

SLAGLE AIDING DAIRY PEOPLE

Nantahala Creamery Furnishes Butter To 32 A&P Stores

Nantahala Creamery, taken over by A. B. Slagle about two years ago, has offered to Macon county farm-

ers a new market for dairy products. Butter from the creamery is sold over all of Western North Carolina, and goes into surrounding states. Thirty-two A&P stores are supplied with butter from the creamery. No industry in Macon offers more to the farm constituency, and it directly or indirectly is boosting every resident of the county.

True Tales Of Africa, A Land Of Paradoxes

CHAPTER IX

From Lamu on to Mombassa was a short jump. We were soon there. As we came around the island to the sheltered part of the bay—there were no docks there then—and the anchor went over board, there came over one a feeling of homesickness, the queerest that I have ever felt. It was the hold that the sea had gotten on me. The thought that I had come to the end of my contact with the sea so soon and after hating it so at first, made me feel a heart sickness that I could not describe. I have since considered that there and then the wander lust was definitely born within one.

Just as the thoughts of the spell of the sea were at their seeming breaking point, a gust of sultry odor laden wind came from the shore towards us and brought back to mind the business in hand. The air was fraught with the tropical smells so characteristic of most tropical countries. The decaying vegetation odor from the marshes, the scent of shark meat drying on the beach, the smell of sea weed, the smell of mangoes and dates and sim sim oil and natives and native goats, all gave a peculiar sensation that never has been fully described. Just as soon as the port doctor's quarantine flag was lowered, here came the natives in their small boats crying and squirming for fares to row to shore.

The fight for business among the native boat boys here was greater than any that we had seen on the whole trip. Mombassa is the port of entry and departure for all big game hunters from all over the world. And when the very rich or the crown heads travel they are not lacking in equipment or servants. The boat boys are quick to spot one of these Nimrods—and also to put the price up on him, too. Well, the time came for us to get ashore. It was a little hard to part with the friends we had made on the boat. You see sea passengers are thrown in so close contact with each other that it is impossible not to become very well acquainted. We exchanged addresses, made solemn promises to write and "keep in touch" with each other, and, after shaking hands and still more solemnly saying "Will certainly look for you when I get ashore," we went down into our respective boats and so ashore. None of the promises, I can truthfully say were ever kept by any of us, with the exception that we would some time run across each other as we hurried around getting things ready to go into the "heart of the dark continent."

Once ashore and given a few minutes to look around, we were immediately struck with the appearance of an old, old fort on the point of the island facing the sea. Curiosity prompted a lot of questions. This old fort was the scene of many a bloody battle between the Arabs and the Portugese. First one and then the other had held it during the centuries that had passed. The ones that were surrounded in it on several separate occasions were starved to death. That is the only way that they would surrender was to stay and starve. There was no such thing as voluntary surrender. Standing stark and forbidding on its pedestal of coral rock, it looked over the entrance to Mombassa harbor like some gigantic monster whose only aim in life was to devour all that crossed its path.

As soon as we cleared the customs, we went to the Mombassa club. Now if there ever was a place made in which man could enjoy himself, it is this club. The building stands up on a high shelf of coral rock overlooking the sea. It is so arranged that no matter whether the southern or northern monsoon is blowing from or toward the Indian Ocean, there is always a good sea breeze. The building itself has two-foot walls that are so made that the heat from the sun cannot get thru. The walls are rough and in the na-

tural colored woods of the country. There is no ceiling, but the rafters are all exposed giving a quaint, rustic effect that is very comfortable and restful. There is, of course, the usual English bar where they pride themselves on mixing the best American drinks. The restaurant and dining room service is typically English, which is another way of saying that it is perfect. The bedrooms and livingrooms are arranged around the grounds so that each has easy access to the main building.

As soon as we got everything arranged to go inland, there broke the news that we were all quarantined because of an outbreak of bubonic plague. "Gosh," thought we, "that is some introduction to the dark continent, and what was more, the quarantine would not be lifted under six months. Well, as they say time is no object in this country, we may as well make up our minds to get us a yacht and explore the shoreline for miles and miles." This is exactly what we did when the tropical fever was not raging within us and we were not lying up absorbing quantities of quinine hydrochlorate. Among other things that we did for amusement was to adopt a very blasé attitude to the passengers on incoming boats that were horrified at the thoughts of going in among a community that was quarantined for the plague. We were old timers, you see, and could just lord it all over the skittish ones that were getting the surprise of Africa right off the bat. There was a very good reason for us doing this thing. We could not help it and there was no choice of where we would go for no one would take us away from the environs of the town.

