

"RAMBLIN' BILL" BACK IN GAME AFTER PERIOD AS DEPUTY SHERIFF

Editor of The Star:

It has been almost six months since you were burdened with anything from my pen and I want to say that since that time I have been a busy man.

Having toured Arizona, I decided that it was time to call a halt and replenish my financial wardrobe; therefore, took a job as deputy sheriff in a Mexican Mining Camp, in Pinal county in a town of 9000 Mexicans and a very few Americans. Not being much at "babbling spool" I had a very tough time of it for awhile to make myself completely understood among my darker charges. However, with the aid of a .45 and good heavy club and my two good fists, I managed to give them a hint of what I was there for and got along fairly well until someone discovered that I was a democrat working in a republican county and after a few more months they accepted my resignation and now I am back in Phoenix working for one of the daily papers. I always come back to the newspaper game when I get tired of police work. I like this game but I also like to eat and sometimes a newspaper man doesn't eat regularly, as most of them are aware. However, I am eating three squares per day just now and the wife and brats are fat as pigs. Just how long this will last all depends on my boss and my temper.

I want to tell you something about my experiences in this mining camp among the Mexicans and if there are anyone who doubts the veracity of what I am about to relate they are welcome to come and take the job, which is still vacant and asking for a good man to come and take it.

Tries a Deputies Job.

On the 9th of last May the deputy in charge at Sonora, Arizona, phoned me to come up and help them out, so wanting a little change I went, driving out in a car which is 96 miles from Phoenix. Sonora is located in Pinal county in one of the most mountainous sections of Arizona. In fact there is not enough level ground within thirty miles of this place for a hen to build a nest without all the eggs rolling out of it. I arrived at my new adventure about 9 p. m., met the other deputies and they advised me to strap on my six gun and see the town with them. I started out with a half-breed by the name of Austin who was to be my working partner henceforth. We visited all the pool halls and dives and other places where there were gatherings of Mexicans and everything looked peaceful and quiet enough and I thought I had fallen in to a trap. But it was not pay day and the white mule that they ride around on pay days and days thereafter had not began yet to flow.

The town being huddled around in the hills, mostly adobe structures, appeared to me at night to resemble an old French town I had been quartered in in France, and the dark skinned maidens caused me to remember my war days spent in Parley voo Land, but little did I dream of what was coming to me in the way of adventure and excitement in this apparently quiet mining camp.

Pay Day and Trouble.

By the way, having all the Mexicans quartered together is a sort of recent experiment by some of the big mining companies in the southwest and in some measures is a success. In others, that is as respects their respect for law and order and American ways, it is a complete failure, for a Mexican must be made to respect the laws of this country and when you put him in a camp with several thousand of his kind, he must be dealt with very severely before he will begin to get the idea in his head that the law must be respected.

The first pay day I was in this camp we filled the jail to overflowing capacity and several heads had to be cracked before many of them would submit to arrest. I first used my fists but after breaking a couple of fingers, I decided that a .45 single action Colt was the best method of bringing them to the jail.

A few hours after the paymaster issued checks, we were, my partner and I were in the restaurant on a T Bone steak when we heard some shots in a pool hall just about the restaurant where we were eating. We rushed out and just as we were nearing the entrance to the pool hall out rushed a Mexican holding his side which was bleeding profusely. After him rushed a Mexican with an automatic of small calibre in his hand and firing at his back. Without thinking what I was doing (as I did not have time to think) I pulled my own gun and rapped him behind the ear. Needless to say he went down like a dead beef and I recovered the automatic in the next instant and faced the crowd which apparently was panic stricken and looked around for my partner to talk Spanish for me and find out what the trouble was. He was nowhere in sight and some Mexicans started to rush me to get my gun. Why I didn't shoot I can never say but I didn't and started in batting 'em over the head and just when I was ready to back up and kill a few another deputy stepped in who could speak Spanish and gave me a hand; also the deputy who had first did the disappearing act reappeared on the scene and explained that he had gone for help. We kept the crowd quiet

and the injured man to the hospital and I told my partner then and there that the next time he left me in such a tight to expect more trouble with me than all the "Spicks" in Mexico could give him. The wounded man died and we are holding the murderer in the county jail for the next term of court. They had taken on a little too much of the white mule and had had some words over their girls which had brought on the trouble.

