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THE NEWS-RECORD

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MR. RECTOR ANSWERED

Editor, News-Record:
My attention has been called to a letter from Mr. James E. Rector, published in your paper of May 3, 1929 in which Mr. Rector complains very bitterly over the defeat of a bill introduced in the last legislature to give Buncombe County jurisdiction over other counties in road construction. Mr. Rector says that his bill was especially intended for Madison County. I did not know until my attention was called to Mr. Rector's letter that he was the author of the bill.

It took no "ardorous" efforts to defeat this bill. It was so palpably wrong and out of the usual order of things that the fair sense of the legislature, when attention was called to the matter, voluntarily defeated this bill. In spite of such bold weevil efforts as this bill of Mr. Rector's, Buncombe County and Madison County have always been the best of friends and have gotten along amicably as good neighbors and in business relations, and the people of Madison County are glad to have Buncombe as a neighbor and having been partially made from Buncombe County territory Madison is really proud of her big-hearted, generous mother. I cannot speak for the whole County of Madison, or for the officials of Madison County, but I am very sure that any time Buncombe County wishes to come into Madison and build some good roads with Buncombe County money and labor that the officials of Madison County will be glad to welcome Buncombe in such undertaking and it will not require an act of the legislature of North Carolina to intimidate and to force the officials of Madison County to permit Buncombe to do such a generous and very neighborly act for Madison. We have the good roads spirit in Madison County and have gone to the extent to borrow \$660,000 and loan to the State Highway Commission to build highways in Madison County and the State has been good enough to pay all this money back, except \$170,800.00, and we expect a portion of that to be paid back this year, and the state in this regard entirely clean within the next year or two. We have no idea that the good people of Buncombe County in any wise concurred in Mr. Rector's bill, authorizing Buncombe County to "lord it over Madison."

My efforts in Raleigh were directed on matters which I think the people of Madison heartily approve. Mr. Rector states in his letter that I fought a bill in the legislature authorizing the building of a road on Spring Creek. This is not true, and I do not think Mr. Rector knows what he is talking about. I was in the legislature of 1921, and was one of five men that drafted the State Highway Bill under which the roads of North Carolina since that date have been built. I was largely responsible for the road on Spring Creek being designated and made part of the State Highway system, which was put on the map and made part of the original bill. If the Spring Creek road had not been included in the original State Highway bill, it probably would not have been built for years to come, if ever. When the division of the \$225,000.00 loaned by Madison County to the State was made, known as the Mars Hill road loan, allotting out of the said \$225,000.00, \$50,000.00 to finish the Spring Creek road, I represented the Commissioners of Madison County in a suit wherein an injunction was filed and a temporary restraining order made. I filed the answer for the County and went to Asheville and argued the case in behalf of the County before Judge Parker, and Mr. Ross, attorney for the Highway Commission answered and argued the case for the State. We won the case and Spring Creek road got the money. This is the way I have been fighting the Spring Creek road. Personally I believe that the \$50,000 for the Spring Creek road should have been supplied from some other source and all the money spent on the Mars Hill road as was originally intended. When the bill was introduced in the legislature of 1923 to establish the Spring Creek Road District the Commissioners of Madison County said that the two townships might sell bonds for the purpose of aiding the State in the construction of the road without incurring the extra additional overhead expenses, and in fact under the law as it then existed the township bonds backed by the County would have sold better than they did having only the district composed of the two townships back of them. The commissioners sent me to Raleigh to present their dues and I did so. The legislature saw fit to establish the district and we have no quarrel about the matter, although I think that the matter would have been handled to the better financial interest of the people concerned through the county authorities. If the people of the district are satisfied I am sure the balance of the county is.

Mr. Rector states in his letter that if any of the citizens of As. 5, 11 and 15 Townships wish to command Mr. Guy V. Roberts and me for our fight against his bill that he will pay the advertising rates for the publication of such communication. Mr. Rector

