and struggled with the wild and relentless fury of the winds; when the lightning flashed against the sky with forked flame, and the very earth rocked and trembled beneath the angry roar of the musketry of the winds and the artillery of the skies.

And then I have seen the dark storm clouds break away and disappear while the evening sun hung every shrub and bush and blossom with jewels more brilliant than the choicest diamonds found in South Africa and Brazilian mines; and then as the great Orb of the day passed behind the Western hills, the world appeared to be encircled with ineffable beauty as God's beautiful Rainbow of Promise gleamed softly luminous behind the thunder-bolts, and caused the hearts of all who saw to beat high with hope.

We then went to the site of the old home-stand in the valley. A quarter of a century ago it passed into other hands, and I had not seen it for more than a score of years.

When I stood upon the spot where I first saw the light, and where my childhood and youth and early manhood were spent, my soul was filled with a sadness unspeakable as I beheld the changes which Time had wrought.

Most of the old home had been torn away and a new and more modern building erected in its place. New fields had been cleared, and most of those in which I had plowed and hoed and reaped and sung the harvest song, had been discarded and allowed to grow up in a forest of quick growing trees, now more than a dozen years of age.

But the little spring is still there, pouring out from a crevice in a solid rock, and from its ice-cold crystal waters I quenched my thirst as I was wont to do in the happy days of the long ago. And Norton's Fork, the West prong of the beautiful Chattooga River, is still there, fresh from the

heart of Whiteside, fed by a hundred babbling springs forming snow-white cascades gushing forth from the mountain's side and then spreading out into a smooth limpid rivulet winding its silver course gently through the fields, causing the grass in the meadows to grow green, the flowers to burst into bloom, and the earth to quickly respond to the persuasive touch of labor.

I stood on its grassy banks and bathed in the bright June sunlight, and drank my fill of the pure mountain air, and watched the speckled trout flutter and play in the depths and shallows of the stream, and once more I listened to its never-ending song as it flowed on in its eternal journey to mingle its music with the murmuring anthem of the sea.

We next went to the little cemetery on the hill where my brothers and sisters and father and mother are sleeping; and as I stood by their graves Memory lifted her veil and carried me back through the shadows of the vanished years, and recalled a thousand instances of the loyalty and love of the brothers and sisters who dwell in this silent little City of the Dead; and the June wind, blowing gently from the West, bore upon its wings the echoes of a Father's Counsel and a Mother's prayer spoken in the years that are gone, by lips that now are closed with the seal of the eternal silence.

And then in the gathering twilight of the evening, as I turned to leave that place of sacred recollections and eternal repose, I saw the Evening Star, emblematic of the Star of Hope, twinkling brightly above the horizon, and as I closed the gates of the little cemetery behind me it seemed to me that I could hear the strains of distant music and the gentle rustle of unseen wings.

And I thought of the lofty anthem and promise of life eternal uttered by the Man of Galilee more than nineteen centuries ago:

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

A LETTER FROM AN OLD CITIZEN

Editor The Brevard News:

Will you allow me space in your paper for a few lines? I am a constant reader of your paper and am very much interested in the same. Naturally so, as I am a native of your county, although I have been away for some 29 years. I have, however, been back three times on visits to relatives and friends, and expect to be back again soon to see my dear old Dad, M. L. Hamilton, and other relatives and friends as well. Of course, I believe I have many friends and acquaintances in your county.

Now, what is most striking to me is your form of government. There are two specific questions worth while in the consideration of every citizen of your county. First, in reference to your county purchasing agent, which is, beyond doubt, one of the best methods ever introduced in any county or municipality. It takes, or is supposed to do, the tax payers' money out of politics, which means so much to the county. You might infer from this that I am a taxpayer there. Well, I am, on a small scale. Nevertheless, I would be impressed just the same with this matter. This method is being adopted all over the country. Now that you have it, co-operate and keep it, regardless of your political affiliations.