What "White Mule" is.

In order that none will misunderstand what I mean by white mule I will explain. It is a distilled product made from sugar, raisin and corn mash and does not differ much in taste from North Carolina Moonshine, the kind that Ike makes up above Casar and drinks when he gets ready to write his tale to The Star. But the kick, moonshine never had the kick that white mule has. It will make you fight your grandmother, love your mother-in-law, lick the minister, kiss the priest, tell your wife where you were on Saturday night and otherwise make out of you what some fellows in Tennessee tried to make out of the poor Monkey—a fool.

Mexicans call it "la mulio, or moala" and they call an officer a 'shata, sounding like shoat-ta, which has about the same meaning as cop.

We have torn up over eighty mule outfits in Pinal county this summer and placed in jail many offenders, but for every outfit that is destroyed two more spring up in its place. Hunting stills in this open mountainous country is no cinch and one must be pretty good at trailing to have any degree of success at it.

Hunting Smugglers.

One night not long ago we went out on the trail to catch some smugglers that were bringing in some mule on burros over the mountain trail. We placed ourselves near the trail in an Arroyo behind some mesquite bushes and waited. Pretty soon we heard them coming down the trail. All except me had rifles and pistols, but I had a sawed off shot gun loaded with buck shot as well as my six shooter, for the night was dark as pitch and drizzling rain and shooting with a rifle in the dark is not very sure business.

When the smugglers (two of them and one burro) came opposite us, I stepped out and called halt in Spanish. My two companions, also did likewise and we flashed our lights on them just in time to see one of them reaching for a rifle that was laying across the burro's back between the two kegs of mule. I let go with the sawed-off shot gun and mister hombre sank to his knees and his partner started to run, I again let go with another charge of buckshot and this time not trying to hit, but I did and another hombre went down, but before I could get to him he arose and went over the hill and at a gait that would have made a mountain goat die of envy. The hombre that reached for the rifle lay still and then we started out to catch the burro which was no easy task but a very necessary one for when one shoots a bootlegger he must have some evidence on hand to convince the judge that he did not commit murder. We finally caught the burro with his two ten gallon kegs in tact strapped on his back, and we tied the wounded hombre across one of our horses and took him in, but the ride to camp killed him, him being used to riding burros and walking therefore. The judge let us go and the coroner's jury decided that we acted in self defense, but it drew some fire in my direction from a dark alley a few nights later and another Mexican went to the hospital with a broken leg. I told 'em that I could not be hit by Mexican bullets and some of them believed it.

Anyway, I decided that life in this mining camp was a little too exciting for me and as I wanted to stay in Arizona in my present state as long as possible, I would quit being a deputy in a mining camp of only Mexican population. The War is over any way and I never was fond of revolutions. However, I may be back on some foolish job again in the next few weeks, who knows? for I love excitement. In fact I must have so much excitement in my life or it would not be worth living.

When Arizona gets a little more civilized I guess I will have to go to China, which makes me think of the old-timer who said "Gosh Jim I haven't killed a man today, aint this town getting dull."

If you print this, mister editor, I'll probably come again soon, with best wishes to The Star and its many readers, I am,

Sincerely, —(BILL)

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The Star is glad to hear again from Cleveland county's "rolling stone" that writes while rolling and we feel sure the thousands of readers of the tri-weekly Star will appreciate another communication from the recesses of his versatile typewriter.)

Pleanty of boys are glad school has started. It gives them more mischief to get into.

Those planning all alone to get back to work this fall will put it off until winter.