is very generous, but I really believe that the people of Madison County would be more interested if Mr. Rector would pay the taxes to Madison County appearing on the records of the County, wherein property has been sold for taxes in Madison County since 1920, eleven different tax sales, where the taxes are charged against Mr. Rector and the property sold for the said taxes in his name. I do not say this to embarrass Mr. Rector, but in all fairness I believe that he should at least be just to the citizens of Madison County before he undertakes to be so very generous. If the bill which I sponsored heretofore published in the News-Record and favorably reported by the committee to build and maintain roads in Nos. 5, 15 and 11 Townships, and the Sandy Mush road by the State had not been tabled as heretofore explained, there would be now no squabble about obtaining roads for the sections mentioned and Mr. Rector would not be required to draw on his generosity to pay for advertisements. When Mr. Rector was engaged in drafting and sponsoring a bill to force on Buncombe County jurisdiction over Madison County, I was engaged in sponsoring a bill which provided for a dependable road from Mars Hill, through 15, 5, and No. 11 Townships to the State line, and for a road accommodating the people of Sandy Mush Township. To be fair about it so far as I have been able to ascertain, I am persuaded to believe that Madison County is in no special need of the assistance of Mr. Rector, except to bear his part of the financial burdens. The officials of Madison County and the people at large have always gotten along in the very best manner possible with the State Highway Commission and I believe will continue to do so without the free advertising of Mr. Rector. The free advertising of Mr. Rector and State Highway Commission has done and is now doing for Madison County and we are hoping that the good work will go on till all the principal roads in the County will be taken over and maintained by the State, which we hopefully believe will eventually be done.

Respectfully,
JOHN A. HENDRICKS.

DR. MOORE SUCCEEDS DR. ROBINSON

The Board of Health for Madison County has appointed me Quarantine Officer to succeed Dr. W. F. Robinson of Mars Hill. This is to notify all the physicians, teachers, and house holders to send me a report of all contagious diseases at the earliest possible moment after diagnosis has been made, so they can be quarantined promptly, thus preventing spread of contagion.

Measles, whooping cough, small-pox, diphtheria, cerebro-spinal meningitis, chicken-pox scarlet fever infantile paralysis and septic sore throat are required by the laws of North Carolina to be reported at once, and a prompt compliance with this law is necessary for the public good and will be strictly complied with by me as your Quarantine Officer.

Very respectfully,
J. N. MOORE.

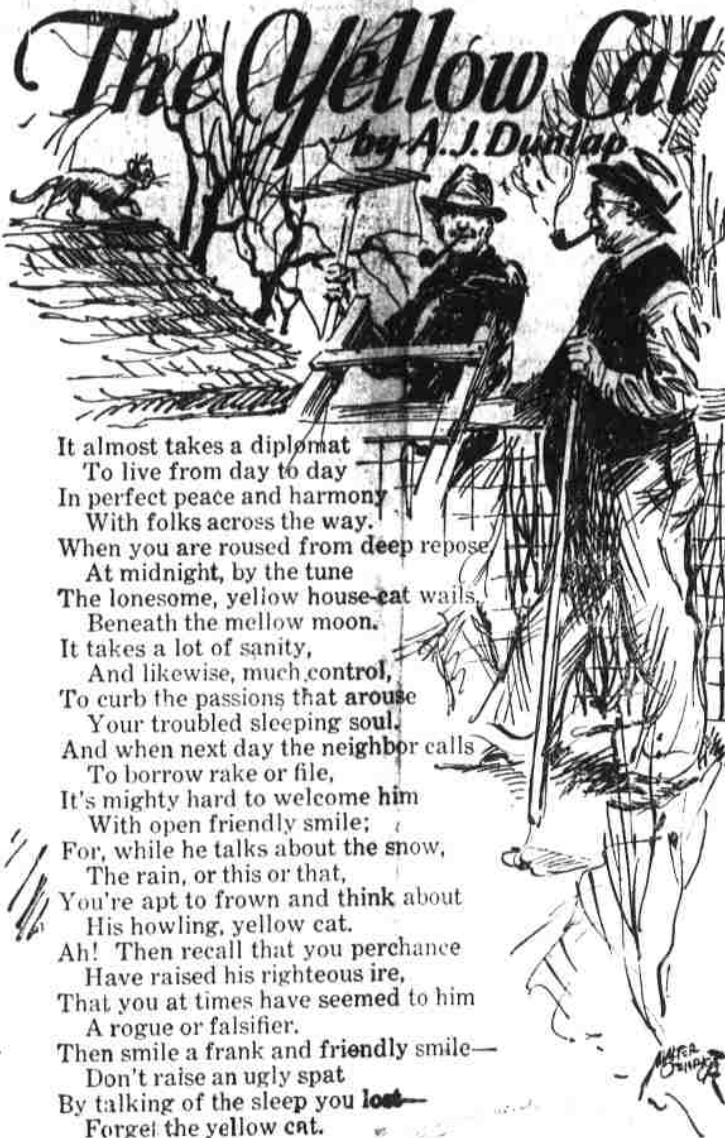
COURT NEXT WEEK

Superior Court will convene in Marshall next week for the regular May term for criminal cases. It is expected that Judge T. L. Johnson of Lumberton, a native of the Sandy Mush section, will preside. About 125 criminal cases are on docket, besides one civil case set for Thursday—that of Miss Stella Redmon vs. Redmon heirs.