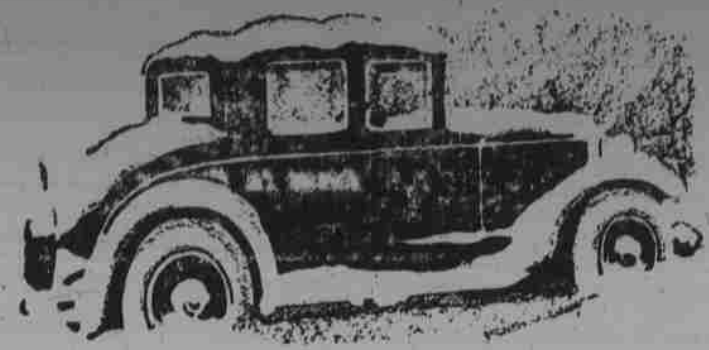
Old Fort Jesus. We went in this old place many times and never did we go into it but that some new voice from the dark deeds of ages did not speak to us. The old pits were there where the bodies were thrown—so it is said—as fast as the soldiers that were defending the fort were killed or were starved to death. To have thrown them down into the sea would have given the enemy an idea on how hard put to it the defenders were. One could picture the old galleons standing by out in the bay throwing their crude shells and their poisoned arrows in to the fort, could smell and odor of human blood and see the agonized bodies of the wounded and the dying as they squirmed under the torture of starvation and jagged wounds of crude instruments of war.

Standing in the low, dark, damp bat and spider infested passages of this old fort I asked of its hideousness to tell me why. And the voice came back telling of the breediness for gold, the inhuman blood lust of one human being for the subjugation of his fellows, the craving to conquer even at the price of unbelievable agony and brutality. These answers, and many more, came to me from the dim and bloody ages of the past. Voices that seemed to fear their own message. Voices that told of man's inhumanity to man amid the unsanitary conditions of the times when scurvy, tetanus, typhoid, yellow fever and malaria, the black plague and the bubonic plague and the thirst and the gangreen and all the hosts of hideous things that fought on the side of the victor and the vanquished alike. Voices whose message made one stop and marvel that the human race survived. It also made one marvel at the magnitude of the sacrifice of the Savior. These voices make any one that will listen realize the greatness of the mercy of God, and no one that has heard them can ever be all bad—he can never cease to try to see and realize that the acts of individuals or groups of them are so infinite in the whole scheme of Creation that the best any one can do is to watch and struggle and hope. There are many voices in the great continent of Africa that holds sermons of more force and effect than all the modern preaching can ever hold. These voices leave an impression on all who hear them that make others seem small and ineffectual.

Shields Promoted To Higher Office

R. W. Shields, former supervisor of the Nantahala National forest, and until recently supervisor of the Shenandoah National forest in Virginia, has been promoted to the district office at Washington as assistant chief of operations in the Eastern district, according to an announcement from the forestry offices at Franklin. John W. McNair, formerly of Asheville and assistant supervisor of the

Pisgah National forest, has been selected as successor to Mr. Shields as supervisor of the Shenandoah National forest.



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Otto, March 5

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Hens, Light.....	22c lb.
Fryers	26c lb.
Cox	13½c lb.
Geese	13½c lb.
Dux	20c lb.
Stags	23c lb.
Turkeys	20c lb.
Guineas	25c ea.
Eggs	22c doz. or better

F. S. SLOAN
COUNTY AGENT



LUMBER

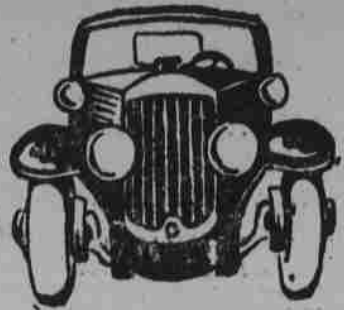
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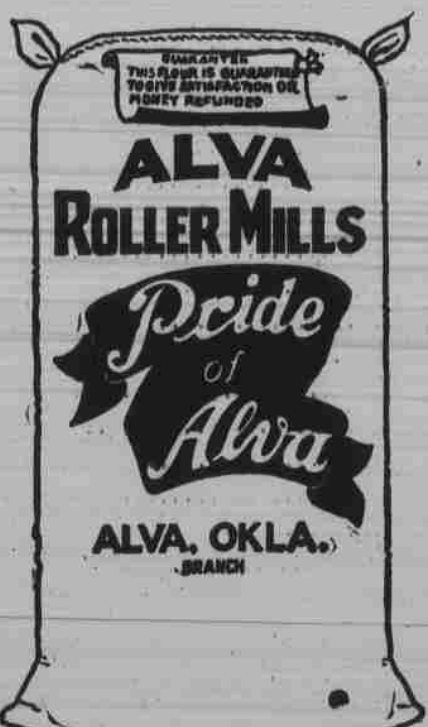


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