

# POLK COUNTY NEWS

C. BUSH, Publisher

The Only Paper Published in Polk County A Live Clean Paper for the Home

Price 5 Cents

Volume XXVII No. 38

Tryon, N. C., April 14, 1922

\$2.00 a Year

## OUR COUNTY AGENT'S DEPARTMENT

Some Timely Talks to Polk County Farmers, and others, on Timely Subjects, by County Agent, J. R. Sams.

### To Most Effectively Meet The Boll Weevil Keep Down Acreage And Increase Yield Per Acre.

By C. B. Williams.

As was called attention to in a previous article, one of the greatest needs of our cotton growers is to build up the productivity of their soils so they will be in a strong position to meet the boll weevil attack in the most effective way when he arrives. Of course, every farmer knows that growers with productive soils are usually, other things being equal, in a much stronger position to meet adversity and attack of all kinds than the man whose soil is poor and crop yields are small. The writer was never more struck with the tremendous handicap the southern farmer is laboring under of small yields per acre, largely due to soil poverty, than last fall on a trip through the southern cotton growing states. I am fully persuaded that the greatest problem of most North Carolina farmers, as well as of most of the southern states, generally, is and has been for many years before the coming of the boll weevil, that of building up of the productivity of their soils by economic means. One can hardly conceive of a big agricultural Nation like ours prospering in a permanent way upon its own resources if its soils are not being kept up to at least a moderately productive condition. It is hardly thought that history will show that a single big Nation of the past has fallen where its people were industrious, their rulers have kept close to God, they have handled their soils properly and have maintained them in a productive state. In a letter to me of October 25, 1921, J. W. Fox, General Manager of the Delta and Pine Land Company of Miss., the largest cotton plantation in the world, said among other things: "It is hardly necessary to add that rich land is the big factor in making cotton with or without boll weevil, and it is absolutely necessary with the boll weevil".

It is only by high or moderately high yields that economic production can be secured. Goodly prices and profits will then usually follow, the total production as a Nation is kept down to or below the normal demand for consumption and the crops are put on the market in a proper way. Other factors than soil fertility, like suitable seed, proper crop rotation, good preparation of the soil and cultivation of the crop, etc., of course, are necessary to be looked after by all farmers in the growth of cotton or any other crops, if most economic production is to be secured, but all of these are more or less dependent upon, or contributory to, a productive soil for each of them to operate most effectively in aiding in profitable production.

Let us, therefore, who are cotton growers in North Carolina, keep clearly in mind that our biggest problem now since the coming of the boll weevil is to fight this pest and keep up goodly and economical acreage yields where we are now securing them, and to increase them where our yields are small by the use of proper methods of soil fertility building. In subsequent articles,

we will expect to deal with some of the methods of growing cotton and supplementary crops under boll weevil conditions which have proven most efficacious in the experience of cotton growers to the south of us, and who have met his attack courageously and with quite satisfactory results.

### What I Saw at Ed McDade's

Before I state what I saw at Ed McDade's it might be well to tell where he lives and something about the general environment.

Perhaps some of my readers have been in Spicer's Cove and perhaps many have heard of the place, who were never there. Spicer's Cove is the most remote section in Cooper Gap Township; which is the most remote part of Polk County. Now this is not speaking derogatory of this part of the county, as a section of country, or people; but on the contrary taking the out of the wayness of the place and the antiquated roads leading into it; the people deserve more credit for what they have done than any other section of Polk county.

Well I have not said a word about what I saw at McDades; but I will. About the first thing I saw was a rapid, roaring mountain stream, running and dashing over rocks and cliffs in many places dashing itself into foam as it finds its way through the rhododendrons, honeysuckle, ferns and the humble and beautiful arbutus that line its margin.

The next thing is the great rock ribbed mountain rainbow shape rising to great heights. A mighty sentinel that stands perpetual guard against the north and northeast and northwest winds that so efficiently protects the fruit of this section. When I began to look around I saw something like 1400 to 1600 peach trees and perhaps 1000 apple trees. These trees are of almost all ages from old ones down to those fresh set.

I saw Mr. McDade with his pruning outfit slashing away, leaving great heaps behind him. Many of the cuts were right, and some were wrong. One good thing about Mr. McDade is the fact that he has plenty of nerve, and is very desirous to learn: And I predict that he will succeed with his orchard.

Another thing I saw was a wife and about five girls, some of them grown and some not grown; but all willing to do their bit toward making a living and a happy home. Another and very interesting thing I saw was two boys about 12 and 14 years old respectively; and these boys were not having any fool talk about trotting off to the city.

They were the most apt scholars in orchard work I have ever met. They want to know, and soon will learn how to grow an apple tree from the seed and transform it by the budding or grafting process into a tree of know quality. The mountains, brooks, rhododendron, apple trees, peach trees, grapes vines etc. all looked well. The house on the hill top overlooking the flat country in the land of cotton all looked good; but the most beautiful sight of all was Mr. and Mrs. McDade a great open fire place with plenty of oak and hickory wood and the proverbial pine knot making that bright yellow light and the children, father and mother

enjoying the sweet fellowship and love of a happy and contented home. This is my ideal of country life. Mountains, brooks, cattle, hogs, poultry, orchards, vineyard, garden, father, mother at least seven children. Happy home is what I saw at Ed McDades in Spicer's Cove Cooper Gap Township Polk county, N. C. Just what can be done on every farm in Polk county when we get our eyes open, and try.

