

MADISON MAN, 102, OBSERVES ANOTHER XMAS

Uncle Allen Buckner
Dwells Now In
Darkness

YOUNGEST SON
IS 62 YEARS OLD

Carried Homemade
Gun In Fight Between
North and South

By GLEN W. NAVES

Taken from the Asheville Citizen, dated Sunday, December 22

One thousand, nine hundred and twenty-nine years ago in the ancient Palestine city of Jerusalem, in the Far East, an old man, stooped with the weight of many years of anxious waiting and withered as the leaves of autumn, extended his trembling hands eagerly to receive the infant Saviour.

Simon, the Devout Man of Judea, had lived many years in the assurance that life would be spared him until his eyes, fast growing dim with age, should behold the Messiah, and with the supreme desire of his soul gratified, he was content with life.

"Now that I have looked upon him," he spoke softly to Mary, the Mother, and Joseph, the carpenter, "I can die in peace."

Another Old Man Waits

Next Wednesday morning, another old man, Uncle Allen Buckner, equally devout and faithful to all the causes for which he has lived and fought, will arise at his humble log cabin home in the picturesque Laurel mountains to greet the dawn of his 102nd Christmas Day in honor of the same Saviour for whom Simon waited, and to express to his Maker gratitude for the day and its beauty which he cannot see.

Seated before a crackling wood fire in an old rocking chair, made at home shortly before the Civil War, from hickory boughs and oak splints, torn by hand from the virgin timber of the mountains North Carolina's oldest man is waiting with boyish eagerness for this Christmas in all the joy and happy anticipation he has known while waiting for the 101 others in the long past.

The darkness of life's evening surrounds him as he sits through the hours, gazing into the glowing embers, his deeply furrowed honest face portraying in every line and feature the patience of the man.

December 27, 1827, at the age of two months and seventeen days, Uncle Allen, as he is affectionately known by hundreds of friends, observed his first Christmas holiday at his birthplace only a few miles distant from the cabin where he now lives, and where over 70 of his "recent" Christmas days have been spent. In 1827, many years before the first cannon barrage roared out at Fort Sumter, S. C., and President Lincoln and his Congress declared the loyal states of the Union ready for war, Uncle Allen was too young to know or care little about the festive occasion, yet he recalls many interesting features about the even 100 he has enjoyed since. For a man so far advanced in age, his memory is remarkably clear and accurate, even to recording of names, dates and people.

Rifles From Forges

Many of Uncle Allen's Christmas, in fact all of them during his youth and young manhood, came during the years before the Civil War, and one or two passed while he wore a uniform of Confederate gray and carried a musket, manufactured in a blacksmith shop somewhere back in his native mountains in Madison County.

The steel for rifles made at home came from the small supply that smugglers were able to slip into the South secretly from ocean ports before the blockade began, melted wagon tires, worn plow shares, old bolts, and other worn-out tools and implements. Some was mined at home until the call of war took the majority of the man power of the South into the lines and there were no miners. Many farmers too old to wear a uniform and carry a musket returned to labor at the forge as well as in the fields, and with almost

primitive equipment, hammered out triggers, slides and powder pans for the home-made guns, and at night carved stocks from walnut and oak by a fire-light made from pine knots.

Squirrel guns, long, heavy affairs which were loaded from the muzzle, and other makes and patterns of muskets formerly used by pioneers in their fight to gain and hold the wilderness from savage Indian tribes and wild animals, served a new purpose after they were carried away by the fathers, husbands and sweethearts of the women and girls left behind. One of these guns was carried by Uncle Allen, and kept constantly by his side on the march and in camp.

Years in Darkness

For the past eight or ten years, Uncle Allen has been unable to leave his home except at rare intervals because of blindness which is stealing upon him in his declining years, yet he does not complain. Others who live in the immense Laurel section of Madison county near him, are unanimous in their claims that he is the oldest and truest optimist in North Carolina today.

Failure to consider seriously warnings from his physicians, relatives and friends that reading by lamp-light almost every night until midnight, was ruining the excellent pair of eyes which had served him well for over 60 years, is believed to be responsible for the darkness in which he dwells today. However, there is no darkness in his life. He has friends, hundreds of them, old people like himself, young boys and girls, and little children, and all he has lost in his inability to continue his reading longer, he has regained in the cultivation of friendships through conversation and a kind spirit.