Second, in reference to your system of choosing your candidates. I note that the republicans still have the old system of holding conventions. The democrats have the primary system, which all modern municipalities have. Why not the republicans as well that would save double expense. I was much pleased to note the present supervisors had cut your budget for 1930. More power to them. But don't cripple your schools to do so. Just imagine, our school tax alone here in San Francisco is \$57 per capital school children, and there is not much complaint at that. Transylvania has a wonderful good class of citizens, other than their politics which they carry to extremes. I found from observation that 90 per cent of the Southern boys who leave there, and come here, soon lay aside their petty politics and vote for the man in whom they have the greatest confidence. They expect the man to serve the best interests of their country. The great majority of voters here pay absolutely no attention to politics except on national affairs. Then they may vote republican, although it is conceded that California elected Wilson in 1916.

Allow me to make a still broader assertion. If the voters in the Southern states should divide their politics and be an honest to goodness doubtful section, the lords at Washington would do something for you folks down there, in the way of appropriations for improvements and so on, such as dredging, coursing waterways, draining swamps and so on. But as it is at present they will give you nothing for these purposes. The doubtful states are the ones that make congress sit up and take notice.

Now, fellow-citizens, may I impress this upon you: the importance of voting for the man, and not just for the party.

Success for The News and all citizens of Transylvania county. FURMAN C. HAMILTON. San Francisco, Calif. Aug. 4, 1930.

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Relieves a Headache or Neuralgia in 30 minutes, checks a Cold the first day, and checks Malaria in 3 days. 666 also in Tablets.

NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a Deed in Trust executed on the 12th day of Oct. 25 by H. C. Case to J. D. Caldwell, Trustee and T. H. Shipman, Trustee, which said Deed in Trust is duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Transylvania County in Book 19 page 303 and indexed in said office and to which said index and record reference is hereby made and the same made a part hereof for the purpose of description, and default having been made in the payment of both principal and interest on the notes secured by the said Deed in Trust and legal demand having been made for the payment of same by the holder of said notes, and all other legal notices having been duly given, the undersigned Trustees will, on Monday, August 25, 1930 at 12:00 o'clock M. offer for sale at Public Auction and sell to the highest bidder for cash at the Court House door in the Town of Brevard, County of Transylvania, State of North Carolina, the following piece, parcel or lot of land, and all interests therein, as described in said deed in trust, and said lands being more particularly described as follows:

Lying in Eastatoo Township BEGINNING on a white oak on the southeast side of Trammels Branch or Abram's Branch and runs north 16 deg west 160 poles to a boxwood at the head of the spring; thence south 74 deg west 100 poles to a stake; thence south 16 deg east 17 poles to a stake; thence north 7 deg east 100 poles to the BEGINNING, containing 112 acres more or less. Said sale being made for the purpose of satisfying said debt, interest, cost and expenses of said sale. This the 22 day of July 1930. J. D. CALDWELL, Trustee. T. H. SHIPMAN, Trustee. July 23/30/AUG 6/13

NOTICE

State of North Carolina, County of Transylvania. IN THE GEN. COUNTY COURT This is to notify all persons that one Clarence V. Nicholson has filed a petition in this court in which he asks for restoration of citizenship. Said Clarence V. Nicholson was convicted on account of forgery in the year of 1921 in Buncombe County and that judgment was suspended on the payment of the check, the cost and said Clarence V. Nicholson showing good behavior for one year. This matter will be for consideration before the General County Court of Transylvania County, at such time as His Honor may hold. This 17th day of June 1930. ROLAND OWEN, Clerk Sup. Court. Ralph Fisher, Atty for Petitioner. Pd Jun 18 14tms till Sep 17

NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of the power of sale contained in a Deed in Trust executed on the 13th day of August 1925 by William Speicer and wife, Mrs. William Speicer to Thomas H. Shipman, Trustee, which said deed in Trust is duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds of Transylvania County in Book 14 page 536 and indexed in said office and to which said index and record reference is hereby made and the same made a part hereof for the purpose of description, and default having been made in the payment of both principal and interest on the note secured by the said Deed in Trust and legal demand having been made for the payment of same by the holder of the said note and all other legal notices having been duly given, the undersigned Trustee will, on Monday 25th day of August 1930 at 12:00 o'clock M. offer for sale at Public Auction and sell to the highest bidder for cash at the Court House door in the Town of Brevard, County of Transylvania, State of North Carolina, the following piece, parcel or lot of land, and all interest therein, as described in said Deed in Trust, and said land being more particularly described as follows:

Being lots Nos. 6, 7, 8, and 9, 10 and 11 in Block 1 of the H. C. Case subdivision formerly known as the T. J. Wilson property, as shown by map No. 256, surveyed and platted by John L. Stacy, Registered Surveyor, August 1925 said map being on record in office of Register of Deeds for Transylvania County in Plat Book No. 33 at page No. 104, to which reference is hereby made for a full and complete description of said lots by metes and bounds. Said sale being made for the purpose of satisfying said debt, interest, cost and expenses of said sale. This the 22 day of July 1930. THOMAS H. SHIPMAN, Trustee. July 23/30/AUG 6/13

SELL IT—USE A WANT AD

JOINES' WEEKLY SPECIALS For this week only: One Ford Roadster, Model A At an Especially Low Price for This Week only SPECIAL SERVICE ALL THE TIME Genuine Ford Parts, and real mechanics who know the Ford Car, Its Needs, and the Ford Parts going into it. Why run the risk of having an inexperienced man meddle with your car, when you can bring it here where you can get Genuine Ford parts and have Experienced Men work on your car.



JOINES MOTOR CO., Inc. BREVARD, N. C.

NOTICE OF SALE

Under and by virtue of a decree of the Superior Court of Transylvania County, N. C. made in the Special Proceedings entitled Martha E. McCall and others against Dewey McCall and others, the undersigned commissioner will, on Saturday, the 30th day of August, 1930 at 12 o'clock M. at the Court House door in Brevard, N. C., offer for sale to the highest bidder for cash that certain tract of land lying and being in Little River Township, adjoining the lands of R. J. Kilpatrick and others and described as follows viz:

Beginning on a rock R. J. Kilpatrick's corner and runs north 108 poles to a Rock; thence east 8 poles to a stake; thence south 10 poles to a stake, a corner between Harriet McCall and J.R. Clarke; thence south 100 poles to a stake in the line between Harriet McCall and J. R. Clarke; thence west 21 1-2 poles to the beginning, containing 14 acres more or less. This the 29th day of July, 1930. D. L. English, Commissioners. Aug 6/13/20/27

NOTICE

Having duly qualified as Administratrix of the Estate of M. A. E. Woodbridge, (deceased), all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present same at the office of W. E. Breeze in Brevard, N. C. within twelve months from the date hereof or this notice will be plead in bar of same. All persons owing said estate will please make settlement with the said W. E. Breeze. This the 6th day of Aug. 1930. Rebekah W. Breeze, Administratrix. 6t Ag6thr Sep10

Nature Thought of Everything

Nature thought of everything when the human body was made. When the body is about to become ill, nature planned danger signals to warn us. Thus, if our children grind their teeth when they sleep, or lack appetite, or suffer from abdominal pains, or itch about the nose and fingers, we should know that they may have contracted worms. Then, if we are wise, we buy a bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge and safely and surely expel the worms. Thus we avoid the danger of very serious trouble. White's Cream Vermifuge costs only 35c a bottle, and can be bought from DAVIS-LONG DRUG CO.

COMING DR. A.W. DULA EYE SPECIALIST I have been licensed by examination by the State Boards of Examiners of North Carolina, South Carolina and Tennessee and pronounced thoroughly competent to examine eyes and fit glasses. TO SEE BETTER SEE DULA Highlands Thursday, Aug. 21 Greenville, N.C. Friday, Aug 22 BREVARD, N. C. Saturday, Aug. 23rd WALTERMIRE HOTEL Prepare your children for their Best year ever DR. A. W. DULA, Lenoir, N.C.

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