PERSONAL LAWS

During the first two days of the present session of Congress 1,000 bills were introduced, in spite of the fact that its work was to be restricted to less than half a dozen subjects. Of course, the bills that become laws are in about the same proportion as the acorns that become oak trees. Even at that there is a general complaint—and with reason—that too many laws are ground out. Yet nearly every legislator seems ambitious to get one of his own ideas through and have it imposed on a general public whether anybody wants it or not.

For instance, a representative is now demanding a big appropriation to build an ornate base around the Washington monument—a project that would cost a lot of money and perhaps detract from the beauty and impressiveness of this famous memorial. A senator wants to put the government of Washington on the city-manager plan, though the present commission form is unique and has been pronounced by high authority the best in the United States. There is no popular demand, no general desire for these measures. More power to those committees which put such bills to sleep by the thousands.



It almost takes a diplomat
To live from day to day
In perfect peace and harmony
With folks across the way.
When you are roused from deep repose
At midnight, by the tune
The lonesome, yellow house-cat wails,
Beneath the mellow moon.
It takes a lot of sanity,
And likewise, much control,
To curb the passions that arouse
Your troubled sleeping soul.
And when next day the neighbor calls
To borrow rake or file,
It's mighty hard to welcome him
With open friendly smile;
For, while he talks about the snow,
The rain, or this or that,
You're apt to frown and think about
His howling, yellow cat.
Ah! Then recall that you perchance
Have raised his righteous ire,
That you at times have seemed to him
A rogue or falsifier.
Then smile a frank and friendly smile—
Don't raise an ugly spat
By talking of the sleep you lost—
Forget the yellow cat.

THE PUBLISHER'S COLUMN ABOUT VARIOUS MATTERS

MAKING PROMISES AND NOT KEEPING THEM

A few weeks ago we wrote a few words about people not taking care of their financial obligation, promiscuously going in debt with no intentions of ever paying and making no effort to pay. A few of our readers thought we were referring directly to them, as they happened to be a little in debt to The News-Record. Last week we wrote a few words about the importance of a liberal application of soap and water to the skin. If anybody has taken this to be a personal thrust, we have not heard of it. Of course our editorials are not intended for personal thrusts; otherwise we would make them altogether personal. It is our purpose in these matters to call attention to matters in general, and if any of our readers happen to feel that they are hit, please do not think we had you in mind when the article was written; for this writer dislikes to offend people too much to take this method of doing so in a wholesale way. And what we have in mind now is not intended for any one person in particular, but in our past life we have met with quite a number of people who seem to make promises with no intention of fulfilling them. This fault is closely akin to assuming financial obligations with no intentions of paying. But there are many people who do not seem to think the latter so bad. Ask them if they will perform a certain act, if they will attend a certain meeting at a certain time and place, and they readily agree to do so. You go on your way expecting their promise to be remembered and fulfilled only to find later that the one who promised could not be relied upon to do what he or she promised to do. The result is you are disappointed and sometimes the result is disastrous. If they would say, "No, I cannot do that," you would know what to depend upon. They seem to think it more courteous to agree and promise than to refuse to do when asked. The purpose of this article is simply to say that you are under no obligation to promise, but when you have promised, you are then under serious obligation to fulfil your promise. Learn to say "no" if you do not intend to do so. To say that a person is entirely dependable is a great compliment. Reliability, trustworthiness are characteristics most desirable. Think it over! Do YOU fulfil your promises?

THAT CLEVELAND DISASTER

If all our readers were readers of daily papers, it would hardly be worth while to mention the disaster which befell Cleveland, Ohio, the past week. A graphic description has been given of how more than a hundred, about 125, people at a hospital in Cleveland died almost suddenly from poisonous gas, which found its way through the building from explosions below. The victims were not all helpless patients at a hospital, as might be supposed. One doctor and many well people were among the number who succumbed to the deadly poison. To inhale it was sufficient. It was said that a cigarette may have been the cause of the whole affair. No one seems to know the real cause, but if a cigarette could cause so much damage and distress, how careful smokers should be!

APPLE SPECIALIST

Mr. D. E. Messer of 31 Pack Ave., Asheville is doing fine in his work. A native of Marshall, he has been interested in the growing of apple trees all his life. Mr. Messer has grown a fine variety of apples and is still experimenting in the improvement of orchards. He has set out 37 apple trees for Dr. J. O. Rice, Route 3. They are of fruit bearing size and caused quite a lot of comment by the passers-by, questioning their growth. Nearly all seemed doubtful if they would live but Mr. Messer was confident and faithful and they are doing splendidly without the loss of one. Dr. Rice is so pleased and takes such pride in his orchard that he is contemplating on adding quite a number more to this collection next year. Mr. Messer grafted the trees and we are hoping to have some very fine fruit this year.