An interesting conversationalist, Uncle Allen rarely comes in contact with any live topic that he cannot discuss in an entertaining and absorbing manner. The Civil War, the years of pioneer life in the North Carolina wilderness years before, and even many years afterwards, his experiences as a soldier, farmer and backwoodsman, the people he knows or has known, what is taking place in the great outside world, all these are favorite subjects with the man who is also an attentive listener as well as an interesting talker.

His Beloved Causes

For many years, the aged pioneer has been faithful to two causes—the Confederacy and Christianity. Near the age of 20 years, he joined the Baptist church and has been on the active list since. In all probability, he is the oldest living Baptist in North Carolina or the South, both in period of membership and in years. The fast thinning ranks of the grey-clad Army of the South contain no older or more loyal patriot, soldier and gentleman than he, and although the Great Commander of all armies has called to rest many of his pals in arms, he has not forgotten the patriotism and ardor which inspired them all to battle together for a lost cause until the fateful day of April 9, 1865 when General Robert E. Lee drew up the remnants of the shattered armies at Appomattox Court House on the Norfolk and Western railroad for surrender to an inevitable defeat and the armies of the north under command of General U. S. Grant.

Since he laid aside his musket after coming back, Uncle Allen has kept his Bible, the splade and guide Book of a long and fruitful life, always near him. Even since blindness took away forever the satisfaction and privilege of reading its printed pages, the Book still remains—a constant companion and source of comfort.

Life's Evening

In the evening of life, Uncle Allen is nearing the sunset. Satisfied and happy with all of his children who are yet living, near him, he has won the trust and friendship of every grownup and child in his community. The home folks all love and remember him, and next Wednesday will extend their sincere wishes for a Merry Christmas with many others to come. Whether or not they will come, even one more Christmas Day, does not worry the Patriarch of the Hills. He has fought well and good in behalf of his favorite causes, and now is waiting and resting in contentment.

Previous to the invention of the typewriter all writing was done in long-hand.

Some Good Prices

Morristown, Tenn., Dec. 21, 1929

Madison County and western North Carolina tobacco hiked it on the local floors of Carter, Fagg Warehouse Friday when 205,666 pounds passed over the breaks at an average of nearly \$29.00 per hundred. Hundreds of farmers from that section of the state were gratified over the prices they received.

Tate Bros. received \$642.97 for a truck load. Tom Cantrell received \$768.00 for his load. W. J. Quarles of Jefferson City received \$990.49 for his load. R. L. Hux sold one acre and half for \$1320.75. L. O. Fowler of Long Branch sold for \$29-\$31-\$33-\$33-\$34, while Walter Fender of Big Laurel section was selling for \$24-\$28-\$32-\$32-\$33-\$33-\$34-\$34 J. F. Surratt of Leicester, Sandy Mush section sold for \$21½-\$24½-\$32-\$32-\$34. A. L. Revis from Leicester sold 1 tierce for \$184.46, baskets bringing \$31-\$33-\$34-\$34. Wiley M. Roberts & Meadows of Lit-

tle Pine Creek sold an acre for \$402.99, baskets bringing \$22½-\$29-\$30-\$32-\$32-\$34-\$34. Mrs. H. A. Ramsey sold for \$22½-\$28-\$31-\$33-\$33-\$34. Henry C. C. k received \$512.80 for his load, piles going for \$26-\$27-\$27-\$32-\$32-\$33-\$33-\$33-\$34-\$34-\$34. Tillman Gonnell & Sons from Stackhouse sold a part of a crop for \$1242.92.

Talking with countless numbers of farmers from the Western section of North Carolina, it is ascertained from them that their tobacco blends better here with Tennessee tobacco than it does elsewhere.

Sales will start on Wednesday, January 1st at 9 o'clock at the Carter, Fagg Warehouse, which are open now receiving tobacco for the sale. The floors have all been cleared, every shipment of tobacco received. Every car load in all has been sold and every farmer was mailed his check on Friday night. The outlook is for good prices in the New Year.

