

POLK COUNTY NEWS

C. BUSH, Publisher

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The Cow, the Sow and the Hen

Showing How One Country Newspaper Pulled His Farmers Out of a Hole—Cotton Lined—and Led them From the Bondage of "Cussing" to "The Land of Plenty."

What can one little country news paper do standing alone? Why it can raise the devil on the one hand and on the other it can restore local business to normal and it can lead the farmer into the promised land—providing the publisher has the heart, the ability and the energy to go at his task with a will.

This has been demonstrated by the Paris (Tex.) Morning News. The story was told in a September issue of that paper, an issue that showed the people how the farmers of Lamar county, Tex., in a short time nearly pulled themselves out of the hole—lined with cotton—in which they found themselves. Before the winter sets in properly they are going to be out entirely, and they will have money to spend after having made enough to pay their debts.

Read this characteristic story as written by the editor of the Paris News. It will instruct and inspire. Its style is unique, its purpose is splendid, its record of accomplishment amazing. Read it. It ran under the caption: The Cow, the Sow and the Hen at Home in Lamar County:

THE FARMERS RODE HIGH

In Lamar county—just like they did everywhere else—for a couple of years. Cotton was high and they could afford to pay high wages for labor—and they did. Just like everybody else, they got caught when the bottom fell out. They were in a hole lined with cotton and it was a deep hole. You folks don't know about cotton. The farmers had the cotton—a lot of it (We had a partial crop failure in 1920 and only grew about 58,000 bales—and the market quotations said it was worth two bits a pound; but the local buyers are a canny lot (regular Scotchmen) and thought the market would go lower—and it did.

The farmers were willing to sell for two bits but the buyers wouldn't pay that and the farmers were not willing to accept the price tendered—even as you and I would not.

The banks wanted their money—and they wouldn't accept cotton at the market price for notes.

The market kept sagging and the farmers began, under pressure, to accept fifteen cents; and finally a good many of them took a dime.

They got sore about it and cussed cotton and the buyers and the banks and the government and themselves and most everything else. Sure was some cussin' match.

THE COW, THE SOW AND THE HEN

With the farmer in that frame of mind, the Paris News began to sing a song of which the chorus was: The Cow, the Sow and Hen.

There were verses about food and feed crops and doing your own work.

We intended it to be classical stuff with some deep "heart interest" ("Old Folks at Home," and live at "Home, Sweet Home," you know) but it didn't get to 'em that way because of their feelings having been hurt. Believe us, it sounded like jazz because it was mixed in with that cussin' the farmers were doing.

We were running around 4,600

then. The farmers cussed worse than ever and they took it out on the News. The circulation dropped just like that 3,400—there were requests, demands and commands to "stop the durn paper" by mail, by personal visit and by word of mouth of the rural carriers where the sub didn't dare trust himself to come or write.

They were good and sore. The News was only one of the folks getting cussed. Some of the bankers advised us to "lay off" because they were being cussed also. The farmers thought the banks were in league with us—but only a couple were.

The banks closed down tighter on the credit and insisted more strongly on payment—didn't like to renew but didn't want the cotton or the mules.

The farmers cussed and cussed and got sorer and sorer.

WE WERE CUSSING' SOME, TOO

But we stuck to that song—ran it on the first page, the editorial page, in the country correspondence, in the local columns and referred to it on the church page.

Put the old time reporter we employ to mingle with the farmers to work interviewing them on "How to Live at Home" and "How I Succeeded With a Cow, a Sow and a Hen."

That reporter has been mingling with the farmers of Lamar county for twenty-five years; but he used to implore the editor to please find him some other assignment. Said he didn't know what minute he might have to go to the hospital. Said he loved the paper and didn't like to hear it cussed so columinously, copiously and generally.

The editor went out into the country and sang that song. The Chamber of Commerce laid off the county demonstration agent as a matter of economy and the farmers they cussed the editor, the Chamber of Commerce, the banks and themselves.

They keep getting sorer all the time BUT the sorer they got the more sober they got.

Then they got to studying about it. Then the circulation got to going back and the first thing you know we had (in less than sixty days) most of them back despite the fact that money has never been quite so tight in this county before.

THE FARMERS WENT TO WORK

They didn't have anything else to do, particularly; and it was easier to go to work than it was to stand around the Plaza and they had exhausted their power to cuss.

There have been results of that work. They haven't been able to borrow more money at the bank than actually required for them to make their crops on. The grocer couldn't borrow money on which to carry them and they had to play it close.