Improved Methods Of Farming Urged

Governor McLean Calls Upon Farmers to Use Best Means of Solving Problems

Improved means and methods of farming were urged by Governor Angus Wilton McLean in his address at the official opening of North Carolina's sixty-fourth annual State Fair. The Governor thinks intelligent effort, and sound business methods will go a long way toward solving many of our farm problems.

"Diversification in its broader aspects, the dropping of slip-sand methods, the sheep-like following of the old custom of planting one money crop, the blind following of other wasteful precedents, is still the prime problem of agriculture," declared Governor McLean.

Governor McLean said that on account of the economic conditions following the war, agriculture is not generally prosperous in America. He declared that there is an over-production of raw farm products which cannot be absorbed by the world markets. He declared that the only apparent remedies would be to reduce production or increase foreign demand, and that there is little hope for either of these. He held out as the remedy "a substitution of agricultural products of higher grade, in place of the low-grade commodities, and the marketing of our products in the finished state."

"In the case of corn, higher fiber costs practically inhabit in North Carolina its production and sale at a profit in a raw state," declared the governor "but corn, in western phraseology, 'on the hoof,' that is, in the form of hogs converted into meat products and cattle for the production of dairy products, promises a profitable return."

Long-Staple Cotton Best

"In the growing of cotton, again, it is a deplorable fact that mills which do make the higher grades are compelled to seek practically their entire supplies outside of North Carolina. The longer staple, the better grade necessary for this more profitable manufacture, are almost wholly unavailable on our North Carolina farms, in spite of the fact that much of our cotton land is capable of producing them. In the Piedmont and other cotton-growing sections the longer staple of more tensile strength is not only a possibility but a duty, to be obtained by care in seed selection, by proper handling, by power ginning, by reasoned and effective marketing."

Better Tobacco More Profitable

"What is true of cotton is more markedly true of the other great staple crop, tobacco. This is the aristocrat of our crops, calling for knowledge, experience and intelligence in high degree in both the production and marketing processes, and repaying the application of those qualities in liberal fashion. We have the soil and climate to produce the very highest grade of bright tobacco." Too often we produce as much as 90 percent of the lower grades, which are sold for the most part in China and Japan. When these markets fail, from internal disorder or other causes, the bulk of our tobacco crop fails to bring a return sufficient to pay for the cost of production. Yet on markets glutted with low-grade tobacco that brings an average of about 15 cents per pound, here and there will be found a farmer whose crop yields him an average of 40 cents or more. This is the result of anything but luck.

State Buys Too Much Food

"North Carolina farms, of course, need diversification in the usual sense of the word, and need it badly. Our State buys annually some \$250,000,000 of foodstuffs, from abroad, practically every dollar of which should be saved by the growth of these commodities and products on our own land. Every North Carolina farmer who buys corn or hay commits economic waste."

Mrs. L. M. Scoggin Is Buried at Sandy Plains

Widow of Late L. M. Scoggins Leaves Seven Children, Made Home in Gaffney With Daughter.

Mrs. Scoggins, wife of the late L. M. Scoggins was buried at Sandy Run church October 21. Funeral services were conducted by Rev. I. D. Harrill, and Rev. B. M. Bridges. Her grandsons O. M. and J. R. Large of New York, Fred Scoggin of Cramerton; Postmaster A. H. Green and Merrill Green of Mooresboro, and John Lewis Scoggins of Charlotte acted as pall-bearers.

The flowers were cared for by a group of life long friends and neighbors.

She leaves seven children Mrs. J. R. Matheny near Cliffside; S. M. Scoggins, Cramerton; Mrs. W. W. Green and B. G. Scoggins of Mooresboro; Mrs. E. G. Whitaker, Lattimore; Mrs. C. F. Blanton, Gaffney, S. C. There are also 27 grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren.

Since the death of Rev. J. O. Matheny Mrs. Scoggins has made her home with her daughter at Gaffney, where she died.