A fellow has to have a lot of money these days to be loved for himself alone.—The Pathfinder.

FRANK JERVIS DEAD

Former Madison Youth Killed in Automobile Accident

Frank Jervis, 17-year-old son of Mrs. Cecil Jervis of Clyde, N. C., died at the French Broad hospital in Asheville about nine o'clock Wednesday morning following a fracture of the skull in an automobile accident on the Asheville-Canton highway Tuesday. The parents of the youth lived in Marshall some seven or eight years ago. Mr. Jervis being connected with the NEWS-RECORD at that time. In the last 7 or 8 years Mrs. Jervis has lost her father, her mother, her brother, her husband, and now her son. Two sons, John and Robert survive. The deceased was taken to Clyde for funeral and interment Thursday at three o'clock.

Reporter—I said in my article that the man "fell on his face and hurt it" and you took out the last three words.

City Editor—Yes, I know the man was paid him and his life. As the

FROM WHITE ROCK

Mrs. Hester Stanton left for Knoxville last week to spend some time with her daughter, Mrs. Johnson.

Mr. Chapel Tweed left last Tuesday for St. Paul, Minn., to attend the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church.

Mr. Luther Tweed of Tennessee was here last Saturday attending the funeral of Mr. Jimison Tweed.

Mr. Blaine Tweed of Norfolk, Va., and Mr. James Tweed of Akron, Ohio, came in last week to be with their father.

The Masons of the Chapel Hill Lodge will decorate the graves of the departed brothers next Sunday.

The dental clinic held on Monday was well attended by children and adults of Laurel.

Remember the tonsil clinic on Monday, May 27th, at the Laurel hospital.

Quite a number of new autos have appeared on Laurel. Mr. Cary Wallin has a new Chevrolet roadster, and Mr. Shady Franklin a new Ford truck.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Wallin of Bull Creek and Mrs. Burnett of Mars Hill spent Saturday and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Cary Wallin.

Rev. Mr. Everett of Pennsylvania and Miss Jennie Morse of Rocky Fork visited White Rock last week.

A car containing five or six young people ran off the highway at the narrow part above Mrs. Eason Tweed's last Saturday. The occupants were treated at the Laurel hospital for minor injuries. While it may have been carelessness on the part of the driver, still this section is quite dangerous and the Highway Commission should care for it, opening a new road or widening the place.

Mr. and Mrs. N. B. Tweed and family of Greenville Tenn., visited Mrs. Jack Wallin last Sunday.

The Committee for the Farmers Meet on June 3rd are busy striving to have an entertaining program for the meeting.

Miss Myrtle Umdenstock expects to return to White Rock from the Mission hospital this week.

Quite a number of the older alumni of Dorland-Bell attended the commencement exercises last week.

MR. JIMISON S. TWEED

Again death has visited the White Rock community and taken one of the oldest citizens from our midst. On Thursday, May 23rd, just as the sun was going down, there departed from this life Mr. Jimison S. Tweed. At the time of his death there were present in the room, his wife and all the living children, seven sons and two daughters, and his pastor. As his spirit passed to its eternal reward all knelt in prayer for his soul and for the comfort of those who were left.

Jimison S. Tweed was born Oct. 19th, 1845, and was, therefore, eighty-three years six months and 26 days of age, having passed beyond the four score years of which the Sacred Book speaks.

Mr. Tweed lived all his life at White Rock his father having taken up and cleared the land on which he lived until his death. At the age of seventeen he enlisted in the Union Army, having gone on foot to Kentucky for enlistment and spending the time of service in Kentucky, Tennessee and states of the South. In these latter years of life, it was his joy to live over again the adventures and hardships of this service. He was a true lover of the flag and his country. He loved also to tell of his first vote at less than the legal age because of his physical development and his service. He had always from that first vote, cast his ballot for the Republican Party. Even to the last, his love for the flag was uppermost in his heart, for he asked that his casket be covered with the flag and that as he would be lowered into the grave, it be folded back and not be allowed to touch the dust. When he returned from the army he married Miss Mollie Chandley and of the union eight sons and three daughters were born, of which seven sons and two daughters survive. He is survived by two brothers and the widow, also. At the funeral all these except one brother residing in Kentucky were present. Mr. Tweed was a member of the White Rock Lodge of Masons for forty years and the members of the Lodge were present at the funeral. Mr. Tweed for a time was U. S. postmaster at White Rock for many years until disability forced him to retire.