They have, believe us!

But they also played it safe. They have made the biggest corn crop, the biggest alfalfa crop in the history of the county. Oats didn't pan out very well, but they made a fair crop of it. They are putting away more hay than has ever been put up in Lamar county in any one season. The melon crop was good, apples and peaches added something and

sweet potatoes will help out.

Here's where you are to stop and do some figuring. In 1919 and 1920 (figures compiled by the county demonstration agent) the farmers and other users of feedstuff in Lamar county sent an average of \$30,000 a month into other counties and states to pay for feedstuff; They will have feed to sell this year instead of buying.

Just figure that one item and think what it will mean in the capacity of the farmers to get along this year, now that they are beginning to realize upon their season's work.

A FAIR COTTGN CROP IS MADE.

But, despite this increased yield in feedstuff, and despite the fact that the acreage devoted to cotton was cut about 30 per cent, despite the fact that the boll weevil got a lot of the first squares put on, the bankers of Paris, the merchants of Paris who maintain a crop reporting system and the cotton men who make their living buying the cot-

ton, figure that we shall have a crop of approximately 35,000 bales—and that is conservative.

The News maintains its own crop reporting system—publishes daily interviews with farmers in all sections of the county—and estimates that the crop will be about 40,000; but, cotton is deceiving and it may vary 5,000 or 6,000 bales either way.

The Texas Industrial Congress estimates the entire crop of Texas at about 2,000,000 bales, so you see that Lamar county will have a very good percentage of what is grown in the state.

So if the price of cotton is anything above a dime—and from Secretary Hester's statement and the dope the Department of Agriculture is sending out it should be around 12 cents—the farmers of Lamar county are going to have a right smart of money from their cotton and the seed this year.

They will have enough to pay off the banks, to clean up with the merchants and then have a couple millions to spend. They haven't been buying much this year, you know—mighty few new cars, practically no new machinery, no new clothes, nothing for the house.

This cotton money is not all they will have, either: for you

will remember they will have their feed money and some other funds.

THE COW HAS COUNTED HEAVILY. The local ice cream factory is run by a fellow named Bryant. Pretty live fellow and sees his opportunities. He was told that more people got a start in times like these than in the flush periods.

Bryant had a capital of \$20,000 to operate on

Last year he spent \$38,000 for milk products outside the county and state for his ice cream factory.

This year he talked it over with the News man and started a creamery of his own—makes first-class butter and sells every pound he can make.

With the butterfat market in Dallas around 19c, Bryant was paying two bits in Paris; and when Dallas went to 23 cents Bryant raised the price to 30 cents in Paris.

He has prospered and the farmers have been bringing in their butterfat—which left them some skim milk for the hogs we are going to tell you about on the next page.

Bryant has sent mighty little money out of the state this year and that for cartons and such like things.

He's going to expand his company into one with \$100,000 capital this fall—and the editor of

FROM OUR FRIENDS IN THE COUNTRY

Items of Interest Gathered From Various Sections of Polk County by Our Corps of Faithful Correspondents.

Mill Spring

A number of the young people enjoyed the birthday dinner at E. B. Edwards' Sunday.

School will close Thursday for the holidays.

Miss E. Janet Stroud will leave Friday for her home in Concord, N. C. to spend Christmas.

We will miss our teachers very much during the holidays, but we wish for them a Merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

Let's all attend church services some where on Christmas Day and make it the best day yet.

Misses Odessa Mills and E. Janet Stroud spent Thursday night at the home of Sherriff Jackson.

Wishing every one a Merry Christmas and a Joyous New Year.

Sandy Springs

The farmers of this section have finished harvesting a bountiful crop, but have failed to plant the usual amount of small grain on account of so much rain for the past month. Hog killing and moving seems to be the things that most people are engaged in at the present.

T. M. Cudd has had a coat of paint put on his residence which has improved its appearance very much.

D. C. Westbrook has had some repairing done at his home, also an addition built to one of his tenant houses.

Mesdames M. M. and E. L. Cudd and Miss Millie Rogers were shopping in Spartanburg last Tuesday.

We are very sorry that Jessie Lamb the small son of P. D. Lamb who lives near here was bitten by a dog supposed to have rabbies. The child and the head of the dog which was killed were carried immediately to Raleigh for investigation.