CARTER, FAGG & COMPANY

By M. E. Fagg.

\$50.00 TO BE GIVEN IN PRIZES

Costs You Nothing But Gives You
Opportunity To Win

Beginning Saturday, Dec. 28, 1929,
The News-Record is going to offer fifty
dollars in prizes as follows:

1st Prize—Cash	\$10.00
2nd Prize—Cash	5.00
3rd Prize—One three-year subscrip- tion to the News-Record, value in advance	5.00
15 One-year subscriptions to The News-Record—value	30.00

TOTAL VALUE \$50.00

The proposition is as follows:

For every dollar paid into the News-Record office on subscription to The News-Record, either by mail or by carrier, between Dec. 28, 1929, and Feb. 1, 1930, a ticket will be given good for an opportunity to win the above named prizes. The first ticket drawn will get the \$10 in cash, the second, \$5.00 in cash, the third a three-year subscription to The News-Record, and the next fifteen tickets drawn will entitle the holders to another year subscription to The News-Record extended beyond the time already paid for. This offer is made in order to stimulate our subscribers to renew their subscriptions NOW while they have the money. A stub of every ticket will be kept in a box with the name and address of the subscriber, and at nine o'clock Saturday morning, Feb. 1, 1930, the contest will close. The stubs will then be given a thorough stirring, after which a small child will be permitted to draw tickets from the box. This offer is made to all subscribers to the News-Record whether old or new, and will apply on old accounts as well as new. Every dollar means a ticket provided the money is sent or carried to the News-Record office during this period. It will apply to those living in Detroit or New York or California as well as to those who live in Marshall or near Marshall. Anybody will be entitled to win. If you already owe the News-Record, now is the time to pay up. You may be the one to get it all back. If you do not get anything, it doesn't cost you anything, for you will get your paper anyway, if you have not already had it. If you have any neighbors who do not know about this, tell them about it, and enter the contest early. Remember, one ticket may get the \$10.

RECORDS BROKEN IN MARSHALL

Last Tuesday Perhaps Biggest Day
in History of Marshall

In point of numbers and amount of business transacted, last Tuesday was perhaps the biggest day Marshall has ever had. Enough tobacco had been sold to get considerable money in circulation. The closing of the 4 in one sale, giving away a New Ford, and the fact that it was Christmas eve, brought more people to Marshall than had been seen in Marshall in many years, if ever, and as a consequence, the business houses in Marshall had a thriving business. Every store was literally crowded throughout the day, some of them so much so that the clerks could hardly get around to their customers. That it pays to advertise was clearly demonstrated. No doubt many people who would otherwise have gone to Asheville or Greenville or Knoxville or some other town, came to Marshall and found that the Marshall stores could satisfy them as well as the stores of other towns. Consequently, the money was kept in the county, where it should remain, to help those who support the county, town, churches, schools, roads, and so forth. May we have many days such as last Tuesday.

A Malicious Lie

Reports broadcasted in Madison County that the scales at our warehouses were out of order and would not weigh the farmers' tobacco correctly, is a wilful, malicious, infamous lie.

There is a new set of Scales in the Burley Warehouse, that was installed last year, and this year there was installed in the Hamblen Warehouse a new set of Scales. The scales at both houses are accurately balanced, and do weigh correctly.

The scales in both warehouses are correctly balanced by an expert sent out by the Kron Scale Company from Atlanta, Ga., and in addition to that, they have been passed on as all right by The State Inspector of Weights and Measures for the State of Tennessee.

Such stories are started by designing people to further their own ends. In lots of instances, they are driven to such tactics in desperation.

The truth of the matter is that Carter, Fagg & Company have sold more tobacco, for more money, than any other warehouse in the State of Tennessee.

We believe that thru a network of lies and misrepresentations that the truth is always strong enough to cleave its own way.

Farmers in that section can bring their tobacco down here in the New Year and receive more money than they can get on any market anywhere in the Appalachian Belt.

CARTER, FAGG & COMPANY
By M. E. Fagg.

