

THE NEWS-RECORD—
The news that tells what the people in the country as well as those in town are doing.

THE NEWS-RECORD

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BELIEVE IT OR NOT

By ODESSA DAVENPORT
Here is a true story that sounds like fiction. The bare facts of it could have been used to make a fiction story that would have sounded true. But simplicity is always more interest-compelling than elaboration. So here is the story, exactly as it happened.

It was nine o'clock on a breathless, hot summer night in a far western town. A man entered a corner drug store and coated himself on a stool before the fountain. He was dark, almost with a hint of Italy in his face with a slender nose, sensitive mouth and somber, brooding eyes. Though his shirt was open at the neck and the sleeves were rolled up he managed somehow to look immaculate and rather formal.

"Cherry coke," he said to the white aproned clerk as he tossed a five-dollar bill on the counter. No one would have suspected from his manner that the bill represented the last cent he had in the world. The clerk gave him his change, which the man pocketed. He slipped his cooling drink.

Just then the apron-washed ten-year-old boy who attended to the intermittent curb service of the establishment sauntered in.

"Hello, Charlie!" He greeted the dark-eyed man as an old and valued friend. "When you going to draw that picture of me you promised?"

"Hello, kid," he responded. "Right now, if you say."

Business was slack just then so the boy was soon posted on a stool, his back against the marble counter. A nine by twelve scrap of drawing paper was found somewhere back in the shelves of the prescription department. Pencil and a glass of ink appeared from the pocket of the man called Charlie, and the picture was begun.

At this point an alert looking, tastefully dressed woman who had been an interested spectator of these events looked inquiringly at the clerk.

"Who is he?" she asked in a low voice.

"I don't know his name," the young fellow answered. "He does one thing, indicating the various legends transcribed on the expense of the plate glass back of the fountain. Seems like a clever fellow. Kinds down on his luck, seems like, though. The woman left her ice cream and went to watch the progress of the picture."

"I see you know your business."

THE PUBLISHER'S COLUMN ABOUT VARIOUS MATTERS

Newspaper Errors And Regrets

Very often this publisher almost fears to look the paper over after it is printed for the reason that he finds so many errors, either great or small, or changes he would have made with more time to think, or thinks of so many things he intends doing that were left undone, items left out that should have been in, type misplaced, words spelled wrong or in the wrong place. Only those who have had the experience knows the cares of a printer. Very few of us know the other fellow's troubles anyway. Recently we published an article describing Congressman George M. Pritchard's airplane trip from Asheville to Washington. The article was sent in by Mr. Pritchard himself and his name should have appeared with it so that our readers would know at least who took the trip. When the paper was off the press we found that this name had been left off by error, which spoiled the effect, and we regretted it. Before we had time to explain to our readers what happened, here came this letter from Mr. Henderson, not intended to publish, and yet we trust he will par-

the said, after a few moments.

"Charlie glanced up. 'Yes, madam,' he said. 'Illustrating that's my work. Here are some things I've done. Would you care to look at them?'

Without pausing in his sketching at the easel before him, he took some folded papers from his pocket and handed them to the woman at his side. They were magazine illustrations beautiful in design, skillful in execution. She looked at them, then handed them back with a word of appreciation.

Charlie went on with his work. Ten minutes passed. A lifelike portrait of the young boy approached completion on the bit of white cardboard. Then Charlie signed it with a few dashing flourish and laid it out to the amazed and delighted boy.

"Thank you," whispered the youngster. "I wish I could pay you."

But I've only got a nickel." The man threw back his head and his warm, whole-hearted laughter filled the little drug store. He patted the boy's shoulder.

"Bless you, lad!" he said. "I don't want any pay. Not from you. It's just fun doing it. I love to see pictures of children. Good night."

He turned to go, his face once more somber, brooding.

The woman who had watched the little scene with such interest stopped him.

"Just a minute," she said. "I would like to speak to you."

He turned to her, polite, deferential.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Will you come to see me tomorrow?" she said, giving him a downtown address. "I am editor of a magazine published here that has a circulation all over the southwest."

don our using it, as it shows the fine and helpful spirit of the writer.

Washington, D. C.
May 31, 1930

Mr. H. L. Story, Editor
News-Record,
Marshall, N. C.

My dear Mr. Story:

I have been a subscriber of your paper for the past several years, and I am sure that you will pardon my calling attention to an oversight.

It was my purpose to go to Asheville and return by airplane to Washington on Sunday last, with Congressman George M. Pritchard and his party, but unfortunate circumstances prevented. I notice, however, that in the description of the trip, which was evidently given by Mr. Pritchard, that his name was not mentioned, and that the reading public was left in ignorance of the name of the person making the trip.