H. B. Cudd has sold his stock of merchandise to C. H. Wilkins of Harris N. C.

Quite a number of young people attended a party given by Miss Millie Rogers at her home Tuesday evening. Every one seemed to have enjoyed themselves.

There will be a Christmas tree at Sandy Springs church at 2. p. m, December the 25th. Every body invited to come.

Resolution By Board of Trade.

The Committee appointed to express the sentiments of the Tryon Board of Trade over the departure of its worthy member, the Rev. H. Norwood Bowne, beg leave to report as follows:-

The members of The Board offer him their profound regrets but also their congratulations. He goes to a wider field of usefulness, of larger remuneration, and greater opportunities for his activities in every good work.

He is a first-class citizen, for the improvement and welfare of his community; not only helpful in public affairs, but of keen practical sympathy for private needs and personal bereavements. He is prompt with his kind services, stable and trustworthy in his friendships. In the well known phrase "He looks up not down, out and not in and lends a hand."

We expect his continued success, wish him even greater. We know that he will leave behind, and trust that he will take away, many sweet and cherished memories of his years of labor and joy, spent with us in Tryon.

Robert W. Peattie

Edward G. Holden

Committee

Largest Forest is in Canada. Canada has the largest forest in the world. It is in the Labrador and Hudson Bay district, and is, roughly, 1,000 by 1,700 miles.

X-Ray Detects Swallowed Coins. In the government mint in Japan an X-ray machine is used to examine suspected employees as they leave the establishment daily, and it revealed the presence of coins had been concealed in the guilty's stomach.

Angelo, Tilden and Raphael. Luther, Brennan, Coran, Michael. of getting the age of Shakespeare. outstanding genius in the golden age of greatest man in history. He was the strongest claim to the title of the great intellect judges to have the recorded da Vinci is considered by Greatest Man.

Merry Christmas

To all the readers of the Polk County News and our friends, we extend our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

The editor, his wife and Mickie

the News is to be one of the stockholders.

Bryant was going pretty nicely, but the News realized what he needed, induced another live man to secure the agency for Metzger Bros. of Dallas—biggest dairy house in the Southwest. They thought Lamar grew nothing but cotton. Metzger is putting out about \$200 a week a for cream right now; and Sam Schleicher, his agent, told the manager of the firm the other day that he would be able to spend at least a thousand dollars a week this fall.

The dealers report that the sales of separators have been larger this year than in the whole of the five years preceding.

THE SOW AND OPPORTUNITY

But the cow wasn't the only one of the trinity to evidence that she was appreciative of the notice being taken of her.

Local capitalists put in about \$15,000, secured two of the brightest young men in the state, and started a hog breeding farm.

The county demonstration agent induced a progressive young capitalist to put \$25,000 into another.

(And, by the way, their herd boar was made the state grand

champion in the class.)

The Pure Bred Stock Association (its members represent an investment of about \$200,000 in breeding stock—hogs, beef and dairy cattle) began to preach the doctrine of what the sow can do and they backed that up with letting the farmers have shoats and sows at reasonable prices.

There was a lot of skim milk as a result of the activities of the creameries; and the feed crop came in handy.

One of the banks organized a pig club scheme and interested a lot of the boys.

The price of hogs on the hoof has gone back to the dime mark for the sort of pigs which we grow in Lamar—pure breeds that are ripe within twelve months after the sow has been bred—and there is a demonstration that there is money in pork which has impressed the farmer.

The superintendent of the swine division of the Lamar District Fair has notified the directors that they will have to increase his space at least 500 per cent and then he will have to hold the very best. The editor of the News is the secretary of that Pure Bred Association and he is running big display ads in the paper to further the good work as well as boosting in the news columns.

THE HENS ARE CACKLING

The News induced the Red River Valley Poultry Association members to put on an advertising campaign this spring—the first time they had ever tried the plan of bunching their hits and going after the game right.

The secretary of the association reports to the News that the success was so great that when the fall breeding season opens the members of the association wish to contract for half a page in each Sunday edition—and maybe a page on some Sundays.

The manager of the White Produce Company—a million dollar concern doing four million dollars worth of business annually with branch houses over North Texas and Oklahoma—tells the News that he has doubled his appropriation for the Paris territory this fall. Says that he paid out about \$285,000 last year; and expect to pay out over half a million this year for eggs, chickens, turkeys and country butter.

The management of the Lamar Fair has been giving the poultry fanciers 200 coops each year. The secretary of the poultry as-

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