NEXT SUNDAY AT WALNUT

Group No. 4, of the Fifth Sunday Meeting program, of which Mr. A. W. Whitehurst, cashier of the Citizens Bank at Marshall, is director, will meet next Sunday with the Baptist church at Walnut. The general topic will be, "An Efficient Church". The sermon will be preached by Rev. G. C. Teague, pastor of the Marshall Baptist church, and the Marshall Baptists will have no morning service except Sunday school, after which they will go to Walnut and take part in the service there. Among the speakers on the program will be Dr. W. A. Sams, who will discuss "Christ as a Teacher"; Dr. J. H. Hutchins, subject "The Requirements of an Efficient Sunday school"; Mrs. Cora R. Allison, subject: "Why Baptist Women Should Organize for Efficient Service"; and Mrs. G. C. Teague, who will discuss the R. Y. P. U. as an organization to train young people for efficient service.

We understand that an "all day dinner on the ground" will be served, and it is expected that quite a large crowd will attend.

You can tell the age of a tree by its bark, but you can't tell the age of a day the same way.

PITIFUL PRIVATION IS FELT IN EAST

Thousands Feel The Pinch of
Poverty; Hundreds Are On
Half Rations

Kinston, Dec. 21.—For some it will be a merry Christmas, for some just another day in the off-season. Many Eastern Carolina farm folk bought heavily for the holiday today. Some were without bread. The hungry were greatly in the minority, but they were more numerous than they had been in years in this section which boasts the "widest range of agricultural products in the world."

No Santa Claus For Some.

Christmas charity here will be on a record scale. Other towns report they are preparing to distribute unusual amounts of food, fuel and clothing during the holidays. There are no organized charities to deal with rural cases. Destitute farm tenants will do well to procure bread and the coarsest of meat for their Christmas feasts. There is no Santa Claus, desperate parents are telling their children. More practical faiths than that are being shaken here and there.

Faints At His Work

A case described by Bonner Jefferson, principal of a school in one of the most progressive districts in the tobacco belt, is typical. A man with a wife and four children harvested his crop and was without funds after "settling up." Time merchants cut off his credit. He secured employment at \$1 a day. Eventually this ran out, and there was no work to be found. That was three weeks ago. The man, according to Jefferson, was an optimist in the face of his dilemma. For four days there was nothing in the house to eat but a piece of bread. On the fourth day a neighbor engaged the man to cut wood. He fainted at the work. The man was starving. Neighbors heard of his plight, but not from his own lips. They carried food to the house. They saw the children go to bed in their clothes because there were not enough blankets to go around. There were no mattresses between their bodies and the bed springs. "They kissed their mother before retiring. The woman cried." She wept more from humiliation than from distress over the family's plight, it appeared to Jefferson. "Even the poor have pride, and there are many of them."

—The News & Observer.

WINS NEW FORD

Mr. Lida Brown of Little Pine Creek
Lucky in 4-in-1 Sale

Perhaps the largest crowd to assemble in Marshall in many years if ever, was that last Tuesday afternoon when the drawing of tickets for the NEW FORD in the 4 in one sale took place. Cars were packed from one end of the long street to the other, and at the time of the drawing, Upper Bridge Street was filled with people from all sections of Madison and perhaps other counties, the crowd extending all the way across Main Street. Dr. W. A. Sams was spokesman, and it took just such a voice as he has to carry across that crowd. On the truck, where the drawing was done, three women were asked to see the performance so as to be sure that nothing could be done wrong. A child under six years of age drew the ticket and after waiting about ten minutes to be sure that nobody had it, another one was drawn, and it happened to match one held by Mr. Lida Brown of Little Pine Creek. He was called to the truck where the crowd could see him, as cheers went up for the winner. The tickets being no more good, they went up and rained down all over the crowd like hail or snow—thousands and thousands of them. The crowd then dispersed and the winner of the Ford could hardly get his machine out of its resting place for the men who wished to see it. However, when he did get it, he drove it around town with a great deal of pleasure.

Lyon—Is it true that Goofy's writings have made him known to every publisher in this country?

Baer—I should say. He showed me hundreds of rejected short stories and plays.—The Publisher.