A brief service was held in the home by Rev. Cecil Cook, pastor of the first Baptist church of that place, for the benefit of the many friends and neighbors who could not accompany the body to its resting place.

As a result of the extensive use of cosmetics you can't take a flounder at her face value any more. And want that her chief value?

Putting Florida On The Map

(L. E. Chapman in The American (Mercury))

"The one mission in life of every newspaper in Florida (and every hamlet has a weekly, at least) is to broadcast the virtues and splendors of its home town at the top of its voice. The big dailies lead the way. The papers get their tune from the citizens and the citizens are kept heated by the papers. If the editor becomes lax and forgets to shout,

he is reminded by the secretary of the chamber of commerce. If he grows honest and declares that Main street is a fright and the trash barrels should be kept in the alleys, he is instantly damned as 'anything but a booster.' If he keeps it up, he faces a future barren of advertising and subscribers."

Miss Helen Estabrook of the home demonstration division has prepared a correspondence course in clothing for the division of extension at State college.



One Extra Egg a Month Pays For the Feed

It may cost 50c more per bag to feed Tuxedo Eggmash and Scratch than it does to feed Straight grains or home-mixed rations, or thirty-five cents extra per hen per year.

But—the average farm hen lays seventy-two eggs a year. Fed Tuxedo the year 'round she will lay around 150 eggs. Many lay 175 to 200 eggs. With eggs selling at 3 cents each average yearly, the hen has to lay only one extra egg a month to pay the extra feed cost. The remaining sixty-six eggs are clear profit.

THE TUXEDO LINE OF FEEDS

- Cere-a-lia Sweets
- Tuxedo Dairy
- Tuxedo Chop
- Tuxedo Hog Ration
- Tuxedo Starting Feed
- Tuxedo Chick
- Tuxedo Determilk
- Starter and Growing Mash
- Tuxedo Developer
- Tuxedo Scratch
- Tuxedo Eggmash
- Tuxedo Poultry Fattener, etc.

Cleveland Feed Co. Shelby, N. C.

TUXEDO EGGMASH




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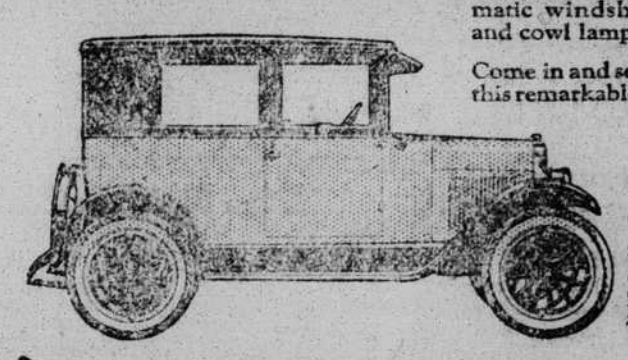
In the Chevrolet Coach you will get scores of unusual quality features such as you would expect to find only on higher priced cars—dry disc clutch—extra large brakes—semi-floating rear axle with one-piece pressed steel housing—vacuum fuel feed with tank in rear—Remy electric starting, lighting and distributor ignition—Fisher VV one-piece windshield, automatic windshield wiper—and cowl lamps.

Come in and see for yourself this remarkable coach value.

Touring	\$525
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Coupe	675
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ARFY BROTHERS,



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Touring \$290

Runabout	\$260
Coupe	520
Tudor Sedan	580
Fordor Sedan	660

Closed cars in color. Detachable rims and starter extra on open cars. All prices f. o. b. Detroit

More than 100,000 Ford Touring Cars will be produced for delivery to retail purchasers during October.

If you haven't already done so, go to the nearest Authorized Ford Dealer and see the car that is meeting with this unusual sales response.

See how recent improvements have added new beauty and finer riding comforts. Note the close-fitting curtains that open with the four doors—thus making the car comfortable and convenient for all kinds of weather.

As you check over the many improvements, bear in mind that there has been no increase in prices.

Ford Motor Company
Detroit, Mich.