I am sure that your readers would have been very much interested in that the trip was unique in that it was the first trip that any Congressman from the 10th District—or any other North Carolina member of Congress, ever made from Asheville to Washington by airplane. This is peculiarly true since Mr. Pritchard is a native of Madison County, now a Member of Congress and a candidate for the nomination as United States Senator, and has many friends who should have been interested in the article had his name appeared in connection with the same.

Very truly yours,
REAGAN HENDERSON

ANOTHER ELECTION JULY 5

CANDIDATE FOR CONGRESS CALLS SECOND PRIMARY

It now appears that another election will be held July 5th to choose between Hamilton C. Jones and A. L. Bulwinkle for Congress, Mr. Jones calling the second primary, he lacking several hundred votes having as many as Mr. Bulwinkle. Inasmuch as the election is to be held anyway, Mr. W. C. Rector has elected to oppose Mr. R. R. Ramsay as sheriff, Mr. Ramsay leading Mr. Rector in the primary by 589 votes. Mr. L. Bailey Rice has filed to oppose Mr. C. J. Wild, their vote standing—Rice, 1150; Wild, 1256. The election is scheduled to be held July 5th.

worst kind of fires. He lights his camp fires on the tops of hills, and then leaves them burning there, where winds can, and too often do, spread the flames in every direction. Being on his "vacation," and therefore unable to exert any effort other than for brief walking and eating, he refuses to bare the ground on which he builds his fires; and so ignites thick carpets of leaves and pine needles, leaving them to smolder, to flames, and to start more forest fires.

It was estimated in 1928 that more than thirty million acres of Southern timber land had been laid waste by fires up to that time. The natural cause of such fires are few, and their toll comparatively inconsiderate. The chief—almost the sole—offender is the camper.

The approaching season will no doubt bring its annual trek of Southern and other tourists to these mountains and forests, for there could be no pleasanter places in which to while away the hot days. It is earnestly to be hoped that these visitors will bring with them enough common sense not to destroy that which they find and enjoy here.

Editorial from
HOLLAND'S, Dallas, Texas.

WHAT YOU WANT ME TO BE?

It is not always easy to live up to that line of the song. Probably most people singing it think of being some great thing in some high place. But maybe God desires that we be a lowly servant in some quiet place. That requires grace too.

A beautiful story was found in a daily reading at the family altar the other morning. A king went into his garden and found to his amazement wilted and dying trees and shrubs and flowers on every hand. Asking the oak the cause of its withering away he was told it was dying because it could not be tall like the pine. Turning to the pine he found it drooping because it could not bear grapes like the vine. And the vine was dying because it could not blossom like the rose. To his surprise he found the heart's ease blossoming and as fresh as ever. Upon inquiry as to why it was not dying like the other things around it he received this reply: "I took it for granted that when you planted me you wanted heart's ease. If you had desired an oak or a vine or a rose you would have planted such. So I thought since you had put me here I should do the best I can to be what you want. I can be nothing but what I am, but I am trying to be that to the best of my ability." The story goes that the king was greatly pleased.

PEOPLE ARE SO CARELESS

"Last year," writes a Southern landholder whose property is thick with timber, "campers twice set our trees afire. Flowers, and shrubs were devastated unbelievably."

Why? Because people are careless. People that, because the average vacationer, through some ignorance, leaves camp fires burning, and so ignites the forest. It is not that the people are careless, but that they are careless. It is not that the people are careless, but that they are careless. It is not that the people are careless, but that they are careless.

CAROLINIANS—Know Your State!

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REIGNANT COURTHOUSE, WHERE JOHN SEVIER ESCAPED TRAIL

IN 1784 the Legislature gave Congress \$2,000,000 worth of land between the Appalachian Mountains and the Mississippi River to help pay the Revolutionary War debt. The include the Western settlement in what is now Tennessee. The land was divided into sections and the arrangement called of forming a new state. A few years later the Legislature decided to give and regulate the land of the land. The Legislature decided to give and regulate the land of the land. The Legislature decided to give and regulate the land of the land.

DISTRICT ALMSHOUSES

Although there had been provision in the law since 1923 permitting several counties to cooperate in the establishment of district almshouses, not yet has any group of counties availed themselves of the opportunity. Now, after seven years, three western counties, Clay, Graham and Chatham, are taking steps toward establishment of a district county home with adequate hospital facilities for the indigent of the three counties.

The proposal might be considered based on the basis of economy alone. More than \$1,000,000 is now expended in the state and the latest figures show that in 1928, 43 almshouses had a total of 1,774 inmates. The work is difficult. Whereas Virginia has only 100 almshouses for the entire state, North Carolina has 112.