### The "Colored Brother or the Creator's Masterpiece" as the writer regards him

We reproduce from the Commercial-Appeal of September 7th the following extracts from an article written by S. F. Davis, of Indianola, Miss., on the negro, who he regards as "the Creator's masterpiece." That the writer is thoroughly familiar with his subject is shown by the interesting, amusing and truthful manner in which he handles it:

"The negro can lie down beneath the scorching rays of a noonday sun and sleep the sleep of the seven sleepers of old without suffering any evil effects from it whatever; or he can weather the fiercest winter gale, clad only in a pair of cotton overalls and a blue jumper. He can also wear an overcoat to a Fourth of July celebration, or a pair of linen pants and an alpaca coat to a Christmas tree and be perfectly comfortable. And, strange as it may seem, anybody's clothes will fit him and look nice on him. There is nothing else like him under the sun. He sees all things, hears all things, believes all things and has implicit faith in everything he sees or hears and stands ready at all times to step aboard of anything that comes along, from a young mule to a flying machine.

"Wireless telegraphy is nothing new to him; he has used it for ages; every negro's mouth is a transmitter and every ear a receiver. If anything of importance happens on a plantation tonight, every negro for forty miles around will know it by morning.

"Saturday is his special day by custom and common consent, and if you have any business to attend to in a delta town on Saturday, attend to it early and get off the streets before you get hurt. A negro cannot see you Saturday unless you owe him something, and if you get in his way he is liable to step on you, sit down on you, or back you up against a brick wall and smother you to death. He does not usually do these things, or any of them, through any evil design, as many sometimes suppose, but he simply cannot help it if you get in his way, for he is busy and cannot look out for you. Saturday is his 'rashion' and news day, and in addition to having all those things on his mind, he has to shake hands with every other negro in town and hug every negro woman he meets. You had better take out an accident policy or get off the streets Saturday.

"The standard 'rashions' for a negro is a peck of cornmeal, two pounds of sugar, one pound of coffee, three pounds of salt meat and one gallon of black molasses a week, but he can consume all of this at one sitting if necessary, or if he is working for you and boarding himself he can live a week on three soda crackers, a box of sardines and five cents' worth of cheese. In other words, his stomach is built on the same general plan of an

old-fashioned accordion, and either contracts or expands according to the pressure brought to bear upon it.

"He is also immune to nearly all kinds of poisons, and can swallow the most deadly drugs with impunity. I remember of having a negro working for me one time who was having chills and was suffering with severe headaches. I got him a bottle of chill tonic to take and a bottle of liniment to rub his back with. The liniment was labeled in box-car letters, 'Poison; For External Use Only,' and I cautioned him about it when I gave it to him, but for three days and nights, before I found it out, he had been rubbing his back with the chill tonic and taking a tablespoonful of liniment three times a day before each meal, with excellent results. On an other occasion I was sick and had a negro to wait upon me, and the doctor opened a can of antiphlogistine to make a plaster for my side, and left the can on the kitchen table, and when my negro went in to get his supper he mistook it for a can of peanut butter and ate the whole of it without discovering his mistake.

"He is likewise a great admirer of art, and in nearly every negro's home be it ever so humble, there hangs a life-size crayon portrait of himself on the wall right opposite the door, where you will be sure to see it as you come in the door. The rest of his surplus money he usually spends for entertainment, preferably an excursion, but anything else in motion will do. I have frequently stood on the street corner on a cold, cloudy winter day and watched as many as fifty negroes, who would not average 50 cents each, and none of whom had on clothes enough to flag a flat car, clinging to a merry-go-round as it went round and round, grinding out that well-known and much-beloved melody, 'Oh, Billy Bailey, Why Don't You Come Home?' and their front teeth shining like the keys on a baby grand piano, while hundreds of others, who did not have the price of a ride, were standing in half-frozen mud shoe-mouth deep, cheering them as they came round.

"All things are pleasing to him. A circus or a funeral is equally enjoyable, but a protracted meeting followed by a big baptizing, or a term of circuit court followed by a public hanging, is his chiefest delight.

"Whenever a negro tires of county life he moves to town, acquires a charcoal bucket and a tailor's goose, forms an alliance with some white man's cook, and with his living thus assured, opens a cleaning and pressing establishment. He then goes out Monday morning and gathers in the Sunday clothes of the white clerks of town, and after wearing them himself every night during the week, he gets up Saturday morning and treats them to a gasoline bath, flattens them out with a red-hot iron and rushes them home to their owners, so that they may wear them Sunday; collect \$1.50 for his services in their behalf and goes on his way rejoicing. But should there be any special occasion in town on Saturday night which he wishes to attend he holds back the best suit that he happens to have on hand and wears it to that, and carries it home Sunday morning if he wakes up in time; otherwise its owner can lay in bed over Sunday, and he will bring it back sometime the fol-

## FROM OUR FRIENDS IN THE COUNTRY

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

### Fishtop

So much rainy weather coming at this time of the year is very discouraging to the farmer.