In his earlier years Mr. Tweed joined the Free Will Baptist church and when this church ceased to have services at White Rock, joined the Presbyterian church and was an active and zealous member of that church aiding in every way the work of the church. He was quite liberal in gifts, having donated the land for the church building and part of the land for the Laurel Hospital. During the latter part of his life he lived more and more in his Bible and the eternal truths, versed in the sacred truths and always anxious to know of the spiritual welfare of those who came to visit him. One of his last requests was that his funeral might be at the church building, and from there the last tribute was paid him and his life. As the

casket left the house, it was preceded by his grand daughters and great grand daughters bearing the floral tributes of friends, and it was carried into the church between lines of flowers, and as the casket was carried in it was to the music of "Crossing the Bar" and scripture. His old favorite songs, "Nearer My God to Thee", "How Firm a Foundation", and "Will There Be Any Stars In My Crown" were sung.

Dr. Jesse Moore, Pastor of the Greenville, Tenn., Presbyterian church spoke of his loyalty to the flag, Dr. Knox, of his hope in Jesus Christ, and his pastor, of his life. Prayers were offered by his friend, Mr. Lowry Cutshall and by Rev. Mr. Smith of the Marshall Baptist church. A large crowd was present, taxing the capacity of church house and lawn.

After the service the body was carried to the cemetery on the hill top where the commitment service was held and there we left him until the day when Christ shall call the dead from their graves.

The funeral was attended by a large number of people from Madison and surrounding counties.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to thank all for their kind sympathy and friendship shown us in our late bereavement. Our hearts go out in gratitude to the ministers, the choir, the pallbearers and the multitude of friends who by their flowers and presence helped to assuage our grief and comfort our hearts in the death of our husband and father.

Mrs. Jimison S. Tweed and Family.

ASTRONOMY

The stellar system, astronomers tell us, in that vast extent of stars, or nebula, extending out into space in all directions from the earth. The farther we go out into space the more numerous, wonderful, and baffling they become. The powerful telescopes at the observatories reveal millions of them that cannot be seen by the natural eye.

The size of the stars, they tell us, is enormous, many times larger than the earth. It is estimated that some of them are so large that if the sun were placed in the center of one of them, the orbit of the earth which is ninety-three million miles from the sun, would still be inside that star. Most of the stars, it is estimated, are larger than our earth.

The substance of which the stars are made or composed, including the sun, which is also a star, is a hot, gaseous, molten mass; much as if we take iron ore, and other materials of which the earth is composed, and heat them to a very hot degree, until they become a melted mass. This, it is calculated, is the state of the stars, neither a liquid or a solid. In this can be seen a cause for the light and heat which they give out. One estimates that the sun's temperature is ten-thousand degrees on its surface to millions of degrees in its center.

The distance of the stars is also very great, almost inconceivable. It is so great that the ordinary unit of measurement (miles) is far too small, so astronomers use the light-year as a unit. Light travels over 186,000 miles a second, and a light-year is the distance it will travel in a year; which is almost six trillion miles. Our nearest star, excluding our sun, is four and one-half light years, and some of them are hundreds of light-years away. Some of them are so far away that 186,000,000 miles, the diameter of the earth's orbit, is far too short to use as the base of a triangle to estimate the distance of the stars correctly. The other two lines are so near parallel that they run together.

Coming down a few billions of miles through space, let us stop off at the sun, the center around which the planets revolve. Just imagine the earth, our planet, traveling on its orbit around the sun, at the rate of eighteen and one-half miles a second, completing the circuit once each year. It also revolves on its axis, bringing the side we are on alternately toward the sun and away from it every 24 hours. At the same time the moon travels around the earth about every thirty days.

The size of the sun, as compared with the earth, they say is so large that 109 globes the size of the earth, placed edge to edge, would only reach across the face of the sun. A railroad train that would take thirty days to circle the earth would take eight years to go around the sun. That looks reasonable, my friend said, since it looks so large, and it is so far away! Standing on the sun, now suppose we shoot a cannon ball at the earth, (note the speed of light, sound, and a cannon ball). In eight minutes the light would reach the earth, nine years later the cannon ball would strike the earth, (provided our marksmanship was good), fourteen years after the shot was fired the sound might be heard on the earth. An infant reaching up and touching the sun would never feel the pain as it would die of old age before the nerves could record the pain. The whole solar system, astronomers tell us, move along through space, and the system is very small compared with the vast, yet unbounded universe of stars.

WILLIE WOOLLEY.