I. Henderson seems to get no better (nor any worse.)

We will say to the friends and acquaintances of I. W. Kilpatrick that his niece Mrs. Luther Thompson has received a telegram stating he died the 6th, cause not stated (perhaps a fall he received a few weeks back) also Mrs. Kilpatrick is very ill not expected to recover. Rev. Kilpatrick was a nephew of James Blythe good citizen kind hearted with a forgiving Christian spirit. He was over 80 years old.

Spring seems to have come to stay, but we look for a snap about "Easter".

The prospects are good for a fruit crop this season. Seems to be very bad at present, especially peaches and plums.

T. W. Bradley sang for the Mountain Grove church Sunday.

Clinton and Otto Case attended preaching and singing at Mt. Grove Sunday

I. B. Bradley visited home folks Sunday.

Posey Henderson and Newton Case went to Saluda Saturday.

The fishing eagle is seen regularly passing back and forth on the river these days.

### Mill Spring

Elson Cochran is able to be up again after being ill for the past week.

M. Dycus and wife of Topton arrived Sunday to visit Mrs. Dycus' mother, Mrs. Cornelius Gibbs. Mr. Dycus returned to Topton Tuesday but Mrs. Dycus will be in Mill Spring several weeks.

Miss Annie Lee Gibbs came home Saturday and will be here until some time in May.

Silver Creek community showed a fine public spirit last Saturday when about 12 or 15 men and with 16 mules and horses. A very good outfit of road repairing implements, put into tiptop condition about 4 miles of the Mills Gap road from J. H. Gibbs to E. A. Arledges' farm. They say they are coming again. Beat that if you can.

School closed Friday evening with a program by the children.

Saturday evening the young people gave the "Dust of the Earth". The proceeds amounted to 19.45 which goes for school improvements.

Monday afternoon and evening a party consisting of W. P. Dill and wife, Misses Odessa Mills, Annie Lee Gibbs, Carrie Barber and Janet Stroud and Ed and Minter Barber and "Bob" Foster enjoyed a fishing trip to Green River.

### Greens Creek.

Rev. Stafford filled his semi-monthly appointment here Sunday.

Misses Pernie and Vennie Feagan entertained some of the young people last Wednesday and Saturday night. Instrumental music was the most enjoyable feature of the evenings.

Miss Ethel Horn has returned home after a two months stay away.

Miss Bess Jackson spent the week-end with Mr. Ziegler and wife.

Some of the Green's Creek teachers attended Teacher's Meeting at Columbus Saturday.

Misses Esther Gibbs and Bessie Hamilton spent the week-end with home folks at Mill Spring.

A large crowd attended the singing at the church Sunday night.

Sunday night. We must avail ourselves of the opportunity and these practices. A practice was announced for next Sunday night.

As April the first came on Saturday, the boys and girls of Greens Creek High School and some from the lower grades played their April fool on the third instead. They took an hour and a half stroll in the woods hunting for flowers. Ask them if they regret it.

### Sunset View

Brownlow Holbert fell on a knife a few days ago and cut his leg bad, but is improving rapidly.

David S. Morrison and wife and son Austin spent the day with Lewis Pace Sunday.

Grayson Jackson, Holbert and Curtis McCraw attended singing at Mt. Grove Sunday.

Mrs. A. M. Jackson and daughter's attended preaching at Refuge Sunday.

D. L. Morrison and wife had as their guest's Sunday W. H. Gibbs and family.

Nile Jones went to Dana on business Monday.

Rev. McCarson spent the night with J. W. Bishop Saturday night.

We are sorry to hear of the death of Perry Stepp, little son of John Stepp of Sacanon, N. C.

McCloud and Jack Manning took dinner with D. S. Morrison Saturday.

### Abolene

The farmers in this community are becoming very restless on account of the continued rain.

C. O. Ridings made a business trip to Charlotte last week.

Miss Docia McCinny is spending a few days with Mrs. J. M. Davis.

J. C. Davis and wife entertained a number of young people at their home Tuesday evening. All report a nice.

Mrs. Ann Green died suddenly at her home last Thursday at the age of 88.

Commencement exercises were held at Green River school Thursday evening closing another successful school term. Our slogan for the past several years has been, "Green River the best Elementary School in Polk County". We flatter ourselves that this ideal has been as nearly attained as circumstances would permit. The program furnished two hours and ten minutes of wholesome amusement which was appreciated by a large and attentive audience.

### Church of the Holy Cross.

Holy Communion..... 11 A. M. the first Sundays  
Morning Prayer..... 11 A. M. all other Sundays  
Sunday School..... 10 A. M.

### Friday

Litany..... 4:30 P. M.  
Intersessions for the sick..... 4:50 P. M.

Continued on page 4